

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

AS  
BROADCAST

*Mester - 44 - 178*

CBS NETWORK  
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1943

PROGRAM NUMBER 35  
7:00 - 7:30 P.M. PWT

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

ELVIA ALLMAN

FRED SHIELDS

DIRECTOR - PHIL COHAN

51454 4505

(PROGRAM NUMBER 35)

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1943

7:00 - 7:30 P.M. PWT

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

(AFTER THREE-FIVE SECONDS)

ORCHESTRA: (PYRAMID CHORDS)

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

PETRIE: The Camel Program -- with Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante!

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (THEME FULL AND FADE FOR:)

PETRIE: Yes, it's Jimmy Durante, Garry Moore, Georgia Gibbs...

Roy Bargy and his 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!

And to get things rolling, here's ~~is~~ a young man who  
in spite of his youth, ranks among the foremost.

Yessir -- one of the four most rank men in radio today --

Garry Moore!

(APPLAUSE)

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MOORE:

Well, thank you... Thank you, <sup>very much</sup> Howard, you little  
overstuffed gremlin, you, and a very happy Autumn  
greeting to you all. <sup>my friends</sup> I think it was best expressed  
by William Shakespeare, in his immortal sonnet  
entitled "No" -- when he said --

No flowers

No trees

No grass

No leaves

No sun

No warmth

November... At least, that's the way I feel about November.

It's so long and dreary!

ELVIA:

Oh, did someone call me?

MOORE:

Well, will you look who's here -- Little Orful Annie...

How're yuh feeling tonight, Cuddles?

ELVIA:

Oh, I'm flying like a bird and got my eye on you!

MOORE:

Well, that's fine... But I'm afraid, my dear, that  
this is hello and goodbye. After the show tonight,  
we're leaving California.

ELVIA:

*oh* Mr. Moore! You're not gonna leave California!

MOORE:

Well, we're going to New York -- I don't see how we  
can take it with us. But you've been a fine secretary,  
Cuddles dear. There's nothing I wouldn't do to show  
my appreciation, affection and esteem.

ELVIA: Yuh wanna try paying my salary?

MOORE: Oh, what's money...Cuddles, <sup>look -</sup> /I think we could all learn a lesson from the rabbits...you take people now -- all people think about is more money. All a rabbit thinks about is more rabbits,..and who is more successful? More rabbits than people have made their million. <sup>ye</sup> rabbits <sup>my dear</sup> /believe in progress. Hare today and two tomorrow.

ELVIA: Well, you don't hafta pay me right now -- I'll see you at the train!

MOORE: Oh, no-- Cud! Don't come down to the train. You'll read of my leaving in the morning paper.

ELVIA: In the morning paper?

MOORE: Yes. My laundry didn't come back, that's why I'm leaving in the morning paper. <sup>It's a streaker, with it!</sup> So, for the last time in Hollywood, Cud-- read me the mail for this week, <sup>will you!</sup>

ELVIA: Well, all right...Here's a letter from a young man in Eggstein, Rhode Island...He wants to know how the paper shortage is going to affect the newspapers.

MOORE: Well, I think it's going to be just terrible. For one thing the newspapers will be much thinner.

ELVIA: Is that bad?

MOORE: *Oh* Certainly <sup>Why</sup> A man will come down to breakfast, pick up the paper, hold it up in front of his face, and still be able to see his wife! What's more important, Cuddles -- with the paper shortage, all of the articles are being condensed...I saw one newspaper that printed the story of "Ten Nights In A Barroom" and ~~what~~ do you *know* ~~what~~ <sup>what</sup> ~~think~~ they cut that down to?

ELVIA: What?

MOORE: Hic!  
*they did!*  
*Oh*, they're gonna have to condense!..You can believe this or not, but just yesterday I saw the shortest article of them all. It was a letter in the lovelorn column and it said: "Dear Miss Heart-throb, I am a young woman"...And the answer was, "Don't!"...So, about the papers, I dummo.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

MOORE: *Oh* Excuse me... *friends* -

SOUND: RECEIVER UP

MOORE: Hello...

