

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

(2nd Draft)

CAMEL CIGARETTES

NEW CAMEL PROGRAM

**AS
BROADCAST**

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

PROGRAM NO. 2

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

XAVIER CUGAT'S ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS

51454 3548

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

THE NEW CAMEL SHOW

THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1943

10:00 - 10:30 PM EWT

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

(AFTER 3 - 5 SECONDS)

PETRIE: This is the new CAMEL program, with Jimmy Durante, Garry Moore, Georgia Gibbs and the music of Xavier Cugat.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ PYRAMID CHORDS)

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

(MUSIC: _ _ _ THEME, FULL AND FADE FOR)

PETRIE: For music... Xavier Cugat's Orchestra. For song... Georgia Gibbs. And strictly for laughs... Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore. Brought to you by Camel, the cigarette that's extra mild, slow-burning, cool-smoking, rich-tasting - better - ~~because Camels are expertly blended of costlier tobaccos. Get a pack tonight. Let your throat and your taste decide.~~
~~And meet.....~~ ... As the curtains part, ^{meet} ... your host ^{of the} ~~this~~ evening... Garry Moore.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ THEME UP TO FINISH WITH APPLAUSE)

MOORE: Well - thank you....Thank you VERY much, Mr. Petrie,
and good evening, ladies and gentlemen, fellow artists
and those of you whose contracts make it ~~necessary~~ ^{impossible} for
~~them~~ ^{you} to be elsewhere. ^{AT THIS TIME} THIS is an auspicious occasion....
For tonite we are celebrating a most thrilling event....
our second anniversary on the air!

CROWD: APPLAUSE

MOORE: Yes sir - our second straight week for the same sponsor!
....This not only makes me very happy, but also smashes
all my previous records by seven full days....And say,
Howard -

HOWARD: Yes, old boy?

MOORE: What ABOUT last week's show?.....Any comments from the
sponsor?

HOWARD: Well, not directly, no. But we did hear from your draft
board.

MOORE: Really? What did they say?

HOWARD: Nothing just - Hip-two-three-four. Hip-two-three-four.

(SOUND: MARCHING FEET)

But we'll soon know, because here is the girl from the
research department with ALL the comments on last week's
show.....Garry - this is Toodles Bongshook.

MOORE: Oh, how do you do?

GIRL: How do you do!

MOORE: Didn't I see you wrestle in Jersey City?

GIRL: Please, Mr. Moore! I've been worrying over these reports
'til I'm only a fraction of my former self.

MOORE: Only a fraction...You must have been a nice group of people
this time last week...Tell me - is there any report from
the sponsor?

GIRL: Just a memo.....It says here "Dear Mr. Moore".... ~~He~~
ha ha....Isn't that nice?

~~MOORE: What's so nice about Dear Mr. Moore?~~

~~GIRL: Well, with his job it could've been "Dear Stinky", yuh
know.~~

~~MOORE: Yes - I guess it could, at that....But what's he say?~~

~~GIRL: He says, "My hobby is collecting pictures of radio
stars and pasting them in my scrap-book....After last
week's show I can hardly wait to paste you."~~

MOORE: Well - ha-ha - bless his cool, slow-burning heart
look - isn't there one NICE comment about last week's
thing?

GIRL: Oh yes. HERE's a nice one, - from a Mrs. Cribadelia
Quavdruffen, of Dandruff-on-the-Knob, Kentucky.

MOORE: Not THE Mrs. Cribadelia Quavdruffen?

GIRL: THE Mrs. Quavdruffen - former president of the Hamtrank
Hammock Hangers and Hummock Stomachers Association and
now resident president of the Hesitant Pheasant Club of
Elephant's Breath, Montana.

MOORE: ~~What?~~ That's a nice half-hour program right there ...
What's she say?

GIRL: Oh, she LIKED it.....She says "I liked the show, but I
have since seen several pictures of Garry Moore...Why
does he always wear that coon skin cap?"

MOORE: Coon skin cap?.....Madame, this is MY OWN hair!.....
And I've got 12 empty ~~Glovers~~ Mange bottles to prove it.

HOWARD: If I'm not being too inquisitive, old man - what **HAS**
happened to your hair?

