

(REVISED)

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WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1943
NBC NETWORK
7:00 - 7:30 PM PWT

SUBSTITUTE PROGRAM NO. 4

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

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1943

7:00 - 7:30 PM PWT

SUBSTITUTE PROGRAM NO. 4

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

(AFTER 3 - 5 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 orchestra, 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!
So here now is a chap whose jaw moves faster than a Henry
Kaiser unit, whose tongue works time-and-a-half, but
between whose ears there's a definite break in the
assembly line -- Garry Moore!
(APPLAUSE)

MOORE: Well, thank you...Thank you VERY much, my friends, and a very happy October 28th to yez all... Ah, October in Hollywood! Where the frost is on the pumpkin, and the pumpkin's on the vine, and Vine crosses Sunset; and nothing crosses Sunset without somebody going...

PETRIE: (WOLF WHISTLE)

MOORE: Ah! October in Hollywood...

PETRIE: Yeah, and have you noticed, Garry, that people are turning the oil burners ^{on} ~~out~~ at night?

MOORE: Ho-ho. Not over at my place, ^{Howard. you know} We've just converted to coal. And what a pleasure a coal burner is. It gives off no dirt, no noise -- nothing but nice, warm carbon monoxide. ^{Really, you ought to} You really ^{to our house sometime} must come out, ^{and say - another thing} we have more fun giving each other artificial respiration. ^{in Hollywood in October} If you think it doesn't get chilly out here, ^{I always say} why, just this morning in the local paper I saw an ad that said..."Crow wants to fly South for winter. Will carry two robins and share expenses"... Ah, me. ^{There is} There is nothing so smart as an old crow.

ELVIA: ^{Oh} Was someone ^{body} ~~one~~ calling me?

MOORE: WELL! Will you look who's here! Miss Fallen Arch of 1943... And how are you tonite, Cuddles?

ELVIA: Oh, just as slick as bear-grease and twice as fragrant!

MOORE: ^{I know} Yes...I just got wind of it. What, er - what is that odeur you're wearing tonite?

ELVIA: Why, it's the latest thing! Essence of Meat Market.

MOORE: Essence of Meat Market, eh?...Colognes du Pony! ... Cheval #5... But what's the occasion?

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ELVIA: Why, haven't you heard? Pismo and I are engaged!

MOORE: Pismo?

ELVIA: Yes...you met him at my party. You remember...he was the one with the face.

MOORE: Oh, certainly! I remember - he kept climbing into the cuckoo clock to look for eggs.

ELVIA: That's my Pismo!

MOORE: (BREAK UP) Well, Cuddles, my dear - I want you to know that I'm very, VERY happy for you.

ELVIA: Oh, now, Mr. Moore...don't take it so hard.

MOORE: But one of my own little chickabiddies growing up and getting married...Imagine! Little Cuddles Bongshnook. Why, it seems like only yesterday that I was bouncing you on my knee.

ELVIA: It was yesterday.

MOORE: ~~I know~~ - ^{that's} what I say...And as my wedding gift to you, my dear - here. Take this, and keep it with you always.

ELVIA: Oh, ~~but~~ Mr. Moore, you shouldn't...Not this lovely old button hook.

MOORE: But, Cuddles, ^{dear} I want you to have it!

ELVIA: Okay, but I don't wear high-button shoes!

MOORE: I know you don't...But I figured you could use the button-hook to fish money out of your piggy bank with... And when you got enough out --

ELVIA: Yes?

MOORE: You could buy ^{yourself} a pair of high-button shoes!

ELVIA: But --

MOORE: Oh, don't thank me - don't thank me. It's nothing at all. But don't let's ^{not} keep this ^{thing} a secret. Let's tell everybody.

ORCH: ~~HIT~~ ^{Sheet} "START OFF EACH DAY"...FADE FOR:

MOORE: Let's be sure to tell, for instance -- JIMMY DURANTE -- in person.

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

MOORE: Jimmy, did you hear the wonderful news? Cuddles Bongshnook is going to be married!

