

(REVISED)

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

**AS  
BROADCAST**

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

PROGRAM No. 12

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

XAVIER CUGAT

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

HOPE EMERSON

PAUL LUTHER

51454 3806

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 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, Xavier Cugat and  
Georgia Gibbs -- brought to you by Camel ... the cigarette  
that's extra-mild, slow-burning, cool-smoking, rich-  
tasting -- better!

Mix a little spunk - with some cultural junk - dunk....

And look what you've got - our master of ceremonies...

Garry Moore!

APPLAUSE

MOORE: ~~Well~~ <sup>Thank you</sup> - thank you very much, my friends, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen - happy Thursday to yuh....Before getting on with the magilla here, I'd just like to point out the fact that ~~this~~ studio is equipped with the new modern theatre seats that push back and forth....I mention this only because sometimes our audience spends the first fifteen minutes of the show, PLAYING with the SEATS....So just to get it out of our systems, <sup>now</sup> let's all rock back and forth <sup>just</sup> /once or twice <sup>see together</sup> /.....(BIZ) <sup>go - leave no - go - leave no</sup>.....That's fine - ~~thank you~~....Madame - were you ever stroke on the Harvard crew?.. You've got a mean action there, ~~you know it?~~....You're the first lady I've ever seen who could do the Conga sitting down...But anyhow, let's forget the seats now and get down to brass tacks.

PETRIE: Now you're talking, bud....Yuh got any new goo for tonite?

MOORE: Oh, Howard, I'm just filthy with new goo....~~my~~, <sup>for all the</sup> for all the out-of-towners now week-ending in New York, I'm giving a wonderful lecture entitled "How to Cross Times Square Against a Red Light - or Metropolitan Life Pays Off Again".

EMERSON: How about the one you promised us last week? "How To Avoid the Income Tax, or Alcatraz Here I Come."

MOORE: <sup>yes</sup> Yes, Toodles, that, too is on the ske-dooley.

CUGAT: And say - how about the lecture for unemployed musicians?

MOORE: Oh, yes, Cugat <sup>is</sup>.....For unemployed musicians I have written a new theme song - called "I'm Having Dreams of a Job With Ted Weems But Weems Has No Dreams of Me.".....

And by the way - Cugie.

CUGAT: Yes, L'il Junior?

MOORE: If you ever lose that job over at the Waldorf, don't worry about it - I ~~was~~ got you another one.

CUGAT: Oh, boy.

MOORE: Yes <sup>oh</sup> - Mayor LaGuardia was in here this morning. He wants to hire four strolling musicians for the Van Courtland Park Subway station. <sup>A'po' great opportunity</sup>...Not only do you get four cents an hour...you are also entitled to any peanuts the pigeons bring in.

CUGAT: Say - that's nice.

MOORE: Yes <sup>it is nice</sup> I gave him your <sup>life</sup> phone number, and told him if a man answered to let you know <sup>a stinker wasn't it & I didn't get it myself</sup>...He'll call you soon <sup>though, right</sup>

CUGAT: <sup>That's nice,</sup> Gee, thanks.

MOORE: And by the way, he wants one of the instruments to be a bass fiddle - so's when the rush hour comes <sup>on the subway</sup> he can put wheels on it and run it as a shopper's special....~~Don't~~ forget....Oh, and one more thing - no trombones.

*Cugat:*

*No trombones?*

*CUGAT:*

*MOORE:*

No trombones.....The last time a fella played slide trombone in a 5 o'clock crowd, he got his face slapped 9 times....It's really a shame, too....~~If you had four trombones you could put a needle on the end of the slides and let 'em pick up paper while they play....I guess that's out, the~~

PETRIE: Hey, lookit, fellas - this conversation is all right - but what about a program - if you'll pardon the expression.

MOORE: Program, old man?...I'm standing here talking - that's a program...You'd know, if you listened to the radio, Howard, that any room containing a microphone and a noise is a program.

PETRIE: I know - but shouldn't it be an entertaining noise, if possible? Maybe a noise like a joke.

