

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1943

7:00 - 7:30 PM. PWT

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

(AFTER THREE-FIVE 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 Barge 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!
We give you now the daring young man with the
beamlined smile, the streamlined figure, and the
fur-lined brain - GARRY MOORE!

(APPLAUSE)

MOORE: Well, thank you...Thank you very much, my friends,
and good evening, ladies and gentlemen - and say,
Howard, old man.

HOWARD: Yes, old boy?

MOORE: If that introduction of yours was referring to my
hair-cut, it's my own fault for going to a barber
who sings while he works.

HOWARD: Why? What was he singing?

MOORE: All or Nothing At All. ^{you know} And he pretty nearly made it,
too...But before going on with the show, I have some
guests here from out of town tonight, and I'd like
the folks in the studio audience to do them a favor...
Will the entire audience please rise in their
places? ^{Come on - I'm not kidding - everybody up}...That's it - everybody up...Now I want
everybody to take out their handkerchiefs...That's it!
Now wave your handkerchiefs in the air ^{over your head that way}...Oh, thank
you! ^{you know} That's the first clean laundry my friends have
seen since they arrived in Hollywood!..Thanks ^{you} very, very
much.

ELVIA: Yoo hoo ^{hello} - Mr. Moore!

MOORE: Well if it isn't my secretary, Cuddles Bongshnook...
What's the hub-bub, Cuddles?

ELVIA: My boy friend came home on furlough last night and
oh - he's so military! You should have seen him
conducting maneuvers in the parlor.

MOORE: Oh, did he make advances?

ELVIA: No, it was more of a holding operation.

MOORE: Sounds like fun. ^{You know Cuddles.} If you ever get engaged ~~Cuddles~~
I'm gonna throw a big party for yuh. A fifty-piece
orchestra -- hundreds of guests -- and thousands of
balloons...So come on, Cuddles, pucker up.

CUDDLES: Pucker up?.....You mean you're gonna kiss me?

MOORE: No -- I want you to blow up the first balloon.

CUDDLES: Oh, Mr. Moore; You don't realize how excited I get! ^{Why}
I can hardly talk!

MOORE: Well, that's what love does to yuh....I was in my
grocery store the other day and the grocery clerk had
just become engaged. So, I asked him for a shopping
bag full of food stuffs, and he said, "You want a
bopping shag full of stewed fuffs?".....Well, ^{naturally} I
thought the guy was kiddin', so I said "Indood I
dee -- Indood I dee"...And he said, "Misten, lister
-- don't you know there's a man shower portage?"...
And murtherefore we're all out of Wedded Shreat,
Seetheart Swope, jazzberry ram and swy flooblers!"
And I said, "Listen, my friend -- has love done
this to you?"...And he said, "No -- it's my coo
shoupons!" ^{He said} / I need a share of poos, see? So I took
my coo shoupon down the stew shore, and I asked
the cloo sherk very simply for

(CONTINUED)

MOORE:
(Cont'd)

a shize sheven Shorshiem Floo...Well, sir, do yuh know what that cloo sherk did?...He faughed in my lace!/.He faughed right in my lace!" Well, I couldn't help it. I laughed in his face, too. And he said, "Tell me, Mr. Moore -- do you nink I'm thuts?"...And *after all* what could I say but "Nertainly sot -- nertainly sot!" ...So you wanna look out for too much excitement, my dear.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

DURANTE: HELLO JUNIOR, THIS IS JIMMY.

MOORE: Jimmy Durante, where are you?

DURANTE: I'M IN A MUSIC STORE. I WAS FIXING A JUKE BOX AND I FELL ON A PHONOGRAPHIC RECORD.

MOORE: You fell on a phonographic record -- *well* so what?

DURANTE: SO COME AND GET ME. I'M GOING AROUND WITH PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA.

ORCHESTRA: (START DURANTE INTRODUCTION)

MOORE: So, breaking all records to get here, we bring you the one and only Jimmy Durante -- in person.

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG --
GARRY, LAST WEEK, I SITS DOWN AND HAS A FACE TO FACE TALK
WITH MYSELF! HOW UPSETTING! SO I DECIDES TO MAKE THIS
WORLD A BETTER PL/CE FOR PEOPLE TO LIVE WITH EACH OTHER
IN.