DURANTE: HELLO, JUNIOR, THIS IS JIMMY.

MOORE: Jimmy, you're late. What's keeping you?

DURANTE: I ~~went~~ <sup>'m</sup> DOWN <sup>at</sup> ~~to~~ THE RAILROAD STATION TO MAKE A RESERVATION ON THE CHIEF, BUT I CAN'T GET ON THE CHIEF.

MOORE: *Well*, So what?

DURANTE: SO COME AND GET ME, THEY'RE SENDING ME OUT OF TOWN ON A

PAPOOSE.

*More:* *Oh no!*  
ORCHESTRA: (DURANTE INTRODUCTION)

*And here he is -*

MOORE: The one and only -- Jimmy Durante -- in person!

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

MOORE: Ah, Jimmy, you're in fine voice and you've got a twinkle in your eye tonight.

DURANTE: WHY SHOULDN'T I, JUNIOR -- THERE ~~WAS~~ A BLESSED EVENT IN THE FAMILY...MY COUSIN HAD A BABY...WE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO CALL THE KID SO WE WROTE A LOT OF NAMES ON PIECES OF PAPER AND PUT 'EM ALL IN A HAT -- THEN I STUCK MY HAND IN THE HAT AND PULLED OUT ONE OF THE PIECES OF PAPER.

MOORE: Well, what's the baby's name?

DURANTE: SIX AND SEVEN EIGHTHS!! (WHAT A MONICKER)

MOORE: Oh, well when she grows up she can always have it changed to seven and a quarter.

DURANTE: *Right -* CORRECT - BUT LET US DISPENSE WITH THIS FOL DI ROL. I WAS HOME LAST EVENING CUTTING MY CUTICLES AND FILING MY NAILS (UNDER "N") WHEN I RECEIVED A MESSAGE BY CARRIER PIGEON FROM J. EDGAR HOOVER.

MOORE: By carrier pigeon? *Jimmy,* When Hoover wants somebody he gives him a call.

DURANTE: YEAH, BUT WHEN HE WANTS ME HE GIVES ME THE BIRD...BUT THAT'S NEITHER *hater or chicken or* ~~TO NOR~~ FRO. HE WANTS ME TO COME BACK TO WASHINGTON TO SOLVE SOME DEE-VI-US CRIMES. *You know I* ~~(THE NATION'S CAPITAL)~~ KNOWS ~~MY~~ REPUTATION AS A HUMAN BLOODHOUND.

MOORE: You, a human bloodhound? You'll have to prove that to me.

DURANTE: WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO, CHASE A CAT, GIVE YOU MY PAW,  
OR WAG MY TAIL? *Smarty.*

MOORE: Jimmy, you couldn't find your way through a revolving door.

DURANTE: YOU'LL REGRET THOSE WORDS, JUNIOR, WHEN I TELL YOU THAT  
I'M <sup>the</sup> ~~AN~~ ORIGINAL MEMBER OF THE SECRET SIX!

MOORE: Who are the other five?

DURANTE: I DON'T KNOW...THAT'S THE SECRET!!....IT MAY INTEREST YOU  
TO KNOW THAT I STUDIED FOR YEARS TO BECOME A CRIMINAL  
INVESTIGATOR.

MOORE: *Oh?* Who was your teacher?

DURANTE: A GREAT DETECTIVE BY THE NAME OF BURNS....HE WAS THE  
HOTTEST THING ON THE POLICE FORCE! THEY CALLED HIM THIRD  
DEGREE BURNS...WHY, I'LL NEVER FORGET THE FIRST CASE HE  
GAVE ME.

MOORE: What type of case was it?

DURANTE: IT WAS MURDER HE SAID!!...IN THIS CASE A WOMAN SHOT HER  
HUSBAND AT CLOSE RANGE.

MOORE: *Close range - gee -*  
Then there must have been powder marks on the body.

DURANTE: YES -- THAT'S WHY SHE SHOT HIM!

