

(REVISED)

*As Broadcast  
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WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

..THE CAMEL PROGRAM..

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1943  
NBC NETWORK  
7:00 - 7:30 PM PWT

PROGRAM NO. 25

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

MARLENE DIETRICH

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

ELVIA ALLMAN

PATRICK MCGEEHAN

FRED SHIELDS

...

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NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

(2ND REVISION)

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1943

7:00 - 7:30 PM PWT

PROGRAM NO. 25

(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, Georgia Gibbs....  
and Roy Bargy and his Orchestra, and as our special  
guest, Marlene Dietrich, appearing in behalf of the U. S.  
Treasury Department.....all brought to you this evening by  
Camels.....the cigarette that stays fresh, -- cool-smoking  
and slow-burning -- because Camels are packed to go  
around the world!

PETRIE: And with the overture over, we bring you our burnt toast  
master - that thirty minute egg fried <sup>s</sup>unny-side-up ...  
Mr. Garry Moore!

APPLAUSE

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MOORE: Well, Thank you...Thank you VERY much, my friends, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Welcome to another <sup>Thursday</sup> evening <sup>of</sup> ~~Camel~~ <sup>the critics are unanimous. For instance,</sup> our cultural clambake, concerning which/Mrs. Plasmock F. Mufftruckensprocket, former fountain accountant for the Television Division in the Brazilian Pavillion - and now chief scallop walloper in the crustacean segregation station of a fishin' mission in Ishpiming, Michigan - has the following comment to make.

ELVIA: (AS GRANDE DAME)..Dear Mr. Moore, upon first hearing your program, I thought my radio was on the bum...But as soon as I heard your name announced, I knew the bum was on the radio.

MOORE: And thank you, Mrs. M..And say, Howard - let me <sup>also</sup> thank YOU for the nifty introduction you gave me tonite.

HOWARD: Oh, you deserved it, old man..After all, I respect your I.Q.

MOORE: Well, isn't that nice? I.Q., too...But I'd like to talk to you on business, <sup>Howard</sup> <sup>man</sup> <sup>You know</sup> /old boy...We need some ideas for our show?

CUDDLES: <sup>du</sup> I've got some ideas, Mr. Moore..Some ideas I made up out of my own head.

MOORE: Out of your own head?... Cuddles, this is no time for wood carving.

CUDDLES: I'm serious, Mr. Moore, what this program needs is more culture.

MOORE: Culture?...My dear girl, we're <sup>crummy</sup> filthy with <sup>the stuff</sup> culture...Why, this very evening I'm giving a lecture to stay-at-home-vacationers, entitled "How To Make A Sun-Suit Out of Spinach, So That You, Too, Can Lie in the Sand."

CUDDLES: Oh, great! That should go over like a lead balloon!

MOORE: Oh.....Well then/<sup>Cuddles</sup> what DO yuh want?

CUDDLES: Something informative. F'r instance, here's a letter from a man in Split Lip, Kentucky, <sup>none: a fine town.</sup> He says, "Mr. Moore -- we built a house in these hills forty years ago -- we like it so much, we're thinking of putting in a bath-tub. Mr. Moore -- do you know anything about bath-tubs?"

MOORE: Bath-tubs? ~~A-m-m-m~~, That has a familiar ring to it ..<sup>It does</sup> <sup>and</sup> ~~But~~ as a matter of fact, <sup>you know</sup> I've been having a little tub trouble myself. Everytime I got into the thing, the phone would ring, and I'd hafta get out/<sup>again</sup>... So, I had the tub moved downstairs next to the <sup>tele-</sup>phone.....Then, everytime I got into the tub, the doorbell would ring -- So I moved the tub next to the front door.

CUDDLES: <sup>Well-</sup> ~~and~~ how did that work out?

MOORE: Oh, wonderful...Now every morning when the mail-man comes, he not only delivers the mail - he sticks his hand through the slot and scrubs my back ... It's good, too ... And -

ORCHESTRA: START DURANTE'S MUSIC

MOORE: Speaking of mail-men, here, straight from the dead-letter office, we deliver -- Jimmy Durante, in person.

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

MOORE: *Ah* Jimmy, there's a devil may care look in your eyes tonight ... what have you been up to now?

