

(REVISED)

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WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

..THE CAMEL PROGRAM..

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1943  
NBC NETWORK  
7:00 - 7:30 PM PWT

PROGRAM NO. 27

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

ELVIA ALLMAN

FRED SHIELDS

DIRECTOR -- PHIL COHAN

51454 4194

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1943

7:00 - 7:30 PM PWT

(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 with the show under way, we present now that noted  
raconteur, bum vivant, and composer of the hit tune,  
"I Slugged Her With An Onion When She Trod Upon My Bunion,"  
-- Mr. Garry Moore.

(APPLAUSE)

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MOORE: Well, <sup>Thank you very much,</sup> Thank you, my friends, and good evening, culture lovers everywhere... Well, sir - here it is, Thursday again, and the maid's night out again... Of course we're pretty strict at our house - the last Thursday night we let our maid out was two years ago. I wish she'd come back. Of course she did leave us her book of recipes, but they're no good to us, they all start out with "take a clean dish." We <sup>re gonna</sup> wait just one more year, and if she doesn't come back -- we'll wait. <sup>after all as the</sup> ~~oh well,~~ <sup>once</sup> a fortune teller told me my life would be full of pains.

ELVIA: Calling me, Mr. Moore?

MOORE: Oh, hello, Cuddles, my, you're looking sweet tonight.

ELVIA: Thanks.

MOORE: What's that you've got on? Your face?... I mean, what's that you've got on your face?

ELVIA: Why, don't you know? It's the latest thing for ladies. The new pancake make-up.

MOORE: Pancake? But Cuddles, your nose is so shiny.

ELVIA: I know. That's the molasses. <sup>Mr. the molasses!</sup> Don't you like it?

MOORE: Oh indood I dee. Indoo I dee. But let's get to work, what's in the mail for this week?

ELVIA: Well, this first ~~young~~ letter says, "Dear Mr. Moore, I love your show. Every Thursday finds me hanging over my radio."

MOORE: Hanging OVER his radio?

ELVIA: Yes.

MOORE: Well, we're glad to have him, even in that condition... <sup>Carry on, carry on.</sup>

ELVIA: He says here, "Mr. Moore, why do you always say "Indood I dee"?... Do you want people to think you're nuts?"

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MOORE: Why, nertainly sot - nertainly sot...I'll admit I may sound a little nuts, but I'm not as bad off as some thinkle peep I am.....Next letter, please?

ALLMAN: The next letter <sup>is</sup> from a young man in Egg Stain, Massachusetts. <sup>My: shall nice.</sup> He wants to know if it's safe to fly without a parachute.

MOORE: Oh, good yacious gress. You know, Cuddles, I learned to fly by going to the airport and watching Sally Rand! ... I'd always wanted to see her take off <sup>isn't that awful</sup> and I got so good at it, that yesterday I made my first solo flight and I nearly established a record.

ALLMAN: A record for what?

MOORE: For being the first person to climb DOWN a tree, without first climbing UP.

ALLMAN: *Oh* You don't mean you crashed?

MOORE: Well - not quite. <sup>no</sup> I started out, yuh see, by doing a loop-the-loop...And I wanna tell yuh, <sup>Cuddles,</sup> on that first loop I was so scared, the sins of my whole life flashed before my eyes.

ALLMAN: Well gee whiz - what did you do?

MOORE: It was so interesting I went back and looped 8 more times! But in answer to the young man's <sup>question I say this -</sup> parachutes are strictly unnecessary, if you jump out without one, you come down anyway. And so we close the mail bag for tonight and bring on a special package from <sup>brockway</sup> ~~the dead-letter office~~ ...

ORCH: DURANTES' INTRO

Containing therein, Jimmy Durante, in person.....

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG. *(M: Oh sing it Jimmy...)*

MOORE: *Oh* Jimmy, you're as happy as a lark in the dark in the park.  
How comes *that*?

