

m
AS
BROADCAST

Master - 20 - 17/13

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

REVISED

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

CBS NETWORK

PROGRAM NUMBER 37

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1943

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

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

HOPE EMERSON

PAUL LUTHER

TED JEWETT

DIRECTOR - PHIL COHAN

51454 4557

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

"THE CAMEL CARAVAN" - No. 37

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1943

(REVISED)

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: (COLD) Camel Cigarettes present -- Jimmy Durante and
Garry Moore

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (THEME FULL AND FADE FOR:)

PETRIE: Yes, it's Garry Moore, Jimmy Durante, 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! (MUSIC OUT)
And now we give you a man whose air-raid wardens have
just elected him head of his block--and here he is...
that block head -- Garry Moore!

(APPLAUSE)

51454 4558

mjs

MOORE: Well, thank you...Thank you very much, my friends, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen. ^{to} Nice to see such a large crowd in our studio ^{here} /tonite..We do hope our show makes an impression on you folks and if it doesn't I'm sure those seats will...But before going any further there's just one thing I'd like ^{all of} you to do for me. ^{please} Will everybody stand up, please? ^{Everybody in the house - balcony - box seats - everybody} ..(BIZ) That's fine! ^{stand up.} Now ~~will you~~ ^{All together everybody will you} all please whistle. Everybody whistle!..

(BIZ) Thank you - I just wanted to see what a blonde feels like when she passes ^{the} Brooklyn Navy Yard..And say you whistle very well...

HOWARD: Garry, old man, it's tricks like that that mark you as an unkind man....Sometimes I think you're just plain mean.

MOORE: Howard, how can you say that? Didn't you hear what I did on the train from Hollywood last week? I got on the train and there was a dear old lady, crying because she had no place to sleep. So I gave her my space.

HOWARD: Did you really?

MOORE: Certainly did. Then I sent my ^{base} wife a wire, that said "Will not arrive until tomorrow. Just gave berth to an old lady"! And those Pullman mattresses are so comfortable, Howard..So big and over-stuffed!

HOPE: Did some-one call me?

MOORE: Well, will you look who's here - Two-thirds of We the People!...How're yuh, Toodles? How's my secretary tonite?

HOPE: Mr. Moore, I'm so happy to be working for you again that I'm up in the clouds and sailing through space.

MOORE: So that's it! I heard there was an unidentified blimp over the city last night...Yuh look fine, tho.

HOPE: Really, Mr. Moore..You don't think I'm TOO stout, do you?

MOORE: Well, I dunno Toodles...^{probably} I shouldn't say this, but just before the show I saw you sit down in a Morris chair.

~~HOPE: Yes?~~

MOORE: And when you got up, Morris got up, too!...But ~~Don't~~ worry about it, dear. Skinny girls are all right, ^{well} but in war-time a soldier likes a girl he can get ^{-- in a hurry --} hold of in a hurry. So let's get down to business. ^{huc} what's in the mail for this week?

HOPE: Well, here's one letter from a young man in Dripping Chin, Idaho. He wants to know if you have any snapshots of your trip to Hollywood?

MOORE:

Oh, indood I dee..indood I dee...The first ^{person I ever} ~~thing you~~
 see when ^{I got} you get out there ^{was Greta Garbo} ~~in the Pacific Ocean~~ but
 I just couldn't bear to take a picture of it. When I
 saw those great waves breaking vainly on those big
 rocks I thought of my uncle in Alcatraz with just his
 little hammer...So I looked away from the ocean, and
~~who do you think I saw...Green Ganson!~~..Now of course
 I don't know Miss ^{Garbo} Ganson, she's just a nodding
 acquaintance...I say hello and she says nodding..But
 she consented to pose for a picture and I was so
 nervous I put in the wrong kind of film and held
 the camera backwards..So I got pictures all right...
 if you'd care to see four X-rays of my liver...
 Next letter, please.

HOPE:

The next letter is from a Mr. Julius Twitch of Hotfoot,
 Nebraska.

