

**AS  
BROADCAST**

*Mester - 86-10*

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

(REVISED)

THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1943  
NBC NETWORK  
10:00 - 10:30 PM EWT

PROGRAM No. 20

CAST:

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

HOPE EMERSON

PAUL LUTHER

51454 4014

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1943

10:00 - 10:30 PM EWT

PROGRAM NO. 20

(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 Jimmy Durante, Garry Moore, Georgia Gibbs and  
the music of Xavier Cugat....brought to you by Camel....  
the fresh cigarette that stays extra-mild, slow-burning,  
cool-smoking, rich tasting, better!

And here he is, our master of ceremonies, the boy with  
the toothpaste smile and the tooth brush hair-do.....

GARRY MOORE!

APPLAUSE

MOORE: Thank you - thank you VERY much, my friends, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen.....Before doing anything this evening I'd like to ask everyone in the studio audience to <sup>please and stand</sup> rise in their places. <sup>will you?</sup> Come on - everybody stand up. <sup>the whole bunch of you</sup> (BIZ)...That's fine - now everybody turn around and face the back of the studio. <sup>Come on - turn around and face the back</sup> (BIZ)...That's <sup>right</sup> fine - now I want everybody to look down at his seat.... Everybody look at his seat....No, mister - at your CHAIR! <sup>Are you looking?</sup> That's fine... <sup>just look</sup> I left a box-lunch <sup>out there</sup> on one of these chairs - <sup>who's been</sup> is anybody sitting on it? <sup>did somebody sit on it?</sup> Gee whiz, it was a vegetable dinner, too! Somebody's gonna leave here with a Brussel Bustle....Oh, well.

HOWARD: *Say,* Garry, old boy - how come you brought a box lunch to the studio?

MOORE: Well, Howard, this is our last broadcast from New York, *you know* Right after the show tonite we catch the train for Hollywood.

HOWARD: Okay - but they've got diners on the train.

MOORE: <sup>no, no</sup> Yeah, but - not for me, bud...I was in a diner just last week, and I was eating corn on the cob....All of a sudden the train went around a corner and before I knew it I'd chewed all the buttons off my sleeve....Tasty, too.

EMERSON: Mr. Moore, I can't tell you how much I'm gonna miss you while you're gone.

MOORE: Aw, Toodles, I'm sorry you can't come along - but there just isn't room....I tried to get you a reservation on a TWA bus.

EMERSON: TWA bus? TWA is an airplane - it flies!

MOORE: Not when you're on it, dear...But I'll need a secretary out in Hollywood, Toodles. <sup>You</sup> Got any ideas?

EMERSON: In Hollywood? Mr. Moore, I've just got the girl for you. My sister - CUDDLES.

MOORE: Cuddles?....Is that her name?

EMERSON: Yes, sir! Cuddles Bongshnook!

*Howard, please don't laugh at my jokes as much - "people will think we're in love!"*

MOORE: Well! Isn't that nauseating?/. But tell me, Toodles - what's she like, this sister of yours?

EMERSON: Well, she's skinnier, but I'm smarter...You see, she's dumber than me.

MOORE: You mean she's dumber than I.

EMERSON: Oh, she's dumber than both of us.

MOORE: <sup>Let</sup> ~~How~~ very encouraging...But you drop her a line and tell her to hang herself out on the mail hook - we'll pick her up, as we pass through Pasadena.

EMERSON: <sup>Howard</sup> Howard: Say, Garry, do we HAFTA go out there by train? <sup>you know</sup> I never COULD take my pants off in an upper berth.

MOORE: Why, there's nothing to it, old man...To take your pants off in an upper berth, you merely hook the cuffs of your trousers to the South end of the mattress, then crawl slowly north...It works every time.

HOWARD: Yeah, but <sup>you know</sup> I'm always afraid I'm gonna sleep past my station.

MOORE: Well, you leave a call with the porter.

HOWARD: Is that what you do?

