

(REVISED)

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

AS

**BROADCAST**

*11/3/44*  
*11/13/44*

CBS NETWORK  
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1944

PROGRAM NO. 85  
7:00 - 7:30 P.M. PWT

CAST

GARY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

ELVIA ALIMAN

PAT MCGEEHAN

FRED SHIELDS

DIRECTOR.....PHIL COHAN

51454 5929

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

PROGRAM #85

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1944

7:00 - 7:30 P.M. PWT

CUE: { COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM.  
.....30 Seconds..... }

SOUND: PHONE RINGS TWICE..PHONE UP

MOORE: Hello...this is Garry Moore speaking.

DURANTE: (ON FILMER) HELLO, JUNIOR....THIS IS JIMMY.

MOORE: Jimmy Durante, where are you?

DURANTE: I'LL BE THERE IN A MINUTE. I'M OVER AT THE DRUG STORE  
HAVING A HOT FUDGE SUNDAE ON WHOLE WHEAT BREAD.

MOORE: Jimmy, only a screwball would order a hot fudge sundae  
on whole wheat bread.

DURANTE: YEAH - HEY WAITRESS - CHANGE THAT ORDER - MAKE IT ON  
PUMPERNICKEL.

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION....SWELL UP TO FINISH)

BAND: (C-A-M-E-L-S)

PETRIE: (COID) Camel Cigarettes present Garry Moore and  
Jimmy Durante.

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (THEME FULL AND FADE FOR:)

51454 5930

11/3/44

PETRIE: Yes, it's the Friday night Camel Show... Jimmy Durante, Garry Moore, Georgia Gibbs, Roy Bargy and his orchestra and yours truly, Howard Petrie... brought to you by Camel, the cigarette that's first in the service according to actual sales records! See if your throat and your taste don't make Camel a first with you, too. Find out for yourself.

MUSIC: (OUT)

PETRIE: Well, nowadays ladies and gentlemen, every radio program is interrupted to bring you the latest news reports..... In keeping with this custom, the Camel Program now brings you the latest dope... and here he is, Garry Moore.  
(APPLAUSE)

MOORE: Well, thank you,..Thank you VERY much, my friends,  
and good evening, ladies and gentlemen, a very happy  
November the Threeth to you all.

PETRIE: Say, that's right...this IS November, isn't it?

MOORE: Oh, yes. And I never cease to be thankful, (Howard,)  
that I'm out here in California where the sun is  
always.....Shining? I mean "shining". *Yes*

PETRIE: Garry, you can shoot me for a traitor, but last  
Tuesday I got the distinct impression it was raining.

MOORE: Ooh, Howard Petrie, hold your <sup>big jaw</sup> tongue! It wasn't  
raining -- it's just that the sun perspires  
rather freely... <sup>and</sup> In the future, I trust *that you're gone*

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ELVIA: Oh, there you are, Mr. Moore, you FANTASTIC MAN!...  
(GOOFY LAUGH)

MOORE: Well, Mrs. Wurtleburtle, what's running through your  
pretty little head tonight?...And when I say "pretty  
little head", I MEAN it's 'pretty little for a head...  
What's cookin'?' *anyhow*

ELVIA: Well, you know Monday is my wedding anniversary, and I  
want to thank you for the present you sent.

MOORE: Oh, it was nothing. I wanted to send you a hot water  
bottle, but you can't get them now.

ELVIA: I know. But thanks anyway for the hot water.

MOORE: That's <sup>quite</sup> all right...it was <sup>just</sup> left over from a pair of sore foot I was soaking...But what can I do for you tonight? <sup>hadn't I?</sup>

ELVIA: Well, I want to give a little anniversary party for Wilburbud, and I thought you might have some ideas.

MOORE: Well, <sup>no... me</sup> lot's <sup>no</sup> soo...Had you thought of a barn party?

ELVIA: A barn party? Mr. Moore, do I look like I was raised in a barn?

MOORE: Well, you're the only person I know who stands up when the band plays <sup>besides Mrs. Mairzie Doats</sup> The Old Grey Mare...And think of all the old child-hood games you could play.

