

(REVISED)

*A Broadcast
Master - W - 10/5*

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

..THE CAMEL PROGRAM..

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1943

NBC NETWORK

7:00 - 7:30 PM PWT

PROGRAM NO. 28

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

ELVIA ALLMAN

FRED SHIELDS

DIRECTOR -- PHIL COHAN

51454 4217

(SECOND REVISION)

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1943

7:00 - 7:30 PM PWT

PROGRAM NO. 28

(AS PROGRAM TAKES AIR, AUDIENCE AND CAST ARE LAUGHING....)

(AFTER 3 - 5 SECONDS)

ORCH: PYRAMID CHORDS

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

PETRIE: The Camel Program, with Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante!
(APPLAUSE)

ORCH: THEME FULL AND FADE FOR:

PETRIE: Yes, it's Jimmy Durante, Garry Moore, Georgia Gibbs,
Roy Bargy and his orchestra and yours truly Howard Petrie
.....brought to you by Camel....the cigarette that
stays fresh -- cool-smoking and slow-burning -- because
Camels are packed to go around the world!
So let's clear the decks for action, and present a young
man who is everybody's friend; the rich man and the poor
man -- the big game hunter and the crap game hunter -- Mr.
Garry Moore!
(APPLAUSE)

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MOORE: Well, thank you very much, Mr. Pewtry, and good evening ladies and gentlemen, and lovers of red stamps everywhere.I'm pretty sure I've got a surprise and a thrill ^{in store} for all of us tonight. I've just spotted someone in the audience who I haven't seen for lo these many months..... sitting modestly back there in the last row. Ladies and Gentlemen, a civilian! ^{Isn't that marvelous?} (BIZ) Take care of yourself, will yuh, mister? There are only a few of us left.

ALLMAN: You can say that again, Mr. Moore... For two years now I've sat by the ~~telephone~~, night after night, waiting for a man to call.....(HAPPY) Ah, but ~~now~~ the suspense is over. *Man: What? Allman: The suspense is over.*

MOORE: You got a man?

ALLMAN: Yeah - he came to take out the phone.

MOORE: ^{what's fine} ~~Oh, great...~~ Well, I must say you look very pretty tonight Cuddles what's that you've got on? Your head? ... I mean what's that you've got on your head?

ALLMAN: It's my newest hat creation. It's called "Low Tide At Long Beach."

MOORE: *Low Tide At Long Beach...* It's lovely...where did you find it.

ALLMAN: Low Tide at Long Beach.

MOORE: *Neel* It's ^{really} very fetching.....But come now, my dear, what's in the mail for tonight?

ALLMAN: Well, first of all, here's a notice from the National Broadcasting Company. They want you to read it tonight.

MOORE: *Oh* From N.B.C.? Well!...That's worthy of some real attention... So, if I can have a fanfare from Mr. Roy Bargy and his Sunday, Monday and Backwards Orchestra - we'll get on with it ^{here}... ~~And~~ Roy - make it a fanfare that really FITS my personality.

~~ROY: (OFF-MIKE) --- rrrOkay!~~

ORCHESTRA: FANFARE

MOORE: ~~He-he~~ thank you very much -- Was that a fanfare, or an opinion?... It makes no difference. ^{now} Here is the announcement! ... Ladies and gentlemen, the National Broadcasting Company realizes that there is a terrific housing shortage here in Hollywood -- but they would like to point out that this is only a half-hour program, and when it is over, the audience is expected to leave ^{the studio}... we simply cannot tolerate large groups of people camping under the seats and using the carpets for sleeping bags... The sleeping itself is not so bad, ^{really} but last week one group built a campfire in the balcony... Now, obviously, we can't have the people on the stage and those in the balcony popping corn at the same time... ~~It's playing absolute hob with the program schedule... Already One Man's Family complains that they're all out of ration points - they've had ten extra people for dinner each night...~~ So you are to leave the studio after the show.

ALLMAN: *Oh* Just a minute, Mr. Moore. You've overlooked the P.S.

MOORE: The P.S.? - Oh, yes. *right here - the* P.S. - the little Swiss Tea Shop around the corner announces that it has a small, one-room apartment, rent free.

ALLMAN: Rent free?

