

AS
BROADCAST

Master - 20 - 7/23

(REVISED)

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1943
NBC NETWORK
10:00 - 10:30 PM EWT

PROGRAM No. 17

CAST:

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

HOPE EMERSON

PAUL LUTHER

51454 3937

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

THURSDAY, JULY 15, 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 at this moment ^{friends} let's say hello to a young man who
has so much on his mind that even when he lies down
his hair stands up.....Garry Moore!

APPLAUSE

(REVISED)

MOORE:

(INTERRUPTING APPLAUSE)... Oh, now wait ^{a minute - no - no friends} hold everything...
 don't applaud!... That's very kind of you, but ^{rather than have} instead of
 you applaud ^{I want} everybody ^{in the audience to} hiss me
~~applauding~~ tonight, ^{come on all together} please!...
 Come on -- everybody hiss... (BIG)... Thank you, Our air-
 conditioning is busted, I wanted to cool the ^{stink} joint off a
 little.... But I must say that I'm awfully glad you nice
 people came down here tonite, instead of next week, when ^{our}
^{program is} the show's gonna be so bad.

HOWARD:

^{Wait a minute, Garry} What makes you think next week's show is gonna be ^{so} bad?

MOORE:

^{Well} That's what it says on the tickets, "Admit one to the
 Camel Program -- good tonite only."... So, let's make
 stuff while the thing shines and get right down to the
 letters from the listeners.

HOPE:

Oh BOY, and are they wonderful THIS week! (BIG LAUGH)

MOORE:

^{look who's here} Well, ^{Well, from a double line to the left} well... Whistler's Mother!... Who's the first ^{and tell me}
 letter from ^{you tonight!} Feed ~~me~~

HOPE:

The first letter is from Baltimore, Md.

MOORE:

Baltimore! Why that's my home.

HOPE:

Oh, really? I didn't know you were Balti-moron.

MOORE:

MISS Bongshnook!... You are putting the emPHASIS on the
 wrong syl-LABLE... It's Baltimorean, and I was down
 there last week.

HOPE:

Say, boy! I'll bet they gave you some reception!

MOORE:

Oh, ^{indeed} ~~indeed~~ they deed! ^{you know} The very first thing that greeted
 my eyes when I got off the train was a great big red
 and gold sign -- six feet high.

HOPE:

Gee whiz! What did it say?

MOORE:

Baltimore.... It was pretty tho.

HOPE:

You mean there wasn't any reception committee?

MOORE: *Neal* No - but I went to the radio station where I got my first job - and ^{*you know*} on the door of my old office there was ^{*his*} a bronze plaque ^{*I said*} "Garry Moore slept here." ^{*Isn't that good!*} But enough about jazzy old me ^{*now*} - what does this letter say?

HOPE: Well, this man is planning a trip to New York, but he hates subways....He wants to know if there is a taxi shortage in New York.

MOORE: My dear sir, I can answer your question in two short words - Nuh-uh...I had the occasion last night to go home in ^{*taxi*} a cab and at ^{*make up your mind, will you, you don't know what that*} 42nd street we ran into a jam of 93 ^{*been*} taxicabs. ^{*and*} After sitting in one spot for ten minutes, ^{*& my nerves!*} the door opened and a strange man get into the cab...I looked at him and said, ^{*you*} "Going somewhere?"...And he opened the opposite door and said, "No thanks - just crossing the street."

HOPE: Then there is no taxi shortage.

MOORE: *Oh,* On the contrary - there's a surplus ^{*of taxis*} and the traffic laws ^{*in New York*} about taxicabs are very strict...On Saturday nights, any cab going over 65 MUST have a driver!...You know, I used to think these drivers were very courteous - the way they stick their hand out at every corner?...I was wrong....That's so's in case they miss you with the ^{*taxi*} cab, they can slap your face as they go by.....Ah, but ^{*come now!*} what am I doing talking about New York, when Broadway's favorite step-son is right in our midst.

ORCHESTRA: START DURANTE'S MUSIC

MOORE: The little man who has more fun than anybody - Jimmie
Durante, in person!

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START EACH DAY
APPLAUSE

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY --

MOORE: *Oh dear, dear -*
That's lovely, James, you're a chipper little chipmunk tonight.

