

(REVISED)

*As Broadcast
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WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1943
NBC NETWORK
7:00 - 7:30 PM PWT

PROGRAM NO. 21

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

XAVIER CUGAT

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

ELVIA ALLMAN

PATRICK MCGEEHAN

FRED SHIELDS

51454 4039

(REVISED)

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1943

7:00 - 7:30 PM PWT

PROGRAM NO. 21

(AS PROGRAM TAKES AIR, AUDIENCE AND CAST ARE LAUGHING...
AFTER 3 - 5 SECONDS)

ORCHESTRA: PYRAMID CHORDS

BAND: C-A-M-E-L-S!

PETRIE: The Camel Program with Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante!

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: THEME FULL AND FADE FOR:

PETRIE: Yes, it's Jimmy Durante, Garry Moore, Xavier Cugat and Georgia Gibbs ... brought to you by Camel ... the cigarette that stays fresh, stays cool-smoking and slow-burning -- because Camels are packed to go around the world!

And now - say hello to a young man who, in three short days in Hollywood has become an out-standing personality... He's always out standing on the corner, whistling at the girls. Ladies and gentlemen - Garry Moore!

APPLAUSE

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MOORE: Well, thank you...Thank you VERY much, my friends, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen, ^{see why - all I've got to say to you tonight is -} ~~welcome to another~~ ^{Thursday evening musical-mish-mosh.}....Ah, Hollywood! In the words of the poet, "Breathes there a man with soul so dead who never turned his head and said - (WHISTLE)".... Honestly, I've never seen such a town where all the people do nothing but look at all the other people... ^{Why} Early this morning at my hotel I caught the chamber-maid peeking through my transom....Embarrassed? I thought she'd never get over it....But how about you, Howard? Are you nervous on your first appearance in Hollywood?

PETRIE: Nervous? Of course I'm not nervous.

MOORE: ^{That's} Fine - then stop biting my fingernails!....Really, old man, your legs are shaking so hard the water on your knee has white-caps....Just calm down, ^{will you?}

PETRIE: ^{Oh} But just think, old boy! It's Hollywood! ^{Do you think I'd} ~~might even~~ ^{stand a chance} ~~get~~ in the movies!

MOORE: Oh, ^{indeed you dee - indeed you dee.} ~~indeed you might~~...I was speaking to Wanger about you this morning.

PETRIE: Wanger?..You mean Walter Wanger?

MOORE: No. The Wone Wanger. ^{I did}...He wants you as a stand-in for his horse.

PETRIE: Oh boy!...Oats!

MOORE: ^{Yes}..Precisely...^{Indeed}

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

MOORE: Excuse me, friends... Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

CUDDLES: Are you Mr. Moore?

MOORE: Yes, I am.

CUDDLES: Are you the Mr. Moore?

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MOORE: Yes - that's right.

CUDDLES: You mean the GARRY Moore?

MOORE: Yes, I am.

CUDDLES: Oh, it can't be ... you only have one head.

MOORE: Yes, I know. I'm going formal tonight. *And* Who are you - my dear - "We The Feeble"?

CUDDLES: No, Mr. Moore - I'm your West Coast secretary, Cuddles Bongshnook!

MOORE: Oh, Cuddles!...For a moment there I thought you were a fallen arch I used to know ... Did your sister Toodles tell you about me?

CUDDLES: Oh, she certainly did! She said you looked just like a collar ad!

MOORE: Aw, haw haw haw haw!....She said I looked like a collar ad?

CUDDLES: Yes - horse collar!

MOORE: Oh, fine...Remind me to mail her some typhoid germs, will you?

CUDDLES: *Oh cute you know* But *hell* there's ONE thing she DIDN'T tell me about, Mr. Moore...your hair.

MOORE: My hair?...*hell* what about it?

CUDDLES: Is it really yours, or are you breaking it in for a porcupine?

MOORE: It's really mine, and suppose it is...*Gee why* This *is* war, you know - we're cutting EVERYTHING to the bone...But let's not talk about jazzy old me. Tell me about yourself, *dear* Where are you from? Who's your favorite comedian? Do yuh wanna neck?