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MOORE: Oh indood you dee...indood you dee. <sup>you see</sup> If you want to get up at a certain time, you just tell the porter. And when the time comes, <sup>the porter</sup> he wakes up an old gentleman four berths down from yours, the old gentleman swears out loud, waking a baby in the berth across the aisle, the baby's father in the berth above comes down to get the baby, he steps on your face, and it wakes you every time. <sup>Just</sup> But don't worry... everything... <sup>is gonna be</sup> --

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

MOORE: Oh - excuse me, Howard.

SOUND: PHONE UP

MOORE: Hello?

DURANTE: HELLO, JUNIOR? THIS IS I.

MOORE: Say, Jimmy, your entrance comes up in five seconds - where are you?

DURANTE: I WAS DRIVING INTO NEW YORK FROM HOBOKEN AND I WENT INTO THE WRONG SIDE OF THE HOLLAND TUNNEL.

MOORE: Well where are you now?

DURANTE: ON THE FRONT END OF A TRUCK GOING BACK TO HOBOKEN.

MOORE: Oh, fine!

ORCH: START DURANTE MUSIC

MOORE: But with a few bars of appropriate music, we'll whisk him into the studio. And here he is -- Jimmy Durante in person!

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY...BOY, AM I FATIGUED! IN FACT I'M TIRED.

MOORE: What's happened, <sup>to you</sup> Jimmy?

DURANTE: I'VE BEEN SHOPPING ALL DAY...SHOPPING FOR PRESENTS FOR MY <sup>And well</sup> MANY LADY ADMIRERS IN HOLLYWOOD. ~~THEY~~ LOVE MY SELECTIONS. <sup>Look</sup> SEE, JUNIOR, IN THIS BOX I'VE GOT A SWEATER FOR LANA TURNER ...IN THIS BOX I'VE GOT A SARONG FOR DOROTHY LAMOUR...

MOORE: But, Jimmy, what about this box? It's empty.

DURANTE: THAT'S FOR GYPSY ROSE LEE...

MOORE: Have you said goodbye to all your New York friends.

DURANTE: YES...IT WAS ONLY YESTERDAY THAT I BID A FOND FAREWELL TO MY CHUBBY CHUM, MAYOR LA GUARDIA. AND WAS HE BUSY! WHILE I WAS THERE, A COLLEGE PROFESSOR WAS WAITING TO GET A LICENSE TO TEACH SCHOOL, ~~AND~~ A TRUCK DRIVER WAS WAITING TO GET A MARRIAGE LICENSE AND A SOCIETY WOMAN WAS WAITING TO GET A LICENSE FOR HER RACE HORSE. JUST THEN THERE WAS A BLACKOUT AND LA GUARDIA HANDED OUT THE <sup>WRONG</sup> LICENSES. NOW THE TRUCK DRIVER IS TEACHING AT COLUMBIA, THE COLLEGE PROFESSOR GOT MARRIED TO THE RACE HORSE AND THE SOCIETY WOMAN IS RUNNING IN THE THIRD RACE AT JAMAICA.

MOORE: Ah, La Guardia...just a jolly good Fiorello.

DURANTE: YES, FIORELLO, THE FELLOW WHO'S BUILT LIKE A CHELLO. BUT HE'S A WISE EXECUTIVE...HE ALWAYS <sup>himself with the right people -</sup> SURROUNDS ME! BEFORE I EXITS FROM HIS OFFICE, HIS HONOR SAYS TO ME "HANDSOME.... (HE ALWAYS CALLS ME BY MY NOM DE PLUMEY). <sup>oh yes</sup> I WANT YOU TO DO ME A FAVOR. I WANT YOU TO CHECK UP ON O.P.A. PRICES!" I SAYS "BUTCH...I ALWAYS CALL HIM BY HIS MAIDEN NAME)...I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT O.P.A. PRICES, BUT I KNOW THERE'S ALWAYS A CEILING ON FLIES!"...I GOT A MILLION OF 'EM.....

