

(REVISED)

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WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1943
NBC NETWORK
7:00 - 7:30 PM PWT

PROGRAM NO. 22

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

XAVIER CUGAT

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

ELVIA ALLMAN

PATRICK MCGEEHAN

FRED SHIELDS

51454 4064

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

(REVISED)

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1943

7:00 - 7:30 PM PWT

PROGRAM NO 22

(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!

PETRIE: And without further delay, here is the young man concerning whom every Hollywood talent scout agrees; There is absolutely nothing wrong with him that a new face wouldn't fix... Garry Moore.

(APPLAUSE)

MOORE: Thank you very much, my friends and good evening, ladies and gentlemen... you have just heard Howard Petrie making his fare-well address.

PETRIE: Oh, now, Garry, don't get sore....that introduction was just a burlesque! A take-off!

MOORE: Mr. Petrie, if I want a burlesque, I'll call Sally Rand and let her do the take-off. *take-off... it sounded alright to me* ...I don't like to be huffy, old boy, but I must insist on being the romantic type - my listeners expect it.

CUDDLES: Mr. Moore, as the romantic type, you could count your listeners on the fingers of a boxing glove.

MOORE: Oh, you think so, oh, Cuddles? *you know* It was only yesterday I was tested for the part of Tarzan, but - well, I've got freckles on my back.

CUDDLES: You've got freckles on your back?

MOORE: Well, not really freckles - I got sun-burned through a screen. *damn.*

CUDDLES: Mr. Moore, I don't wanna hurt your feelings, but I think you're crazy.

MOORE: Certainly. And it's a good living, too....So let's have no more of this pigeon dandruff - what about the letters from the listeners for this week?

CUDDLES: Well, this first letter is from your cousin Alonzo.

MOORE: Oh, for goodness sake^s, Alonzo! ^{Say} He's the one who's a model in a paper store.

CUDDLES: Model in a paper store?

MOORE: Yes, he crawls into the shop window and just stands there-
There'll be a twenty second pause while the fumigation squad comes in
stationary. / What does the dear boy say?

CUDDLES: Well, he wants to know if what he heard is true; is there a housing shortage in Hollywood?

MOORE: ^{Cuddles} Well, to answer that I must explain that Hollywood has nothing but one-story hotels...Always the one story - NO ROOMS! ...Why, on my first night in Hollywood I paid \$45 to spend the night standing up.

CUDDLES: Forty-five dollars? To spend the night standing up?

MOORE: Yes, That's how many nickles I had to deposit to keep the phone booth....I'm very glad to report tho, that I finally got an apartment, and gee whiz, it's wonderful. I never really thought I'd actually SEE a movie star, but there's one beauty living right down-stairs from me ... GENE AUTRY's horse..Oh, boy!

CUDDLES: Say, I'll bet you appreciate his taking you in.

MOORE: Oh, indeed I dee!.....Indood I dee!....And do you know something, Cuddles, ^{let me tell you a secret here} / don't noise it around but Gene Autry's horse is trying to join up with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

CUDDLES: No!

MOORE: Yes! He doesn't care for the Metros or the Goldwyns, but he's dying to meet one of the mares...Oh, I'm in on all the gossip!

CUDDLES: *Oh* Then you really are pretty happy out here?

MOORE: *yes, all in all I'm pretty happy.*
Oh, ~~intensely, intensely~~ Every evening I sit around squeezing lemons - - later on I hope to get a girl - and it's all very fine...So to you, cousin Alonzo, I say "Yes, the housing shortage is bad in Hollywood, but a neighbor of mine gave me a card that lets me into the best butcher shops in town.

CUDDLES: Oh boy! And they give you meat?

MOORE: No - but the sawdust on the floor is delicious! ...So, now, let's get *into* the -

SOUND: PHONE RING

MOORE: *Oh!*
Ah! The telephone!...Excuse me, folks.

SOUND: PHONE UP

MOORE: Hello.

DURANTE: HELLO JUNIOR?.....THIS IS JIMMY.

MOORE: Say Jimmy, for heaven's sakes where are you. We're on the air!

DURANTE: I WAS WALKING DOWN HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD AND I STEPPED INTO AN OPEN MANHOLE.

MOORE: Well, so what?

DURANTE: SO COME AND GET ME: I'M STUCK IN A FAUCET IN BEVERLY HILLS.

