

(REVISED)

*Wm. Esty*  
*Master - 20 - 9/21*

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

..THE CAMEL PROGRAM..

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1943  
NBC NETWORK  
7:00 - 7:30 PM PWT

PROGRAM NO. 26

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

ELVIA ALLMAN

FRED SHIELDS

51454 4167

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1943

7:00 - 7:30 PM PWT

PROGRAM NO. 26

(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 ... 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 as the curtains part we call your attention to  
center stage where we find a young man with a tooth paste  
smile and a tooth brush hair-do ... Mr. Garry Moore.

(APPLAUSE)

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MOORE: ~~Worry thank you...~~ Thank you VERY much, my friends - and a very warm greeting to you all. But before going on with our show, I'd like everybody in the audience to do me a big favor. Will everybody please give me a big, happy laugh. *All together now - one big happy laugh - a great big one. Gee -* (AUDIENCE BIZ) That's wonderful - ~~only~~ one day after income tax ... I didn't think you could do it. Friends, do you need money? *Who doesn't!* Ah, but tax or no tax, the whole gang is here with us tonite, including our brand new band-leader, Roy Bargy - who is also a very fast man with the snappy retorts. Roy, you're looking fine tonite.

BARGY: Solid, Jackson! Solid!

MOORE: And how're yuh feeling, old man?

BARGY: Solid, Jackson! Solid!

MOORE: But, <sup>Roy</sup> you told me you had a headache. How is your head now?

BARGY: Solid, Jackson! Solid!

MOORE: That's what I thought... And how about you, Cuddles, my love? How do I find you tonite?

ELVIA: Easy - Hillside 2183...

MOORE: Hillside 2183?

ELVIA: Yes, and if a Marine answers, hang up.

MOORE: Well I must say that you smell mighty pretty tonite... What do you call that perfume you're wearing?

ELVIA: A Night in a Cattle Car.

MOORE: A Night in a Cattle Car - ~~what?~~ What did you hafta spend to get it?

ELVIA: A Night in a Cattle Car.

MOORE: I see... A night in a cattle car - or, as the French would call it - Zephyr du Heifer...a most attractive odeur.

ELVIA: Is that what you do in your spare time, Mr. Moore? Study French?

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MOORE: Why, heavens no - haven't you heard? As a pastime, Mrs. Moore and I have gone into business.

ELVIA: Oh, Mr. Moore, you're not taking in laundry?

MOORE: No, no...Mrs. Moore and I are now the exclusive manufacturers of Mrs. Moore's Marinated Melon Balls... Men...are you a wallflower?...Do your jokes fall flatter than Sitting Bull's bustle?...Before telling a joke, fill your friends full of melon balls - then sit back and watch them roll... Mrs. Moore's Marinated Melon Balls come to you in six delicious flavors -- apple, pineapple, crab apple, cooking apple, eating apple, adam's apple and apple...and lime...and apple...and that's all. Listen to this testimonial from Mrs. Caribou Gou of Tight Shoes, Nevada... Upon tasting a Mrs. Moore's Marinated Melon Ball for the first time, she said --

ELVIA: HIC!

MOORE: And do y'know -- she was so RIGHT! ... And what's more important, Mrs. Moore's Marinated Melon Balls contain not only vitamins, but also nitrates...And as anybody who has ever sent a telegram knows - nitrates are much less expensive than/dayrates. *-lemme finish the joke-*

ELVIA: That's all very well, but are they good to eat?

MOORE: Good to eat? *Min Boughnork* /I'm sorry you asked that *question* Mrs. Moore had twelve dozen for breakfast this morning.

ELVIA: Well, so what?

MOORE: So that's all there is ... there' isn't Mrs. Moore.  
But there is <sup>and are</sup> more of other things... So shifting from  
in front of the melon ball to behind the eight ball...

ORCHESTRA: START DURANTE MUSIC

MOORE: Here he is -- Jimmy Durante, in person!