DURANTE: GARRY, I'M SPENDING THE WEEKEND IN MY HACIENDA AT THE BEACH AND MY NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR, HEDY LAMARR IS LYING *taking* ~~ON THE BEACH~~ *a sunbath* IN HER SUN SUIT. THERE WAS A GUY WATCHING HER AND IT WASN'T FAIR. SO I TURNS TO HIM AND I SAYS: "MISTER, YOU'RE A DISGRACE TO THE WORD 'GENTLEMAN'" -- THEN I HITS HIM OVER THE HEAD WITH MY BINOCULARS.

MOORE: *Your binoculars eh? then* And I suppose you left?

DURANTE: WHAT AM I? CRAZY? ~~AND~~ WHILE I'M LOOKING AT HER, I DIDN'T NOTICE IT, BUT THERE WAS A PENNY STUCK IN THE LENS OF MY BINOCULARS, AND WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT, GARRY, FOR THE FIRST HALF HOUR, I THOUGHT HEDY LAMARR WAS TAKING A SUNBATH WITH ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

MOORE: *dear* Ah/... there's ~~was~~ *for you* a cozy couple *me* Abe with a babe. And now that the summer is over, I suppose you *me* closed Durante's shanty on the sands.

DURANTE: I SHOULD SAY NOT. I PUT IT TO GREAT USE. I DECIDES TO CONVERT MY HOME INTO A KIDDIE KANTEEN - TO TAKE CARE OF ALL THE LITTLE BABIES, WHILE THEIR MAMMAS ARE WORKING IN THE WAR PLANTS.

MOORE: Ah, kiddies! ... How I love 'em. You know, I'm thinking of marrying myself.

DURANTE: WHAT'S THAT?

MOORE: I said I'm thinking of marrying myself.

DURANTE: JUNIOR, DON'T YOU THINK YOU OUGHT TO GET A WOMAN. AND YOU KNOW, GARRY, I'M JUST THE TYPE TO RUN A KIDDIE KANTEEN, *and I'm not being egotistical saying that. M. Oh no, no. D.* FOR WHEN I WAS SIX MONTHS OLD, I USED TO POSE FOR TALCUM POWDER ADS.

MOORE: What - with that face!

DURANTE: JUNIOR, AINTCHA EVER SEEN A TALCUM POWDER AD?

MOORE: Ah, yes. Now I recall. But, Jimmy, if you're running a Kiddie Kanteen you should seek the advice of a baby psychologist.

DURANTE: JUNIOR, I DID AND THE CY-COL-A-GIST *in the strictest of confidence* TOLD ME TO TREAT BABIES LIKE A CAT TREATS HER KITTENS. SO I FOLLOWS HER INSTRUCTIONS. NOW I DIDN'T MIND FEEDING THE BABIES MILK OUT OF SAUCERS, I DIDN'T MIND STROKING THEIR LITTLE BACKS, BUT WHEN I HAD TO CARRY THEM AROUND IN MY TEETH - THAT WAS GOING TOO FAR.

MOORE: Jimmy, when it comes to child nurture, your lack of aptitude is exceeded only by the paucity of your knowledge.

DURANTE: THANKS, JUNIOR. I HOPE I CAN LIVE UP TO THAT. BUT WHILE GOING THROUGH THE KANTEEN, I FINDS A CRIB, UMBRIAGO, A RATTLE, UMBRIAGO, A HIGH CHAIR AND UMBRIAGO.

MOORE: Umbriago ... what was he doing in the Kiddie Kanteen?

DURANTE: HE WAS GIVING THE BABIES PATRIOTIC BATHS. *I'll explain it.* IF THE KID TURNS RED, THE WATER'S TOO HOT. IF THE KID TURNS BLUE, THE WATER'S TOO COLD. IF THE KID TURNS WHITE ...

MOORE: Yeah?

DURANTE: HE NEEDED A BATH.

MOORE: Ah, <sup>dear</sup> that Umbriago. He must have the brain of a two year old, and I'll bet the two year old was glad to get rid of it.

DURANTE: <sup>Emphatically</sup> PRECISELY! AND AFTER ALL THE BABIES <sup>had their bath</sup> WERE BATHED, THEY GOT DRESSED UP FOR A BIRTHDAY PARTY. ONE OF THE KIDS WAS FIVE YEARS OLD. I SAYS TO HIM: "SONNY - UNCLE JIMMY WANTS TO GIVE YOU A BIRTHDAY PRESENT. TELL ME WHAT YOU LIKE BEST." AND I LIFTS HIM UP SO HE CAN WHISPER INTO MY EAR.

MOORE: What did he ask <sup>you</sup> for, Jimmy?