MOORE: Jimmy, you're infinitesimal intellectual capabilities are  
exceeded only by your aura of adolescence.

DURANTE: THANK ~~you~~, JUNIOR, CAMELS/ <sup>*agree with my T-Tone*</sup> ~~ARE MY FAVORITE~~ TOO.

MOORE: *In sure of it.* I ~~know they are!~~ *Jimmy* But how do you go about this business of tracking down criminals?

DURANTE: WELL, FOR ONE THING I NEVER GO ANYWHERE WITHOUT CARRYING MY MAGNIFYING GLASS.

MOORE: Ah, to make sure you don't miss any clues?

DURANTE: NO -- TO MAKE SURE I DON'T LEAVE ANY BUTTER ON MY PLATE!!! AND OF COURSE I HAVE *the Durante* MY OWN THEORY OF CRIME DETECTION WHICH I HAVE LECTURED ON AT HARVARD, PRINCETON, AND JAIL... I CALL IT CHERCHEZ LA FEMME, WHICH MEANS FIND THE WOMAN.

MOORE: Do you solve many cases that way?

DURANTE: NO, BUT I HAVE A HECK OF A GOOD TIME!!

MOORE: Oh, that fiddle-faddle is all right, *Jimmy* but I'm only interested in world-famous crimes....Like when Lady Crottingham's necklace was stolen.

DURANTE: *Are you jesting?* ~~WHAT A COINCIDENCE.~~ I WAS ONLY THE CHIEF INVESTIGATOR ON THAT CASE. *When it happened* I RUSHED TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME BUT THE ONLY PERSON THERE WAS A TWO MONTHS OLD BABY. I INVESTIGATED THOROUGHLY, BUT I HAD TO LET THE BABY GO.

MOORE: Why?

DURANTE: I COULDN'T PIN ANYTHING ON HER!!

MOORE: Say -- I'll bet you learned the bare facts. Ha ha ha....

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT, WHILE TRACKING DOWN THE *wonder life that flew right out of me -* CULPRIT, I STUMBLED UPON A VERY SHOCKING INCIDENT. ONE DAY I GOES INTO A BANK *and* WHAT DO I SEE ~~BUT~~ A MAN WITH A TOMMY GUN - UMBRIAGO...A MAN WITH A MACHINE-GUN - UMBRIAGO ..A MAN WITH A REVOLVER AND UMBRIAGO. AND WHAT DO YOU THINK -- UMBRIAGO HAD A HANDKERCHIEF TIED OVER HIS NOSE!

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MOORE: But why did Umbriago have a handkerchief tied over his nose?

DURANTE: IN CASE HE HADDA BLOW IN A HURRY!! THAT BOY NEVER FORGETS A DETAIL..THEN TAKING IN THE SITUATION AT A GLANCE I SEES THAT THE GUY WITH THE TOMMY GUN IS THE MAN WHO STOLE <sup>the</sup> LADY ~~GROTTINGHAM'S~~ NECKLACE. HE SEES ME AND STARTS TO RUN SO I STARTS TO RUN...HE RUNS FASTER. SO I RUNS FASTER. AND BELIEVE ME, JUNIOR, IT WAS A GOOD THING I'M SUCH A FAST RUNNER.

MOORE: Why?

DURANTE: 'CAUSE IF I WASN'T, HE'DA CAUGHT ME!!

MOORE: *Jimmy* ~~James~~ you're made of the stuff of which heroes are made.

DURANTE: INDUBITALBY, MR. MOORE, UNQUESTIONABLY INDUBITABLY. *But* I LATER FOUND OUT THAT THE CULPRIT WAS STAYING AT THE GRAND HOTEL -- I RUSHED OVER BEFORE HE COULD MAKE HIS GETAWAY -- DASHED IN JUST AS HE WAS LEAVING HIS ROOM AND CAUGHT HIM WITH THE EVIDENCE.

MOORE: Did he have the necklace in his suitcase?