MOORE:

Let me see ^{it} ~~it~~..Hmmm..I see here that Mr. Twitch is
 worried about what to get his girl for Christmas.
 He writes, "I know that most girls like pink ones..
 others like white ones...and then there's the kind
 who like black ones. What should I do?"...Well,
 "Dear Julius, my advice to you is to get her a box of
~~assorted~~ ^{What did you think I meant!} jelly beans" /...And that, I guess takes care
 of -

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

GARRY: *oh* Excuse me, folks...

SOUND: RECEIVER OFF HOOK

MOORE: Hello...

DURANTE: (OFF STAGE MIKE) HELLO, JUNIOR, THIS IS JIMMY!

MOORE: Jimmy, the program's started. Why aren't you here?

DURANTE: I WENT OUT FOR A CHOP SUEY DINNER AND THE WAITER MISTOOK MY NOSE FOR A FRIED SHRIMP.

MOORE: *Well,* So what?

DURANTE: SO COME AND GET ME. I'M BETWEEN TWO CHOP STICKS IN CHINATOWN.

MUSIC: DURANTE PLAY ON...FADE FOR

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

DURANTE: (SINGING) YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG...
(HOLDS NOTE) A PROMISSORY NOTE IF I EVER HEARD ONE.

MOORE: *Jimmy*
~~Oh-James~~, you sound as chipper as a knipper with a kipper.

DURANTE: AND FOR A GOOD REASON, JUNIOR...MY HOTEL PROBLEM IS SOLVED!
I FINALLY GOT A BEAUTIFUL SUITE OF ROOMS WITH A GORGEOUS
VIEW OF THE CITY AT THE MARTHA WASHINGTON HOTEL!

MOORE: The Martha Washington??? *Jimmy*
~~But~~ that hotel is only for
women!

DURANTE: IT IS??? NO WONDER I COULDN'T FIND THE BARBER SHOP!!

MOORE: What's the difference..you wouldn't have looked ^{well} good with a permanent anyway.

DURANTE: YEAH, BUT THAT'S NEITHER STATUS OR QUO. ONLY LAST EVENING I WAS AT HOME WASHING OUT A FEW THINGS THAT JUST CAME BACK FROM THE LAUNDRY, WHEN I WAS HANDED A TELEGRAM. IT WAS A COLD NIGHT SO I OFFERED THE MESSENGER BOY A POT OF HOT TEA...YOU SEE HE WAS ONLY WEARING HIS WESTERN UNION SUIT.

MOORE: *I understand that but*
/Who was the telegram from?

DURANTE: IT WAS FROM HAROLD ICKES...HE ALWAYS CONTACTS ME...AFTER ALL YOU KNOW BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER.

MOORE: Please, Jimmy, you're not inferring that you and Mr. Ickes are related?

DURANTE: I CERTAINLY AM. WHY, HIS UNCLE AND MY UNCLE, ARE BOTH UNCLES! I BASE IT ON THE THEORY OF RELATIVITY...HE WANTS ME TO COMPILE A LITTLE DATA ^{and data} /ON THE SPORTS SITUATION IN THE NATION.

MOORE: *Jimmy*, Do you think your qualifications fit you for such an assignment?

DURANTE: ARE YOU JESTING, JUNIOR? JUST MENTION ANY SPORT AND I'LL EXCEL IN IT! WHY ONLY LAST YEAR I BEAT THE GREAT ALICE MARBLE. THAT'S MY GAME!

MOORE: Tennis?

DURANTE: NO! MARBLES! AND WHEN IT COMES TO WRESTLING THERE'S
NOBODY BETTER THAN I AM.

MOORE: What type of wrestling do you prefer..Roman or Greek?

DURANTE: I'M AN OLD GREEK WRESTLER.

MOORE: You are?