CUDDLES: Uhh - Massachusetts -- you dear -- and where'll I meetcha?

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~~MOORE: Well, that fixes that...Are you married?~~

~~CUDDLES: I was gonna be, until my boy-friend told me he couldn't bear children!~~

MOORE: ~~Couldn't bear children? My dear girl - you mustn't expect too much from a fella...But I guess you'll do~~ *well* ~~for~~ *as my secretary* ~~the job,~~ altho I would rather have a man. Women talk too much.

GEORGIA: Now wait a minute, my friend. Women don't talk a bit more than men.

MOORE: Oh, cut it out, Georgia.

CUDDLES: You're right, Miss Gibbs - women DON'T talk much...And may I say how cute you're looking tonite?

GEORGIA: Oh, thank you, dear - I really feel like an old house-frau ..I only this morning got off the train, you know, and my clothes were in simply frightful condition. But then, if one buys really expensive gowns, they go back into shape very quickly, and that's why I don't look even worse than I do. But isn't that a charming little frock YOU'RE wearing. Honestly, some people are so lucky, the way they can just hop into ANY old thing ~~and look just as though they had stepped out of a bandbox. But not I, my dear, If I were to tell you the hours and hours on end that I spend just trying to look half-way PRESENTABLE, you just wouldn't believe me, I know you wouldn't, etc., etc.~~

CUDDLES: (SIMULTANEOUSLY) Really, I just don't see how you do it. Of course, I'd always heard that you were an adorable little creature, and with such an exquisite taste in clothes. But my dear, just look at you - simply ravishing from the top of your head to the tip of your toes. And after such a long trip on the train and everything. Of course, I've just given up trying to be a glamour girl - it just isn't in me! ~~You'd be amazed, my dear - simply amazed - at the amount of time and money I've spent on my face and figure. For after all, this IS Hollywood, you know, and what has a girl to offer, except her youth, beauty and charm, etc., etc.~~

MOORE: (AFTER ATTEMPTED INTERRUPTIONS)... *Oh dear* ~~bugab~~ - it's gonna take a *louder* ~~stronger~~ voice than mine to over-come this thing...
~~Gianno some music, will yuh?~~ *Hey Durante!*

ORCHESTRA: START DURANTE'S MUSIC

MOORE: And here he comes - that seldom sunkissed character from Broadway and points everywhere - Jimmie Durante, in person.

ORCHESTRA: YUH GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY, ETC.

APPLAUSE

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START EACH DAY WITH A SONG...

MOORE: *to Jimmy* Jimmy, welcome back to Hollywood.

DURANTE: AND GARRY, AM I GLAD TO BE BACK. THE MINUTE I GOT OFF THE TRAIN, MY FANS SURROUNDED ME. WHAT A SUSPICIOUS OCCASION...ONE FAN GRABBED MY HAT. ANOTHER GRABBED MY COAT. ANOTHER GRABBED MY TROUSERS. *and* THERE I STOOD IN MY UNDERWEAR.

MOORE: *Jimmy James* you must have been embarrassed.

DURANTE: I'LL SAY. IMAGINE, ME - DURANTE, COMES ALL THE WAY TO HOLLYWOOD JUST TO APPEAR IN SHORTS...

MOORE: *Jimmy James*, after going through all that, you must be plum crazy.

DURANTE: NO, I'M NOT PLUM CRAZY BUT I DO LOVE APRICOTS. I GOT A *a million of 'em. you know* MILLION OF 'EM! THE FIRST PERSON I MEETS WHEN I STEP OFF THE TRAIN IS ONE OF MY WASHINGTON PALS, THE HEAD OF THE O-P-A. I *asks him* SAYS "WHAT'S NEW IN HOLLYWOOD?" HE SAYS "JIMMY, RIGHT NOW THERE'S A GREAT SHORTAGE ON EGGS". AND I SAYS *Your problem is solved* "WHAT A COINCIDENCE, I'VE DISCOVERED SOMETHING THAT'LL MAKE A HEN LAY MORE EGGS. ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS FEED THE HEN VITAMIN PILLS."

