

(REVISED)

*As Broadcast*  
*Master - 10/25 - (4)*

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1943  
NBC NETWORK  
7:00 - 7:30 PM PWT

SUBSTITUTE PROGRAM NO. 2

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

ELVIA ALLMAN

FRED SHIELDS

DIRECTOR -- PHIL COHAN

51454 4295

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1943

7:00 - 7:30 PM PWT

SUBSTITUTE PROGRAM NO. 2

(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,...  
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!  
With no further fol-de-rol here is a young man who  
has used military brushes for so long that his hair  
stands at attention -- Garry Moore!  
(APPLAUSE)

MOORE: Thank you, Howard, my gigantic gremlin, and good evening to you, ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, children, babies, and a certain Cocker Spaniel in Kansas City. And ladies and gentlemen, I hope you'll forgive me if I seem a little up in the air tonight...But - well, this <sup>really</sup> is the happiest day of my life. This afternoon my wife and I welcomed a beautiful, plump little blue-eyed stranger into our home.

PETRIE: START APPLAUSE

MOORE: Yes, sir...this afternoon we finally got a maid... Isn't that exciting?

ELVIA: (EXCITED) Oh, Mr. Moore! Mr. Moore!

MOORE: Well, if it isn't my sagacious secretary, Cuddles Bongschnook! Just pull up your short hand and long ears and sit down, *dear*.

ELVIA: Oh, Mr. Moore - the most wonderful thing in the world has happened to me!

MOORE: Don't tell me you've been reclassified!

ELVIA: No. It's even better than that. I'm in love, and it's wonderful. He makes my heart pound. He makes my ears ring. He makes cold chills run up and down my spine. Ah, that's my lover!

MOORE: That's not your lover - that's your liver... But enough of your amorous antics/ <sup>Cuddles</sup> - let's get down to the mail... Anything come in this morning?

ELVIA: Yes. Here's a letter from Miss Matilda J. Swick of Cactus Corners, Nevada, <sup>M. Brooming metropolis</sup> - a tired girl who would like to know what vitamins will do for her.

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MOORE: Ah, yes - and a very interesting subject, too. I have done much research in the field, and find that most authorities agree that one of the most important features of the vitamin problem is food. *Fruits -- I'm quite serious. I just want to ask you -* Have you ever stopped to think that without food we would have nothing to eat... Now, there are many types of food - one of which was meat. Of course, getting meat these days is a little difficult. Why, just this morning I went into a butcher shop, *I* cleaned my elbow on the counter, and before I knew it the butcher *had* sold it to three women... And then there's --

ELVIA: But Mr. Moore - Miss Swick is still waiting for you to advise her on vitamins.

MOORE: Ah, yes - so she is. And first I'd better explain what vitamins are. A vitamin, Miss *Swick* ~~Swick~~, is something that if you don't have it, you don't feel good. But if you do have it, you don't exactly feel it, but you feel good to feel you have had it if you needed it, and you never know if you need it until you get to feeling like maybe you'd feel better if you had it. And do you know - that's so true. Now Vitamin D will give you <sup>a</sup> "D complex" - Vitamin A will give you an "A complex" <sup>and</sup> -/Vitamin B will give you <sup>e</sup> "B Complex". But my advice to <sup>this young lady</sup> ~~you~~ is to take Vitamin N.

ELVIA: What will Vitamin N give her?

MOORE: N-digestion... And that, too, is so - hic! - true. But better yet, let me give you an example of vitamins in action.

ORCH: START DURANTE INTRO

MOORE: I give you <sup>my friend's</sup> America's number one glamour boy...the one and only, Jimmy Durante, in person ....  
(APPLAUSE)

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY...JUNIOR, YOU'RE GAZING UPON A MAN WHOSE TROUBLES ARE NON-EXISTENT!

GARRY: Really, Jimmy -- tell me about it.

