

(REVISED)

FIRST DRAFT

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WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1943
NBC NETWORK
7:00 ~ 7:30 PM PWT

PROGRAM NO. 24

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

XAVIER CUGAT

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

ELVIA ALLMAN

PATRICK MCGEEHAN

FRED SHIELDS

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NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1943

7:00 - 7:30 PM PWT

PROGRAM NO. 24

(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, -- cool-smoking and slow-burning -- because Camels are packed to go around the world!

PETRIE: And so right now let's lay out the welcome mat for that harum-scarum kid with the scare 'em head of hair - Mr. Garry Moore!
(APPLAUSE)

MOORE: Thank you very much my friends, and good evening, ^{members of} ladies ~~and gentlemen~~ and a very happy September the Two-th
to you all.

PETRIE: Say, that's right! This IS September, isn't it?

MOORE: ^{Howard} Oh Yais it 'tis! ... In the words of the poet, "Thirsty days
hath Septober - April, June and No-wonder. All the rest
have 31, except Tommy Manville, and he's had seven."
Isn't that lovely?

PETRIE: ^{Oh} Yeah, boy. And now that September's here, Garry, I
suppose you'll be going back to school?

MOORE: Are you kidding? ... ^{Why Howard} On my first day at school ^{the} teacher made
me stand with my face in the corner.

PETRIE: You mean she couldn't stand your conduct?

MOORE: ~~No, she~~ Couldn't stand my face,

ALLMAN: ^{Oh} And I don't blame her - your head coming out of a manhole
would start a soccer game in any neighborhood.

MOORE: My dear Cuddles ^{after all} -/you were employed as my secretary ^{and I do}
hope you'll remember to keep ~~in~~ your place.

ALLMAN: I try to keep in my place, but I'm too skinny! I keep
slipping through your lap!

MOORE: Yes, ^{you know} /I've noticed that. I guess I'll have to start
wearing an apron.

ALLMAN: Oh boy! A lap-trap!

MOORE: Yais ... *So, Cuddles, if you want to kid somebody about his*
~~But you can't just in time, Cuddles, I was being~~
education you can kid
~~ribbed about my education, by our~~ Mr. Howard ^{and} Petrie, *hese, they*
~~Howard~~
 He, ~~who~~ got his entire education during a pause for breath
 in a Camel commercial.

PETRIE: I deny that! ^{Garry.} I not only went to high School, I went to
 College, Stupid.

MOORE: Howard, a lot of people went to college, stupid, but most
 of them didn't come back that way. *I mean let's not kid about this thing*
~~too.~~ I'm a college man, *myself, you*
~~know.~~ Look - here's my class pin - on my lapel.

PETRIE: *oh* That's no class pin. That's a toothbrush.

MOORE: I know. I went to Colgate! ... Ho ho ho ... ~~wasn't~~ that's *awfully*
^{good,}
~~never?~~ But I did ... I went to Colgate and I studied to
 be a doctor.

ALLMAN: A doctor?

MOORE: Yes.

ALLMAN: Human, horse or tree?

MOORE: ~~Human,~~ Human, of course ... Why, just last week a man came to me
 because he was too fat. In one operation I removed his
 bay window and put in venetian blinds.

ALLMAN: Well gee whiz, Mr. Moore - if you're a doctor, maybe you
 know something to cure my headache.

MOORE: Oh indood I dee - Indood I dee ... One moment now while
 I look in my handbook ... *here, it says ... yes, it says*
~~hummmmm~~ "To cure a headache, a
 violent shock is sometimes beneficial." Here now, young
 lady - just hold this stick of dynamite in your mouth.

ALLMAN: Dynamite?

MOORE: Thaaaat's the girl ... Now we light the fuse.

SOUND: FIZZING OF FUSE (*Alman Al Libo*)

MOORE: And now - we wait!. .(HUMS "YOU'D BE SO NICE TO COME HOME TO")

SOUND: TERRIFIC EXPLOSION

MOORE: Gad, what logic! No head - no headache! ... So you see, Howard - *but really -*

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS

MOORE: Oh excuse me.

