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WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

CBS NETWORK
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1943

PROGRAM NUMBER 32
7:00 - 7:30 PM PWT

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

ELVIA ALLMAN

FRED SHIELDS

DIRECTOR - PHIL COHAN

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"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1943

7:00 - 7:30 P.M. 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 Bargy and his orchestre 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! And now we bring you a man who is so
patriotic, that even though he first heard "The Star
Spangled Banner" at the age of three -- his hair is
still standing up!....Garry Moore!

(APPLAUSE)

MOORE: Well, thank you....Thank you very much, Howard, and to all of you intellectual people, you lovers of Shakespeare, Ibsen, *Balzac* and Dick Tracy - we send our Friday greetings. And before going on, I'd like every one in the studio audience to do *not one* me a little favor...*everybody, please stand up - come in - everybody up -* Will you ~~all rise and stand in your~~ *stand up - in your places, please!* *right there - all together* *now I'll tell you friends* *places, please!*... (BIZ)...~~Thank you.~~ *Thank you.* Inasmuch as this is National Poetry Appreciation week, I want all of you to repeat after me, the words of a beautiful thought for today....Repeat after me/ *now here we go -* "Roses are red."

AUDIENCE: Roses are red.

MOORE: Violets are blue.

AUDIENCE: Violets are blue.

MOORE: Helen's are pink, I saw them *hanging* on the line....Sit down... *Don't applaud me -* And thank you very much...You're really very good! You're the funniest audience I've had all *night* ~~months~~.

CUDDLES: Well, hello, hello, hello, HELLO, Mr. Moore!

MOORE: Well, if it isn't my stagnant secretary, Cuddles Bongshnook.. Cuddles, I must say you look lovely this evening - positively ravishing.

CUDDLES: Oh, Mr. Moore, you turn my head!

MOORE: Yes, and I should have turned it further, I can still see your face.

CUDDLES: Say what you will, I was very popular at the canteen last night. That is, until one sailor insulted me.

MOORE: Why, the cad! What did he do?

CUDDLES: He asked me if I could dance.

MOORE: What's wrong with that?

CUDDLES: We were dancing at the time!

MOORE: Well, you're better off than I am, at that...When I'm dancing and the music stops, the girls don't even say thank you.

CUDDLES: What do they say?

MOORE: Step down...^{They do} ~~And~~ they say that to me, mind you! Me, who used to do the Big Apple so well I got fan mail from worms! ...And that reminds me/^{Cuddles, dear} - what's in the Camel mail bag for tonight?

CUDDLES: Well, here's a letter from a Miss Mazie Mishmosh, of Moshmish, Minneshotta...She's worried about the substitutes they're using in women's clothes. She wants to know if you think dresses made of glass are practical.

MOORE: Substitutes, eh? A difficult thing if I say so myself, and I say so myself it's a difficult thing...For example now, you take liquid stockings. I did a lot of experimenting with liquid stockings.

CUDDLES: What happened?

MOORE: Nothing. I drank four bottles of the stuff and didn't even grow bobby socks. And when a girl goes into a movie theatre with that stuff on her legs she can't even roll her stockings down; unless, of course, she has very loose skin.

CUDDLES: But Miss Mishmosh doesn't care about stockings. She wants to know what you think of dresses made of glass.

MOORE: Welllll - I have no doubt that dresses made of glass are here to stay. However, should Miss Mishmosh wear a glass dress, my advice to her is "Be sure to wear the right shade." ^{You get it? -- wear shade with the glass -- let it go -- never mind.} ...Now if there are any other questions.....

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS

MOORE: Excuse me..

SOUND: RECEIVER OFF

MOORE: Hello.

DURANTE: HELLO, JUNIOR, THIS IS JIMMY.

MOORE: Jimmy, you're due here now. Where are you?

DURANTE: I WAS AT A COPPER MINE AND I FELL DOWN ONE OF THE SHAFTS.

MOORE: So what?

DURANTE: SO COME AND GET ME. I'M AT THE U.S. MINT...AND THEY'RE STAMPING LINCOLN'S PICTURE ON MY FOREHEAD.

ORCHESTRA: (START DURANTE INTRODUCTION...FADE)

MOORE: And here he is, folks, the one and only, Jimmy Durante in person!