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(REVISED)

MOORE: *Let's get organized, will you?*  
Well, where did you go first to start checking up on O.P.A. prices?

DURANTE: JUNIOR, FIRST I SURVEYS A DEPARTMENT STORE. I GOES TO THE CLOTHING SECTION - THOUSANDS OF WOMEN ARE ALL AROUND ME, FIGHTING, SCREAMING AND GRABBING. IT SEEMS ONE LADY ~~W~~ WANTED A PAIR OF TROUSERS FOR HER HUSBAND.

MOORE: *Well* Did she get them?

DURANTE: SHE MUST HAVE, CAUSE I CAME OUT WITHOUT MY PANTS.

MOORE: Quite an embarrassing situation, Mr. Durante!

DURANTE: YES, ONE CAN'T ADVANCE WITHOUT ONE'S PANTS. WHY, JUNIOR, YOU. *know*...

SOUND: PHONE RING...OFF HOOK

DURANTE: I BEG YOUR PARDON, JUNIOR...HELLO...WHAT? (IT'S MY BUTLER)..  
OH, THEY ALL WANT TO SAY GOODBYE...WELL, HOW SWEET OF THEM...PUT THEM ON THE PHONE. GOODBYE CYNTHIA (KISS KISS)  
GOODBYE GWENDOLYN (KISS KISS) GOODBYE PATRICIA GOODBYE  
MARIILYN (KISS KISS)...AND NOW, SWEETHEARTS, AREN'T YOU GOING TO SAY GOODBYE TO ME?

SOUND: (ON FILTER) DOG BARKS

SOUND: HANG UP

*Durante: They'll miss me at the Kessel Club, this season.*

MOORE: Ah, James, there's nothing like puppy love..But, tell me, what else happened in the department store?

DURANTE: CONTINUING WITH MY DIGRESSION OF THE O.P.A. PRICES, I SACHAYS OVER TO THE PERFUME COUNTER AND SELECTS A DAINTY AROMA - SHLEMEEL NUMBER FIVE! THE SALES-GIRL SAYS "THAT PERFUME COSTS ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS AN OUNCE". I TAKES THE BOTTLE IN MY HANDS AND SNIGGS IT (SNIFF) I SAYS "I'LL BUY FIFTY CENTS WORTH"..<sup>and a half</sup>SHE SAYS "FIFTY CENTS?..<sup>Why</sup>YOU JUST INHALED A DOLLAR'S WORTH!" WASHINGTON WILL HEAR OF THIS!

MOORE: I shouldn't wonder...But then as the philosopher Durante once said "As the nose goes, so the nose knows!"

DURANTE: A BIT OF <sup>psychology</sup>PHILOSOPHY THAT HAS PROVEN UNCANNY...BUT NOW TO DETOUR BACK TO THE DEPARTMENT STORE...LEAVING THE LADIES DEPARTMENT, I <sup>Slumber</sup>SAUNTERS INTO THE SWEET SHOP WHERE <sup>I see</sup>MARSHMALLOWS, UMBRIAGO, JELLY BEANS, UMBRIAGO, TOOTSIE ROLLS AND UMBRIAGO...

MOORE: Umbriago? What's Umbriago doing in a department store?

DURANTE: HE'S A MECHANIC IN THE CANDY DEPARTMENT. HE TIGHTENS THE NUTS IN THE PEANUT BRITTLE!..A GENIUS...HARVARD HAS AN <sup>(his)</sup> OPTION ON HIS BRAIN!<sup>where you write that line should</sup>..THEN, JUNIOR, INTO WHOM DO YOU THINK I RUNS!<sup>this is another line M: whom?</sup>..TOODLES BONGSHNOOK! / MODELLING DRESSES. AND DID I GET IN TROUBLE WITH HER. I SAYS "MY DEAR TOODLES, THAT DRESS YOU'RE WEARING LOOKS VERY BEAUTIFUL ON YOU....AND YOUR BUSTLE IS VERY BECOMING, TOO!"

