

(REVISED)

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WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

..THE CAMEL PROGRAM..

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

SUBSTITUTE PROGRAM NO. 1

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

ELVIA ALLMAN

FRED SHIELDS

DIRECTOR -- PHIL COHAN

51454 4242

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

(REVISED)

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THE CAMEL PROGRAM

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1943

7:00 - 7:30 PM PWT

SUBSTITUTE PROGRAM NO. 1

(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:

PETTIE: Yes, it's Jimmy Durante, Garry Moore, Georgia Gibbs,
Roy Bargy and his orchestra, and yours truly, Howard
Petrie... brought to you by Camels...the cigarette that
stays fresh - cool-smoking and slow-burning - because
Camels are packed to go around the world!

And so, without further fiddle-faddle, here is a young man
who has combed the country for jokes, but can't find a
comb for his hair -- Garry Moore!

(APPLAUSE)

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MOORE: Well, ~~Thank~~ ^{say} you... Thank you very much, Howard, you little chuck-chuck... and good evening, ladies and gentlemen. And ~~you know~~ ^{P: Ye, Garry, old man. M: You know}, Howard, I'd be a little careful about those crummy introductions. I might not be such a much right now, but you know every boy in this country has a chance to be president; just as every girl has a chance to marry Tommy Manville... After all, you can fool some of the people some of the time, but some of the people are people.

ELVIA: And say, I'm glad you brought that up, Mr. Moore.

MOORE: Well, thank you, Cuddles, and I'm ^{awful} glad they brought you up, too. What did they use -- a dredging machine.

ELVIA: Never mind. I know I look awful tonite, but it's the lights in here.

MOORE: What's wrong with the lights in here?

ELVIA: They're turned on!

MOORE: Oh ^{yes} - so they are. But what's this you were saying about people?

ELVIA: Well, just that it's not much fun to be one any more. You take shoes, for instance. You only get one pair of shoes every six months, now.

MOORE: ^{Yeah} I know -- but I figured out a way to get around that *all right*. Now I buy one shoe every three months.

ELVIA: One shoe? What does that get you?

MOORE: So far it's got me four offers to play Hop-a-long Cassidy.

ELVIA: Well, shoes just cramp your feet up, anyway.

MOORE: Oh, indeed they ^{indeed they dee} dee! /... Do you know / I hafta sprinkle bird-seed in my socks to keep my pigeon toes away from my corn... But come now - is there no mail this week?

ELVIA: Just one - from a Mrs. Blodgett in Sagging Slip, Ohio /... ^{Mrs. delightful form!} She's having trouble with her electric toaster. She says that with the current shortage of skilled repairmen, how can a person keep ^{her} household gadgets in shape?

MOORE: Well, ^{Mrs. Blodgett} if you're like me, you do your own fixing up around the house... Sayyyyyy, you should have seen our kitchen sink the other day - the faucet was leaking. So I took my little wrench, gave it three quick turns, and you should have seen our kitchen sink. Right down into the basement... And not only that, but there was something wrong with our vacuum cleaner, too. It ^{won't} wouldn't go (SNIFF) any more... ^{I don't know what's wrong with it but} / You PUSH THE BUTTON and where it oughtta of (SNIFF), it goes (WHISTLE)...

ALLMAN: ^{Oh} Never mind your vacuum cleaner. What have you in mind for Mrs. Blodgett's toaster?

MOORE: ^{Oh, the toaster -} Well, I've had a little trouble with my ^{own} / electric toaster, ^{you know.} The toast absolutely refused to pop up. It would just ^{sort of} lurk there in the slot, and every time I peeped in, it threw crumbs in my eye... But ^{finally} / fixed it, though - with parts taken from a model airplane. Now the toast not only pops up - it circles the table three times before landing. Really, Mrs. Blodgett, you don't know what fear is until you've been strafed by a slice of whole wheat.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

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GARRY: . Oh -- excuse me, folks.

SOUND: PHONE UP

MOORE: Hello?

DURANTE: HELLO, JUNIOR -- THIS IS JIMMY.