(MORE)

mjs

DURANTE: YEAH, JUST SHOW ME AN OLD GREEK AND I'LL WRASSLE HIM!
BUT LAST ^(note)WEEK AT LAKE PLACID I ENCOUNTERED ONE OF
 THE GREATEST SIGHTS EVER SEEN ON THE ICE. I SAW A PAIR
 OF ICE SKATES, UMBRIAGO...A PAIR OF MITTENS, UMBRIAGO....
 A PAIR OF EAR MUFFS AND UMBRIAGO! ^{Umbriago} HE WAS DOING A FIGURE
 EIGHT WHILE THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE WERE CHEERING.

MOORE: Why there's nothing great about doing a figure eight.

DURANTE: OH NO - UMBRIAGO DOES IT THE HARD WAY. (PAUSE) TWO FOURS.

MOORE: ^{She man's} Well, A mathematician, ^{isn't he?}

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

MOORE: ^{Oh} I'll take it, Jimmy.

SOUND: PHONE RECEIVER UP

MOORE: Hello? It's for you, ^{Jimmy} ~~Jimmy~~. Egypt is calling.

DURANTE: EGYPT - EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT! HELLO,
 EGYPT. OH - CAIRO CALLING? WELL, PUT HIM ON....HELLO,
 HELLO, JOE WHAT'D YOU KNOW?....WHAT'S THAT, THE THREE OF
 YOU NEED ME DESPERATELY? ^{okay} VERY ^{ill} WELL, I SHALL CATCH THE
 NEXT CLIPPER.

SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN

MOORE: Jimmy! What do they want with you at the big Conference?

DURANTE: WHAT DO THEY WANT WITH ME? IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS THEY'RE
 GONNA DO A LOT OF TALKING. AND WHEN THEY DO A LOT OF
 TALKING, THEY DO A LOT OF THINKING. AND WHEN THEY DO A LOT
 OF THINKING, THEY DO A LOT OF SMOKING. AND WHEN THEY DO A
 LOT OF SMOKING....

MOORE: Yes?

DURANTE: SOMEBODY'S GOTTA CLEAN UP THE ASHES.

MOORE: I'm proud of you, James - and I'm sure you'll ^{make a} clean ~~up~~ sweep.

DURANTE: WELL, SO MUCH FOR WORLD AFFAIRS. AND NOW, RETURNING TO THE WORLD OF ATHLETICS, I WISH TO ADVISE YOU THAT I AM AN ARDENT DEVOTEE OF OTHER SPORTS TOO. FOR EXAMPLE, ALL LAST SUMMER I RODE HORSEBACK AND THIS WINTER I ^{AM} ICE SKATING.

MOORE: Where are you going to do most of your skating this winter?

DURANTE: THE SAME PLACE I DID MOST OF MY HORSEBACK RIDING LAST SUMMER!!

MOORE: You must have been a tenderfoot, and I use the word loosely. But seriously, Jimmy, I can't picture you cavorting in the icy outdoors.

DURANTE: CAVORTING? WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE, JUNIOR - THERE MIGHT BE CHILDREN LISTENING. ^{Mr. Excuse me.} FOR YOUR INFORMATION, MY WHOLE FAMILY INDULGES IN WINTER SPORTS. WHY, EIGHT YEARS AGO I GOT MY UNCLE A JOB AT LAKE PLACID - PUTTING DANGER SIGNS ON THIN ICE.

MOORE: And how is he doing?

DURANTE: I DON'T KNOW. NOBODY'S SEEN HIM IN EIGHT YEARS!

MOORE: I wouldn't be ^{a bit} surprised if he had a bad cold by now.

DURANTE: INDUBITABLY, MR. MOORE, UNQUESTIONABLY INDUBITABLY. BUT MY ^{big moment} ~~CROWNING-GLORY~~ OCCURRED WHEN IN THE LAST OLYMPIC SWIMMING MEET I CAME IN FOURTH IN THE BACKSTROKE -- SIXTH IN THE CRAWL - AND SEVENTH IN THE BREASTSTROKE!

MOORE: But what's so wonderful about coming in fourth, sixth and seventh in a swimming meet?