(APPLAUSE)

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY. ♪ I'M SORRY TO BE LATE,

JUNIOR - BUT WHILE I WAS IMPROVING MY APPEARANCE, SO

~~THAT~~ I'D LOOK ATTRACTIVE AND DISHEVELLED WHEN I GOT HERE

I CUT MYSELF SHAVING. *Moore: You having trouble? You wanna go out and come in again? You did what? Durante: I cut myself shaving.*

MOORE: Cut yourself shaving? But Jimmy, why don't you use the electric razor I gave you??

DURANTE: I CAN'T...I DON'T KNOW IF MY FACE IS A.C. OR D.C.

MOORE: James - your lack of perception is exceeded only by your obtuseness.

DURANTE: I'D ACCEPT YOUR INVITATION, JUNIOR BUT I JUST FINISHED A BIG DINNER...TO RESUME WITH MY DISCOURSE, I WAS SPENDING AN EVENING AT HOME LAST NIGHT, I'D JUST FINISHED POLISHING UP THE GOLDFISH AND LETTING THE AIR OUT OF THE AIREDALE-WHEN THE TELEPHONE RINGS. IT WAS JUST ANOTHER CALL FROM WASHINGTON.. (WITHOUT ME THOSE BOYS ARE IN A QUANDRY).

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MOORE: Who was it this time?

DURANTE: IT WAS A HIGH GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL WHO SHALL BE NAMELESS....
(WE'LL CALL HIM "X" FOR THE DURATION) *Mr. Newil do that.*
THEY WANT ME TO EXPLAIN TO THE PUBLIC THE BENEFITS OF
THE WIDE OPEN SPACES..SO BEING AN OUTDOOR MAN, I
CONCURRED. AFTER ALL, I'VE BEEN LIVING OUTDOORS FOR THE
LAST SIX MONTHS.

MOORE: You have?

DURANTE: YEAH - BUT ANY DAY NOW I EXPECT TO FIND AN APARTMENT!

MOORE: I admire your optimism...but have you planned any program .
to get people interested in outdoor exercise?

DURANTE: INDUBITABLY, JUNIOR..INDUBITABLY..THE VERY FIRST THING
I'M GONNA DO IS TO PUT BEETY GRABLE IN A BATHING SUIT ON
TOP OF MOUNT WILSON.

MOORE: But what good will that do?

DURANTE: CAN YOU THINK OF A BETTER WAY OF MAKING MOUNTAIN
CLIMBING POPULAR???

MOORE: I am naive, aren't I?....But tell me, *James* what active outdoor
sports have you ever engaged in?

DURANTE: WELL? FOR ONE, JUNIOR, I CAN MENTION FOX HUNTING. WHY, IN
ENGLAND I WAS MASTER OF THE HUNT --FOR
LADY RIPPLEBOTTOM AT PIN BALL-ON-THE-TILT. AH, GARRY,
I SHAN'T SOON FORGET THE DAY OF THE INTERNATIONAL HUNTS
MEET....WEARING MY PINK COAT, SHOUTING TALLY-HO AND
YOICKS, YOICKS, I WAS OFF LIKE THE WIND. I WENT
UPHILL AND DOWDALE -ACROSS FIELDS AND THROUGH FORESTS-
I JUMPED OVER FENCES I JUMPED OVER BROOKS AND DO YOU KNOW
WHAT?

MOORE: What, Jimmy?

DURANTE: IDA CAUGHT THAT DARN FOX IF I HAD A HORSE!!

MOORE: Well that's what you get for running around with a bunch of yocks. But see here James, if the government gave you this assignment -- you must know about sports for the common man.

DURANTE: YOU MEAN ORDINARY AMUSEMENTS LIKE FISHING?

MOORE: Yes, Jimmy - when I go on a vacation I always wear a hat full of flies.

DURANTE: THEY SURE DRIVE YOU NUTS, DON'T THEY?? BUT JUNIOR, WITH MY PROGRAM FOR OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES, I'LL MAKE EVERYBODY IN THIS COUNTRY ANOTHER SAMPSON AND DELILAH. AND BY THE WAY - A PASSING GLANCE AT YOUR ~~PHYSIQUE~~ PHYSIQUE TELLS ME THAT YOU TOO COULD STAND A LITTLE BUILDING UP.

MOORE: Don't be silly - why there's nothing wrong with me.