DURANTE: No...BUT HE HAD THE CHAMBERMAID IN HIS GRIP!!

*more!*  
ORCHESTRA: (PLAY-OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

PETRIE: Scarred by shrapnel, splattered with mud and sand, the landing ship hauls back on her stern anchor and pulls away from the beach. A seaman comes off watch, goes below and lights a cigarette. Chances are, it's a Camel, because Camel cigarettes are first with men in all the services, according to actual sales records. We're sending Camel cigarettes overseas by the hundred million -- and they're all packed to go around the world, packed to stay fresh, cool smoking and slow burning, anywhere! From time to time your store may be sold out. If it is, try again! When you get Camels, you <sup>always</sup> get <sup>the</sup> more flavor, the result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos. Remember -- Camel's tobacco standard is the same for soldier, for civilian, anywhere in the world!

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

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

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

MOORE: Filed snugly under "T" for talent, we find Roy Bargy and his orchestra a-puffing and a-twanging and a-beating like mad. Mr. <sup>the</sup>Bargy's madrigal of the moment goes like this:

ORCHESTRA: "THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS"

(APPLAUSE)

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DURANTE: AND THAT, DEAR FRIENDS, WAS ROY BARGY WITH BEETHOVEN'S  
FIFTH SYMPHONY, <sup>from the</sup> FIRST MOVEMENT, <sup>of the</sup> THIRD OPUS, SECOND RACE.  
WEATHER CLEAR TRACK FAST. <sup>What an introduction for that guy.</sup> AND NOW THE SPOTLIGHT SWINGS  
TO THE CAMEL CULTURE CORNER ...HOW ABOUT IT, JUNIOR? DO  
WE CELEBRATE ANYBODY'S BIRTYDAY TONIGHT?

MOORE: Indood we dee, James - indood we dee ... <sup>Tonight -</sup> The birthday of  
one of Mother Nature's step-children -- Milford Swick.

DURANTE: MILFORD SWICK, <sup>W! M! Yes!</sup> I SHALL LISTEN, AGOG AND A-GA-GA!

MOORE: Pray do .....

ORCHESTRA: ("SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME" ... FULL AND FADE TO

BACKGROUND:)

MOORE: I thought you ought to know about Milford Swick for his  
was a very odd life ... Born in the little town of (SNIFF)  
Minnesota. Milford was a complete surprise to his  
parents. They had been expecting a girl - or a boy ...  
But not Milford ... He was born at the age of twenty-one -  
and <sup>he</sup> spent his first half hour voting for Coolidge .. <sup>now</sup> When  
his mother asked him where he'd been for twenty-one  
years, he just smiled quietly and said something vague  
about a gin-rummy game with two internes ... ~~But~~ one  
thing we do know ... Milford Swick was the laziest man in  
(SNIFF), Minnesota. <sup>why</sup> At one time he got the seven year's  
itch, and at the end of two years he was six months behind  
in his scratching..He would sit <sup>there</sup> without moving all day long  
(CONTINUED)

MOORE:  
(Cont'd)

'and at four o'clock they'd feed him a vitamin pill - just in case he should want to cross his legs..<sup>d</sup> He looked just fine, just sitting there with the moss growing all down his north side; and in the spring, robins would build a nest in his eyebrows....But at the age of forty-seven, Milford's parents passed away and left him on his own. And as he sat there on his own, it occurred to him that he'd have to go to work. And as a tear trickled gently down his cheek and dripped slowly off his moustache, thus neatly irrigating the ivy that grew out of his shoes, Milford picked up the paper and consulted the want ads... One ad said -- "partner wanted for taxidermy shop".. But that was no good. <sup>Why</sup> Milford had never <sup>dr</sup>dermed a taxi in his life ..<sup>And</sup> There was another ad that said, "Lonely young <sup>(w)</sup>oman with can of beans wants to meet lonesome young <sup>(m)</sup>an with can of corn.. Object -- succotash."... <sup>was a man, perhaps if he waited one ad would come up like that - and he</sup> Well, Milford had the corn, all right - lots of it .. But then, wait! With all that corn, why not go on the radio? And that's just what Milford did! He took four shots of adrenelin and was on his way <sup>to radio fame!</sup>

ORCHESTRA: (FANFARE)

PETRIE: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. The makers of Shmaa - spelled S-H-M-A-HYPHON, present a half hour of mirth and melody with radio's clown prince, Milford Swick!