MOORE: Oh - well, all right.....Joke...My family is in the iron and steal business.

PETRIE: What do you mean, your family is in the iron and steal business?

MOORE: My mother irons and my father steals.....Ha ha ha ha....Is that the kind of noise you meant?

PETRIE: Well - yes. Only much louder.

MOORE: Well, in that case, let's pave the way for the Broadway Bombshell.

ORCH: INTRO - "START EACH DAY"

MOORE: Thumbing a quick ride on the magic carpet of radio where do we find ourselves but Coney Island...who do we find as the Island's No. One lifeguard, but Jimmy Durante, in person.

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY

(APPLAUSE)

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG.....

AH, GARRY, I SURE DO LOVE THIS LIFE OF A LIFE GUARD - WHAT A JOB! SIXTEEN DOLLARS A WEEK AND ALL THE WATER I CAN DRINK.

MOORE: Yes, and <sup>all</sup> a lot of interesting sights, no doubt.

DURANTE: IRREVOCABLY. I'M PROMENADING ALONG THE BEACH IN MY LINE OF DUTY, WHEN I SEES A STOUT LADY DOING HER REDUCING EXERCISES IN A RUBBER BATHING SUIT - UP DOWN - UP DOWN - UP DOWN - PLOP! SHE TURNS TO ME AND SAYS: "WHAT WAS THAT?" I SAYS: "DON'T LOOK NOW LADY, BUT YOU JUST HAD A BLOW-OUT!"

MOORE: Ah, James, <sup>James, you know</sup> you look like an Adonis in that bathing suit. ~~What a physique.~~ <sup>say ladit</sup> And those girls tattooed on your chest - who are they?

DURANTE: THOSE ARE MY SWEETHEARTS.....SALLY, IRENE AND MARY.

MOORE: All I see is Irene and Mary.

DURANTE: I WONDER WHAT BECAME OF SALLY? BUT IT ALL COMES BACK TO ME NOW, JUST LIKE CUGAT'S CHECKS.

MOORE: Go ahead, Jimmy, do tell <sup>me, do tell me</sup>

DURANTE: I WENT TO SCHOOL WITH SALLY. SHE SAT IN FRONT OF ME AND EVERY DAY I WOULD PULL A LOCK OF HAIR OUT OF HER HEAD. THIS WENT ON FOR YEARS AND YEARS AND YEARS.

MOORE: What is she doing now, Jimmy?

DURANTE: SHE'S THE BALDHEADED LADY IN THE CIRCUS.

MOORE: Oh, <sup>yes</sup> Cueball Sally - I remember her. Jimmy in that bathing suit I can see why the gals flock around you, <sup>through you</sup> What a physique!

DURANTE: YES MY PHYSIQUE IS UNIQUE! <sup>you know</sup> THEY SAY I LOOK LIKE A WATER LILY.

MOORE: Well, you certainly got the pot for it!

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MOORE: MR. MOORE, THAT REMARK WAS IRRELEVANT, UNCALLED FOR ---  
AND TO THE POINT!

ORCH: BUGLE CALL

DURANTE: (OVER BUGLE) WELL, GARRY, THERE GOES THE BUGLE CALL FOR  
THE DIVING CONTEST, YOU KNOW I'M ONE OF THE CONTESTANTS.  
HERE HOLD MY ROBE.

MOORE: Wait a minute <sup>Jimmy</sup> you can't enter a diving contest wearing  
water wings.

DURANTE: THEY AIN'T WATER WINGS. THEY'RE MY SHOULDER BLADES.  
WELL, WISH ME LUCK. I'M OFF FOR THE DIVING PLATFORM.

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS AND CRASH

DURANTE: I KNEW THAT BATHING SUIT WAS TOO TIGHT AROUND THE ANKLES.  
HOW CONFINING!

ORCH: BUGLE

MOORE: Ladies and gentlemen...Waterwings Durante has climbed to  
the twenty foot springboard. So he can be on the air while  
he is in the air, Mr. Durante has a special microphone  
strapped to his chest.