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MOORE: Nothing has happened to it ^{Howard}...It's just that most people don't cut their hair like this.

HOWARD: I think it's just that most people don't cut their own hair.

MOORE: ~~Howard~~...Now you see what you started Miss Bongshmook? Just leave the reports and crawl back into your cheese?

GIRL: All right...But before I go - can I ask you a riddle?

MOORE: Why? ^{not?}

GIRL: All right...What is it that is two inches long, green and purple, has long feelers and hops?

MOORE: I dunno - what is it?

GIRL: I don't know either - but whatever it is, it's crawling on your collar.

MOORE: Thank you - WHAT??.....

(SLAM DOOR)

MOORE: There's nothing in my contract covering people like that!

HOWARD: What IS in your contract?

MOORE: I don't know ^{what's in it}.....They wrote it on dry ice and filed it in the boiler room...Ah, well, my old nurse-maid told me there'd be nights like this...."Tyrone," she usta say to me -

HOWARD: Tyrone? ...

MOORE: Yes - she thought I looked like Tyrone Power.....She ~~also~~ ^{did} usta shake the clothes tree then get down on the floor and feel around for apples...But she told me I'd have troubles, but just to have faith and help would come --

(ORCHESTRA: START DURANTE'S MUSIC)

---and so help me here it comes, bright lights, fast music, the crowd goes wild-- and ENTER -- JIMMIE DURANTE.

(APPLAUSE: MUSIC UP INTO SONG)

(DURANTE: SINGS - START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG)

WHAT A BAND! WHAT A BAND! ^{*You know Jerry*} I HAD AN UNCLE WHO COULD PLAY LIKE THAT. HE PLAYED TWO INSTRUMENTS AT THE SAME TIME!.....WITH THE RIGHT SIDE OF HIS MOUTH HE PLAYED "LIFE IS JUST A BOWL OF CHERRIES".....WITH THE LEFT SIDE OF HIS MOUTH HE PLAYED "DON'T SIT UNDER THE APPLE TREE"AND WITH THE MIDDLE OF HIS MOUTH HE BLEW OUT THE SEEDS!

MOORE: Oh, fine, fine...Jimmie, would you mind throwing your adam's apple into low gear and letting me welcome you to the show?

DURANTE: NOT AT ALL, JUNIOR...BUT BEFORE GOING ON, I ~~WOULD~~ LIKE TO INSTRUCT THIS STUDIO AUDIENCE IN THE INTRICACIES OF RADIO BROADCASTING...YOU KNOW, FOLKS ON MOST PROGRAMS THEY HOLD UP SIGNS TELLING YOU WHEN TO LAUGH AND APPLAUD. WE DON'T DO THAT HERE. HOWEVER, AT THE END OF EACH JOKE, AN ICE-PICK COMES UP THROUGH THE CENTRE OF YOUR SEATSYOU MAY REGARD ^{*that*} ~~THIS~~ AS A HINT.

MOORE: I'm sure they will....Meanwhile, my friend, I've been gathering a concenus of opinion on last week's begel-bake....Have you heard anything?

DURANTE: ALL I KNOW IS THE GUY WHO HIRED US SAID THAT FOR EVERY JOKE THAT DIDN'T GET A LAUGH, HE PULLED A HAIR OUT OF HIS HEAD.

MOORE: Who said that - Curley?

DURANTE: THEY CALL HIM BALDY NOW.....(TO AUDIENCE) DO I HAVE TO BRING UP THOSE ICE PICKS ALREADY?

MOORE: You won't if you're as good this week as your were last.

DURANTE: THANK YOU, JUNIOR. I THOUGHT YOU WERE EXCEPTIONALLY ENTERTAINING, TOO.

MOORE: Aw, yeah, but those laughs YOU got, James.

DURANTE: AH, BUT YOUR LAUGHS WERE INFINITELY MORE RESOUNDING.

MOORE: ~~No, no,~~ Jimmy.....Your personality is terrific!

DURANTE: ON THE CONTRARY, YOUR PERSONALITY IS EXCEEDINGLY MORE VIVACIOUS....(TO AUDIENCE)^{stay}...WHY DON'T YOU PEOPLE GO TO A MOVIE? CAN'T YOU SEE WE WANT TO BE ALONE?