SOUND: PHONE UP

MOORE: Hello?

DURANTE: HELLO, JUNIOR. THIS IS JIMMY.

MOORE: Jimmy? Where are you?

DURANTE: I'M IN THE BATH TUB TAKING MY BATH. (LA-LA-LA-LA)

MOORE: *all right* / ALLRIGHT *Jimmy* / - so you're taking a bath! *But* / What are you singing for?

DURANTE: I GOTTA SING. THERE'S NO LOCK ON THE DOOR.

more: Oh great
ORCHESTRA: START DURANTE'S MUSIC

MOORE: Pull out the plug and gurglo on down. *well yeah?* And here he is coming in on a wing and a sponge Jimmy Durante, in person!

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY

APPLAUSE

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

MOORE: Ah, Jimmy, you've got ^{a beautiful} beautiful voice.

DURANTE: I DON'T THINK SO, JUNIOR, BUT ~~WHAT'S ONLY~~ MY OPINION ^{Against}
^{thousands of others. You know,}
BUT I'M LUCKY I CAN SING AT ALL. ~~THIS MORNING, AS PART~~
~~OF MY OFFICIAL DUTIES,~~ I'M TESTING A NEW PARACHUTE WHEN
^{a stork's nest. M: That's good}
I LANDS RIGHT INTO A STORK'S NEST. / THE FIRST THING I
KNOW, THE STORK PICKS ME UP AND FLYS AWAY WITH ME. AS
WE WERE PASSING OVER THE ZOO, HE DROPS ME RIGHT IN ~~THE~~ ^a
MONKEY'S CAGE. THE PAPA MONKEY TAKES ONE LOOK AT ME, TURN
TO THE ^{mamma} MONKEY AND SAYS "MABLE, IF THAT'S THE BEST YOU CAN
DO - - WE'RE THROUGH!" HOW BE-FUDDLIN'!

MOORE: Jimmy, you certainly do find yourself in some funny places

DURANTE: PRECISELY ... WHY ONLY LAST NIGHT, I COULDN'T FIND A
ROOM, SO I ENDS UP IN A PHONE BOOTH WITH ANOTHER GUY ...
A FAT MAN OF COURSE ... I DIDN'T MIND HIM TRYING TO GET
A NUMBER ALL NIGHT ... BUT WHEN HE STARTED JIGGLING MY
NOSE UP AND DOWN AND SAYING "OPERATOR, THERE'S SOMETHING
WRONG WITH THIS HOOK" - THAT WAS GOING TOO FAR.

MOORE: What confusion went on in that booth. There must have
been some bedlam?

DURANTE: DON'T BE SILLY, JUNIOR, WE COULDN'T EVEN GET IN A COUCH ..
~~BEING THAT EVERYTHING IS SO CROWDED IN THE CITY,~~ ^{Finally,} I DECIDES
TO RENT A BEACH HOUSE ~~AND~~ SO I INTERVIEWS THE OWNER WHO
HAPPENS TO BE AN OLD MAID. SHE SAYS TO ME: J.D. - (SHE
^{M. of course D: She says}
CALLS ME BE MY INCOGNITO) / - / I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT ON ONE
CONDITION. YOU MUST KISS ME A HUNDRED TIMES. SO PUCKER
UP.

MOORE: A hundred kisses ^{Jimmy} -/how did you make out?

DURANTE: (ALUM MOUTH) I DIDN'T ALWAYS TALK THIS WAY!

MOORE: (ALUM MOUTH) Oh, you don't say.

DURANTE: OH, I SEE, YOU'VE BEEN TRYING TO RENT FROM ~~HER~~ TOO! ^{the same lady}

MOORE: ^{Jimmy, be serious} and what kind of a home did you get?