DURANTE: HERE I AM FOLKS...TWENTY FEET IN THE AIR. WHAT BEAUTIFUL  
SCENERY. I LOOKS UP AND THE SKY GETS ME. I LOOKS DOWN AND  
THE OCEAN GETS ME. I BENDS OVER TO DIVE.

SOUNG: PING

A BEE GETS ME! BUT DOES THAT STOP ME? NO! I GET READY TO  
DIVE. I ARCHES MY BODY AND TAKES THREE QUICK STEPS TO THE  
EDGE OF THE SPRINGBOARD (MUSIC: PIZZICATO) I STOPS -- LOOKS  
DOWN -- AND TAKES THREE QUICK STEPS BACK (MUSIC: PIZZICATO)  
~~FORGOT~~ I WAS JUST PRACTICING THE MINUET. NOW I LOOKS DOWN  
INTO THE WATER. I SEES MY FACE. I CAN'T TAKE IT! I GOT AN  
INFERIORITY COMPLEXION!

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MOORE: Come on, Jimmy. Everybody's waiting. Jump! Or I'll throw you to the waves.

DURANTE: MAKE IT A WAAC AND IT'S A DEAL! WELL FOLKS, THIS TIME IT'S DO OR DIVE. I TAKES A DEEP BREATH -- I HOLDS IT -- I STARTS RUNNING TO THE EDGE OF THE BOARD (MUSIC: PIZZICATO) WHAT DO YOU KNOW -- I JUMPS!

SOUND: DIVING BOARD

DURANTE: MY BODY GOES UP IN THE AIR LIKE A BAREFOOT BOY IN A GLASS FACTORY. I HITS THE WATER....

SOUND: SPLASH AND CRASH

DURANTE: I'M FLAT ON MY CABANA.

MOORE: Waterwings Durante is now 200 feet under the surface of the water. We'll switch you down to Durante's microphone. Say something, Jimmy.

DURANTE: (QUICKLY) HOW DO YOU DO. HOW DO YOU DO...HOW DO YOU DO. HOW DO YOU DO. HOW DO YOU DO.

MOORE: Jimmy, what are you doing?

DURANTE: I'M SHAKING HANDS WITH AN OCTOPUS!....EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT!

SOUND: SLIDE WHISTLE (REVERSED)

DURANTE: HERE I AM..FOLKS....BACK ON FIRMA TERRA.

MOORE: Wait a minute folks, he seems to be in trouble. There's something wrong with his nose. What happened, Jimmy?

DURANTE: WHEN I DIVED I HARPOONED SIX FLOUNDERS, TWO MACKEREL AND A HALIBUT.

MOORE: Any smelt.



DURANTE: EVERY ONE OF THEM!

MOORE: ~~Amazing. I've~~ *Isn't that amazing! The guy's* got a hook that catches fish without bait. And now back to our diving Champ, who has just climbed the tower for his grand de-luxe dive. (OFF) Take it away, Jimmy.

DURANTE: YES SIR, FOLKS, I'M NOW ON THE ONE HUNDRED FOOT TOWER, AND BOY, IS IT LONESOME! I RAISES MYSELF ON MY TOES AND STARTS RUNNING TO THE EDGE OF THE BOARD (MUSIC: PIZZICATO) I STOPS! I SAYS TO MYSELF - "ARE YOU CRAZY? A HUNDRED FOOT DIVE. WHY, JIMMY, YOU GOT YOUTH, BEAUTY, AND THE CAMEL PROGRAM. WHY TAKE A CHANCE." SO I ~~RUNS~~ *meanders* BACK AGAIN. (MUSIC: PIZZICATO)

I SHOULDN'T HAVE RUN BACK. I'M A COWARD. THEN MY CONSCIENCE WHISPERS: "ARE YOU A MAN OR A MOUSE?" ~~NO!~~ I'M BAFFLED. I'LL TEST MYSELF. ~~SO~~ I TAKES FOUR POINTS OUT OF MY RATION BOOK AND I~~THROWS~~ THROWS MYSELF A PIECE OF CHEESE. *But* I IGNORES IT! I'M A MAN! NOW I'M READY FOR THE DE-LUXE DIVE! I RAISES MYSELF ON MY TOES AGAIN AND I RUSHES TO THE EDGE OF THE SPRINGBOARD. (MUSIC: PIZZICATO ~~DRUM ROLL~~) I HITS THE BOARD!

