

(REVISED)

*As Broadcast
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WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1943
NBC NETWORK
7:00 - 7:30 PM PWT

PROGRAM NO. 23

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

XAVIER CUGAT

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

ELVIA ALLMAN

PATRICK MCGEEHAN

FRED SHIELDS

51454 4090

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1943

7:00 - 7:30 PM PWT

PROGRAM NO 23

(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 Camol 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 Camols are packed to go around the world!

PETRIE: And without further ranny-ga-zazzle or fiddle-de-doo, here
he is - the heartless young man who lounges at ease while
his hair stands at attention - Garry Moore.
(APPLAUSE)

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MOORE: Well, ~~thank you~~... Thank you VERY much, my friends, and good evening ladies and gentlemen... Well, sir, here we are, still broadcasting from Hollywood... And before going any further, I should just like to say that I'm sick and tired of being annoyed by Paulette Goddard.

HOWARD: Annoyed? Garry - you don't even know her.

MOORE: I know it - that's what annoys me! Unfortunately, *Howard* Hollywood is one place where there is no man shortage.

CUDDLES: You can say that again. Just last night I was walking home and two fellas whistled at me.

MOORE: They did, Cuddles? What'd yuh do?

CUDDLES: I turned on my heel and said, "I'll have you know I'm NOT the kind of a girl who goes out with strange men. Now go home - one of you".

MOORE: Well, you'll have plenty of beaux, my love, after I get you into the movies... Y'know, I spoke to Darryl Zanuck about you just yesterday... "Hi'yuh, Mr. Zanuck," I said.

CUDDLES: *Oh* and what'd he say?

MOORE: Sorry - no shoe-strings today...BUT, that's an opening...
Some day he WILL want some shoe-strings, and then I'll
shift the conversation from shoe-strings to string-beans,
And from string beans I work around to bean-poles, and
from bean-poles, to pole vaulting, and from pole vaults
to bank vaults. And from the bank on the corner we shift
to a bank on the pool table, and that, Cuddles, is where
we meet you.

CUDDLES: Where?

MOORE: *Right* Behind the 8-ball.....SO, don't give it a thought.

CUDDLES: Honest to goodness, Mr. Moore! Not that I believe in
reincarnation - but what were you before you died?

MOORE: Why, Cuddles Bongshnook...How can you talk like that,
after all I've done for you...Why, for the measly sum of
50 dollars I made myself your manager....For fifty dollars
I had your name written in the sky in smoke.

CUDDLES: I know you did. But isn't 50 bucks a lot of dough to pay
a pigeon for towing a candle?

MOORE: Nevermind ~~that~~ ^{now}...What did I do for your birthday? I'll
tell you what I did. I sent you a big cake, with Happy
Birthday, Cuddles, written all over it.

CUDDLES: Yes, but the cake was all mashed.

MOORE: *Well,* Suppose it was. I had a hard time getting it into my
typewriter..... ^{the sets are down - you can't try to throw 'em - it's} Now, let's have/less of this base ^{no me}
ingratitude, and get down to the letters from the
listeners for this week.

CUDDLES: Yes, sir...Our first letter is from a young girl in
Mil-creepie, Wisconsin.

MOORE: Mil-creepie?

CUDDLES: Yes, sir. It's a suburb of Mil-waukee...And she wants to
know if it's true that you hafta have a beautiful smile
to get into the movies?

MOORE: Well, I don't know about ^{the} movies, but a big smile does
help a girl to get a husband...Just last year a friend
of mine married a girl because of her smile...Not that it
was so beautiful, but her mouth was so big she made good
money selling advertising space on her front teeth...*She did.*
She would stroll through Times Square during a black-out
and her teeth would light up and spell out "Chevrolet"....
Well, the poor girl, she couldn't brush her teeth at all
for fear of rubbing out the slogans - so one by one, her
teeth began to drop out.....after a while she had to quit
Chevrolet - she only had room for Buick....The following
year she was down to Ford, and last week she sold her last
tooth to the Elks...And this morning she had Wrigley
tatoood on her gum.....So, I don't ^{just} know what to say.
But if you must have a big smile.....

ORCHESTRA: START JIMMIE'S MUSIC

MOORE: Here's just the man who can give you one. So help me
Hannah, here he is - Jimmie Durante - in person.