MOORE: Oh,...peachy.

ORCH: SNEAK IN DURANTE MUSIC

MOORE: Well *Turn* yourself off and come on down here. And sure enough, here he is my friends...Jimmy Durante, in person!

ORCH: YOU GOTTA START EACH DAY WITH A SONG

(APPLAUSE)

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG... WELL, GARRY,
THE MAN-POWER SHORTAGE HAS FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH ME!

MOORE: How come, Jimmy?

DURANTE: YESTERDAY I REPORTS FOR WORK AT M-G-M. THEY'RE SHORT OF
ROMANTIC MALE STARS, SO THEY HAD ME WORKING ON THREE
PICTURES AT ONCE -- FROM 10 TO 12 I MADE LOVE TO LUCILLE
BALL -- FROM 12 TO 2, I MADE LOVE TO HEDY LAMARR, AND
FROM 2 TO 4, I MADE LOVE TO LANA TURNER.

MOORE: What did you do from 4 to 6?

DURANTE: I LAYS DOWN ON A CAKE OF ICE TO COOL OFF!

MOORE: *Oh dear -- in after words*
/You were on an icicle built for one.

DURANTE: I WOULD LIKE TO SAY THAT'S A VERY FUNNY REMARK, MR. MOORE -
I WOULD LIKE TO SAY IT, BUT I WON'T. YOU KNOW, GARRY,
DUE TO THE MAN SHORTAGE, PAUL McNUTT PHONES ME TO COME
DOWN TO WASHINGTON FOR A DISCUSSION. WITHOUT FURTHER ADO,
I GRABS A CAB AND IN A JITNEY I'M AT THE RAILROAD STATION.
AS THE TRAIN IS PULLING OUT, I JUMPS ABOARD -- AND WHAT
HAPPENS? MY SUSPENDERS GET CAUGHT IN THE DOOR, AND WOULD
YOU BELIEVE IT, MY PANTS BEATS ME TO WASHINGTON BY TWO
HOURS AND FORTY MINUTES.

MOORE: *Oh see*
/And now, you not only have a man shortage, but a
pants shortage.

DURANTE: CONSLICELY, MR. MOORE...CONSLICELY. AS THE PARROT ONCE
SAID, AS SHE STOOD IN FRONT OF A BEER BARREL: "I WISH
I WAS A WOOD PECKER." AND NOW TO CONTINUE WITH MY
DIGRESSION. AS SOON AS I ARRIVE IN WASHINGTON I HAVE A
DINNER APPOINTMENT WITH MR. McNUTT. I DRESSES UP IN MY
FORMAL ATTIRE -- TOP HAT, TAILS AND SWEATSHIRT TO MATCH.

MOORE: ^{Oh} No, no, Jimmy, at an occasion like that, you should dress more dapper.

DURANTE: OH COME, COME, MR. MOORE...I'M TOO OLD TO WEAR THOSE THINGS. OUR RENDEZVOUS IS IN THE MOST IMPORTANT RESTAURANT IN WASHINGTON. WHEN I WALKS IN, I SEES HARRY HOPKINS, UMBRIAGO - SENATOR TRUMAN, UMBRIAGO - ANTHONY EDEN AND UMBRIAGO.

MOORE: Umbriago? What was he doing in Washington?

DURANTE: HE'S WORKING IN A DEPARTMENT STORE. HE'S HELPING OUT THE MANPOWER SHORTAGE BY HOLDING DOWN TWO JOBS. HE PLAYS THE PIANO AND SELLS PERFUME. IF YOU HEAR ANYTHING OR SMELL ANYTHING, THAT'S UMBRIAGO! ... SOON MR. McNUTT AND I GETS DOWN TO BUSINESS. I SAYS, "MAC" - I ALWAYS ADDRESSES HIM IN THE MASCULINE GENDER - "^{you}TAKE MY CASE, FOR EXAMPLE. WHEN THERE IS ^(A)NO MAN-SHORTAGE, I HAVE FOUR BUTLERS".

MOORE: Four butlers?

DURANTE: I JUST SAID THAT, MR. MOORE - FOUR BUTLERS - YOU SHOULD TAKE A MEMORY COURSE. ^{M: Excuse me} THE FIRST BUTLER FETCHES ME MY PACK OF CIGARETTES - CAMELS, OF COURSE - THE SECOND BUTLER REMOVES ONE FROM THE PACK. THE THIRD BUTLER LIGHTS IT.