ORCHESTRA: (CORNY CHORD)

MOORE: Ha ha ha ... (VERY FAST) Well, good evening, ladies and gentlemen, how's every little thing - hah? How's every little thing!...Yuh know, a funny thing happened to me on my way to the studio tonight. I drove into a filling station and I said to the attendant, "Say, bud -- how do you make anti-freeze?" .... And he said, "Hide her flannel night-gown! ... Ha ha ha -- boy, I'm hot tonight!.... And say, Mr. Announcer -----

PETRIE: Yes, Mr. Swick?

MOORE: Do you know what kind of people live in the Po Valley?

PETRIE: Do I know what kind of people live in the Po Valley?

MOORE: Yes, do you know what kind of people live in the Po Valley.

PETRIE: No -- tell me, Mr. Swick - what kind of people DO live in the Po Valley?

MOORE: PO PEOPLE !.. Ha ha -- Oh, I'm hotter than a two-dollar cornet ... Well, it's time to go, folks, so -----

ORCHESTRA: (PIANO AS BEFORE)

MOORE: The Eskimo sleeps in an old bear skin  
And sleeps very well I'm told  
Last night I slept in my bare skin  
And caught an awful cold!

ORCHESTRA: (RESUME SHMALTZ)

MOORE: Well, my friends, Milford Swick was a national sensation...But all this sudden activity proved to be too much for him ... At the age of fifty, he wound up an old man ...and would you believe it -- that old man is still spinning! ... Thank you *very much*.

ORCHESTRA; (PLAY OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

DURANTE: ~~JUNIOR, THAT WAS A MOST ENGAGING PIECE OF FICTION. HOW~~  
DO YOU WRITE ALL THAT STUFF?

MOORE: Frankly, James, I lead an exemplary life -- honest,  
industrious, conscientious. And I never do anything  
in private that I wouldn't do in public.

DURANTE: YOU DON'T?

MOORE: No.

DURANTE: WHEN DOES YOUR NEXT BATH FALL DUE?

MOORE: I'll send you a wire.

DURANTE: PRAY DO.

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO GIBBS)

MOORE: *Thanks a lot, my friends.*  
Meanwhile, let's bend an ear toward that lissome lassie  
known as Georgia Gibbs...gorgeous Georgia we calls her...  
and you will too when you hear her version of "The Dreamer."

GIBBS: "THE DREAMER"

(APPLAUSE)



PETRIE: Of course you've tried a Camel cigarette. Most everyone has at one time or another. But if you really want to appreciate Camels, try a whole pack, and then another *one and* pack. Then I think you'll see what we mean about more flavor, the result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos. More flavor is what helps Camels to hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke! Your T-Zone, your taste and throat will give you the last word on Camel cigarettes' flavor and their smooth extra mildness, too. And remember, your Camels will stay fresh, cool smoking and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world!

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

PETRIE: Camel cigarettes! First in the service!

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY-OFF)

MOORE: Well friends, after tonight our entire Camel troupe is moving to New York, so before we go East we bring you one more drama of the Old West entitled, "She Was A Bowlegged Cowgirl" or -- "She Could Not Keep Her Calves Together." Now, Jimmy, in this play we are the owners of the Bar Nothing Ranch. Tell me, do you know anything about the West?

DURANTE: AH RECKON AH DO, PARDNER. WHY I USED TO BELONG TO THE TEXAS RANGERS UNTIL THEY THREW ME OUT. WAS I EMBARRASSED.

MOORE: Embarrassed -- why?

DURANTE: They caught me riding side-saddle!