DURANTE: IT WAS A FOUR STORY BEACH HOUSE -- FIVE WHEN THE TIDE GOES OUT ... THAT NIGHT, WHEN I GOES THROUGH THE HOUSE, I FINDS THE BUTLER, UMBRIAGO, THE MAID, UMBRIAGO, THE COOK AND UMBRIAGO.

MOORE: Umbriago -- what was he doing in your house.

DURANTE: HE'S AN INTERIOR GARDENER. HE PLANTED FLOWER SEEDS IN ALL THE BUREAUS AND THE NEXT MORNING WHEN HE OPENED THE BUREAUS -- WHAT ^{do you think he found} ~~DOES HE FIND~~ -- EARLY BLOOMERS!

MOORE: ^{oh} What a brain!

DURANTE: YES, THE HUMAN BRAIN HAS THREE MILLION CELLS ^{Junior} AND WITH UMBRIAGO, NOT ONE OF THEM IS WORKING!

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

DURANTE: I'LL TAKE THAT GARRY, HELLO -- WHOM? THIS IS WHOM. WHOM'S THAT. WHY OF COURSE, I'M LOOKING FOR A NEW ^{Home} ~~HOUSE~~. OH, YOU HAVE AN ESTATE, WITH A BEAUTIFUL HOUSE? WITH STABLES AND HORSES? WHAT'S THAT? YOU WANT TO GIVE IT TO ME. FOR NOTHING -- WHERE IS THIS HOME? WHAT!!! I SHOULD SAY NOT! GOODBYE!

SOUND: PHONE HANG UP

MOORE: Jimmy, do you realize you've just refused a beautiful home. Where was it?

DURANTE: IN BERLIN! WHERE EVERY DAY IS A MOVING DAY.

MOORE: *the no-uh* In Berlin? Really, James, don't you think you're a bit of a prevaricator?

DURANTE: WELL, YES AND NO.

MOORE: What do you mean ... yes and no?

DURANTE: I DON'T KNOW WHAT PROVARICATOR MEANS!

MOORE: Jimmy, considering everything, don't you think you should hold on to your beach home?

DURANTE: EMPHATICALLY ... AND SO NOT TO BE LONESOME I TOOK IN TWO BOARDERS. ONE WAS A TALL BOARDER AND ONE WAS A SMALL BOARDER. ONE DAY, THE TALL BOARDER COMES TO ME AND/^{he}SAYS: MR. DURANTE, LEND ME TWENTY DOLLARS, BUT PLEASE DON'T TELL THE SMALL BOARDER, CAUSE IF THE SMALL BOARDER KNOWS I GOT TWENTY DOLLARS, HE'LL WANNA BORROW IT FROM ME. THAT'S THE KIND OF A GUY HE IS/^{he said.} SO I TELLS THE TALL BOARDER THAT I WOULDN'T TELL THE SMALL BOARDER AND I LENDS HIM THE TWENTY DOLLARS. NOW THE TALL BOARDER LEAVES AND ~~THEN~~ IN WALKS THE SMALL BOARDER. THE SMALL BOARDER SAYS: MR. DURANTE, PLEASE LEND ME TWENTY DOLLARS, BUT I DON'T WANT YOU TO TELL THE TALL BOARDER, CAUSE IF THE TALL BOARDER KNOWS THAT I GOT THE TWENTY DOLLARS HE'LL WANNA BORROW THE TWENTY DOLLARS I BORROWED FROM YOU. I MAKES BELIEVE I UNDERSTANDS/^{See.} SO I TELLS THE SMALL BOARDER, THAT I WOULDN'T TELL THE TALL BOARDER AND I LENDS THE SMALL BOARDER TWENTY DOLLARS. ~~AND NOW ^{is} THE TALL BOARDER OWES ME TWENTY DOLLARS AND THE SMALL BOARDER DOESN'T KNOW IT. THE SMALL BOARDER OWES ME TWENTY DOLLARS AND THE TALL BOARDER DOESN'T KNOW IT.~~ NOW MY PROBLEM IS I CAN'T TELL THE TALL BOARDER THE SMALL BOARDER OWES ME TWENTY DOLLARS AND I CAN'T TELL THE SMALL BOARDER, THE TALL BOARDER OWES ME TWENTY DOLLARS. ~~AND~~ TO COMPLICATE MATTERS, THE TALL BOARDER DON'T KNOW THE SMALL BOARDER OWES ME TWENTY DOLLARS AND THE SMALL BOARDER DON'T KNOW THE TALL BOARDER OWES ME TWENTY DOLLARS.