MOORE: And what does the fourth butler do?

DURANTE: HE SMOKES IT!

MOORE: A brilliant delineation. What did Mr. McNutt say to that?

DURANTE: SHALL I LEAVE OUT THE CUSS WORDS?

MOORE: Yes.

DURANTE: THEN HE SAID NOTHING... BUT TO CONTINUE, JUNIOR,
THAT NIGHT, TO APPEASE MY MENTALITY, MR. McNUTT LETS ME
SLEEP IN THE WHITE HOUSE...IN THE GOLD ROOM. WHAT A
LAYOUT. TWO BUREAUS, FOUR DRESSERS, SIX MIRRORS, A
CRYSTAL CHANDELIER, THREE EASY CHAIRS, FOUR ARM CHAIRS
AND A CHAISE-LUNCH. BUT I COULDN'T SLEEP ALL NIGHT.

MOORE:

You couldn't sleep all night?
Why not?

DURANTE:

NO BED!

MOORE:

Go with Jimmy
Well, what did you do?

DURANTE:

WHAT COULD A MAN IN MY POSITION DO? I SLEPT ON THE FLOOR.

MOORE:

Well, that's logical.
I'll bet you were soon in the arms of Morpheus.

DURANTE:

IT'S A LIE!...I WAS TOO TIRED FOR DANCING! ... BUT I
COULDN'T SLEEP, *Garry,* SO I CHECKS INTO ONE OF THE WASHINGTON
HOTELS AND ALL I COULD GET WAS A ROOM THE SIZE OF A DIME.
SO I WALKS IN WITH MY TRAVELLING BAG, MY HAND BAG, MY
GOLF BAG, MY DUFFLE BAG AND MY LAUNDRY BAG. I'M READY TO
RETIRE, WHEN I REMEMBERS - I FORGOT TO BUY TOMORROW'S
PAPER TODAY TO FIND OUT WHAT WAS GOING ON YESTERDAY.
I LOOKS AROUND - I'M HEMMED IN! IN ORDER TO GET OUT *of the room*
I GOT TO TAKE OUT ~~INTO THE HALL~~ MY TRAVELLING BAG, MY
HAND BAG, MY GOLF BAG, MY DUFFLE BAG AND MY LAUNDRY BAG.
AFTER I GETS THE PAPER, BACK I GOES TO MY ROOM AND *and* PULLS IN
MY TRAVELLING BAG, MY HAND BAG, MY GOLF BAG, MY DUFFLE BAG
AND MY LAUNDRY BAG. FINALLY, I RETIRES. IN THE MIDDLE OF
THE NIGHT I GETS UP. I HAD TO PULL DOWN THE SHADE. IT'S
DARK -- SO WHAT HAPPENS. I TRIPS OVER THE TRAVELLING BAG,
THE HAND BAG, THE GOLF BAG, THE DUFFLE BAG, *and* THE LAUNDRY
BAG - AND FALLS INTO THE DUMB WAITER. DOWN I GOES - ONE
FLOOR - TWO FLOORS - THREE FLOORS - FOUR FLOORS...

SOUND: CRASH

DURANTE: I HITS BOTTOM... I LANDS IN THE DINING ROOM ON A TABLE...
THE CUSTOMER TAKES ONE LOOK AT ME AND SAYS "MABEL, THE
SERVICE IN THIS HOTEL IS TERRIBLE. I ORDERED TURKEY AND
WHAT DO I GET ... A PELICAN!
NOW YOU KNOW THAT YOU CAN'T GO WRONG...

ORCH: PLAY-OFF

APPLAUSE

MOORE: And, as the Great Profile retires to the wings for a breath of the fresh, we turn to the Camel Hall of Fame, where tonight Cuddles Bongshnook presents...

SOUND: CHINESE GONG

MOORE: The story of a ~~young~~ man called Petey.

ORCHESTRA: INTRODUCTION

ALLMAN: There once was a ~~young~~ man we'll call Petey
Who was very, very jealous of his sweetie,
'Cause he had overheard her (here's the facts, they must
be faced!)
Say to someone, "Gosh you're smooth, and you have such
good taste."