DURANTE: WHAT'S SO WONDERFUL? I CAN'T EVEN SWIM! THEN
I WENT TO THE ALPS.

Oh now, wait a minute - back up, Jimmy -
MOORE: Hold ~~it~~, ~~James~~ - I didn't know you were ever in the
Alps.

DURANTE: A CARELESS OVERSIGHT ON YOUR PART, JUNIOR. WHY
JUST LISTEN TO ME YODEL (SINGS TWO LINES OF VOIGA
BOATMAN)

GARY: But, Jimmy, ^{no} that's a Russian song - and there are
no Russians in the Alps!

DURANTE: JUNIOR, AT THE RATE THOSE RUSSIANS ARE GOING,
THEY'RE LIABLE TO BE ANY PLACE!

CRGR: PLAYOFF

(APPLAUSE)

PETRIE: Swooping down from the sky to a rough military road that would wreck any fighter, comes a flivver plane of the "artillery's air force" -- back from a mission over enemy lines, directing American artillery fire. They've got what it takes, these "grasshopper" pilots, and so has their cigarette -- Camels -- first with men in all the services, according to actual sales records. For these men, and for you, too - Camels are 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. If it does, be patient -- try again 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 "LOVE ISN'T BORN"

MOORE:

ORCH: LOVE ISN'T BORN

(APPLAUSE)

MOORE: A slightly cynical man is our Mr. Roy Bargy, and adept at merging his philosophy with his melody. As, for instance, in this charming thought, "Love Isn't Born, It's Made."

ORCHESTRA: LOVE ISN'T BORN

(APPLAUSE)

mjs

DURANTE: WHAT A BAND! AND WHAT A MUSICIAN THAT ROY BARGY
IS! LAST NIGHT HE TOOK US OUT TO HIS HOUSE FOR AN
ORGAN RECITAL AND WE HAD A SWELL TIME - UNTIL FOUR OF
US GOT BIT BY THE MONKEY!....BUT THAT IS NEITHER
HITHER, THITHER NOR AMUCK. *W. Go ahead - you can't get it back now. D, Cook!* WHAT THIS JOINT NEEDS
NOW IS CULTURE! SOMETHING UPLIFTING! SOMETHING
OUTSTANDING!

MOORE: How nice! For tonite, James - tonite I sing again!!

DURANTE: ME AND MY BIG MOUTH!

MOORE: My dear James, my singing voice has been acclaimed
by all the great critics. Simons of the New Yorker -
Downes of the Times - Tommy Manville of the *Yellow King*
Annual Manual *Why* *Home Companion*....I'm going to make this a regular
feature, to be heard weekly from coast to coast.

DURANTE: I CAN IMAGINE NOTHING THAT WOULD BE HEARD MORE WEAKLY
FROM COAST TO COAST!

MOORE: Then stand back, my friend - stand back while I
exhibit my art on that lovely ballad, "Sunday, Monday
or
and Always!"

DURANTE: THERE GOES HALF A WEEK - DEMOLISHED!

MOORE: Maestro?

brb

MOORE: (SUNDAY MONDAY AND ALWAYS) - (First 4, then fade to B.G.)

MOORE: I loved you passionately, Rosemary Shmidlip!..Loved you did I say?...Why I worshipped the very grounds that floated in your coffee!...I shall never forget the day we met. I was sitting in a movie theatre and I dropped my hat..I reached under the seat to pick it up - and there you were, my sweet!..^{Oh yes} there you were - with those eyes - those lips - those nose!..^{you} It was love at first fright!.. No one knew how long you'd been there ^{my darling} The only means of identification was a newspaper which you had clutched in your hand - "Dewey Wins at Manila Bay!" But I didn't care, I loved you!..I reached down, my darling, gently brushed the old cracker-jack crumbs out of your eyes, and pulled you onto my lap...You'd never been treated that way before. A tear ran slowly down your cheek -- took one look at your face - and ran back up again..But I looked at you, darling - my eyes just brimming with love, emotion and belladonna - and I said, "Kiss me, my dove!"...And I shall never forget how it felt when you pressed your lips to mine -- like eating grapefruit without a spoon...And to this very day I can hear the song the orchestra was playing -- "Rimsky-Korsakov's Hymn to an Extra Pound of Butter"...And as the music reached a crescendo, I smothered you in my embrace!...Oh, we could have been so happy, my sweet, but then -