MOORE: Well, ^{that's nice - and} what did you do, Jimmy?

DURANTE: WHAT DID I DO, WHY I GOT MYSELF A JOB IN A HAIR PIN
FACTORY. AS SOON AS I REPORTS FOR WORK, I'M AMAZED
WHEN THE FOREMAN GIVES ME A HAMMER AND CHISEL AND TELLS
ME TO START PRODUCING. ME, DURANTE, WHO NEVER CHISELLED
A HAIR PIN IN HIS LIFE. NOT KNOWING WHAT TO DO, ALL
DAY LONG I WALKS AROUND WITH THE HAMMER AND CHISEL DOING
NOTHING...THE SECOND DAY I ALSO WALKS AROUND WITH THE
HAMMER AND CHISEL...DOING NOTHING. THE THIRD DAY WHEN
I REPORTS TO WALK AROUND WITH THE HAMMER AND CHISEL...
DOING NOTHING, I NOTICES A LITTLE FELLOW FOLLOWING ME ---
NO MATTER WHERE I WENT HE WAS RIGHT BEHIND ME. SO I TURNS
AROUND TO THE GUY AND ^{says}: "WHAT'S THE IDEA OF FOLLOWING
ME AROUND ALL DAY?" AND HE ^{says}: "I GOTTA FOLLOW YOU.
I'M YOUR HELPER!"

MOORE: I feel ^{sorry} for you, Jimmy. Being followed around like that
would make you nervous.

DURANTE: YES. I WAS AS NERVOUS AS A BALLOON DANCER IN A FIELD OF CACTUS. SO, TO EASE MY NERVES, I GOES HOME AND GOES TO SLEEP. BUT I CAN'T SLEEP, 'CAUSE ALL NIGHT LONG, I'M FREEZING IN MY MURPHY BED.

MOORE: Freezing -- why?

DURANTE: MURPHY'S FEET WERE COLD. THE NEXT MORNING AS I'M HAVING MY TEA AND CRUMPET IN THE BREAKFAST NOOK, MY BUTLER ENTERS AND BRINGS ME A TELEGRAM -- ON A TRAY, OF COURSE. IT'S FROM WASHINGTON. THE CHIEF OF THE MORALE DEPARTMENT WANTS ME TO ENTERTAIN THE SOLDIERS.

MOORE: *That's* A noble assignment, *James Buttram* ~~Jimmy~~. They couldn't have ~~it~~ picked a more endowed and proficient thespian.

DURANTE: JUNIOR, YOU'RE PREJUDICED. THE FIRST PLACE I GOES TO ENTERTAIN IS THE HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN. I WANTS TO LOOK SPIC AND SPAN, SO I BUYS A NEW SHIRT. DUE TO THE *linen* SHORTAGE, THE SHIRT IS MADE OUT OF ONION SKINS, AND WHILE I'M SINGING IN THE CANTEEN, AM I EMBARRASSED?

MOORE: Embarrassed?

DURANTE: YES. EVERY TIME SOMEONE OPENS THE KITCHEN DOOR MY SHIRT TAIL WAVES TO THE HAMBURGERS. AND WHILE I'M AT THE CANTEEN, I SEES A WAC, UMBRI/GO, A WAVE, UMBRI/GO, A SPAR AND UMBRI/GO.

MOORE: What was Umbriago doing in the Canteen?

DURANTE: HE WAS ENTERTAINING, TOO. HE WAS DOING AN ACROBATIC ACT. THERE WAS UMBRI/GO STANDING ON THE STAGE...THREE MEN STANDING ON HIS SHOULDERS...FOUR MEN STANDING ON THEIR SHOULDERS...FIVE MEN STANDING ON THEIR SHOULDERS... AND ON THE VERY TOP IS UMBRI/GO.

MOORE: Wait a minute! ^{Jimmy} How could Umbriago be on the bottom and also on the top?

DURANTE: HE'S CRAZY, AIN'T HE?

MOORE: Oh, that Umbriago. If he had a head on his shoulders, he would be a head taller.