SOUND: SPRING BOARD

DURANTE: NOW, I'M IN MID-AIR. I'M TURNING ONCE. I'M TURNING TWICE. I'M TURNING THREE TIMES...I'M MIXED UP WITH A FLOCK OF SEA GULLS!! I'M GETTING CLOSER TO THE WATER....CLOSER... CLOSER....

SOUND: TERRIFIC CRASH

DURANTE: I LANDS RIGHT IN THE GRANDSTAND. SOMEBODY MUST HAVE MOVED THE OCEAN!

ORCH: PLAYOFF

(APPLAUSE)

MOORE: And, using Mr. Durante's shiny noggin for a crystal ball, I gaze deep there-in and see that it's time again for the Camel Hall of Fame, where tonight Toodles Bongshnook presents...

SOUND: CHINESE GONG

MOORE: The Story of The Salesman Who Couldn't Sell Anything..

*Such: Introduce scene*

EMERSON: (WITH PIANO) There once was a salesman who couldn't sell anything,

The costliest item, or the cheapest two-penny thang.

When he called on a prospect ten to one he'd hear him shout-

"GO 'WAY! SKIDDOOOO! IN CONFERENCE! SHOO!

BE OFF!

BE GONE!

GET OUT!"

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS, CRASH OF GLASS

PETRIE: (A LA DAYTIME SERIAL) What will the poor salesman do? How will he hold up under the strain? Now Camels for instance have rich, extra flavor to help them hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke!

EMERSON: His boss was just disgusted -- he said, "It baffles me. Why, man, you haven't sold a thing in nineteen forty-three! I'll give you one more chance, my boy, and know what you're about --

GO ON! SKIDDOOOOO! NOW, HURRY! SHOO!

BE OFF!

BE GONE!

GET OUT!"

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS, CRASH OF GLASS

PETRIE: Which proves that a smart salesman ought to pick a boss who's cool and slow burning -- like a Camel. Of course Camels get that way because they're expertly <sup>matchlessly</sup> blended of costlier tobaccos!

EMERSON: The salesman called upon his man in quite a nervous sweat. He rang the bell and paused to light a Camel cigarette. "That smells good!" cried the client, "I wish that I could try it!"

"Allow me," said the salesman, "I'm happy to supply it!" The client lit the Camel, and shouted, "Don't deny it -- You're tryin' to sell me something, son!"

But whatever it is -- I'll buy it!"

PETRIE: Now I don't know what this guy was selling, but I'm <sup>Applause</sup> selling Camels, and I bet you'll buy 'em, again and again, once you give 'em a work-out in your T-Zone -- "T" for taste and throat, your own proving ground for Camel's rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness!

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

PETRIE: Camels! Get a pack! Let your throat and your taste decide!

ORCH: INTRO TO "CAGE LOS TODOS"

ORCH:            INTRO TO "COGE LOS TODOS" .. .VAMP UNDER:

MOORE:            And with much gusto we return to Xavier Cugat, the South American Hurricane, who takes great delight in playing something I can't even hope to pronounce.

CUGAT:            Why, lil Junior, anyone can say "Coge Los Todos".

MOORE:            Okay. "Coge Los Todos" Now - what does it mean?

CUGAT:            It means the Todos are very Coge. You want to argue?