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MOORE: Well, what happened, Jimmy?

DURANTE: WHAT COULD HAPPEN -- I'M STUCK FOR FORTY BUCKS!

ORCHESTRA: PLAYOFF

1 APPLAUSE

MOORE: Nice battin', James; and stand by, friends, for the Camel Hall of Fame and Cuddles Bongshnook.

ORCH: INTRO.

ALLMAN: Oh, once there was a man who took a well deserved vacation to get away from business woes and petty aggravation. But came a letter from his wife, composed in agitation -- "Alas, alack!" she wrote, "Come back! -- we're faced with ruination!

"Our daughter has eloped!" he read, "your business has gone crash --

Because your partner disappeared with fifty thousand cash! The roof is leaking, husband dear, and everything's a sight, but I'm not getting wet because -- the house burned down last night!"

PETRIE: Is your house cool smoking and slow burning? Well, Camel cigarettes are, and what's more they stay that way -- Camels stay fresh because they're packed to go around the world!

ALLMAN: He took the next train out that day and hurried to the spot on which his cottage used to stand, but now, alas, did not.

His wife ran out to meet him full of weeping and regrets --

"The only thing we've left," she moaned, "are these few cigarettes!"

"You darling!" cried her husband, "I'm a stupid so-and-so! Oh let the girl get married, let my partner have the dough.

I'm sure all will end happily, so let's refuse to mope!

Because as sure as shootin' where there's Camels there is hope!

PETRIE: All right, ^{all right, now} if you want to prove it, just try a pack of Camels in your T-Zone -- "T" for taste and throat, your own proving ground for Camel's rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness. Yes, it's that extra flavor that helps Camels to hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke! See for yourself what a difference expert 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 "BIM BAM BOOM"

ORCHESTRA: START CUGAT'S INTRO

MOORE: Swinging swiftly to the intra-hemisphere and good
will department, we find Xavier Cugat/^{and} ~~in a most erudite~~
~~mood.~~ A Spanish-American item called "Bim Bam Boom" which
~~when translated into English means "Bim Bam Boom".~~

CUGAT: "BIM BAM BOOM"

APPLAUSE

DURANTE: MY DEAR SENOR CUGLE, ALLOW ME TO TELL YOU THAT YOUR MEN PLAYED VERY WELL. AND NO WONDER. THE WAY YOU SHAKE THAT STICK THEY'RE AFRAID YOU'RE GONNA BEAT THEIR BRAINS OUT!

MOORE: Ah, but ^{Jimmy}James, my chum, Cugle ^{you know} is also a talented violinist. Cugle, play me the major scale. *Will you please!*

ORCHESTRA: MAJOR SCALE (ONE VIOLIN PLAYED VERY BADLY)

MOORE: Wasn't that beautiful?...Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, and H.

DURANTE: DO, RE, MI, FA, SOL, LA, AND H? MR. MOORE, THERE IS NO H IN THE MAJOR SCALE.

MOORE: That's funny. It sounded like H to me...But then, you never know about music. ^{now look, Jimmy} Here's a letter from a young man who says, "Dear Mr. Moore - I am a music lover. Please mail me your lesson on how to play the bugle."

DURANTE: THIS IS WHERE I EXIT. BEING A CONTRIBUTOR TO THE MUSICAL ARTS, MAY I SPEAK?

MOORE: Yes.