MOORE: Well in that event, let's gallop into the great open spaces where the courage is deep down inside and the plumbing-is outside.

MUSIC: ("PONY BOY")

SOUND: PHONE RINGS ... RECEIVER OFF

MOORE: Hello.

ELVIA: Hello. Is this Garry Moore the rancher?

MOORE: Yes it is.

ELVIA: Are you the man who's as strong as a bull, as fierce as a bull, and as wild as a bull -----

MOORE: That's me. What have you got to say about it?

ELVIA: Mooooo!

SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN

MOORE: Sounds like a nice girl. I must send her a corsage of alfalfa.

SOUND: GALLOPING HORSE COMING ON

DURANTE: OUT OF MY WAY CAUSE I'M A ROOTIN, HOOTIN' TOOTIN'  
SHOOTIN' -- HEY JUNIOR WHAT RHYMES WITH SHOOTIN?

MOORE: Fig Newton.

DURANTE: NO THANKS ~~you~~. I JUST HAD ONE.

MOORE: Jimmy, Jimmy, where've you b en?

DURANTE: I SPENT ALL DAY TRYING TO GET THAT DARN COW OFF THE ROOF.

MOORE: *Well* How did the cow get up on the roof?

DURANTE: SHORT CIRCUIT IN THE MTLKING MACHINE! WELL,  
GARRY HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS RANCH LIFE -- GOING TO SLEEP  
WITH THE CHICKENS AND GETTING UP WITH THE CHICKENS.

MOORE: *Jimmy* ~~well~~ I don't mind getting up with the chickens and  
I don't mind going to sleep with the chickens - but  
I wish they'd stop laying their eggs in my pajamas!!

DURANTE: *Oh yeah -* WHAT COULD BE ANNOYING.

SOUND: GUN SHOTS

PETRIE: ~~please!~~ *don't don't* Don't/let them hang me before Christmas!

*Oh* Don't let them hang me *I tell you* before Christmas!

Don't, ~~don't~~, don't let them hang me before Christmas!

MOORE: Who are you?

PETRIE: Oh, just a little stocking!

DURANTE: EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT!

MOORE: Gosh, Jimmy *you know* being on a ranch all day sure gives one an  
appetite. Have you any idea what we're having for lunch?

DURANTE: YES, PARDNER - THE COOK'S WHIPPING UP A THING HE CALLS  
RANCH HOUSE STEW.

MOORE: Ranch house stew? What's in it?

DURANTE: I DON'T KNOW. BUT IT WAS ONLY BOILING FIVE MINUTES WHEN  
A YOUNG COLT WALKED UP, STUCK HIS NOSE IN THE WINDOW  
AND SAID, "IS MY FATHER IN THERE?"

MOORE:

Well that ought to make a nice <sup>bride supper. D. Repeat that line. Moore: It's not worth it, Jimmy.</sup> ~~bridle~~ supper. But we've got a serious problem, James. The price of hay has jumped one hundred per cent. I don't know how we're going to feed the cows.

DURANTE:

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE PRICE OF HAY, JUNIOR...THIS MORNING I GOT A GREAT IDEA...I FED THE COWS EXCELSIOR AND THEY DIDN'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE.

MOORE:

Oh, so you're the one who fed the cows Excelsior!

DURANTE:

YEAH. SO WHAT?

MOORE:

So I had to spend all morning picking splinters out of the milk!!

DURANTE:

I DESERVE TO BE OSTRASIZED.

*Moore:*  
SOUND:

*You certainly do!*  
HOOFBEATS COMING ON

MOORE:

Look, Jimmy -- it's our neighbor, Mrs. Abigail Snodgrass, coming this way.

ELVIA:

Howdy, boys! Howdy!

SOUND:

HOOFBEATS OUT

DURANTE:

GREETINGS, MADAM...TAKE OFF YOUR HORSE SHOES AND SIT DOWN!

ELVIA:

Oh, boys, I'm terribly worried, the most dreadful thing has happened!

MOORE:

Don't tell me they found your birth certificate!..ma'm.