DURANTE: GARRY, DON'T BOTHER ME WITH OTHER PEOPLE'S TROUBLES. I GOT PLENTY OF MY OWN. IT ALL HAPPENED AS I WAS DRIVING DOWN TO THE STUDIO IN MY ESSEX - 1903, SLIGHTLY USED. THE FIRST THING I KNOW, A MOTORCYCLE COP STOPS ME AND SAYS: "PULL OVER, THERE, I'M GONNA GIVE YOU A TICKET FOR SPEEDING. YOU WERE GOING OVER SIXTY MILES AN HOUR!" I SAYS: "WAIT A MINUTE, OFFICER, I WASN'T GOING SIXTY MILES AN HOUR - IN FACT, I WASN'T EVEN GOING 50 - 40 - OR 30 MILES AN HOUR. IN FACT, I WASN'T EVEN GOING 25 - 20- OR 10 MILES AN HOUR. IN FACT, I WASN'T EVEN GOING 5 MILES AN HOUR.

MOORE: So what happened?

DURANTE: HE GAVE ME A TICKET FOR PARKING!

MOORE: *you know what you ought to do*
Jimmy, you should read up on the traffic rules.

DURANTE: I DID, AND IT'S AS PLAIN AS THE FACE ON YOUR NOSE. BUT ENOUGH OF THESE SILLY SALLIES, *and equitish remarks* THIS WEEK WASHINGTON GIVES ME MY MOST IMPORTANT ASSIGNMENT. THEY WANTS ME TO TAKE THE PLACE OF SECRETARY HULL, WHILE HE'S ON THE ROAD.

MOORE: So Washington has at long last recognized your statesmanship?

DURANTE: YES, THEY WERE NOT ONLY COG-NIZ-IM OF IT, BUT THEY IGNORED IT AS WELL. *They will give em to me!* JUNIOR, I GOT TO TELL YOU, NO MORE THAN I GETS TO MY OFFICE IN WASHINGTON, THEY GIVES ME A SECRETARY, AND SOON MY WORK KEEPS PILING UP.

MOORE: I saw your secretary. She's a gorgeous-looking blonde.

DURANTE: I KNOW. THAT'S WHY MY WORK KEEPS PILING UP. I IMMEDIATELY GETS DOWN TO MY DUTIES. FIRST I CALLS UP MR. MORGENTHAU. I SAYS: "HANK" - (I WITH-HOLDS TWENTY PERCENT OF HIS NAME) - "HANK," I SAYS, "THE DEER SEASON IS ON, SO IF I MAY MAKE A SUGGESTION, WHY DON'T YOU GO OUT AND DO A BIT OF HUNTING?"

MOORE: Come come, now, James. Don't tell me you sent Mr. Morgenthau out deer hunting?

DURANTE: OF COURSE. EVERYBODY KNOWS HE'S ALWAYS AFTER A LITTLE DOE... I GOTTA MILLION OF 'EM.

MOORE: And who knows? HE MAY COME BACK WITH A COUPLE OF BUCKS! ...I gotta million of 'em *myself.*

DURANTE: AN IMPOSTER! I'M SURROUNDED BY ASSASSINS! REMEMBER WHAT SHAKESPEARE SAID, JUNIOR..."HE WHO STEALS MY NAME, STEALS NOTHING. BUT HE WHO STEALS MY JOKES, STEALS TRASH"...A QUOTATION FROM THE MERCHANT OF WEENIES.

MOORE: Merchant of Weenies? You mean Venice.

DURANTE: NO! VENICE IS THE DAME WITH^{no}~~OUT~~ THE ARMS. MAY I SUGGEST A GOOD CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, MR. MOORE. *I will gladly pay the tutilage* CONTINUING WITH MY NARRATIVE, I GOES TO CONGRESS TO ATTEND A BUFFET LUNCH.

MOORE: You don't mean buffet -- you mean buffay - buffay -- the "T" is silent.