ORCHESTRA: "YOU GOTTA START EACH DAY"

DURANTE:

YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG...STOP THAT MUSIC. <sup>Am I</sup> ~~Jim~~/IN GOOD VOICE TONIGHT. (SINGS) FIGARO -- FIGARO - FIGARO -- AHHHHHHHHHH ~~FIGARO.~~ ~~JUNIOR,~~ WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY SINGING? <sup>now, Junior!</sup> (PAUSE) -- I THINK IT DOES TOO. GARRY, ~~FROM NOW ON~~ I'M THROUGH WITH TRASHY MUSIC. FROM NOW ON IT'S ARPEGGIOS, CADENZAS AND PIZZICATOS.

MOORE:

Oh you mean the Classics - like the Hungarian Rhapsody?

DURANTE:

PRECISELY! AND OPERAS LIKE MADAM BUTTERSTOTCH, CARMEN MIRANDA AND THE BARBER OF SCHLEMEEL -- ~~ONE HUNDRED CHAIRS~~ -- ~~NO WAITING.~~ STAND BACK, JUNIOR, WHILE I PRACTICE MY SCALES...(SINGS) RE-ME-FA-SO-LA-SI -- RE-ME-FA-SO-LA-SI...

MOORE:

Wait a minute, Jimmy? Re-me-fa-so-la-si? What happened to the do?

DURANTE:

MORGENTHAU GOT THAT YESTERDAY. BUT IT WAS A PLEASURE.

MOORE:

Why sure enough - <sup>Jimmy, seriously</sup> but/are you trying to tell me that you're a virtuoso?

DURANTE:

YES, AND I'M ALSO A CITIZEN.

MOORE:

You know, <sup>James</sup> ~~Jimmy~~, I do a bit of vocalizing, myself. Do you mind if I sing "In My Sweet Little Alice Blue Gown"?

DURANTE:

I DON'T CARE IF YOU SING IN YOUR LITTLE PINK NIGHTIE.

MOORE:

Thank you.

DURANTE:

DON'T MENTION IT, YOU JUST HAPPENED TO CATCH ME IN A GOOD MOOD. <sup>M: I am glad. D:</sup> YOU KNOW, JUNIOR, AMONG MUSIC CRITICS I AM KNOWN AS THE LAWRENCE TIBBETS OF THE LA BREA TAR PITS!

MOORE:

Is that so?

DURANTE:

YES, BUT ALAS AND ALACK, I HAD TO GIVE UP MY SINGING CAREER FOR THE NONCE. I'M LOUNGING AROUND IN MY MUSIC STUDY GUMMING UP AN OBLIGATO, WHEN A PHONE CALL SUSOOMS ME TO WASHINGTON. THEY NEED ME FOR THE OPENING OF CONGRESS, SO I TOOK ALONG MY GOOD PAL, EDDIE CANTOR.

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MOORE: Oh perish the thought.. You and Eddie Cantor in Congress?

DURANTE: YES. IT'S MY IDEA TO SAVE TIME IN VOTING. WHEN CANTOR GETS UP, THE "AYES" HAVE IT, AND WHEN DURANTE GETS UP, THE "NO'S" HAVE IT.

MOORE: Oh, <sup>yeah</sup> I see -- a sort of hook and eye arrangement.

DURANTE: (LAUGHING IT UP) I DON'T GET IT. AFTER I GETS TO WASHINGTON, IN THE HALL WHERE CONGRESS MEETS THERE WERE SIGNS EVERYWHERE "WELCOME JIMMY DURANTE" -- "WE WANT JIMMY DURANTE" -- "WE LOVE JIMMY DURANTE". AND WAS I EMBARRASSED.

MOORE: Embarrassed? <sup>Jimmy</sup> / Why?

DURANTE: THEY CAUGHT ME PUTTING UP THE SIGNS!

MOORE: <sup>Oh</sup> Jimmy, I'm surprised at you. A man of your inherent perspicacity indulging in such chicanery.

DURANTE: A FEW OTHER PEOPLE HAVE SAID THAT AND THEY HAVE VANISHED...

MOORE: <sup>Oh</sup> I beg your pardon.

DURANTE: AS SOON AS CONGRESS GETS IN SESSION - TO MAKE AN IMPRESSION I WALKS IN WITH SECRETARY OF STATE [REDACTED] HULL AND NOBODY PAYS ANY ATTENTION TO ME. I WALKS IN WITH VICE PRESIDENT WALLACE, AND [REDACTED] NOBODY PAYS ANY ATTENTION TO ME. I WALKS IN WITH POPPIKOV -- I'M SURROUNDED -- EVERYBODY WANTS TO SHAKE MY HAND.