DURANTE: THIS AFTERNOON, MY FIANCEE AND ME WAS HAVING A TETE A TETE OVER A POT OF TEA -- WITH LEMON -- WHEN I ADVISED THE LOVELY CREATURE THAT I WAS TIRED OF WILD PARTIES, NIGHTCLUBBING AND STAYING UP 'TILL FOUR A.M. IN THE MORNING...IN SHORT, WHAT I WANT IS THE OLD FASHIONED TYPE GIRL AND SHE SAID I WAS RIGHT.

GARRY: She did?

DURANTE: YEAH -- SO THIS SATURDAY NIGHT I GOT A DATE WITH HER, GRANDMOTHER!!!! WHAT CHI-CANE-ERY.

GARRY: <sup>That's very fine Jimmy,</sup>  
~~God,~~ I'll see what Whistler's Mother is doing, and maybe we can make it a foursome.

DURANTE: I REGRET BEING UNSOCIABLE, JUNIOR, BUT YOU'RE CONVERSING WITH A MIGHTY BUSY PERSONAGE. JUST THIS MORNING AS MY MAN, MEADOWS, AND I WAS ENGAGED IN A GAME OF RUSSIAN BANK -- (I WAS OUT FORTY RUBLES) -- WHEN THE TELEPHONE TINKLED. IT WAS ANOTHER/<sup>routine</sup>CALL FROM WASHINGTON.

GARRY: Who was it this time, Jimmy?

DURANTE: THE SECRETARY OF WAR SPEAKING FOR THE ADJUTANT GENERAL. HE CAN'T MAKE A MOVE WITHOUT ME. HE WAS LOOKING FOR A NEW AIROPLANE MODEL WITH A FEW-SO-LARGE THAT'S BULLET PROOF, STRONG, STREAMLINED AND LONG. AND WHAT DO YOU THINK?

GARRY: What?

DURANTE: FROM NOW ON MY NOSE IS A MILITARY SECRET! I'M PROUD TO BE EXTENDABLE....

GARRY: And well you may be, James. But I sincerely doubt that your infantile mind is able to cope with the complexities of modern day aeronautics.

DURANTE: YOU EMBARRASS ME WITH YOUR FLATTERY, MISTER MOORE. BUT FOR YOUR INFORMATION, THE DURANTE FAMILY HAS BEEN AC-TIV-LEE ENGAGED IN AROMATICS FOR YEARS. WHY, IN 1910 MY GRANDFATHER, EBENEZER DURANTE, WAS THE FIRST MAN TO JUMP FROM AN AEROPLANE AT TWENTY THOUSAND FEET.

GARRY: REALLY?

DURANTE: YES. AND ONLY A SHORT TIME LATER THE PARACHUTE WAS INVENTED!

GARRY: Ah yes, aviation has made great strides since then -- but just think of the future. Why, when the war is over you'll be able to get into a sleeper plane in Los Angeles, and the next morning, before you put your pants on,

DURANTE: you'll be in Russia! *D. That's not for me. M. Why not? It's be mighty cold walking around Moscow in my shorts...*  
~~IF THAT HAPPENS, I WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST ONE TO GO TO RUSSIA AND LOSE MY PANTS....~~ BUT CONCERNING AVIATION OF THE FUTURE, I CAN GO ALONG WITH POSTERITY AS WELL AS THE NEXT FELLOW. AS A MATTER OF FACT I CAN <sup>visualize</sup> SEE ME AND MY GAL FLYING THROUGH THE STRATOSPHERE WITH A TANKFUL OF HIGH OCTANE GAS.

MOORE: What kind of oil will you use?

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DURANTE: THE SAME OLD OIL I'VE BEEN GIVING HER IN MY AUTOMOBILE...  
BUT FOR THE NONCE, <sup>James</sup> DON'T THINK THAT AVIATION IS THE ONLY  
FIELD FOR PROGRESS AFTER THE WAR. JUST THINK OF THE  
STRIDES THAT WILL BE MADE IN AGRICULTURE...AND FARMING,  
TOO.

MOORE: You're so right, James. I know because I was born on a  
cotton plantation, and when I was a little boy I used  
to go out and pick cotton.