DURANTE: YUH GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY

(APPLAUSE)

ORGH: YOU GOTTA START EACH DAY

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG

GARRY, I'M IN BEAUTIFUL VOICE TONIGHT ...

MOORE: Jimmy, you certainly are, and I understand you've started working on your picture.

DURANTE: YES, I'M LANA TURNER'S LEADING MAN ... AND WHAT A BREAK FOR LANA, IN OUR FIRST SCENE, NO MORE THAN SHE WALKS ON THE SET -- THERE'S A CALAMITY -- HER DRESS GETS CAUGHT ON A NAIL AND RIPS. MULTIFIED, SHE RUSHES TO HER DRESSING ROOM. RIGHT AWAY THE MUSICIANS -- THE ELECTRICIANS -- THE STAGE HANDS -- IN FACT, EVERYBODY STOPPED WORK AND RAN AFTER HER. I TELL YOU GARRY, IT WAS A DISGRACE! ... IF I DIDN'T KNOW A SHORT CUT TO HER DRESSING ROOM, THEY WOULD HAVE BRATEN ME TO IT!

MOORE: Oh I'm surprised at you, James, a man of your discrimination, of your calibre, of your esthetic taste ...

DURANTE: THANKS, I LOVE YOU TOO, JUNIOR ... YOU KNOW THAT NIGHT I WENT TO A BANQUET AT THE STUDIO. YOU KNOW GARRY, THE LADIES THERE TOASTED THE ACTORS ACCORDING TO THEIR LOOKS ... WHEN A HANDSOME ACTOR WALKED IN ... THEY TOASTED HIM WITH CHAMPAGNE. WHEN A GOOD-LOOKING ACTOR WALKED IN, THEY TOASTED HIM WITH BURBON. WHEN A FAIR-LOOKING ACTOR WALKED IN, THEY TOASTED HIM WITH SHERRY.

MOORE: What happened when you walked in, Jimmy?

DURANTE: SHAKE HANDS WITH A SHORT BEER! BUT ENOUGH OF THIS ORIT CHAT OF THE CINEMA -- BUT I MUST TELL YOU ABOUT I CALL I GOT FROM THE SECRET SERVICE IN WASHINGTON. THEY WANT ME TO WORK ON A CASE OF SUB-BOT-TAGE ...

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MOORE: Sub-bot-tage?

DURANTE: YEAH ... THAT'S THE CODE WORD WE USE FOR SABOTAGE. THE FIRST DAY OF THE JOB, I TRAILS A SPY TO A FARM ... WHILE I'M THERE, I FINDS OUT HE'S STEALING MILK FROM THE COWS. SNEAKING IN THERE AT NIGHT, HE DOESN'T GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO SLEEP ...

MOORE: You mean the cows have bags under their eyes?

DURANTE: BARS UNDER THEIR EYES? ... JUNIOR, AIN'T YOU NEVER SEEN A COW?

MOORE: Tell me, Jimmy, did you catch the spy?

DURANTE: YES I FINALLY CAUGHT HIM AND AS WE'RE HEADING FOR THE STATION HOUSE, HE SAYS: "DETECTIVE DURANTE, I'M THIRSTY. DO YOU MIND IF I GO ACROSS THE STREET AND GET MYSELF A BOTTLE OF SODA?" I SAYS: "WHY IF I LET YOU GO INTO THAT STORE FOR A BODA, YOU'LL ESCAPE THROUGH THE BACK DOOR. WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM -- STUPID? YOU STAY HERE! I'LL GO ACROSS THE STREET AND GET YOU THE SODA."

MOORE: But, Jimmy, did you keep on his tail?

DURANTE: LIKE A LAUNDRY MARK ON A SHIRT? -- WHY DOWN AT HEADQUARTERS, I'M KNOWN AS A REGULAR GALLERY QUEEN. DID YOU EVER HEAR OF THE BISHOP MURDER CASE?

MOORE: I certainly did.

DURANTE: WELL, I GOT THE BISHOP. DID YOU EVER HEAR OF THE DUCHESS MURDER CASE?

MOORE: Yeah I did.

DURANTE: WELL, I GOT THE DUCHESS. DID YOU EVER HEAR OF THE CANARY MURDER CASE?

MOORE: Yeah.

DURANTE: WELL, I GOT THE BIRD.