DURANTE: LAST WEEK I'M TAKING A VACATION ON MY FARM. AND WHILE I'M MINGLING WITH THE CHICKS AND THEIR LITTLE CHICLETS, I GOES INTO THE BARN TO MILK MY COW AND FOR COMPANY I TAKES ALONG MY MIDGET RADIO. JUST AS I'M GETTING READY TO DO MY CHORES, THE COW SWALLOWS THE RADIO. ...NOW EVERY TIME I MILK THAT COW, I GET MY FAVORITE PROGRAM ... THANKS TO THE YANKS! WHAT A FER-NOM-MINA!

MOORE: You should have kept dialing, *Jimmy* ~~you would~~ *might* have gotten "Squeeze the People".

DURANTE: SQUEEZE THE PEOPLE! *That's very humorous* I MUST CALL MY LAUNDRY AND TELL THEM TO MAKE A NOTE OF THAT ON MY CUFF. *M: Be very nice.* BUT GARRY, I HAD TO CUT MY VACATION SHORT. AGAIN WASHINGTON IS IN A DILEMMA - AND WHO DO THEY ASK FOR? - DURANTE, OF COURSE. YES, ONCE AGAIN PAUL McNUTT SENDS ME A SOS.

MOORE: Sends you a sos?

DURANTE: YES -- S.O.S. -- SOS! A LITTLE EDUCATION WOULDN'T HURT YOU, MR. MOORE. *M: In earnest! go ahead.* SO I ANSWER HIS SOS BY CALLING HIM LONG DISTANCE. I *greet him with* SAYS: "H'YA, MACK" -- I ADDRESSES HIM IN THE SUPERFLUOUS. HE SAYS: "H'YA, J. D." -- HE ADDRESSES ME IN THE OBNOXIOUS. OVER A DISH OF PETTI-FOURS WE DISCUSSES A PHYSICAL CULTURE PLAN FOR WORKERS IN THE DEFENSE PLANTS.

MOORE: A great idea. That *should* ~~would~~ help reduce absentee-ism.

DURANTE: ABSENCE-TEE-ISM.

MOORE: Jimmy, *that* word is pronounced absenteeism.

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DURANTE: JUNIOR PLEASE CORRECT ME WHEN WE'RE ALONE. *M: Forgive me.* TO CONTINUE,  
THE FIRST PERSON I STARTS WITH IS MR. MCNUTT HIMSELF.  
SO I PUTS HIM ON A DIET OF ONE LEAF OF LETTUCE A DAY  
AND BEFORE THE WEEK IS OVER -- HE GAINS TEN POUNDS.

MOORE: Ten pounds on one leaf of lettuce?

DURANTE: YEAH -- HE PUTS THE LETTUCE UNDER A PORTERHOUSE STEAK.

MOORE: Ah -- steak! *M: Vaguely. D: Vaguely, very vaguely.*

DURANTE: YEAH -- REMEMBER, *Jimmy* WELL GARRY, I STARTS MY PHYSICAL  
CULTURE TOUR AT THE HENRY KAISER SHIPYARDS. I'M  
PRESENTED TO THE WORKERS AND TO IMPRESS THE CROWDS,  
I PUTS ON MY TWO-TONED SNEAKERS, MY SNUG FITTING SHORTS  
AND MY TURTLE NECK SWEATER.-- BUT IT'S NO USE -- I HAD  
TO TAKE OFF THE TURTLE NECK SWEATER.

MOORE: Take it off -- why?

DURANTE: EVERYBODY MISTOOK ME FOR A TURTLE -- BUT THE FIRST  
THING I TEACHES THE WORKERS IS BOXING. THEY PUSH IN ONE  
OPPONENT AND I WIN. THEY PUSH IN A SECOND OPPONENT AND  
I WIN. THEY PUSH IN A THIRD OPPONENT BUT THIS TIME I  
LOSE.

MOORE: *You lose!* What happened?

DURANTE: THEY PUSHED IN A MAN!

MOORE: *Oh Jimmy,* That was *eminently* unfair.

DURANTE: YES, THEY NEVER GAVE ME A CHANCE TO PUT THE HORSESHOE IN  
MY BOXING GLOVES. SO I SWITCHES TO SWIMMING INSTRUCTING.  
FIRST I TEACHES THEM THE ART OF FLOATING. SO I  
DEMONSTRATES BY FLOATING DOWN THE RIVER ON MY BACK.