DURANTE: A STRANGE QUIRK OF COINCIDENCE, MR. MOORE. BECAUSE I  
TOO WAS BORN ON A PLANTATION, A COMBINATION COTTON  
AND RUBBER PLANTATION AND WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BOY I  
USED TO GO OUT AND PICK GIRDLES!

MOORE: Well, you must have had a very snappy childhood, James.  
However, I think all this talk about post-war inventions  
is superfluous. What we should all do is get busy  
and win the war first.

DURANTE: INDUBITABLY, MR. MOORE, INDUBITABLY. WHY, JUST THIS  
MORNING I STARTED WORKING IN A DEFENSE PLANT AND  
HAVING AN AUTOMOBILE I JOINED THE SHARE THE RIDE CLUB  
IN MY NEIGHBORHOOD...BUT WHAT AN EXPERIENCE!

MOORE: Tell me about it, Jimmy.

DURANTE: WELL, BRIGHT AND EARLY THIS MORNING, AFTER I'VE HAD MY MANICURE, PEDICURE AND MANGE CURE, I GETS INTO MY CHEVROLET, I RELEASES THE BRAKE, STEPS ON THE EXHILIRATOR, AND I'M OFF TO WORK. I GOES TEN FEET WHEN WHO DO I SEE BUT MY NEIGHBOR, SHARE-THE-RIDE SCHWARTZ!...SO I TAKES MY FOOT OFF THE EXHILIRATOR, PUTS MY FOOT ON THE BRAKE, OPENS THE DOOR, MOVES OVER AND SHARE-THE-RIDE SCHWARTZ GETS IN, *the front. So* I TAKES MY FOOT OFF THE BRAKE, PUTS MY FOOT ON THE EXHILIRATOR, GOES ANOTHER TEN FEET WHEN UP COMES MY NEIGHBOR'S NEIGHBOR JONES!...SO I TAKES MY FOOT OFF THE EXNILIRATOR, PUTS MY FOOT ON THE BRAKE, OPENS THE DOOR - SCHWARTZ MOVES OVER, I MOVES OVER AND JONES GETS IN...I TAKES MY FOOT OFF THE BRAKE, PUTS MY FOOT ON THE EXHILIRATOR, GOES ANOTHER TEN FEET WHEN WHO DO I SEE BUT SMITH STILL WEARING HIS NAPKIN...SO AGAIN I TAKES MY FOOT OFF THE EXHILIRATOR, PUTS MY FOOT ON THE BRAKE, OPENS THE DOOR, SCHWARTZ MOVES OVER, JONES MOVES OVER, I MOVES OVER AND SMITH GETS IN... (350 POUNDS)...I TAKES MY FOOT OFF THE BRAKE, PUTS MY FOOT ON THE EXHILIRATOR, GOES ANOTHER TEN FEET AND UP COMES BROWN...A *medium* /SLENDER FELLOW...SO ONCE AGAIN I TAKES MY FOOT OFF THE EXHILIRATOR, PUTS MY FOOT ON THE BRAKE, OPENS THE DOOR, SHARE-THE-RIDE SCHWARTZ GETS IN THE BACK, JONES MOVES OVER, SMITH MOVES OVER, I MOVES OVER AND BROWN GETS IN...NOW I'M LOADED - READY TO START - WHEN OUT OF AN ALLEY COMES HEMINGWAY, AND RILEY...A COUPLE OF SPOT-WELDERS. SO I OPENS THE DOOR, SMITH GETS IN THE BACK, (AND CLIMBS OVER SHARE-THE-RIDE SCHWARTZ...WHO IS NOW ON THE FLOOR.) *Repeated* BROWN MOVES OVER, I MOVE OVER AND HEMINGWAY AND RILEY GETS IN...I GOES TO PUT MY FOOT ON THE EXHILIRATOR WHEN I REALIZES THAT I MOVED OVER TOO FAR -- AND WHAT DO YOU THINK?

MOORE: What, Jimmy?