DURANTE: I ~~IN~~ INSIST THERE IS NO CONNECTION BETWEEN MUSIC AND A BUGLE.

MOORE: ^{Well Jimmy} ~~and~~ that's ^{exactly} just how I feel about it, too...in my opinion, a bugle is nothing but plumbing slumming....And besides, I've stopped giving music lessons by mail since one terrible day five years ago. I had gotten a letter from a group of 12 boys in Elephant's Breath, Montana. They had formed an orchestra and wanted me to teach them to play Bye Bye Blues in stop-time...So, I decided to teach them one note at a time. The first week their rehearsal sounded like this.

ORCHESTRA: FIRST NOTE OF BYE BYE BLUES - STACCATTO.

MOORE: And on the following week, I mailed them their second note, which they played like this.

ORCHESTRA: SECOND NOTE

MOORE: A decided improvement. And on the third week, they got the third note.

ORCHESTRA: THIRD NOTE

MOORE: Then came the catastrophe!.....The third trumpet player was a young musician named Allegretto F. F. Tacit... ~~The~~ ^{he} people used to say that Allegretto was all thumbs. And indeed he was. Forty-seven of them on his right hand alone... ^{my} With all those thumbs there was NOTHING Allegretto could do well except hitch-hike. He ^{even} tried to make pocket money renting his extra thumbs out to small children who were too genteel to suck their own...And on the day that Allegretto's fourth trumpet note was delivered to his home, Allegretto was out trying to get a job as chief tiddler in a tiddle-de-winks factory...Where he would tiddle dee winks, to make sure they would tiddle.... ^{Heel}

As a result, Allegretto never GOT his fourth note - so while the rest of the orchestra went ahead to THEIR fourth note, Allegretto continued to play his third... Like this.

ORCHESTRA: FOURTH NOTE (THIRD TRUMPET STILL PLAYS THIRD NOTE, A LITTLE AFTER THE BEAT.)

MOORE: And a man named Rabionowitz who lived next door immediately changed his name to just Rabino. That note scared the witz right out of him...Well, what could Allegretto do? His fifth note finally came, but by that time the rest of the band was on the sixth note...And by the time they reached the last 8 bars, the whole thing sounded like this.

ORCHESTRA: LAST 8 WITH TAG (THIRD TRUMPET ALWAYS BEHIND)

MOORE: Well, sir poor Allegretto was undone....In four days he replaced O'Sullivan as America's number one heel.... And for the first time in ten years he was not elected Head Squish on the Squash Team.....And that is why I refuse to give lessons by mail. And as regards the bugle in particular, I can only say this. No matter how much you blow into ^{a bugle} ~~the thing~~ - all that comes out is mangled air. *Thank you.*

ORCHESTRA: PLAY-OFF

APPLAUSE

DURANTE: JUNIOR, THAT WAS A MOST EDIFYING LECTURE...I WAS WATCHING FROM THE WINGS, AND I COULDN'T HELP BUT NOTICE ONE THING.

MOORE: What's that, Jimmy?

DURANTE: YOU'VE GOT THE LONGEST, SHARPEST ^{Shnozzenose} ~~NOSE~~ I EVER ^{saw} SAW IN MY LIFE! ... THAT IS A SHNOZZ!....IT SURE MUST COME IN HANDY FOR SPEARIN' OLIVES OUT OF A BOTTLE!

MOORE: Oh, now, James ^{you know} /you're walking on dangerous ground. My nose may be sharp, but your profile looks like it was carved out of a wet marshmellow.

GEORGIA: *Oh* Now, now boys, I think you're both very pretty. *M: Hell-gee*

DURANTE: MISS GIBBS, I'M OVERWHELMED. WOULD YOU FAVOR US WITH A SONG?

GEORGIA: *Oh* I'd be overjoyed.