ELVIA: Oh, yes - <sup>that's - right -</sup> and in a barn we could do them differently. Instead of playing pin a tail on the donkey, we could have a donkey playing pin the tail on the people.

MOORE: <sup>guess</sup> That's right...And instead of a bunch of people singing Mairzie Doats, you could have a bunch of mares singing Peoplesie Doats...Oh, be a great party.

ELVIA: Yes, but what about food? <sup>just</sup> What should I serve?

MOORE: Well, there are all kinds of food you can serve at a party - one of which ~~was~~ meat...But in these times I think a nice hash would do it.

ELVIA: Do you know a good recipe?

MOORE: Oh, indood I dee...I have an wartime recipe in rhyme that that's just the thing.

ELVIA: How does it go?

MOORE: Like this...*But* making hash nowadays is really quite tough, because of cooking utensols you can't get enough.  
*But* I can make hash whenever I lack it by pushing a meatball through my tennis racquet. So good luck to you, Mrs. Mrs. Wurtleburtle-- and while you go off to plan for your party -

ORCHESTRA: (DURANTE INTRODUCTION)

MOORE: I'll introduce a man who's a favorite with all parties --  
Jimmy Durante, IN PERSON.

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG...EVEN WHEN THINGS GO WRONG...YOU'LL FEEL BETTER...YOU'LL EVEN LOOK BETTER...(SINGS) MAMMY'S LITTLE BABY LOVES SHORTENIN' SHORTENIN' SHORTENIN' SHORTENIN' SHORTENIN' SHORTENIN' STOP THE MUSIC. WHAT THIS WHOLE SONG NEEDS IS SHORTENIN'.

MOORE: Ah, James, with a voice like that, you should bend your efforts in the direction of opera.

DURANTE: SURELY YOU'RE JESTING, MR. MOORE. WHY, I HAD THE LEADING ROLE IN ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS OPERAS OF ALL TIME, I PRESUME YOU SAW THE BARBER OF SEVILLE.

MOORE: Yes.

DURANTE: WELL, I RAN THE SHOE SHINE STAND IN THE BACK. (I ONCE GOT A FIFTEEN CENT TIP FROM JOHN CHARLES THOMAS...EACH OF THE BOYS GAVE ME A NICKEL) BUT JUNIOR, THERE'S NO MUSIC IN DURANTE'S SOUL TONIGHT. MY DOCTOR JUST TOLD ME THAT I GOT A SLUGGISH LIVER.

MOORE: A sluggish liver! Are you taking any pills?

DURANTE: YEAH, BUT EVERYTIME I SWALLOW ONE, MY LIVER COMES UP AND SLUGS IT..HA HA HA....I GOTTA MILLION OF 'EM...A MILLION OF 'EM...BUT THAT IS NEITHER SIX OF ONE NOR SEVEN UP OF THE OTHER. BUT YOU KNOW, GARRY, I'M ALL EXCITED ABOUT ELECTION DAY. *next Tuesday* EVERYONE OF US SHOULD GO TO THE POLLS AND VOTE.

MOORE: That's right, Jimmy. This year every poll will be surrounded by voters.

DURANTE: YES, AND COCKER SPANIELS, TOO. *You know, Gary*

MOORE: Jimmy, with election day approaching don't you feel a little regretful about being out of the presidential race?

DURANTE: YES. I'M AFRAID I GOT POLITICIANS' VEINS IN MY BLOOD. DO YOU KNOW, MY GRANDFATHER, HONEST JOHN DURANTE, WAS THE FIRST OFFICE HOLDER TO KISS A BABY. HE STARTED KISSING BABIES TWENTY YEARS AGO, AND JUST LAST WEEK THEY THREW HIM OUT OF OFFICE.

MOORE: How come?

DURANTE: THEY CAUGHT HIM KISSING THE SAME BABIES! (GRANDPA IS STILL CLEANING THE LIPSTICK FROM HIS BEARD)

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

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MAN: Ah, Mr. Durante. There you are -- there you are-- there you are.

DURANTE: YOU'VE CONVINCED ME -- HERE I AM.