DURANTE: WELL, JUST TO PROVE MY POINT, LET'S SEE HOW LONG YOU CAN HOLD YOUR BREATH....

MOORE: Okay.

DURANTE: NOW HOLD IT TILL I STOP COUNTING...ONE...TWO...THREE...FOUR.

MOORE: I can hold my breath longer than that.

DURANTE: YEAH -- BUT I CAN'T COUNT ANY HIGHER.

MOORE: Oh, Jimmy, you're incorrigible.

DURANTE: WHAT'S THAT, JUNIOR?

MOORE: I said your incorrigible.

DURANTE: HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT...AND I THOUGHT I WAS IN CALIFORNIA! NOW RETURNING TO THE SUBJECT, AND PREDICATE, THE OUTDOOR ADVENTURE THAT BROUGHT ME TO THE ATTENTION OF THE GOVERNMENT OCCURRED THE DAY I WENT HUNTING. IT WAS A WARM DAY, SO I HUNTED BEAR. I WALKED INTO THE WOODS AND WHAT DO YOU THINK I SAW?

MOORE: What did you see, Jimmy?

DURANTE: I SAW A SPANIEL - UMBRIAGO - A SETTER - UMBRIAGO - A POINTER - AND UMBRIAGO.

MOORE: But what was Umbriago doing among all those dogs?

DURANTE: HE WAS GIVING TRANSFUSIONS TO BLOODHOUNDS!! A KAY-NINE DOCTOR KILDARE. THE NEXT THING I SAW WAS A BIG MOOSE. I RAISED MY RIFLE, TOOK CAREFUL AIM AND FIRED. RIGHT AT HIS HEAD.

MOORE: Did you shoot him in the antlers?

DURANTE: NO. HE TURNED AROUND AND I SHOT HIM IN THE PANTLERS...
Did you see any bear tracks? M: Yes I did! That's my line. Durante: All right, let me go back to my line. M: All right
BUT (STILL UNDENTED, I FEARLESSLY WENT DEEPER INTO THE FOREST.

MOORE: Did you see any bear tracks?

DURANTE: NO -- THIS BEAR DIDN'T RUN ON TRACKS... FINALLY I SPIED THE BEAST -- (A FEROCIOUS MONSTER) -- ~~STRENGTH~~, I FOLLOWED HIM LIKE A CAT - MEOWING AS I WENT ALONG. I WAS RIGHT BEHIND HIM READY FOR THE KILL WHEN THE BEAR WHIRLED AROUND, KNOCKED THE RIFLE OUT OF MY HAND -- THREW BOTH HIS ARMS AROUND ME AND HUGGED ME TIGHTER AND TIGHTER...

MOORE: What did you do?

DURANTE: WHAT COULD I DO? I KISSED HIM!! THEN I GOT OUT MY REVOLVER AND I LET HIM HAVE IT...

MOORE: You let him have it?

DURANTE: YES, AND AFTER HE GAVE IT BACK TO ME I SHOT HIM!

MOORE: Bravo, Jimmy, bravo!

DURANTE: *h.* I DIDN'T GET HIS NAME BUT HE CERTAINLY PUT UP A TERRIFIC FIGHT. AFTER I DRAGGED HIM BACK TO THE CAMP I SKINNED HIM, AND ~~WAS~~ IN THE PROCESS I DISCOVERED DOWN DEEP INSIDE THE CREATURE, A COLLAR BUTTON.

MOORE: A collar button?

DURANTE: THAT'S WHAT I SAID, A COLLAR BUTTON! JUNIOR I THOUGHT ABOUT IT AND THOUGHT ABOUT IT AND STILL I CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT.

MOORE: What can't you figure out?

DURANTE: HOW THAT BEAR EVER CRAWLED UNDER THE DRESSER TO GET THAT COLLAR BUTTON.

Moore: Ah no!
ORCHESTRA AND DURANTE: (MUSICAL FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

PETRIE: On a lonely Pacific Island, a soldier wearily drives his bulldozer out of the way as the first American plane comes down on a new landing strip. Work over for a while, he pulls out his cigarettes - and you can bet they're Camels - the first with men in all the services, according to actual sales records. Thousands of miles from home, the soldier knows his Camels will be fresh - cool smoking and slow burning - because Camels are packed to go around the world! Think of that fellow on the airstrip if there's ever a time when your store is temporarily sold out of Camels. Yes, it may happen even though we've pushed Camel's production to new peaks. But remember - when you get Camel cigarettes, you still get that famous extra flavor, the result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos. Yes, Camel's tobacco standard is the same for soldier, for civilian, anywhere in the world.