MOORE: Yes. All you hafta do is stick your head out *the door* every hour and yell "Cuckoo!" ... It's really quite a deal.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

MOORE: Oh - excuse me, friends.

SOUND: PHONE

MOORE: Hello!

DURANTE: HELLO, JUNIOR, THIS IS JIMMY.

MOORE: Well, Jimmy, where are you?

DURANTE: I WAS DEEP-SEA DIVING OFF OF CATALINA ISLAND AND I GOT TRAPPED IN A BIG CLAM SHELL.

MOORE: *You* Got trapped in a clam shell? Well - so what?

DURANTE: SO COME AND GET ME - I'M IN A BOWL OF CHOWDER AT THE BROWN DERBY.

MOORE: Oh great!

ORCHESTRA: START DURANTE INTRO:

MOORE: And so, ladies and gentlemen, as this evening's blue plate special comes the one and only, Jimmy Durante, in person....
(APPLAUSE)

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY *(M: Sing it Jimmy. - ^{to title} Oh so pretty. ^{to lyrics} There's a little bit of Sinatra in me.)*

DURANTE: JUNIOR, MAY I WEEP ON YOUR SHOULDER?

MOORE: Why certainly, James, what's wrong?

DURANTE: EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO ME. THE OTHER DAY WHILE SNOOPING AROUND IN MY GARAGE, I FINDS FOUR GALLONS OF GASOLINE. WHAT DO I DO. I DECIDES TO PUT IT AWAY FOR A RAINY DAY. SO I SAYS TO MY BUTLER: "MR. MEADOWS" ... HE WAS WEARING SPATS AT THE TIME ... I SAYS "TAKE THIS GASOLINE AND BURY IT IN THE BACK YARD." SO HE GOES OUT WITH THE FOUR CANS OF GASOLINE. WHEN HE RETURNED, I SAYS "MEADOWS, DID YOU BURY THE GASOLINE?" HE SAYS: "YES, NOW WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO WITH THESE EMPTY CANS?" YOU COULD HAVE KNOCKED ME DOWN WITH AN "A" CARD.

MOORE: You should have fired Moadows ^{right} out of the house.

DURANTE: I COULDN'T....HE OWNS THE HOUSE, BUT GARRY, I GOT MORE IMPORTANT THINGS ON MY MIND. A NATIONAL CRISIS HAS ARISEN.

MOORE: No!

DURANTE: YES! SECRETARY STIMSON WANTS ME TO COACH THE ARMY FOOTBALL TEAM, AND SECRETARY KNOX WANTS ME TO COACH THE NAVY. SO TO MAKE BOTH SIDES AFFABLE, I ACCEPTS BOTH JOBS. FIRST I MAKES A PLAY FOR THE ARMY, THEN I MAKES A PLAY FOR THE NAVY, THEN I MAKES A PLAY FOR BETTY GRAYBLE, THEN I MAKES ...

MOORE: (INTERRUPTING) Wait a minuto, Jimmy -- a play for Betty Grable -- that's not football!

DURANTE: YOU STICK TO YOUR GAME AND I'LL STICK TO MINE.

MOORE: *bl cut it out -* Betty Grable ... I don't think she would have a thing to do with you. In fact I'm positive,

DURANTE: NOT TOO HASTY, JUNIOR. ONLY FOOLS ARE POSITIVE.

MOORE: Are you sure?

DURANTE: I'M POSITIVE! ... HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT -- I WALKS INTO MY OWN TRAP -- NOW TO DISGRESS BACK TO THE SUBJECT, I GETS THE ARMY AND NAVY TEAMS TOGETHER AND I DEMONSTRATES THE OLD DURANTE RAZZLE DAZZLE, THE PLAY THAT WAS GOOD IN THE '90's. I SEES A HOLE IN THE LINE AND BARKS OUT THE SIGNALS ... 14-12-32-HIP-HIP-HIP-HIP I CAN'T GET THROUGH! SO I BARKS THE SIGNALS AGAIN ... 14-12-32-HIP-HIP ... THIS TIME I GETS THROUGH.

MOORE: Wait a minuto *Jimmy* -- you couldn't get through on Hip Hip Hip Hip -- how comes you got through on Hip Hip?

DURANTE: I WAS TOO BIG TO GO THROUGH THE HOLE, SO I REDUCED MY HIPS!