MAN: I'm from the voter's Digest. My magazine sent me down for an interview. Is it true that you have organized a new political party?

DURANTE: YOUR INFORMATION IS BONE FIDE. I JUST ORGANIZED A PARTY THAT I GUARANTEE WILL CARRY THE FORTY-EIGHT STATES.

MAN: Really - why this is a scoop! What is it called?

DURANTE: IT'S CALLED THE DEMOCRATS FOR DEWEY, REPUBLICANS FOR ROOSEVELT, DEMOCRATS FOR REPUBLICAN, REPUBLICANS FOR DEMOCRATS, ROOSEVELT FOR DEWEY, DEWEY FOR ROOSEVELT PARTY. OR WOULD YOU RATHER BE A FISH. *Party.*

MAN: I see. Mr. Durante, I also understand you have written a pamphlet on the importance of voting.

DURANTE: YES, AND ~~I'M POSITIVE~~ WHEN THE VOTERS OF AMERICA READ MY BOOK, THEY WILL HAVE THEIR NOSES BURIED IN THE PAGES.

MAN: How can you be so positive?

DURANTE: I PRINTED IT ON KLEENEX.

MAN: You never know which way the election's going to blow.

DURANTE: YOU MAY KEEP THAT TURKEY, FOR THANKSGIVING.

MAN: Thank you. But tell me Mr. Durante. The women readers of the Voters Digest are interested in your opinion...do you think we'll ever have a woman president?

DURANTE: NO! (AND THAT I SAY WITH TONGUE IN SHOE) LET'S LOOK AT THE RECORD. IN 1934 COOLIDGE AND DAVIS WERE RUNNING FOR PRESIDENT. THEN ALONG CAME A WOMAN, ELSIE PEPPERPOO. SHE DECIDED TO THROW HER HAT IN THE RING.

MAN: What happened?

DURANTE: BY THE TIME THE VOTERS FIGURED OUT WHAT IT WAS, THE ELECTION WAS OVER.

MAN: Well, just one final question...all the popularity polls are undecided on the outcome -- who do you think will win the election?

DURANTE: THESE POLLS ARE OLD-FASHIONED -- I HAVE JUST INVENTED A MACHINE THAT WILL DEFINITELY PREDICT THE OUTCOME OF THE ELECTION. FOR THREE YEARS I WORKED ON THIS MACHINE WITH THE GREATEST MATHEMATICIAN IN THE WORLD.

MAN: Who? Einstein?

DURANTE: NO - UMBRIAGO! (BUT YOU WERE WARM) ANYWAY UMBRIAGO TOOK THE SQUARE ROOT OF THE FORTY EIGHT STATES...I TOOK THE SQUARE ROOT OF THE FIVE HUNDRED AND THIRTY SEVEN ELECTORAL VOTES, UMBRIAGO TOOK THE SQUARE ROOT OF ME, AND I TOOK THE SQUARE ROOT OF UMBRIAGO.

MAN: And what was the answer?

DURANTE: ONE AND A HALF. IT WAS HARDLY WORTH ROOTIN' FOR  
....BUT FORTUNATELY, UMBRIAGO BROUGHT THE MACHINE HERE,  
NOW I'LL DROP IN THIS QUARTER, PULL ~~DOWN~~ <sup>the</sup> THIS LEVER,  
AND PRESTO-THE MACHINE WILL FIGURE OUT WHO'S OUR NEXT  
PRESIDENT, HERE IT GOES.. *(Wait till you see how this works.)*

SOUND: LEVER AND MACHINE

MAN: Well, Mr. Durante, what does the machine say? Who will  
be our next president...Roosevelt or Dewey?

DURANTE: *What do you like that*  
NEITHER ONE....AND IT'S GONNA LOOK AWFUL ...  
*(cherries) (plums)*  
SILLY WITH TWO PLUMS AND A CHERRY IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

MUSIC: (PLAY OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

915

MOORE: And now <sup>for</sup> after a quick excursion from The Nose to The Throat...from the Honorable James "Schnozzle" Durante to our mellifluous colleague, Howard Petrie.