DURANTE: I COULDN'T HEAR THE FIRST PART ... ALL I HEARD HIM SAY WAS:..."AND HER SARONG, TOO".

MOORE: <sup>Oh,</sup> He knew what he wanted.

DURANTE: YEAH -- A REGULAR DURANTE.

MOORE: <sup>Yeah,</sup> A chip off the old blockhead.

DURANTE: YOU SAID IT! AFTER WE -- WAIT A MINUTE -- I WISH I HAD TIME TO GO BACK TO THAT <sup>other</sup> /LINE AGAIN. <sup>M. Carryn, Carryn. d:</sup> AT THE PARTY WE PLAYED A GAME OF "FAIRY TALES". ONE LITTLE GIRL WORE A RED DRESS - SHE WAS "LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD" - ONE LITTLE BOY WORE A BLUE SUIT - HE WAS "LITTLE BOY BLUE". I GOT INTO THE GAME AND WORE GALOSHES OVER MY FACE.

MOORE: Galoshes over your face? What were you supposed to be?

DURANTE: PUSS IN BOOTS!

MOORE: Oh, puss in boots -- Say, you kids had fun together.

DURANTE: YEAH -- IT WAS PEACHY, <sup>very peachy,</sup> BUT ONE KID WOULDN'T PLAY. HE WAS HUNGRY. SO I FIXES HIM UP A DURANTE ~~FORMULA~~ <sup>meal</sup>. I CHOPS UP SOME HAMBURGER, SIX HOT DOGS, SOME LIVERWURST AND A DASH OF CHILI CON CARNE. AND TO TOP IT ALL, I PUTS IN A SOFT BOILED EGG. AND WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT, JUNIOR, <sup>it</sup> IF GAVE HIM INDIGESTION.

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MOORE: Indigestion!

DURANTE: YEAH ... I KNEW I SHOULDNA GIVEN HIM THAT SOFT BOILED EGG.

MOORE: I see -- your formula wasn't chummy with his tummy, *was it?*

DURANTE: BUT I MAKES UP FOR IT. I GIVES THEM MY PIECE DE RESISTANCE/<sup>*that word crop up all the time -*</sup> I DECIDES TO MAKE THEM FUDGE ... CHOCOLATE OF COURSE ... WITH THE NUTS INSIDE. AND WHILE I'M IN THE KITCHEN MAKING IT, ~~THE SEAT OF~~ MY PANTS CATCHES ON FIRE. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO, WHEN ALL THE KIDS RUSH IN. THEY GRAB ME - LIFT ME UP - TURN ME OVER AND LAY ME DOWN ON MY STOMACH.

MOORE: And then what did they do?

DURANTE: THEY TOASTED MARSHMALLOWS.

ORCH: PLAYOFF

APPLAUSE



MOORE: Thank you, James. <sup>And</sup> Now stand back as Cuddles Bongshnook opens the doors of the Camel Hall of Fame.

ORCH: INTRO

ALLMAN: Now just <sup>about</sup> a month ago they said that Johnny Brant Was the best rivet shooter in the aircraft plant. But then production fell, and when they made a check They found that Johnny was -- the factory's bottle neck! "I'm sorry," said our Johnny, "I've tried to do my part! But who can rivet bombers when he's got a broken heart?"

PETRIE: So the foreman said to him, "John, don't you know girls go for guys that smoke Camels -- the cool, slow-burning cigarette that's expertly blended of costlier tobaccos?"

ALLMAN: Well, when his shift was over, Johnny waited at the gate, Till he saw the pretty welder that he'd tried and tried to date. He smiled, and said, "Good evening!" and he took her by the hand, And he offered her a Camel, the extra-flavored brand. Well, they married -- he's so happy that he's never out of sorts, And already she's the mother of -- a fleet of Flying Forts!

(APPLAUSE)

PETRIE: And, I might add, that wherever those Flying Fortresses go, Camels will go, too -- and stay fresh all the way, because Camels are packed to go around the world! Go on, try a pack of Camel cigarettes in your T-Zone, "T" for taste and throat, everybody's own personal proving ground for Camel's rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness. Sure, you'll find that Camels do have more flavor -- the thing that helps 'em hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke!

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

PETRIE: Camels! Fresh because they're packed to go around the world!

ORCH: INTRO TO "PEOPLE WILL SAY WE'RE IN LOVE"

ORCH:        INTRO

MOORE:        And now stop right up and shake the hand of the newest  
              member of our Camel Thursday night family .. Roy Bargy,  
              his Orchestra and -- "People Will Say We're In Love."