DURANTE: HOW TRUE. AT THE END OF THE EVENING ALL THE ENTERTAINERS RECEIVED SPECIAL UNIFORMS IN ACCORDANCE WITH THEIR IMPORTANCE. ONE ENTERTAINER RECEIVED A GOLD COLORED UNIFORM, ANOTHER RECEIVED A SILVER COLORED UNIFORM, ANOTHER A BRONZE COLORED UNIFORM.

MOORE: How interesting. And what color uniform did you receive?

DURANTE: I'M TOO TIRED TO TELL YOU, BUT THE STREETS ARE MUCH
CLEANER NOW. IMAGINE GIVING ME THE BRUSH IN
HOLLYWOOD.

ORCHESTRA: (VAMP) THEY DON'T KNOW WHO THEY'RE DEALING WITH

DURANTE: WHY I JUST HAD AN ARGUMENT WITH ^{L.}LOUIS B. MAYER, *Like me*
HE'S AN IMPORTANT MAN AT M.G.M. TOO. CORNER
HOLLYWOOD AND VINE.

HE SAID: "DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?"

I SAID: "DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?"

HE SAID: "WHO ARE YOU?"

I SAID NOTHING -- I WAS CORNERED.

BUT IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE.

WHAT I STARTED OUT TO SAY,

THIS IS WHAT I WISH TO CONVEY.

NOW, YOU KNOW DARN WELL I CAN DO WITHOUT HOLLYWOOD,
BUT CAN HOLLYWOOD DO WITHOUT ME

ORCHESTRA: (NO!)

DURANTE: THAT'S JUST THE WAY I REHEARSED IT.

CONTINUING THE NARRATIVE, AS SOON AS I GETS TO
HOLLYWOOD, THEY MAKE\$ ME A PRODUCER, THEY MAKE\$ ME
A DIRECTOR, THEY MAKE\$ ME AN ACTOR. NOW, IF THEY'LL
ONLY LET ME MAKE A PICTURE.

AS SOON AS I STEPS INTO THE STUDIO, ALL THE PRETTY
GIRLS SAY: "H'YA HANDSOME". THEY GIVES ME THE
BENEFIT FOF THE DOUBT. THEY TELL ME I GOT

CARY GRANT'S EYES, CARY GRANT'S EARS, CARY GRANT'S
LIPS...AND CARY GRANT'S SMILE. THAT CARY GRANT
MUST HAVE A BLANK EXPRESSION!
SO YOU KNOW DARN WELL I CAN DO WITHOUT HOLLYWOOD,
BUT CAN HOLLYWOOD DO WITHOUT ME.

ORCHESTRA: NO!

VOICE: Definitely no!

DURANTE: A PICCOLO PLAYER.

CAN HOLLYWOOD DO WITHOUT ME.

FOLKS, I'LL NEVER FORGET THE DAY WHEN HOWARD PETRIE,
OUR ANNOUNCER, WENT ON HIS VACATION. I'M SITTING HOME
WHEN IN COMES A TELEGRAM FROM MY HOLLYWOOD OFFICE
WHICH READ --

"THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN TAKE PETRIE'S PLACE IS YOU!"

I WENT AND WHEN I WENT, I WENT. I WAS A WENTER. WHY
THE APPLAUSE WAS DEAFENING WHEN I STARTED CROONING --
C-A-M-L-E-S --

WHAT D'YOU KNOW? I SPELLED IT WRONG /AGAIN!

DEJECTED AND DISCOURAGED, I GOES HOME. I'M NOT HOME
TEN MINUTES, WHEN IN COMES /ANOTHER TELEGRAM FROM
MY SPONSOR WHICH READ --

"WE'RE GONNA GIVE YOU ANOTHER CHANCE.

SPELL IT RIGHT THIS TIME -- AND PETRIE GOES!"

EXHUBILANT AND EXHAUSTED I GOES UP TO THE MIKE

AND I GOES INTO --

C-A-M-L-S-Y
~~C-A-M-L-E-S~~

I GOT IT RIGHT!

ORCHESTRA: (AD LIBS)

DURANTE: THANK YOU, FELLOWS. NOW YOU KNOW DARN WELL I CAN DO
WITHOUT HOLLYWOOD, BUT CAN HOLLYWOOD DO WITHOUT ME.