MOORE: Vitamin pills ... does *that* ~~it~~ do any good?

DURANTE: DO ANY GOOD? JUNIOR, AFTER THE SIXTH PILL, THE HEN DON'T SIT DOWN TO LAY AN EGG...SHE JUST RAISES ONE OF HER LEGS AND SAYS, "HERE ... CATCH!"

MOORE: But Jimmy *you know*, it must be great to be back at Metro-Goldwyn-Myer, *eh?*

DURANTE: WHAT NOSTALGIA... I'LL NEVER FORGET MY FIRST JOB ... IMITATING LEO THE LION ... (BUSINESS OF ROAR) MY SALARY WAS FOUR DOLLARS A WEEK AND ALL THE MEAT I COULD EAT ... ~~now~~ I WISH I HAD THAT JOB NOW...

MOORE:

It betcha

/And how did they receive you in the MGM studios?

DURANTE:

WITH DEAD SILENCE. I WALKS INTO LOUIS B. MAYER'S OFFICE,
 THE PRESIDENT, AND I SAYS "L.B." (I ALWAYS ADDRESSES HIM
 IN THE SUBJUNCTIVE MOOD) *I said "L.B."* /"WHERE IS MY CONTRACT?" HE SAYS
 "RIGHT ON THE DESK". AND I SAYS "BE MORE DEFINITE, UNDER
 WHAT FOOT?"

MOORE:

The important thing is -

/Did you sign the contract?

DURANTE:

YES AND TOMORROW I'M GONNA READ IT.

MOORE:

Oh great. James, you're almost as astute as a Wall Street tycoon.

DURANTE:

yes and

/OH - EVEN ASTUTER. BUT TO CONTINUE, LAST NIGHT I GOES TO

THE HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN AND THERE I SEES DARRYL ZANUCK,

UMBRIAGO, *Ben Bernie, the Tractis* / ~~SAM-GOLDWYN~~, UMBRIAGO, HARRY WARNER AND UMBRIAGO.

MOORE:

Jimmy, what was Umbriago doing in Hollywood?

DURANTE:

Why JUNIOR, HE'S A BOT-TA-NIST AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.HE SWEEPS OUT THE ROSE BOWL. BOY IS HE SMART. *do you know* / HE HAS

THREE INCHES MORE FOREHEAD THAN EINSTEIN.

MOORE:

I don't doubt it! Tell me whom else --

/Whom else did you see at the canteen?

DURANTE:

WHOM ELSE...BETTY GRABLE, THAT'S WHOM ELSE. WHAT A GIRL!

ONCE WE WERE A CHARMING COUPLE...A REGULAR BLONDIE AND

DOGWOOD. THEN SHE MET AND MARRIED A TRUMPET PLAYER.

IMAGINE HER...GIVING UP MY SNOOT FOR HIS TOOT.

MOORE:

*hell,*A lot of things happened to you in the few days you've
 been in Hollywood.

DURANTE:

OH PISH TUSH. NOT ONLY IN HOLLYWOOD BUT ALSO ON MY TRAIN
 TRIP. IT ALL HAPPENED WHEN THE TRAIN STOPS AT ALBER-JERKY.
 I STEPS OFF AND SAYS "HOW DO YOU DO" TO AN INDIAN SQUAW.

PERHAPS I SHOULDN'T HAVE SAID "HOW DO YOU DO" FOR ALL OF A
 SUDDEN FORTY INDIANS SPRINGS UP. I THOUGHT IT WAS GONNA BE
 A MASCARA ... CLOSER AND CLOSER THEY CREEPS TOWARDS ME. *And then*
 THE FIRST THING I KNOWS, I'M SURROUNDED.

MOORE: Surrounded by forty Indians? ^{See why.} / What did you do?

DURANTE: WHAT COULD I DO? I GOT STUCK WITH FORTY BLANKETS!