ORCH:        "PEOPLE WILL SAY WE'RE IN LOVE"

APPLAUSE

DURANTE: BOY WHAT A BAND LEADER THAT ROY BARGY IS! HE DON'T NEED A BATON - HE CONDUCTS WITH A SALOMI! ... HE NOT ONLY LEADS 'EM, HE FEEDS 'EM! ... BUT TELL ME, MR. MOORE - WHAT CONTAGIOUS TID-BIT HAVE YOU IN STORE IN THE CULTURE CORNER TONIGHT?

MOORE: Well, we have a most depressing letter, James, from a young woman in Mattress Lump, Vermont ... It seems that she's a defense worker, and every week she has to leave home for the factory before my usual story is over ... Therefore, she never knows how anything turns out.

DURANTE: And have you a solution for this damsel in distress?

MOORE: Oh, indood I dee - indood I dee.

DURANTE: Thanks.

MOORE: Not at all. Now, I had scheduled for tonight the story of The Three Little Pigs ... And for this lady's special benefit, I'm gonna try to get through it before she leaves for the night shift. (CLEAR THROAT) Well, once upon a time there were three little pigs who lived with their Mama and Papa ... And, one day they're sitting around the house, when their papa comes home from a hard days work and says - GET OUTTA THE HOUSE, YOU BUMS! GO OUT AND SEEK YOUR FORTUNE! ... So that's okay with the three little pigs, and they go walking down the road, singing gaily to themselves - (FARMER IN THE DELL - A-WORKING WE WILL GO - OINK - A-WORKING WE WILL GO - OINK - HEIGHHO THE DERKY-O, A-WORKING WE WILL GO - OINK) ... And as they walk along, THE FIRST LITTLE PIG MEETS A GUY WITH A BUNDLE OF STRAW! .. And he says, (HIGH) HEY, MISTER, HOW'S CHANCES ON SOME OF THAT STRAW TO BUILD MYSELF A HOUSE? ... And the guy says yes, SO THE FIRST LITTLE PIG BUILDS A HOUSE OF STRAW ... Now, he's hardly

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MOORE:

got the house built and moved into, when out in the woods HE HEARD A NOISE! ... (WOLF HOWL) ... IT'S THE BIG BAD WOLF! ....(HOWL - WOO WOO) ... IT'S A HOLLYWOOD WOLF! ... Well, so the wolf comes up to the house and he goes KA-NOCK, KA-NOCK, KA-NOCK ON THE DOOR ... And the little pig says (DEAD END) AH, WHO'S THAT KNOCKIN' AT MY DOOR? WHO'S THAT KNOCKIN' AT MY DOOR? ... And the wolf says (TOUGH) LITTLE PIG, LITTLE PIG, LET ME COME IN ... And the pig says, "NOT BY THE HAIR OF MY CHINNY CHIN CHIN - NOT BE THE HAIR OF MY CHINNY CHIN CHIN ... and you've got to admit - even for a pig, that's pretty dull conversation ... So the big wolf says to the first little pig, "I'LL HUFF AND I'LL PUFF AND I'LL BLOW THE JERNT DOWN!" ... So he huffs - and he puffs! - AND HE BLOWS THE JERNT DOWN! ... Well, the little pig is scared to death, he yells - WOO! GET AWAY FROM ME! ... But it's too late, and the BIG BAD WOLF EATS THE PIG ALL UP! ... (EATING NOISES) ... And in these times - WHO CAN BLAME HIM? And, while all this is going on, the SECOND LITTLE PIG MEETS UP WITH A GUY WITH A BIG LOAD OF WOOD. And he says to the guy, HOW'S CHANCES ON SOME OF THAT WOOD TO BUILD MYSELF A HOUSE? ... And the guy says sure, so HE TAKES THE WOOD AND HE GETS A SAW AND HE STARTS TO BUILD A HOUSE - (SAWING SOUND) - and pretty soon it's ALL BUILT ... And just at that moment from far away he hears an awful sound (WOLF HOWL) IT'S THAT DIRTY OLD WOLF AGAIN! ... He says "Little pig, little pig, lemme come in" - he says "NOT BY THE HAIR OF MY CHINNY CHIN CHIN" - so he HUFF! (GASP) ... And he PUFFS! (GASP) - THE HOUSE CRASHES IN (ORRRASH SLAM BANG) - AND TWO HOURS LATER! - hio! - BICARBONATE OF SODA! ... Well, all this time the