ORCHESTRA: YES, YES!

DURANTE: I'M SURROUNDED BY ASSASSINS! BUT CAN HOLLYWOOD DO
WITHOUT ME!

(APPLAUSE)

PETRIE: It's dusk at an airport somewhere overseas*, and the American daylight raiders are back, tired men climbing out of the big bombers. As they walk toward the camouflaged operations buildings, they pull out packs of cigarettes, and you can see how many of them are Camels, the cigarette that's first in all the services, Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, according to actual sales records. That's one reason why we pack every Camel to go around the world to stay fresh anywhere, cool smoking and slow burning, for months at a time. Yes, we know what the good rich flavor of a Camel means to a man who's left 'most everything else behind. We hope you'll understand that, if the fellow in your store says he's 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.

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

PETRIE: Camels -- first in the service!

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO "GET ON BOARD, LIL CHILLUN" AND FADE)

* Changed to "overseas"
because of today's losses
in England.

MOORE: (OVER MUSIC) The genial gentleman with the bouncing baton is Roy Bargy. Mr. Bargy and the boys lend their best efforts toward a new version of the old spiritual "Get on Board, L'il Chillun, Get on Board".

ORCHESTRA: "GET ON BOARD"

(APPLAUSE)

DURANTE: AND THAT WAS ROY BARGY AND HIS ORCHESTRA WITH A RAILROAD SONG CALLED "GET ON BOARD." I WONDER WHO YOU GOTTA KNOW TO GET A RESERVATION. AND UNLESS MY SCHEDULE DECEIVES ME, MR. BARGY IS TO BE CLOSELY FOLLOWED BY MR. GARRY MOORE -- WHO WILL BE CLOSELY FOLLOWED BY THREE MEN FROM THE FINANCE COMPANY.

MOORE: Thank you, James, very much...And in the Culture Corner tonight, friends, we have an item of inestimable value. Probably no profession in the world has been so hard hit by the Man-Power Shortage as the musicians...~~Why, just last week the Army took our first trombonist. Not that they admired the boy's talent, but a trombone is the only instrument in the world where you can stick a needle onto the end of the slide and pick up old paper while you play!~~... So to off-set the shortage of instrumentalists, tonight I am presenting the first all-vocal brass band in history...In this undertaking I shall have the unrehearsed help of Miss Georgia Gibbs as first trumpet, Mr. Roy Bargy as first trombone, Miss Cuddles Bongshnock as first piccolo, and Mr. Howard Petrie as bass drum.

PETRIE: Oh boy! Yuh mean I get to go "boom-boom?"

MOORE: Howard, when I finish with you, you will be the biggest boom in radio...Now for tonight we have a stirring ^{military} ~~Seena~~ March -- and the introduction starts with the first trumpet, or Georgia Gibbs, who goes "Ta-de-ah-de-ah!".... Miss Gibbs, will you try that?

GIBBS: Sure...Ta-de-ah-de-ahhhhhh!

MOORE: Why, that's lovely, Georgia. When Charlie Spivak hears that he'll swoon...Now, after the trumpet goes ta-de-ah-de-ah -- the trombone takes it down four octaves and goes ta-re-ary-ahh!...Mr. Bargy, may I hear that, please?

BARGY: Okay..Ta-re-ary-ahh.

MOORE: *May I have that*
~~Uh-huh~~ again, please?

BARGY: Ta-re-ary-ahhh!

MOORE: Uh-huh... Well, a good dose of bicarbonate and you'll sound like a new trombone...Very well. So far the trumpet goes ta-de-ah-de-ah, the trombone goes ta-re-ary-ahh -then both together go ta-ta, ta-ta-ta-BOOM....And that Boom, Howard, is you, old man!

HOWARD: Oh boy!...Boom...boom...boom...boom...

MOORE: No, no, no...I'll tell you *just sit down before you sprain something* when...Now let's just try the introduction for trumpet, trombone and bass drum..Here we go.

GIBBS: Ta-de-ah-de-ahh.

BARGY: Ta-re-ary-ahh!