MOORE: How did that get you into trouble?

DURANTE: SHE WASN'T WEARING A BUSTLE!

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MOORE: Ahhhh, James, maybe you shouldn't have given her rumble a tumble. *But* Where is your chivalry?

DURANTE: STILL IN THE GARAGE...NO GAS! BUT, JUNIOR, BEFORE I LEAVES THE STORE, I BUYS A BOX OF CANDY TO GIVE TO MY GIRL IN THE LINGER-IE DEPARTMENT. WE'VE BEEN ENGAGED FOR YEARS. SHE'S *That's the fourth time that word has found its way in my script.* MY FLASCO!...BUT WHEN I GETS IN THERE, I SEES HER KISSING THE FLOOR WALKER! I'M CRUSHED! SO WHAT DO I DO! I MARCHES UP TO 'EM. I TAKES OFF MY GLOVES, TAKES OFF MY HAT, TAKES OFF MY COAT. HE GIVES ME A DIRTY LOOK. I PUTS ON MY COAT, PUTS ON MY HAT, PUTS ON MY GLOVES. I THROWS THE CANDY AT HER FEET AND DEPARTS.

MOORE: But Jimmy, what about the floor walker?

DURANTE: HIM!...LET HIM GET HIS OWN *box of* CANDY!...NOW YOU KNOW THAT....

ORCH: PLAYOFF

APPLAUSE

MOORE: And, with Mr. J.D. melting slowly into the sunset,  
we turn again to the Camel Hall of Fame, Toodles  
Bongshnook, and....

SOUND: CHINESE GONG

MOORE: The Story of a Soprano Named Cole.

ORCH: INTRODUCTION

HOPE: A famous soprano named Cole  
Just couldn't keep her voice in control --  
Tho' renowned was her "FA," and they all loved her "LA,"  
Still something was wrong with her "SOL."

PETRIE: Hey, Toodles, you left out "TI"!

HOPE: "TI"?

PETRIE: Sure, you know, "T" for taste and throat, everybody's  
own T-Zone proving ground for Camel cigarettes' rich,  
extra flavor, and smooth, extra mildness.

HOPE: But a smart little lady was she --  
She asked her arranger to tea --  
There were Camels about, which he lit with a shout  
Of unbounded rapture and glee.  
Then the lady looked sad and sighed, "Gee!  
I can't reach a Sol -- I'm finee!"  
Cried the gratified mammal as he lit one more Camel --  
"I have it -- I'll lower the key!  
'Cause you've been so lovely to me!"  
Now her "SOL" is as sweet as can be!

APPLAUSE

PETRIE: Yes, and remember, if you're looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many you smoke, try a pack of Camels. They have more flavor -- helps 'em hold up, pack after pack. You'll like the way Camels are cool smoking and slow burning, too -- the result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos!

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

PETRIE: Camels! They stay fresh because they're packed to go around the world!

ORCH: INTRO TO "CACHITA"

ORCH:        INTRO TO "ACAHITA"

MOORE:        Turning now to Xavier Cugat's little black book of  
              beauteous babes from South of the Border, we look under  
              letter "C" and find a most fancy filly called "Cachita".

ORCH:        "CACHITA"

APPLAUSE

DURANTE: THANK YOU VERY MUCH, GENTLEMEN...BOY, WHAT AN ORGANIZATION THAT IS!...TWENTY BOYS AND A BRAIN!...NONE-WHAT-SO-EVER-THE-LESS, WE COME NOW TO ANOTHER MEETING OF THE GARRY MOORE NATURE CLUB - DEDICATED TO OUR FOUR-FOOTED FRIENDS OF FIELD AND STREAM.

MOORE: Thank you, James. But I didn't know you were an outdoor man.

DURANTE: I WILL BE BY SATURDAY, IF I DON'T PAY MY RENT.