DURANTE: I'M STANDING ON THE CORNER WAITING FOR A STREET CAR!!

ORCH: PLAYOFF

(APPLAUSE)

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PETRIE: There's only one more shopping day till Christmas!  
Yes, you have just a little more than twenty-four hours  
to send your Christmas carton of Camels to that soldier  
overseas. If you mail after October 15th the Army  
Postal Service will not guarantee that your Camels will  
reach him by Christmas. Send him his carton of Camels  
tomorrow -- Camels because men in the Army, Navy,  
Marine Corps and Coast Guard smoke more Camels than any  
other brand, according to actual sales records. No  
matter where he is, your Camels will be fresh when he  
opens them -- they'll stay fresh, cool smoking and slow  
burning -- because Camels are 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've pushed  
Camel's production to new peaks -- but Camels are  
first in the service -- and the service comes first!

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

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ORCHESTRA: INTRO

MOORE: Into the spotlight steps Roy Bargy - arranger and conductor par excellence. The melody to which he lends his variegated talents tonight - "People Will Say We're In Love."

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

(APPLAUSE)

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*playing with great*

DURANTE: AND THAT WAS ROY BARGY AND HIS ORCHESTRA ~~WITH "PEOPLE~~  
*Guests. Mr. Gusto was on third trombone.*  
~~WILL SAY WE'RE IN LOVE." WHAT AN INNUENDO! I HARDLY~~  
~~KNOW THE MAN!~~ AND SAY, BROTHER MOORE...

MOORE: Yes, Brother Durante?

DURANTE: IS THERE ANY TRUTH TO THE UGLY RUMOR THAT YOU ARE GOING  
TO SING TONIGHT?

MOORE: Welllllllll, I wouldn't actually call it singing, James...  
it's really nothing but heart-burn wired for sound.

DURANTE: NO!

MOORE: Haven't you ever heard my vocal entertainment?

DURANTE: I HAVE HEARD YOUR VOCALS - BUT NOT YOUR ENTERTAINMENT, *Mr. Moore.*

MOORE: Well, in that case, stand aside/<sup>*as I will*</sup>as I resurrect that  
fine old love song, "In the Good Old Summer Time."

MOORE: IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME - (FIRST 8, THEN FADE TO BG)

MOORE: Ah, I loved you passionately, Gloria Slobnik! ... Loved you, did I say? Why, darling, you were my Drool Girl of 1923...I shall never forget the day we met. We passed on the street and I cocked my eye at you - then you cocked your eye at me - and for one thrilling moment we were cock-eyed together... Most of the boys didn't like you, angel, because your ears were too long...but I loved the way they stood up when I whistled... Ah yes, my sweet, to me you were a sight with sore eyes...Or is it a sight for sore eyes?...Yes, that's it! A sight with four sore eyes!... And I remember, my sweet, how I walked to work with you... You were in the floor-show at a charming little French place called "Le Rodent Morte". Or, as we say in English - "The <sup>Dead Rat</sup> ~~Disease~~ Mouse".... Oh, and what a thrill I got when you did your act, my dove! How you could play trombone!... I can still see you, darling, as you stood there in the spotlight, took a terrific glissando on Bugle Call Rag - and blew your bridgework right out into the lobby! ... Oh, what a lovely smile you had. It even looked good hanging from the chandelier!... Being a perfect gentleman, of course, I retrieved your molars and put them in my hip pocket...And what fun I had that night - biting buttons off of taxi-cab seats!... We could have been so happy, my sweet, but then --

ORCHESTRA: OMINOUS CHORD

MOORE: It happened!...It was Spring, and we were sitting on the river bank, lost in each other's love...We didn't know what it was, at first, that vibrant rumbling from far up-stream....And then it became louder. --

SOUND: BUILD SOUND OF RUSHING WATERS

MOORE: And louder, and suddenly we saw the river begin to rise!...Then we heard a frantic voice!

PETRIE: The dam has broken! Run for your lives!...THE DAM HAS BROKEN!