GIBBS AND BARGY: Ta-ta, te-ta-ta--

HOWARD: (LATE)...BOOM!

MOORE: ...Mr. Pewtry - is there any truth to the rumor that as a small boy you were kicked in the head by a butterfly? You were one whole beat late!

HOWARD: Oh, darn me! I mess up everything!

MOORE: I should say so - just watch it, please....Now, Miss Bongshnobk?

ELVIA: Yes, Mr. Moore.

MOORE: You are to be the piccolo.

ELVIA: *Oh* I am?

MOORE: Yes - and I must say you've certainly got the shape for it.

ELVIA: Look who's talking, you *was* look like stronghearts' brother, weak-liver.

MOORE: Thank you, *Oh, attention* now, when the rest of the band goes (MELODY) Ta-ta, ta-ta-ta, ta-ta-ta - that's when YOU go Tiddle-de-eet-de-dee!.. May I hear that, please?

ELVIA: Tiddle-de-eet-de-dee!

MOORE: Why, that's charming, Cuddles.

ELVIA: Thank you.

MOORE: You sound just like an old peanut stand I usta know.,
VERY good...Now, Mr. Bargy?

BARGY: Yes?

MOORE: While Miss Bongshnook is going tiddle-de-eet-de-dee --
YOU are to go ta-ahhh-eee-ahh!...In other words -
(MELODY) Ta-ta, ta-ta-ta, ta-ta tahhhhh-eee-ahhh!...
And during the whole thing, I am to be the bass tuba.

BARGY: How does that go?

MOORE: Well, it goes neither tiddle-de-eet-de-dee, nor
tahhh-eee-ahhh, but more of a eppph-iphhhh, ephhhh,
iphhhh...It's really very difficult, because you are
sometimes tempted to EPHHHHHH when you really ought to
IPHHHHHHHHH.....So, all together now, we shall do the
whole thing, from the introduction on. And, ladies and
gentlemen, you may pick your nearest exit and run -
don't walk...All together now -- here we go... *we hope...*

ALL:

National Emblem March
(~~"STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER"~~... ORCHESTRA IN ON

LAST CHORD)

(APPLAUSE)

DURANTE: JUNIOR, YOU HAVE JUST DONE THE WORLD A GREAT SERVICE.

MOORE: I have? What's that?

DURANTE: YOU HAVE TAKEN THE PICCOLO FROM PROMINENCE TO OBLIVION
IN ONE BRIEF CHORUS.

MOORE: I'm glad you're pleased.

DURANTE: BUT I MUST SAY, JUNIOR, THAT I'M DEEPLY HURT THAT
YOU DIDN'T ASK ME TO JOIN YOU. ME WITH THIS BEAUTIFUL
HOME GROWN BUGLE AND YOU DIDN'T ASK ME TO PLAY.

MOORE: Don't worry, old man. I'm sure you can be of use
as a tacit accompaniment for Georgia Gibbs.

DURANTE: A DELIGHTFUL PROSPECT!

ORCHESTRA: (STARTS GIBBS INTRODUCTION)

MOORE: Gorgeous Georgia ~~is~~ she's known around these parts, *my friends,*
who tonight issues an informal invitation to the
Army, Navy and Marine Corps... "Put Your Arms Around
Me, Honey." ... *Georgia Gibbs* ...

GIBBS: "PUT YOUR ARMS AROUND ME, HONEY"

(APPLAUSE)

PETRIE: Have you tried your second pack of Camels? I think you'll like the second better than the first, and the third better than the second, and I'll tell you why. Camels have more flavor, and it's this extra flavor that helps Camels to hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke. Prove that for yourself in your T-zone, "T" for taste and throat, your own proving ground for Camel's rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness. You'll find that Camels are cool smoking and slow burning, too -- and what's more they stay that way! Camels stay fresh because they're packed go around the world!

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

PETRIE: Camels! Matchlessly blended of costlier tobaccos --and packed to go around the world!