DURANTE: THANK YOU, GARRY. LOOKING AT YOU MAKES ME MORE CHARMING THAN EVER. *M: Thank you. D: Garry,* I AM AT HOME BAKING PRETZELS WHEN I RUNS OUT OF SALT, SO I WALKS INTO THIS LITTLE GROCERY STORE AND I SEE BOXES OF SALT ALL OVER THE SHELVES -- BAGS OF SALT ALL OVER THE COUNTERS -- BARRELS OF SALT ALL OVER THE FLOOR. SO I SAYS TO THE GUY, "GEORGE, YOU MUST SELL AN AWFUL LOT OF SALT." HE SAYS: "TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, JIMMY, I DON'T SELL MUCH SALT, BUT THE SALESMAN WHO COMES IN HERE -- DOES HE SELL SALT!"

MOORE: *James,* What were you baking pretzels for, pray tell?

DURANTE: I WENT ON A PICNIC THAT WAS THE TALK OF THE INTELLIGENTRY. THE WHOLE GANG WAS THERE. TOSCANINI, UMBRIAGO, WILLIAM SAROYAN, UMBRIAGO, LEO DUROCHER, UMBRIAGO, ABBOTT AND COSTELLO AND UMBRIAGO....

MOORE: Who's Umbriago?

DURANTE: HE'S MY DANCING TEACHER. *He said* IF I MENTION HIS NAME. *my* NEXT LESSON HE'LL LET ME DANCE WITH GIRLS. BUT I GOT HIM A JOB ON THE SIDE WORKING IN A FISH MARKET.

MOORE: *oh?* How much does he make a week?

DURANTE: I DON'T KNOW. I CAN NEVER GET NEAR ENOUGH TO ASK HIM. WHAT A BUNCH OF KIDS HE'S GOT. THERE'S DAROSA, *He Salvo* MILLIE-UTCH, ANGELINA, PASQUALE, SALVADOR, BATCHAGALUP AND ABBE-
CROMBIE? THERE'S EIGHTEEN OF 'EM.

MOORE: With all those children, he should get lots of publicity. Why doesn't he notify the newspapers?

DURANTE: HE'S WAITING FOR A FINAL SCORE.

MOORE: But how do they manage ^{- all these kids -} in such a small house?

DURANTE: UMBRIAGO'S GOT A SYSTEM. THE ODD NUMBERS BREATHE IN AND THE EVEN NUMBERS BREATHE OUT.

MOORE: *That's* Quite a system. As they would say in Spanish, "Che diria usted -- oh diablos -- che ombre intelligente."

DURANTE: AND A CHILI CON CARNE TO YOU, MR. MOORE. BUT TO GET BACK TO THE PICNIC THERE I WAS MEANDERING THROUGH THE MEADOW. THERE WERE ROSES TO THE RIGHT OF ME, VIOLETS TO THE LEFT OF ME AND IN FRONT OF ME WERE TWO WEEPING WILLOWS. AS I PASS THEM I HEAR ONE WEEPING WILLOW SAY TO THE OTHER WEEPING WILLOW: "WHAT THE HECK ARE WE WEEPING ABOUT? TAKE A LOOK AT THAT GUY'S PUSS!".... YOU COULD HAVE KNOCKED ME DOWN WITH A COCKEYED SUSIE!

MOORE: James as a botanist, your lack of comprehension is sublime.

DURANTE: THANK YOU. I LOVE YOU TOO. AND JUNIOR, AS I'M STANDING THERE -- MEDITATING -- A FEROCIOUS BULL COMES RUSHING TOWARDS ME. THERE I AM -- DURANTE -- ~~AM~~ CORNERED LIKE A CHEESE IN A TRAP. ^{and} NOW THE BULL GETS CLOSER AND CLOSER. SUDDENLY I GETS AN IDEA. I MAKES A NOISE LIKE A COW -- "MOOOOOOOOOOO".

MOORE: What happened, Jimmy?

DURANTE: THE BULL KISSES ME AND WE'VE BEEN KEEPING COMPANY EVER

MOORE: ^{SINCE} *Do you know something, Mr. Durante?* An experience like that would make my hair curl.

