

AS  
BROADCAST  
*Master - EW - 11/13*

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

CBS NETWORK

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1943

PROGRAM NUMBER 36

10:00 - 10:30 P.M. EWT

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

HOPE EMERSON

DIRECTOR - PHIL COHAN

51454 4531

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM" - No. 36

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1943

10:00 - 10:30 P.M. EWT

CUE: (COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM)  
(.....30 seconds.....)

(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 from New York City we present a young man who has  
just returned from Hollywood; that sun-kissed kid who  
was praised in Pasadena, promoted at Palmdale and  
boo-ed at Malibu.....Garry Moore!

(APPLAUSE)

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MOORE: Well, thank you, Howard, my friend..and good evening, ladies and gentlemen! Gee whiz, it hardly seems possible we're back in New York. If you'll forgive me, I just want to open the window a minute and listen to the sounds of the big city.

SCUND: WINDOW UP

FIRE TRUCK AND BELL

PETRIE: (OFF) *They* They went that way, *Morello!*

SOUND: WINDOW DOWN

MOORE: Yup, it's New York, all right. *Oh it's great to be back, too.* ~~How is his honor, anyway?~~

PETRIE: From the newsreel we say in Hollywood, Garry, I'd say the Little Flower is blooming.

MOORE: Yes - even from where I was sitting I could see the ~~pot... He looks fine.~~

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

EMERSON: Where is he?....Where is that young man? ... I'm gonna squeeze him to death!

MOORE: Well, whaddayuh know? They've raised the Normandie!... Or could that be my New York secretary - Toodles Bongshnook!

EMERSON: MR. MOORE, YOU DARING! I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU I COULD JUST BUST!

MOORE: You could? Well then stand back where you won't splash on anybody ... How are you, Toodles, dear? How's your weight coming along?

EMERSON: Oh, let's not discuss my weight, Mr. Moore. Since you left I've put all that in back of me.

MOORE: And you know, that's so true! ... But how about me, Toodles? Do you notice any change in me?

EMERSON: Well, stand back and let me look at you ... Why, Mr. Moore! I simply can't believe it!

MOORE: What?

EMERSON: You're wearing long pants!

MOORE: Yes, and the doctor has taken me off <sup>*Invited*</sup> ~~pabulum~~, too.

EMERSON: But do tell us, Mr. Moore. Are you really glad to be back from Hollywood?

MOORE: Aw sure - New York's my town ... And yet, Toodles, I left something back there in Hollywood, that will always be a part of me ...

EMERSON: Your heart?

MOORE: No. My laundry.

ORCH: HEARTS AND FLOWERS (SNEAK AND KEEP B.G.)

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MOORE: My laundry! How strange it seems to say that word again! I didn't think of it as my laundry at first - just two shirts and a pair of socks ... But after a month or two, I began to miss the little things ... After all, how many places can you go in your underwear? It's cheap, yes, but then with underwear it isn't the cost that counts, it's the up-creep....Everyday I would call up the laundry and ask about my shirts ....And I was so proud on the day they passed the wringer test with flying collars! ..."Please", I said to the man, "please send me back my little shirts! My cuff-links are lonesome for them! My collar button is growing old from neglect!" ... And the laundryman just laughed in my face! <sup>(Cut music)</sup> ... But I got my revenge! I got my taste of blood! I sat right down and wrote that manager a dirty letter!

EMERSON: And he sent back your shirts all white and fluffy?

MOORE: No - he sent back my <sup>dirty</sup> letter - washed and ironed...So Toodles, my sweet, let's not speak of Hollywood!

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

MOORE: *Oh* Excuse me... *falls.*

SOUND: RECEIVER OFF

MOORE: Hello.

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DURANTE: HELLO JUNIOR? THIS IS JIMMY.

MOORE: Jimmy - where are you?

DURANTE: I'M IN A TIRKIBLE SPOT, I'M HAVING A LOTTA TROUBLE WITH MY CAR.

MOORE: Well what's wrong?

DURANTE: I TOOK OUT THE SPART PLUGS, AND THEY'RE WORKIN' FINE....

I TOOK OUT THE CARBUREATOR, AND THAT'S WORKIN' FINE....

I TOOK OUT THE TRANSMISSION, AND THAT'S WORKIN' FINE TOO.

MOORE: Then why can't you get the car started?

JIMMY: HOW CAN I? IT'S SCATTERED ALL OVER THE JOINTS!