MOORE: *That was a very good play, Jimmy, but* I GOT A MILLION OF 'EM! ... *a million of 'em!* ~~OR~~ ... why didn't you go around your own end?

DURANTE: WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM ... AN ACROBAT?

MOORE: Jimmy, what you should have done is give the fellows a pep talk. Something like this: "Fellows, to win, you must go in there and tackle! Do you hear me - TACKLE-TACKLE-TACKLE-TACKLE!

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DURANTE: JUNIOR, YOU PICKED A HECK OF A TIME TO LAY AN EGG! BUT I'LL NEVER FORGET THE GREATEST GAME OF MY CAREER. IT WAS A CHAMPIONSHIP BATTLE. IN THE LOCKER ROOM I SAW A WATER BUCKET, UMBRIAGO, A SPONGE, UMBRIAGO, A BOTTLE OF LINIMENT AND UMBRIAGO.

MOORE: What was Umbriago doing in the locker room?

DURANTE: THAT DAY HE WAS PLAYING HIS FIRST GAME. HE PLAYS THE FIRST QUARTER NOTHING HAPPENS. HE PLAYS THE SECOND QUARTER ... NOTHING HAPPENS. HE PLAYS THE THIRD QUARTER ... NOTHING HAPPENS. FINALLY, HE PLAYS THE FOURTH QUARTER..

MOORE: Yes

DURANTE: HE HITS THE JACKPOT.

MOORE: He hits the jackpot?

DURANTE: YEAH ... AND ... WHAT WAS THAT YOU SAID?

MOORE: I said "He hits the jackpot?"

DURANTE: YOU FOLLOW A CONVERSATION MOST INTELLIGENTLY, I SEE. / *W. Thank you.* JUST BEFORE THE GAME STARTS THE COACH COMES OVER AND SAYS: "DURANTE ... WE'RE COUNTING ON YOU TO WIN. / *Now* GET INTO THE GAME." SO I GOES TO MY LOCKER AND PUTS ON MY UNIFORM, MY SHOES, MY SHORTS, MY SHOULDER PADS, MY HELMET AND MY NOSE GUARD ... I DASHES OUT ON THE FIELD ... WHAT HAPPENS! I'M TOO LATE! THE FIRST HALF IS OVER! / *S* DEJECTED AND CHAGRINED, BACK I GOES TO THE LOCKER ROOM! I TAKES OFF MY UNIFORM, MY HELMET, MY SHOULDER PADS, MY SHORTS, MY SHOES AND MY NOSE GUARD. JUST AS I'M ABOUT TO GO UNDER THE SHOWER, THE COACH RUSHES IN ... AND WHAT DO YOU THINK! HE NEEDS ME TO SAVE THE GAME! SO I PUTS ON MY (VERY FAST) SHOES, MY SHORTS, MY SHOULDER PADS, MY HELMET AND MY NOSEGUARD. I RUSHES OUT ON THE FIELD AND 50,000 EYES ARE ON ME.

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MOORE: Why, Jimmy, were you that popular?

DURANTE: NO, I FORGETS TO PUT ON MY UNIFORM. BUT DOES THAT STOP ME ... ASK ME...

MOORE: Does it?

DURANTE: I'LL ANSWER YOU. *M: Thank you.* NO! I RUSHES OUT ON THE FIELD, GRABS THE BALL, PICKS IT UP AND I RUNS -- TEN YARDS, TWENTY YARDS, THIRTY YARDS, FORTY YARDS, FIFTY ... I GETS THROWN ON THE FIFTY YARD LINE AND *Durante* WINS THE GAME.

MOORE: Jimmy, how could you win the game if you were thrown on the fifty yard line?

DURANTE: MY BODY FALLS ON THE FIFTY YARD LINE ... BUT MY NOSE GOES

OVER THE GOAL LINE ...

Moore:
ORCH: *Oh that's too much for me.*
PLAYOFF

(APPLAUSE)

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And with Jimmy J & the showers, let's turn to
~~Thank you, James. Now stand back as~~

MOORE:

Cuddles Bongshnook *and*
~~opens the doors of~~ the Camel Hall of Fame.