DURANTE: THAT I WOULD LIKE TO SEE. BY THAT TIME I'M AS HUNGRY AS A BEAR. I DECIDES TO MAKE A SANDWICH. JUST AS I START, AN ANT HOPS ON MY NOSE. HE ATTACKS ME. I REACHES FOR A CLUB.

MOORE: A club, for a little ant?

DURANTE: YES, IT WAS EITHER HIM OR ME.

MOORE: And how did that battle turn out?

DURANTE: LISTEN WHILE I QUOTE:

A LITTLE ANTIE -- FROM A PLANTIE
TOOK A BITE OUT OF DURANTE
WHILE ALL OF THE ANTIE, WAS ON DURANTE
SOME OF DURANTE WAS IN THE ANTIE. UNQUOTE.

MOORE: *James*
Jimmy, I didn't know you were a poet.

DURANTE: I'M A REGULAR HENRY WADSWORTH LONGSMELLER.

MOORE: *Neil* Don't look now, Jimmy, but that ant is still on your nose.

DURANTE: LET HIM ALONE. EVERY LISTENER COUNTS. SO I STARTS TO MAKE MY SANDWICH. I TAKES A SLICE OF PUMPERNICKEL BREAD, I PUTS SOME HAM ON IT....I PUTS A TOMATO ON IT...I PUTS SOME LETTUCE ON IT....WITH MAYONNAISE DRESSING AND A DASH OF SALT...AND THEN VERY SATISFIED, I PUTS ANOTHER SLICE OF PUMPERNICKEL ON TOP. A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT! I'M JUST ABOUT TO EAT IT WHEN WHAT DO YOU THINK -- I FORGOT TO PUT MUSTARD ON THE HAM. SO, I TAKES OFF THE PUMPERNICKEL THE MAYONNAISE, THE LETTUCE, THE SALT, THE TOMATO -- AND I PUTS THE MUSTARD ON THE HAM. THAT ACCOMPLISHED, BACK GOES THE TOMATO, THE SALT, THE LETTUCE, THE MAYONNAISE, AND THE PUMPERNICKEL. WHAT A JOB. AGAIN, I'M ABOUT TO EAT IT WHEN - OF ALL THINGS - I FORGOT TO PUT THE BUTTER ON THE PUMPERNICKEL. (ANGRY) SO, I TAKES OFF THE PUMPERNICKEL, THE MAYONNAISE, THE LETTUCE, THE SALT, THE TOMATO, THE MUSTARD, THE HAM...AND I BUTTERS THE PUMPERNICKEL. BACK AGAIN GOES THE HAM, THE MUSTARD, THE TOMATO, THE SALT, THE LETTUCE, THE MAYONNAISE, AND THE PUMPERNICKEL, *looking none the worse for wear.* ~~MY WORK IS DONE!~~ I'M ABOUT TO SINK MY TEETH INTO IT WHEN I REMEMBERS...I CAN'T EAT IT!

MOORE: Why not?

DURANTE: BECAUSE I HATE SANDWICHES!

ORCH: PLAYOFF

APPLAUSE

MOORE: See you later, James, my chum -- but right now, ^{friends,} heavy business. The Camel Hall of Fame, starring Toodles Bongshnook, and --

SOUND: CHINESE GONG

MOORE: The Story of Private Jones of Company B.

ORCH: INTRODUCTION

EMERSON: Now Private Jones was the only man in all of Company B who asked and pleaded and begged to please be put on K. P. !

He liked to peel potatoes and he liked to shell the peas!

But still the sergeant told him -- "We've got plenty of K. P.'s!"

PETRIE: Now K.P. stands for kitchen police, but "T" stands for taste and throat, your own T-Zone proving ground for Camels' rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness!

EMERSON: One Thursday night our Jonesy got his radio to play. He turned the dial to NBC, heard a guy named Petrie say ---

PETRIE: (IN RHYTHM) If you really want to please a Yank, give him Camels by all means!
They're first with men in the Army, the Navy, and Marines!

EMERSON: So Jonesy found the Sergeant, gave him Camels -- a whole pack!