DURANTE: NOT THE WAY I DRINK IT. AND WHAT A SWELL AFFAIR IT WAS -- ALL THE CONGRESSMEN CAME DRESSED IN FORMAL ATTIRE.

MOORE: Did they wear tails?

DURANTE: I DON'T KNOW. I DIDN'T LOOK UNDER THEIR LONG COATS. *So*
ON MY WAY TO THE LUNCHEON I PASSES A RECRUITING STATION,
AND WHO DO I SEE -- A WEIGHING MACHINE, UMBRIAGO,
A DOCTOR, UMBRIAGO, A MARINE AND UMBRIAGO.

MOORE: What was Umbriago doing in a recruiting station?

DURANTE: HE WAS TRYING TO ENLIST AS A JEEP. HE HAD HUB-CAPS
ON HIS KNEES, FENDERS ON HIS HIPS AND A BUMPER ON HIS
STOMACH. BUT IT DIDN'T DO HIM ANY GOOD. *Poor* UMBRIAGO
WAS REJECTED.

MOORE: Rejected -- why?

DURANTE: HIS TAIL LIGHT WAS OUT.

MOORE: Oh, that Umbriago. I'll bet his head was the only
vacancy they had in Washington.

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DURANTE:

PRECISELY. AFTER LUNCH I FEELS THE NEED TO RELAX SO I GOES IN TO SEE A MOVIE. BEING A MEMBER OF THE HOI-POLLOI I SAUNTERS UP TO MY USUAL PLACE IN THE SECOND BALCONY. I WALKS UP ONE AISLE AND DOWN THE OTHER LOOKING FOR A SEAT. FINALLY I SPOTS ONE. IN ORDER TO GET INTO THE SEAT I HAS TO CLIMB OVER A FAT MAN, A SKINNY MAN, A TALL GIRL, A SHORT GIRL, A GUY WITH BONY KNEES, AND A LADY WITH A BABY IN HER ARMS. NO MORE THAN I SITS DOWN ^{I see} (GARY COOPER. IS CRUSHING INGRID BERGMAN TO HIS MANLY BOSOM) ^{and} ~~WHEN~~ WHAT HAPPENS...THE BABY STARTS TO CRY. I'M IN A DILEMIA. IT'S EITHER I CHANGES MY SEAT OR THE LADY CHANGES THE BABY. THE LADY WINS SO I GOT TO CHANGE MY SEAT. SO I CLIMBS BACK OVER THE LADY WITH THE BABY, THE GUY WITH THE BONY KNEES, THE SHORT GIRL, THE TALL GIRL, THE SKINNY MAN AND THE FAT MAN. I LOOKS AROUND AND WHAT DO YOU THINK IS HAPPENING. THE LADY WITH THE BABY IS GOING OUT THE OTHER WAY. WHAT A BREAK! BACK I JUMPS OVER THE FAT MAN, THE SKINNY MAN, THE TALL GIRL, THE SHORT GIRL, AND THE GUY WITH THE BONY KNEES..BUT I'M TOO LATE! A LITTLE KID ^{comes} ~~COMING~~ IN FROM THE OTHER SIDE ^{and} /BEATS ME TO IT. I SAYS: SONNY, WHERE DID YOU COME FROM. ^{I He said - my mother is an usher. I was born here. He had me now. plussed!} ~~ALL OF A SUDDEN? AND RIGHT OUT LOUD HE TELLS ME: SOME KIDS CAN'T KEEP A SECRET.~~ ^{there's} MEANWHILE/GARY COOPER ~~IS~~ STILL TOLLING THAT BELL AND ME WITHOUT A SEAT TO SIT IN. JUST THEN I SPOTS THE GUY WITH A FLASHLIGHT. NOW I ~~HE~~ GETS A SEAT! I FOLLOWS HIM THROUGH THE SECOND BALCONY, THE FIRST BALCONY, THE LOGES, THE MEZZANINE, THE FOYER AND INTO THE ORCHESTRA PIT! STILL FOLLOWING THE GUY WHO'S HOLDING THE FLASHLIGHT, I TRIPS OVER A PICCOLO PLAYER (PICCOLO), A SAXAPHONE PLAYER (SAXAPHONE), A TROMBONE PLAYER (TROMBONE), A PIANO PLAYER (PIANO), AND THE DRUMMER (DRUMS). AN EX-RIVITER. THE MAN WITH FLASHLIGHT TURNS TO THE RIGHT AND WALKS DOWN THREE STEPS, SO I STOPS HIM AND SAYS, "WAIT A MINUTE, BUD, WHERE ARE WE GOING?" HE SAYS, "I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU BUT I'M GOING TO READ THE GAS METER."