He didn't see to whom she spoke. He left in angry haste.
PETRIE: Which proves that Petey wasn't cool and slow burning like
a Camel. What's more, Camel cigarettes stay that way,
anywhere -- they stay fresh because they're packed to go
around the world!

ALLMAN: He didn't call for days and days, for Petey was enraged --
So she called him and said, "What's wrong? I thought we
were engaged!" "We were engaged is right," he cried, "I'm
thoroughly disgraced -- Now I demand to know who's smooth,
and who has such good taste?" "Oh, ho," she laughed,
"so that's the rub, oh never fear, my pet! Your rival
is none other than -- A Camel cigarette!
My favorite Uncle Fred was here and brought me one whole
carton --" "My gosh!" cried Petey, "and I thought that you
and I were partin'! I love your lips -- I love your hair--
I love your eyes of blue -- I'm such a happy guy to love --
all this -- and Camels too!"

(APPLAUSE)

PETRIE: Yes, and if you're looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many you smoke, try a pack of Camels! Try 'em in your T-Zone -- "T" for taste and throat, everybody's own proving ground for Camel's rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness! You'll see what a difference matchless blending of costlier tobaccos can make!

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

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

ORCHESTRA: INTRO TO "NI PITOS ... NAU FLAUTOS"

ORCHESTRA: START CUGAT'S INTRO

MOORE: One wonderful thing about Xavier Cugat is that you can
always count on him to tell you something ^{that} you can't
count on. For instance this number is called
"Ni Pitos...Nau Flautos" which means "Neither Pipes nor
Flutes"--and what is it mostly full of? ^{That's right!} Pipes and Flutes!
... It's pretty, tho.

ORCHESTRA: NI PITOS..NAU FLAUTOS

(APPLAUSE)

DURANTE:

AND THAT, MY FRIENDS, WAS ^{Cycle playing} "NEE-PEE-TOES NOW FLOW-TOES" --
OR -- "YOU'D BE SO NICE TO GO HOME FROM"...BUT, AT THIS
PULSATING POINT IN THE PROGRAM, WE TURN AGAIN TO
MR. GARRY MOORE, AND HIS USUAL HUNK OF CULTURAL JUNK...
PRAY TELL US, MR. JUNIOR - WHAT'S COOKING ON THE FRONT

BURNER?

MOORE:

Well - & tell the truth, you're awfully cute.
/Tonite, James, we have Lesson Number Two on how to be stuff

on the radio. And IN this lesson I am taking two types of
radio personalities and mixing them up. ^{your} First, we take the
travelogue man; you know - the fella who's always taking us
through colorful Prajadapok by goat-back and swinging vine?
And I'm gonna mix him up with a radio news commentator,
one of those guys who ^{can} take the simplest situation and
make it so complicated NOBODY can understand it. ^{Why} I heard
one commentator the other night say that according to the
latest theories of Aeronautical Engineering, the wing span
of the bumble-bee, in proportion to the bulk of its body,
makes it technically impossible for the bumble-bee to fly...
That's what he said... But, of course, the bumble-bee
doesn't KNOW ^{that} this - so he just goes ahead and flies ANYWAY.
^{Now} SO, imagine if you will, a news commentator taking a simple
week-end jaunt, and making it sound like a rocket trip
to the moon... Maestro?

ORCHESTRA: ORIENTAL MUSIC - (ESTABLISH QUICKLY AND FADE TO BG)

MOORE:

Ahhhhhhh, good evening, lovers of the mysterious!
Commmmmme with us - commmmmmmmme with us to the
uncharted areas, where civilized man has ne'er set foot.

ORCH:

MUSIC OUT

MOORE: We set sail one glorious morning from an obscure little eastern village called New York City... New York City - a large body of land surrounding Mayor La Guardia... Our brave little craft was a picturesque old ERL burner, with the quaint native title of "The Staten Island Ferry". The Staten Island Ferry... Let us all say it together.

ORCH: THE STATEN - Island - Ferry.