ORCHESTRA: INTRO

ALLMAN:

Poor Cinderella's life was pure and simple melodrama --
Her two stepsisters hated her and so did her stepmama,
They had fine jewels and lovely clothes, but these were
secondary.

Compared to what our Cindy had -- a personal good fairy!

PETRIE:

And, of course, Cindy's good fairy, like Camels, was
packed to go around the world on a moment's notice --
and be fresh as a daisy when she got there, too!

ALLMAN:

Now one fine day Prince Charming gave himself a birthday
ball,

And Cindy knew 'twould never do to bring no gift at all.

The good fairy gave her Camels, packed to stay fresh
anywhere,

Which our Cindy gave Prince Charming -- who proposed right
then and there!

PETRIE:

Sure, because Prince Charming was looking for a cigarette
that wouldn't go flat no matter how many he smoked! Yes,
sir, that's Camels -- they've got more flavor -- the extra
flavor that helps 'em hold up, pack after pack! Try
Camels in your T-Zone, "T" for taste and throat, everybody's
own proving ground for Camel's rich extra flavor and smooth
extra mildness! You'll see 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!

ORCH:

INTRO TO "PUT YOUR ARMS AROUND ME, HONEY".

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ORCHESTRA: INTRO

MOORE: Here now is Roy Bargy and his Orchestra in a
melodious interpretation of an early Central Park
woo-pitching song, "Put Your Arms Around Me, Honey".

ORCHESTRA: "PUT YOUR ARMS AROUND ME, HONEY".

APPLAUSE

DURANTE: AND THAT WAS ROY BARGY AND HIS CATALINA HEP-CATS,
PLAYING "PUT YOUR ARMS AROUND ME, HONEY" - FROM THE
DELIGHTFUL EXPERIENCE OF THE SAME NAME... BUT RIGHT NOW
IT'S CULTURE TIME AGAIN, WITH MR. GARRY MOORE...
TELL ME, MY LITTLE PORCUPINE, HAVE YOU A LITTLE GEM OF
CULTURE FOR TONITE?

MOORE: Oh good yacious gress.

DURANTE: WELL, PROCEED...I SHALL LISTEN WITH AVID INTEREST.

MOORE: *Thank you!* Well, this week I've been doing a lot of thinking
about the Little Things in life... Last Tuesday evening
I received a rather nasty wound in my gums from attacking
a strange hamburger of my acquaintance... So, I went to
my dentist's office and sat down to wait for the dentist -
who was at home waiting for his laundry-man - who was
sitting beside me, waiting for the dentist - when I
picked up a movie magazine containing the true life story
of Dorothy Lamour. It said she had appeared in forty-seven
consecutive pictures wearing a sarong. *Can you imagine*
that! ~~And that got me~~ *consecutive*
~~to wondering...~~ *rather simple, I think, it*
forty-seven/pictures in a sarong? How
does she keep it up? ... The ~~obvious~~ answer is -- a
safety pin, Which led me to conclude, it's the Little
Things *in life* /that count. And so tonight on that same line
of thought, I present a dramatic history, entitled -

SOUND: DRUM ROLL

MOORE: The Door-Knob! Savior of Mankind!

ORCHESTRA: HUGE FANFARE

MOORE: It is a dark and dreary night in the Stone Age...
 A young and ambitious Neanderthal Man, named
 Harvey Entwhistle, sits in his cave, industriously
 chipping a great piece of stone.

SOUND: CHIPPING OF ROCK WITH HAMMER

MOORE: Suddenly, with a note of great triumph in his voice,
 he leaps to his feet and shouts aloud --

PETRIE: (GOON DOUBLE TALK)

MOORE: Or, as we would say in later-day English --

PETRIE: Lookit me, fellas! I just invented the door-knob!

ORCHESTRA: FANFARE - DISSOLVING INTO CLIMATIC THEME

MOORE: Yes, thanks to this young man, the world had reached
 the Door-Knob Age! ... And only one thing kept the
 door-knob from becoming a Great Invention! No doors!
 ...The door-knob, so young, so tender, already seemed
 doomed to oblivion. ^{But} And then came - the toothache!