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY OFF)

MOORE: And now, we come to that palpitating moment when
The Friday Evening Frolics will kow-tow to all you culture
lovers with a slice of drama carved from the Kentucky hills,
entitled, "I'D RATHER LIVE IN KENTUCKY IN A SHACK ON A
CLIFF - THAN IN HOLLYWOOD IN A MANSION ON A BLUFF."
In this opus, Jimmy, we play the part of hill-billies.
Do you have a mountain drawl, Jimmy?

DURANTE: EFEN I EVER HEARD A SILLIER QUESTION I EFEN DON'T REMEMBER
IT, EFEN.

MOORE: Efen? Do you always speak like that, Jimmy?

DURANTE: NOT VERY EFEN.

MOORE: Good. Now let's take off our shoes and get on with the
drama. *What do you say?*

MUSIC: ("COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN")

MOORE AND DURANTE: (SING TOGETHER)

We'll be comin' 'round the mountain
when we come.
We'll be comin' 'round the mountain
when we come.
We'll be ridin' greyhound busses,
Cause the butcher took our husses,
We'll be ridin' 'round the mountain when we come.

DURANTE: HEY, MAW.

ALLMAN: What is it, Paw?

DURANTE: DID YOU FEED THE CHICKENS?

ALLMAN: Yes, Paw.

MOORE: And Maw, did you chop the wood?

ALLMAN: Yes, son.

DURANTE: AND MAW, DID YOU HOE THE POTATOES?....PAINT THE BARN?....
SHOE THE HORSES AND DIG THE WELL?

ALLMAN: Yes, Paw.

DURANTE: WELL SON, I GUESS IT'S SAFE FOR US TO GET UP OUT OF BED, NOW.

SOUND: ALARM CLOCK

51454 4336

DURANTE: WHAT WAS THAT, SON?

MOORE: The alarm clock *now*.

DURANTE: WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW....JANUARY?

ALLMAN: Hey, Paw --- Hey, Son. Supper is ready.

MOORE: Okay. What are we gonna have for supper....Maw?

I mean, what are we gonn have for supper, maw?

ALLMAN: Come and get it!

SOUND: *(Ahh)* RUNNING FOOTSTEPS...COMMOTION AUTOMOBILE BRAKE

DURANTE: DOGGONE IT...IF WE'D A BEEN WEARING SHOES, WE WOULD HAVE
WORN OUT THE LEATHER.

ALLMAN: Look what you did, Paw, you just spilled the salt.
You know that's bad luck so you better throw some of
that salt over your sholder.

DURANTE: OKAY, MAW, HERE GOES.

SOUND: WINDOW CRASH

DURANTE: WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW...ROCK SALT!

ALLMAN: *Mean,*
~~Now~~ sit down and have your supper.

DURANTE: JUST A MINUTE, MAW, HEY, SON, HOW ARE YOU DOIN' IN
SCHOOL?

MOORE: Oh, fine, Paw. I'm a learning how to milk a cow.

ALLMAN: Son, what are you puttin' my girdle over the back of
that chair for?

DURANTE: LEAVE HIM ALONE, MAW.

ALLMAN: But what's he pullin' on *them* ~~these~~ garter straps for?

MOORE: I'm a doin' my homework.

DURANTE: COME ON, SON, LET'S SEE HOW YOU DO IT ON A REAL COW.
COME OVER HERE, GWENDOLYN.

SOUND: MOO

She is splendid voice tonight. All rights
DURANTE: GO AHEAD, SON.

MOORE: Okay, Paw.

SOUND: SELTZER WATER BOTTLES...MOORE DOES FOUR SQUIRTS FROM
BOTTLE

MOORE: That's all.

DURANTE: THERE'S MORE, SON, KEEP AGOIN.

MOORE: Okay, Paw.

SOUND: SELTZER BOTTLE....FOUR SQUIRTS

MOORE: That's all.

DURANTE: *I told you* / THERE'S MORE, SON, KEEP AGOIN'.

MOORE: Okay, Paw.

SOUND: SELTZER BOTTLES....THREE SQUIRTS AND THEN SSSSSS OF

EMPTY BOTTLE

MOORE: Now...are you satisfied?

DURANTE: AND THE CARDINALS THINK THEY HAD TROUBLE WITH THE YANKS

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

PETRIE: I'm lookin' for Paw Durante....I'm lookin' for
Paw DuranteI sure miss him....I havon't seen him
for ten years.