MOORE:

third little pig - who's a smart little pig - HE RUNS INTO  
A GUY WITH A LOAD OF BRICKS ... And he says to the guy - (DEAD  
END) ... HEY, GIMME SOME OF THEM BRICKS, BUD, I WANNA BUILD  
A MANSION - A MANSION! ... So he gets the bricks, he builds a  
house, and from out in the wood there's an awful cry (WOLF  
HOWL) ... (THAT'S THE PART I LOVE TO DO - REPEAT) ... And there's  
that wolf again. Well, he says, "Little pig, little pig, let  
me come in" - He says "Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin" -  
and he says, "I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house  
in." ... And the third little pig says (DIALECT) SO GO AHEAD -  
HUFF, PUFF, SHMUFF - WHO CARES? ... So the wolf takes a deep  
breath, and he huffs - and he puffs - and he huffs - and he  
puffs - and he puffs and he huffs - and he huffs and he puffs -  
AND AFTER FOURTEEN HOURS OF HUFFIN' AND PUFFIN', WHAT HAS HE GOT -  
ASTHMA! ... And boy, does that make the old wolf mad ... OH, HE  
WAS JUST SO ANGRY! ... And he says, "OH, A WISE GUY, EH? WHY  
I'LL CLIMB UP ON THAT ROOF AND COME DOWN THE CHIMNEY" ... AND  
the little pig says, (DIALECT) CHIMNEY-SHIMNY, WHO CARES ABOUT  
THAT?" ... Well, while the wolf is climbing up on the roof,  
THE LITTLE PIG MAKES A FIRE IN THE FIRE PLACE AND PUTS ON A KETTLE  
OF WATER ... AND PRETTY SOON, IT BEGINS TO BOIL - (LIP NOISES) ...  
And the wolf is up on the roof, he squeezes himself into the  
chimney - (GRUNT) - AND DOWN HE COMES - (WHISTLE) (PLOP) ... Right  
into the kettle, and THAT WAS THE END OF THE BIG BAD WOLF! ...  
NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, OF COURSE THE THIRD LITTLE PIG WAS THE  
HERO OF THIS STORY, AND I'M SORRY THAT I'M NOT ALLOWED TO TELL  
YOU JUST WHICH PIG ATE THE WOLF - BUT - (SUCK TEETH) - HAS  
ANYBODY GOT A TOOTHPICK?

ORCH:

PLAYOFF

APPLAUSE

MOORE: Thank you, ladies and gentlemen ... thank you very much and I'm sure you understood every word perfectly.

DURANTE: OH PERFECTLY, PERFECTLY ... BUT, JUNIOR, THERE'S JUST ONE THING I DON'T UNDERSTAND ABOUT THAT ACT ... OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND SAY "AAHHHHHHH."

MOORE: All right ... AAAHHHHHHHHHHH.

DURANTE: I DON'T SEE HOW YOUR TONGUE DOES ALL THAT WHEN IT'S SO DARK IN THERE.

MOORE: Possibly so ... But be that as it may, let's both make way for a young lady who uses her voice to better advantage.

ORCH: START GIBBS' INTRO

MOORE: I mean the sweetheart of our show, Georgia Gibbs, with a fine new blues written especially for her, and introduced for the first time on our Camel Show tonight ... Give a listen to "Sh Sh Baby" ...

GIBBS: SH SH BABY

APPLAUSE

PETRIE: When a cigarette's first with men in all the services, it has to be packed to go around the world! And Camel is first with men in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, according to actual sales records. These men want Camel cigarettes -- and they want 'em fresh. Well, we say, "You'll get 'em fresh -- cool smoking and slow burning -- because Camels are packed to go around the world!" And remember, the Camel pack keeps <sup>*Cigarettes - your*</sup> your Camel cigarettes fresh, too -- sealing in that famous extra flavor and extra mildness -- preserving for you the extra 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 Camels now than ever before -- but Camels are first in the service -- and the service comes first!

ORCH: PLAYOFF



ORCHESTRA: PLAYOFF FOR CAMEL COMMERCIAL

DURANTE: (INTERRUPTING MUSIC) <sup>Stop the music!</sup> HOLD THAT MUSIC! STOP THAT BAND! ...  
HEY, PETRIE - WHERE IS GARRY MOORE? I JUST HEARD SOME  
WONDERFUL NEWS.

PETRIE: <sup>Neal</sup> Gee whiz - what is it, Jimmy?