ORCHESTRA: MORNING FROM PEER GYNT - (FLUTE, VERY PASTORAL)

MOORE: Came the toothache, and with it the need of
 extraction... In the year 500 A. D., in the
 Molar Holder's Annual Manual, the first patient
 ever to have an extraction, had the following
 statement to make --

PETRIE: OWWWWWWW!

MOORE: And do you know - he was so right! ... ^{oh, but new year} ~~But~~ help was
 on the way. In the year 900, Sir Balderdrerneh Smernch,
 a big yank and jerk man from Jersky City, New Jersky,
 tied a long piece of string to his aching tooth,
 and on the other end - a door-knob... Taking the string
 in hand, he whirled the doorknob swiftly around his head -
 let it fly --

SOUND: ASCENDING FRISCO WHISTLE

SOUND: DESCENDING FRISCO WHISTLE

SOUND: ONE LOUD TAP ON GOURD

MOORE: And hit himself right in the head... Now he not only had a toothache, but a large blue lump on his forehead *as well...* And finding the lump far too bulky to squeeze through the narrow slit in his tent, Balderdrernch Smernch invented the door! ... And the door-knob had come into its own!

ORCHESTRA: POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE

MOORE: And so, my friends, when next you have occasion to turn a door-knob, pause a moment in reverent memory of that Neanderthal Man, of that first toothache, and of Balderdrernch Smernch, who made it all worthwhile! ...And remember above all, to brush your dentist twice a day, and see your teeth twice a year! *Thank you.*

ORCH: FANFARE - PLAYOFF

(APPLAUSE)

MOORE: Thank you friends....

ORCH: START GIBBS' INTRO

MOORE: But for my dough, no invention not even a door-knob
will ever take the place of romance....So let's get a
large load of same by harking to our vocal pride and joy,
Georgia Gibbs, with "I Heard You Cried Last Night".

GIBBS: "I HEARD YOU CRIED LAST NIGHT"

(APPLAUSE)

PETRIE: Do you know how much it means to a soldier thousands of miles away to be remembered on Christmas? Do you know how much it means to be forgotten? Time's short now. Christmas packages for soldiers overseas must be mailed by October fifteenth, for men overseas with the Navy, Marines, or Coast Guard by November first. But don't wait till the last day. We know that service men want cigarettes, more than anything else. And we know that men in all the services buy more Camels than any other brand, according to actual sales records. Send him a carton of Camels. You can be sure they'll be fresh when he opens them, no matter where he is. Camel cigarettes stay fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world! Remember -- Camels for Christmas -- mild, rich-tasting Camels for Christmas! Mark the carton "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!

ORCH: PLAYOFF

MOORE: At which jocular juncture, my friends, the Thursday Evening False Wig and Bustle Club presents a society drama entitled, "They Introduced Her as a Deb ^{but} and She Turned Out to be a Dub." Now Jimmy, in this sketch, we're in the catering business ^{D. Yeah!} we arrange society functions. ^{D. Let's continue.} Do you know anything about society?

DURANTE: DO I KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT SOCIETY? WHY, MR. MOORE, I'VE RUBBED SHOULDERS WITH MRS. WHITNEY...I'VE RUBBED SHOULDERS WITH MRS. VANDERBILT...AND I'VE RUBBED SHOULDERS WITH MRS. DUPONT.

MOORE: You have?

DURANTE: YES, AND AS SOON AS MY BACK STOPPED ITCHING, I THANKED 'EM AND WALKED AWAY.

MOORE: Well, in that case, let's ditch your itch and start to pitch ... ^{Come on Jimmy,} now ... on with the drama.

ORCH: TEA FOR TWO

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS ... RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

MOORE: Hello, Durante and Moore - Catering - Others may be better but we've got butter.

ALLMAN: ~~(HEDERBY)~~ (FILTER) Hello. Mr. Moore? I want you to send over a birthday cake with 18,000 candles on it.

MOORE: 18,000 candles? ^{What for?}

ALLMAN: ~~Yes~~ I'm cold!

SOUND: PHONE UP

MOORE: She's cold! ^{hell} That's what she gets for riding her broomstick with the top down.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

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MOORE: *oh* Hello, partner!

DURANTE: *Dot* HELLO ^{*me!*} NOTHING. I'M IN NO MOOD TO CATER. I'M HANDING IN MY CARNATION.

MOORE: *Jimmy* What's the matter?