MOORE: Oh, now wait a minute....We may be friends...

DURANTE: FRIENDS?....JUNIOR, WE ARE PALS!....LIKE THE THREE MUSKETEERS! LIKE THE FOUR HOSEMEN OF THE EUCALYPTUS!... LIKE DAMON AND RUNYON!^{Friendship is a wonderful thing}.....WHY, IF I HAD A CRUST OF BREAD, JUNIOR, I'D GIVE IT TO YOU!.... IF I ONLY HAD A NICKLE IN MY POCKET, I'D GIVE IT TO YOU!.....IF I HAD THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD -

MOORE: Yes?

DURANTE: LET'S NOT CARRY FRIENDSHIP TOO FAR!

MOORE: That's what I thought....As a matter of fact, I'd just as soon not talk about girls, anyhow.....I was jilted by a girl, one time.

DURANTE: YOU, JUNIOR, ~~WERE~~^{was} JILTED?...,TSK, TSK, TSK!

MOORE: And well you may say tsk, tsk. She spurned my love and married the butcher.

DURANTE: THE BUTCHER MUST HAVE BEEN A HANDSOME DEVIL.

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MOORE: Oh, it wasn't his looks she cared about...She was playing for bigger steaks.

DURANTE: I SYMPATHIZE WITH YOU GARRY - BECAUSE I, TOO, KNOW THE PANGS OF UNREQUITED LOVE.

MOORE: You doo?

DURANTE: I DOO....IT ALL STARTS IN THE LITTLE HOSPITAL WHERE I WAS BORN....I'M ONLY THREE DAYS OLD - IN THE CRIB NEXT TO ME THERE'S A LITTLE BABY GIRL....AND IN HER EYES THERE'S AN INEXPRESSIBLE SOMETHING - SOMETHING SHE IS TRYING TO SAY TO ME.....BEING TOO JUVENILE TO TALK, I JUST BLOWS HER A BUBBLE.....THEN SHE BLOWS ME A BUBBLE.... SO I CHALLENGE~~D~~ HER TO A DROOL.....IT WAS MADNESS!

MOORE: Yes, and MESSY, too....But what happened?

DURANTE: I WANTED TO GIVE HER MY FRATERNITY PIN - BUT I DIDN'T HAVE A FRATERNITY PIN.....SO I GAVE HER THE ONLY PIN I HAD.....AFTER THAT I HAD TO STAY UNDER COVER....HOW MORTIFYING!.....THEN CAME DISASTER!.....I WAS TAKEN AWAY FROM THE HOSPITAL AND LEFT ON SOMEBODY'S DOORSTEP..... A KIND OLD MAN TOOK ME IN AND KEPT ME FOR TWO MONTHS - BUT WHEN HE DISCOVERED I WASN'T A ST. BERNARD DOG, HE THREW ME OUT!

MOORE: Oh, James, you belittle yourself....I'll bet you were a beautiful baby.

DURANTE: ARE YOU KIDDING? WHY WHEN I WAS BORN THE DOCTOR DIDN'T KNOW WHICH END TO SLAP.

MOORE: HE MUST'VE SPANKED THE WRONG END - YOU'VE STILL GOT THE LUMP.....But what about this little girl? Did you ever see her again?

DURANTE: MANY TIMES...I VOWED THAT I'D FOLLOW HER TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH. I FOLLOWED HER FROM STATE TO STATE - FROM COUNTRY TO COUNTRY - FROM COAST TO COAST - AND ~~Z~~ FINALLY HAD TO QUIT.

MOORE: And who was that little girl, Jimmie?

DURANTE: ELEANOR ROOSEVELT!

MOORE: Well, it's too bad you didn't marry her - you might have become president....Why, I'll bet -

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS)

MOORE: I'll take it.

SOUND: (PICK UP RECEIVER)

MOORE: Hullo....Sure - just a minute...It's for you, Jimmie - Washington calling.