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

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

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO... "THANK YOUR STARS")

MOORE: (OVER MUSIC) The man behind the music .. Roy Bargy.
We're glad to know you're learning to like Roy's highly
individual treatments of the time's top tunes.
For example? ~~Why?~~

ORCHESTRA: (THANK YOUR STARS)

(APPLAUSE)

DURANTE: ~~And~~ THAT WAS MR. ROY BARGY WITH AN UNRECOGNIZABLE VERSION OF
BACH'S B-FLAT CONCERTO IN A-MINOR WITH GESTURES!...
AND OUR PROGRAM REMAINS WITH ONE FOOT IN THE CULTURAL
GROOVE, AS WE TURN TO GARRY MOORE.

MOORE: Thank you, James - and welcome, friends, to another meeting
of the Garry Moore Nature Club - dedicated to our four
footed friends of field and stream.

DURANTE: IF YOU'LL PARDON ME FOR PROTRUDING, JUNIOR .. I DON'T THINK
THAT ANYBODY GIVES A HOOT ABOUT ANIMALS.

MOORE: Oh, you think not, eh? .. Listen.

MC GEEHAN: Hoot! Hoot! Hoot! Hoot!

DURANTE: WHO WAS THAT?

MOORE: A friend of mine, giving a hoot about animals.

DURANTE: FREEDOM OF SPEECH!

MOORE: And tonight James, I should like to tell a story that I've
been telling for some years at the drop of a hat. But so
far on this show, no one has dropped a hat.

DURANTE: DO YOU DESIRE THAT I RELEASE MY CHAPEAU?

MOORE: Pray do.

DURANTE: I SHALL.

SOUND: DROP OF SILVERWARE

MOORE: James, how come it sounds like silverware when you drop your
hat?

DURANTE: BROWN DERBY

MOORE: I see...In that case ^{then you} just lean back and light up a Camel,
as I tell you the story of a Gnu - named Hugh.

ORCHESTRA: (SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME)

MOORE: I thought you ought to know about Hugh - because Hugh was a blue gnu. And he was married to a gnu named Sue. And Sue was a blue gnu, too..And every evening when Hugh would come home, Sue would coo, "Yoo hoo, Hugh, you blue gnu, you! Yoo Hoo, Hugh, yoo hoo!" .. And Hugh would answer, "yoo hoo, Sue, you cute gnu, you. Yoo hoo, Sue, yoo hoo!" And they called each other early and often, did Hugh and Sue, for they were very happily married .. Only one thing kept their marriage from being a perfect ^{paradise} thing; they both longed for the patter of tiny feet - the happy laughter of a little one. Every evening Hugh would come home from a hard day's work of getting his name into cross-word puzzles under the title 'a three lettered animal' - and Hugh and Sue would spend the evening doing whatever blue gnus do .. but still, at the end of three years, the only thing they had running around ~~the~~ their house - was a fence. And gradually they began to quarrel, just a little bit, did Hugh and Sue..Sue would say, "Foo to you, Hugh - you blue gnu, you! Foo to you, Hugh".... And Hugh would answer, "And poo to you, Sue, you cute gnu, you! In fact, poo poo pa doo!" And gradually they grew apart. But then one day, a lovely thing happened, Hugh came storming home from work, just spoiling for a fight. But when he opened the front door, there stood Sue - a lovely smile on her face. And Hugh said, "Why, Sue - is there something on your mind?" And she said -

ORCHESTRA: (CUT MUSIC)

MOORE: Yes, Hugh .. I have gnus for you .. Thank you *very much*.

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY OFF)
(APPLAUSE)

DURANTE: JUNIOR, I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY!..YOUR KIND HEART IS EXCEEDED ONLY BY YOUR VIVID IM/INATION.

MOORE: Well, thanks, James. And your generosity is exceeded only by your tender soul.

DURANTE: OH, POO POO, ~~HOW~~ ^{and your} YOU/BLUE G-ANEW YOU!

MOORE: I'm completely sincere. And if you'll wait a moment while I introduce Georgia Gibbs, I'll take you down to the bakery and we'll smell a bun together.