MOORE: Who're you?

PETRIE: Oh, just an old bathtub!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: Well, that washes him up. Hey, Paw, have we got any
relatives in Washington?

DURANTE: NO, SON....WHY?

MOORE: There's a letter from Uncle Sam.

DURANTE: A LETTER FROM UNCLE SAM! DOGGONE IT, LET ME SEE THAT
LETTER.

SOUND: TEARING OPEN ENVELOPE

DURANTE: WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW...GEE WHIZ...SHUCKS...WELL WELL
I NEVER KNEW THAT BEFORE.

MOORE: What is it, Paw?

DURANTE: I CAN'T READ.

MOORE: Gimme that letter, Paw. I had some schoolin'.

DURANTE: OKAY, ^{you} READ IT.

MOORE: Hummmmm....

DURANTE: WELL, WHY DON'T YOU READ?

MOORE: ~~I'm kinda confused,~~ Paw. I forgot whether you're
supposed to read the white part or the black part.

ALLMAN: Gimme that letter. Er...Greetings!

MOORE: Read on, Maw.

ALLMAN: Wait till I get to another word I can read. Oh, here's
one...draft board.

DURANTE: WELL, AIN'T OUR UNCLE SAM NICE. HE KNOWS THERE'S A DRAFT
IN THE HOUSE...SO HE WANTS TO GIVE US A BOARD TO KEEP
OUT THE DRAFT. COME ON, WE'RE GONNA TAKE THE TRAIN TO
WASHINGTON!

MUSIC: (BRIDGE...TRAIN EFFECT...UP AND FADE)

ALLMAN: ^{My goodness}
~~Gee~~, Washington sure is a big city.

MOORE: Yeah...now I know what they mean by D.C. -- Durn Crowded!

DURANTE: ^{That's my boy who said that.}
/WAIT A MINUTE...LOOK AT THAT HOUSE OVER THERE.

MOORE: You mean that white house?

DURANTE: YEAH...THERE'S A SIGN IN THE WINDOW. "ROOM TO RENT."

MOORE: That's right, Paw.

DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE...THEY JUST TOOK THE SIGN DOWN. SHE MUST
HAVE COME HOME.

ALLMAN: Well, we just gotta find a room.

MUSIC: ("A-HUNTING WE MUST GO"....FADE)

ALLMAN: Well, we're mighty ^{fortunate} ~~lucky~~ to get this room, ~~son even if~~

MOORE: ~~it is old~~
and it only took us four bars of music to find it. But it sure does look
Yeah/....~~this room looks~~ mighty old. Just look at this
picture of Whistler's mother. It's the first time I
ever ^{seen} ~~saw~~ her sitting in a high chair.,

DURANTE: HEY, SON...HOW ABOUT GOIN' OVER TO SEE UNCLE SAM ABOUT
THE BOARD FOR THE DRAFT.

MOORE: Okay, Paw. I'm goin' right ~~now~~ *away*.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ALLMAN: Hey, Paw, being as we may have to meet Uncle Sam, too,
don't you think you ought to shave?

DURANTE: WELL, IF HE WILL, I WILL. ON SECOND THOUGHT, MAW, I
DON'T THINK I CAN SHAVE. MY FACE IS FULL OF BUCKSHOT.

ALLMAN: Your face is full of buckshot?
you remember the time me and the Maguires were having that feud.

DURANTE: YEAH/ ~~THAT TIME I HAD THAT FEUD WITH THE MAGUIRES. I~~
I WAS ADVANCIN' AGAINST THEM FOR TWO HOURS AND I GOT
BUCKSHOT IN MY FACE.

ALLMAN: Well sit down and tell me about it.

DURANTE: I CAN'T SIT DOWN, M/W.

ALLMAN: Why not?

DURANTE: I ALSO RETREATED FOR TWO HOURS, TOO!

ALLMAN: Well, lan' sakes, if you ain't the...

SOUND: TELEPHONE

DURANTE: I'LL GET IT, ~~MAN~~.