DURANTE: WASHINGTON? EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT! HELLO, DURANTE SPEAKING.....OH WELL, PUT HIM ON. HELLO, F.D. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YUH?YES.....YES.....I SEE. WELL, HAVE YOU DISCUSSED THIS MATTER WITH WINSTON?..... OH, YOU WANTED MY OPINION FIRST.....WELL LEMME GET THIS STRAIGHT....YOU WANNA MAKE A TRADE WITH BRAZIL? YOU MEAN THEY'LL GIVE US ALL THEIR COFFEE PLANTATIONS - AND WE GIVE THEM HEDY LAMARR AND LANA TURNER?.....I WOULDN'T DO THAT, F.D.....WHY WHAT GOOD IS COFFEE? WITHOUT HEDY LAMARR AND LANA TURNER, WHO WANTS TO STAY AWAKE?.....ANYTHING ELSE? OH, THAT'S AWFULLY NICE OF YOU CHIEF. THANKS A MILLION.

SOUND: (HANG UP)

MOORE: What is it, Jimmy?

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JIMMY: I HAVE JUST BEEN APPOINTED GIRDLER CO-ORDINATOR.

MOORE: Oh boy! Girdler co-ordinator. What's that mean?

JIMMY: IF A SIZE FORTY-FOUR TRIES TO GET INTO A SIZE THIRTY-SIX
- I HELP PUSH! (INTO SONG) NOW YOU KNOW THAT YOU

ORCH: START EACH DAY WITH A SONG

(APPLAUSE)

~~CROWD:~~ APPLAUSE

(Revised)

MOORE: (AFTER SONG) Ah, wonderful ~~Maestro~~ ^{Jimmy}. I thank you on my behalf - on behalf of the cast, and on behalf of the sponsors.

JIMMY: SPONSORS - WHAT'S THAT?

MOORE: Our sponsor - the makers of Camels.

DURANTE: CAMELS? WHAT'S THAT?

MOORE: Jimmy - Camel Cigarettes!

DURANTE: HOW DO YOU SPELL IT?

MOORE: C as in cantelope, A as in Apples, M as in melons, E as in elderberry, L as in limes and S as in stewed peaches. Now put 'em all together and what have you got?

DURANTE: A FRUIT SALAD, A FINE THING TO SMOKE!

HOWARD: Now wait a minute, James. If you want a simple, one word description of a Camel -- just ask a Marine!

DURANTE: YEH?

HOWARD: Chances are, he'll say -- "Camels are Ding How with me!" --meaning he goes for 'em!

MOORE: Is it true, Howard, that Marines go for Camels the way babies go for candy?

HOWARD: To say nothing of men in the Army, Navy, and Coast Guard, where Camel is the favorite according to actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens!

MOORE: Well, there's a reason, Howard!

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HOWARD: Yes, yes! It's that rich, full flavor that helps Camels to hold up, pack after pack, no matter how many you smoke! And of course Camels have cool, slow-burning extra mildness -- because they're expertly blended of costlier tobaccos.

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

HOWARD: Camels! Get a pack tonight! Send a carton to that fellow in the service!

(ORCH:..... START CUGAT INTRODUCTION - FADE B.G. ON CUE)

MOORE: At this gratifying juncture, the spotlight opens wide to high-light the orchestra of Xavier Cugat, in a typical ^{Cugat} beguine item, called "It Can't Be Wrong".

("IT CAN'T BE WRONG".....CUGAT ORCH)

CROWD: APPLAUSE

Beautifully done maestro which naturally

MOORE:

~~All of which~~ brings us now to Musical Appreciation time on tonight's program...In other words, dear lovers of the beautiful - this is the point where I sing.

HOWARD:

brother - now hold the phone
Oh, ~~leave me up~~ I'm bleedin'.

MOORE:

I beg your pardon, old man?

HOWARD:

How can you possibly call it musical appreciation. The last time you sang there was practically no music and even less appreciation.

MOORE:

You think so, eh? Did you read what the Musical Courier said about my voice?

HOWARD:

No.

MOORE:

Well, I did - and wait'll I catch 'em.....So come, maestro, leave us regale the babies with my own romantic version of a song.....a lovely thing that was first discovered eight years ago and I love it still! "Time On My Hands."

(ORCH: _ _ _ _

TIME ON MY HANDS (FIRST 8 BARS STRAIGHT TEMPO--THEN FADE ORCH TO FIDDLE B.G.)