MOORE: Who's Poppikov?

DURANTE: MY BUTCHER! HE'S NOT AN INTELLECTUAL, BUT I TOLERATE HIM. <sup>that's nice of you.</sup> AND BESIDES THAT, HE'S A PERSONAL FRIEND OF UMBRIAGO. LIKE DAMON AND PITHYAS - THEY'RE INSUFFERABLE.

MOORE: <sup>for this</sup> Jimmy, I'll hate myself in the morning - but what was Umbriago doing in Washington?

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DURANTE: HE'S GOT AN IMPORTANT JOB IN THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT.  
ALL DAY LONG HE GOES "HUH"-"HUH. .

MOORE: He goes "huh-huh".

DURANTE: YES -- EVERY TIME MORGENTHAU SIGNS A WAR BOND, HE'S THE  
GUY WHO GOES "HUH" AND DRIES THE INK.

MOORE: *I see, in other words, he is*  
~~is~~ a stand-in for a blotter.

DURANTE: *M: I thought so.* EMPHATICALLY. / AND AS SOON AS CONGRESS IS CALLED TO ORDER  
I TAKES THE FLOOR. I SAYS: "CONGRESSMEN-- I ADDRESSES  
THEM IN THE PLURAL -- WE MUST DO AWAY WITH INFLATION. WE  
GOTTA HOLD THOSE PRICES DOWN. FOR INSTANCE, IF A MAN WANTS  
FORTY DOLLARS FOR A SUIT, OFFER HIM TWENTY, IF HE WANTS  
TWENTY DOLLARS FOR A SUIT OFFER HIM TEN. IF HE WANTS TEN  
DOLLARS FOR A SUIT OFFER HIM FIVE. *you gotta keep* / ~~HOLD~~ THOSE PRICES  
DOWN.

MOORE: But Jimmy, suppose he wants to give you the suit for  
nothing?

DURANTE: DON'T TAKE IT. HOLD OUT FOR AN EXTRA PAIR OF PANTS.

MOORE: *Say that's a very good idea, you know*  
~~Agreeing~~ idea. / You can't trump it.

DURANTE: TRUMPET? I CAN'T EVEN PLAY THE SAXAPHONE. VICE PRESIDENT  
WALLACE WAS SO IMPRESSED WITH MY SPEECH, HE INVITES ME TO  
DINNER FOR A CONFERENCE. ALL THE TIME I'M TALKING, HE'S  
EATING. AND WHAT A FINE HEALTHY APPETITE THAT MAN HAS.

MOORE: *Jimmy* All important men have healthy appetites *you* / Take Napoleon --  
*for instance,*  
he could eat anything, anytime, anywhere.

DURANTE: (AMAZED) YEAH? NO WONDER HE'S ALWAYS HOLDING HIS HAND  
ON HIS STOMACH.

MOORE: *Well that's all right but*  
How did the dinner end?

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DURANTE: WELL I PICKS UP THE CONVERSATION WHILE HE PICKS UP THE CHECK -- A DELIGHTFUL MAN TO DINE WITH <sup>Delightful!</sup> AFTER DINNER, I BIDS HIM ADIEU, A FOND FAREWELL AND I ALSO <sup>lets him</sup> ~~SAYS~~ "GOODBYE" ...AND OFF I GO TO DO MY BIT ON THE BOND DRIVE.

MOORE: <sup>well</sup> Jimmy, that's <sup>very fine. you know</sup> ~~wonderful~~. You're certainly showing the proper spirit.

DURANTE: WHY NOT. EVERYBODY SHOULD HELP. I VOLUNTEERS TO DRIVE MY CAR FOR THE HOLLYWOOD STARS WHO ARE SELLING BONDS. AND I SEES TO IT THAT MY FRIENDS ALL FEEL AT HOME -- WHEN BETTY GRABLE GETS IN, I ADMIRES THE CHASSIS -- WHEN BING CROSBY GETS INTO THE CAR, I CHANGE THE PLUGS -- AND WHEN GYPSY ROSE LEE GETS IN --

MOORE: Yes?

DURANTE: I STRIPS THE GEARS!