MOORE: James, now you've convinced me that as a detective, you are non compe mentis.

DURANTE: LET'S KEEP POLITICS OUT OF THIS!

MOORE: That term has nothing to do with politics. If you want to know what it means, read the dictionary.

DURANTE: I READ THE DICTIONARY, BUT I DIDN'T LIKE IT -- TOO MANY SHORT STORIES. NOW, ENOUGH OF THIS ILL-ILLITERATE TALK. AFTER THE SPY GETS AWAY, I GOES TO THE STATION HOUSE TO MAKE OUT MY REPORT. WHEN I WALKS IN, I SEES THE SERGEANT, UMBRIAGO - THE LIEUTENANT, UMBRIAGO - THE CAPTAIN AND UMBRIAGO.

MOORE: Umbriago? What was he doing in the station house?

DURANTE: HE'S GOT AN IMPORTANT JOB, THERE. HE PUTS BADGES ON FRANKMETERS AND SELLS THEM AS POLICE DOGS.

MOORE: Oh cut it out. Jimmy, some day you'll drive me to distraction.

DURANTE: I'D LOVE TO, IF YOU'D FURNISH THE GAS.

MOORE: Thank you.

DURANTE: BUT TO CONTINUE. KNOWING HOW SPIES ALWAYS FALL FOR THE FAIR SEX, I DISGUISES MYSELF AS A WOMAN. I PUTS ON THE STOCKINGS, THE SHOES, THE CORSET, THE GIRDLE AND -- WAIT A MINUTE, GARRY, WHAT COMES FIRST, THE CORSET OR THE GIRDLE?

MOORE: Don't you know?

DURANTE: HOW SHOULD I? REMEMBER I'VE NEVER BEEN A WOMAN. SO WHAT DO I DO, I PUTS ON THE CORSET, THE GIRDLE, THE PETTICOAT, THE DRESS, THE BUSTLE, THE WIG AND THE FASCINATOR. THEN I LOOKS AT MYSELF ... WHAT A GORGEOUS ASSEMBLY J. E. SO DRESSED AS A WOMAN I PROMENADES DOWN HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD LOOKING FOR THE SPY.

MOORE: Yeah, what happened, Jimmy?

DURANTE: I WINDS UP AT THE PALLADIUM... (DANCING WITH A SAILOR)
... NOT COMPOSING!

MOORE: Yeah, I can well imagine. But then what did you do of

DURANTE: CHAGRINED, I RETURNS HOME STILL DRESSED AS A DANSEL, SO
I TAKES OFF THE SHOES, THE STOCKINGS, THE CORSET AND THE
GIRDLE. (SIGNS) AH... WHAT A RELIEF!

MOORE: Well, then according to that Jimmy, you never did catch
the spy.

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DURANTE: NO! BUT I WAS ON HIS *trail*---HEY, WAIT A MINUTE,
JUNIOR. LOOK OVER THERE -- WHO'S THAT AUSPICIOUS
CHARACTER. LOOKS LIKE A KILLER TO ME. HE'S STARING
RIGHT AT ME. WHAT AN UGLY FACE! BE CAREFUL NOW - I'M
GONNA REACH FOR MY GUN AND LET HIM HAVE IT. LOOK -HE'S
REACHING FOR HIS GUN TOO. BUT I'LL BEAT HIM TO THE DRAW.
TAKE THAT - YOU RAT!

SOUND: GUN SHOT - FOLLOWED BY CRASH OF GLASS

DURANTE: WHAT DO YOU KNOW --I SHOT A HOLE RIGHT THROUGH THE MIRROR!

CRCH: PLAYOFF

(APPLAUSE)

MOORE: And, with brother Durante on his way to get an estimate from a psychiatrist, we turn again to the Camel Hall of Fame, where Cuddles Bongshnook presents....

SOUND: CHINESE GONG

MOORE: The story of a Patrick O'Neil.

ORCHESTRA: INTRODUCTION

ALLMAN: Now here is the tale of Patrick O'Neil, United States Infantry,
And his pal Sergeant Tony Luigi Salvoni, in a jeep in Sicily.
Now Sergeant Salvoni had dozens of cousins, from Catania to Cerami,
And though he got kisses from lovely-eyed misses -- all they gave to poor Pat was salami!