MOORE: *Well,* In that event, Mr. D., you might enjoy the saga of a feathered friend of mine who also had his troubles...This is the story of a duck - named Milton.

ORCH: SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME - (SNEAK IN AND HOLD LOW)

MOORE: I thought you ought to know about Milton - although Milton was just a duck. But AS a duck - what a cluck! All day long while other ducks were flying and flapping and waddling around, Milton that cluck, stayed stuck in the muck. And when evening came and the canvass-backs came ~~back~~ <sup>home</sup> from a hard day of canvassing - and the mallards settled down with mallards towards none - there was Milton - still stuck in the muck, and <sup>just</sup> going Da-hawwwwww. Now, it wasn't that Milton was stupid. He was fairly clever, and now and then he'd even make a wise-quack. *No* - No--Milton's trouble was worse than that. It pains me to say it, but --- stuff wouldn't roll off of Milton's back... Every day people would bring their children to the duck-pond to show them what was meant by the expression, "Like water rolling off a duck's back." They would pour coffee on a canvas-back - and off it would roll.....

(MORE)

MOORE:  
(CONT'D)

They'd pour molasses on a mallard - and off it would roll...  
 They'd pour ANYTHING on Milton - and it just stuck there,  
 and got gooey. It didn't bother Milton much at first - but  
 after three years his back was so full of stuff that  
 wouldn't roll off <sup>of</sup> it, that Milton was top-heavy...He'd  
 swim around upside down, still going Da-hawww - only this  
 time with bubbles....And worst of all - when birds of a  
 feather would flock together, poor Milton would have to go  
 off in a corner and flock ALL by himself...Finally, in  
 desperation, Milton wrote to an advice to the love-lorn  
 column conducted by <sup>Miss</sup> Dorothy Ducks; and <sup>he</sup> explained that stuff  
 wouldn't roll off his back. Two days later he got a  
 letter which read, "Milton <sup>Milton</sup> have you changed your oil  
 recently?"....And, by George, that was it! Why, Milton  
 hadn't been oiled in YEARS! So he changed his oil, and  
 from that day on - what a duck! Stuff rolled off <sup>of</sup> Milton's  
 back like - like - well, like water off a duck's back.  
 And when Milton's friends asked the reason for this  
 sudden change, he said "I owe it all to Dorothy Ducks and  
 a new change of oil."...And THAT, good friends, is surely  
 a case -

ORCH: MUSIC OUT

MOORE: Where oil's well that ends well!....Thank you.

ORCHESTRA: PLAY OFF

APPLAUSE

DURANTE: JUNIOR, THAT WAS SOME STORY! I'M COVERED ALL OVER WITH AN EXQUISITE REVULSION..YOU'RE SO WISE FOR ONE OF YOUR YEARS HOW OLD ARE YOU?

MOORE: I'm 28. <sup>Jimmy</sup>...I would be 29, but I was sick a year.

DURANTE: DO TELL....THEN PRAY MAKE UP FOR LOST TIME BY PRESENTING US WITH MISS GEORGIA GIBBS.

ORCHESTRA: START GEORGIA'S INTRO

MOORE: That I shall, and right gladly, too.....For tonite the belle of our ball sings a great new thing, called "I Never Mention Your Name".....Georgia Gibbs, my friends, *Georgia*

GIBBS: "I NEVER MENTION YOUR NAME"

APPLAUSE

PETRIE: Remember, Camel cigarettes are First in the Service -- yes, first with men in the Army, first with men in the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard, according to actual sales records. Some of our best customers are scattered throughout the world, in all climates, often a month or more away by sea. That's why Camels are packed to go around the world -- packed to stay fresh -- anywhere! We developed a new moisture-proof inner wrapping, designed to hold in that rich Camel flavor and mildness, to keep Camels cool smoking and slow burning -- anywhere in the world! Examine your pack of Camel cigarettes! Look at the moisture-proof inner wrapping, and you'll see why Camels stay fresh, preserving for you the extra goodness of Camel's matchless blend of 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: PLAY OFF



MOORE: All of which, dear friends, brings us to the most highly cultural event of the evening.