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

APPLAUSE

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

ORCH: INTRO

ALLMAN: Just ev'rybody envied Willie Plummer --  
 'Cause he didn't look hot and bothered in the summer.  
 The Heat drove other people in the town just crazy --  
 But Willie stayed far fresher than the well-known daisy.

PETRIE: Sure and so do Camels -- they stay fresh, cool smoking and slow burning -- because Camels are packed to go around the world!

ALLMAN: "However do you do it?" everybody cried --  
 "Why, last night was so humid ~~that~~ we nearly died!"  
 "I just pay no attention to the heat, I guess"  
 Said Willie, "That's the secret, folks, of my success!  
 I work my Vict'ry Garden and I never fret,  
 And when I smoke, I smoke a Camel Cigarette!  
 Just try a pack yourself, and when the heat's provoking,  
 You'll find a Camel is slow burning and cool smoking.

PETRIE: Yes, and Camels have more flavor, too, the thing that helps 'em hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke! Just try a pack of Camel cigarettes in your T-Zone, "T" for taste and throat, your own proving ground for Camels' extra flavor and mildness. I think you'll see what a big 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!

ORCH: INTRO TO "SURREY WITH THE FRINGE ON TOP"

ORCHESTRA: INTRO.

MOORE: Turning lightly to the tempo department, Roy Barge declares a musical dividend from the ever-delightful score of "Oklahoma".. "The Surrey With the Fringe on Top".

ORCHESTRA: "SURREY WITH THE FRINGE ON TOP"

APPLAUSE

DURANTE: THAT WAS "THE SURREY WITH THE FRINGE ON TOP", THOROUGHLY ENJOYED BY GARRY MOORE OF THE SAME DESCRIPTION. TELL ME, ~~MY CLOSE-CROPPED~~ <sup>CACTUS-HEADED</sup> FRIEND, WHAT'S COOKING IN THE CULTURE CORNER TONIGHT?

MOORE: Well, James, this evening's nugget of knowledge, friends, is a report to the nation on Hollywood, where the movie stars try to walk around un-noticed. <sup>You know</sup> I saw Cecil B. DeMille coming down Wilshire Boulevard this morning. <sup>Well naturally</sup> He didn't wanna be conspicuous, so he was driving a neon box-car drawn by sixteen buffalo... But tonite in particular we deal with that world-famous street-corner, Sunset and Vine in Hollywood, where they say <sup>you can always</sup> ~~all show-~~ <sup>meet a friend.</sup> ~~business-meets.~~

ORCHESTRA: "MANHATTAN SERENADE"

MOORE: And yet, it might be any street-corner in any town... Two men approach each other from opposite directions. They start to pass - they stop - look back - and the first man says --

ORCHESTRA: CUT MUSIC

HOWARD: Well - well whaddayuh know!  
MOORE: Well, for goodness sakes!  
HOWARD: <sup>Well,</sup> Harry, you old moose, you!  
MOORE: <sup>Well,</sup> George, you old kangaroo!  
HOWARD: Well, I'll be doggoned!  
MOORE: Well, I'm a son-of-a-gun!  
HOWARD: Ha ha ha ha.  
MOORE: Ha ha ha ha.  
HOWARD: Ha ha ha ha

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MOORE: Ha ha ha ha.....Well, whaddayuh know.

HOWARD: Well, for goodness sakes!

MOORE: *Oh, doggone*  
~~Long~~ er - long time no see.

HOWARD: Yeah - yeah! Long time no see!..

MOORE: Ha ha ha ha.

HOWARD: Ha ha ha ha.

MOORE: Ha ha ha.

~~HOWARD: Ha ha... Long, er - long time no see YOU, either!~~

MOORE: Yup! Long time no see me.

HOWARD: Ha ha ha ha.

MOORE: Ha ha ha.

~~HOWARD: Ha ha ha.~~

BOTH: Haaaaaa.

MOORE: George, you old bull-moose *you!*

HOWARD: Harry, you old kangaroo!

MOORE: Well, I'll be doggoned.

HOWARD: Well, I'm a son-of-a-gun!

MOORE: Ha ha ha.

HOWARD: Ha ha ha.

MOORE: How's, er - how's every little thing?

HOWARD: Oh, just about the same!

MOORE: Well, isn't that fine!