MOORE: Jimmy Durante, you're supposed to be here. Where are you?

DURANTE: I PAID A VISIT TO A CHEESE FACTORY, AND I FELL INTO A VAT!

MOORE: You fell into a vat of cheese? So what?

DURANTE: SO COME AND GET ME. I'M IN A MOUSE TRAP AT THE GRAND

HOTEL!

Muse: *Oh great!*
ORCHESTRA: START DURANTE INTRO

MOORE: Well, wrap yourself in tin-foil, and hurry on down...

And here he is - Jimmy Durante, in person!

APPLAUSE

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG *(read, sing if boy - Oh you're hot tonight!)*

DURANTE: *Stop the music* STOP THE MUSIC...BOY, AM I BURNED TO A CRUST! I HAD

A DATE WITH MY GIRL TONIGHT. SO, WITH A BOX OF BON BONS

UNDER MY ARM I STOPPED AT THE LOVELY CREATURE'S DOMISOL --

M: That's the right word. NONCHALANTLY, I WALKS INTO THE LIVING ROOM, AND WHAT DO I

SEE? ... I SEES HER NECKING WITH ANOTHER MAN! ... BUT

BELIEVE ME, I GOT EVEN WITH THE GUY!

MOORE: What did you do?

DURANTE: I TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS SO HE COULDN'T SEE WHAT HE

WAS DOING!

MOORE: *Oh dear Jimmy,* James, your naivete is exceeded only by your puerility.

DURANTE: I'D LOVE TO, JUNIOR, BUT I CAN'T BE HANGING AROUND HERE

MUCH LONGER. JUST THIS MORNING, I WAS LOUNGING IN MY *Bath or*

TEPID TUB WHEN THE TELEPHONE TINKLED....IT WAS JUST

ANOTHER CALL FROM WASHINGTON - COLLECT. SLIPPING ON

MY TWO-TONE PAJAMAS, I ANSWERED THE PHONE.

MOORE: *Well,* Who was it, Jimmy?

DURANTE: IT WAS THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR - (HE WANTED ME FOR AN INSIDE JOB)... YOU SEE, THE GOVERNMENT WANTS ME TO TRAVEL AROUND THE COUNTRY SPREADING MUSICAL CULTURE.

MOORE: Say...Traveling accommodations are hard to get.

DURANTE: INDUBITABLY. THAT'S WHY THE SECRETARY TOLD ME THAT I MUST PULL EVERY STRING TO GET THERE. SO I STARTS PULLING STRINGS, AND A TERRIBLE THING OCCURS.

MOORE: What happened?

DURANTE: MY PAJAMA PANTS FELL DOWN!!

MOORE: *That!* Very interesting, *Jimmy* ~~James~~...but I didn't know you were musically inclined.

DURANTE: I NOT ONLY INCLINE MUSIC, I TEACH IT. / *Dr. Oh good* LET ME TELL YOU OF A YOUNG GIRL WHO CAME TO MY CONSERVATORY ABSOLUTELY IGNORANT OF MUSIC. WHY, SHE COULDN'T EVEN TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A TROMBONE AND A HOLE IN THE WALL. THEN SHE STUDIED WITH ME FOR SEVEN YEARS, AND NOW...

MOORE: Yes...?

DURANTE: SHE'S THE ONLY GIRL IN THE WORLD WHO CAN PLAY A HOLE IN THE WALL!!... YES, BUT IT WAS AS A MUSICAL CONDUCTOR THAT I WON MY GREATEST TRIUMPH. THAT WAS THE NIGHT I LED THE ORCHESTRA AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, AND LED THE ORCHESTRA AT THE MUSIC HALL AT THE SAME TIME.

MOORE: *Oh now* Jimmy, that's impossible. How could you lead the orchestra at the Metropolitan Opera House and the orchestra at the Music Hall at the same time?

DURANTE: VERY SIMPLE, JUNIOR. I WORKED FROM A FLYING TRAPEZE!
more: *Oh no!*
MUSIC: CHORDS

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DURANTE: BUT ^{let} US MYSTROS HAVE OUR TRIALS...