DURANTE: SAY, JUNIOR - PARDON ME FOR TALKING WHILE YOU'RE INTERRUPTING, BUT I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS CULTURAL JUNK.... WHY, IT'S GETTING SO THAT WHEN THE BAND PLAYS "MARGIE", THE ECHO COMES BACK WITH SHUBERT'S UNFINISHED SYMPHONY.

MOORE: Please, James. Tonight, I am giving a cultural lecture entitled "How to put lace around the rat holes in your home to attract a better class of mice".

DURANTE: JUNIOR, PEOPLE DON'T WANNA LEARN ANYTHING FROM US - THEY WANNA LAUGH. LIKE THEY USED TO DO IN VAUDEVIL.....WHY, I PLAYED AT THE PALACE THEATRE ONCE, AND A HONEYMOON COUPLE CAME IN AND SAT DOWN IN THE LAST ROW...AND THE SHOW WAS SO GOOD -- THEY WATCHED IT!

MOORE: Well that was all right for you but on the one vaudeville date I played, the ushers were holding hands...they were afraid to be alone in the dark.

DURANTE: YOU MUST HAVE PLAYED THE WRONG PLACES...COME ON, JUNIOR - LET'S GO BACK TO VAUDEVIL, AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW IT WORKED.

ORCHESTRA: CORNY RUN-ON MUSIC

DURANTE: (LAUGH IT UP)....WELL, WELL, GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY!

MOORE: Yeah - ha ha ha - good evening, everybody!

DURANTE: HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING?

MOORE: Is everybody hilarious?

DURANTE: (LAUGH IT UP) SAY, GARRY, I NEED MONEY VERY BAD, COULD YOU LOAN ME TEN DOLLARS 'TIL PAY-DAY?

MOORE: Why, I'd like to, Jimmie, but I'm betting my whole roll on a horse this afternoon.

DURANTE: ON A HORSE?....YOU THINK MORE OF A HORSE THAN YOU DO OF ME?

MOORE: Yes, it's been raining at the track, I'm gonna bet on a mudder.

DURANTE: OH! YOU'RE GONNA BET ON A MUDDER!

MOORE: Yes. *Jan*.

DURANTE: WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BET ON A MUDDER FOR? WHY DON'TCHA BET ON A YOUNG HORSE? WHY DON'TCHA BET ON HER DAUGHTER?

MOORE: Her daughter. Jimmie, you're all confused. Why, MY mudder can't lose this race.

DURANTE: WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOUR MUDDER CAN'T LOSE?

MOORE: Just what I said, my mudder can't lose.

DURANTE: WHAT IS YOUR MUDDER DOING IN A HORSE-RACE?

MOORE: Hah?

DURANTE: SHE SHOULDN'T ~~GUCHTA~~ DO THAT - IT AIN'T DIGNIFIED!

MOORE: What do you mean? It's better than what she used to do. My mudder usta pull a milk wagon.

DURANTE: YOUR MUDDER USED TO PULL A MILK-WAGON?

MOORE: Yes, *she did*.

DURANTE: WHAT SOME PEOPLE WON'T DO FOR A LIVING!

MOORE: Jimmy - what's the matter *with you?*

DURANTE: WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU PUT YOUR MUDDER IN A RACE WITH A BUNCH OF HORSES, THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER.

MOORE: Well, why not? After all, my mudder is a horse.

DURANTE: WHY, SURE SHE IS, BUT - (TAKE) WHAT?

MOORE: You heard me....My - mudder -- is - a - horse.

DURANTE: WELL, I NEVER KNEW THAT BEFORE.....I WILL ADMIT I'VE NOTICED A RESEMBLANCE, BUT I NEVER THOUGHT ---

MOORE: Now wait a minute, Jimmie.