MOORE: The dam had broken!...Tons upon tons of savage water rushing down upon us!...Run, my darling - run for the hills!...Look out, my darling, it's coming!...THE WATER IS COMING UPON US! *Look out!*

SOUND: CLIMAX ROAR

MOORE: (SCREAM)

MOORE: IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME - (LAST 8 AND OUT)

CROWD: APPLAUSE

DURANTE: JUNIOR, THAT WAS A MOST DRAMATIC RECITATION TO WHICH YOU JUST GAVE THE BENEFIT OF YOUR PERSONAL MAY-HEM.

MOORE: Thanks, Jimmy...But <sup>tell me</sup> what did you think of my singing voice ... Jimmy! I said what did you think of my singing voice?

DURANTE: I WON'T TALK WITHOUT MY LAWYER!

MOORE: Well, then, let's forget you mentioned it, and call on a gal whose vocal charms are undisputed.

ORCHESTRA: START GIBBS' INTRO

MOORE: One of the perennially perfect combinations in the field of popular standards is Georgia Gibbs and the lachrymose lament known as "Stormy Weather. " Georgia, my love - cloud up and emote.

GIBBS: "STORMY WEATHER"

(APPLAUSE)

PETRIE: You know, Camels do have more flavor -- have had for years. Prove that for yourself by trying a pack in your T-Zone -- "T" for Taste and Throat, your own personal proving ground for flavor and mildness. Of course you've tried one or two Camels at a time -- but it's not till you try a pack that you realize what more flavor really means. You'll find that extra flavor is what helps Camels to hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke. You'll find that Camel cigarettes are fresh, too, wherever you buy them. Camels stay fresh, cool smoking and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world! Get a pack of Camels tomorrow! You'll see what a difference matchless blending of costlier tobaccos can make!

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

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

ORCH: PLAYOFF

MOORE: At which insufferable instant, my friends, the Thursday Evening False Wig and Bustle Club presents a little drama dedicated to beauty, and entitled, "She was not ashamed of her bowlegs, because she knew that many a fish had been caught on bent pins." Jimmy...

DURANTE: YES JUNIOR.

MOORE: In tonight's sketch, you and I are proprietors of a Salon de Beautie. Are you familiar with the business of making people beautiful?

DURANTE: HOW CAN YOU LOOK ME IN THE FACE AND SAY THAT? WHY, ONLY THREE WEEKS AGO I APPLIED ONE OF MY SPECIAL MUDPACKS TO A GLAMOROUS HOLLYWOOD STAR! SHE LIKED IT SO WELL, SHE'S STILL WEARING IT!

MOORE: SHE'S WORN A MUDPACK FOR THREE WEEKS? Jimmy, doesn't it make her face uncomfortable?

DURANTE: ONLY WHEN I RUN THE LAWN MOWER OVER IT TO CUT THE GRASS!

MOORE: Well, it just goes to show, you can have your mud-cake and wear it, too. But, come come -- let us on with the drama, *shall we?*

ORCH: "LOVELY TO LOOK AT"...BRIDGE

SOUND: TELEPHONE - RATCHET- GUNSHOTS- LOUD CRASH

DURANTE: WAS THAT THE TELEPHONE?

MOORE: *Well* I didn't hear anything...but ~~I'd better~~ <sup>well</sup> check.

SOUND: RECEIVER UP

MOORE: Hello, Durante-Moore Beauty Shop. We take the UG out of your MUG!



ALLMAN: This is Mrs. Sylvia Sthumph!

MOORE: Yes.

ALLMAN: Mister Moore, you are nothing but a charlatan, a fake and a crook! You told me that a milk-bath would help my skin! You should see me now!

MOORE: You mean the milk didn't help you!

ALLMAN: No, you fool! I'm stuck in the bottle!

SOUND: HANG UP PHONE

MOORE: It's funny I never have that trouble. But, of course I'm only a half pint!