DURANTE: IT'S THAT MRS. VANDERMERE. FIRST SHE DECIDES TO HAVE A LAWN PARTY OUTSIDE. THEN SHE CHANGES HER MIND AND WANTS THE LAWN PARTY INSIDE.

MOORE: I still don't see why it took you so long.

DURANTE: JUNIOR, IT WASN'T EASY GETTING THAT LAWN INSIDE HER HOUSE!

MOORE: Well, *personally* I don't like Mrs. Vandermere anyhow ... her table manners are atrocious.

DURANTE: OH I DON'T KNOW - PERSONALLY I THINK SHE EATS VERY NEAT.

MOORE: You call that neat - hangin' her lower lip under the plate and bankin' the peas in off the meatballs?

DURANTE: OH I SEE ... SHE SHOULDA BANKED 'EM IN OFF THE CARROTS, HUH?

MOORE: Exactly.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

PETRIE: (HYSTERICAL) I'm tired of being alone all the time! I want to go to a stag party. Do you hear me, I'm tired of being alone. I want to go to a stag party.

MOORE: A stag party. Who are you?

PETRIE: Oh, just a little deer.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT,

SOUND: PHONE

DURANTE: I'LL TAKE IT, JUNIOR ... FOR WHOM DO THE SOCIETY BELLES TOLL?

ALLMAN: *Shells.* (FILTER) This is Mrs. Shnook S. Shnook.

DURANTE: *Shnook S. Shnook?* / WHAT DOES THE S STAND FOR?

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ALLMAN: Shnook!

DURANTE: HOW MONOTONOUS.

MOORE: I'll take it Jimmy. Hello, Mrs. Shnook -- what can we do for you?

ELVIA: I'm giving a party for some debutantes. I want to serve a special menu. Can you suggest something cute.

MOORE: Why, of course. I could serve you a cute lobster canapo - a cute cucumber salad -- and a cute ice cream sundae.

ELVIA: All right. Now, what'll we have with our coffee?

MOORE: ACUTE INDIGESTION! And you know that's SO TRUE! (PHONE: HANGS UP) / Jimmy! ^{now listen,} If we make this a successful party, we'll get all the other society functions. / ^{But} If we could only think of some tasty sweet -- some new confection.

DURANTE: REST THAT BRAIN OF YOURS, / ^{will you} JUNIOR -- I'VE GOT IT. HAND ME THOSE PEBBLES / ^{Mr. Pebbles} -- NOW HAND ME THOSE STONES / ^{Mr. Stones} -- NOW HAND ME THOSE BRICKS. / ^{Mr. Bricks} NOW HAND ME THAT HAMMER AND CHISEL, / ^{Mr. Okay} NOW TO GET TO WORK.

SOUND: HAMMER AND CHISELING ... FOLLOWED BY CRASH

DURANTE: THERE MUST BE AN EASIER WAY TO MAKE ROCK CANDY!

MOORE: Well, let's get everything ready for Mrs. Shnook's party.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

MOORE: Well, Jimmy, here's the Shnook residence. I hope everything is going well inside. I'll knock on the door.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR ... DOOR OPENS

BUTLER: (VERY ENGLISH AND RITZY) I beg your pahden sars. Whom shall I say has arrahved.

MOORE: ^{Why} We're Moore and Durante - caterers.

BUTLER: ANNOUNCING Mr. Durrrrrrrrrante and Mr. Morrrrrrrrre.

DURANTE: *Take it easy,* TAKE IT EASY, BUD, YOU'LL STRIP YOUR GEARS....JUNIOR, GET
A LOAD OF THIS HACIENDA. WHAT A CLASSY CAVE!

MOORE: *you said it boy, Say* Yeah, look at all those paintings on the walls. There's
Joan of Arc -- There's Mona Lisa ---

DURANTE: YEAH, LOOK -- THERE'S THE "WRECK OF THE HESPERUS".

ELVIA: How dare you -- I'm your hostess --

DURANTE: A PARDONABLE ERROR --

ELVIA: Please forgive ~~me~~ the way I look. I haven't had my hair
washed in weeks.

MOORE: Yes, *I know* the laundry service is terrible these days.

DURANTE: *Yo,* ESPECIALLY FLAT-WORK.