MOORE:            No, just play it, *that's all*

ORCH:            "COGE LOS TODOS"

(APPLAUSE)

DURANTE: THANK YOU, MY DEAR CUGLE. THAT, MY FRIENDS, WAS TOE-DOS LOS CO-HOSE, PLAYED BY XAVIER CUGAT AND HIS RENT A BATON AND DRIVE IT YOURSELF ORCHESTRA.....WHICH BRINGS US AGAIN TO THE INSTRUCTIVE PART OF OUR PROGRAM; LESSON NUMBER ONE ON HOW TO PLAY STUFF IN AN ORCHESTRA....AT FIRST WE THOUGHT WE'D TAKE UP THE VIOLIN - BUT THAT'S TOO EASY. AFTER ALL, WHAT'S TOUGH ABOUT PULLING THE TAIL OF A HORSE ACROSS THE INTERIOR OF A CAT?....SO HERE IS OUR MR. GARRY MOORE WITH TONITE'S LECTURE - THE BASS TUBA.

MOORE: The bass tuba?

DURANTE: YEAH -- YOU KNOW. ONE OF THOSE BIG THINGS WITH THE OVER-HEAD PLUMBING.

MOORE: *No, no* James, I'm sorry, but I refuse to have anything to do with a bass tuba. I had an uncle once who played tuba. And you know the terrific draft that whistles through the mouth-piece on one of those things?

DURANTE: *oh* YEAH.

MOORE: He stood too close to it one day and got sucked in... *He did...* For three years he walked around inside that tuba, trying to find the emergency exit... *Jimmy* And how do you *suppose* think he lived?

DURANTE: I KNOW. HE LIVED OFF THE CORN THAT HE'D BLOWN DOWN IN IT BEFORE.

MOORE: *that's* Precisely it !

DURANTE: *precisely* MR. MOORE, YOUR IMAGINATION IS DECIDEDLY OVER-RIPE... I SHALL SIT DOWN, NOW - BUT IF YOU EVER WANT TO ENGAGE ME IN FURTHER CONVERSATION - FORGET IT.

MOORE: I shall.

DURANTE: THANK YOU.

MOORE: Me, too....And so, music lovers, tonite we shall discuss one of the oldest instruments known to man - the piccolo... The name itself is Italian in origin, and means just what it sounds like; piccolo - or small pickle....It was discovered in the 2nd century by the Italian Pickle manufacturer, Senor Giovanni Pastrami Giacomo Perkins... You must remember his slogan <sup>I'm pure</sup> - Perkins Gherkins for your Internal Workin's <sup>very worthwhile slogan</sup>....He had a fine job where he sat around all day, socking smooth pickles with a little mallet to give 'em those little bumps....But one day, after raising more than four thousand lumps single-handed, his brother absconded with the pay-roll. And this made Giovanni so mad, that he took a pair of tweezers and picked each lump off each pickle - which left a series of little holes there-in....That <sup>of course</sup> was the birth of the piccolo, of course, and he immediately took it to the patent bureau and played a solo for the man....And I am happy to report that not only did the patent bureau TAKE the piccolo - they poked him right in the eye with it! ALLL right - so much for the origin.....

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(MORE)  
*Even in those days the man realized that a piccolo is nothing but a good flute with a cheap peep*

MOORE:  
(CONT'D)

Now the piccolo is a very popular instrument, not only because of its tiny size, <sup>my friends</sup> but also because you can take it into the bath-tub with you and blow just PEACHY little fountains through it....This not only amuses the bathee, but helps him wash between the shoulder blades.

Now for tonite's demonstration, we are going to call on Mr. Morales, our first piccoloist....Mr. Morales, will you please rise and hold the instrument in position <sup>please?</sup>

Thank you. <sup>very much</sup>...The vertical one, friends, is Mr. Morales... I tell you that merely because sometimes things get pretty hectic, and the solo ends up with the piccolo holding Mr. Morales...Very well, now; probably no tune has been written with such magnificent obliigate parts as the immortal Stars and Stripes Forever. <sup>friends</sup> Listen for the high parts, and you <sup>will get</sup> have the whole idea...Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Morales, his piccolo, and a virtuosi performance of the Stars and Stripes Forever.

ORCHESTRA: ONE CHORUS "STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER" (Double forte, completely drowning out piccolo, until last note - then whole band tacit tub piccolo)

MOORE: And so ends our first lesson....And remember, friends, if YOU have learned how to play the piccolo from Mr. Morales tonite - send him a <sup>telegram</sup> ~~note~~, will yuh? He'd like to know himself.