MOORE:

Ah, yes, my darling - time on my hands...That's what I had the year when I met you....I was walking down Park Avenue in my white uniform --carrying the little cane the city had given me.... The straight one with the nail in the end of it - I jabbed my stick into a pile of old leaves and newspapers - I heard a scream and there YOU were, my sweet...Ah, there, you were - Rose O'Fink - the queen of Coogan's Bluff.....I remember, angel, how I took you in my arms - brushed the old chewing gum wrappers out of your eyes - and told you of my love.... I remember, darling, how your eyes lit up like twin electric torches....You carried the battery in your snood...And I sang to you, darling -- my voice just reeking with love, emotion and Seven Up;

(MORE)

MOORE: And we danced in the streets for very joy. Me, light
(CONTD) as a feather on my feet - you, also light as a feather-
also on my feet....Oh, we could've been so happy...
But then -

(ORCH: _____ OMINOUS CHORD)

MOORE: It happened! It was Sunday, and the park was gay with
the laughter of many people...I hardly noticed it at
first - that dimly distant rumble of mob hysteria.

(SOUND: BEGIN TO BUILD CROWD RUMBLE VERY SOFTLY
THEN INCREASE)

MOORE: It sounded like the voice of a distant feat - a fear of
something, they knew not what. Louder and louder it
became, until people beside us stopped their laughing
and they, too, became alarmed. Suddenly then we heard
a voice cry out.

HOWARD: The zoo! The zoo! There's a fire at the zoo!....
THE ANIMALS ARE LOOSE!

MOORE: The animals were loose! Quick, Arabella, we must run
for cover! No, no, darling- not that way! Don't run
that way! Arabella, behind you, darling - a lion!
A LION! ARABELLA, LOOK OUT!

(SOUND: HUGE ROAR OF LION!)

MOORE: (SCREAMS) (FULL & FINISH LONG)

(APPLAUSE)

(ORCH: _____ START CUGAT INTRODUCTION - FADE B.G. ON CUE)

MOORE: At this ~~grabbing~~ juncture, the spotlight opens wide
to high-light the orchestra of Xavier Cugat, in a
typical lush item, called "It Can't Be Wrong"

("IT CAN'T BE WRONG" _____ CUGAT ORCH)

CROWD: APPLAUSE

MOORE: Thankyou. Thankyou very much, lovers of the finer things.

GEORGIA: Garry, you sing beautifully.

MOORE: Huh?... Oh, hi'yuh, honey... Ladies and gentlemen --
Georgia Gibbs!

CROWD: APPLAUSE

DURANTE: HEY, JUNIOR!... WHO IS THE DAINTY MORSEL STANDING BESIDE
YOU?

MOORE: Huh?... IF YOU MEAN THE DAINTY MORSEL STANDING BESIDE
THE ~~DAINTY~~^{DAINTY} MORSEL STANDING BESIDE ME, THAT'S ME, AND
THANK YOU VERY MUCH.

GEORGIA: I'll introduce myself, my name is Georgia Gibbs, Mr.
Durante.

DURANTE: GEORGIA GIBBS!... I AM DELIGHTED THAT YOU SHOULD MAKE
MY ACQUAINTANCE.

GEORGIA: I'm happy too, Mr. Durante.

MOORE: Oh, don't be so formal... Call him what we all call him...
One Man's Famine.

DURANTE: PLEASE, MISS GIBBS, IGNORE THIS DOMESTICATED BEACH-
COMBER. MOST PEOPLE CALL ME JIMMY, BUT YOU CAN CALL ME
BY MY CHINESE NAME -- TISH TISH.

GEORGIA: Thank you.

DURANTE: ALLOW ME TO SAY THAT I AM OVER-WHELMED WITH THE JOY OF
HAVING YOU BACK AFTER YOUR ILLNESS OF LAST WEEK.

MOORE: Yeah - how yuh feelin', Georgia?

GIBBS: Better, thanks, but still a little weak. ..Look at my legs - see how shaky I am?

DURANTE: I'M LOOKIN' AT YOUR LEGS....SEE HOW SHAKY I AM?