DURANTE: THE GOVERNMENT WANTS TO GET RID OF FIFTEEN BILLION BLONDES!

PETRIE: Fifteen Billion Blondes?

DURANTE: YEAH. I JUST SAW <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ HEADLINE. STARTING TODAY THE  
GOVERNMENT IS PUTTING ON A BIG DRIVE! THEY WANT EVERYBODY  
TO HAVE A BLONDE...THAT'S WHAT I CALL DEMOCRACY!

PETRIE: <sup>At last</sup> Jimmy, I think you're a little confused.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSES

MOORE: Hi'yuh, fellas! Say I've just been talking to Washington  
about the Big Drive. <sup>Now</sup> /We've all got to do our part.

DURANTE: IT'S A PLEASURE! ... HOW MANY ARE YOU GONNA TAKE, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Oh, I thought I'd start with ten.

DURANTE: YOU'D START WITH TEN!

MOORE: Yes, and <sup>then</sup> /in a few weeks I'll get twenty more.

DURANTE: HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT! HE'S A REGULAR TOMMY MANVILLE!

MOORE: Listen, Jimmy, everybody's got to do his part. Now what  
kind are you gonna get for yourself, ~~Jimmy~~ <sup>huh?</sup>

DURANTE: WHAT DO YOU MEAN, WHAT KIND?

MOORE: Well, you can get an 18.75 one, or -

DURANTE: 1875 ... JUNIOR, AIN'T THEY GOT 'EM ANY YOUNGER?

MOORE: Well, of course, <sup>Jimmy</sup> /those are only the small ones! <sup>you see, what you do is</sup> /You put  
'em in a vault and let 'em mature <sup>W: What? M:</sup> /.. Well, what's wrong  
with that?

DURANTE: WHAT'S WRONG WITH <sup>that?</sup> ~~it~~? IT AIN'T HUMAN.

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MOORE: *Yeah*, That's just my point. *Jimmy. You see* Most people aren't smart enough to put them in a vault.

DURANTE: THEY AREN'T, HUH?

MOORE: Oh, no. My uncle puts his in a tin-can and shoves 'em behind a rock.

DURANTE: THAT'S ALL, BROTHER! *That's all brother get* /... LET ME OUT OF HERE! --

MOORE: Jimmy, come back - where are you going?

DURANTE: YOU PUT 'EM IN A TIN CAN BEHIND A ROCK?

MOORE: My uncle does.

DURANTE: WHAT A ROCK GARDEN HE MUST HAVE.

MOORE: Jimmy, you'll never know what I'm talking about until I show you one ... I'll have one brought in right now.

DURANTE: RIGHT NOW?

MOORE: Right ~~now~~ *this very minute*.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS & CLOSES

DIETRICH: Hello boys.

MOORE: *Shaddayuh know* It's Marlene Dietrich.

APPLAUSE

DURANTE: MARLENE DIETRICH! I'VE HIT THE JACK-POT!

MOORE: Miss Dietrich, allow me to welcome you to the Camel Show. It's mighty nice of a busy gal like you to take the time off.

DIETRICH: I'm not taking any time off. ~~The~~ Drive is a part of everyone's job. I know we'll sell lots and lots of bonds.

DURANTE: BONDS? ... JUNIOR, DID SHE SAY BONDS?

DIETRICH: I certainly did.

MOORE: *Well Jimmy* What did you think we were talking about?

DURANTE: NEVER MIND ... I'VE BEEN A VICTIM OF WISHFUL DROOLING!

MOORE: ~~Well, don't let it throw you.~~

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DIETRICH: Tonight I start on a Victory Tour to sell bonds, and I wonder if you boys can suggest a romantic leading man for my act... Of course, he must be someone on the Charles Boyer type...

MOORE: *Oh* Charles Boyer ... *Miss Dietrich,* when you figure it out...what has Charles Boyer got that I haven't got?

DIETRICH: When you figure it ~~all~~ out -- nothing...but with Boyer around...who wants to figure it out?

MOORE: I suppose that's right.

DIETRICH: (SIGHS ROMANTICALLY) Ah, Mr. Durante, do you know what it feels like when Charles Boyer takes you in his arms?

DURANTE: WELL ... HARDLY!

MOORE: ~~Well~~, Miss Dietrich, I've got an idea. *Lark -* If you're looking for a leading man, *I tell you what will do -* we'll all play in a little western drama *that* I've written, and after that you can decide which one you'd like to take along on your Bond Tour. *Now* Jimmy and I are two bank robbers, and you are the Sheriff.