PETRIE: Take it from me, Pat me boy, if you want 'em to make a fuss over you, haul out a flock of Camels -- yes, Camels the cigarette that's fresh -- cool smoking and slow burning -- because Camels are packed to go around the world!

ALLMAN: Well, one day our Pat saw, right in the Piazza, a crowd giving Tony a cheer.
He said, "I've no cousin much closer than Dublin, but one thing I've got that's right here.
Is a carton of Camels, ~~these~~ full-flavored Camels, the smooth extra mild cigarette!"
He opened a pack -- had to hold the crowd back -- "And now," says our Patrick, "I get
Not only pastrimi and lots of Salami! The girls ask me in ----- for spaghetti!"

(APPLAUSE)

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PETRIE: Go on, try a pack of Camels yourself, in your T-Zone --
"T" for taste and throat, your own proving ground for
Camels rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness. Your
taste will tell you that Camels have more flavor, the
extra flavor that helps 'em hold up, keep from going
flat, no matter how many you smoke! Yes, and your
throat will tell you about Camels' extra mildness -- the
result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos!

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

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

ORCHESTRA: INTRO TO "CONI CONI"

ORCHESTRA: START CUGAT'S INTRO

MOORE: With much rhythmic hub-bub of maracas, bongas and clavas, Xavier Cugat lets loose with a Latin lalapaloozer, which was positively not named after a prominent island of your acquaintance... ~~the title~~ - "Coni Coni".

ORCHESTRA: "CONI CONI"

(APPLAUSE)

DURANTE: AND THAT, MY FRIENDS, WAS MR. X-AVER CUGLE - THE ONLY BAND LEADER IN RADIO WITH A HAWAIIAN PROFILE. IF YOU LOOK CLOSELY, YOU WILL OBSERVE THE GRASS SKIRT UNDER HIS NOSE... AND BOY, WHAT A SCHNOZZLE THAT ^{Cugle's} ~~CUGLE'S~~ GOT!...MY JOB IS IN JEOPARDY!...BUT COME NOW - T'IS TIME TO SAY HELLO TO GARRY MOORE, POET OF THE PEOPLE.

MOORE: Thank you, James. And for tonite's poetry corner, I have written an ode to California.

~~DURANTE: WHAT A COINCIDENCE!...I HAVE WRITTEN AN ODE TO CALIFORNIA, TOO!... "ODE TO CALIFORNIA - THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS IN BACK TAXES!"~~

MOORE: Well, ~~that's very pretty in a jolly sort of way~~ ^{and} ~~but~~ my poem was inspired by my California victory garden...and

Durante: I thought I had another line. Mine: Not at all. He will do the show next week and do the lines we left out this week.

ORCHESTRA: SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME - (Fade to bg.)

MOORE: To me there's nothing quite as nice as
 Little brown and furry mices;
 Mices, with their twinkling noses,
 Chewing up my garden hoses -
 Chewing up my nicest posies -
 Chewing dese, and dem and doses.

Oh I'd rather be you, oh little mices,
 Than rich as the dickens, or even twice as.
 I'd rather be you than an oil burner -
 I'd rather be you than Lana Turner.
 And everyone knows there's nothing better
 Than Lana Turner in a - overcoat.
 I'd rather be you, oh little mices
 Than be a dog without no lices

MOORE:
(Cont'd)

I'd rather be you than the guvnor of Florida
 Or Boris Karloff, or someone horrider
~~Or an FBI man chasing unconfirmed rumors~~
~~Or the man on the wagon who sells Good Humors.~~
 Or the daring young man on the flying trapeze
 Or the guy who invented the first chemise.
 I'd rather be you than Spring's first harbinger,
 Or the man who comes and collects our garbinger.

Now I know, dear mices, you're wondering why
 I'd so much rather be you than I.

Well, if I was a mouse and you was human

I'd wait till each one of your flowers was bloomin'

I'd wait till one flower came up through the mud

And turned to another and said, "HI'yuh, bud"

Then I'd eat your begonias - I'd chew up your jonquils

And not only yours, but your aunt's and your onquill's

I'd gnaw on your roses - then quick as a wink -

I'd eat up your favorite Hyastink.

I'd quickly cometh, and quickly goeth -

And lots of times I'd doeth boeth.

Then maybe at last you mices would know

Why human beings hate you so.