MOORE: Floating downstream is very restful, Jimmy.

DURANTE: NOT WITH MY NOSE. EVERY FEW MINUTES I HAD TO WHISTLE FOR  
A BRIDGE TO GO UP.

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MOORE: You should float on your stomach and dredge for clams.  
 DURANTE: I TRIED THAT, MR. MOORE, BUT ALL I GOT WAS A BEAK-FULL OF BARNACLES. BUT GARRY, EVEN MR. KAISER DECIDES TO TRY THE DURANTE SYSTEM OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. SO I PERSCRIBES HORSEBACK RIDING FOR HIM. WHILE WE'RE CANTERING THROUGH THE FIELDS, WE SEES A RABBIT CHASING UMBRIAGO - A FOX CHASING THE RABBIT THAT'S CHASING UMBRIAGO - AND A DOG CHASING THE FOX THAT'S CHASING THE RABBIT THAT'S CHASING UMBRIAGO.

MOORE: Well who was Umbriago chasing?

DURANTE: A WILD OBOY -- THAT'S AN ANIMAL THAT EATS ONIONS AND GARLIC AND EVERY TIME IT PASSES YOU - OH BOY!!

MOORE: Ah that Umbriago, he gets the best of everything, *doesn't he.*

DURANTE: A RASCAL - BUT LOVABLE/<sup>*Mr. I think so.*</sup> SO LEAVING UMBRIAGO, MR. KAISER AND ME GOES GALLOPING TO AND FRO . WE WERE DELAYED SOMEWHAT BY THE FACT THAT I WAS RIDING A VERY POLITE HORSE.<sup>*Oh. Polite!*</sup> EVERY TIME WE GETS TO A FENCE, HE STOPS AND LETS ME GO OVER FIRST ... AFTER WE GETS HOME, I GIVES MR. KAISER A MASSAGE.

MOORE:<sup>*A massage.*</sup> Oh, I see, Jimmy, you're a masseur. *Mr. I didn't notice ...*

DURANTE: WELL IT'S OBVIOUS I'M NOT A MADEMOISELLE./ BUT BEFORE I GIVES HIM HIS MASSAGE, I GLANCED THROUGH MY PHYSICAL CULTURE BOOK AND I'M TAKEN ABACK. *S* I SAYS: *T* MR. KAISER, "I CAN'T GIVE YOU YOUR EXERCISES UNTIL I GET HITLER AND TOE - JOE.

MOORE: Hitler and Tojo? What have they got to do with it?

DURANTE: I DON'T KNOW, GARRY, BUT THIS IS WHAT IT SAYS IN THE BOOK. QUOTE --- "BEFORE YOU START ANY EXERCISES, MAKE SURE YOU BRING THE HEELS TOGETHER."

MOORE: Oh that's too much for me!

DURANTE: YES ... BUT YOU KNOW THAT (ETC)

ORCH: PLAYOFF

(APPLAUSE)



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

ORCHESTRA: INTRO

ALLMAN: Once there lived a Queen who was a Real Conceited Dame -- She'd gaze into her mirror and unblushingly exclaim -- "Mirror -- mirror on the wall -- greetings and hello -- Who's the smoothest of them all - as if I didn't know!" The mirror would politely say, "Why you're the smoothest, Queenie!"

Till someone gave a Camel to the mirror's grateful genie. So when the Queen next asked him, though he knew it wouldn't sooth her,

He had to answer, "You're not bad, but Camels are still smoother!"

PETRIE: And besides that, the Queen wasn't packed to go around the world, and Camels are! They're packed to stay fresh, cool smoking and slow burning, anywhere, for months at a time! And remember, if you're looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many you smoke, just try a pack of Camels in your T-Zone -- "T" for taste and throat, everybody's own proving ground for Camel cigarettes' extra flavor and extra mildness. Yes, you'll see that Camels' expert blending of costlier tobaccos does give them more flavor, helps 'em hold up, pack after pack!