MOORE: See what I mean, Miss Gibbs. ..An awfully nice fella, but he hasn't quite got all ~~his marbles~~ *the shakes in his wheels*.

DURANTE: IGNORE US BOTH, MISS GIBBS AND IF YOU'RE GOING TO SING, GIVE IT TO ME PIZZICATO, AND THEN FORTISSIMO WITH THE ACCENT ON THE ALLEGRETTO AND WIND UP A LITTLE ANDANTE. ISN'T THAT INTRICATE?

(GIBBS:.....I'VE HEARD THAT SONG BEFORE)

CROWD: APPLAUSE

(ORCH:.....AGITATO FIDDLE EFFECT)

MOORE: (ECHO CHAMBER) Presenting Drama Time with the Howard Petrie False Wig and Bustle Club. Starring Howard Petrie, the only actor in the world who ever tossed vegetables back to an audience and demanded that they throw meat.

SOUND: CHINESE GONG

MOORE: Tonight ~~a~~ ^{the} stirring story of Lorna Coon, girl psychiatrist. As our scene opens we find Miss Coon reclining in a Chippendale coal scuttle of her own design while Mr. Petrie tells her of his troubles. The curtain rises.

SOUND: WINDOW SHADE UP RAPIDLY AND FLAPPING

MOORE: The Drama begins!

~~HOWARD: (GROANING) Oh Garry! What'll I do?~~

~~MOORE: What's the matter, Howard?~~

HOWARD: *Miss Gann*
I had the most terrible dream! I was in the jungle, creeping along, from one bush to another. Far away I could hear the beating of war drums --

(MUSIC: FADE IN WAR DRUMS, IN BACKGROUND)

Hape MOORE: It's certainly vivid. I can almost hear 'em myself.

HOWARD: All of a sudden from behind a tree leaped a huge savage with a spear and shield. I reached for my pocket -- and he shouted --

DURANTE: Don't shoot, boss! I'm just lookin' for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many I smoke!

~~HOWARD:~~ I whipped out my Camels, saying -- here, try one of these! Camels have extra flavor, helps 'em to hold up, pack after pack!

Hape ~~MOORE:~~ Then what happened, ~~Howard?~~ *Mr. Pentry? — Mr. Pentry*

HOWARD: Savages started springing up on all sides! They were cannibals!

Hape ~~MOORE:~~ How did you know?

HOWARD: They kept handing me red ~~coupons!~~ *stamps* I said -- don't cut off my head -- you'll spoil my T-Zone -- that's "T" for taste and "T" for throat -- my own proving ground for flavor and mildness!

Hape ~~MOORE:~~ They could just serve you whole, with a Camel in your mouth!

HOWARD: Drums, drums, drums! They closed in, closer and closer!

Hape ~~MOORE:~~ Could you feel their hot breath on you?

HOWARD: No, no! I'd just passed out cool, slow-burning Camels!
That was my mistake!

Nape MOORE: Why?

HOWARD: They said, brother, if you've got as much rich, extra
flavor as these Camels, climb in the pot! *yourself* But I told 'em--
no! no! I'm just plain, one-flavor Petrie...but Camels
are expertly blended of costlier tobaccos, both imported
and domestic!

Nape MOORE: How did you save your life, ~~Howard?~~ *Mr Petrie?*

HOWARD: They asked me if I had a final wish -- and I said -- yes!
All I want to do is just smoke another Camel -- after
dinner!

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

(MUSIC: _ _ PLAYOFF)_

(ORCH: _ _ _ _ WHO WILL BE WITH YOU)

JIMMY: Who will be with you when we're far away, when we're far-
Let me hear that high note, Cugat! What a note,
Mr Moore!

GARRY: Who will be with you when we're far away....Encore me
that note Coogie. Sounds like the all clear ^{signal} at
Coney Island

DURANTE: Oh Mr Moore.

MOORE: Yes, Mr Durante?

DURANTE: DO YOU KNOW WHY A BEAR CAN'T TAKE HIS COAT OFF?

MOORE: No, Mr Durante, why can't a bear take his coat off?

DURANTE: CAUSE HE DON'T KNOW WHERE THE BUTTONS ARE!