ORCH: DURANTE INTRO

MOORE: And here he is, folks - the one and only - Jimmy Durante -  
in person!

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START EACH DAY

DURANTE: YES, G'REY, THAT'S THE WAY I START OFF EACH DAY ...

WHEN I STARTS OUT IN THE MORNING, I SAY TO MYSELF:

I MUST MAKE GOOD, I SHALL MAKE GOOD, I WILL MAKE GOOD,

I CAN MAKE GOOD, I GOTTA MAKE GOOD AND I'M GONNA MAKE

GOOD.

MOORE: Well?

DURANTE: WELL, BY THE TIME I GETS THROUGH ANOTHER DAY HAS COME BY..

MOORE: Well, any how here you are back in New York - and you sure look sharp.

DURANTE: YEAH - BUT YOU SHOULDA SEEN ME THIS AFTERNOON WHEN I WAS WEARING MY NEW ENSEMBLE. I HAD ON MY GREEN SHOES - GREEN SOCKS - GREEN SUIT - GREEN TIE AND GREEN HAT. ~~I WAS~~ A RHAPSODY IN GREEN. I SUDDENLY STOPS ON A CORNER TO YAWN WHEN A TERRIBLE THING HAPPENED.

MOORE: What was it?

(MORE)

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DURANTE: A GUY COMES UP AND DROPS A LETTER IN MY MOUTH!! (THAT AN EXPERIENCE)

MOORE: I hope he zoned it correctly!

DURANTE: YEE - RIGHT IN THE T-ZONE!

MOORE: Good for you.

DURANTE: BUT THAT'S NEITHER HAD OR COPIED. LAST NIGHT I WAS SITTING IN MY STUDY AFTER COMING BACK FROM A TURKISH BATH (I WAS STILL WEARING MY FEZ) YOU KNOW THAT'S A LITTLE THING AROUND THE HEAD

MOORE: You don't have to explain it.

DURANTE: WHEN I GOT A TELEGRAM FROM O.P.A. IN WASHINGTON! THEY WANTED MY ADVICE IN DESIGNING POSTER CLOTHES FOR HIM.

MOORE: Oh I suppose you left town with alacrity.

DURANTE: NO I ALWAYS TRAVEL ALONE, JUNIOR. TOSING MY TOOTHBRUSH INTO MY PORTFOLIO I DASHED DOWN TO THE STATION TO GET THE TRAIN FOR WASHINGTON. AT THE AFTER TWELVE I JUMPED IN THE TRAIN - AND FELL FLAT ON MY FACE!!

MOORE: Why?



DURANTE: BECAUSE THE TRAIN PULLED OUT AT FIVE AFTER TWELVE... (A CATASTROPHIC)...  
ARRIVING AT WASHINGTON I CONCLUDED MY AFFAIRS WITH CORBELL AND WENT TO  
MY HOTEL SUITE.

MOORE: Thank you.

DURANTE: I OPENED THE CLOSET AND WHAT DO I SEE BUT A CUTAWAY SUIT, UMBRIGO, A  
TUXEDO, UMBRIGO, A FULL DRESS SUIT AND UMBRIGO.

MOORE: But I never knew Umbrigo had so many suits.

DURANTE: YOU DON'T KNOW UMBRIGO! WHY EVEN WHEN HE WAS JUST A LITTLE BOY HE  
CHANGED FIGHT TIMES A DAY!

MOORE: Oh no no

DURANTE: PICK UP YOUR SCRIPT!

MOORE: He must have been one of the original pin-up boys. But I don't recall  
Lester Beebe having mentioned you in his column as the epitome of sartorial  
splendor.

DURANTE: THAT'S OPEN TO COMMENT.

MOORE: It is.

DURANTE: JUNIOR, LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING. I GET MY RIDING BRUSHES FROM A SHOP  
IN LONDON, I GET MY SHOES FROM A BOOTMAKER IN EDINBURGH, AND I GET MY  
SWEATERS FROM A HATTERDASHER IN GLASGOW.

MOORE: Where do you get your suits?

DURANTE: FROM A FURGERY IN BROOKLYN!

ORCH: BREAK IN INTRO TO "ESQUIRE"

MOORE: Well, with that start you probably had no trouble breaking into fashionable  
society.

DURANTE: WE SEE EYE TO EYE ON THAT, JUNIOR - I'LL RELATE WHAT OCCURRED....