~~Why rather than have a yard full of mices~~

~~We would resort to most any devices.~~

And thus ends my poem to California -

It could've been shorter - but not much cornia.

ORCHESTRA: PLAY-OFF

CROWD: APPLAUSE

(REVISED) 15, 16, 17

DURANCE: JUNIOR, YOUR POEM WAS BEAUTIFUL...AND IT MOVED ME TO
TRY MY HAND AT ONE OF MY OWN.

MOORE: Well, isn't that nauseating? What's it called, *James?*

DURANCE: "ODE TO A MEATLESS TUESDAY - OR - EVEN IF IT'S KOSHER,

NO-SHIR!"
Sounds very enticing.
MOORE: / PRAY recite it for me.

DURANCE: OKAY... ALMOST ANYTHING IS FINER
THAN A TUESDAY IN A DINER
THEY WILL GLADLY PLEASE YOUR PALLET
IF YOU ORDER UP A SALAD
BUT IF YOU SHOULD ORDER MUTTON - -
NUTTIN'!

MOORE: Oh, how elfin, James... And seeing as how you're fond of
poetry...

ORCHESTRA: START GIBBS' INTRO

MOORE: ...let's lend an ear to more of the same, as set to music
and sung for us most magnificently by Miss Georgia Gibbs.
The madrigal in question is called "I Heard You Cried
Last Night"... *Georgia*.

GIBBS: "I HEARD YOU CRIED LAST NIGHT"

APPLAUSE

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PETRIE: Right now there are Camel cigarettes in the stratosphere and in a U.S. submarine fifty fathoms under the sea -- because Camels are first with men in all the services, Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard, according to actual sales records. That's why Camels are packed to go around the world, packed to stay fresh, to stay cool smoking and slow burning, anywhere, for months at a time. The Camel pack keeps your Camels fresh, too -- sealing in that famous extra flavor and smooth extra mildness -- preserving for you the extra goodness of Camels' matchless blend of costlier tobaccos!

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

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

ORCHESTRA: PLAYOFF

SKETCH:

MOORE: At which strategic juncture, my friends, the Thursday evening false wig and Bustle Club gets off to a flying lull with a hotel drama entitled "The Customer is Always Right" or "For Whom the Bell-hops Toil"! James, in this sketch we play co-owners of a hotel....

DURANTE: GARRY, THAT'S RIGHT DOWN MY CORRIDOR. ^{and} ~~But~~ JUNIOR, ON-~~A~~ WITH THE DRAM-MA...

ORCHESTRA: SMALL HOTEL

SOUND: PHONE

MOORE: HELLO.....Moore and Durante's Hotel....Yes, we have rooms....we have a Gold Room, A Bronze Room, A Silver Room and a Gypsy Rose Lee Room....What's the Gypsy Rose Lee Room? That's the one with the most exposure!!
(PHONE UP)

DURANTE: JUNIOR..I GOT SOME GREAT NEWS...THE MANAGER OF THE WALDORF ASTORIA IS HERE...HE'S EATING IN OUR DINING ROOM TONIGHT....

MOORE: Why ^{Jimmy} that's a great honor, the manager of the Waldorf Astoria...is he eating with our best silverware?

DURANTE: HE'S NOT ONLY EATING WITH IT, JUNIOR...HE'S RECOGNIZING IT!!

MOORE: Well, ^{don't worry about that because} I've got great news for you, James...The Earl Carroll girls are sunbathing on the third floor....
Where've you been all day?

DURANTE: WITH A TELESCOPE ON THE FOURTH FLOOR!

MOORE: (ADMONISHINGLY) ^{Oh shame} /James....peeking at girls taking sunbaths...where's your honor...where's your integrity - and where's your telescope???

DURANTE: LET'S NOT GET PERSONAL.

SOUND: (ON CUE) DOOR OPENS

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PETRIE: (EXCITED) I gotta have a room! I gotta have a room!
I gotta have a room.....

MOORE: Why do you have to have a room?

PETRIE: Well, gee whiz.....I'm a closet!!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: *Come & think of it.*
Well, he did look a little peculiar with a doorknob for
a nose!!.....But, James, I've been meaning to talk to
you about the new price ceilings that came in today.....