The sergeant puffed and smiled and then --- slapped Jonesy on the back!
Well now it's Sergeant Jones in charge of mess for Company B,
And Jonesy's got the best-fed gang in the Field Artillery

APPLAUSE

PETRIE: And the other Sergeant is still smoking Camel cigarettes because they've got more flavor, helps 'em to hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many he smokes! You'll like Camels, too! They're cool smoking and slow burning -- the result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos!

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

PETRIE: Camels! They stay fresh because Camels are packed to go around the world!

ORCH: INTRO TO "HIJOS DE BADA"

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ORCH: INTRO TO "HYOS DE BUDA

MOORE: Ho-ho-ho -- Souse American Rizzem!...Which, of course,
means Xavier Cugat - which, in turn, means music -
which tonight means "Hyos de Buda"....Which, my friends,
means nothing to me except that it's awful, awful peachy...
The music of Xavier Cugat!

ORCH: HYOS DE BUDA

APPLAUSE

DURANTE: A MOST ENGAGING OVERTURE!...BUT COME NOW, DEAR FRIENDS,
FOR 'TIS TIME FOR GARRY MOORE, POET OF THE PEOPLE, AND
HIS THURSDAY NIGHT POET'S CORNER...AND FRANKLY, THAT'S
SOMETHING I WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND.

MOORE: What's that, James?

DURANTE: HOW COME IT'S ALWAYS THE POET'S CORNER???.HOW COME A POET
CAN'T SIT OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM LIKE THE REST OF
US?

MOORE: I wouldn't ^{really} know, but I suspect it's because he's afraid
of being snuck up on from behind.

DURANTE: ^{A reasonable presumption.}
~~POSSIBLE BY, JAMES~~...AND AS THE MAN SAID WHEN HE STUCK
HIS HAND IN A POT OF GLUE. "THE FEELING IS MUCILAGE."

MOORE: I'm glad you feel that way, ^{James}..So lean back and let me read
you my poem.

ORCHESTRA: SNEAK IN SHMALTZ

MOORE: Oh, mortal man is an odd creation -
He struggles to improve his station.
And yet endeavor tho I might
My life contains one awful blight.
One wish I have that's become a habit --
I wish I were a lit-tul rabbit.

(MORE)

MOORE:
(CONT'D)

Oh, you lovely little bunny,
I'd rather be you than Myrna Loy's honey.
I'd rather be you than ^{Puffery}~~Jimmy~~ Rose
Or a wart on the end of Durante's nose.
Durate -- with the smile that wins
And legs that look like Gunga Din's.
I'd rather be you than someone immense
Or the man who paints signs that say "ladies" and gents.
I'd rather be you than Walter Disney
And he's a splendid fellow--Isny?

Perhaps, my friends, you think it funny
That I prefer to be a bunny.

It isn't because of the warm brown fur
That grows on him or grows on her,
Although - because he is so fuzzy -
He seldom ever shivers, duzzy?
His coat is warm, his coat is sleek,
With no down payments and nothing a week.
~~It has no zippers and no buttons --~~

~~Which is more in you can say for Barbara Hutton's.~~

It fits him tight, it don't hang loose --
From the tip of his nose, to his caboose.
In no place does it cease to fit him.
It don't get lost -- he takes it wit 'im.

(MORE)

MOORE:
(CONT'D)

Then come now - what IS the reason why
I'd so much rather be he than I?
To be a hare I think is fine.
Because his home-life is divine.
Throughout the winter and the Autumn
He carries on as Nature taughtumm.
He lives a life of Independence,
And has thousands of descendants.
People, too, increase per capita --
So does the bunny -- only rapita.
The tax collector makes a killin' --
But not from the hare, 'cause he's got chillin.
Not counting children he has lost
By the hunter's gun or an early frost,
Or measles, whooping cough or sinus --
His income tax still comes out minus.
And so, my friends, you'll please be kind
And not attempt to change my mind
Against each candidate you scare up
I will gladly put my hare up.

ORCH:

PLAY-OFF

APPLAUSE

DURANTE: JUNIOR, THE SHEER BEAUTY OF YOUR POETIC SOUL FILLS ME WITH AN EXQUISITE REVULSION! IT REMINDS ME OF A TOOTHACHE I USTA KNOW. WHAT DID YOU THINK OF IT, GEORGIA?