DURANTE: I'LL AWAIT YOU IN THE FOYER. *M: No that.*

ORCHESTRA: (START GIBBS INTRODUCTION SOFTLY)

MOORE: (OVER MUSIC) ^{and} /if we're going in for sentiment, James we may as well go all the way. I refer naturally to the aforesaid Miss Gibbs - Georgia the gorgeous - who sings of love in a Pan American pattern this evening. Her song "Besame Mucho" or "Kiss Me Considerably." Georgia..

GIBBS: "BESAME MUCHO"

(APPLAUSE)

PETRIE: You'll like your first pack of Camels - but you'll like the second pack more! You see, Camels do have more flavor, have had for years! No matter how much or how little you smoke, Camel's extra flavor will help them hold up, keep from going flat, pack after pack! Ask your T-Zone about that - "T" for taste and throat, your own proving ground for Camel's rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness. And of course, your Camels will stay fresh, cool smoking and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world. For flavor, for freshness, get Camels - you'll see what a difference expert blending of costlier tobaccos can make!

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

PETRIE: Camels! First in the service!

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY OFF)

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MOORE: At which incongruous interval, my friends, the Friday evening Faise Wig and Bustle Club presents a dubious little drama dedicated to the Fireman of Pucky-Huddle Hose Company Number Twelve, entitled, "They laughed when the Midge^u joined the Fire Department. They did not know that ~~may~~ many a fire has been put out by a little squirt."

DURANTE: THAT ^{was} MY BOY ^{that} WHO SAID THAT.

MOORE: Jimmy, in tonight's sketch, you and I are brave firemen. Do you think you'd be able to handle a fire hose?

DURANTE: WHY NOT? I'VE GOT THE PERFECT SHN-NOZZLE FOR IT. WHY, JUNIOR, FIGHTING FIRES RUNS IN THE DURANTE BLOOD--MY COUSIN CYNTHIA MARRIED A FIREMAN!

MOORE: Volunteer?

DURANTE: NO, HER FATHER MADE HIM!

MOORE: ~~Yes~~. Well, going from fair to warmer, let us get into our drama with a few hot licks. *here.*

MUSIC: (GLOW WORM)

SOUND: LOUD FIREHOUSE PHONE BELL...PHONE UP

MOORE: Durante -Moore Fire Department...We're a couple of Ding Dong Daddies with A Pst Pst!

ALLMAN: Mister Moore! Help! Help! Come over to my house right away and don't forget to bring your firebell!

MOORE: Bring my firebell!

ALLMAN: Yes! I feel like kicking the gong around! Ha. Ha. Ha.

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

MOORE: Hmm - I must remember her when I need a new siren!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES

MOORE: Well, Jimmy, where have you been?

DURANTE: JUNIOR, SHAKE HANDS WITH A NATIONAL HERO! I JUST STOPPED A MILLION DOLLAR BRUSH FIRE - AND I DID IT WITH A PAIR OF SCISSORS!

MOORE: You stopped a million dollar brush fire with a pair of scissors? Where was the fire?

DURANTE: IN MONTY WOOLLEY'S WHISKERS!

MOORE: He'll probably wind up sending you a check for a short beard!

DURANTE: A REDUN-DANCY IF I EVER HEARD ONE.

Moore: *Oh, certainly ...*

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

PETRIE: PLEASE! PLEASE WATCH OUT WHERE YOU'RE WALKING! ^{Please} DON'T STEP ON ME! DON'T STEP ON ME DO YOU HEAR.....OR YOU'LL SQUASH ME!

MOORE: Who are you?

PETRIE: Oh, just a little fire-bug!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING

DURANTE: EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT!

SOUND: PHONE RINGS...PHONE UP

MOORE: Dumnte-Moore Fire Department. We put everything out ^{but} ~~except~~ your cat!

ALLMAN: *Hello.* This is Mrs. Chauncey Grubstake! I think we have a fire over here.

MOORE: Are there little red things flickering up the wall?

ALLMAN: Yes, there are.

MOORE: Are they warm to the touch?

ALLMAN: Yes, very.

MOORE: Do they go crackle! Crackle! CRACKLE!

ALLMAN: Yes, they do.

MOORE: Well, you've got a fire all right. Keep it going till we get there!

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

MOORE: ~~Well,~~ Come on Jimmy, we're on our way!

DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE, JUNIOR! HAND ME MY ASBESTOS PANTS!...NOW HAND ME MY ASBESTOS COAT...NOW HAND ME MY ASBESTOS GLOVES.. NOW AM I COMPLETELY FIRE PROOF?

MOORE: Yes.

DURANTE: NOW, HAND ME MY COPY OF ESQUIRE!

MOORE: Jimmy, this is no time to improve your mind -- Mrs. Grubstake's house is on fire, Do you understand? FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

SOUND: PHONE RINGS FAST...PHONE UP

MOORE: Hello - who? But the fire is way out here in Hollywood? You'll never make it!

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

DURANTE: WHO WAS THAT?

MOORE: Mayor La Guardia.

Come on, Jimmy - grab your helmet.

DURANTE: GRAB WHAT?

MOORE: I said the helmet - the hat!

DURANTE: THAT'S WHAT I SAY TOO!

MOORE: ^{Okay} Come on, Jimmy, I'll take the wheel - we're off to Mrs. Grubstake's house.

SOUND: FIRE ENGINE PULLING AWAY...FIREBELL CLANGING GOES SHORT DISTANCE...QUICK STOP

DURANTE: WHAT ARE WE STOPPING HERE FOR, JUNIOR?

MOORE: This is Ann Sheridan's house!

DURANTE: BUT, SHE DOESN'T HAVE ANY FIRE!

MOORE: (PAUSE) He's such a child.

SOUND: (ON CUE) MOTOR REVS UP... FIREBELLS... AGAIN... COMES TO STOP..

MOORE: Well, here's the house, Jimmy. I'll knock.

SOUND: KNOCK.. DOOR OPENS

PETRIE: Yais.....

MOORE: I hate to bother you, old man but we're Durante and Moore,
firemen you know.

PETRIE: Yais.

DURANTE: WE DON'T LIKE TO APPEAR NOSEY BUT PERCHANCE IS THERE A FIRE ON THE PREMISES?

PETRIE: Yais...The first floor is on fire I believe - the second floor is on fire. I presume the third floor is on fire. And possibly the roof is on fire.

MOORE: THANK YOU, BUT WHY DON'T YOU SHOW US THE WAY?

PETRIE: I can't.

MOORE: Why not?

PETRIE: Because I'm on fire, too.

MOORE: Come on, Jimmy.

DURANTE: WHO WAS THAT SUSPICIOUS LOOKING CHARACTER?

MOORE: Why he's the butler. He doesn't look suspicious to me.

DURANTE: ANYBODY WITH A CLEAN SHIRT THESE DAYS MUST HAVE A RACKET.

ALLMAN: (OFF MIKE) HELP! HELP!

MOORE: That's Mrs. Grubstake! On the run, Jimmy! THERE SHE IS...

ALLMAN: Oh, thank heaven's, boys - you're just in time - look what that horrible fire has done. It just burnt the cover off my settee!

DURANTE: WHAT A PITY! IT'S TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T HAVE A PAIR OF MY ASBESTOS --

MOORE: Never mind, Jimmy! Get Mrs. Grubstake a chair. She looks weak!

DURANTE: OH? OF COURSE .. HERE YOU ARE MRS. GRUBSTAKE .. JUST RECLINE ON THIS FLIMSY BIT OF DRUNKEN-FIFE!

ALLMAN: Oh, thank you! OUCH!

DURANTE: WHAT'S THE MATTER?

MOORE: Jimmy - never put your fire helmet on a chair *Go ahead -* apologize
to the lady!

DURANTE: SHE OUGHT TO APOLOGIZE TO ME!

MOORE: What for?

DURANTE: SHE BENT THE EAGLE!

MOORE: LOOK - THE FLAMES ARE BEGINNING TO LEAP HIGHER! WE MUST
DO SOMETHING .. Come Mrs. Grubstake - I will carry you out
of here to safety.

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS

MOORE: Mrs. Grubstake - quit running around the table - this is no
time to play hard to get!

ALLMAN: Oh, this is so much fun!

MOORE: QUICK, JIMMY - she ran into that burning room. After her!

DURANTE: NOTHING DOING .. YOU GO AFTER HER!

MOORE: WHY YOU TALK LIKE A COWARD! WHERE'S YOUR MANHOOD?

DURANTE: MY WHAT?