ORCH: AND DURANTE: "ESQUIRE"

APPLAUSE

PETRIE: The heavy mortar shell lands with a distant crump, and the last of the enemy's jungle pill-boxes is silent. They've got what it takes, these stove-pipe sharp-shooters, and so has their cigarette -- Camels -- first with men in all the services, according to actual sales records. Yes, Camel cigarettes are the favorite with men in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard -- and that's why they're packed to go around the world -- packed to stay fresh, cool smoking and slow burning, anywhere. More Camels overseas may mean less in your store -- so be patient. If you can't get Camel cigarettes today, try tomorrow. Remember, when you get Camels you always get more flavor, the result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos, 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!

ORCH: INTRO TO "PUT YOUR ARMS AROUND ME, HONEY"

MOORE: A familiar man about Manhattan is our Mr. Roy Bargy ...  
Tonight he celebrates his return from exile with a  
special salute to Father Knickerbocker - "Put Your  
Arms Around Me, Honey"

ORCH: PUT YOUR ARMS AROUND ME HONEY  
APPLAUSE

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DURANTE: AND THAT WAS BOY BARRY PLAYING "PUT YOUR ARMS AROUND ME HONEY." AND I NEVER DREAMED HE CARES! AND WITH THE ADMITTANCE TO ONE SIDE, WE PROCEED AT ONCE TO THE CULTURE CORNER, AND OUR MR. GARRY MOORE.

MOORE: Thank you, James. and tonight, I should like to give a report to the nation on matrimony as it is practiced in Hollywood.

DURANTE: AS FAR AS I COULD SEE THE PRACTICE IS NON-EXISTENT. THE AGENCY MUST HAVE DECLARED IT EXTENDIBLE.

MOORE: No James, that's because with so many women in war jobs it's hard for a fellow to do any courting. A guy makes a date with a girl, and what do they do? Go out to a restaurant and eat crepe suzettes? No! They go out to the kitchen and toast marshmallows over her welding torch,

DURANTE: OH YES

MOORE: And if this keeps up, pretty soon the man will be the home-maker, and the woman the bread-winner.

DURANTE: THE VERY THOUGHT STRIKES AT THE ROOTS OF AMORTIZATION.

MOORE: It does!

DURANTE: BUT WITH A PACK OF DAMPERS ON MY PERSON, I'LL BE IN A CONVENIENT MOOD TO LISTEN. PRAY PROCEED.

ORCHESTRA: HOME SWEET HOME (SNEAK IN)

MOORE: *Very well then -*  
~~so~~ come with us now, to a typical American home, 50 years  
in the future. Mr. Joe Jones, house-husband, is waiting the  
return of his wife from work. He is sitting at the piano,  
amusing himself by playing and singing.

MOORE: I WANNA BE LOVED BY YOU - (Piano accomp only - one chorus)

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS OPEN

SOUND: HEAVY FOOTSTEPS

MOORE: Oh, good heavens, it's Isabelle!..And here I sit in this old  
dimity thing - my hair just a mess!..(CALLING)..Is that you,  
Isabel?

HOPE: (TOUGH) ..Certainly it's me! Who were you expecting..  
the ice-woman?

MOORE: Of course, not, dear. I was just asking, that's all.. Come  
on in - I'll get you something tall and cooling.

HOPE: I ~~sure~~ <sup>certainly</sup> could stand it! It was sure tough at the iron works  
today.. ~~Well - what -~~ WHAT IN HEAVENS NAME HAS BEEN GOING ON  
IN THIS LIVING ROOM? A FOOTBALL GAME?

MOORE: No, no, dear. Some of the boys were over for bridge, and  
those are just crumbs from the cookies.

HOPE: Some cookies you make! They taste like hocky-pucks dipped in  
cement!

MOORE: Oh, Isabel, dont be so ~~lucky~~ <sup>cross</sup>. Do you know you haven't even  
kissed me hello?

HOPE: Hmmm? ..Oh - yeah...All right... (KISS) ... There.

MOORE: Gee - thanks... Thanks a lot! Some lovin' that was - like sucking a damp sponge... Isabel - why don'tcha kiss me like you used?

HOPE: Oh, Joe, for the luvva Mike, I'm tired! Can'tcha understand that? .. I've been swinging steel girders into a blast furnace all day and I'm TIRED! .....(PAUSE).....Where's the paper?

MOORE: In your chair.