ORCH & DURANTE INTO "TOSCANINI"

DURANTE: I'M TAKING THE SHORTNIN' BREAD RIGHT OUT OF NELSON EDDY'S MOUTH. (COMING OUT OF SONG) THERE'S TOSCANINI, STOKOWSKI, DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH. CAN THEY PLAY PIANO, NO. CAN I PLAY PIANO? POSTERITY WILL TELL. NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I'M GOING TO PLAY A SOLO ON THE PIANO, ASSISTED BY THAT GREAT CLARINETIST - AND LIFE-LONG CHUM - MR. UMBRIAGO!

ORCHESTRA: CHORD IN G

MOORE: At the piano...Maestro Durante!

DURANTE: CHORDS

MOORE: ^{On} ~~At~~ the clarinet...Maestro Umbriago!

UMBRIAGO: BRILLIANT CADENZA

DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE. I PLAY THE PLIMINARIES. WE'LL START AGAIN, MISTER UMBRIAGO.

TOGETHER: 8 BARS

DURANTE: SOFT, ~~MAESTRO!~~ SOFT. MY SOLO. I STAND OUT.

UMBRIAGO: BRILLIANT RUN

DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE, WAIT A MINUTE. I WOULDN'T DO THAT IF I WERE YOU, STRANGER. ^{It might lead to a flood!} WE'LL START AGAIN, MISTER UMBRIAGO!

TOGETHER: BRIEFLY

UMBRIAGO: REPEATS PHRASE

DURANTE: THIS NUMBER HAS NO ECHO! MR. UMBRIAGO, WE'LL START AGAIN.

TOGETHER:

UMBRIAGO: DOES RUN

DURANTE: STOP! STOP!! *that clarinet!* THIS IS MUTINY!

SOUND: SHOTS

DURANTE: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MISTER UMBRIAGO WILL NOT BE WITH US
TOMORROW NIGHT. (INTO SONG) WE'RE THE SYMPHONY HALL
BOYS...

ORCHESTRA: FINISH SONG

APPLAUSE

PETRIE: How many times you've heard someone say about his favorite brand of cigarette... "I like it...suits me to a 'T'." Well...That's certainly the appropriate expression -- 'T'. Because it's in your T-Zone that you judge cigarettes. 'T' stands for Taste and Throat. That's why we're always urging you to try Camels ~~on~~ *in* your own T-Zone. There's nothing about the rich flavor of their matchlessly blended tobaccos that we can tell you half as well as your own Taste can tell you. Nothing about their mildness, their s-l-o-w burning coolness that your own Throat can't convey to you far, far more eloquently than all the words we can pour into this microphone. Will Camel's flavor stand up-- never go flat--no matter how much you smoke? Will Camel's mildness make your throat say..."mmmh, thank you?" Let your T-Zone decide. Find out...now!... for the sake of your precious Throat and Taste.

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

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

ORCHESTRA: INTRO & VICTORY POLKA

ORCHESTRA: INTRO

MOORE: And now, in this corner, Roy Bargy and his orchestra,
trimmed down to fighting weight, with a topical tempo -
"The Victory Polka".

ORCHESTRA: "VICTORY POLKA"

APPLAUSE

DURANTE: THAT WAS MR. ROY BARGY AND HIS ORCHESTRA PLAYING THE "VICTORY POLKA", FROM THE BEER BARREL OF THE SAME NAME. BUT ONCE AGAIN IT'S CULTURE TIME ON THE CAMEL HOUR. TELL ME, JUNIOR, WHAT IS THE SUBJECT OF YOUR DISCOURSE TONIGHT?

MOORE: Babies, James...just babies.