ELVIA:

Oh, I'd have been here much sooner but I just couldn't get my horse saddled. I was having trouble with that -- that thing that goes around the horse's stomach.

MOORE:

Oh, that's a cinch.

ELVIA:

Not if the horse is ticklish.

*Very cute - very cute.*  
DURANTE: I DON'T LIKE TO BE ~~SO~~ QUIZZICAL MA'M, BUT WHAT'S THE  
CAUSE OF YOUR EXCITEMENT MA'M?  
ELVIA: I have reason to believe that there are bandits in  
these here parts!  
DURANTE: NEVER FEAR, MA'M -- WHY, THERE AIN'T NARY A BANDIT  
IN THIS WHOLE STATE!  
SOUND: TWO GUN SHOTS  
ELVIA: What was that?  
DURANTE: MUST BE FROM ANOTHER STATE!!  
MOORE: Well, don't worry ma'm. Jimmy and I are deputies and  
we'll capture that bandit. Who do you reckon he was,  
ma'm.  
ELVIA: It was Two Gun Jake and he was last seen at Gruesome  
Gulch.  
DURANTE: GRUESOME GULCH? THAT'S THIRTY MILES AS THE CROW FLIES.  
MOORE: Well, don't <sup>just</sup> stand there.  
DURANTE: WHAT SHOULD I DO?  
MOORE: Throw a saddle on my crowl. We're off!  
*Durante:*  
ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC/L BRIDGE...HOKEY...INTO:)  
SOUND: WALKING HORSES  
MOORE: Jimmy -- you're supposed to ride on top of the horse --  
why are you underneath?  
DURANTE: 'CAUSE THE HORSE AIN'T FEELING WELL AND THE DOCTOR TOLD  
ME TO WATCH HIS STOMACH!  
MOORE: *James*  
Ah, if we would only catch up to that bandit. We've  
been two weeks in the saddle.  
DURANTE: YOU LOOK IT, JUNIOR, AND YOUR PANTS ARE WEARING MIGHTY  
THIN IN THE B/CK.

MOORE: Don't worry, pardner, I'll come through. Oh oh, Jimmy, *look*  
there's Two Gun's hideout right ahead.

DURANTE: STAND BACK. I'LL PUMP THAT VARMINT FULL OF LEAD.

MOORE: Hold on pardner. I'm a better shot than you are.

DURANTE: I RECKON YOU'RE NOT.

MOORE: I reckon I am. You see that bottle by the side of the  
road? I'll knock it off with one shot.

SOUND: PISTOL SHOT

DURANTE: (PAUSE) YOU MISSED IT.

SOUND: BOTTLE BREAKS

MOORE: Using my slow bullets tonight.

DURANTE: RECKON I'LL HAVE TO TAKE HIM ON, JUNIOR.

MOORE: You better watch out! Two Gun Jake has got one of the  
fastest draws in the country.

DURANTE: SO WHAT? I'VE GOT THE LONGEST DRAWERS IN THE STATE.  
STAND BACK, I'M GOIN' AFTER HIM.

MOORE: Well, there he is -- down at the bottom of the gulch.

DURANTE: LEAVE IT TO ME. I'LL JUMP ON HIM FROM HERE.

MOORE: Good luck.

SOUND: DESCENDING SLIDE WHISTLE ENDING WITH JIMMY LANDING IN

CACTUS BUSH

DURANTE: OOOOOOOOH!

MOORE: (OFF) Hey, Jimmy. Are you sitting on Two Gun Jake?

DURANTE: NO, RUSH B/CK TO TOWN AND GET ME THIRTY POUNDS OF SUGAR,  
TWENTY POUNDS OF STEAK, AND FORTY POUNDS OF BUTTER!!!

MOORE: Why should I do that?

DURANTE: I'M SITTING ON A CACTUS BUSH AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN  
TWO YEARS I GOT PLENTY OF POINTS!!