SOUND: LOUD HAMMERING

*Allman!*  
~~GEORGE:~~ (SCREAMING) HELP! HELP! GET ME DOWN FROM HERE! GET ME DOWN!

MOORE: For heaven's sakes, Jimmy, what's that woman doing hanging up on the wall?

DURANTE: ANOTHER DURANTE ACHIEVEMENT! ----- MY PIN-UP GIRL!

MOORE: Jimmy, this is a beauty parlor. We must be neat! ... Now, straighten that girl up, you hung her crooked! And another thing, look at your appearance. A fine advertisement for a beauty salon you are.

DURANTE: WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MY APPEARANCE? ~~LOOK AT ME.~~ ONLY THIS MORNING I PUT SOME BELLA DONNA IN MY EYES TO MAKE THEM BIG.

MOORE: You must have spilled a few drops on your nose.

DURANTE: WE'LL TAKE THIS UP AT A MORE IMPUDENT MOMENT.

SOUND: DOOR OPENING

PETRIE: LET ME OUT OF HERE. I GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE. I MUST GET OUT OF HERE. I WANT TO GET OUT AND PLAY WITH THE OTHER RABBITS!

MOORE: Who are you?

PETRIE: Oh, just a little in-grown hare!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ALLMAN: Good afternoon, gentlemen!

DURANTE: WELCOME, MADAM-MOISEL, TO THE D AND M ~~SALOON~~ BEAUTY.

ALLMAN: I'm in a terrible hurry, boys. You see, I'm Binnie Bindlestiff -- the Bubble Dancer!

MOORE: Well -- how about doing a little dance for us?

ALLMAN: I'm sorry -- NO SOAP! I told you I was in a hurry. Would you mind escorting me to a booth?

MOORE: I'd love it! Then I can tell my grandchildren I walked with a Zombie! Come <sup>James</sup> ~~James~~, I think Miss Bindlestiff

*Durante:* needs a little work done on her face.

ALLMAN: Oh, you do, do you? And what's so funny about my face?

MOORE: Oh, nothing. I was just wondering how the horse looks without it.

ALLMAN: Will you please get busy!

MOORE: Why, of course. Please be seated. Now, James -- hand me that tray. <sup>of the tray</sup> Thank you. Now, Miss Bindlestiff, I think a good mascara will bring out your eyes, and a good lipstick will bring out your lips.

ALLMAN: What would you suggest to bring out my teeth?

DURANTE: A GOOD SNEEZE! I GOT A MILLION OF 'EM!

ALLMAN: Never mind that. Mr. Moore, what would you say about my face. Do you think it needs lifting?

MOORE: Oh, quite the reverse, <sup>Madam</sup> Your skin seems overly tight. Here, I'll show you.

SOUND: VIBRATING ZING

ALLMAN: My word - my skin is tight.

MOORE: Why certainly! Everytime you bend your knee, your mouth flies open. Ready with the mud pack, Jimmy?

DURANTE: READY.

SOUND: MUDDY PLOP

DURANTE: WELL, LADY, THERE'S MUD IN YOUR EYE.

MOORE: Jimmy! Be careful! Do you realize there's nothing quite so delicate as the facial tissue?

DURANTE: FACIAL WHAT?

MOORE: TISSUE! TISSUE!

DURANTE: IT SEEMS SILLY -- BUT GO AHEAD AND TISS ME!!

MOORE: No, Jimmy -- you don't follow me -- the facial tissue is composed of several strata, or layers. For instance, the outer covering, or epidermis, consists of three superficial layers -- the stratum granulosum, the stratum lucidum, and the stratum corneum...these three combine to cover the face.

DURANTE: WHAT??? NO SKIN AT ALL???

ALLMAN: Look, will you two get busy. I'm due back at the theatre. How shall I do my hair?

MOORE: Well, to me you look like the old-fashioned type. My mother, for instance, used to have a rat in her hair!

DURANTE: JUNIOR, THAT'S NO WAY TO TALK ABOUT YOUR FATHER.

ALLMAN: Enough of this small talk. I want service.