DIETRICH: All right. Set the scene, maestro...

ORCHESTRA: WESTERN MUSIC

SOUND: TWO PISTOL SHOTS - HOOF BEATS - AND FADE

MOORE: *Oh*, Jimmy, that was a cinch...we knocked off that bank for twenty-five thousand dollars...now we can take a long rest.

DURANTE: ARE YOU KIDDIN'? ... TOMORROW WE GOTTA KNOCK OFF ANOTHER BANK AND GET A HUNDRED THOUSAND...

MOORE: What do we need a hundred thousand for?

DURANTE: TO PAY THE TAX ON THE TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND!! ... BUT, YOU KNOW, JUNIOR, YOU ALMOST RUINED OUR GETAWAY WITH YOUR BAD SHOOTING...

MOORE: *Oh* Yeah! I'll show you whether I'm a good shot or not ... *you*  
see that dog over there ... I'll shoot the flea right off  
his back ... *D. Galand* Here goes ...

SOUND: PISTOL SHOT

MOORE: Well ... he'll have to learn to wag something else!!

DURANTE: SAY JUNIOR...LOOK AT THAT GUY MILKIN' THAT COW ... HE'S  
DOIN' IT ALL WRONG ...

MOORE: Yeah ... *Hy*, you ...

PETRIE: (OFF) You talkin' to me?

MOORE: Yeah .. what's the idea of milking that cow while it's  
laying on its back?

PETRIE: (OFF) Well, I'm from Oklahoma ... and I'm mighty homesick  
to see a gusher!!

MOORE: *Oh* That's fine ... one squirt waiting for another one! ...

DURANTE: *John* JUNIOR, OUR BEST BET IS TO HEAD FOR THE GREEN GOPHER  
*The green gopher saloon -*  
SALOON ... IT'S TWENTY MILES AWAY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF  
THE MOUNTAIN ...

MOORE: Twenty miles ... Let's go ...

SOUND: TWO HOOF BEATS

MOORE: Here we are at the Green Gopher Saloon.

DURANTE: YEAH ... THE NEXT TIME WE GOTTA FIND A SHORT CUT!! ...  
WELL, LET'S GO IN ...

SOUND: DOOR OPENS ... NICKELODEON MUSIC

MOORE: Hmmm ... it looks like a nice quiet place ...

PETRIE: Hey, you dame, take that!

SOUND: SHOT

ALLMAN: Oh, yeah ... you take that!

SOUND: SHOT

PETRIE: Well, you take that!

SOUND: SHOT

DURANTE: WHO WAS THAT?

MOORE: Dick Tracy and Mrs. Pruneface!!! ... Ain't she terrible?

PETRIE: *Well* Say stranger, how about a little poker?

DURANTE: OKAY ... BUT NO CHEATIN' ... THE LAST GUY I CAUGHT CHEATIN'  
... I HIT HIM AN UPPERCUT ... I HIT HIM A RIGHT CROSS ...  
I HIT HIM A ROUNDHOUSE ... THEN I'M ON MY KNEES.

PETRIE: ... On your knees? *Well* / How come?

DURANTE: STRANGER, DID YOU EVER TRY PICKING UP YOUR TEETH FROM A  
STANDING POSITION? ... IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM ... THEN LOUD SHOOTING

DIETRICH: Reach for the sky .. you coyottes! It's me Dead Eye  
Dietrich, the Sheriff!

MOORE: Jeepers, it's the arm of the law.

DURANTE: ... THE LEGS AIN'T BAD EITHER!

MOORE: Gee, ma'am *gee -* / you're wonderful ... are you the Sheriff?

DIETRICH: (BUSINESS LIKE) Yes ... I am the Sheriff ... but forget  
that I am a woman.

MOORE: Forget that you're a woman?

DIETRICH: Yes ...

MOORE: (TO AUDIENCE) IS SHE KIDDING? ... So you're the sheriff,  
huh ... *Well look here -* / What's your racket? What's your angle? What's  
your phone number? ... Hmmmmm

DIETRICH: Say listen, Cactus-head ... I heard you two ombrays but  
only knocked off the bank ... but you're doing rustling  
on the side ... the truth now ... do you rustle?

DURANTE: *Well*, JUST A TRIFLE ... ~~THE~~ THAT'S *just* / WHAT I GET FOR WEARING SILK  
UNDERWEAR!!

DIETRICH: Oh, a tough ombray, huh? Did you ever shoot a man?