ORCH: PLAYOFF

PETRIE: Onto the small, pitching deck of a "baby" escort carrier swoops a Grumman Avenger, and rolls to a stop. Out climbs the crew, tired from hours of patrol, looking for U-boats. When their reports are in, they'll settle down to smoke, and it's a good bet they'll be lighting up Camels, the cigarette that's first with men in all the services, according to actual sales records. Yes, and on ships or in foxholes, anywhere, Camels are fresh, cool smoking and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world! Because so many service men want Camels, your store may be sold out from time to time, even though we've pushed Camel's production to new peaks. But remember, when you ~~do~~ get Camels, you can be sure they have that famous Camel flavor, the result of matchless blending of costlier ^{top} tobaccos. 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 they're packed to go around the world!

ORCH: INTRO TO VICTORY POLKA

MOORE: (OVER MUSIC) To whom it may concern...and that includes all of us ... this will serve to introduce ~~the~~ ^{our} Camel Conductor, Roy Bargy and ~~the~~ "Victory Polka".

ORCH: VICTORY POLKA

(APPLAUSE)

DURANTE: AND THAT WAS ROY BARGY AND HIS ORCHESTRA PLAYING MY FAVORITE
tune
SONG - "SUNDAY, MONDY AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE!" AND THAT
BRINGS US TO GARRY MOORE AND HIS WELL-KNOWN STORIES OF
LITTLE-KNOWN PEOPLE...JUNIOR - WHOM ARE YOU SALUTING TONIGHT?

MOORE: One of the bravest men I have ever known, James - a man
named Herman Pilch!

ORCH: SNEAKS IN
I thought you ought to know about Herman Pilch for
Herman Pilch's lot was a sad one..It was all covered with
weeds!...He was born as a baby in early childhood, and went
on to adolescence...And then, there being no other place to
go, he went on to manhood and soon reached the age of 28.

ORCH: OUT
He really should have been 30, but the stork that brought
him ran into bad weather and was grounded for two years in
Kansas City...But, 28 or 30, it mattered not. For Herman
Pilch soon amassed a fortune from the sale of peppermint
flavored polish for people who bite their nails....And *before long*
~~pretty soon~~ he was the richest man in town; the proud owner
of four swimming pools. Hot--cold--lukewarm and Pepsi-Cola..
Yes, Herman Pilch was a happy man. Until one night -

ORCH: OMINOUS CHORD

MOORE: He went to the kitchen for a snack. He opened the
refrigerator door -

SOUND: REFRIGERATOR DOOR OPENS

ORCH: CHORD

MOORE: Took out a cold piece of chicken -

ORCH: CHORD

MOORE: And closed the refrigerator again.

SOUND: CLOSE DOOR

ORCHESTRA: CHORD

MOORE: He had taken one step - drumstick in hand - when suddenly a thought struck him!

ORCHESTRA: "IDEA" CHORD

MOORE: Did the little light in the refrigerator go off when he shut the door?

ORCHESTRA: CREEP MUSIC

MOORE: Herman was determined to find out - so stealthily he crept back to the refrigerator and opened the door!

SOUND: OPEN DOOR

ORCHESTRA: CHORD

MOORE: The light was on!...He closed the door!

SOUND: CLOSE DOOR

ORCHESTRA: CHORD

MOORE: He opened the door!