MOORE: Patience, madam, or I won't fix your hair/<sup>at all</sup> -- and what's more, I'll hide it where you can't find it!

DURANTE: ~~DISH TOSH~~, JUNIOR, LET'S NOT LOSE OUR EC-QUE-LI-BREE-UMS. HOW ABOUT LETTING ME TRY MY NEW ELECTRIC HAIR CLIPPER ON THIS DAMSEL. THERE IT IS - STANDING AGAINST THE WALL!

MOORE: Do you call that a hair clipper? It looks like a  
threshing machine.

DURANTE: IT'S THE SAME PRINCIPLE! IT NOT ONLY CUTS OFF  
THE HAIR, BUT IT TIES IT UP IN LITTLE BUNDLES!

MOORE: *lets* A great idea! When we get to be sixty, we can retire  
with a barn full of hair! ... I'll turn it on, and  
we'll have her hair cut in no time!

SOUND: (LOUD MACHINERY -- UP AND THEN OFF)

MOORE: Why, Jimmy --- <sup>that!</sup> ~~is~~ amazing! YOU CHANGED HER WHOLE APPEARANCE!

ALLMAN: What do you mean -- changed my appearance? What did you do to my head?

MOORE: You might say -- we brought out the natural brilliance.

DURANTE: ASSUREDLY.

ALLMAN: Would you say that I'm no longer a brunette?

MOORE: No --- I wouldn't say that?

ALLMAN: Would you say that I was a redhead.

DURANTE: NO --- WE COULDN'T SAY THAT EITHER!

ALLMAN: Would you say that I was a blonde?

MOORE: No --- I wouldn't!:

ALLMAN: <sup>Yee</sup> THEN FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE WHAT WOULD YOU CALL ME?

DURANTE: HELLO "BALDY"!

ALLMAN: SCREAMS

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 twenty-six-year-old machinist's mate Eugene S. Miner, of Denver, Colorado, who has just been given a presidential citation for heroism aboard the destroyer Laffey, in the Solomons campaign. When the destroyer was hit by a salvo of fourteen inch shells and left blazing and sinking, the command was given to abandon ship. Disregarding his own safety, machinist's mate Miner remained on board to help other crewmen to escape before the fire reached the vessel's magazine. He was the last man to leave the destroyer alive. In your honor, machinist's mate Miner, the makers of Camels are sending to our Navy men in the Pacific three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes. We salute you, machinist's mate Eugene Miner!

MUSIC:       FANFARE

(APPLAUSE)

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. 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.

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. BUT I'LL SEE YOU LATER,  
JUNIOR BECAUSE I GOTTA GO OUT AND GET RID OF SOME WASTE  
FAT.

MOORE: Oh, going to the butcher's, eh?

DURANTE: BUTCHER'S NOTHING. I'M GOING TO THE TURKISH BATH.

MOORE: Oh wonderful. I'll go along with you. Are you driving?

DURANTE: NO, HITCH-HIKING.

MOORE: Well, in that event we'd better stop at the OPA and get  
a <sup>B book</sup> ~~A-card~~ for your thumb.

DURANTE: YOU THINK OF EVERYTHING. LET'S GO, JUNIOR.

MOORE: Let's go Jimmy.

ORCHESTRA: PLAY OFF

BOTH: GOOD NIGHT EVERYBODY.

APPLAUSE

(IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN)

ORCHESTRA: THEME (BUMPER)

PETRIE: Tomorrow night *on another network* Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore will be on the air again with another completely new 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: Remember -- tomorrow's the last day to send your Christmas carton of Camels to that overseas soldier! 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.

51454 4318



ON STUDIO J

SHIELDS: More pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the whole world! Yessir, and if you make your pipe one more pipe to smoke Prince Albert, you'll see why good P.A.'s got Pipe Appeal! Prince Albert's no-bite treated to give you cool, bite-free, tongue-happy smoking comfort. Crimp cut, too, to pack and draw and burn just right. You get around fifty mellow, fragrant, sweet-smoking 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. This is THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY