

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

(REVISED)

**AS
BROADCAST**

Master - W - 7/12

THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1943
NBC NETWORK
10:00 - 10:30 PM EDT

PROGRAM NO. 15

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

HOPE EMERSON

PAUL LUTHER

51454 3884

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1943

10:00 - 10:30 PM EWT

(AS PROGRAM TAKES AIR, AUDIENCE AND CAST ARE LAUGHING ...
AFTER 3 - 5 SECONDS)

ORCH: PYRAMID CHORDS

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

PETRIE: The Camel Program with Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante!

APPLAUSE

ORCH: THEME FULL AND FADE FOR

PETRIE: Yes, it's Garry Moore, Jimmy Durante, Georgia Gibbs and
the music of Xavier Cugat ... brought to you by Camel ...
the cigarette that's extra-mild, slow-burning, cool -
smoking, rich tasting, better!

And now meet your host - a young man who has just willed
his head to the Museum of Natural History; not that there's
anything in it - but it's the first egg they've ever seen
with hair on it. And here ^{friends} he is -- Garry Moore!

APPLAUSE

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MOORE: Well - thank you ... Thank you VERY much, my friends, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen - happy July the One-th to you all ... Gee Whiz, already it's July the One-th, tomorrow it's July the Twoth, next day July Threeth, and on the Fourth we have no fire-crackers, so we're all going down to my Congressman's house and watch him shoot off his mouth...

PETRIE: Nevermind the Twoth, the Threeth and the Fourth - what about tonight?

MOORE: Oh, tonight! Tonight, Howard, we've got more cultural junk than ever before ... For ladies visiting in New York we have a fine lecture called "What To Do When Chascd. By A Strange Man - and Which Streets To Go On To Make Sure You'll Be." Very worthwhile - also we have the radio premiere of a new tone poem, called "Garry Moore Will He Ever Replace the Horse."

PETRIE: Will he ever replace the HORSE?

MOORE: Yes - or any parts ther-of... It's a GREAT thing, you'll love it .. And right this moment we have this week's letters from the listeners.

EMERSON: I'll say! And this week the mail has just been POURING in! Drip, drip, drip, drip.

MOORE: Toodles - for heaven's sakes, what have you done to your legs?

EMERSON: Well, THIS year Mr. Moore, all the girls are PAINTING their legs - but I wanted to be different.

MOORE: I know - but how did you EVER think of WALL-PAPER? ... It's lovely. *Really it is -*

MOORE: But come now - on with the mail.

EMERSON: Well, our first letter is from Iced Tea, Ohio.

MOORE: Iced Tea, Ohio?

EMERSON: Yes. That's just east of Chillicoffee.

MOORE: Oh, yes. *Die been - - -*

EMERSON: And the young man says, "I am a failure ⁱⁿ my job. I've been out of high-school ten days now and am only making ninety dollars a day. What's wrong with me?"

MOORE: Well, young man, remember one thing~~x~~....Nowadays there is no such thing as an undignified job. Why, even the Western Union boys are calling themselves Communication Carriers...Hog callers have become Pork Persuaders...street cleaners are Curb Chiropracters -- and just this morning my garbage man informed me that he is now a Used Vitamin Convoy.....So my advice to ^{young man} you/is to live right, have faith....and report next Monday morning at your induction centre....Next letter, please.

EMERSON: The next letter is from a lady in Duby-cue, Iowa.

MOORE: Duby-cue, well!....That's not far from Des Mo-innies, is it?...What does she say?

EMERSON: She says that last week you spoke about the laundry shortage, but that doesn't worry her ... Do you think there's going to be a milk shortage?

MOORE: My dear madame, the answer is no ... Nowadays the cows of this country are being pulled together ... ^{Im serious -} ~~Why, I just wish you could see the grind some of them go through to give powdered milk ... I'd tell you mac about it, but they wouldn't let me into the powder room ...~~ But You take one cow of my acquaintance named Beulah ... Up 'til now she didn't give enough cream to cloud up a demitasse... She would just stand in her stall all day, and when she heard the farmer approaching she'd say to herself, "Oh, dear - here comes old Icy Fingers." ... But today that cow is the most versatile cow in the world ... Do you know what she's giving? One spray, Grade A - second stream, whipping cream - third squeeze cottage cheese - and fourth trickle, popsicle ... That, my friends, is production.

ORCH: START DURANTE'S MUSIC

MOORE: And the cows are not the only ones who are giving their all; enter now spontaneous combustion personified - Jimmy Durante, in person.

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY

APPLAUSE

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG....YOU KNOW, GARRY, I'M NOT MUCH ON GIVING ADVICE BUT DON'T TRAVEL IN WAR TIME.

MOORE: *Why?* What happened?

DURANTE: I WAS ON A TRAIN BOUND FOR WASHINGTON, AND I DECIDED TO WASH MY FACE, SO I GOES INTO THE WASHROOM. A GOODLY CROWD WAS THERE, BUT I FINALLY FIGHTS MY WAY TO ONE OF THE WASH BOWLS....A VICTORY. I GETS MY FACE ALL COVERED WITH SOAP WHEN SUDDENLY THE TRAIN GOES INTO A TUNNEL AND HITS A CURVE. MY FACE SLIPS OUT OF MY HANDS AND GOES INTO THE HANDS OF THE MAN NEXT TO ME. HE KEEPS WASHING IT! SO I SAYS: "WAIT A MINUTE, THAT'S MY FACE YOU'RE WASHING." HE SAYS: *If I'm washing your face then* "WELL, SOMEBODY IS WASHING MINE." THE FELLOW NEXT TO HIM SAYS: "WELL, I GUESS THIS FACE IS YOURS, BECAUSE THE FACE I'M WASHING HAS BEEN TALKING ALL THE TIME, AND I HAVEN'T SAID A WORD!" *Boy* WHAT AN EXPERIENCE.

MOORE: *And send it* It's too bad you got your own face back.

DURANTE: *Don't say that, Garry - don't say that* GARRY, I KNOW I'M NOT GOOD-LOOKING....BUT WHAT'S MY OPINION AGAINST THOUSANDS OF OTHERS....WHEN I GOT TO WASHINGTON, WAITING FOR ME ON THE PLATFORM WAS MR. ICKES, MR. KNOX, MR. UMBRIAGO, MR. HULL, MR UMBRIAGO, MR. WICKARD AND MR. UMBRIAGO.

MOORE: *That* Very impressive....but who's Mr. Umbriago?

DURANTE: HE'S MY BUTCHER. HE PROMISED ME A STEAK IF I MENTIONED HIS NAME ON THE *are* RADIO.

MOORE: I'd like to make a deal like that myself...Gee whiz -- last week in Washington it must have been *brutally* hot! How did you come out?

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DURANTE: MEDIUM RARE.

MOORE: Odds bodkins, James, you were probably not only somewhat parboiled but likewise well nigh incinerated.

DURANTE: WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE MR. MOORE....WOMEN AND CHILDREN ARE LISTENING. *He same audience that Mr. Howls gets.*

MOORE: ~~A delectable thought...~~ But James tell me what business took you to Washington?

DURANTE: I GOT A CALL FROM MORGENTHAU.....GOOD OLD J.P..... IT WAS A PLEASURE TO PUT MY FEET ON HIS DESK AGAIN.

MOORE: And I suppose you and Mr. Morgenthau discussed the new withholding tax that went into effect today. You know you're supposed to take off twenty percent of everything you make a living from.

DURANTE: I KNOW, AND JUNIOR THAT'S WHAT'S GOT ME WORRIED!

MOORE: Worried - why?

DURANTE: HOW WOULD I LOOK WALKING AROUND WITH TWENTY PERCENT OFF MY NOSE.

MOORE: I still don't quite understand why Morgenthau called you in, Jimmy.

DURANTE: BECAUSE I'M AN EXPERT ON TAXES....AN S.P.C.A./ *name: de boy* UPON MY ARRIVAL, MORGIE AND I GOES OUT FOR OUR FIRST CONFERENCE. I GETS DRESSED IN MY WHITE TIE, WHITE SPATS AND WHITE SWEAT SHIRT.

MOORE: White sweat shirt? Mr. Durante, as the French would say - Les Habilments fait le bon homme.

DURANTE: AND A CHARLOTTE RUSSE TO YOU, MR. MOORE.

MOORE: Jimmy, do you even vaguely understand the purpose of this new withholding tax?

DURANTE: SURE JUNIOR. I FIGURED IT ALL OUT. I GOT THE WHOLE THING IN A NUMBSKULL. THE PURPOSE IS TO KEEP THE PEOPLE FROM SPENDING MORE MONEY. TO FIND OUT HOW THEY CAN MAKE LESS MONEY AND STILL HAVE MORE MONEY THAN PEOPLE WHO MAKE LESS MONEY AFTER THE GOVERNMENT STARTS TAKING AWAY MORE MONEY. DO YOU UNDERSTAND THAT, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Of course.

DURANTE: GOOD. THEN EXPLAIN IT TO ME.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

DURANTE: I'LL TAKE IT. *Moore: Okay*

SOUND: PHONE UP

DURANTE: HELLO...HELLO. OH I'M GLAD YOU CALLED ME. WHAT? OH SURE. TAKE OFF TWENTY PERCENT - TAKE OFF FORTY PERCENT - TAKE OFF EIGHTY PERCENT. IN FACT I WOULD BE HAPPY IF YOU TOOK OFF A HUNDRED PERCENT.

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

MOORE: Who was that? Morgenthau?

DURANTE: NO.....GYPSY ROSE LEE.

MOORE: Back up. Did Mr. Morgenthau appreciate your services? *James!*

DURANTE: NO.....AFTER TWO DAYS HE FIRES ME.

MOORE: Only two days?

DURANTE: YES. HE NEVER GAVE ME A CHANCE JUNIOR. I DEFY ANY MAN IN THE WORLD TO FIND OUT HOW LITTLE I KNOW IN TWO DAYS. HOWEVER BEFORE LEAVING THE NATION'S CAPITOL, I UNTANGLED THE TAX SITUATION FOR HIM....FOR WHICH I GOT A HEARTY HANDSHAKE.

MOORE: You did....*how did you do that?*

DURANTE: I SAYS TO MORGIE: "LISTEN, J.P., YOU GOT THE INHERITANCE TAX, THE LUXURY TAX, THE GIFT TAX, THE AMUSEMENT TAX, . . . NOW LET'S GET DOWN TO BRASS TACKS. TAKE THE AVERAGE BUSINESS MAN - THE GOOD HUMOR MAN. SUPPOSE HE SELLS A BANANA SPLIT ON A STICK. FOR THIS BANANA SPLIT ON A STICK HE GETS PAID A NICKLE. THAT'S HIS INCOME. FROM THE NICKLE THAT HE GOT FROM THAT BANANA SPLIT ON A STICK THE GOVERNMENT DEDUCTS A TEN PERCENT DEE-BEN-SHER AS WELL AS FIVE PERCENT A-MORT-IZ-A-TION AND WHAT HAVE THEY GOT? A FADOOCHIARY! TAKE FROM THAT A TWENTY PERCENT LIABILITY TO WHICH YOU ADD A FIVE PERCENT LUXURY TAX AND A TWO PERCENT MISCELLANEOUS TAX " . . .

MOORE: Wait a minute, Jimmy. What ^{happened to the} ~~about that~~ Good Humor Man.

DURANTE: OH! HIM! HE'S GOT AN ICEBOX FULL OF ORANGE ICE, LEMON ICE, LIME ICE, STRAWBERRY ICE AND FUDGICLES . . . SO WHAT DOES HE WIND UP WITH? FROZEN ASSETS!

DURANTE: PLAYOFF
APPLAUSE

MOORE: And as Brother James temporarily retires to his squirrel's nest, we turn to the Camel Hall of Fame and Toodles Bongshnook, who tonight presents ---

SOUND: CHINESE GONG

MOORE: The Story of Mrs. de Blad.

Orch: *Sales*
EMERSON: Now, Mrs. De Blad wrote a classified ad, and here is what it said:

"Wanted, a maid, who'll be well paid, with two arms, ~~and~~ two legs and a head.

We'll let you sleep in the Queen Anne Suite, have a Chippendale kitchen sink ---

Use my opera box and my silver fox, and on Thursdays wear my mind."

PETRIE: But nobody came, because Mrs. De Blad neglected to mention that she had dozens of cigarette boxes all over the house, just stuffed with Camels, the cigarette that's cool-smoking and slow-burning because Camels are expertly blended of costlier tobaccos.

EMERSON: Now Mrs. Van Name was a smarter dame, and here is what she said:

"Wanted, a maid, who'll be well paid, who can cook and make up a bed.

She's expected to work, and never to shirk -- but remember, our maid always gets

Just oodles of Camels -- yes, slow-burning Camels -- those smooth, extra-mild cigarettes!"

APPLAUSE

PETRIE: And, of course, after the maids tried Camels in their T-Zones, "T" for taste and throat, anybody's own proving ground for Camel's rich, extra flavor and smooth, extra mildness, well, they just rushed to Mrs. Van Name's house -- and what's more, the one Mrs. V. hired, stayed -- because Camels have more flavor, which helps 'em to hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke!

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

PETRIE: Camels! Get a pack tonight!

ORCH: -- -- INTRO TO CUGAT'S NUMBER

MOORE: . Again, the International Good Will portion with the music of Xavier Cugat.....By request of the orchestra, the orchestra will now repeat their favorite item, called "Take It Easy".....in which they do everything but....."Take It Easy".

ORCH: TAKE IT EASY

APPLAUSE

(REVISED)

That was "Take It Easy."
DURANTE: /AND THAT WAS THE ORCHESTRA OF XAVIER CUGLE, WHOSE SLOGAN
IS "NEVER LET YOUR RIGHT SAXOPHONE KNOW WHAT YOUR LEFT
TROMBONE IS DOING." AND THAT BRINGS US TO THE MUSIC
APPRECIATION HOUR, AND MR. GARRY MOORE.

MOORE: Thank you, James. . . . You know, friends, each week we
receive hundreds of letters from young people
everywhere, wanting to know how they can become radio
singers.

DURANTE: WHY, THAT'S SIMPLE, JUNIOR. . . A CROONER IS NOTHING BUT A
GUY WITH HIS SINUS WIRED FOR SOUND.

MOORE: On the contrary, James, the art of crooning is an exact
study. In bub-bub-a-booing, you must be very careful
to bub when not booing and boo when not bubbing.

DURANTE: EGAD! THE ADVANTAGES OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION!

MOORE: Precisely. . . But tonight I shall deal with neither the
boo nor the bub - but with the whispering baritone; the
Skinny Ennis type singer. And right now I shall
demonstrate, James, by out-Skinnying Skinny Ennis on
"Love In Bloom" *I hope* . . . Maestro?

ORCH: LOVE IN BLOOM. . ONE CHORUS ONLY, PIANO ACCOMP, BAND IN
ON PHRASE.

Applause

ORCH: INTRO TO GIBBS' NUMBER

MOORE: Thanks, friends, you're very kind. Now let's clear all the clinkers out of the air waves ^{and let} ~~to letting~~ those who can really sing, do so. ~~Miss~~ Georgia Gibbs sings "Taking A Chance On Love."... *Georgia.*

GIBBS: TAKING A CHANCE ON LOVE

APPLAUSE

PETRIE: Now you've heard me say a good many times that Camels are first with men in all the services, according to actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens. Did you ever think what that means to you? Yes, of course, it means Camels are good -- but it's also helped to assure you that your Camels are fresh, too! Literally hundreds of millions of Camels have already been shipped to our men all over the world -- to steaming jungles, to deserts, to fog-bound arctic islands. Sometimes they stayed on boats -- or jeeps -- for months. To be sure they'd arrive fresh we redesigned our package, gave it a moisture-proof inner wrap -- and now this same overseas method of packing is being used in all packages of Camels. Yes, now you can be sure that your Camels are fresh -- as mild and rich tasting, as cool and slow burning as when they left us.

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

PETRIE: For yourself, for that fellow in the service, get Camels!
They'll stay fresh!

ORCH: PLAYOFF

MOORE: And now the Thursday Evening False Wig and Bustle ^{Club} Society brings us another ^{gigantic} drammer entitled -- "Life On a Dude Ranch, OR, He Was Only A Bowlegged Cowboy So He Couldn't Keep His Calves Together." / Jimmy, in this play you and I run a dude ranch, and we'll have to dress the part of cowboys. Have you got your chaps, your saddle and your spurs.

DURANTE: WHY, JUNIOR, WHEN I RIDE A HORSE I DON'T NEED SPURS...I GOT SHARP CORNS.

MOORE: ^{I don't care about that.} Well, I'm going to wear my three gallon hat.

DURANTE: GARRY, EVERY COWBOY WEARS A TEN GALLON HAT...HOW COME YOU ONLY GOT A THREE GALLON HAT?

MOORE: That's all I could get ^{up} with an "A" card. / ^{Durante: Oh, I see.} But come, on, Jimmy, time's awasting. As our drama opens, Partners Durante and Moore are reclining in the Lodge Room of the Lazy D&M Dude Ranch. Music Maestro.

MUSIC: PONY BOY

MOORE: (SINGS) Home, home, on the range.

(DURANTE: Where the beer and the cantalopes lay
(Plinks like Banjo)
Since the gas was cut down,
There's no tourists around
And it's lonesome like anything all day.

DURANTE: (PLEASED) JUNIOR, HOW YOU DO SING.

MOORE: Jimmy, how you do plink.

DURANTE: THANK YOU.

MOORE: Not at all...But pardner, ^{we} ~~z~~ got a problem.

DURANTE: WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

MOORE: A party just came in from the East...three Knights of Pythias...two Knights of Malta....and two Knights of Columbus. How much should I charge them.

DURANTE: THAT'S SEVEN KNIGHTS....CHARGE THEM FOR A WEEK.

EMERSON: (OFF - SINGING) I'm an old cow hand. *From the Rio Grande*

~~DURANTE: LOOK, PARDNER, HERE COMES A CUSTOMER.~~

EMERSON: H'ya Tenderfeet. *yippee.*

DURANTE: RUN FOR THE HILLS, MEN. HERE COMES BOULDER DAM WITH EYEBROWS.

EMERSON: I'd like to spend a couple of weeks at your Dude Ranch.

MOORE: *That's all very well but*
Have you any references, Madam?

EMERSON: References, young man? I'm one of the Boston Bongshnooks. You can find me in Who's Who.

MOORE: With that shape, you should be in What's This. However, we'll give you room 618, Miss Bongshnook.

~~EMERSON: 618? I didn't think you had that many rooms. How many do you have?~~

~~DURANTE: TWO - 618 and 619.~~

~~MOORE: Madam you'll find your room down the hall.~~

DURANTE: YEAH...PICK UP YOUR BAGS AND SCRAM.

MOORE: ~~Jimmy, you shouldn't talk that way to the guests, we need money. We're broke....we need money.~~

PETRIE: Do you need money? I'll loan you one hundred. I'll loan you two hundred. I'll loan you three hundred.

MOORE: Who are you?

PETRIE: Oh, just a LOAN ranger...

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

~~DURANTE: EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT!~~

MOORE: Say, pardner, ^{you know} I've got an idea. ^{She need money and} there's only one way to ^{get it} ~~save our ranch.~~ You'll have to marry ~~our only guest,~~ the wealthy Miss Bongshnook.

DURANTE: NOTHIN' DOING....NOT ONE IN THE WHOLE LINE OF DURANTES ~~HAVE~~ EVER MARRIED FOR MONEY.

MOORE: But Jimmy, she's got a million dollars.

DURANTE: ^{Yeah} THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE!

MOORE: ^{Well} I'm glad you agree, Jimmy. ~~But~~ you gotta be nice to her (YEAH) Now why don't you take her her breakfast in bed. (YEAH) ^{you know --} Go out and milk the cow. (YEAH) Do you know know how?

DURANTE: NO.

MOORE: It's very simple. ^{Milking a cow is} ~~It's~~ just like tuning in a radio, only ^{it's got} ~~there are~~ more dials.

DURANTE: ^{okay} OKAY, I'LL TRY IT. COME HERE, BOSSIE. (COW MOO) SHE LOVES ME...HEY, GARRY, WATCH ME MAKE HER GIVE. COME, COME, BOSSIE. ^{Come come... Come come...}

SOUND: THREE OR FOUR SQUIRTS OF MILK GOING INTO PAIL... THEN A LOT OF BOLTS AND NUTS FALL INTO PAIL.

DURANTE: WHATTA YOU KNOW...HEAVY CREAM...AIN'T NATURE WONDERFUL.

PETRIE: *Say* Boys! Boys! Get the posse. Bongshnook has been kidnapped.

MOORE: What - Kidshnook has ^{just} been Bongnapped?

PETRIE: No! No! Bongnap has been kidshnooked!

DURANTE: WELL WHAT DO YOU KNOW? SHNOOKNAP HAS BEEN KID-BONGED!

PETRIE: *do no* No! Nap-kid has been shnook-bonged!

MOORE: *you mean Bongnap has been - - -*
Nevermind! Who did it?

PETRIE: The Indians!

MOORE: The Indians? Call out the posse.

DURANTE: HERE POSSEY, POSSEY, POSSEY, POSSEY, POSSEY.

MOORE: Jimmy, get on your horse. *Get on your horse, we're off....*

DURANTE: COME HERE PINTO (HORSE'S NEIGH) WELL I'M OFF.

SOUND: HORSES HOOFS...CRASH

DURANTE: I'M OFF AGAIN.

~~MOORE: I'm with you, Jimmy. Which way to the Indians?~~

DURANTE: JUST FOLLOW MY NOSE.

MOORE: Follow your nose. Oh come, come pardner, there must be ~~a shorter way than that.~~

MUSIC: PONY BOY...FADE DOWN AND OUT

~~DURANTE: I'M OFF AGAIN. AFTER THIS I'LL HAVE TO RIDE SIDESADDLE.~~

MOORE: *Say* Here's the Indian camp. ~~The~~ guy must be the chief.

DURANTE: WHAT'S HE DOING WITH A BALL BAT IN HIS HAND?

MOORE: Must be a Cleveland Indian.

INDIAN: How Paleface...Me Indian. Alber-jerky.

DURANTE: ME COWBOY....BROOKLYN JERKY.

~~INDIAN: You cowboy, I see. But friend no Indian. He wear nice feathers.~~

~~DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE, THAT'S NOT FEATHERS, THAT'S HIS HAIR.~~

MOORE: *Say chief*
What kind of Indian are you?

INDIAN: Me brave Indian.

MOORE: *Oh - brave Indian*
Do you ever listen to our program?

INDIAN: Me not that brave.

DURANTE: LISTEN - DID YOU KIDNAP WHITE WOMAN?

~~INDIAN: Ugh.~~

MOORE: Is she rich white woman?

~~INDIAN: Ugh.~~

~~DURANTE: IS SHE BEAUTIFUL WHITE WOMAN?~~

INDIAN: ~~Ugh~~ ugh. White woman now Indian princess...Princess Big Moose.

EMERSON: *Look at me boys (giggle)*
~~Hello boys (giggle)~~ Me Sioux Indian.

MOORE: With that shape you should sue your mother and father too. Chief, Jimmy my pardner here would like to marry Princess Big Moose.

INDIAN: Him? -- me no like Eagle Beak. Me call Big Chief Rapid-Water-Have-Tough-Time-Freezing. Me send ^{him} smoke signal.

Luther:
PETRIE: *and* If it's smoking you want...for real pleasure smoke....

ORCH: (SINGS) C-A-M-E-L-S!

MOORE: What is this, a dude ranch skotch or Tobacco Road?

INDIAN: Here goes smoke signal.

MOORE: *See Jky* Jimmy, look how black that smoke is.

DURANTE: HE MUST BE CALLING US DIRTY NAMES.

MOORE: *Sy* How about it Chief? Any answer yet?

INDIAN: Big Chief give answer. He say only Indian can marry Princess Big Moose.

MOORE: Oh wonderful -- Jimmy, you're going to be an Indian.

DURANTE: WHO'S GONNA BE AN INDIAN? NOT ME! YOU BE THE INDIAN...
YOU GOT THE HAIR FOR IT.

MOORE: Yeah, but Jimmy you got the beak for it. Wouldn't you like to be a Tough Mohawk?

DURANTE: NO...I'D LIKE TO BE A SWEET SUE.

MOORE: *Oh dear - All right*
~~Okay~~. Chief, swear him in.

INDIAN: Okay...come to sacred fire for ceremony. Repeat after me. Ugger....

DURANTE: UGGER.....

INDIAN: Ugger-Mugger.

DURANTE: UGGER-MUGGER.

INDIAN: Ugger-Mugger-Rugger.