SOUND: OPEN DOOR

ORCHESTRA: CHORD

MOORE: Closed the door!... (SOUND & CHORD)...Opened the door!...
(SOUND AND CHORD)...Closed it!... (SOUND AND CHORD)...
Opened it!... (SOUND & CHORD)...Closed it!... (SOUND & CHORD)...
Opened it!... (SOUND & CHORD)...Closed!... (SOUND & CHORD)...
Opened!... (SOUND & CHORD)...Closed!... (SOUND & CHORD)...
Opened!... (SOUND & CHORD)...CLOSED!... (SOUND & CHORD)...
Until finally he screamed aloud -

ORCHESTRA: GUT MUSIC

PETRIE: I MUST KNOW!

ORCH: SOUL-SHAKING CHORD

MOORE: There was no sleeping for Herman Pilch that night! He paced up and down - to and fro - fro and to - Sears and Roebuck - and finally the solution struck him!...It struck him hard!

SOUND: ONE CONK ON HOLLOW GOURD

PETRIE: OWWWWWWWWWWW!

ORCH: "MORNING" FROM PEER GYNT

SOUND: BIRDS

MOORE: Suddenly everything seemed clear to Herman Pilch! He would creep inside the refrigerator, close the door, and see for himself.....(ORCH: MUSIC OUT) And with a fanatic gleam in his eye he opened the door again.

SOUND: OPEN DOOR

MOORE: But it was no use. It was only a 200 cubic inch refrigerator - and Pilch was a 900 cubic inch man....

ORCH: MUSIC IN

He squeezed! And he squoze! And he squz and he squeezed, and the whole thing seemed impossible. But did Herman Pilch give up?...Did he give up?...Did he give up....?

DID HE GIVE UP?

ORCH: CUT MUSIC

MOORE: Yes, he did.

ORCH: DESPAIR MUSIC

MOORE: He fell to his knees, a broken man... (BUILD CRY) He would never know about the light inside the ice-box... He would never know whether it went off or if it stayed on!...What good was his money?...What good was his life! What good was ANYTHING!.....And for six months he sat there, he couldn't think, he couldn't eat...And at the end of 7 months he was as thin as a bone.

ORCH: IDEA CHORD

MOORE: As thin as a bone! The very thing! (CUT MUSIC) Climbing unsteadily to his feet, he staggered to the refrigerator door, threw his seventy pounds against the handle, the door swung wide -

ORCH: CUT MUSIC

SOUND: DESCENDING FRISCO WHISTLE - MUSHY PLOP

MOORE: He fell into the ice-box, right on his face in the sucotash! And as he lay there - inside the box - his head nestled cozily on an artichoke as the roquefort dressing trickled gently down his chin (SUSPENSE MUSIC)... the door started to swing shut.

SOUND: CREAKING OF DOOR SLOWLY SHUTTING

MOORE: Would the light go out at last?...Would it?...Would it!...
Would it!...

SOUND: CLOSE DOOR

MOORE: IT DID!...THE REFRIGERATOR LIGHT WENT OUT!

ORCH: HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN - (VERY FAST, VERY CORNY)

SOUND: CROWD CHEERS - TREMENDOUS - SUSTAINED

ORCHESTRA: HEARTS AND FLOWERS

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MOORE: And so we say farewell to Herman Pilch, as he lies there in his refrigerator - smiling quietly....Frozen stiff, of course, but smiling ^{gently}..And the moral of our story is, the next time you're invited out for dinner and your hostess says "try some of this dessert, it'll melt in your mouth!" - don't! It MIGHT be Herman Pilch!

ORCHESTRA: PLAY-OFF

CROWD: APPLAUSE

Moore: Thank you, friends, very much indeed.

ORCH: INTRO TO GIBBS

MOORE: But the light that gleams in a refrigerator's innards
 has no importance beside the light that lies in a
 woman's eyes - especially when the young lady in question
 has just found a song ^{that} she likes very much indeed.
 The girl ... Georgia Gibbs. ~~The song~~ ... "Love Isn't
 Born."