GEORGIA: *Why,* Jimmie, I'm so touched by it all, I'm just beside myself.

MOORE: *Oh* Good for you, *Georgia*. And if you ever get tired of being beside yourself, just give me a call and I'd be GLAD to be beside yourself.

Durante:
GEORGIA: *me, too.* I'll do that, Garry....Meanwhile, maestro -- a little music please.

GIBBS: ALL OR NOTHING AT ALL

APPLAUSE

PETRIE: Right now there are millions of Camel cigarettes riding the high seas in the holds of freighters, millions more in Post Exchanges from the Arctic Circle to the jungles of the South Pacific--because Camels are first in all the services, according to actual sales records ~~in stores~~ ^{now} ~~where the men spend their own money for cigarettes.~~ What does that mean to you? It means fresh cigarettes-- because we had to pack Camels so they'd stay fresh for months, in any climate. We developed a new moisture-proof inner-wrap--and today this new overseas method of packing is used in all packages of Camels. Yes, the Camel cigarettes you buy around the corner were packed to go around the world -- packed to keep their cool, slow way of burning, their mild, rich extra flavor--packed to keep the goodness of Camels' costlier tobaccos.

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

PETRIE: Camels! For yourself, for that fellow in the service, get Camels! They stay fresh because they're packed to go around the world!

ORCH: PLAYOFF

MOORE: Forthwith, my friends, the Thursday Night False Wig and Bustle Club with a touching real estate drama called "She Married a Real Estate Agent And Now They've Got Lots And Lots".....Jimmy, do you know anything about real estate?

DURANTE: DO I? I DARE SAY! YOU ARE FEASTING YOUR EYES ON A GREAT ARCHITECT.

MOORE: "Architect" ^{Jimmy} That's ARK-itect. The "Ch" is pronounced "K".

DURANTE: I CAN'T SEE. IT'S THAT DARN LIGHT FROM THE KANDELLER NEAR THE KIM-NEY!

MOORE: *al* James, you have given nonsense a new lease on life. But when it comes to architecture, I once built a country retreat for Mussolini.

DURANTE: DID HE LIKE IT?

MOORE: *al* He must have. He's had many retreats since then. But now let's get down to brass tacks...Everybody down?...Sharp, aren't they? Our scene opens in the real estate office of Durante and Moore....

BOTH: (SING TOGETHER) THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME...

DURANTE: (SCRAM BUM!)

BOTH: THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME....

DURANTE: (SCRAM BUM!)

MUSIC OUT

~~BOTH: THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE~~

MOORE: *wait a minute - wait a minute* HEY./ What's the Scram Bum for?

DURANTE: THAT'S FOR THE LANDLORD!

MOORE: Well, we're ready for business, ^{anyhow Jimmy} and CLLLLAAAAAAAAANNNNNGGGGG!
the 'phone rings....

SOUND: PHONE OFF HOOK

MOORE: Hello, Durante, Moore and Ssssshhhhhhh!

DURANTE: Shhh?.....Who's Shhh?

MOORE: Our silent partner. ^{oh.} Hello, who's calling?

PETRIE: This is Australia calling.

MOORE: ^{Well} Hello, Aus...

PETRIE: (FILTER ON STAGE) Remember that dog-house you were goin'
to build for Mr. Houston's dog, Rover? I wish you'd
hurry and build it.

MOORE: Okay...Is this Mr. Houston?

PETRIE: No - this is Rover....Woof/woof!

SOUND: PHONE UP

DURANTE: HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT...A COCKER SPANIEL WITH A BOSTON
ACCENT.

MOORE: No wonder. He's been taking lessons from Emily Post. Let's
get busy, ^{here now} Jimmy. Hand me the blue prints.

DURANTE: WHO'S GOT TIME ^{for} TO EAT OYSTERS!

MOORE: Jimmy ^{no - not oysters -} / the blue prints!

DURANTE: NEVER MIND THEM. I'M WORKING ON A NEW HOUSE MADE ONLY OF
CAMEL CIGARETTES.

MOORE: What kind of a house is it?