~~HOWARD: Ha ha ha ha.~~

MOORE: Ha ha ha ha.

HOWARD: Ha ha ha.

~~MOORE: Ha ha~~ *Yes - just about the same.*

HOWARD: How's everything with YOU?

MOORE: Ohhhh - can't complain!

HOWARD: Well, isn't that fine!

MOORE: Ha ha ha ha.

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HOWARD: Ha ha ha ha.

MOORE: Ha ha ha.

HOWARD: Ha ha ha.

MOORE: Ha ha.

BOTH: Haaaaaaa.

MOORE: George, you old bull-moose, you.

HOWARD: Harry, you old kangaroo!

MOORE: Well, I'll be doggoned!

HOWARD: Well, I'm a son-of-a-gun!

MOORE: Ha ha ha.

HOWARD: Ha ha ha.

MOORE: How's, er - how's the better half?

HOWARD: Oh, fine as silk! Ha ha ha.

MOORE: Well, that's fine!..Ha ha ha.

HOWARD: Ha ha ha.

MOORE: Ha ha.

HOWARD: How's er - how's YOUR little lady?

MOORE: Ohhh - in the pink - in the pink...Ha ha ha.

HOWARD: Well, that's fine...Ha ha ha.

MOORE: *Yes sir - the little lady is in the pink.*  
Ha ha ha ha.

HOWARD: Ha ha ha.

MOORE: Ha ha.

BOTH: Haaaaaaa.

MOORE: George, you old bull-moose you!

HOWARD: *Well,* Harry, you old kangaroo!

MOORE: Well, I'll be doggoned.

HOWARD: Well, I'm a son-of-a-gun.

MOORE: Ha ha ha.

HOWARD: Ha ha ha.

MOORE: Well, gotta be running along, old man.

HOWARD: Yeah, yeah - gotta be moving, myself *you know!*

MOORE: Nice to have seen yuh, though.

HOWARD: Oh, just dandy seein' you!

MOORE: Well, so long.

HOWARD: Well - see yuh around.

MOORE: Ha ha ha ha.

HOWARD: Ha ha ha ha.

MOORE: Ha ha ha.

HOWARD: Ha ha ha.

MOORE: George, you old bull moose.

HOWARD: Harry, you old kangaroo.

MOORE: Well, I'll be doggoned.

HOWARD: Well, I'm a son-of-a-gun. *Tell whaddayah know!*

ORCHESTRA: "MANHATTAN SERENADE" (FADE QUICKLY TO BG)

MOORE: The two men part company. When they are a block apart, they both stop, scratch their heads and say --

ORCHESTRA: MUSIC OUT

MOORE & PETRIE: I've seen that guy before somewhere. I wonder who he is..?

ORCHESTRA: PLAYOFF

APPLAUSE

DURANTE: JUNIOR, THAT WAS A MOST ~~edifying~~ *edifying* LITTLE SKETCH YOU JUST DID, AND IT MARKS A ~~mile~~ *mill*-STONE IN RADIO.

MOORE: *Jimmy, I think you mean*  
A file-stone? *of* what kind?

DURANTE: THAT'S THE ONLY SKETCH I EVER HEARD WHERE THE ACTORS LAUGH LOUDER THAN THE AUDIENCE.

MOORE: Certainly. I'm no fool... Yuh know, I told a *in a night club* joke *once* and waited for the audience to laugh.

DURANTE: *You old bull moose!* *M: You're doggoned!*  
YEAH? WHAT HAPPENED?

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MOORE: *I'll never know.*  
~~I dunno.~~ They closed the joint at midnight... So let's  
make room for a sure-fire gal with a sure-fire song.

ORCHESTRA: START GIBBS' INTRO

MOORE: The sweetheart of our show, Georgia Gibbs, with  
"How Sweet You Are".

DURANTE: SING, MISS GIBBS.

GIBBS: "HOW SWEET YOU ARE"

APPLAUSE



PETRIE: Do you know there are only twenty-nine shopping days 'till Christmas? Well, it's true, if you're sending something to that soldier overseas, because presents for overseas Army personnel must be mailed by October 15th, <sup>and</sup> for men in the Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard by November 1st. Packages must not be over a certain size, but a carton of Camels is well within the limit -- and of course Camels are first with men in all the services, Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, according to actual sales records. And remember -- Camels stay fresh, anywhere -- stay cool smoking and slow burning, because Camels are packed to go around the world! For Christmas, send that fellow overseas a carton of mild, rich-tasting Camels! Mark it "Christmas Package" -- and don't include matches!