GIBBS: "LOVE ISN'T BORN"
 (APPLAUSE)

PETRIE: Have you tried your second pack of Camels? You'll find it will taste even better than your first! That's because Camels do have more flavor, have had for years! This extra flavor helps Camels hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke! Test out your second pack of Camels in your T-Zone, "T" for taste and throat. Your taste will say, "More flavor!" and your throat will give you the last word on Camel's smooth extra mildness. And remember, Camels are cool smoking and slow burning, and they stay that way! Camels stay fresh because they're packed to go around the world!

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

PETRIE: Camels! First in the service!

ORCH: PLAYOFF

MOORE: Well, my friends, the time cometh for a most momentous announcement. This is moving night for James and myself. We're moving permanently to our Friday night spot, also for Camel Cigarettes. Next Thursday evening at this same time will mark the return of our old friends, Bud Abbott and Lou Costello.

DURANTE: YEAH, JUNIOR, AND HAVE I GOT A KNOCK-OUT GAG FOR LOU COSTELLO ON HIS FIRST PROGRAM. IT WILL PALE HIS PREVIOUS SPLENDOR INTO MAGNIFICENT MEDIOCRITY.

MOORE: How does this side-buster go, James?

DURANTE: WELL, BUD SAYS TO LOU "HEY COSTELLO, WHY ARE YOU WEARING THOSE AUTOMOBILE GLASSES AROUND YOUR THROAT?" AND COSTELLO SAYS: "THE DOCTOR TOLD ME TO GOOGLE MY THROAT!" (LAUGHS) WHY, THEY'LL KILL THEM WITH THAT ONE....THEY'LL MASSACRE THEM.

MOORE: I hate to tell you, Jimmy, but Abbott and Costello used that joke years ago.

DURANTE: OH, SO THAT'S WHERE I HEARD IT.

MOORE: Yes, but I'll tell you what ^{well do}...we've got a sketch ^{you know} just like the ones Abbott and Costello go for. Maybe they'd like to have it for their opening show.

DURANTE: ARE YOU SURE IT'S ^aGENUINE ABBOTT AND COSTELLO?

MOORE: Well, we'll do it right now and see. Maestro, some entrance music, please.

ORCH: INTRO PLAYON

DURANTE: (LAUGH IT UP) GARRY, I'M A LITTLE SHORT ON CASH TODAY.
COULD YOU LOAN ME TEN DOLLARS 'TILL 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, I am.

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: What?

DURANTE: SHE SHOULDN'T 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 WAS A HORSE!

MOORE: Of course she's a horse. What did you THINK my mudder was, a human being?

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

MOORE: Well, she's the best darn horse you ever saw -- I take good 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: (SARCASTIC) WELL, ISN'T THAT GOZY? AND WHEN YOU ITCH, DOES YOUR MUDDER SCRATCH YOU, TOO?

MOORE: Don't be 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: Jimmie, you've got it all wrong.

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

MOORE: Oh, 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 with you?

DURANTE: WHAT - DID - YOU - SAY?

MOORE: I said my mudder eats fodder.

DURANTE: WHAT A FAMILY THIS GUY'S GOT - A BUNCH OF CANNIBALS.

MOORE: Jimmie, what are you talking about? We're a very fine family.

DURANTE: I'LL SAY YOU ARE! WHAT DO YOU HEAR FROM YOUR UNCLE ;
~~COUNT FLEET?~~ *See Biscuit?*

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!.....FINE!

MOORE: What's wrong now?

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 THIS 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 OLD FOLKS ARN'T SAFE IN YOUR FAMILY.

MOORE: Now look here, Jimmy.

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 ZOO.

MOORE: (MUCH SCREAMING) Oh out ~~it~~ ^{that} out! *No!*

ORCH: CORNY PLAY-OFF

MOORE: *up please*
Well, James - there it is. Do you think Abbott and Costello would like it as a gift from you and me for their first program next Thursday?

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

DURANTE: I'LL GET IT.