MOORE: Veddy good. At the sound of four bells from a nearby Good Humor wagon, we hove ~~a~~ way and rounded a PERNT at 185th Street... On our left we passed the Fulton Fish Market. The wind was blowing our way - so we passed the Fulton Fish Market. ^{And} Our first actual stopping place was the disgusting little port of "Heartburn on the Hudson"... We arrived at Fiesta Time, and were more than fortunate in finding the native hep-chicks - or young ladies - attired in grass skirts... They were having an Agricultural movement, and you should have just seen them rotate their crops... Further on in the little village of "Heartburn on the Hudson," we came upon the native men grouped about a large keg of their native beverage "Sterno"... I call it a beverage - actually you do not drink it at all. You merely inhale deeply, your head leaves your shoulders and rises slowly to the ceiling, where it ^{goes} bumps gently about as your teeth drop out and arrange themselves on the floor to spell out "This way to Route 66"...

(MORE)

MOORE:
(Cont'd)

Well

Of course we joined the fiesta, and several days later I vaguely recall the skipper turning to our first mate, and saying in his native tongue, "Var isht misht?"... Or -- "Where are we at?"... And I remember how delighted we all were when we discovered that we were at Longitude 93, Latitude 93 - which, of course, cancelled each other and brought us back to 56th Street.

ORCH: MUSIC IN

MOORE:

And so, reluctantly, *my friends,* we come to the end of our daring journey... ~~but~~ waiting for me at the dock was a messenger with a telegram, summoning me to yet another happy voyage into the great unknown... And if you'll pardon me now, I'll dash off and answer that message... Draft Boards are very stuffy, you know.

ORCHESTRA: PLAY-OFF

CROWD: APPLAUSE

DURANCE: JUNIOR, THAT BEAUTIFUL DESCRIPTION OF YOUR ITINERARY
BROUGHT SALT TEARS TO MY EYES. NOW IF YOU'VE GOT A
BIT OF PEPPER AND A RADISH OR TWO, WE'LL WHIP UP
A SALAD.

MOORE: I'd be overjoyed. *D: Thank you. M: Not at all.*

ORCHESTRA: START GIBBS' TUNE

MOORE: But better yet, here's a cute little dish - Miss Georgia
Gibbs, with her fine version of "Stormy Weather".

GIBBS: STORMY WEATHER

APPLAUSE

PETRIE: When you're thanking a Yank with a carton of cigarettes, remember that Camels are first in all the services -- first with men in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard according to actual sales records. That's a pretty good guarantee he'll like Camels -- and I'll tell you why it's a good guarantee of freshness, too. Because Camels are following our men to every continent, on every ocean -- we've had to pack them to go around the world -- to seal in Camels' rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness -- for months at a time. The Camel pack keeps your Camels fresh, too -- keeps them cool smoking and slow burning -- preserving for you the extra goodness of Camels' matchless blend of costlier tobaccos!

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

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

ORCH: PLAYOFF

MOORE: ~~And~~ ^{at} which point, friends, the Thursday Evening False Wig and Bustle Society ~~gets off to a Flying lull~~ ^{Club presents} with a tender drama of life on a health farm entitled, "Eke, What a Physique", or "She Went Down South To Reduce Because That's Where She Needed Reducing!" ^{Isn't that awful? Jimmy} ~~James~~, in this sketch we unflab the flabby, unskin the skinny and undroop the droopy!

DURANTE: JUNIOR ... THAT'S RIGHT DOWN MY ANATOMY! ...

MOORE: ^{Heel. In very happy.} Our scene opens on the Health Farm of the Messrs. Durante and Moore. Music, Maestro.

DURANTE AND MOOR SING TOGETHER WITH ^{Piano} GUITAR IN BACKGROUND ... TUNE OF SHE'LL BE COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN ...

MOORE: If you're built just like a mountain come to us ...

DURANTE: COME TO US ...

MOORE: If you're built just like a mountain come to us ...

DURANTE: COME TO US ...

MOORE: If you're ~~dumpy~~ or you're bumpy...

DURANTE: WHEN WE'RE THROUGH YOU WON'T BE LUMPY!

BOTH: IF YOU'RE BUILT JUST LIKE A MOUNTAIN COME TO US...DONATE YOUR FAT.....

SOUND: PHONE

MOORE: Hello ... Durante And Moore's Health Farm ...

ALLMAN: (FILTER) This is Miss Agatha Farfel calling ...

MOORE: ^{Oh certainly -} What is it, Miss Farfel?

ALLMAN: (FILTER) Do you build bodies ...

MOORE: Yes ... we ~~do~~ ^{build bodies}.

ALLMAN: Well build me one like Cary Grant and send it over!