DURANTE: I LOVE THE INFANTRY. *M: I'm glad you do. O: Thank you.*

MOORE: *You know* Well, I wandered into the Brown Derby at dinner time last night - not to eat, of course - I just went there to feel for nickels in the pay telephone - and I ran into a baby doctor. *Now* /Of course baby doctors are all right...but I'd rather spend a few bucks more and get a grown-up doctor. But between *the* /courses of Pablum, we disoussed the increase in our national birth-rate, and it struck me that what this country needs is a new text-book for new fathers...So I have written one, and I call it, "Babies - Their Care, Upbringing, Bathing, Training, Feeding and - you don't get out to see many movies, do you?" ...And here, for your advance delectation, are a few excerpts therefrom... First, the statistics...In a recent article, Dr. Leopold K. Feinshreiber, my associate in child psychology, had the following comment to make about the national birth-rate... He said --

HOWARD: During the year 1942, practically all of the people born in this country were babies.

MOORE: *As* And/you know - that's so true. *Not* Let us take, for instance, the case of little Ditmar Snagg...

(CONTINUED)

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MOORE:
(Contd.)

My Ditmar was a baby when HE was born... But he was born on a street-car and never saw his mother again!....She forgot to get him a transfer... Well, naturally irked at this treatment, Ditmar left home at the age of three months... And at the age of SIX months, he returned home because he felt that he needed a change...which brings us to the subject of wearing apparel for the infant. *Now* I might just say that if you are going to have a baby, it is also well to have diapers - which cost you roughly a dollar twenty-five plus three cents for tax. My advice on this topic is to ignore the tax and use pins... Thus saving three cents, and avoiding a Swiss Cheese type child! ... Now you'll also find that bottles are a necessary item... Dr. Feinschreiber says you must feed the infant six bottles a day; which makes forty-two bottles a week, or a hundred and sixty-eight bottles a month or two thousand and sixteen bottles a year. Now that may sound like a lot of trouble. But think how happy you'll be when your kid runs down to the drug store and gets a nickel back on two thousand and sixteen bottles. Why, the whole family can retire. *As you* .. And another word of warning. Don't be too proud about your own off-spring. Why, it was only a few days ago that I heard one mother remark to another, "Why, your child is as smart as a whip!" *Hell* / Now I'll admit that sounds like a compliment, but after all, how many whips do you know that graduated from Harvard?"...Very few, I warrant you.

(CONTINUED)

MOORE:

So let me conclude this little lecture with one final word about the babies diet... After many grueling hours personally ~~t~~asting baby foods in our antiseptic laboratory, Dr. Feinshreiber and I have come to the following conclusion... Quote - this would be a much better world in which to live if the babies ate their parents and threw away the spinach! ... Thank you, *very much.*

ORCHESTRA: PLAY OFF

APPLAUSE

MOORE: Thank you, friends... But ^{then} when it comes to babies, I think most men prefer them between the ages of twenty and twenty-five.

ORCHESTRA: START GIBBS' INTRO

MOORE: Which, of course, leaves a perfect opening for Georgia Gibbs. She slips through it nicely, too, with an order of her oh-so-fine version of "They're Either Too Young Or Too Old"... *Georgia Gibbs*.

GIBBS: "THEY'RE EITHER TOO YOUNG OR TOO OLD"

APPLAUSE

PETRIE: Remember -- tonight is almost Christmas Eve on your calendar if you're planning to send presents to our Army men overseas. Packages for soldiers overseas must be mailed by October fifteenth, and for men overseas with the Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, by November first. Get his Camels tomorrow. Camels, because they're the favorite with men in all the services, according to actual sales records. And Camels will be fresh when he gets them, no matter where he is. Fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning -- because they're packed to go around the world! Mark your carton of Camels -- "Christmas Package" -- and please 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 have pushed Camels' production to new peaks -- but Camels are first in the service -- and the service comes first!

ORCH: PLAYOFF

MOORE: At which palpitating period, my friends, the Thursday Evening False Wig and Bustle Club presents its Annual Drama for Hunters and Nature Lovers only, entitled, "She knew she was a daughter of Daniel Boone because everybody called her Bab------(Boone) Ha.ha. Ha. *carefully god, isn't it?* Now, Jimmy, in tonight's sketch, you and I are famous hunting guides. Do you know anything about hunting?