DURANTE: DID I EVER SHOOT A MAN ... JUST TAKE A LOOK AT MY NOSE...

DIETRICH: (SCREAM)

DURANTE: WHAT'S THE MATTER?

DIETRICH: You're supposed to cut those notches in the handle of

your gun!...

*Durante: How humiliating!*  
ORCHESTRA: TA DA

APPLAUSE

MOORE: Well, what did you think of our performances, Miss Dietrich?

DIETRICH: I thought Mr. Durante was superb, supreme and utterly divine!

*Miss Dietrich - I say what about me!*

MOORE: Yeah, but what about me? / (PAUSE) You know, it's nice and cool here behind the eight ball.

DIETRICH: Frankly, boys, I was hoping to find a more romantic leading man for my Bond Tour.

DURANTE: ROMANTIC? *Miss Dietrich never* YOU AIN'T SEEN ME KISS ... WOULD YOU CARE TO AUDITION ME?

DIETRICH: Jimmy, I will gladly kiss you a thousand times -- if you buy a Five Hundred Dollar Bond each time.

DURANTE: PUCKER UP, MY SWEET. LET'S GET STARTED.

SOUND: KISS

MOORE: Well, how was it, Jimmy. Was it worth it?

*\$5000!*

*(Kiss) & it worth it (Kiss)*

DURANTE: WAS IT WORTH IT? / JUNIOR, CALL UP MY LAWYER. / *(Kiss)* TELL HIM I'LL BE BANKRUPT IN THE MORNING.

ORCH: PLAYOFF

APPLAUSE

DIETRICH: Jimmy, a lot more serious things than bankruptcy could happen to all of us. I'd like to tell you a story about the mother of an army flyer. The President had awarded him a medal for extreme bravery, but only his mother could receive it, because his father <sup>is</sup> ~~was~~ sleeping in Flander's Field, and her son will never come back from Africa. And she said, "Isn't it a pity that our Government must ask us to buy war bonds? My son asked for the privilege of striking a blow at Hitler with weapons that these war bonds provide. And I can stand in the presence of my sorrow because of the pride I have in my boy... But it's difficult for me to stand in the presence of people who say, each day, 'Tomorrow I'll buy a bond - tomorrow I'll buy one' -- always tomorrow! When my son read the orders for that bombing mission over Tunisia, he didn't say 'Tomorrow I'll do it'..."

(PAUSE)

Perhaps when we buy our War Bonds we might think of this mother, and think of her son who did his duty today -- not tomorrow!

ORCH: MARTIAL PLAYOFF

APPLAUSE

MOORE: Thank you, Marlene Dietrich, for joining us tonight and helping us get the Third Victory Loan Drive under way. I know everyone who heard you tonight will do his part,

ORCH: MARCH

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

McGEEHAN: To Lieutenant Jack Osborne of Portland, Oregon, and Sergeant Cleveland Brubooelow, of Lomita, California, two army men who saw an American A-Twenty bomber crash in the sea off Salamaua, New Guinea. With only a small outboard motorboat at their disposal, and realizing they must go into enemy-controlled water, they set out, reached the fliers, and brought them back safely. In your honor, Lieutenant Osborne and Sergeant Brubooelow, the makers of Camels are sending to our soldiers overseas four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes. We salute you, Lieutenant Jack Osberne and Sergeant Cleveland Brubooelw!

MUSIC: FANFARE

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 in the past two years have given over two thousand free shows and free Camels to audiences of more than three million service men in more than five hundred different camps.

ORCHESTRA: THEME

51454 4164



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, Georgia Gibbs, Roy Bargy and his orchestra, and yours truly, Howard ~~Petrie.~~

ORCHESTRA: THEME UP AND DOWN

PETRIE: And <sup>folks</sup> remember -- send a carton of Camels to that fellow in the service. They'll stay fresh -- cool smoking and slow burning -- because Camels are packed to go around the world!

ORCHESTRA: 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:  
(IN STUDIO  
J)

Last year more pipes smoked Prince Albert than any other pipe tobacco in the world! Yes, last year, and years before that, more pipes smoked Prince Albert! Try a package and see why! Prince Albert is 'specially no-bite treated for cool, bite-free, tongue-happy smoking comfort. Crimp cut, too, to pack and burn and draw just right! And remember.-- you get around fifty mild, fragrant, better-tasting pipefuls in every handy pocket package! Get P.A. for Pipe Appeal! It's the National Joy Smoke!

This program came to you from Hollywood.

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