HOPE: Oh - yeah...Well, I wonder who's gonna win the Army-Navy Game. They're pretty evenly matched I guess...(MOORE STARTS TO SOB)...Navy's very strong in the passing department, but Army's got more strength in the line...(SOB) Eighty thousand people they're expecting... Who do you think will win that game dear?

MOORE: I DON'T CARE WHO WINS THE FILLY OLD GAME. (BIG SOB)

HOPE: Well, for the luvva Pete! What's the matter with you?

MOORE: WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME?...NOTHING'S THE MATTER WITH ME, I'M JUST HUNGRY...I SIT HOME ALL DAY WAITING FOR YOU TO COME BACK FROM THE FACTORY, AND WHEN YOU COME IN, WHADDAYOH DO? YOU GIB ME A KISS LIKE A DEAD MACKEREL AND STICK YOUR BIG FAT NOSE INTO THE NEWSPAPER!...I'M TIRED OF BEING TAKEN FOR GRANTED, THAT'S ALL...I'M GOING HOME TO FATHER!

HOPE: Aw, now, Sugar-pie - take it easy.

MOORE: JUST DON'T TOUCH ME! JUST DON'T TOUCH ME, THAT'S ALL! I'VE BEEN  
FORKING MY FINGERS TO THE BONE, AND WHAT HAVE I GOT TO SHOW FOR IT?...  
BONEY FINGERS!

HOPE: Aw, Sugar - come here...beggonit, I'm sorry.

MOORE: She's sorry...sorry, she says! A fat lot of good that does me..I'VE  
GIVEN YOU THE BEST YEARS OF MY LIFE!...And you do this to me just when  
I had a secret to tell yuh, too.

HOPE: A secret? What is it, dear?

MOORE: I'm not gonna tell you.

HOPE: Joe, dear - you don't mean - you don't mean --

MOORE: Yes.

HOPE: WHAT?

MOORE: IN APRIL!

HOPE: I can't believe it!

MOORE: But it's true. WE'RE GONNA HAVE A NEW ICE-BOX IN APRIL!

ORCHESTRA: PLAY OFF.

(APPLAUSE)

DURANTE: JUNIOR, FOR A MINUTE ~~THAT~~ YOU HAD ME WORRIED! I THOUGHT I WAS GONNA HAFTA KNIT SOME LITTLE GARMENTS.

MOORE: Well, that's kind of you, James. But I hope that glimpse of future married life, didn't set you against it.

DURANTE: WHEN IT COMES TO MARRIAGE, I ALWAYS REFER TO THAT OLD ADAGE, "MOST MEN HAVE ONE WIFE ALL THEIR LIFE, BUT THE ICE-MAN HAS HIS PICK."

MOORE: A lovely thought....

ORCH: GIBBS INTRO

MOORE: But let's see how our Miss Georgia Gibbs feels about the matter.

GIBBS: Garry, my friend, for tonight only I'm a very bitter girl. Listen to the lyrics and you'll see my point. It's called, "No Love - No Nothing".

*Moore: Oh, Georgia -*  
GIBBS: NO LOVE - NO NOTHING.

APPLAUSE

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MUSIC: (VERY QUICK FANFARE)

VOICE: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Lieutenant Commander Gordon Bruce, of New York City, and the entire staff of a Navy field hospital set up near the battlefield on Bougainville Island in the Solomons. In the midst of operating on Marine casualties, the tent hospital itself was attacked by the Japanese. Though bullets were ripping through the canvas, wounding corpsmen, machine guns from wrecked landing barges were set up for defense, and under heavy fire the doctors continued to operate until relief came, saving every one of fifty patients. In your honor, Commander Bruce, and in honor of your staff, and all our doctors in uniform, the makers of Camels are sending to Navy men in the Pacific 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.

ORCH: PLAYOFF.

MOORE: Forthwith, the Friday Evening False Wig and Bustle Club, presents a drama of the mighty engineering and construction business entitled, "He didn't Put Enough Concrete In The Foundation -or--That's Why He Was Caught With His Bridges Down." Tell me, Jimmy, do you know anything about building?

DURANTA: DO I KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT BUILDING! HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF THE CHRYSLER BUILDING--THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING..OR KLOBMEYER'S CANDY STORE?

MOORE: I've heard of the Chrysler Building and the Empire State Building --but what about Klobmeyer's Candy Store?

DURANTE: WHAT ABOUT IT?--WHY. THAT'S WHERE I BUY ALL MY TOOTSIE ROLLS!