SOUND: PHONE UP

MOORE: Cary Grant ... Who's Cary Grant?...

DURANTE: YEAH ... WHAT HAVE WE GOT THAT HE WOULDN'T THROW AWAY!!

MOORE: The trouble with you ^{Jimmy,} is you don't exercise. ^{See why} You take me now, I play lots of golf.

DURANTE: I PLAY LOTS OF GOLF TOO.

MOORE: Yeah, but I do a lot of horseback riding.

DURANTE: WELL, I DO A LOT OF HORSEBACK RIDING TOO...

MOORE: Well, furthermore, I never look at a girl.

DURANTE: HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT! ALL THAT MUSCLE AND HE TURNS OUT TO BE STUPID.

MOORE: ^{Jimmy, you don't follow me...} ~~James,~~ it's all a question of diet. ^{Just} In your diet you need the kind of weeds that my friend, a big weeder grows ... they're very nutritious.

DURANTE: HOW DO YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT WEEDS AND WEEDERS?

MOORE: Oh, I always ^(Mr. Dupont) weed the weeder's digest!

DURANTE: OH NATCH-EW-WEE!! ^(y) AND FURTHERMORE, JUNIOR, IT ISN'T DIET BUT MONEY THAT COUNTS, AND AS SOON AS I FINISH MY NEW STEAM CABINET WE'LL BE AS RICH AS SEARS AND RHUBARB!!

MOORE: A new steam cabinet ... How does it work?

DURANTE: FIRST YOU GET INTO THE CABINET. YOU PRESS BUTTON NUMBER ONE ... IT STARTS TO SNOW, PRESS BUTTON NUMBER TWO, AND ICE WATER COMES OUT. PRESS BUTTON NUMBER THREE, AND A LIGHT FROST SETS IN.

MOORE: Yeah ... but ^{Jimmy} this is a steam cabinet. How do you get warm.

DURANTE: PRESS/BUTTON NUMBER FOUR,..THE ATTENDANT COMES IN WITH

A RACCOON COAT! WHY IT'S AS SIMPLE AS N.B.C.

MOORE: ^{For a minute there, that raccoon coat had one button missing.} James, you certainly have got a head on your shoulders,

DURANTE: THANKS. ^{I can only say.}

MOORE: And I'm awfully glad it's on your shoulders, You have no conception of the needs of the human anatomy.

DURANTE: ON THE OTHER HAND. WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT ANATOMY? DID ^(do)

YOU GO THROUGH SCHOOL?

MOORE: No ... Through Esquire!! ^{D. O. Doce} Here ^{next} on this chart now is a picture of the human body, ^{Look at it -- see --} Right at this spot is where the alimentary tract across the trachea forming an intersection.

DURANTE: WHAT A SPOT FOR A GAS STATION!

MOORE: ^{Oh no} - Now let me explain to you, Jimmy. In your body, for instance, this is where your duodenal sacroilliac draws its supply of haemoglobins from the anterior vena cava, thus making you a perfect physiological circuit for the required neuro reflex.

DURANTE: YEAH? AND ALL THIS TIME I THOUGHT I WAS A HUMAN BEING!

MOORE: Well if it makes you happy, you just go right on thinking that. ^{D. Thanks Mr. Not at all.} But right now, Jimmy, let's start building that steam cabinet.

DURANTE: HAND ME THOSE BOARDS AND A HAMMER.

ORCH: BRIDGE (MECHANIQUE EFFECT) ENDING WITH

SOUND: HAMMERING ON WOOD

DURANTE: THERE IT STANDS, JUNIOR. MY BEAUTIFUL WOODEN CABINET.

(2ND REVISION)

-21-22-23-

MOORE: *Oh* It's lovely. I haven't seen ^{a wooden structure} anything like that since I moved to the city... ^(quiet, please) Now if only someone would knock on the door and come in to try out your steam cabinet, James.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

MOORE: *Oh the beauty of* ^{always} ~~an~~ radio!... Someone/knocks at the door.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ALLMAN: Hello, fellas ... I came here to be built up... (GIGGLES)

MOORE: No kidding... (GIGGLES)

ALLMAN: Yes ... I'm replacing a wrestler in the circus, and I could use some muscles ... (LAUGHS)

DURANTE: STAND BACK, GARRY ... I THINK SHE'S GONNA LAY AN EGG!!