ELVIA: (BURNING) Ohhh! --- Why ---!

MOORE: *All yourEmpire, madam, and let's*
~~come, come, James, Madam,~~ take a load off your mind,
we'll get this soiree under way. I'll lay out the silver
personally.

DURANTE: YEAH AND I'LL LAY OUT THE TOOTHPICKS

MOORE: *She* Toothpicks? ~~Mr. Durante,~~ *Jimmy* society people do not use
toothpicks ... they use the end of their lorgnettes.

DURANTE: I STAND CORRECTED.

Moore.. Very well.

ELVIA: (MAD) Oh -- I don't think you men know what you're doing...
you'll never cater for me again.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: *Oh fine -* / Now what are we going to do?

DURANTE: DON'T WORRY PARTNER. I MAY BE A MEMBER OF THE
HOY-POLOOTED BUT I GOT THE SITUATION IN HAND. I MADE
SOME SPECIAL CHICKEN PIES. THEY'LL LOVE 'EM. COME ON, *Junior,*
HELP ME SERVE THEM.

more. Okay
MUSIC: SHORT MUSIC BRIDGE

ELVIA: *Mr.* Moore and *Mr.* Durante -- you *we* saved the day. *oh* Those chicken
pies were delicious. They were divine. They were the
fine----ha ha ha -- *my goodness, what's happening?* ~~they were the~~ -- ha ha ha. Ha ha ha --
you've ruined my party -- Ha ha ha -- Hives -- throw

more: those two men out. Ha ha ha. *(ad lib all through ending) Wait a minute. He didn't do - - - -*
SOUND: CRASH -- TWO BODY THUDS

MOORE: How do you like that! They threw us out. *Jimmy* And you said
you made such wonderful chicken pies.

DURANTE: I DID.

MOORE: Then what made *her* ~~them~~ laugh *like that?*

DURANTE: I FORGOT TO TAKE THE FEATHERS OFF THE CHICKENS!

MUSIC: PLAYOFF
(APPLAUSE)

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

VOICE: To Second Lieutenant Joseph Sarcona of New York City and his gallant platoon! Leading his men against a Japanese machine gun pill-box, Lieutenant Sarcona was hit by two Jap bullets. That didn't stop him! He fought on -- won a few more yards. Then two more bullets smashed into him. That didn't stop him! He fought on -- to take the pill-box. And just as he and his men reached their objective, two more Japanese slugs got him. And that didn't stop him! Not until his orders were finally carried out did he walk -- yes, walked to a dressing station. He's recovering nicely, thank you... and in his honor the makers of Camel's ~~cigarettes~~ are sending to our soldiers overseas four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes. We salute you and your platoon, Lieutenant Sarcona!

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, ^{By say} MR. MOORE.

MOORE: Well, James, what's on the card for this evening?

DURANTE: I HAVE A DATE WITH A SINGING TEACHER ... ~~WHAT~~ A MEMBER
OF THE INTELLIGENTSIA ... SHE SINGS ARPEGGIOS, CADENZAS...
AND SHE DOES A LITTLE WELDING ON THE SIDE.

MOORE: What a lovely couple you must make. ^{culture and culture.} / You're taking her
riding, I suppose.

DURANTE: INDUBITABLY.

MOORE: Fine. I'll come along and help her onto the handle bars.

DURANTE: THANK YOU. GOOD NIGHT MR. MOORE.

ORCH: PLAY-OFF

MOORE: ^{intell} GOOD NIGHT, MR. DURANTE.

^{Durante!} BOTH: GOOD NIGHT, ALL.

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, "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 say -- first thing tomorrow will you remember to mail a Christmas carton of Camels to that fellow overseas? They'll stay fresh, wherever he is, 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.

(IN STUDIO J)

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SHIELDS: You know, P.A. stands for Pipe Appeal! Yes, sir, more pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the world! Have for years! One reason is that good Prince Albert is no-bite treated, prepared scientifically to give you cool, tongue-happy smoking comfort! Prince Albert's crimp out, too, to pack and burn and draw just right! And remember -- you get around fifty mild, fragrant, rich-tasting pipefuls in every big red two-ounce package. More pipes smoke Prince Albert! It's the National Joy Smoke!

This program came to you from Hollywood.

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