MOORE: How silly of me--I should have remembered you have a sweet nose. *Oh, thank you. No, not at all.* But now it's time to slip on our blueprints and prance madly into our play.

MUSIC: ROAR OF THE BIG CITY TYPE BRIDGE

SOUND: PHONE RINGS..RECEIVER OFF

MOORE: Hello. Durante-Moore Construction Company! *We'll stand in back of every house we make. So* build you a reservoir, a bridge or a span-- *if you're stuck for Christmas why not give a dam.* if you're please leave your shades up.

EMERSON: Hello, this is Mildred Mottle. I insist you come right over here! I just saw the little love nest you built for me.

MOORE: Why, there's nothing wrong with that little nest. Why don't you move in?

EMERSON: Move in? I can't get the pigeons to move out!

SOUND: RECEIVER BACK ON HOOK

MOORE: I hope the pigeons in the basement don't fight with the bats in her belfry.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO DURANTE-- WHAT AN EXPERIENCE!

MOORE: What happened, Jimmy?

DURANTE: I COMES BREEZIN' OUTTA THE HOTEL ASTOR AND I GETS INTO A CAB-- THERE'S A LADY BEHIND THE WHEEL SO I SAYS TO HER--DO YOU DRIVE THIS CAB? SHE SAYS "I DO" AND <sup>then</sup> SHE AKS ME "DO YOU WANNA GO UPTOWN?"--I SAYS "I DO" AND WHAT DO YOU THINK?

MOORE: What?

DURANTE: A TRAFFIC COP STEPS UP AND SAYS "I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND WIFE:--" HOW MATRIMONIAL!

MOORE: Well, congratulations. *Jimmy* Remind me to give you a grease job for your wedding anniversary. Not that I want to be inquisitive but where have you been all day?

DURANTE: I BEEN DICKERIN' WITH THE TYCOONS, JUNIOR-- WE JUST SIGNED THE CONTRACT TO BUILD THE NEW TEN STORY PUBLIC LIBRARY... I UNDERBID ALL OUR COMPETITORS!!!

MOORE: That's great, James--- How much did you say we'd build it for?

DURANTE: EIGHT DOLLARS AND FORTY CENTS!

MOORE: Eight dollars and forty cents?? ~~But~~, Jimmy, that library will cost us three millions dollars to build! We'll be ruined!

DURANTE: DON'T WORRY, JUNIOR, I MADE A SHREWD DEAL. IF OUR LIBRARY BOOKS ARE OVERDUE, WE DON'T HAVE TO PAY THE TWO CENTS!!

MOORE: You've got a mathematical head, James. *D. Dis been told that before. M: - yes -* It comes to a decimal point'...Incidentally, my confused colleague, I finally finished building that home for Dorothy Lamour next to my house. And now she wants me to put up a ten foot wall between us.

DURANTE: I'LL BET THAT MAKES YOU FEEL BAD.

MOORE: *Dooh* ~~I'll say,~~ I can't get over it!

DURANTE: ~~DEVASTATING... ISN'T IT?~~ *That's my boy who said that.*

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

PETRIE: Listen. I want you to build me a house made of wood!  
I tell you--You must build me a house made of wood!  
You simply <sup>must</sup> got to build me a house made of wood!!

MOORE: Who are you?

PETRIE: Oh, just a little termite.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: A TERMITE-EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT!!

SOUND: PHONE RINGS..RECEIVER OFF

MOORE: Hello...Yes?...<sup>What</sup>Yes?...Just a moment, I'll speak to  
my partner about it.

DURANTE: WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, PARTNER?

MOORE: ~~it's~~ <sup>S</sup>Somebody ~~who~~ wants to know if we want to see  
a model home.

DURANTE: CERTAINLY. BUT ASK HER IF SHE'S GOT A FRIEND AND WE'LL  
SEE THEM BOTH HOME!!!

SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN

MOORE: Oh, Jimmy--it's not that kind of a model...And besides..  
uh uh <sup>look</sup> here comes our wealthy customer, Mrs. Rumpleton  
the second.

EMERSON: Oh, boys--I feel terribly unhappy!

MOORE: Don't tell me you didn't pass your physical!

EMERSON: Oh No. It's worse than that. I want to talk to you about my house.

DURANTE: IN THAT CASE MADAM, PULL UP A CONCRETE MIXER AND SIT DOWN!