ORCHESTRA: PLAY-OFF  
(APPLAUSE)

*It was composed by Philip Sousa. He also composed that fine lot that if you know Sousa like I know Sousa. Now I want you to*

DURANTE: CONGRATULATIONS, MY DEAR JUNIOR. WITH SUCH A <sup>Commandant</sup> RESONANT VOICE YOU HAVE THE MAKINGS OF ANOTHER LIONEL BARRYMORE.

MOORE: Thank you, my dear James. And with such personality you have the making of another Mickey Rooney. Ah but enough of this love making. Shall we call on Georgia Gibbs for a song?

DURANTE: AH YES...GEORGIA GIBBS...WITH THE VOICE I ADORE SO AND A TORSO EVEN MORE SO.

GIBBS: Well thanks kids. I think you're lovely too.

MOORE: Thanks ma'am. I was just telling James that he reminds me of Mickey.

GIBBS: Mickey?

MOORE: *Yeah*

GIBBS: Rooney, Mouse or Finn?

DURANTE: ROONEY...MOUSE...OR FINN? ISN'T SHE CROQUETTISH TONIGHT.

MOORE: Tell us frankly, Georgia, which <sup>one</sup> of us is your dream man?

GIBBS: Well boys, it's hard to say. You both sent me flowers on my birthday.

MOORE & DURANTE: YES?

GIBBS: And you both wrote "I love you, Georgia" on the back of the bill.

DURANTE: EGAD! I'M HUMILIATED.

MOORE: Sing Miss Georgia.

*Durante:* *Please*

GIBBS: IT CAN'T BE WRONG

(APPLAUSE)



6/10/43

PETRIE: Mail call at an Army camp means news from home, and for plenty of the men it means a carton of Camels from the family. Yes, Camels, of course, because Camels are first in all the services, according to actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens, where the men spend their own money for cigarettes. Remember that, whether you're thanking that Yank, or just looking for a better cigarette for you. Camels have more flavor, the extra flavor that helps them to hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke. You'll like Camel's extra mildness, too -- mildness that goes with cool smoking and slow burning -- mildness that results from expert blending of costlier tobaccos.

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

PETRIE: Camels! Let your throat and your taste decide!  
Camels! Smoke a pack and send a carton!

ORCH: ~~WHO WILL BE WITH YOU~~ *Playoff*

MOORE: *Now my friends are come to the place de residence of the performance*  
 Again the Thursday night False Wig and Bustle Club in a *Tonight*  
 Delightful Drama of Old New England.....

EMERSON: (OFF)(TERRIFIC LAUGHTER)

DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE, WAIT A MINUTE, MISS TOODLES, *miss Toodles* ARE YOU  
 LAUGHING OR DID YOU LEAVE THE MOTOR RUNNING IN YOUR  
 BUSTLE.

EMERSON: I don't like to break up your drama, fellows, but I  
 just thought of the funniest joke. *(laughter)*

MOORE: *(ad lib)* Well all right, what is it.

EMERSON: ~~Tell me~~ What kind of people live in the Po Valley?

DURANTE: ~~I DON'T KNOW, TOODLES...~~ *Tell us* WHAT KIND OF PEOPLE ~~DO~~ LIVE IN  
 THE PO VALLEY?

EMERSON: Po People!

MOORE: (WHISTLE)...And that, Toodles, is your joke?

EMERSON: Certainly...What's wrong - no good?

DURANTE: MY DEAR TOODLES, I HAVE HEARD LOUDER OVATIONS AT THE  
 DEDICATION OF A MANHOLE COVER.

MOORE: I should say...And not only did Columbus tomahawk an Indian for pulling that one, but you didn't build it up enough. Now Jimmie and I will take another little two-line joke just like that one and really spread it out *for you*

DURANTE: NOW WAIT A MINUTE.

MOORE: There's nothing to it, Jimmie - you just repeat everything I say. I start out by saying to you, "Oh, Jimmie--"

DURANTE: YOU CALLING ME, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Yes, I'm calling you, Jimmy.