MOORE: Indeed an unexpected turn of events ^{you know} / As they say in Sweden ... "Du vate eeke vot veal handa next".

DURANTE: AND A SNORG-US-BORD TO YOU, MR. MOORE. I MEE-ANDERS BACK TO MY COMPARTMENT ... OPENS THE DOOR ... AND WHAT DO YOU KNOW? I SEES A PAIR OF RABBITS IN MY BERTH. I CLOSES THE DOOR AND GOES HUNTING FOR A STICK TO CHASE THEM AWAY. I GOES THROUGH THE SLEEPING CAR, THROUGH THE DINING CAR, THROUGH THE CLUB CAR, THROUGH THE OBSERVATION CAR AND THE CABOOSE. ^{There} ~~FORTUNATELY~~; I FINDS A STICK. FORTIFIED THUSLY, I GOES BACK THROUGH THE CABOOSE, THROUGH THE OBSERVATION CAR, THROUGH THE CLUB CAR, THROUGH THE DINING CAR, AND THE SLEEPING CAR ... AND JUST AS I'M READY TO OPEN THE DOOR, STICK IN HAND, TO GET AT THOSE RABBITS ... WHAT HAPPENS... THE TRAIN STOPS WITH A LURCH AND I GOES FLYING THROUGH THE SLEEPING CAR, THE DINING CAR, THE CLUB CAR...THE OBSERVATION CAR AND THE CABOOSE ... I PICKS MYSELF UP ... UNRUFFLED BUT FERMENTING ... AND WHAT DO I DO ... BACK I GOES THROUGH THE CABOOSE, THE OBSERVATION CAR, THE CLUB CAR, THE DINING CAR AND THE SLEEPING CAR. NOW I'M READY FOR THOSE RABBITS. I TAKES A FIRM GRIP ON THE STICK, OPENS THE DOOR ... AND WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT, GARRY...

MOORE: Believe what?

DURANTE: THERE WERE MORE RABBITS THAN I COULD SHAKE A STICK AT! NOW YOU KNOW THAT...

ORCH: PLAY-OFF
APPLAUSE

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MOORE: And as Mr. Durante skips gaily off with great chunks of applause in each little fist, we turn again to the Camel Hall of Fame, starring Cuddles Bongshnook, and....

SOUND: CHINESE GONG

MOORE: The Story of Mr. Fyffe.

ORCHESTRA: INTRODUCTION

ALLMAN: Now Mr. Fyffe gave his pretty wife his coupon seventeen, And eighteen, too, for the very best shoe that Junior'd ever seen.

But his domicile was just a mile from the nearest street car lines,

And he'd worn a hole in the ragged sole of his last pair of number nines.

PETRIE: So one day when he was half way to the car tracks, and gathering gravel rapidly between his toes, Fyffe just sat down beside a stop light and lit up a Camel...you know, C-A-M-E-L -- the cigarette that's cool smoking and slow burning because Camels are expertly blended of costlier tobaccos.

ALLMAN: Well, the blue sedan of a shipyard man pulled up by the traffic light,
And he said, "Do tell, that aroma's swell! Your cigarette's all right!"
Well Fyffe said, "Gee! Have one on me!" And the guy said, "Sure! Hop in!"
Now his morning mile; Fyffe rides in style, and though his shoes are thin
You can hear him shout, "Get your Camels out -- and keep your bunions in!"

APPLAUSE

PETRIE: Well, ^{Cuddles}~~Goodies~~, I don't guarantee that Camels will solve everybody's transportation problem, but to you people who are looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many you smoke -- I say -- "Get Camel cigarettes!" They've got more flavor, which helps 'em hold up, pack after pack! Yes, just try Camels in your taste and throat, your T-Zone proving ground for Camel's rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness!

CHORUS: C-A-M-E-L-S!

PETRIE: Camels! They stay fresh because they're packed to go around the world!