(LAUGHS IT UP)

GARRY: He don't know where the buttons are. Hilarious,
Mr Durante, hilarious.

JIMMY: Very hilarious, Mr Moore. Now--who will be with you
when we're far away

GARRY: When we're far away from you

JIMMY: We ain't got good voices, but we're sympathetic
personalities. *Yes, and we're pretty, too. (hard)*

MOORE: Say, Mr Durante!

JIMMIE: YES, MR MOORE?

MOORE: Do you know what the lightning bug said when it got
caught in the lawn mower?

JIMMIE: NO. TELL ME, MR MOORE - WHAT DID THE LIGHTNING BUG SAY
WHEN IT GOT CAUGHT IN THE LAWN MOWER?

MOORE: I'm de-lighted---no end.

JIMMY: Delighted - no end, Very whimsical, Mr Moore.

GARRY: Whimsical no end. I don't even get it myself.

JIMMY: Who will be with you when we're far away.

GARRY: Say, Mr Durante. (MUSIC FADES)

JIMMIE: YES, MR MOORE?

MOORE: Did it ever occur to you that we're wasting a lot of material?

JIMMIE: HOW DO YOU MEAN, MR MOORE?

MOORE: These jokes - we're telling them too quickly....If you ever listen to the radio, you'd know that a radio comedian never tells a joke in two lines if he can possibly do it in 12 pages.....Now I have taken our next joke and really spread it out...Would you care to take a go at it?

JIMMIE: JUST HAND ME THE SCRIPT AND STAND BACK,

MOORE: Very well...It starts like this, when I say, "Say, Jimmie?"

JIMMIE: YES, JUNIOR?

MOORE: I want to tell you that I've got a new job, Jimmie.

JIMMIE: YOU WANT TO TELL ME THAT YOU'VE GOT A NEW JOB, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Yes, I want to tell you that I've got a new job, Jimmie.

JIMMIE: VERY WELL - TELL ME THAT YOU'VE GOT A NEW JOB, JUNIOR.

MOORE: Very well - I shall tell you that I've got a new job, Jimmie.....Oh, Jimmie!?

JIMMIE: YES, JUNIOR?

MOORE: I've got a new job, Jimmie.

JIMMIE: YOU HAVE GOT A NEW JOB, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Yes, I've got a new job, Jimmie.

JIMMIE: WELL TELL ME - WHERE IS YOUR NEW JOB LOCATED, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Where is my new job located, Jimmie?
JIMMIE: YES - WHERE IS YOUR NEW JOB LOCATED, JUNIOR?
MOORE: Why, my new job is located in a tiny town in Tennessee called Jasper Junction, Jimmie.

JIMMIE: YOUR NEW JOB IS LOCATED IN A TINY TOWN IN TENNESSEE CALLED JASPER JUNCTION, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Yes, my new job is located in a tiny town in Tennessee called Jasper Junction, Jimmie.

JIMMIE: WELL TELL ME - WHO IS YOUR NEW JOB WITH IN A TINY TOWN IN TENNESSEE CALLED JASPER JUNCTION, JUNIOR?

MOREE: Why, my new job is with a four-story fur storage store in a tiny town in Tennessee called Jasper Junction, Jimmie.

JIMMIE: YOUR NEW JOB IS WITH A FOUR-STORY FUR STORAGE STORE IN A TINY TOWN IN TENNESSEE CALLED JASPER JUNCTION, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Yes, new job is with a four-story fur storage store in a tiny town in Tennessee called Jasper Junction, Jimmie

JIMMIE: ^{WELL} ~~WELL~~ TELL ME - WHO DO YOU WORK FOR IN YOUR NEW JOB WITH A FOUR-STORY FUR STORAGE STORE IN A TINY TOWN IN TENNESSEE CALLED JASPER JUNCTION, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Why, I work for the gink who shrinks minks and lynx at a four-story fur storage store in a tiny town in Tennessee called Jasper Junction, Jimmie.

JIMMIE: YOU WORK FOR THE GINK WHO SHRINKS MINKS AND LYNX AT A FOUR-STORY FUR STORAGE STORE IN A TINY TOWN IN TENNESSEE CALLED JASPER JUNCTION, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Yes, I work for the gink who shrinks minks and lynx at a a four-story fur storage store in a tiny town in Tennessee called Jasper Junction, Jimmie.