MOORE: CALL ON YOUR MANHOOD.

DURANTE: OKAY .. MAN-HOOD OH .. MAN--HOOD! NO ANSWER!

MOORE: Wait!...I see her! Here, Mrs. Grubstake - grab my hand - ah
that's it! I've got her Jimmy! All right - Mrs. Grubstake
- theres only one thing to do. You've got to jump!

ALLMAN: Jump? We'll all be killed.

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DURANTE: FEAR NOT! I HAVE A FRIEND DOWN BELOW WITH A NET.

MOORE: Who's the friend?

DURANTE: UNBRIAGO! COME ON .. WE'LL ALL JUMP TOGETHER!

MOORE: Okay - Unbriago here we come!

SOUND: SLIDE WHISTLE .. HELL OF A CRASH..

MOORE: Well, what happened to the net? Where was your friend?

DURANTE: A FINE TIME FOR UNBRIAGO TO BE DRAFTED!

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

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 Sergeant Frank Curley, of Jersey City, New Jersey, gunner in a Flying Fortress flying about twenty-thousand feet above Sicily. When his plane was attacked by German fighters, he was badly wounded in the leg, but continued to fire until he lost consciousness. Coming to, he saw another German fighter plane only a hundred yards off, fired and brought it down. However, the bomber was badly hit, and as it caught fire, he bailed out losing

consciousness again before he hit the ground. Captured by Italians he was rescued by advancing Allied armies.

We salute you, Sergeant Frank Curley, and in your honor the makers of Camels are sending to our soldiers overseas three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

(APPLAUSE)

PETRIE: On each of the four Camel shows we'll salute another Yank of the week, and on each of them send three-hundred-thousand Camels to our men overseas...a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week. Camels thank the Yanks in this country with the traveling Camel Caravans, which since nineteen-forty-one 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)

DURANTE: WHO WILL BE WITH YOU WHEN WE'RE FAR AWAY...WHEN WE'RE
FAR...LET ME HEAR THAT HIGH NOTE, ~~MUSICO~~ *What a note!*

MOORE: A note of astonishment, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: A NOTE ABLE NOTE, MR. MOORE.

MOORE: *You pretty nearly didn't get here in time for it either.*
Jimmy, I'm in a spot. You can help me out.

DURANTE: WHAT'S THE MATTER, JUNIOR?

MOORE: I've got a date tonight, and I'm financially
embarrassed: As a matter of fact, I'm a little bit
short.

DURANTE: HOW SHORT ARE YOU?

MOORE: I'm practically a midget.

DURANTE: WELL, I'LL LEND YOU TEN DOLLARS. HERE IT IS.

MOORE: Thanks: (PAUSE) Wait a minute, you only gave me
eight dollars..

DURANTE: WELL, IF MORGENTHAU CAN WITHHOLD TWENTY PER CENT FROM
UTTER STRANGERS, I CAN WITHHOLD TWO BUCKS FROM
GARRY MOORE.

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY-OFF)

MOORE: Good night, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: GOOD NIGHT, MR. MOORE.

BOTH: GOOD NIGHT, EVERYBODY.

(APPLAUSE)

(IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN)

ORCHESTRA: (THEME...BUMPER)

PETRIE: Listen to each of the four Camel shows.
VOICE: Tomorrow night...
PETRIE: Bob Hawk in the comedy quiz -- "Thanks to the Yanks"....
VOICE: Monday night...
PETRIE: "Blondie" that famous comic strip family.
VOICE: Thursday night...
PETRIE: Back again on the air -- those colorful buffoons --
Abbott and Costello...
VOICE: Next Friday night...on this station...
PETRIE: Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore with Georgia Gibbs,
Roy Bargy and his orchestra and yours truly,
Howard Petrie.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND DOWN)

PETRIE: Remember, if you're looking for a fresh cigarette,
get Camels! They 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)

SHIELDS: More pipes smoke Prince Albert! More pipes smoke
Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the world!
Try a big red two-ounce package of good Prince Albert
yourself. You'll get around fifty mild, sweet-smoking
pipefuls, and every one of them will tell you why P. A.'s
got so much Pipe Appeal! It's no-bite treated, for cool,
bite free, tongue-happy smoking pleasure! Crimp out, too,
to pack and burn and draw just right!
More pipes smoke Prince Albert! It's the National Joy
Smoke.