DURANTE: SO THAT'S WHERE HE GOT THAT FACE! HIS MUDDER ~~IS~~ <sup>was</sup> A HORSE!

MOORE: Of course she's a horse. What did you THINK my mudder <sup>is</sup> was a human?

DURANTE: WELL, I NEVER WENT THAT FAR, NO.

MOORE: Well, she's the best darn horse you ever saw - I take <sup>good</sup> care of her, too. If she doesn't feel just right to run, I scratch her.

DURANTE: YOU SCRATCH HER?

MOORE: I certainly do.

DURANTE: WELL, ISN'T THAT COZY?.....AND WHEN YOU ITCH, DOES SHE SCRATCH YOU, TOO?

MOORE: Don't be <sup>just</sup> ridiculous....In the first place, I don't think you follow me.

DURANTE: NOT IF YOU'RE RELATED TO A LOT OF HORSES I DON'T FOLLOW YOU.....I WON'T EVEN SPEAK TO YOU.

MOORE: <sup>Jimmie</sup> But, Jimmie, you've got it all wrong.

DURANTE: WHAT DO YOU GIVE THE OLD LADY FOR BREAKFAST? -- OATS?

MOORE: <sup>Oh</sup> Don't be so old fashioned....Good mudders don't eat oats.

DURANTE: NO?.....THEN WHAT DO THEY EAT?

MOORE: Fodder....Well don't look at me that way. What's the matter <sup>with you!</sup>

DURANTE: WHAT -- DID -- YOU -- SAY?

MOORE: I said my mudder eats fodder.

DURANTE: WHAT A FAMILY THIS GUY'S GOT. - <sup>A Bunch of Cannibals!</sup>

MOORE: <sup>Jimmie</sup> What are you talking about?

DURANTE: ~~WHAT DO YOU COME FROM -- A BUNCH OF CANNIBALS?~~

MOORE: ~~Of course I don't~~ we're a very fine family.

DURANTE: I'LL SAY YOU ARE! WHAT DO YOU HEAR FROM YOUR UNCLE - COUNT FLEET?

MOORE: Now wait a minute, Jimmie.

DURANTE: JUST LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT. YOU SAY YOUR MUDDER EATS YOUR FODDER?

MOORE: She does.

DURANTE: HOW LONG HAS SHE BEEN EATING YOUR FODDER?

MOORE: Oh, ever since I had her.

DURANTE: EVER SINCE YOU HAD HER?

MOORE: Ever since I had her.

DURANTE: JUNIOR - DON'T THEY DO ANYTHING RIGHT IN YOUR FAMILY?

MOORE: *Jimmie* There's nothing wrong with my mudder eating my fodder - everybody loves ripe fodder.

DURANTE: WHAT DO YOU MEAN - RIPE FODDER?

MOORE: Well, a mudder can't eat fodder until the fodder's ripe. You let fodder lie out in the field and get mellow.

DURANTE: OH, FINE!.....~~Oh~~, FINE!

MOORE: Now what's wrong?

DURANTE: NOTHING! NOTHING AT ALL! YOUR FODDER LIES AROUND IN A FIELD ALL DAY GETTING MELLOW! ....YOUR MUDDER PULLS A MILK-WAGON!.....AND YOU CHOP YOUR FODDER UP AND FEED HIM TO YOUR MUDDER!

MOORE: Now just hold on here! *Jimmie* Just calm down *for a minute*

DURANTE: I DON'T CARE TO DISCUSS ~~IT~~ <sup>this</sup> ANY FURTHER.

MOORE: Jimmie, will yuh listen. I don't just feed my mudder any old fodder.

DURANTE: YOU DON'T?

MOORE: No! I feed her grand fodder.....Well, now what's the matter?

DURANTE: THAT'S ALL, BROTHER...EVEN THE OLD FOLKS AREN'T SAFE IN YOUR FAMILY.