DURANTE: DO I KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT HUNTING???? WHY, JUNIOR, JUST LAST WEEK I CHASED A SILVER FOX FOR THREE MILES!

MOORE: What happened?

DURANTE: I GOT MY FACE SLAPPED!

MOORE: Well, it seems a shame, but just the same, we must leave the dame and switch to game. *Come on Jimmy,* So.....on with the drama!

ORCH: HUNTING SONG

SOUND: PHONE RINGS - RECEIVER OFF HOOK

MOORE: Hello, Durante and Moore, Hunting Guides. If you care to hunt just call us pronto, we'll trail little beaver or even Tonto!

ELVIA: Mr. Moore, does a moose have a red nose or a black nose?

MOORE: A moose has a black nose.

ELVIA: Oh goody. Then I just shot my husband.

SOUND: PHONE UP

MOORE: Now there's a woman I could go for. As a matter of fact she sounded like a gopher.

SOUND: DOG BARKING

DURANTE: HEY, JUNIOR --- TAKE A LOOK AT THIS NEW HUNTING DOG THAT JUST ^{blew} ~~CAME~~ IN. HE'S THE EPITOMY OF CAY-NINE-NIMITY!.. COME OVER HERE EINSTEIN AND GIVE YOUR PAW TO MISTER MOORE!

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MOORE: That's an odd name for a dog, why do you call him Einstein?

DURANTE: BECAUSE NOBODY CAN EXPLAIN HIS RELATIVITY! I GOTTA MILLION OF 'EM! WHATA DOG -- HE'S HALF SETTER AND HALF POINTER!

MOORE: *Yeah* That's all right, but the setting half points and the pointing half sets!

DURANTE: YEAH -- BE-FUDDLIN, AIN'T IT?

Moore: *Extremely.*
~~SOUND: DOOR OPENS~~

PETRIE: Gentlemen, I need some help. What's the legal limit on fish in this state?

MOORE: Why, did you hook a Salmon?

PETRIE: No, I just swiped a herring.

~~SOUND: DOOR SLAM~~

~~DURANTE: THIS WOULDN'T HAPPEN IF THEY HAD A CURFEW!~~

~~SOUND: (PHONE RINGS - RECEIVER OFF HOOK)~~

MOORE: I'll take it Jimmy. Hello-----Durante and Moore --- Hunting Guides --- We never dilly---except of course if you're a dilly, we'll dally in the valley!

ELVIA: Oh, Mister Moore -- I knew you were a hunter the moment you spoke.

MOORE: How did you know?

ELVIA: The way you left your trap open! *Mr. Thank you. Who is this?* This is Mrs Rhoda Fishback and I'm looking for a couple of hunting guides. I'm just about to girde the globe and I can make room for two more.

MOORE: So nice of you to squeeze us in. You may consider us on your payroll.

~~SOUND: PHONE UP~~

MOORE: Jimmy, opportunity has knocked, Mrs. Fishback wants ~~us~~ to take ~~her~~ ^{us} on a dangerous hunting expedition. We've got to get over there in jiffy.

DURANTE: THERE AIN'T NO GAS IN THE JIFFY...WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE CHEVROLET.

Moore:
MUSIC: Oh peachy.
BRIDGE

ELVIA: Well, I must say, you two certainly don't look like hunting guides to me. I need men in the jungle to whom I can trust my life!

MOORE: Why, Mrs. Fishback you'll be perfectly safe. Look at my colleague, Mister Durante...why he's just like ~~an old~~^a mother hen.

DURANTE: THAT'S ME --- AN OLD CLUCK!

MOORE: *Why,* You'll be absolutely safe under his wing!

ELVIA: I'd feel a lot safer under his beak!

DURANTE: JUNIOR, I ENTERS A DE-MURMUR. IMAGINE DURANTE A GUIDE TO A WOMAN! WHY I'M A MAN'S MAN! I PREFER MEN!

MOORE: Why do you prefer men?