DURANTE: VERY WELL - WHAT DO YOU WANT, JUNIOR?

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

DURANTE: ~~WELL~~ <sup>Now</sup> TELL ME - WHERE IS YOUR NEW JOB LOCATED, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Why, my new job is located on a high hill in back of a haystack in Hackensack, New Jersey, Jimmie.

DURANTE: YOUR NEW JOB IS LOCATED ON A HIGH HILL IN BACK OF A HAYSTACK IN HACKENSACK, NEW JERSEY, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Yes, my new job is located on a high hill in back of a haystack in Hackensack, New Jersey, Jimmie.

DURANTE: I'M TRAPPED! WELL TELL ME - WHO IS YOUR NEW JOB WITH ON A HIGH HILL IN BACK OF A HAYSTACK IN HACKENSACK, NEW JERSEY, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Why, my new job is with a fancy farmer's pharmacy on a high hill in back of a hay-stack in Hackensack, New Jersey, Jimmie.

DURANTE: YOUR NEW JOB IS WITH A FANCY FARMERS PHARMACY ON A HIGH HILL IN BACK OF A HAYSTACK IN HACKENSACK, NEW JERSEY, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Yes, my new job is with a fancy farmers pharmacy on a high hill in back of a hay-stack in Hackensack, New Jersey, Jimmie.

DURANTE: ALL I WANT TO DO IS SURVIVE. WELL TELL ME - WHO DO YOU WORK FOR IN YOUR NEW JOB WITH THE FANCY FARMERS PHARMACY ON A HIGH HILL IN BACK OF A HAYSTACK IN HACKENSACK, NEW JERSEY...JUNIOR?

MOORE: Why, I work for the guy who buys pies and dyes ties at a fancy farmers pharmacy on a high hill in back of a hay-stack in Hackensack, New Jersey, Jimmie...

DURANTE: YOU WORK FOR THE GUY WHO BUYS PIES AND DYES TIES AT A FANCY FARMERS PHARMACY ON A HIGH HILL IN BACK OF A HAYSTACK IN HACKENSACK, NEW JERSEY, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Yes, I work for the guy who buys pies and dyes ties at a fancy farmers pharmacy on a high hill in back of a hay-stack in Hackensack, New Jersey, Jimmie.

DURANTE: THAT'S ALL I CARE TO HEAR. <sup>Brother</sup> I'M THROUGH. I'M WASHED UP - YOU MAY ERASE ME AS AN ACQUAINTANCE.

MOORE: Wait a minute, Jimmy. You didn't ask me what I do in my new job with the guy who buys pies and dyes ties at a fancy farmers pharmacy on a high hill in back of a hay-stack in Hackensack, New Jersey, Junior?

DURANTE: <sup>Well, if you can't do it how can I?</sup> WELL DO YOU THINK I'M GONNA ASK YOU WHAT YOU DO IN YOUR NEW JOB WITH THE GUY WHO BUYS PIES AND DYES TIES AT A FANCY FARMERS PHARMACY ON A HIGH HILL IN BACK OF A HAYSTACK IN HACKENSACK, NEW JERSEY, JUNIOR?

MOORE: ~~Thank you.~~ *well, I'm awfully glad you asked* I'm the bloke who pokes cokes and smokes at folks for the guy who buys pies and dyes ties at a fancy farmers pharmacy. on a high hill in back of a hay-stack in Hackensack, New Jersey, Jimmie.

DURANTE: ~~I'VE BEEN FOULED.~~ *Freedom of speech* YOU'RE THE BLOKE WHO POKES COKES AND SMOKES AT FOLKS FOR THE GUY WHO BUYS PIES AND DYES TIES AT A FANCY FARMERS PHARMACY ON A HIGH HILL IN BACK OF A HAYSTACK IN HACKENSACK, NEW JERSEY, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Yes, I'm the bloke who pokes cokes and smokes at folks for the guy who buys pies and dyes ties at a fancy farmers pharmacy on a high hill in back of a hay-stack in Hackensack, New Jersey, Jimmie.