DURANTE: UGGER-MUGGER-RUGGER.

INDIAN: Ugger-Mugger-Rugger-Dugger.

DURANTE: UGGER-MUGGER-RUGGER-DUGGER.

INDIAN: Ugger-Mugger-Rugger-Dugger-Hugger-Jugger-Bugger.

DURANTE: I SHOULD A QUIT WHEN I ~~WAS~~ EVEN.

INDIAN: Indian! I now name you..., Sitting Bull.

MOORE: *oh oh* Look out, Jimmy, you're backing into the fire.

DURANTE: OUCH. *(Series of tin crashes)*

MOORE: *Oh-oh - you'll hafta*
~~you'd better~~ change that name...from Sitting Bull to
Standing Room Only.

ORCH: PLAYOFF

APPLAUSE

ORCH: MARCH

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

LUTHER: To Captain George Humbrecht, of St. Louis, Missouri, a photographic reconnaissance pilot, who left a North African field for a single-handed photographic mission. On his way back, he came out of ^{the} clouds to find himself in the midst of thirty-eight German fighters. Though he was attacked repeatedly, and his plane struck by ten cannon shells, he continued back with his pictures, finally managing to make a dead stick landing. In your honor, Captain Humbrecht, the makers of Camels are sending to our men in North Africa three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes. We salute you,

Captain George Humbrecht:

MUSIC: APPLAUSE
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 men in his battle area...a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week. Since nineteen forty-one Camels have been thanking the Yanks in this country with the traveling Camel Caravans, which have already given over two thousand free performances and free Camels to audiences of nearly three million service men.

ORCH: WHO WILL BE WITH YOU

ORCH: WHO WILL BE WITH YOU

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

MOORE: An exquisite note, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: *It* AN EXQUISITE NOTE, ^{*indeed*} MR. MOORE.

MOORE: *Sounds exactly like all kinds of concert stuff, doesn't it? But say* What's cooking for Fourth of July weekend? *Jimmy, now that we're leaving for the*

DURANTE: A LOT OF BODIES AT CONEY ISLAND. BUT THAT'S NOT FOR ME. I'M JUST GONNA STAY HOME AND LET MY MIND WANDER. *evening and everything, tell me*

MOORE: *Oh* That's a worthwhile thought for all of us, Jimmy. *It really is - Friends* Give up traveling for pleasure for the duration. Maybe

you have always gone to visit the family in July. It's only overnight and you think a little trip like that won't matter. *But believe me* Well, it does! And here's why *it does!* You may make it impossible for a soldier or a sailor to get home on a hard-earned furlough. So don't travel unless you absolutely have to, *ad* That goes for everyone everyday.

ORCH: PLAYOFF

DURANTE: AND THAT'S ON THE LEVEL, FOLKS.

MOORE: *Applause* Good night, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: GOODNIGHT, MR. MOORE.

None: *Good night, everybody.*

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PETRIE:

Listen to each of the four Camel shows -- tomorrow, another special Camel Comedy Caravan, starring Fred Allen, with Portland Hoffa, Al Goodman and his orchestra, Hi, Lo, Jack and the Dame, and as ^{our} special guest our own Jimmy Durante; Saturday, Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks"; Monday night it's "Blondie" that famous comic strip family; and next Thursday, Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore, Georgia Gibbs, the music of Xavier Cugat and your truly, Howard Petrie.
~~Remember~~ Remember -- if you want a fresh cigarette -- get Camels -- the cigarette that's first in the service! They're packed to go around the world!

ORCH:

THEME UP AND OUT

(SWITCH OVER TO 8B FOR HITCH HIKE)

ANNOUNCER: Mister Pipe-Smoker, I don't know whether you're using rooster feathers, broom straws, or cotton and picture wire now that pipe cleaners are so scarce -- but I do know you'll be glad you tried Prince Albert, the pipe tobacco that more Americans smoke than any other -- and have for years. Yes, sir, good Prince Albert is no-bite treated, for cool, gentle, tongue-happy smoking comfort -- and crimp cut to pack and draw and burn just right; And remember -- you get around fifty mild, mellow, fragrant pipefuls in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert! Get P. A. for Pipe Appeal! It's the National Joy Smoke!

/ch/nc/db
3/30/43 pm