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY-OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (VERY QUICK FANFARE)

VOICE: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Sergeant Robert J. Osborne, of Gable, South Carolina, ball turret gunner of a Flying Fortress returning to England after a raid on Germany. Though the Fortress was ripped full of holes by flak, and the order given to bail out, Sergeant Osborne saw that the bombardier was caught in his escape hatch, his parachute streaming outside the plane. With the pilot and one gunner, who had not yet jumped, he rescued the bombardier, acted as co-pilot to bring back the riddled ship. In honor of you and your crewmates, Sergeant Osborne, the makers of Camels are sending to our soldiers overseas three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes.

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

(APPLAUSE)

ANNCR: Each of the four Camel shows honors a Yank of the Week, sends three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes overseas... a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week. In this country the traveling Camel Caravans have thanked nearly three and a half million Yanks with free shows and free Camels.

ORCHESTRA: ("WHO WILL BE WITH YOU")

DURANTE: WHO WILL BE WITH YOU WHEN WE'RE FAR AWAY...WHEN WE'RE FAR .  
LET ME HEAR THAT HIGH NOTE, ~~MRS. MOORE!~~ <sup>MRS. MOORE!</sup> WHAT A NOTE!

MOORE: A note of astonishment, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: A NOTABLE NOTE, MR. MOORE, <sup>Mr. Moore says so!</sup> AND SO ENDS OUR ~~THREE~~ <sup>four</sup> MONTHS  
STAY IN HOLLYWOOD...HAVE YOU GOT YOUR RAILROAD TICKETS FOR  
NEW YORK, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Oh, I never use tickets, Jimmy. Mrs. Moore packs me into  
her suitcase and leaves one <sup>of my</sup> hands sticking out.

DURANTE: WHY DOES SHE LEAVE ONE HAND STICKING OUT?

MOORE: To carry the suitcase with...But what about you, James?

What are you going to do on your last night in Hollywood?  
DURANTE <sup>del</sup> <sup>just</sup> I <sup>Two Sisters and a Sailor</sup> FINISHED MY PICTURE AT M.G.M./ YESTERDAY. SO I CELEBRATED  
LAST NIGHT, JUNIOR. I HAD A DATE WITH A GLAMOROUS MOIVE  
STAR.

MOORE: No foolin'

DURANTE: JUST A LITTLE

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY OFF)

MOORE: I'll see you in New York, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: I'll see you in Gotham, Mr. Moore.

BOTH: Goodnight, everybody <sup>and thanks</sup>.

(APPLAUSE)

(IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN)

ORCHESTRA: (THEME...BUMPER)



PETRIE: Listen to each of the four Camel shows.

VOICE: Tomorrow night...

PETRIE: Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks"....

VOICE: Monday night...

PETRIE: "Blondie"....

VOICE: Thursday night...

PETRIE: Abbott and Costello....

VOICE: And next Friday night...

PETRIE: Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore with Georgia Gibbs,  
Roy Bargy and his orchestra and yours truly, Howard Petrie.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND DOWN)

PETRIE: Remember, Camel cigarettes are first in the service --  
and packed to go round the world! Camels stay fresh,  
cool smoking and slow burning, because they're  
packed to go around the world!

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP)

(APPLAUSE)

(BOARD FADE)

(SWITCH TO STUDIO FOUR FOR HITCH HIKE)

(ADDITIONAL CLOSING...IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN)

PETRIE: We hope you'll listen next Friday at this time for  
another Camel program with Jimmy Durante, Garry Moore,  
Georgia Gibbs and Roy Bargy and his orchestra.  
This is Howard Petrie <sup>once again</sup> saying good night for all the gang.

(IN STUDIO FOUR)

SHIELDS: More pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the whole world! Open up a big red two ounce package of Prince Albert and you'll find out why P.A.'s got more Pipe Appeal than any other tobacco. Enjoy that rich, nut-sweet flavor. And notice how easy Prince Albert is on your tongue, because it's no-bite treated. Crimp cut, too, to pack and burn and draw just right! More pipes smoke Prince Albert! It's the National Joy Smoke!

51454 4530