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

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

ORCHESTRA: INTRO TO "THEY'RE EITHER TOO YOUNG OR TOO OLD"

ORCH:        INTRO

MOORE:        Well, it's Roy Bargy and his orchestra, now declaring a musical dividend in the shape of a brand new tune from a brand new show....~~the title is~~ "They're Either Too Young Or Too Old."

ORCH:        "THEY'RE EITHER TOO YOUNG OR TOO OLD."  
(APPLAUSE)

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DURANTE: AND THAT WAS MR. ROY BARGY, HIS BATOON AND HIS ORCHESTRA -  
 WITH A SONG SO FAMOUS, IT NEEDS NO MENTION - SO TO HECK  
 WITH IT - I WON'T MENTION IT. BUT I WILL MENTION MR. GARRY  
 MOORE AND HIS WELL-KNOWN STORIES OF LITTLE KNOWN PEOPLE...  
 MR. MOORE, <sup>whose birthday are we celebrating tonight.</sup> ~~WHOM ARE YOU SALUTING TONIGHT?~~

MOORE: A friend of mine, James - named Pismo Algonquin Frump.

DURANTE: PISMO ALGONQUIN FRUMP? / <sup>M: That's right.</sup> PRAY ELUCIDATE. *M: Is that. D: Thank you.*

ORCHESTRA: SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME - (SNEAK IN)

MOORE: Well, I thought you ought to know about Pismo - because  
 his was a difficult life ... He was born in the little  
 town of HICS-burg, North Dakota,...and became an orphan  
 at the age of 7, when his father caught a severe cold  
 from riding in an open patrol wagon ... Well, there was  
 Pismo, all by himself in HICS-burg, North Dakota, with no  
 one to care what became of him...One bad thing led to  
 another, and soon he was singing on the radio. The Bobby  
 Breen of HICS-burg, North Dakota

GOOD SHIP LOLLYPOP - (First 4 only)

<sup>tell from there on in -- it was --</sup>  
 Well - you can imagine what happened. The only thing he  
 got out of that job was a shower of old grape-fruit rinds -  
 which he subsequently took home with him to class up his  
 garbage.

But, still undiscouraged, Pismo packed his bags and left  
 HICS-burg, North Dakota - and after many years of arduous  
 travel, arrived in Moscow - South Dakota...Here he  
 inherited four million dollars from a distant uncle -- a  
 retired village idiot.

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MOORE:  
(CONT'D)

Well! From there on in, there was no holding Pismo Algonquin Frump! He moved to New York, hired a theatre, and presented <sup>his own production of</sup> "Maytime" with himself singing BOTH the leading parts....Like this --

"SWEETHEARTS" from MAYTIME - (First 16)

Well, needless to say, in two weeks the name of Pismo Frump was on everyone's lips like twin fever-blisters... from the duet in Maytime he progressed to the quartette from Rigoletto, the Sextette from Lucia, and a brunette named Eloise from Kansis City.

ORCHESTRA: SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME - (SNEAK IN)

But like many people who attain sudden greatness, Pismo was riding for a fall...In the Spring of '41, he hired the Metropolitan Opera House and sang the Pilgrim's Chorus of 100 voices all by himself. At the premiere, a near-sighted member of Pismo's Draft Board heard Pismo with his one hundred voices, had him drafted and made a platoon of him...And for three months Pismo stayed <sup>alone</sup> <sup>that</sup> in the Army Camp, shouting orders at himself, saluting himself, passing himself in review, until one day - the inevitable happened. (MUSIC OUT) He got mad at something he'd said to himself, had himself court-martialed, and shot himself at sunrise. And the moral of our story is.....Well, what do you know?

No.moral!

ORCHESTRA: PLAYOFF

APPLAUSE

DURANTE: JUNIOR THAT WAS A MOST HEART-BREAKING NARRATIVE....LIKE  
*Primo - M: Pismo Frump - O!*  
PISMO FRUMP, I TOO HAVE NO ONE TO LOVE ME.

MOORE: Oh, pish-tosh and fiddle-de-dee! I love you, James.

DURANTE: DO YOU, JUNIOR?

MOORE: I certainly do.