MOORE: Then sing, my ~~love~~ *lunge*. *D: Please*

GIBBS: ALL OR NOTHING AT ALL

(APPLAUSE)

PETRIE: Packed to go around the world! Packed to go around the world! Yes, that's Camels -- the cigarette that's first with men in all the services -- Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard -- according to actual sales records. These men, stationed on every continent, in every ocean, say -- "We like our Camels fresh!" And we say, "You'll get 'em fresh -- cool smoking and slow burning -- the way you like 'em! -- because Camels are packed to go around the world!" And remember, the Camel pack keeps your Camel cigarettes fresh, too -- preserving for you the extra flavor and mildness -- the goodness of Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos!

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

PETRIE: Camels! If there's ever a time when your store is temporarily out of Camels, remember we're making more now than ever before -- but Camels are first in the service -- and the service comes first!

ORCH: PLAYOFF

MOORE: At which tenuous turning point, my friends, the Thursday Evening False Wig and Bustle Club presents a restaurant drama entitled, "Praise the Lord and Pass the Bicarbonate" or "She Couldn't Serve Him A Square Meal Because She Didn't Have The Points".....

DURANTE: (LAUGHS) AND THEY SAY THEY'RE RATIONING CORN!

MOORE: *James*..Let's get behind the counter of Durante and Moore's Restaurant.

MOORE AND DURANTE SING: (TO TUNE OF "BANJO ON MY KNEE")

BOTH: OUR PRICES WON'T PUT YOU IN HOOK,
OUR FOOD IS VERY FINE
EAT WITH US AT EIGHT O'CLOCK
A STOMACH ACHE AT NINE! ... LOVER COME BACK PTO-MAINE.

SOUND: PHONE

MOORE: Hello ... Durante and Moore's Restaurant ... we serve oysters Rockefeller -- order one and hold your smeller.

PETRIE: (FILTER) Mr. Moore ... do you have frog's legs?

MOORE: Yes ... I do.

PETRIE: And *do* you have ox tail?

MOORE: Yes ... I do.

PETRIE: Oh! ... you must be a mess!

SOUND: PHONE UP

MOORE: *the gang*
~~James~~ *Jim* must have seen me. Jimmy ... where are you?

DURANTE: (OFF) / IN THE KITCHEN ... I'M TRYING TO PUT THE TURKEY IN THE OVEN BUT HE'S RESISTING STRENUOUSLY!

MOORE: Resisting ... James, you're supposed to kill the turkey before you put it in the oven!

DURANTE: (OFF) NEVER MIND THE TECHNICALITIES .. TELL HIM TO OPEN THE DOOR AND LET ME OUT!!

SOUND: CRASH

DURANTE: JUNIOR ... THERE GOES OUR OVEN...HOW ARE WE GONNA COOK THIS TURKEY NOW?

MOORE: *Very simple.*
Just put it on top of the radio, and turn on Gabriel Heater.

DURANTE: GABRIEL HEATER? EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT ... BUT JUNIOR *you know* / I LIKE BEING IN THE RESTAURANT BUSINESS ... IT GIVES A MAN OF MY EPICUREAN CUISINE A CHANCE TO EXPERIMENT THOROUGHLY. NOW JUST WATCH ME MAKE THIS SOUP *de quiv - & love that word - de jour -* DE JOUR /... I ADD A LITTLE PINCH OF THISNOW A LITTLE PINCH OF THAT ... THEN I TAKE A PINCH OF

ALLMAN: (SCREAMS)

DURANTE: ~~EXCUSE ME, MADAM!~~ ... I DIDN'T SEE YOUR ARM, *Madam. Please excuse me.*

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

DURANTE: SAY, GARRY ... TAKE CARE OF THAT CUSTOMER... *please*

MOORE: Oh - yes sir?

PETRIE: Would you please take my order now ... I'd like five pounds of butter please.

MOORE: Five pounds of butter?.....Oh, take ten pounds!

PETRIE: All right ... Now give me thirty pounds of sugar.

MOORE: Oh, take a hundred pounds of sugar.

PETRIE: Okay.