JIMMIE: WELL TELL ME- WHAT DO YOU DO IN YOUR NEW JOB WITH THE GINK WHO SHRINKS MINKS AND LYNX AT A FOUR-STORY FUR STORAGE STORE IN A TINY TOWN IN TENNESSEE CALLED JASPER JUNCTION, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Why, I'm one of the punks who dunks monks and skunks for the gink who shrinks minks and lynx at a four-story fur storage store in a tiny town in Tennessee called Jasper Junction, Jimmie.

JIMMIE: YOU'RE ONE OF THE PUNKS WHO DUNKS MONKS AND SKUNKS FOR THE GINK WHO SHRINKS MINKS AND LYNX AT A FOUR-STORY FUR STORAGE ^{store it} STORE IN A TINY TOWN IN TENNESSEE CALLED JASPER JUNCTION, JIMMIE?....I MEAN, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Yes, I'm one of the punks who dunks monks and skunks for the gink who shrinks minks and lynx at a four-story fur-storage store in a tiny town in Tennessee called Jasper Junction, Jimmy.

JIMMIE: WELL TELL ME - HOW IS YOUR NEW JOB AS ONE OF THE PUNKS WHO DUNKS MONKS AND SKUNKS FOR THE GINK WHO SHRINKS MINKS AND LYNX AT A FOUR-STORY FUR STORAGE ^{I missed it} STORE IN A TINY TOWN IN TENNESSEE CALLED JASPER JUNCTION, JUNIOR?

MOORE: IT'S THE OLD SKIN GAME, JIMMIE - THE OLD SKIN GAME!

(ORCHESTRA: FANFARE)

CROWD: APPLAUSE

MOORE: Well, Jimmie - what do you think?

JIMMIE: THERE MUST BE AN EASIER WAY TO MAKE A LIVING

(ORCH: WHO'LL BE WITH YOU LAST 8 WITH MOORE, DURANTE,
AND CHORUS)

CROWD: APPLAUSE

(MUSIC _ _ _ _ _ THEME FULL AND FADE FOR. . . .)

PETRIE: The CAMEL entertainment calendar for the week ahead:
 Tomorrow evening...the CAMEL COMEDY CARAVANwith
 Frank Morgan, Linda Darnell, Connie Haines and
 Freddie Rich's orchestra in a hilarious 45-minute laugh
 extravaganza headed by the new West Coast ^{film and} ~~sensation,~~
 radio's ~~new m.c.~~ star, Jack Carson.
 On Saturday.....Bob Hawk's popular quiz show, "Thanks
 To The Yanks".
 On Monday....."Blondie".
 Next Thursday, at this time and place on your dial,
 Garry Moore ^{and Jimmy Durante} with another helping of deep-dish culture,
 aided and abetted by ~~Jimmy Durante~~, Georgia Gibbs,
 Xavier Cugat and our special guest - Billie Burke.
 And every week day, the CAMEL traveling Caravans tour
 army camps and training centers all over the country.
 This week they'll visit ten different service centers
 with free shows for the men.

(THEME OUT)

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

PETRIE: Camels! First in the Service!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ _ THEME - UP AND DOWN)

PETRIE: This is Howard Petrie speaking for Jimmy Durante, Garry
 Moore, Billie Burke, Xavier Cugat and Georgia Gibbs who
 all invite you to join us here next week.

(MUSIC: UP AND DOWN)

(SWITCHOVER TO 8B FOR PRINCE ALBERT HITCH HIKE)

EQIC/RD
 1/1/43
 10:35 AM

51454
 3571

(Revised)

ANNOUNCER:

Say, Mr Pipe-smoker, first time you try Prince Albert you'll understand why it's far and away the largest-selling pipe tobacco in America. Right away you'll notice how kind and cool and comfortable it is on your tongue --because Prince Albert's no-bite treated. You'll see how firm it packs, and how easy it draws too, because Prince Albert's crimp-cut. Yes, sir, and you get around fifty mild, rich, full-flavored pipefuls in every handy, pocket package. Get P.A. for Pipe Appeal! It's the National Joy Smoke!