MOORE: Now look here, *James Jiminy*.

DURANTE: NO, NO, I'LL SEE YOU LATER, JUNIOR. I'M GOING TO GRAB A CAB AND GO SEE MY FAMILY.

MOORE: Your family? Where are they?

DURANTE: THEY'RE A BUNCH OF ANT-EATERS IN THE BRONX ZOO.

MOORE: (MUCH SCREAMING) - *Oh cut it out! O: Your father redemptive!*

ORCHESTRA: CORNY PLAY-OFF

DURANTE: *Applause* THAT'S VAUDEVIL JUNIOR/*that's vaudevil* -- GOOD OLD VAUDEVIL. WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

MOORE: Just fine, Jimmie - I think we can make lots of money with it.

DURANTE: HOW DO YOU MEAN?

MOORE: With that brand of corn the government will pay us plenty to plow ourselves under.

ORCHESTRA: REAL PLAY-OFF

APPLAUSE

ORCH:            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

LUTHER:            To 25-year-old Lieutenant H. H. Swingler of St. Louis, Missouri, a parachute trooper who was one of the first Americans to land on Sicily. During an assault on an enemy-held hill, Lieutenant Swingler advanced against heavy machine gun fire, and though two of his men were killed on either side of him, he crept on under a hail of crossfire to attack a German Mark IV tank with hand grenades, killing two of its crew members and forcing it to retreat. In your honor, Lieutenant Swingler, the makers of Camels are sending to our men in the Mediterranean area four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes. We salute you, Lieutenant H.H. Swingler!

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 have thanked audiences of more than three million Yanks in this country with the traveling Camel Caravans, which since nineteen forty-one have given free shows and free Camels to service men in more than five hundred different camps.

ORCH:            "WHO WILL BE WITH YOU"

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

MOORE: An exquisite note, Mr. Durante. But <sup>say</sup> have you got all our tickets for Hollywood?

DURANTE: <sup>Yes</sup> YEAH JUNIOR. I GOT 'EM RIGHT HERE IN MY WALLET. WAIT A MINUTE.....

MOORE: Jimmy, if you're going to Hollywood, you ought to get a wallet with a zipper. Those safety pins take so long.

DURANTE: HERE THEY ARE, JUNIOR.

MOORE: Well now let <sup>me</sup> see. Georgia's in compartment A. Howard's in E. Here I am in J. And Jimmy, you've got the last compartment at the end of the car.

DURANTE: NOTHING DOING. I HAD THAT COMPARTMENT ONCE BEFORE.

MOORE: Well, what's wrong with it.

DURANTE: I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED, BUT THEY KEPT LOCKING <sup>the door at</sup> ME ~~AT~~ EVERY STATION.

MOORE: Oh in the vestibule, eh? Goodnight, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: GOODNIGHT, MR. MOORE.

ORCH: PLAYOFF

*Moore:*  
BOTH: GOODNIGHT ~~ALL~~ <sup>everybody.</sup>  
*Durante:* APPLAUSE *Goodnight folks, goodnight.*

ORCH:  THEME (BUMPER)

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

ORCHESTRA: THEME UP AND DOWN

PETRIE: And remember -- for thanking that Yank -- for more enjoyment for you -- get Camels! They stay fresh because Camels are packed to go around the world!

ORCHESTRA: THEME UP

APPLAUSE

(SWITCH TO 8 B FOR HITCH HIKE)

ADDITIONAL CLOSING -- IF CUED 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.



HITCH-HIKE

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ANNOUNCER: Mister pipe-smoker, do you know that Prince Albert is by far the largest-selling pipe tobacco in America -- yessir, this year, last year, and for years before that! Try a handy pocket package of good Prince Albert and you'll see why! Prince Albert's no-bite treated, to give you the coolest, most comfortable, bite-free smoking you ever enjoyed! Crimp cut, too, to pack and burn and draw just right. And 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!

/nc  
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