MOORE: Now I'll wrap up the whole thing in twelve pairs of nylon stockings. And with each order goes a juicy twenty-pound steak.

PETRIE: Oh thank you - goodbye.

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

MOORE:Isn't radio wonderful?

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DURANTE: *It's marvelous, it's marvelous. M. Get you like it. W: Yes, thank you. Mr. Curry me, will you.*
~~YES, BUT~~ ARE WE HAVING TROUBLE WITH CUSTOMERS ... SEE
 THAT GUY SITTING OVER THERE ... AN HOUR AGO HE ORDERED A
 SALAD MADE OF GARLIC, SCALLION AND LIMBERGER.
 MOORE: Well, why don't we serve it?
 DURANTE: SERVE IT? WE CAN'T EVEN GET NEAR IT!!
 MOORE: Well, tell them to use a whip and a chair!!
 SOUND: DOOR OPENS
 MOORE: How do you do, Madam? What can I do for you?
 ALLMAN: Do you have mushrooms in here?
 MOORE: Yes...we have mushrooms.
 ALLMAN: Well...let's find one and mush!!
 MOORE: Madam, I can't place your face, but your half-nelson
 is familiar!!
 ALLMAN: (MAD) Oh! I don't hafta come in here to be insulted...
 I'll go across the street to that Gypsy Tea Room.
 SOUND: DOOR SLAM
 DURANTE: *There goes another customer*
 I'M CUT TO THE QUICK! AND I'VE GOT A SENSITIVE QUICK.
 MOORE: James...that Gypsy Tea Room across the street is
 driving us out of business. I just wish I could read
 tea-leaves!
 DURANTE: I JUST WISH I COULD READ!
 MOORE: Well, I've got an idea, Jimmy. Why don't we go the
 Gypsy Tea Room one better ... we'll hold a seance.
 DURANTE: Q SAY-ANCE? JUNIOR, DO YOU REALLY BELIEVE IN THAT
 MYSTIC STUFF?
 MOORE: Why supernaturally, James ... Why only last night I had a
 strange dream...I dreamt I was in front of a dam and
 suddenly the dam overflowed and the waters began to
 engulf me ... then I woke up...

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DURANTE: WHAT DID THAT ^E DREAM MEAN?

MOORE: Nothing ... there was a leak in my hot water bottle! *D. Ch, I see.*

ORCHESTRA: MYSTERIOSO MUSIC

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

MOORE: *Jimmy James* ... there's our first customer for our seance ...
quick, get into that cabinet and talk through that
special microphone.

DURANTE: OKAY, JUNIOR.

SOUND: CHINESE GONG

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ALLMAN: Oh, there you are, Swami ... I saw your sign outside ...
Are you really a swami?

MOORE: Of course ... I am the great Swami, Hasn Ben Soberr ...
I can foretell the future ... I can recall the past ...
Why, in my last seance I sat cross-legged for seven hours.

ALLMAN: You sat cross-legged for seven hours ... what happened?

MOORE: ...I laid an egg!

DURANTE: (OFF) JUNIOR *Does just gonna say* ... YOU JUST LAID ANOTHER ~~egg~~!

MOORE: Shhh! I have made contact with the spirits ... The
spirits are about to speak ... I wonder what the spirits
are saying?

DURANTE: (A LA TRAIN EFFECT)...BROMO SELTZER ... BROMO SELTZER ...
BROMO SELTZER ... BROMO ZELTZER!!

ALLMAN: Oh, this is ridiculous ... I need some advice...

MOORE: Madam, I'LL take care of it personally...

ALLMAN: I need spiritual comfort...

MOORE: I'LL take care of it personally...

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ALLMAN: I need someone to perch on my lap and kiss me and kiss me
and kiss me!

MOORE: I know a cocker spaniel who'll take care of that
personally.

ALLMAN: Ah, great spirit...can you really read the future?