DURANTE: A SMOKE HOUSE.....I GOTTA MILLION OF 'EM.... ^{a million of 'em.}

MOORE: And don't forget Jimmy, I'm a bit of a builder myself. I built houses all over the world, but my prize winners were those attics I built in Asia.. *Oh*, those Asiattics. I gotta million of 'em too... *a million of 'em.*

DURANTE: IMITATION OF ME IS THE LOWEST FORM OF FLATTERY. AFTER ALL WHAT IS LIFE -- WHAT IS A HUMAN BEING...

MOORE: I don't know *Junior*...What is a human being?

DURANTE: DON'T LOOK AT ME. I'M ONLY A DECOY.

MOORE: *Now no kidding* / Jimmy, we've got to do something about our new development on Honeymoon Island *you know* // If we sold one house, we could sell them all.

DURANTE: SELL 'EM? WHY THAT WOULD BE A CATASTRASTROKE. IF WE SELL 'EM ALL WE'D GET RICH. IF WE GET RICH, I'LL BUY A BIG CAR. IF I BUY A BIG CAR I'LL RUN OVER SOMEBODY, IF I RUN OVER SOMEBODY, THEY'LL PUT ME IN JAIL AND JUNIOR, IF YOU THINK THAT I'M GONNA SIT IN JAIL SO YOU CAN SELL A HOUSE.....YOU'RE CRAZY.

MOORE: Jimmy, you're gonna run our fortune into a shoestrong.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

PETRIE: (GOON) Say, fellas...guess what ~~happened~~? We just got married.

EMERSON: Yes, isn't it wonderful *you know*...I proposed to Mohammed and he accepted me.

MOORE: Well what do you know. The mountain came to Mohammed. Madam, we have just the house for you. It's in Brooklyn.

PETRIE: *Oh no*-I refuse to live in Brooklyn.

DURANTE: DON'T SAY THAT, SIR. REMEMBER BROOKLYN IS OUR ALLY.

MOORE: Toodles we have just the Honeymoon Cottage for you two love birds. ^{near} Come on, Jimmy, let's go.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS *wait a minute*

DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE/-- OH YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL, YOU'RE WONDERFUL, YOU'RE GORGEOUS....

MOORE: Oh come on, Jimmy, there'll be mirrors out there, too.

DURANTE: ALL RIGHT.

MUSIC.....BRIDGE...

SOUND: BULL FROGS...CRICKETS

MOORE: Well Mrs. Mohammed, how do you like this beautiful cabin site high atop Honeymoon Hills.

EMERSON: Wonderful. It's the first hilltop I ever saw in a swamp. Furthermore, ~~we've only been here five minutes~~ and I've lost Mohammed.

DURANTE: DON'T WORRY, WE'LL FIND HIM.

ORCH: CHLOE

BOTH: MOE-EY! MOE-EY!

PETRIE: *Any feller* Here I am. *8-1* I just saw the house. How much do you want for this under-water Paradise.

MOORE: Fifty cents an acre...and you feed the alligators.

EMERSON: I wouldn't buy this property on a bet. It's not even near a railroad.

DURANTE: WHY MADAM IT'S ONLY A STONE'S THROW FROM THE STATION.

PETRIE: *Well, tell me*
Where's the station.

MOORE: As soon as they throw enough stones, we'll build one.

DURANTE: *MADAM*
WHY THIS IS THE GREATEST DEVELOPMENT SINCE YOU GREW UP.

EMERSON: It's too lonely out here. We don't want to live in a swamp all by ourselves.

DURANTE: BY YOURSELVES? WHY RIGHT OVER THERE ARE FIVE CABINS THAT HAVE BEEN BUILT FOR SALLY RAND. CAN'T YOU SEE WHAT IT SAYS ON THE SIGN -- "FOR SALLY, FOR SALLY, FOR SALLY"

MOORE: "For Sally" -- Jimmy, that's "For Sale".

DURANTE: CORRECT ME WHEN WE'RE ALONE.

MOORE: Well here we are. *here's* your Honeymoon Cabin. Watch your step going up these stairs, they're weak in only one place.

SOUND: FALLING UP STEPS

MOORE: That's the place. Oh, well. Now let's go back to the kitchen...follow me, everybody, and I'll show you where we keep the meat.

SOUND: MANY RUNNING FEET

MOORE: No, no, not the audience too!