DURANTE: JUNIOR, I'LL EXPLAIN IT ALL TO YOU...FIRST YOU TAKE THE
MARCH LEVEL AND DEVIDE IT BY THE NATIONAL INCOME, PLUS
THE EARNED CREDIT AND ACCRUED INTEREST DURING THE
FISICAL YEAR...THIS WE CALL THE WORKING DIVIDEND, WHICH
WHEN DIVIDED INTO THE SUM TOTAL OF THE FIRST THREE
FIGURES GIVES US THE PRICE OF THE CEILING...DID YOU
UNDERSTAND THAT?

MOORE: No.

DURANTE: JUNIOR.....THAT MAKES TWO OF US!!

SOUND: PHONE RING.....LIFT RECEIVER

MOORE: Hello...

VOICE: (ON FILTER) Gentlemen, this is the O.P.A.....that
makes three of us!!

SOUND: PHONE SJAM

DURANTE: THE O.P.A.....EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT!

SOUND: (ON CUE) ~~DESK BELL.....RINGS IMPATIENTLY~~

ELVIA: Desk Clerk....Desk Clerk...

MOORE: *Yes.* What is it, Madam?

ELVIA: Do I register with you?

MOORE: Yes, you do. *register with me.*

ELVIA: Well, what are we waiting for...Let's NECK!!

DURANTE: SISTER, YOU OUGHT TO LAY OFF THEM VITAMIN PILLS.

MOORE: *Jimmy, let's face facts*
James!...our hotel is going in the hole...what we need here is some high-grade entertainment... Why not give 'em a little Shakespeare.

DURANTE: *I agree with you.*
THAT'S ALWAYS GOOD... I PLAYED SHAKESPEARE IN LONDON ONCE.

MOORE: You did?

DURANTE: YES, AND AFTER MY FIRST PERFORMANCE THEY CHANGED IT FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT" TO "CAN YOU TAKE IT".

MOORE: *no* No, *Jimmy - that's no good James.* your guests would like something romantic...
I have Now/here ~~is~~ a little thing I've just cooked up called "Love is like a pretzel"....it's an old theme with a new twist!! And I've got Katrinka Hepcat to take the feminine lead...

DURANTE: KATRINKA HEPCHAT!...WELL THEN OF COURSE, I'LL BE THE LEADING MAN...

MOORE: Oh, now hold the phone, Jimmy... you're not exactly the leading man type... a leading man must have charm...

DURANTE: I GOT CHARM...I'LL RIDE ALONG WITH YOU ON THAT...

MOORE: And a leading man must have personality...

DURANTE: I'LL RIDE ALONG WITH YOU ON THAT...

MOORE: And a leading man must have a nice, straight nose...

DURANTE: STOP THE CAR ... THIS IS WHERE I GETS OFF!

ORCH: MUSIC BRIDGE

SOUND: CROWD NOISES

MOORE: *you know Jimmy*
James... just look at that crowd going into the ballroom to see our play... I wonder what's delaying Miss Hepcat...

PETRIE: (OFF MIKE) Call for Hedy LaMarr... Call for Hedy LaMarr...

MOORE: Say... who wants Hedy LaMarr?

PETRIE: Say... who doesn't???

ELVIA: Oh, *there* you are, Mr. Durante... you lovely, lovely creature.

MOORE: Why, Jimmy... it's Katrinka Hepcat...

ELVIA: (FLIGHTY) Oh, Mister Durante... I'm so thrilled about your play *you know*... I've molded my voice, I've even molded my technique for the part.

DURANTE: YOU DO LOOK A LITTLE MOULDY!

MOORE: One moment, Miss Hepcat... We'd like to get an impression of your footprints in this cement to mark this important occasion...

ELVIA: Oh, I'd be so delighted... here I go... (SWASHING SOUNDS) *oh!*
Oh, *my* goodness... my feet are stuck in the cement!! Help!
Pull me out!

SOUND: BUZZER

DURANTE: JUNIOR, THERE'S THE BUZZER. IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO GET ON STAGE.

ELVIA: Oh, never mind the buzzer. Get me out of this cement.

MOORE: Jimmy, the curtain's up. I gotta get out on the stage. *But*
Get her feet out of the cement.

DURANTE: GIMME A CHANCE *will you?* IT TOOK 'EM TWO YEARS TO RAISE THE NORMANDIE, AND SHE'S GOT JUST AS MUCH STERN.