PETRIE: Throat it is, Garry. Throat is the theme of my few and, if I may say so, important words. I want to urge everyone to try Camel's kind, cool mildness on that intricate and important mechanism known as the human throat. I'd also like to suggest that, since folks smoke for pleasure, they try Camel's rich, full, fresh flavor on their taste.

MOORE: That makes sense.

DURANTE: INDUBITABLY.

PETRIE: Yes, everyone ought to try Camels on their T-Zone, that's T for Taste and T for Throat, the best place to find out which cigarette is best - for you. Like millions of smokers, you, too, may find out that the answer is --

CHORUS: (C-A-M-E-L-S)

PETRIE: Camels. The cigarette of costlier tobaccos.

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO "TICO TICO")

MOORE: At this moment a large hush falls over the audience and a small blonde walks in. It's none other than Her Nibs, Miss Gibbs. Greetings, Georgia.

GEORGIA: Buenos noches, señor.

MOORE: Buenos whocheo?

GEORGIA: That's a little Spanish greeting I picked up to go with a little Spanish song I've got tonight. The name of it is "Tico Tico".

GIBBS: (TICO TICO)

(APPLAUSE)

DURANTE: AH THAT GEORGEIOUS GEORGIA GIBBS! WHAT A PAIR OF PIPES SHE'S GOT -- AND HER STEMS AIN'T BAD EITHER. AND THAT BRINGS US TO THE CULTURE CORNER AND MR. GARKY MOORE.

MOORE: It does indeed, James, and tonight I'm doing something of special interest to our young<sup>o'n</sup> listeners. Tonight I am playing a new character -- A typical, clean-cut clean-cut American boy -- seventeen years of age -- named Foster Ferris.

DURANTE: SEVENTEEN YEARS? I SHALL STICK AN ELECTRIC RAZOR IN MY EAR AND LISTEN TO THE LITTLE SHAVER. 12<sup>30</sup>

ORCHESTRA: (SONGS MY MOTHER)

MOORE: Thank you, James -- and as we first meet Foster tonight, he and his best friend, Fatso, are entering an ice cream parlor. They have just come back from a dance..

ORCHESTRA: (CUT MUSIC)

PETRIE: Hey, Foster.

MOORE: Yes, Fatso.

PETRIE: Gee, wasn't that a swell party. I had a lot of fun dancing.

MOORE: Me too...But you know what?

PETRIE: What?

MOORE: Next time, let's try it with girls.

PETRIE: Foster, you've got a one-track mind. Why don't you forget about girls, and think of the higher things.

MOORE: I AM thinking of the higher things.

PETRIE: You are?

MOORE: Yeah....taller girrrrrlls....

PETRIE: You better be careful. You're gonna get yourself in trouble.

GIRL: Well - look who's here. My boy-friend Foster.

MOORE: Gee, a female girl, Hiya, Gladys.

GIRL: Did you just come ~~back~~ from the dance?

MOORE: Yeah and did me and Fatso have fun. We picked up ~~our~~ girls.

GIRL: You and Fatso picked up girls?

MOORE: Yeah, Fatso tripped them, and I picked them up.. *soft, and they.*  
Say Gladys, can I buy you something?

GIRL: No thanks, Foster. (SEXY) <sup>But</sup> Let's go over to my house *and*  
We can sit in the living room and hold hands. (Yeah?)  
And Foster the lights will be out. Does that suggest anything?

MOORE: Ohh, I'll say. You oughta pay your electric bill.

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

GIRL: Come on, Foster, sit here on the love seat --

MOORE: Okay - ooh that horse hair tickles like anything.

GIRL: Yeah, but isn't it romantic. Gee, Foster you sem smell so nice. What are you wearing?

MOORE: A clean shirt. *Nice with it.*

GIRL: Foster, move a little closer. I'm gonna put my head on your shoulder.

MOORE: What did you just say?

GIRL: I'm gonna put my head on your shoulder.

MOORE: You mean it comes off?

GIRL: Oh, Foster, what's the matter with you? Haven't you got any romance? Why don't you kiss me, Foster?

MOORE: Ohh, don't talk like that - you gimme goose pimples.

GIRL: Come on, Foster - kiss me.

MOORE: Aw, that's kid stuff. That's kid stuff.

GIRL: Oh yeah. Just lemme kiss you once, Foster, and then see if you still think it's kid stuff.

MOORE: Okay.

SOUND: LONG KISS

GIRL: Now, Foster, what do you say?

MOORE: Are these our children?

PIANISTRA: (PLAY OFF)

*Applause*

DURANTE: <sup>Oh</sup> OH-- HOW THAT CARRIES ME BACK - I WAS QUITE A KID MYSELF..  
DO YOU KNOW THAT AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN I SANG PAGLIACCI  
IN THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL.

MOORE: You sang <sup>Pagliacci</sup> opera in the Hollywood Bowl. What was the aria?

DURANTE: OH, ABOUT SIXTY THOUSAND SQUARE FEET. I GOT A MILLION  
OF 'EM, <sup>You heard</sup> GET A LOAD OF THIS ARIA. (SINGS)

C-A-M-E-L-S

<sup>Prima</sup> FROM THE BUEZ TO WINONAH

CAMELS PAMPER EACH T-ZONE-A (AND YOU SAID I COULDN'T SING  
PAGLIACCI)



PETRIE: Pagliacci was a very sad character, James. Maybe his throat bothered him. Maybe he got bored with the flavor of the tobacco he smoked. Maybe he, like a lot of you folks listening, should have tried Camels on that T-Zone just immortalized in Durante's aria. The T-Zone -- T for Throat and T for Taste.

DURANTE: EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT.

MOORE: And <sup>they</sup> succeeding too --

PETRIE: Try the kind, cool mildness of Camels on your throat. See how your throat feels after a long day's smoking when Camel's your cigarette. And see how the rich, full flavor of Camel's superb blend of costlier tobaccos clicks with your taste. The flavor that so many smokers say holds up -- pack after pack.

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

PETRIE: Camels - try them on your T-Zone today. 16<sup>30</sup>

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY OFF)

DURANTE: AND NOW THE FRIDAY NIGHT CAMEL SHOW BRINGS YOU A DRAMA  
OF PRIZEFIGHTERS AND THE MEN WHO MANAGE THEM, ENTITLED-

MOORE: "The fighter who was always knocked down" or "he had so  
much resin in his hair that everytime he drew a comb  
through it it played the last three choruses of  
"Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight".

DURANTE: THAT'S MY WANDERING BOY WHO SAID THAT.

MOORE: Now, Jimmy, in tonight's drama you play the part of  
the prizefighter and I'm gonna be your manager. I  
presume you've had pugilistic experience?

DURANTE: YES -- AND FIGHTING, TOO. WHY IN MY YOUTH I WAS AN  
EXPERT AT JABBING, A GENIUS AT DUCKING AND A WIZZARD  
AT BOBBING.

MOORE: How were you at weaving?

DURANTE: THERE WASN'T A BETTER MAN WORKING FOR HART SHAFNER AND  
MARKS.

MOORE: Okay, Jimmy, then we're off to our gymnasium in a  
dither.

DURANTE: YOU GO WITH DITHERS AND I'LL GO WITH BLONDIE.

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

DURANTE: (GRUNTS)

MOORE: *No, never mind*  
Ah/Jimmy you might as well quit that shadow boxing. I  
could never get a fight for you.

DURANTE: NO?

MOORE: Every champion fighter in the world has muscles that ripple. But what do yours do -- they drip.

DURANTE: *What* WHAT SHOULD I DO?

MOORE: You gotta toughen up like me, I've got a head that'll take as much punishment as a punching bag. Go ahead -- hit me in the head.

DURANTE: OKAY.

SOUND: PUNCHING BAG HIT AND VIBRATES BACK AND FORTH FOLLOWED BY AIR HISSING

MOORE: Well don't just stand there. Get me a bicycle pump!

DURANTE: GEE, JUNIOR, I WISH I WAS (AS) STRONG AS YOU.