DURANTE: SHALL WE CONSIDER OURSELVES ENGAGED?

MOORE: Well - later perhaps.

ORCH: START GIBB'S INTRO

MOORE: But the next few minutes are engaged by our audience, who  
two weeks ago fell deeply in love with a new blues<sup>tune</sup>, as  
introduced by Georgie Gibb's...She sings it for us  
again tonight "Shoo Shoo Baby."

*Gibbs: Shoo Shoo Baby*  
*Applause*

PETRIE: Just picture the day before Christmas -- at that base overseas where the fellow you know is stationed. It's Mail Call, the last one before Christmas. "Any mail for me?" a soldier asks. "No, sorry, Mac, nothing for you!" the mailman tells him. Don't let that happen, will you? Christmas packages for soldiers overseas should be mailed before October 15th, <sup>and</sup> for Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guardsmen before November 1st. And the Army Postal Service hopes that most Christmas packages will be mailed before the end of September. We're pretty sure he'll like a carton of Camels, because Camels are first with men in all the services, according to actual sales records. And Camel cigarettes will be fresh when they reach him, cool smoking and slow burning, because Camels are packed to go around the world! Send him a carton of Camels, mild, rich-tasting Camels for Christmas! Mark it "Christmas Package", and don't include matches!

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!

ORCHESTRA: PLAYOFF

MOORE: At which momentous moment, my friends, the Thursday Evening False Wig and Bustle Club presents a ladies' fashion drama entitled "He Made Her a Strapless Evening Gown, So She Sued Him for Non-Support". <sup>Jimmy</sup> James, in this sketch you play the part of a designer ... do you know anything about dresses?

DURANTE: DO I? ... WHY, I'M KNOWN AS THE SACRAMENTO SCHLEPERELLI... I DESIGNED THE MOST EXPENSIVE DRESS OF 1942 ... IT HAD A GOLD CAPE, A PLATIMUN SKIRT, A DIAMOND BELT AND A NOSEGUARD.

MOORE: <sup>and</sup> A noseguard?

DURANTE: YES ... FOR THE WIFE TO PUT ON BEFORE TELLING HER HUSBAND THE PRICE.

MOORE: Jimmy, <sup>D. Jager</sup> that idea should raise you from obscurity to oblivion. / But say, partner, on with the drama. I think I hear the phone ringing.

SOUND: TELEPHONE RING...RATCHET...RING...RATCHET...RING...RATCHET

MOORE: Well, <sup>Alternating</sup> current...

SOUND: RECEIVER OFF HOOK

MOORE: Hello, Durante and Moore's Dress Shoppey.

ALLMAN: (FILTER) (LAUGHINGLY) ...Hello, this is Mrs. Long-Puss -- HaHa - I'm sorry I was so grouchy over at your place yesterday -- HA HA.

MOORE: But, Mrs. Long-Puss - you're always so grouchy. How come you're laughing now?

ALLMAN: Well, I'm wearing that feathered dress you designed for me yesterday - and it's all wrong.

MOORE: What's wrong with it?

ALLMAN: I wanted the feathers on the outside!

SOUND: HANG UP PHONE

MOORE: My my - that's certainly a ticklish situation. Hey,  
Jimmy ... where are you?

DURANTE: I'M HERE IN THE WORKROOM. I'M CREATING A DRESS THAT WILL  
REVOLUTIONIZE THE INDUSTRY.

MOORE: Can I help you?

DURANTE: YES. FIRST GIVE ME SOME HOT WATER.

MOORE: Okay.

DURANTE: NOW GIVE ME THE SUGAR. / NOW GIVE ME THE LEMON. / NOW GIVE ME  
THE ORANGE PEE-KO. / ..NOW I PUTS THEM ALL IN MY SEWING  
MACHINE...

SOUND: (SEWING MACHINE MOTOR RUNNING) (BIG CRASH OF CHINA)

DURANTE: THERE MUST BE AN EASIER WAY TO MAKE A TEA GOWN!

MOORE: *Jimmy* Well, this has been a hard day for both of us. I just  
tried creating a victory dress. To save material I made it  
out of old newspapers.