MOORE: Yes - Now just what is your trouble?

EMERSON: Oh, everything is in terrible shape.

MOORE: Well, wear a long coat and nobody'll notice it.

EMERSON: Listen - I'm serious. You'll have to repair my house! I'm living in a hotel and it's so crowded, new people are moving in my room already.

DURANTE: YOU MEAN THEY MOVED IN BEFORE YOU WERE OUT?

EMERSON: I'm not sure, but when I took my shower this morning there were three hands scrubbing my back!!

DURANTE: WHAT A PROJECT THAT MUST HAVE BEEN.

MOORE: Come--come James--let us cease this puny prattle and get going. You check over the tools.

DURANTE: OKAY-HAMMER- SAW- CHISEL - WRENCH - NAILS - AND BOLTS- DID I FORGET ANYTHING?

MOORE: Nuts?

DURANTE: MY DEAR JUNIOR, I ONLY ASKED YOU A CIVIL QUESTION!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

MOORE: Well, Jimmy, let's get to work..But first we'd better put on our overalls.

DURANTE: RIGHT.

MOORE: Now lemme see. Where will we put our clothes?

DURANTE: WELL, YOU CAN PUT YOUR COAT IN THE COAT ROOM, AND YOUR VEST IN THE VESTIBOLE. BUT KEEP OUR OF THAT ROOM.

MOORE: Why?

DURANTE: CAUSE THAT'S THE PANTRY...I GOTTA MILLION OF 'EM!

MOORE: Come on, now, Jimmy will yah. Let's get to work.

DURANTE: OKAY. HAND ME THE BLUEPRINTS.

MOORE: Here they are.

DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE. THIS IS NO BLUEPRINT. IT'S A PICTURE OF BETTY OSBORN IN A DRESSING SUIT...WHAT GOOD IS THAT?

MOORE: HE'S SUCH A CHILL, ISN'T HE? Now, look Jimmy the first thing on Mrs. Rumpleton's list is to see if the furnace is in working order. There's only one way of finding out and that's to start a fire in it.

DURANTE: OKAY HERE'S SOME WOOD, AND SOME PAPER.

MOORE: Ah, that's fine.

(MORE)

DURANTE: ON SECOND THOUGHT, THAT'LL TAKE TOO LONG. I HAPPEN TO HAVE A PIECE OF DYNAMITE ON MY PERSON. WITH THAT WE CAN START THE FIRE MUCH FASTER.

MOORE: But that's dangerous, Jimmy. I'm scared.

DURANTE: THERE'S NOTHING TO BE SCARED OF. JUST HOLD MY HAND.

SOUND: STRIKING OF MATCH

DURANTE: NOW I'LL THROW THE MATCH INTO THE FURNACE.

SOUND: BIG EXPLOSION

*Durante:*  
MOORE: Hey, *Jimmy*, where are you?

*Moore:*  
DURANTE: I'M ON TOP OF A LAMPOST ON EIGHTH STREET. WHERE ARE YOU?

*Durante:*  
MOORE: On top of a telegraph pole on twelfth street. Are you all right?

*Moore:*  
DURANTE: SURE.

*Durante:*  
MOORE: I can't understand that.

*Moore:*  
DURANTE: WHY?

*Durante:*  
MOORE: 'Cause I'm still holding your hand!

ORCH: PLAYOFF

APPLAUSE



*Garry & Jimmy will be right back. But I'd like to say this ....*  
PETRIE: Your first Camel cigarette will taste better, because every  
Camel has more flavor; the result of expert blending of  
costlier tobaccos. But just wait till you've smoked your  
second pack of Camel cigarettes! You'll see that more  
flavor is the thing that helps Camels hold up, keep from  
going flat, no matter how many you smoke! Prove that in  
your taste and throat--the proving ground we call the T-Zone.  
Your taste will say, "More flavor!" and your throat will  
give you the last word on Camel cigarette's extra mildness.  
and remember, Camels 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! They're first in the service..they've got  
what it takes!

ORCH: WHO WILL BE WITH YOU

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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 Barge and his orchestra and yours truly, Howard Petrie.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND DOWN)

PETRIE: Remember, Camel cigarettes are first in the service--  
 they've got what it takes! Camels stay fresh because  
they're packed to go around the world!

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP)

(AP PLAUSE)

(BOARD FADE)

(SWITCH TO STUDIO SIX FOR HITCH HIKE)

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

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