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

PETRIE: Camels! If there's over 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

MOORE: At which pulsating point, my friends, the Thursday Evening False Wig and Bustle Club presents a drama of Movieland entitled, "Andy Hardy Gets a Mickey Finn.... Now Andy isn't Hardy anymore." Jimmy, tonight you and I are movie producers and you're our prize Director..You're topped only by Orson Welles.

DURANTE: ORSON WELLES! WHAT HAS HE GOT THAT I HAVEN'T GOT? (SIGHS) AND ISN'T SHE SO NICE TO COME HOME TO! BUT JUNIOR LET'S GET BACK TO THE OFFICE...AND START THE DRAMA....

ORCHESTRA: MUSICAL BRIDGE...."YOU OUGHT TO BE IN PICTURES"...FADE

SOUND: PHONE RINGS...RECEIVER OFF

MOORE: Hello, Durante and Moore Million Dollar Productions...talk fast they're taking our phone <sup>out</sup> ~~away~~ in an hour.

PETRIE: *Oh* Hello, Boss. This is your big money maker...Diana Duck.

MOORE Diana Duck? Wait a minute...you're Donald Duck.

PETRIE: *Yeah,* That's what I thought...but this morning I laid an egg!

SOUND: PHONE HOOK ON

MOORE: Gosh, there's a lot of work to be done...Hey Jimmy where are you?

DURANTE: (OFF) BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE, PARTNER...I'M HERE ON THE SET WATCHING FIFTY BEAUTIFUL HULA GIRLS IN GRASS SKIRTS.

MOORE: *But* Jimmy you're supposed to be working on the symphony for our new picture.

DURANTE: THAT'S WHAT I'M DOING NOW JUNIOR...I'M CONCENTRATING ON THE FIRST THREE MOVEMENTS! WHAT A SYMPHONY!

MOORE: *Jimmy James,* put away your lorgnette and come over here...we've got to decide on a trademark for our studio.

DURANTE: I'VE BEEN COGITATING ABOUT THAT JUNIOR, <sup>Cogitating. M. Yeah. D.</sup> DO YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO HAVE A TRADEMARK LIKE M.G.M., A LION GROWLING?

MOORE: Nooooo, We better start small. Let's get a mouse with the hiccups. <sup>I tell you what -</sup> But/a trademark isn't all we got to worry about. We're having trouble with our big star, Cuddles Bongshnook. <sup>Bay</sup> She's plenty burned up.

~~SOUND: DOOR OPENS... TRUMPET FANFARE~~

PETRIE: Announcing...Cuddles Bongshnook!

~~SOUND: TRUMPET FANFARE~~

PETRIE: Critics all over the world say she's the Fairest of the Fair!

~~SOUND: SOUR TROMBONE NOTE~~

~~PETRIE: That last was MY opinion!~~

ELVIA: Oh there you are you two Sub-Zero Zanucks.

DURANTE: MISS BONGSHNOOK, I RESENT THAT. YOU'RE TALKING TO THE BIGGEST PRODUCER IN HOLLYWOOD. DID YOU SEE "GONE WITH THE WIND?"

ELVIA: Yeah.

DURANTE: DID YOU SEE "THIS IS THE ARMY?"

ELVIA: Yeah.

DURANTE: DID YOU SEE "FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS?"

ELVIA: Yeah.

DURANTE: I PAID TO GET IN <sup>To, only one</sup> ~~ALL~~ OF THEM.

ELVIA: I just found out every star in Hollywood is getting more money than I am...I'm working for peanuts...do you hear? For peanuts...what do you think I am...a monkey?

MOORE: I don't know <sup>if you're a monkey</sup> but you're the only girl I know Gargantua tips his hat to.

ELVIA: How dare you associate me with Gargantua? We broke off three weeks ago. *Now you listen to me* Unless I get a decent leading man I'm walking out.