ORCHESTRA: INTRO TO MEDLEY

ORCHESTRA: START CUGAT'S INTRO

MOORE: Being just a stone's throw from the Border - if you have a lot of stones -- This week Xavier Cugat goes ^{beautifully back} ~~back~~ with a medley of three Latin favorites -- "Cielito Lindo, Carnival De Oriente, and Mulatto Rhumbero... Oh, get me!

ORCH: Medley

APPLAUSE

DURANTE: CONGRATULATIONS, MY DEAR CUGLE! YOU'VE GOT EVERYTHING THAT STOKOWSKI'S GOT, AND A HAIR-CUT BESIDES... BUT COME NOW, DEAR FRIENDS. ONCE AGAIN IT'S CULTURE TIME WITH OUR MR. GARRY MOORE.

MOORE: Ooops! Sorry, James!...But tonite we are presenting nothing in the least cultural.

DURANTE: OH, GARRY - NO!

MOORE: Oh, Jimmie - yes!

DURANTE: OH, TISICK, TISICK, TISICK!

MOORE: Tonite, James, we're going in for romance.

DURANTE: OH, THEN I TAKE~~X~~ BACK MY TISICK. *M: Thank you very much.*

MOORE: *Friends,* As a ^{very} special added attraction we have with us tonite a young man whom we sincerely consider to be the greatest vocal discovery since Bing Crosby...A handsome young fellow whose masculine beauty is exceeded only by his thrilling voice and virile charm...And with a little applause, ladies and gentlemen, I'm sure we can get him to come up here and sing for us...Whaddayuh say? *Yeah! All together -*

CROWD: APPLAUSE

MOORE: SPINNING WHEEL - (Pause after first 4)

MOORE: Ha ha - I' ~~am~~ bet you ~~can't~~ *thought I was gonna be lousy.* ~~think I could sing.~~

MOORE: SPINNING WHEEL - (Second 4, then fade band to b.g.)

MOORE: I loved you passionately, Gloria Slobnick!...Loved you, do you hear me! *A.* Why, I worshipped ^{you - I worshipped} the very ground your

father discovered oil on!...And you, my darling - you worshipped the very ground you wished I was buried under!

I shall never forget the day we met. It was in the automat, and we both reached for the same piece of pie...

First you eyed the pie - then I eyed the pie - and for one magic moment, we were pie-eyed together.....

did I say I loved you darling.

MOORE: (CONT'D) ...It was Spring, as I recall it, and we'd been walking in the rain. Me with my galoshes - you with your wobbled feet.And I took your little hand in mine, and I can still feel the touch of your dainty fingers; like clusters of unsliced salomi....And at that magic moment, the music started..The music started, my lovely one, and we danced and we danced! Me, light as a feather on my toes. You *also* light as a feather. Also on my toes..... Ah, we could have been so happy,..But then -

ORCH: OMINOUS CHORD

MOORE: It happened!....I don't know who noticed it first - that first faint rumbling of Mother Earth - We kept on dancing - even after the chandeliers began to sway with the heavings of the ground beneath.

SOUND: SNEAK IN RUMBLING OF EARTHQUAKE - BUILD THROUGH FOLLOWING

MOORE: Suddenly we noticed that the music had stopped..Above the rumble we heard a voice!

HOWARD: (OFF)...EARTHQUAKE! ..EARTHQUAKE!.. WE'RE HAVING AN EARTHQUAKE!

MOORE: An earthquake, he said...Gloria, my darling - what can we do?.. Where can we run?,..We'll be trapped like rats in this awful place!.....Look out, Gloria - the ROOF! THE ROOF!Gloria, DARLING, LOOK OUT!

SOUND: TREMENDOUS CRASHING OF BUILDING

MOORE: SCREAM

MOORE: *Spinning Wheel*
~~PRICE BLUE GOWN~~ - (Last four, full and finish)

(APPLAUSE)

DURANTE: *Garry,*
~~JUNIOR~~, ALLOW ME TO BE THE FIRST TO FELICITATE YOU. YOU
HAVE A VOICE IN A MILLION.

MOORE: *Oh* Really? *James* Do you think I should join the Metropolitan?