DURANTE: OH -- HOW DID IT WORK OUT?

MOORE: Not so good. I tried it on a fat lady, and she sat right  
down on Mrs. Pruneface and smoothed out all her wrinkles.  
What a dilemia!

DURANTE: *Jr.* JUNIOR, THAT WORD IS PRONOUNCED DE-LEM-MA.

MOORE: Correct me when we're alone. / Oh, look...here comes our  
floor-walker, Abercrombie Twitch.

PETRIE: (HYSTERICAL) Water! ... Water! ... I must have water, do  
you hear me? Give me some water! ... I MUST HAVE WATER!



MOORE: Okay - here's some water.

PETRIE: *hell* Thank heavens! Another two seconds and my carnation would have died!

DURANTE: HIM AND HIS CARNATIONS! ... I'D TELL HIM TO WEAR SOME OTHER FLOWER, BUT I CAN'T PRONOUNCE CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

MOORE: *you ain't kidding.* Well, maybe *trying to divide* you can balance the books for this month. I'm tired of *dividing* nothing by two.

DURANTE: WHY DID WE FIRE THAT JANITOR ... HE USED TO TAKE US OUT TO LUNCH ONCE IN A WHILE.

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS...PHONE UP

MOORE: Hello.

ALLMAN: Mr. Moore, this is Miss Agatha Farfel, the debutante. I'm giving my coming out party this afternoon.

MOORE: Jimmy - it's Agatha Farfel - she's coming out today.

DURANTE: COMING OUT? WHAT IS SHE? A DEBUTANTE OR A GROUND HOG!

MOORE: I've seen her, and it's *a little* hard to tell... Err - yes, Miss Farfel?

ALLMAN: At my party there will be 700 handsome young men. What do you think I'd be expected to wear?

MOORE: A dress ... and do you know - that's so true! But *you* call around at 3 o'clock and we'll have just what you want.

ALLMAN: Very well. But be careful. Let's not forget my prestige. Let's not forget my background. Let's not forget Charles Boyer.

MOORE: Charles Boyer - what about him?

ALLMAN: Nothing. But let's not forget him.

SOUND: (RECEIVER UP)

ORCH: ALICE BLUE GOWN - FADE QUICKLY

MOORE: Well, Jimmy - there it is - I <sup>just</sup> finished Miss Farfel's gown.

DURANTE: YEAH, BUT ARE YOU SURE IT'S THE PROPER STYLE?

MOORE: <sup>With it in your, ~~it~~</sup> It ~~makes~~ no difference. She can drape it, drip it, drop it, or droop it.

DURANTE: WELL, I JUST HOPE SHE TRIES IT AND BUYS IT.

MOORE: Jimmy, I'll sell her this dress if I have to make love to her to do it. <sup>now</sup> you wait here while I go out and part my hair.

DURANTE: OKAY, JUNIOR - YOU'LL FIND THE TWEEZERS IN THE TOP DRAWER!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

PETRIE: Mr. Durante, what about Miss Farfel's dress? Before she comes, don't you think you ought to try it on for size?

DURANTE: ME? IN A DRESS? WHAT WILL MY SCOUTMASTER SAY!

PETRIE: Oh <sup>now</sup> / <sup>Mr. Durante</sup> come now, / hold your arms up.

DURANTE: NEVER MIND THE DRESS - YOU HELP ME ON WITH THIS OTHER THING.

PETRIE: All right...you pull up on that side, and I'll pull up on this side.

BOTH: (GROANS OF EFFORT)

DURANTE: IT'S NO USE! I'LL NEVER MAKE IT!

PETRIE: Oh, come, Mr. Durante - one more yank and we've got it.

BOTH: (MORE EFFORT)

PETRIE: There you are!

DURANTE: BOY! WHAT A DAME HAS TO GO THROUGH TO GET INTO A PAIR OF GLOVES.

PETRIE: Now with this hat and veil, Mr. Durante, you look JUST like Miss Agatha Farfel.

DURANTE: THANK YOU....SHALL WE DANCE?

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MOORE: Why - why, Miss Farfel....I didn't know you were here.