SOUND: PHONE UP

DURANTE: HELLO?...WHOM?...OH, HELLO, LOU - HOW DID YOU LIKE THE SKETCH? . . .OH, DO YOU REALLY THINK SO?...WELL I'LL TELL HIM RIGHT NOW.

SOUND: HANG UP

DURANTE: JUNIOR, THAT WAS LOU COSTELLO. HE WANTS US TO RUN OVER THE SKETCH AGAIN.

MOORE: Oh, no, James!

DURANTE: THAT'S WHAT HE SAID. "RUN OVER IT AGAIN - IT MIGHT STILL

Be alive!"
Oh cut it out, will yuh! *Durante: Your father's red suspender!*
ORCH: REAL PLAY-OFF

(APPLAUSE)

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ORCH: MUSIC ... 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 Don Crandall, of Bloomfield, Iowa, ⁴crew member of a Liberator bomber in the South Pacific. During a raid on Japanese positions, the bomber was attacked by Zeros, whose bullets set ⁴fire to a flare in the waist section of the plane. Knowing that the blazing flare would set the entire plane afire, Sergeant Crandall seized it with his bare hands, held it long enough to pry it loose from its rack and dropped it overboard, saving both plane and crew. In your honor, Sergeant Crandall, the makers of Camel cigarettes are sending to our soldiers overseas three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes! We salute you, Sergeant Don Crandall!

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.

ORCH: 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, MAESTRO!WHAT A NOTE!

MOORE: A pear-shaped note, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: A CHARMING NOTE, MR. MOORE.

MOORE: *Yes sir* Get out your notebook, Mr. Durante and take still another note: Tomorrow, Friday, at this ^{same} time, over another network, we'll be on the air again for Camel Cigarettes. *So James* Are you well equipped with boffs, yahks, and assorted guffaws?

DURANTE: I GOT A MILLION OF 'EM...A MILLION OF EM. AND HOW ABOUT YOU, JUNIOR? ARE YOU WELL ACQUITTED WITH ALL KINDS OF CULTURAL JUNK?

MOORE: Why bless your heart, I'm filthy with the stuff. We can absolutely promise a magnificent potpourri of patter, pathos, and personality -- far reaching in scope, scintillating in its sheer brilliance, overflowing with the good, the true, and the beautiful.

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT!

MUSIC: "WHO'LL BE WITH YOU"

MOORE: See you tomorrow night, James.

DURANTE: *Yes tomorrow* ~~THAT'S FRIDAY~~ NIGHT, JUNIOR.

BOTH: GOODNIGHT EVERYBODY.

APPLAUSE

(IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN)

ORCH: THEME.... BUMPER

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PETRIE: Remember, tomorrow night on another network, Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore, will be on the air again with another completely new show for Camels! With Georgia Gibbs, Roy Bargy and his Orchestra, and yours truly, Howard Petrie.

And next Thursday night, . . . at the same time on these same stations, back on the air again for Camels, those colorful buffoons -- Abbott and Costello.

ORCH: THEME UP AND DOWN

PETRIE: Remember, your second pack of Camels will taste even better than the first, because Camels have more flavor! Get Camels -- the cigarette that stays fresh because they're packed to go around the world!

ORCH: THEME UP

(APPLAUSE)

(BOARD FADE)

(SWITCH TO STUDIO J FOR HITCH-HIKE)

(ADDITIONAL CLOSING -- IF OVED BY PHIL COHAN)

PETRIE: We hope you'll listen tomorrow 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.

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(IN STUDIO J)

SHIELDS: More pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the whole world! Yessir, for years P.A. has proved that it's got Pipe Appeal by outselling every other tobacco in the world. Light up a pipeful of Prince Albert. Notice how cool and comfortable it is, how gentle it is to your tongue. That's because Prince Albert's no-bite treated, specially processed to give your tongue a holiday. P.A.'s crimp cut, too, to pack and burn and draw just right! And Prince Albert's easy on your pocket book! You get around fifty mild, sweet-smoking pipefuls in every big rod two ounce package! More pipes smoke Prince Albert! It's the National Joy Smoke!

This program came to you from Hollywood.

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