DURANTE: NOW MADAM, THIS KITCHEN HAS ONE VERY NOVEL FEATURE. YOU DON'T NEED A GAS STOVE. IT'S GOT A NATURAL GAS WELL THAT I DUG MYSELF.

EMERSON: But don't it leak?

DURANTE: I DON'T KNOW. I'LL LIGHT A MATCH AND LOOK.

MOORE: Jimmy, for goodness sake don't light a match. You'll
blow up the cabin.

DURANTE: DON'T WORRY JUNIOR. THIS IS A SAFETY MATCH.

SOUND: STRIKING MATCH

VOICES: (EXCITED AD LIB) Don't....don't....be careful.

SOUND: EXPLOSION

DURANTE: WHAT DO YOU KNOW....CABIN IN THE SKY.

ORCH: PLAYOFF

APPLAUSE

ORCHESTRA: 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 twenty-year-old Lieutenant Jack Bade of Elk River, Minnesota, a P-40 pilot in the South Pacific. Though wounded and knocked unconscious in a high-altitude fight, he finally regained consciousness only four hundred feet from the water. ~~Then,~~ though his guns were jammed, and though he had only his whirling propeller as a weapon, he roared into a squadron of five Japanese Zeros attacking Navy dive bombers, and continued attempting to ram the enemy until they fled, allowing the bombers to complete their mission. In your honor, Lieutenant Bade, the makers of Camels are sending to our men in the South Pacific four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes. We salute you, Lieutenant Jack Bade!

MUSIC: FANFARE

APPLAUSE

PETRIE: On each of the three Camel shows we'll salute another Yank of the Week, and on each of them send four hundred thousand Camels to men in his battle area...a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week. Camels thank the Yanks in this country with the traveling Camel Caravans, which since nineteen forty-one have given free Camels and over two thousand free performances to audiences of nearly three million service men in more than five hundred different camps.

ORCHESTRA: 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!

SAY JUNIOR, DO YOU WANNA STEP OUT WITH ME TONITE?

MOORE: *Ah* Thanks, *no* - I went out last nite - with a pair of Siamese Twins.

DURANTE: SIAMESE TWINS? DID YOU HAVE ANY FUN?

MOORE: Well -- yes and no.

DURANTE: *See* SIAMESE TWINS ARE BAD STUFF...MY UNCLE GOT DIVORCED FROM

A PAIR OF THEM.

MOORE: *He divorced from a pair of Siamese Twins, why? Didn't they get along?*

DURANTE: YES, BUT HE COULDN'T STAND ALL THOSE COLD FEET ON HIS BACK!

ORCH: "WHO WILL BE WITH YOU" PLAYOFF

MOORE: Good night, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: GOOD NIGHT, MR. MOORE.

ORCH: THEME (BUMPER)

*Moore: Good night, everybody.
Duranter: Good night, everybody.*

ORCHESTRA: THEME UP AND DOWN

PETRIE: Listen to each of the three Camel shows, tomorrow in his new time on Friday night Bob Hawk in the comedy quiz "Thanks To The Yanks"; Monday, that famous comic strip family -- "Blondie"; and next Thursday, Jimmy Durante, Garry Moore, Georgia Gibbs, the music of Xavier Cugat and yours truly, Howard Petrie.

ORCHESTRA: THEME UP AND DOWN

PETRIE: And remember -- if you want a fresh cigarette -- get Camels. They're packed to go around the world!

ORCHESTRA: THEME UP

APPLAUSE

(SWITCH TO 8B FOR HITCH HIKE)

OPTIONAL CLOSING -- IF OUED 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 the music of Xavier Cugat. This is Howard Petrie saying good night for all the gang.

ANNOUNCER: Mister pipe smoker, if you're smoking Prince Albert you've got a lot of company; More men smoke good P.A. than any other brand in America -- have for years. Yessir, and if you're smoking Prince Albert you're enjoying cool, pleasant comfortable smoking, because P.A.'s no-bite treated. Prince Albert's crimp cut, too, so it'll pack and draw and burn just right. You get around fifty mild, mellow, better-tasting pipefuls in every handy pocket package! Get P.A. for Pipe Appeal! It's the National Joy Smoke!

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