MOORE: Jimmy, being strong is all psychological.

DURANTE: YEAH.

MOORE: If you want to be strong, you have to think strong.  
Think of Atlas and you'll have a shape like him. Think  
of Hercules and you'll have a shape like ~~this~~ *him*.

DURANTE: THAT METHOD WON'T WORK WITH ME.

MOORE: Why not?

DURANTE: I KEEP THINKING OF HEDY LAMARR. (I LOVE THAT KIND OF  
CARRYIN' ON). JUNIOR, WHY DON'T YOU BE THE FIGHTER AND  
I'LL BE THE MANAGER.

MOORE: No, Jimmy, I don't like the idea of stepping into a *ring*  
and getting my face all beaten out of shape.

DURANTE: WHY, THAT NEVER HAPPENS. I'VE BEEN BOXING ALL MY LIFE  
AND IT DIDN'T RUIN MY FACE.

MOORE: Have you any ideas what did?

DURANTE: (HE CAUGHT ME WITH MY GUARD DOWN) NOW WAIT A MINUTE.  
I CAN TEACH YOU THE DURANTE SYSTEM - IT NEVER FAILS!  
FIRST I COMES UP WITH A LEFT-CROSS, THEN I COMES  
UP WITH A RIGHT CROSS.

MOORE: What comes up after that?

DURANTE: THE RED CROSS. (REMIND ME TO INCREASE MY DONATION)

MOORE: Schnozz - there's only one way you'll ever win a fight.  
I've got to find you an opponent who is broken down,  
slap happy punch drunk, slug-nutty and ready for the  
junk heap.

ALLMAN: How do you do, gentlemen ...

MOORE: Congratulations Jimmy I've <sup>just</sup> found you a match.

DURANTE: I BET HER FATHER WEARS RED SUSPENDERS.

ALLMAN: Gentlemen - I keep a lot of expensive jewelry at my home and lately I've noticed some prowlers around, so I want to hire a prizefighter as a bodyguard.

MOORE: Well...?

ALLMAN: Mr. Durante, would you like to take on the job?

*Durante:*  
MOORE: What? Durante, a body-guard? *Moore: How insulting* -- how degrading - how outrageous -- How much does it pay?

ALLMAN: Well, how much do you want?

MOORE: Madame, I've got news for you. For one hundred and fifty dollars we'll do it.

ALLMAN: I've got news for you. I'll give you ten dollars.

DURANTE: I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU. WE'LL TAKE IT.

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

SOUND: HORSE GALLOPING

DURANTE: WHOA - BOY I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT GAS AS LONG AS I'VE GOT THIS MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION.

SOUND: GALLOPING COMES TO A HALT.

MOORE: You said it - now - get <sup>down</sup>/off my shoulders.

DURANTE: LET'S GO IN. *Moore: All right - let's go.*

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR...DOOR OPENS.

ALLMAN: Oh, hello...hello..Come right in.

I do hope you boys will be able to handle any burglars that might break in.

MOORE: Why, Madame, my man Durante is a regular human bloodhound.

DURANTE: HE'S RIGHT. ONE TIME A CONVICT ESCAPED FROM JAIL, AND THE SHERIFF PUT A LEASH AROUND MY NECK, GAVE ME A SHOE TO SNIFF AND SAID: "GO GET HIM." SO I RAN THREE MILES ON MY HANDS AND KNEES WITH THE SHOE IN MY MOUTH. THEN SUDDENLY I LET OUT A BARK.

ALLMAN: You found the convict?

DURANTE: NO, I FOUND THE OTHER SHOE.

ALLMAN: That's splendid. Now here are the jewels I want you to protect.

SOUND: DOOR SIAM

PETRIE: (COMING IN) Stand right where you are - I'm here for the jewels - one move and with my bare hands I'll make putty out of you.

MOORE: What did you say?

PETRIE: I'll make putty out of you. Putty, putty, putty.

MOORE: *Thank you* Well, thanks. I think you're kind of putty too.

PETRIE: Why, you little wart, I'll swat you like a fly.

DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE..YOU CAN'T TALK TO US THAT-A-WAY. I CHALLENGE YOU TO AN INDIAN HAND WRESTLE. I STUDIED THAT IN SCHOOL FOR TWO YEARS.

PETRIE: Okay, let's go.

SOUND: TWO GRUNTS...BODY HITS FLOOR

DURANTE: THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR NOT DOING MY HOMEWORK.

ALLMAN: Oh - my goodness....

MOORE: Don't worry, about your jewelry, Madam, I'll take care of this <sup>bum</sup> ruffian. I'll bring a punch right up from the floor and give it to him.

DURANTE: OKAY, JUNIOR, BRING IT UP.

SOUND: FIST PUNCH...BODY HITS FLOOR

MOORE: Jimmy, I think he liked it.

DURANTE: HOW DO YOU KNOW?

MOORE: He sent me down for another one.

ALLMAN: <sup>Back</sup> Well, why don't the two of you rush him?

MOORE: Okay -- come on, Jimmy, let's go.

PETRIE: Take one step and I'll drill you with this forty-five.

DURANTE: FORTY-FIVE?...MADAM, I'VE CHANGED MY MIND -- ON SECOND THOUGHT IT WOULD BE UNPATRIOTIC TO STOP HIM FROM STEALING YOUR JEWELS.

ALLMAN: Unpatriotic? Why?

DURANTE: BECAUSE THE GOVERNMENT WANTS EVERYBODY TO STAY ON THE JOB,

ORCHESTA: (PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE)

2/55

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

VOICE: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week: Tonight we salute Captain William Crawford, Junior, of Niles, Ohio, who wears eleven decorations for valor, including the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal with Two Oak Leaf Clusters, the Silver Star, and the Order of the Purple Heart. He has chalked up over three hundred and seventy-five hours of combat flying in the Pacific. His name is legend in the Air Corps. In your honor, Captain Crawford, the makers of Camels are sending to our fighters overseas four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

(APPLAUSE)

PETRIE: Each of the three Camel Shows honors a Yank of the Week by sending, FREE, four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes overseas...a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week. In this country, the Camel Caravans-- traveling from camp to camp -- have thanked audiences of more than four million Yanks with free shows and free Camels.

Listen Monday to Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks."  
Thursday to Abbott and Costello, and next Friday listen to Georgia Gibbs, Roy Bargy and his Orchestra, yours truly, Howard Petrie.

DURANTE: AND JIMMY DURANTE.

MOORE: And Garry Moore.

BOTH: IN PERSON. (APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (THEM UP AND FADE FOR:)



PETRIE: <sup>23<sup>10</sup></sup> And remember.....try Camels on your throat and your  
taste. See for yourself how Camels mildness, coolness  
and flavor click with you.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND FADE FOR:)

<sup>23<sup>20</sup></sup>

SHIELDS: 3) The other day I heard a woman say, "I like the looks of a pipe. It's sort of 'he man' looking, like tweeds or fine leather. But does your pipe smell as good as it looks?" Prince Albert has a delightful fragrance, <sup>aroma</sup> aged-in-the-wood aroma that clicks not only with the man who is smoking the pipe, but with people around him. Not only that -- Prince Albert's flavor is rich, full-bodied, 'he-man', yet mild. Prince Albert is crimp cut, so that it packs firmly, draws smoothly, and burns evenly, right down to the bottom of the bowl, more pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the world! Could be that the woman's vote had something to do with that too. Why don't you start packing your pet pipe with Prince Albert today!

ORCHESTRA: (SNEAK THEME) 24<sup>05</sup>

SHIELDS: Tomorrow -- Saturday night -- be sure to listen to Prince Albert's Grand Old Opry -- for nearly nineteen years bringing the real, authoritative American folks music and fun to Southern radio audiences...and now broadcast coast to coast. Remember Grand Old Opry every Saturday night on another network.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND DOWN)

PETRIE: And remember, Camel Cigarettes again present Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante next Friday night at the same time. 24<sup>15</sup>  
This is CBS....The COLUMBIA....BROADCASTING SYSTEM.