ALLMAN: Well I hope you can do something with me. (GIGGLES) I feel so weak ... let me show you, Mr. Moore. Shake hands.

MOORE: Okay ... here's my hand.

SOUND: CRUSH STRAWBERRY BOX SLOWLY ON CAST MIC

MOORE: Well ... I can always use it for a fly-swatter!!

DURANTE: WHAT A DAME! MADAM, YOU DON'T NEED BUILDING UP ... YOU NEED TEARING DOWN. ^(Jump) JUST STEP INTO OUR NEW STEAM CABINET.

ALLMAN: I don't want to go in there. I've got claustrophobia.

DURANTE: CLAWS-TRO-FOBIA? EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT!

MOORE: Jimmy, there's only one solution. You'll have to get into the steam cabinet and show her how it works! ... We'll be back in five minutes ...

DURANTE: OKAY.

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

51454 4084

MOORE:

Now, Madam, ^{you} walk with me to my office ^{will you?} ... You know, my dear girl, the basic secret of good health is vitamins. ^{A: It is!}
^{Yes} Why I once saw two bumble bees fighting over a queen bee. <sup>A: The good-
ness!</sup>
One bee was a shiftless little fellow. ^{and} The other was a strapping brute who always looked out for his vitamins. And they fought ^{they} and fought for half an hour.

ALLMAN:

Well, what happened?

MOORE:

The vitamin bee won ... so ^{now} if you'll just have a seat.

SOUND:

PHONE RINGS.

MOORE:

^{Oh, excuse me ...}
Hello ...

DURANTE:

(FILTER) JUNIOR, I'M IN MY NEW STEAM CABINET AND SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG ... I'M SHRUNK DOWN TO HALF A POUND!

MOORE:

Half a pound? ^{Jimmy} That's ridiculous ... if you were down to half a pound you'd look like a mouse!

PETRIE:

(CAT MEOWS)

DURANTE:

JUNIOR, I'LL HAVE TO HANG UP ... HERE COMES THAT DARN CAT AGAIN!!

ORCH:

PLAYOFF

APPLAUSE

ORCH: MARCH ... FADE UNDER

PETRIE: 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 Staff Sergeant Paul Villegas, of Denver, Colorado, member of an American regiment that stormed and took "Bloody Ridge", on the north coast of Sicily. Enraged when one of his men fell, he killed two German snipers with his rifle, and led his platoon up the ridge. Tossing his own gun to one of his men whose gun had jammed, he snatched up a German pistol from the ground and in a few moments of violent fighting killed three more German soldiers! In your honor Sergeant Villegas, the makers of Camels are sending to our men ^{overseas} ~~in the Mediterranean area~~ four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes. We salute you, Staff Sergeant Paul Villegas!

MUSIC: FANFARE

(APPLAUSE)

PETRIE: 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 ^{our men overseas} ~~men in his battle area~~...a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week. Since nineteen forty-one, Camels have thanked audiences of more than three million Yanks in this country with the traveling Camel Caravans, which 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: An exquisite note, Mr. Durante...

DURANTE: *It says it was* / A BEAUTIFUL NOTE, MR. MOORE.

MOORE: *at long last* y. But we're a little late folks, so goodnight, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: GOODNIGHT, MR. MOORE.

BOTH: GOODNIGHT ~~to~~ everybody. *See you later.*

(APPLAUSE)

ORCH: THEME

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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 and yours truly, Howard Petrie.

ORCH: THEME UP AND DOWN

PETRIE: And remember -- Camels are cool smoking and slow burning --- and they stay that way -- Camel cigarettes stay fresh because they're packed to go around the world!

ORCH: THEME UP

(APPLAUSE)

(BOARD FADE)

(SWITCH TO STUDIO J FOR HITCH-HIKE)

~~ADDITIONAL CLOSING -- IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN~~

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

SHIELDS: More pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in
(IN STUDIO J) America! Yessir, more pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other brand -- have for years! Want to know why? Light up a pipeful of good Prince Albert. You'll see how cool and comfortable and bite-free it is -- because P.A. is no-bite treated. Crimp cut, too, to pack and burn and draw just right! And remember, in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert you get around fifty mild, mellow, fragrant pipefuls. Get P. A. for Pipe Appeal! It's the National Joy Smoke!

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