DURANTE: INDUBITABLY! ... WHO PREDICTED PROSPERITY IN 1926...I DID.
WHO PREDICTED THAT HOOVER WOULD WIN IN 1928...I DID ...
AND WHO PREDICTED THE STOCK MARKET CRASH OF 1929?

ALLMAN: Who?

DURANTE: NOBODY ... AND I LOST MY SHIRT!

MOORE: Oh, spirit ... do you think this lady will find a husband?

DURANTE: NOT WITH THAT FIGURE!

MOORE: Oh, spirit, do you think she'll find someone to love her?

DURANTE: NOT WITH THAT FACE!

ALLMAN: But I've got a million dollars...

DURANTE: A MILLION DOLLARS!

ALLMAN: And I don't care of the man I marry is an imbecile,
an idiot, or a moron!

SOUND: CABINET DOOR OPENS

DURANTE: (ON MIKE) HOLD MY DUNCE CAP, JUNIOR ... I GOT SOME
PROPOSIN' TO DO!!

ORCHESTRA: PLAYOFF
APPLAUSE

ORK: 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 Lieutenant Walter Cornell, and the entire crew of his little PC boat number four eighty-seven, which met a surfaced Japanese submarine probably twice her size in a Pacific fog. Running straight at the big enemy sub, Lieutenant Cornell fired depth charges at ~~her~~, then ran his little boat straight at the sub to ram her. Sliding across the ^{submarine's} ~~sub's~~ deck once, he ran at her again, was picked up and actually hung on the enemy's deck for a moment, then slid off, finishing the submarine with gunfire. In your honor, Lieutenant Cornell, the makers of Camels are sending to Navy men in the Pacific four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes. We salute you and your crew, Lieutenant Walter Cornell:

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 over two thousand free shows and free Camels to audiences of more than three million service men.

ORK: WHO WILL BE WITH YOU

51454 4137

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: *Jimmy* A BEAUTIFUL NOTE, MR. MOORE.

MOORE: *You* But Jimmy, old man, I've got a heavy date tonight, do you suppose you could lend me twenty bucks?

DURANTE: TWENTY BUCKS? JUNIOR, DIDN'T I TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED? MY TALL BOARDER SAYS TO ME, LEND ME TWENTY BUCKS BUT DON'T TELL THE SMALL BOARDER, CAUSE IF THE SMALL BOARDER KNOWS THAT I'VE GOT THE TWENTY, THE SMALL BOARDER WILL TAKE THE TWENTY FROM ME, THE TALL BOARDER, SO I SAYS TO THE TALL BOARDER - I TOLD THE SMALL BOARDER THAT ---

MOORE: Yeah...okay...but Jimmy...oh nevermind.

ORCH: PLAYOFF

MOORE: GOOD NIGHT, MR. DURANTE.

DURANTE: GOOD NIGHT, MR. MOORE.

BOTH: GOODNIGHT, *ALL Everybody. See you later*
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, "Blondio" that famous comic strip family; and next Thursday, Garry Moore, Jimmy Durante, Georgia Gibbs, Roy Bargy and his orchestra, ^{and} yours truly, Howard Petrie. And as our special guest appearing in behalf of the U. S. government - Marlene Dietrich!

ORCH: THEME UP AND DOWN

PETRIE: Remember -- for yourself, for that fellow in the service, get the cigarette that stays fresh, cool smoking and slow burning! Got Camels -- 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, Georgia Gibbs, and Roy Bargy and his Orchestra. This is Howard Petrie saying good night for all the gang.

SHIELDS: More pipes smoke Prince Albert! This year, last year, and
(In
Studio J) years before that -- more pipes smoked Prince Albert,
America's largest-selling pipe tobacco. Yes, more pipes
smoke Prince Albert because it's no-bite treated for cool,
bite-free smoking comfort. More pipes smoke Prince Albert
because it's crimp cut to pack and draw and burn just
right! Fill up your pipe with good Prince Albert, mild,
mellow, and fragrant. You'll see why we say --
"P.A. for Pipe Appeal!" It's the National Joy Smoke!