ORCH: "HEARTS AND FLOWERS"...FADE

MOORE: Ah, Katrinka... It's lonely without you here in the garden... The moon is shining... The Calla lillies are in bloom tonight... and I smell... I smell...(PAUSE) There should be more here... But hark, I hear her gentle footsteps approaching now...

SOUND: SERIES OF LOUD CLUNKS

MOORE: Ah, she's so wonderfully dainty... she can walk and dig foxholes at the same time...

ELVIA: Come, loved one, let's escape my father. Let us fly away.

MOORE: (CORNY) Yes...let us fly away...

ELVIA: Fly, fly away...

DURANTE: THERE'S TOO MANY FLIES IN HERE, WHO'S GOT A CAN OF FLIT?.... YOUNG MAN... YOU ARE NOT MEANT FOR MY DAUGHTER... SHE WOULD TIRE OF YOU IN A YEAR...

MOORE: She couldn't tire of me in a year.

DURANTE: WHY NOT? I'M TIRED OF YOU ALREADY, AND I ONLY KNOW YOU A FEW MINUTES...

ELVIA: Come, Garison...let us tip-toe away...

SOUND: LOUD SERIES OF CLUNKS

DURANTE: DAUGHTER...I FORBID YOU TO ELOPE WITH THAT DOPE.

ELVIA: Pater...you can't talk that way to this ^{dope} bum...once and
for all I'm ^{going to} ~~gonna~~ put my foot down...do you hear ^{me}?...I'm
^{going to} ~~gonna~~ put my foot down....

SOUND: TERRIFIC CRASH OF WOOD....THUD.....
Clunk followed by

DURANTE: HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT....WE'RE IN THE HOLE AGAIN.

ELVIA: You certainly are. You've ruined my part...you've ruined
the play...now what are you gonna do to entertain the
guests?

MOORE: There's only one thing left to do....Jimmy.....

BOTH: (DRIBBLE LIPS)

ORCH: PLAYOFF
(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: 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 Captain Ed Smith of Marlinton, West Virginia, and the entire crew of his Liberator bomber, one of a formation that flew more than twenty-five hundred miles to raid the Japanese oil installations at Balikpapan, in Borneo. Sighting an enemy ship in the harbor, Captain Smith flew at an altitude of sixty feet between ^{the} her masts, scoring direct hits that ^{fire to} set the ship ~~af~~flame. Then, his bombs gone, he continued on to the oil refinery, where his men shot up the storage tanks with tracer bullets. In your honor, Captain Smith, the makers of Camels are sending to our men overseas four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes! We salute you and your crew, Captain Ed Smith!

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...a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week. Camels thank the Yanks in this country with the traveling Camel Caravans, which since nineteen forty-one have given free shows and free Camels to audiences of more than three million service men in more than five hundred different camps,

ORCHESTRA: WHO WILL BE WITH YOU

ORCH: "WHO WILL BE WITH YOU"

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

MOORE: *Oh,* A notable note, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: A NOTE OF BEAUTY, MR. MOORE. SAY GARRY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING TONIGHT?

MOORE: *Well Jimmy,* Why ~~James~~, I've got to *hurry right down* go to my office...I've a simple form to fill out...

DURANTE: THAT'S WHAT I LIKE....A SIMPLE FORM, WELL FILLED OUT.

MOORE: *no, no,* Hold it, Jimmy...this is the September 15th Income Tax Estimate. It's important because it will put everybody on a "pay-as-you-go" basis with their Federal Income Tax. You know, friends, some people aren't completely covered by the present withholding tax. *and* You may be one of these. So be sure, when you receive your declaration in the mail, read the simple instructions...estimate your 1943 income... and if you're one of the ones who's required to fill out the form, do it right away.

DURANTE: THEM'S MY SENTIMENTS, TOO, JUNIOR.

ORCH: THEME

MOORE: Good night, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: GOOD NIGHT, MR. MOORE.

BOTH: GOOD NIGHT, ~~ALL~~ *everybody.*

APPLAUSE

(If cued by Phil Cohan)

ORCH: THEME (BUMPER)

51454 4114

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

ORCH: THEME UP AND DOWN

PETRIE: And remember -- your Camels keep their cool, slow way of burning! They stay fresh -- because Camels are 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.

51454 4115