PETRIE: Oh, but Mr. Moore, this isn't -

MOORE: Please, Twitch...Agatha and I would like to be alone.

PETRIE: Okay....But you'll be sor-reeeee!

SOUND: DOOR SIAM

MOORE: Ah, Agatha, I'm so glad you came to me. You know I admire you - don't you?

DURANTE: (GIGGLE) YOU DO!

MOORE: Think of it, Agatha, *just think of it* the two of us in a home of our own - on the davenport with the lights turned low ...

DURANTE: OH STOP!

~~MOORE: Can you imagine our children, with a mixture of both our features?~~

~~DURANTE: (GIGGLE) INDOOD I DEE!~~

MOORE: Oh, Agatha - say the word and we will fly away together.

DURANTE: (GIGGLE) YES!

MOORE: Marry me, and we'll fly fly through life together.

DURANTE: (GIGGLE) YES!

MOORE: Kiss me, my sweet, Fly with me through the clouds to paradise!

DURANTE: GET ME A PARACHUTE. THIS IS WHERE I BAIL OUT!

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 18-year-old Army Lieutenant John Whitaker, of Fort Worth, Texas, and the four men of his gun crew, which landed with the first American assault troops at Salerno, Italy. Lieutenant Whitaker, his four men, and their single seventy-five millimeter gun were attacked by thirteen German Mark IV tanks. Knowing the tanks might cut up our entire beach-head, they went into action immediately, destroying three tanks and damaging two others, and holding the rest at bay until other anti-tank weapons relieved them. In your honor, Lieutenant Whitaker, the makers of Camels are sending to our soldiers overseas four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes. We salute you and your gun crew, Lieutenant John Whitaker!

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. Since nineteen forty-one Camels have thanked the Yanks in this country with the traveling Camel Caravans, which have given over two thousand free shows and free Camels to audiences of more than three million service men.

ORCHESTRA: "WHO WILL BE WITH YOU".

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

MOORE: An exquisite note, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: A BEAUTIFUL NOTE, MR. MOORE. AND IF YOU'D CARE TO HEAR MORE  
LIKE IT ... I THINK I COULD FIND A LIKELY SPOT THIS EVENING.

MOORE: Oh, not this evening. I've got to go home and write a speech  
about water.

DURANTE: WATER? ... WHAT'S THAT?

MOORE: Well, to some people, Jimmy, water is just that stuff the waiter  
puts down beside your pretzels ... But to your Uncle Sam, water  
is a material of war ... And the same goes for the other utilities,  
too - gas, electricity, oil, coal, transportation and telephones ...  
For instance, a ten percent cut in our use of electricity saves  
four million tons of coal and over seventy-five million electric  
light bulbs every year - and that means more material for the boys  
overseas.

DURANTE: JUNIOR, I DIDN'T REALIZE ... AND FROM NOW ON, I'M GONNA WATER MY  
LAWN WITH A DAMP SPONGE.

MOORE: You do that ... And you too, friends - do what you can.  
Goodnight, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: GOOD NIGHT, MR. MOORE.

ORCH: PLAYOFF (THEME)

BOTH: GOOD NIGHT EVERYBODY.

APPLAUSE

PETRIE: Listen to each of the three Camel shows -- tomorrow, Bob Hawk, in the comedy quiz, "Thanks to the Yanks"; Monday, "Blondie", and this week Frank Morgan pays a visit to the Bumsteads' as he passes through town on a War Bond tour; 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: Remember now is the time to send your Christmas carton of Camels overseas! 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 good night for all the gang.

SHIELDS: Why do more pipes smoke Prince Albert? Why do more  
(IN  
STUDIO J) pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the  
world? Well, one big reason is that good P.A. is  
no-bite treated, prepared scientifically to give you  
cool, bite-free smoking comfort. Prince Albert's crimp  
cut, too, to pack and burn and draw just right. And  
remember, you get around fifty mild, mellow, fragrant  
pipefuls in every handy pocket package. More pipes  
smoke Prince Albert -- it's the National Joy Smoke!

This program came to you from Hollywood.

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