DURANTE: WHEN YOU PUT IT THAT WAY, IT DOES SEEM SILLY.

MOORE: *Now* Look, Mrs. Fishback, would you feel better if I told you that I once killed a gorilla with my bare hands?

ELVIA: A gorilla? With your bare hands? Ha. Ha. Ha Stop, you're killing me.

MOORE: *Well* That makes two gorillas. But enough of this fol-de-rol.

Now Let us away to the jungle. It is three days march from here. Please line up single file along the river bank. That's it. Now, FALL IN!

SOUND: SPLASH OF WATER

DURANTE: I'M A SUCKER!

MOORE: Alright-~~up~~^{now} you come. Now....FORWARD MARCH!

SOUND: A FEW SECONDS OF LOUD MARCHING FEET

MOORE: Halt! (MARCHING STOPS) That's a thousand miles we've covered. Everybody got some sleep,

SOUND: THEY ALL GIVE ONE SNORE

MOORE: THAT'S ENOUGH! Fall in again! FORWARD MARCH!

SOUND: MARCHING FEET

MOORE: Halt! (MARCHING STOPS) That's another thousand miles.
Now we'll all have a bowl of soup.

SOUND: THREE LOUD SLURPS

MOORE: That's enough! Forward march!

~~SOUND: MARCHING FEET~~

DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE....THERE MUST BE AN EASIER WAY TO GET TO
MILWAUKEE!

ELVIA: *Look, look --*
Wait -- here comes a man staggering towards us!

PETRIE: (WILDLY) Sand -- sand --nothing but sand! sand all
around me -- sand all over me. I tell you I can't stand
all this sand!

MOORE: Who are you?

PETRIE: Oh, just a little bunch of spinach!

DURANTE: EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT!

ELVIA: (QUAVERING VOICE) OH -----OH----- OH! (UPTAKE) OOOOOH!

MOORE: *Jumping* Look at Mrs. Fishback. A big boa constrictor has
wrapped himself around her!

DURANTE: LET HIM HAVE IT, JUNIOR! WITH BOTH BARRELS! *M. Swill.*

SOUND: SHOT

MOORE: *Well* I was just in time, Mrs. Fishback. He was really
squeezing you, wasn't he?

ELVIA: (THWARTED) Why can't you mind your own business?

SOUND: (RUSTLING IN BUSHES)

MOORE: *Oh-oh-* *Jimmy* Look! Coming through the bushes! IT'S A SAVAGE CHIEFTAIN!

PETRIE: ALA RHUMBA BOOGIE - ALA SAMBA - ALA CONGA! *Ala Conga!*

MOORE: Shall we dance?

ELVIA: HELP! HELP! ~~THIS SAVAGE IS TYING MY HANDS AND FEET!~~

Oh This man is a cannibal.

DURANTE: *A* CANNIBAL?

MOORE: Yeah - a guy who goes into a restaurant and orders the waiter!

DURANTE: ~~Oh~~ I SEE!

ELVIA: You fools -- they're going to put us in that iron pot over the fire. Don't let them do ~~it~~ *that*. I have so much to live for!

DURANTE: A QUESTIONABLE STATEMENT.. (DRUMS) JUST A MOMENT MY CANNIBAL COLLEAGUE. WHAT'S COOKING?

PETRIE: You are....into the boiling pot you go! Bombo!

MOORE: Zounds James. He means to eat all of us!

DURANTE: EAT ALL OF US? HALT THE PROCEEDINGS! (DRUMS OUT) HE CAN'T DO THAT TO US! LISTEN CHIEF!

PETRIE: Huh!

DURANTE: I DON'T MIND IF YOU PUT US IN THE BOILING WATER. I DON'T MIND IF YOU COOK US....BUT I BEG OF YOU, BE PATRIOTIC! REMEMBER RATIONING!

PETRIE: What do you mean rationing?

DURANTE: ONLY ONE PERSON TO A PERSON!