DURANTE: CERTAINLY! WITH YOUR VOICE, YOU NEED INSURANCE!

MOORE: Well, I'm deeply flattered...And if after the show you'd
like to come with me to the Brown Derby -

DURANTE: YES?

MOORE: I'll try it on you, for size. *Oh. Thank you. M: Not at all.*

ORCH: START GIBBS' INTRO

MOORE: Meanwhile, we'll both relax in the best possible way. By
lending an ear to Georgia Gibbs, as she let's go with
"In the Blue of Evening."

GIBBS: "IN THE BLUE OF EVENING"

(APPLAUSE)

PETRIE: You know, Camel cigarettes are first with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard according to actual sales records -- yes, first in all the services -- and that means plenty of our best customers are half way around the world. They say -- "We like our Camels fresh!" And we say, "You'll get 'em fresh -- as cool smoking and slow burning as if you bought 'em in North Carolina -- because now Camels are packed to go around the world!" Yes, we developed a new moisture-proof inner wrapping, to hold in Camel's rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness -- for months if necessary. Examine your pack of Camel cigarettes! Look at the moisture-proof inner wrapping, and you'll see why Camels stay fresh, preserving for you the extra goodness of Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos!

CHORUS: C-A-M-E-L-S!

PETRIE: Camels! For yourself, for that fellow in the service, get Camels! They stay fresh -- because they're packed to go around the world!

ORCH: PLAYOFF

MOORE: All of which brings us to something entirely different daring and delectable ... A new drama about a Hollywood press agent, called "I Told a Whopper to Hedda Hopper and Hopper told a Whopper to Me" ... In the first scene ...

DURANTE: ANOTHER DRAMA, JUNIOR? I THOUGHT WE WERE LOOKING FOR SOMETHING DIFFERENT.

CUDDLES: Oh, is that what you want? Well, fellas, I've got something different?

DURANTE: SO I NOTICE. AND ON YOU IT LOOKS GOOD.

MOORE: What ^{is *up your sleeve*} ~~is that~~, Cuddles?

CUDDLES: Well, it's a joke! You ask Mr. Durante, "What does the near-sighted cat say every time the door opens?"

DURANTE: WHAT DOES THE NEAR-SIGHTED CAT SAY EVERY TIME THE DOOR OPENS? ... WELL WHAT DOES SHE SAY.

CUDDLES: Are you kitten? (FEEBLE LAUGH) *D: I gotta million of 'em.*

MOORE: ...So ^{*getting back to this drama we were having...*} ~~as I was saying about this opera, friends~~ the scene...

CUDDLES: What's the matter? Wasn't the joke any good?

DURANTE: MY DEAR CUDDLES, THERE ARE SOME THINGS EVEN WE WON'T DO FOR MONEY!

MOORE: And besides, my breeze, that joke isn't long enough for radio ... Yuh gotta spread 'em out ... Yun gotta make 'em last ^{*you see*} ./. Here, now - I've written out a joke that REALLY takes up time ... Here, Jimmy - you take your copy and read it with me.

DURANTE: I'M A LITTLE SUSPICIOUS OF THIS.

MOORE: *No.* There's nothing to it *writing to it.* It starts right out where I say to you, "Say, Jimmy."

DURANTE: YES, JUNIOR?

MOORE: I've got a new job, Jimmy.

DURANTE: YOU HAVE GOT A NEW JOB, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Yes, I've got a new job, Jimmy.

DURANTE: WELL TELL ME - WHERE IS YOUR NEW JOB LOCATED, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Where is my new job located, Jimmy?

DURANTE: YES, WHERE IS YOUR NEW JOB LOCATED, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Why, my new job is located in a junky joint near Jacksonville called Juniper Junction, Jimmy.

DURANTE: YOUR NEW JOB IS IN A JUNKY JOINT NEAR JACKSONVILLE CALLED JUNIPER JUNCTION, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Yes, my new job is *located* in a junky joint near Jacksonville called Juniper Junction, Jimmy.