DURANTE: MISS BONGSHNOOK ~~WE HAVE TRIED YOU WITH EVERY LEADING MAN IN TOWN.~~ *leading man* THERE'S ONLY ONE ~~PETROW~~ LEFT IN THE WAITING ROOM - RONALD COALBIN - I'LL BRING HIM IN NOW.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

PETRIE: No. No. I tell you I didn't do it....I didn't ....I didn't .... Take them away those cold grey walls..... pressing inward, inward....I'm too young, do you hear me? I'm much too young. (HYSTERICAL LAUGH)

MOORE: Wait a minute...what are you crying about?

PETRIE: Nothing. But ain't I talented.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: WELL, MISS BONGSHNOOK. WHAT DO YOU THINK?

ELVIA: All that ham, and no ration points.

MOORE: Miss Bongshnook, you can't leave us flat. Here is our final offer. Today we start shooting our biggest picture "Anthony and Cleopatra"...and Jimmy and I will be your leading men.....

ELVIA: Oh no!

MOORE: *Oh yes!* But you'll love the story. *you'll love it!* When the scene opens you're drifting down the river Nile on a lovely barge and the air is filled with the smell of roses.

DURANTE: I WORKED ON A BARGE ONCE BUT IT DIDN'T SMELL LIKE ROSES... BUT COME, MISS BONGSHNOOK SHOOTING STARTS ON STAGE TEN IMMEDIATELY!

ORCH: ORIENTAL BRIDGE MUSIC

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MOORE: Stand by for scene <sup>fellows</sup> one/ "Caesar and Cleopatra on the barge". Cameras...Roll 'em, and remember, Miss Bongshnok....you're playing a sweet and lovely girl. *Now*  
Action..

ELVIA: Ah Julius, isn't this lovely ... paddling down the Nile?

DURANTE: YEAH...BUT I SHOULDA BROUGHT SOME OARS ALONG...MY NOSE IS GETTING TIRED.

ELVIA: *I* - I, Cleopatra, am madly in love with you, Julius...When all the world grows cold about you...I would gladly lay myself at your feet.....to give you warmth.

DURANTE: SAY WHAT ARE YOU....A WOMAN OR A HOT WATER BOTTLE?

PETRIE: (WOLF WHISTLE)

MOORE: (OFF) Hoy Cleo ... <sup>Tis</sup> ~~It's~~ I - Mark Anthony...

ELVIA: Hark! .... there's Mark in the Dark, ~~Julius~~.

DURANTE: EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT! I'LL HIDE WHILE YOU GET RID OF HIM.

MOORE: Oh, Cleopatra....my adored one....Have you forgotten that night in Cairo - we shared a double malted together -- I drank mine through a straw -- you drank yours through a bicycle pump....Ah, my cup cake, let me take your hand in mine.

ELVIA: Yes, Mark..

MOORE: Gad....what pretty fingers!

ELVIA: Mine?

MOORE: No...mine.....

ELVIA: Oh, Mark, my sweet...you've been away so long...let me kiss you the way I used to.

SOUND: LONG LINGERING KISS....TWO CORK POPS.

MOORE: Oh well - who needs tooth!

DURANTE: SIR! UNSQUEEZE THAT WOMAN! *Mr. What! D. Unsqueeze that woman!*

MOORE: What, you! ... Julius Caesar... On guard! This is a  
duel.

SOUND: CLASHING OF METAL

DURANTE: *Wait a minute.*  
/ STOP THIS DUEL... WE AIN'T GETTING ANY PLACE WITH THESE  
NAIL FILES! WE'LL FIGHT THIS OUT, MAN TO MAN.

MOORE: Yeah - well I'm gonna throw one right at your chin.

DURANTE: IT WON'T DO <sup>you</sup> ANY GOOD... WHERE I COME FROM I GOT THE  
STRONGEST CHIN ON THE BLOCK.

MOORE: Strongest chin on the block, oh? Well, take that!

SOUND: SOCK AND CRASH

DURANTE: WELL WHADDYA KNOW! A BLOCK BUSTER!

MOORE: *Okay,* Okay - cut. *the end of the scene.* Well, Miss Bongshnok *I want to say that you* / you were superb as  
Cleopatra... How did you like us as Roman Gladiators?