ORCH: 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 Technical Sergeant Royal E. Peterson of Chicago who received the Distinguished Flying Cross with Oak Leaf Cluster for extraordinary achievement when, after bombing Bangkok, Thailand, the bomb bay doors refused to close. It is impossible to enter the bomb bay while wearing a parachute ... but Sergeant Peterson took off his parachute and went in! Braved the hurricane force of the slip stream...hailed up the doors...made them fast...righted the plane! In your honor, Sergeant Peterson, the makers of Camels are sending three hundred thousand *Camel* cigarettes to our soldiers overseas.

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

(APPLSUSE)

PETRIE: On each of the four Camel shows we'll salute another Yank of the week, and on each of them send three 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

ORCH: WHO WILL BE WITH YOU.

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

MOORE: A beautiful note, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: A splendid note, Mr. Moore ... AND I'LL BE SEEING YOU AT THE SHOW NEXT THURSDAY NIGHT, JUNIOR.

MOORE: Next Thursday? Jimmy, have you forgotten. We start a brand new series at this same time tomorrow night on another network.

DURANTE: JUNIOR! YOU DON'T MEAN WE'RE GOING TO LEAVE HERE? ... WHY I'VE GOT CHEWING GUM PARKED UNDER EVERY SEAT IN THE JOINT!

MOORE: No, no ... We'll be on NBC on Thursdays, as always ... But we now have another show for Cassie every Friday night, too.

DURANTE: TWO SHOWS A WEEK. AGAIN THE MAN POWER SHORTAGE -- I MEAN SHORTAGE!

MOORE: Shortage, you mean. I makes no difference any way. We could do five shows a week, you know, and call ourselves the Parkins.

DURANTE: NO, THANK YOU. TWO IS SUFFICIENT.

MOORE: Very well, then - I'll see you tomorrow night at this same time on another network ... Now go on home and get some sleep.

DURANTE: WHO'S GOT TIME TO SLEEP? ... I'M JUST GOING OVER TO THAT OTHER NETWORK AND WAIT!

ORCH: PLAYOFF

MOORE: Good night, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: Good night, Mr. Moore.

BOTH: Good night, everybody. (FOLED)

Don't forget.
PETRIE: ~~Here's an important event!~~ Tomorrow night Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore will be on the air again with another completely new and ~~completely different~~ show for Camels! ~~This makes four shows Camel is now bringing you.~~

~~VOICE: Monday night...~~

~~PETRIE: There's "Blondie," that famous comic strip family,~~

~~VOICE: Thursday night...~~

~~PETRIE: Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante in their regular show, with Georgia Gibbs..~~

~~VOICE: Friday night...~~

~~PETRIE: Garry and Jimmy and Georgia in their brand new show,~~

~~VOICE: And Saturday night...~~

PETRIE: There's Bob Hawk and his "Thanks to the Yanks," back in his old time. ~~Listen to all four of the Camel shows.~~

ORCH: THEME UP AND DOWN

PETRIE: And remember -- this is the last week for sending your Christmas carton of Camels to that overseas soldier! Be sure you send Camels -- They stay fresh because they're packed to go around the world!

ORCH: THEME UP
(APPLAUSE)

(BOARD FADE)

(SWITCH TO STUDIO J FOR HITCH-HIKE)

ADDITIONAL CLOSING -- IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN

PETRIE: We hope you'll listen next Thursday at this time for another Camel program with Jimmy Durante, Garry Moore, Georgia Gibbs, and Roy Bargy and his Orchestra. This is Howard Petrie saying good night for all the gang.

(IN STUDIO J)

(REVISED) -24-

SHIELDS: You know, it takes a mighty good pipe tobacco to keep smokers coming back, year after year. Take Prince Albert -- Why it's far and away the largest-selling pipe tobacco in America -- has been for years. Just light up a mild, mellow, better-tasting pipeful of Prince Albert and you'll see why! It's kind and gentle and cool on your tongue because Prince Albert's no-bite treated. Crimp cut, too, to pack and draw and burn just right. Get P.A. for Pipe Appeal. It's the National Joy Smoke:
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