DURANTE: I SHOULD NEVER HAVE LEARNED TO READ! ... WELL TELL ME - WHO IS YOUR NEW JOB WITH IN A JUNKY JOINT NEAR JACKSONVILLE CALLED JUNIPER JUNCTION, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Why, my new job is with a heavy-action traction faction in a junky joint near Jacksonville called Juniper Junction, Jimmy.

DURANTE: YOUR NEW JOB IS WITH A HEAVY-ACTION TRACTION FACTION IN A JUNKY JOINT NEAR JACKSONVILLE CALLED JUNIPER JUNCTION, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Yes, my new job is with a heavy-action traction faction in a junky joint near Jacksonville called Juniper Junction Jimmy.

He's got lips like a hummingbird.

DURANTE: ~~THE MAN IS A HUMAN DOMINO!~~ ... WELL TELL ME - WHO DO YOU WORK FOR IN YOUR NEW JOB WITH A HEAVY-ACTION TRACTION FACTION IN A JUNKY JOINT NEAR JACKSONVILLE CALLED JUNIPER JUNCTION, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Why, I work for the man who plans vans for cans and pans for a heavy-action traction faction in a junky joint near Jacksonville called Juniper Junction, Jimmy.

DURANTE: YOU WORK FOR THE MAN WHO PLANS VANS FOR CANS AND PANS FOR A HEAVY-ACTION TRACTION FACTION IN A JUNKY JOINT NEAR JACKSONVILLE CALLED JUNIPER JUNCTION, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Yes I work for the man who plans vans for cans and pans for a heavy-action traction faction in a junky joint near Jacksonville called Juniper Junction, Jimmy.

DURANTE: ALL I ASK IS TO BE LEFT ALONE ... WELL TELL ME ... WHAT DO YOU DO IN YOUR NEW JOB WITH THE MAN WHO PLANS VANS FOR CANS AND PANS FOR A HEAVY-ACTION TRACTION FACTION IN A JUNKY JOINT NEAR JACKSONVILLE CALLED JUNIPER JUNCTION, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Why, I'm the fella who furnishes fuel, fixes flats and flattens fenders for the man who plans vans for cans and pans for a heavy-action traction faction in a junky joint near Jacksonville called Juniper Junction, Jimmy.

DURANTE: YOU'RE THE FELLA WHO FURNISHES FUEL, FIXES FLATS AND FLATTENS FENDERS FOR THE MAN WHO PLANS VANS FOR CANS AND PANS FOR A HEAVY-ACTION TRACTION FACTION IN A JUNKY JOINT NEAR JACKSONVILLE CALLED JUNIPER JUNCTION, JUNIOR.

MOORE: Yes, I'm the fella who furnishes fuel, fixes flats and flattens fenders for the man who plans vans for cans and pans for a heavy-action traction faction in a junky joint near Jacksonville called Juniper Junction, Jimmy.

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DURANTE: ANY IMBECILE COULD DO THIS STUFF - WHY CAN'T I? ...
WELL TELL ME - HOW IS YOUR NEW JOB AS THE FELLA WHO
FURNISHES FUEL, FIXES FLATS AND FLATTENS FENDERS FOR
THE MAN WHO PLANS VANS FOR CANS AND PANS FOR A HEAVY-ACTION
TRACTION FACTION IN A JUNKY JOINT NEAR JACKSONVILLE
CALLED JUNIPER JUNCTION, JUNIOR?

MOORE: It's in a clash by itself, Jimmy - a clash by itself!

ORCH: TA DA!

MOORE: Well, James - how didja like the joke?

DURANTE: I DON'T KNOW! TWENTY LATE TRAINS TO CALIFORNIA, AND
YOURS HAD TO COME IN ON TIME!

ORCH: PLAYOFF
APPLAUSE

ORCH: MARCH...FADE UNDER

ANNCR: Tonight again we send our thanks to the Yanks of the Week, Americans who have distinguished themselves for heroism in the battle area.