DURANTE: WELL TELL ME - HOW IS YOUR NEW JOB AS THE BLOKE WHO POKES COKES AND SMOKES AT FOLKS FOR THE GUY WHO BUYS PIES AND DYES TIES AT A FANCY FARMERS PHARMACY ON A HIGH HILL IN BACK OF A HAYSTACK IN HACKENSACK, NEW JERSEY, JUNIOR?

MOORE: I DON'T LIKE IT!

ORCHESTRA: TA-DAAAAAAA! *Applause*

MOORE: Well, Jimmie - how didja like the work-out?

DURANTE: WHO DO I SEE TO GET MY TONSILS BACK?

~~ORCHESTRA: WHO WILL BE WITH YOU~~

~~DURANTE: WHO WILL BE WITH YOU, WHEN WE'RE -- SEE YOU LATER, MR.~~

MOORE.

~~MOORE: See you later, Mr. Durante!~~

(APPLAUSE)

Arch. Playoff - segue to 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 Staff Sergeant Richard Walsh of New York City, bombardier of a Billy Mitchell bomber on a mission over Sardinia. When anti-aircraft shells had shattered the cables controlling the throttle and propellers, Sergeant Walsh seized the cables in his bare hands and asked the pilot for telephone instructions to regulate them. Though Sergeant Walsh's hands were cut, blistered, and bleeding, he and the pilot brought the plane safely back to its base in North Africa. In your honor, Sergeant Walsh, the makers of Camels are sending to our men in North Africa three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes. We salute you, Staff Sergeant Richard Walsh!

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 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 three 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.

ORCH: THEME...UP AND DOWN *who will be with you*

(MORE)

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, CUGAT!  
WHAT A NOTE!

MOORE:        A beautiful note, but I guess our time's about up,  
Jimmy.

DURANTE:      WHERE YOU GOIN' TONIGHT, JUNIOR?

MOORE:        Well, it's the cat's night out and I have to go home and  
catch mice.

DURANTE:      WHY DON'T YOU COME OUT WITH ME? I'LL SHOW YOU A GREAT  
EVENING, JUNIOR! I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE STORK CLUB....  
I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE COPACABANA.....AND I'LL EVEN TAKE  
YOU TO JIMMY KELLY'S.

MOORE:        Won't that be expensive, Jimmy?

DURANTE:      JUNIOR, DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE BROKE.

MOORE:        Hmm. Goodnight Mr. Durante.

DURANTE:      Goodnight, Mr. Moore.

*Moore:*        *Goodnight - everybody*

ORCH:        WHO WILL BE WITH YOU

(APPLAUSE)

PETRIE:  
(CONT'D)

Listen to each of the four Camel shows -- tomorrow night  
another special Camel Comedy Caravan with Jack Benny,  
Mary Livingston, Dennis Day, Phil Harris -- and  
Rochester; Saturday, Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks";  
Monday, "Blondie," and next Thursday, <sup>Jimmy Durante, Garry Moore</sup> Xavier Cugat,  
Georgia Gibbs....

~~MOORE: And Jimmy Durante.~~

~~DURANTE: AND GARRY MOORE.~~

~~MOORE: Thank you, James.~~

~~DURANTE: THANK YOU, JUNIOR.~~

~~MOORE: Forget it.~~

~~DURANTE: I WILL.~~

~~MOORE: Me, too. Goodnight all.~~

ORCH: THEME UP

(APPLAUSE)

(SWITCH OVER TO 8B FOR HITCH HIKE)



HITCH HIKE

ANNCR:

If you're wondering what to get your Dad for Father's Day, a week from Sunday -- well, just get him a big pound package of Prince Albert pipe tobacco. I know he'll like it, because more men smoke Prince Albert than any other pipe tobacco in America -- and have for years! Prince Albert's no-bite treated for cool and comfortable smoking, and crimp cut to pack and burn and draw just right. For Father's day get Dad a pound of mild, mellow, better-tasting Prince Albert! It's the National Joy Smoke!