ELVIA: Frankly, gentlemen, the Groecks had a bird for it ...  
and *I have I. Good night!* ~~I do not. Good bye!~~

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

~~MOORE: Oh great - I had two thousand dollars of my own money  
in that production. Now what can I do, Mr. Caesar?~~

~~DURANTE: THAT IS YOUR PROBLEM, MR. ANTHONY!~~

DURANTE: OH FINE! A GREAT JULIUS CAESAR I AM! TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS  
OF MY OWN MONEY SUNK IN THAT PRODUCTION. NOW MARK ANTHONY,  
WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?

MOORE: You'll have to take that problem to the other Mr. Anthony.

MOORE: *Oh* Wait a minute. *wait a minute.* Here comes our last hope *Jimmy* /- our one remaining star, Bossy the Cow.

DURANTE: *Yah* HELLO BOSSY, MY BOVINE BEAUTY...

MOORE: Hiya, Bossy, pull up a milk pail and sit down. *you know* We're going to make you our new star....How about fifty dollars a week?

PETRIE: (COW) (NEGATIVELY) Nooooooooooooo!

DURANTE: HOW ABOUT SIXTY A WEEK?

PETRIE: Nooooooooooooo!

MOORE: All right, seventy a week...and *for a leading man well* ~~we'll let you do a love~~ *get you* scene with Ferdinand, the bull....

PETRIE: Moooooooooooo.....Woo! Woo!

DURANTE: THAT'S A DEAL. LET'S SHAKE HANDS ON THAT, BOSSY.

SOUND: SPLASHING OF JETS OF MILK

DURANTE: NO, BOSSY...I SAID HANDS.

ORCH: PLAYOFF

APPLAUSE

51454 4189

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

MCGREHAN:    To Sergeant Martin Moritz, of Benson, Illinois, an Army medical worker with a battalion which made two amphibious landings behind the German lines on the north coast of Sicily. While bringing a wounded American soldier to cover, he was severely wounded himself, and though he had to fight to retain consciousness, he continued to care for his patient until help came. In your honor, Sergeant Moritz, the makers of Camels are sending to our soldiers overseas four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes. We salute you, Sergeant Martin Moritz!

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.

ORCH:        "WHO WILL BE WITH YOU"



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

MOORE: AN exquisite note, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: A BEAUTIFUL NOTE, MR. MOORE.

MOORE: *Yes, sir* Now that we've passed another performance would you  
care to join me at the Brown Derby?

DURANTE: BROWN DERBY! JUNIOR, YOU WERE THERE LAST NIGHT.

MOORE: I know, *Junior but* My wife says we need a pepper shaker, too!

DURANTE: WHY, JUNIOR MOORE! YOU MEAN YOU'D STOOP TO LARCENY?

MOORE: Aw, now wait a minute....You know I've seen the  
towels at your home and you're last name aint *Ray Carter!*  
~~SAYON-PLANN!~~

DURANTE: .....JUNIOR, I DID NOT SWIPE THOSE TOWELS. I HAD  
TO HAVE SOMETHING TO WRAP THEIR ASH TRAYS IN.

MOORE: Oh, well, goodnight Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: GOODNIGHT, MR. MOORE.....

OROH: PLAYOFF

BOTH: GOODNIGHT, EVERYBODY!

(APPLAUSE)

51454 4191

PETRIE: Listen to each of the three Camel shows -- tomorrow, Bob Hawk, in the comedy quiz "Thanks to the Yanks"; next Monday it's "Blondie" who will have as their house guest, Dorothy Lamour, in person - in cooperation with the U. S. Treasury; 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 remember to send your Christmas carton of Camels overseas now! Send Camels -- first in the service! They stay fresh because they're 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 goodnight for all the gang.

SHIELDS: More pipes smoke Prince Albert! Yes, more pipes smoke  
(In Studio  
J) Prince Albert than any other pipe tobacco in the world --  
and have for years! We say that's mighty solid proof of  
Prince Albert's mild, mellow, fragrant tobacco goodness.  
You know, good P.A. is no-bite treated for cool, tongue-  
happy smoking comfort, and crimp cut to pack and draw and  
burn just right! Get the two-ounce pocket package of  
Prince Albert -- holds around fifty pipefuls. You'll say  
P.A.'s for Pipe Appeal! It's the National Joy Smoke!

This program came to you from Hollywood.

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