MUSIC: FANFARE

VOICE: To Lieutenant Paul Larson, of Chicago, one of the two American Lightning pilots reported missing after a battle over New Guinea in which nineteen and possibly eleven more Japanese planes were destroyed. Though one engine was damaged, Lieutenant Larson continued fighting and shot up a Zero, and then, his cockpit filling with smoke, flew on one engine, with three Japanese planes on his tail, until he was able to escape and land his plane in shallow water. He returned unharmed to his squadron. In your honor, Lieutenant Larson, the makers of Camels are sending to our men in the South Pacific four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes. We salute you, Lieutenant Paul Larson!

MUSIC: FANFARE

APPLAUSE

ANNCR: On each of the three Camel shows we'll salute another Yank of the Week, and on each of them send four hundred thousand Camels to men in his battle area...a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week. In this country, Camels have thanked audiences of more than three million Yanks with the traveling Camel Caravans, which since nineteen forty-one have given free Camels and over two thousand free performances to service men in more than five hundred different camps.

ORCH: WHO WILL BE WITH YOU

DURANTE: WHO WILL BE WITH YOU WHEN WE'RE FAR AWAY....WHEN WE'RE FAR AWAY....LET ME HEAR THAT HIGH NOTE, MAESTRO... WHAT A NOTE!

MOORE: *Oh its* An exquisite note, Mr. Durante. *Exquisite!*

DURANTE: A BEAUTIFUL NOTE, MR. MOORE.

MOORE: *Yes and nothing would entice me more, James, than to hang around here giving idle banter back and forth. You look so charming and everything about... But I really haven't time for idle chatter, James. Tonight I'm going out with Linda Darnell.*

DURANTE: I'M GOING OUT WITH CAROLE LANDIS.

MOORE: Oh - well I'm going out with Betty Grable.

DURANTE: WELL I'M GOING OUT WITH RITA HAYWORTH.

MOORE: Well I'm going out with Katherine Hepburn.

DURANTE: WELL I'M GOING OUT WITH GRETA GARBO.

MOORE: Oh, well - you win -- I'm really going out with Sophie Glutz.

DURANTE: NO KIDDIN' ... HAS SHE GOT A SISTER?

ORCH: PLAYOFF

MOORE: *Good night, Jimmy* SEE YOU LATER, MR. DURANTE.

DURANTE: *Good night* SEE YOU LATER, MR. MOORE, and good night, folks.

BOTH: GOODNIGHT ALL.

APPLAUSE

(If cued by Phil Cohan)

ORCH: THEME (BUMPER)

PETRIE: Listen to each of the three Camel shows -- tomorrow, Bob Hawk, in the comedy quiz, "Thanks to the Yanks"; Monday, that famous comic strip family, "Blondie"; and next Thursday, Garry Moore, Jimmy Durante, ^{Xavier Cugat} Georgia Gibbs, ~~Xavier Cugat~~ and yours truly, Howard Petrie.

ORCH: THEME UP AND DOWN

PETRIE: And remember -- Camels are fresh -- Camels stay fresh -- because they're packed to go around the world! For yourself, for that Yank, get Camel cigarettes -- first in the service!

ORCH: THEME UP
APPLAUSE)

(SWITCH TO 8B FOR HITCH HIKE)

ADDITIONAL CLOSING -- IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN

PETRIE: We hope you'll listen next Thursday at this ^{same} time for another Camel Program with Jimmy Durante, Garry Moore, Georgia Gibbs, and Xavier Cugat. ^{Good night -} ~~this is Howard Petrie~~ ^{from} saying good night ~~for~~ all the gang.

ANNOUNCER: It's the Number One pipe tobacco in the U.S. -- yes, far and away more pipe-smokers buy Prince Albert than any other brand -- have for years! First time you light up a pipeful you'll see why. Prince Albert's cool and comfortable on your tongue, because it's no-bite treated. Yes, and crimp cut to pack and draw and burn just right! Lots for your money, too! Every handy pocket package of Prince Albert gives you around fifty mild, fragrant, better-tasting pipefuls. Get P.A. for Pipe Appeal! It's the National Joy Smoke!