SOUND: RECEIVER UP

DURANTE: HELLO --

MOORE: (FILTER) Hello, Paw...I just ^{all} saw Uncle Sam and boy
does he do things fast. Does he do things in a hurry.
He gave me a gun and then he gave me the nicest uniform.

DURANTE: WELL DOGGONE IT, COME ON OVER...I WANNA SEE HOW YOU
LOOK...

MOORE: (FILTER) I can't come over, Paw.

DURANTE: WHY NOT?

MOORE: (FILTER) I'm in North Africa!

Durante: Well what do you know.
ORCHESTRA: (PLAY-OFF)

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 Captain K.H. Harrison, of Lombard, Illinois, pilot of a Flying Fortress on a raid over the continent from England. Heavily attacked by German fighters, the plane was set afire and forced to turn back. Still under fighter attack, and with a full bomb load aboard the blazing plane, Captain Harrison ordered his men to jump. When four had left the plane, Harrison discovered that one crew member's parachute had burned. He decided to risk being blown to pieces by his own bomb load, and landed the plane safely with the remainder of the crew. In your honor, Captain Harrison, the makers of Camels are sending to our soldiers overseas three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes. We salute you,
Captain K.H. Harrison!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

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.

ORCHESTRA: (~~"WHO WILL BE WITH YOU"~~) *Theme*

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

MOORE: A note of great charm, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: A DELICIOUS NOTE, MR. MOORE. LET'S WRAP IT UP AND TAKE IT HOME.

Well, James, I guess it's about time for us to go on home here tonight, but before we do
MOORE: ~~Not so fast, James.~~ I have ^{rather} another note here, a/serious note postmarked Washington, D.C. It reads: Fellow citizens -- the Women's Army ~~and~~ Corps is in urgent need of recruits. The present rate of enlistement must be tripled in order to fill the important Army jobs now open to WACs. Girls of twenty and women between forty-five and fifty are now permitted to join up. ~~The pay -- fifty to one hundred and thirty-eight dollars a month, with all expenses paid, including food, clothing, shelter, free medical and dental care.~~ Every enlistment shortens the war. Go to your local W-A-C recruiting office and apply for your share in the glory of victory to come. End of note.

DURANTE: MR. MOORE, YOUR ELOQUENCE IS EXCEEDED ONLY BY YOUR LO-KWASSITY. SHALL WE ^{Call for} ~~begin~~ AN OPEN BAROUCHE AND SCRAM?

MOORE: Leave us do that, Mister D. Good night, everyone.

DURANTE: SO LONG, GANG.

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY-OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

(IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN:)

ORCHESTRA: (THEME...BUMPER)

PETRIE: Listen to each of the four Camel shows. Tomorrow night, there's Bob Hawk and his "Thanks to the Yanks" -- back in his old Saturday night spot.

VOICE: Also on Saturday nights...

PETRIE: The Grand Ole Opry.

VOICE: Monday night...

PETRIE: "Blondie," that famous comic strip family.

VOICE: Thursday night...

PETRIE: Garry Moore, Jimmy Durante, Georgia Gibbs, Roy Bargy and all the gang on another network.

VOICE: Friday night...

PETRIE: Again Jimmy and Garry in a completely different show with Georgia, Roy Bargy and his orchestra and yours truly, Howard Petrie.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND DOWN)

PETRIE: Remember, for thanking that Yank, get Camels -- the cigarette that's first in all the services! Camels stay fresh because they're packed to go around the world!

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP)

(APPLAUSE)

(BOARD FADE)

(SWITCH TO STUDIO FOUR FOR HITCH HIKE)

(ADDITIONAL CLOSING...IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN)

PETRIE: We hope you'll listen next Friday 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 FOUR)

SHIELDS: More pipes smoke Prince Albert! More pipes smoke
Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the world!
One reason why P.A. has so much Pipe Appeal is that
it's no-bite treated, to keep your tongue cool and
bite-free and happy. Good Prince Albert's crimp cut,
too, to pack and burn and draw just right. And
remember, you get around fifty fragrant, nut-sweet
pipefuls in every big red two ounce package.
More pipes smoke Prince Albert! Make your pipe one
more! You'll see why P.A. is the National Joy Smoke!

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