ORCHESTRA: OMINOUS CHORD

MOORE: It happened... We were out on the sidewalk, hurrying away to the brightness of our future. I didn't even see the big black sedan as it came screaming around the corner on two wheels.

SOUND: AUTO AT HIGH SPEED - (Build under the following)

MOORE: Nor did I see the police car chasing it!... What I did hear was people screaming! Then I looked up and saw the machine guns poking out of the car windows!... It's a gang war, darling!.. They're going to shoot!... Drop to the sidewalk - drop!

SOUND: MACHINE GUN

MOORE: (SCREAM)

MOORE: SUNDAY, MONDAY AND ALWAYS - (Last four bars)...
(BIG FINISH)

APPLAUSE

~~DURANTE: JUNIOR, YOU WERE IN TRULY MAGNIFICENT VOICE TONITE~~

MOORE: Thank you, James - that makes me very happy.

DURANTE: BUT I DON'T SEE HOW YOU DO THAT SCREAMIN' WITHOUT
WRECKIN' YOUR THROAT! WOULD YOU OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND LET
ME LOOK DOWN FOR A MINUTE

MOORE: I guess so, yes... (AHHHHHHHHHH)

DURANTE: NOW LET ME LOOK.....OH.....

MOORE: Jimmie! What do you see?

~~DURANTE: NOTHING!.....BUT AIN'T IT DARK DOWN THERE!~~

ORCH: INTRO TO GIBBS

MOORE: *Hell, my friends, we come now to something that really makes
us happy.* ~~Perhaps it is, my chum. But the premises will soon~~ *radiate* ~~radiate~~ with the presence of Georgia Gibbs - and the
song she discovered and made, and visa versa... Hold on
to your hats, men - it's "Shoo Shoo Baby." *Georgia Gibbs.*

GIBBS: "SHOO SHOO BABY"

APPLAUSE

51454 4573

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

LUTHER: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Lieutenant Herbert V. Clark, of Little Rock, Arkansas, member of the crack Ninety-ninth Squadron of Negro pilots flying in Italy. Coming in with a damaged plane after a dive-bombing mission, he was unable to lower one wheel. Knowing that a belly-landing might damage his engine, he attempted a dangerous one-wheel landing, was able to hold his plane upright until it had almost stopped, and got out without injury. In your honor, Lieutenant Herbert Clark, and in honor of the gallant Ninety-ninth Squadron, 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.

ORCH: PLAY OFF

MOORE: *the Durante-Moore Dramatic Club presents a*
 And now ~~comes time for the Friday Evening False Wig and~~
fine drama about
~~Bustle Club to present a drama about Patents~~ and patent
 attorneys entitled, "TOM SWIFT AND HIS MECHANICAL MEATBALL"
 OR "YOU CAN PROTECT YOUR IDEAS AND YOU CAN REGISTER YOUR
 INVENTIONS BUT YOU CAN'T PATENT LEATHER."

DURANTE: I SEE, YOU'RE IN A JUG-U-LAR VEIN TONIGHT, MR. MOORE.

MOORE: Jimmy, in this play you and I are two patent attorneys.
 Tell me, do you know anything about inventions?

DURANTE: SURELY YOU'RE NOT SERIOUS, JUNIOR. YOU'VE HEARD OF
 ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL. WELL, FIRST HE INVENTED THE
 TELEPHONE, THEN ~~INVENTED~~ THE RECEIVER, AND THEN THE
 SWITCHBOARD. BUT I INVENTED SOMETHING THAT REVOLUTIONIZED
 THE TELEPHONE INDUSTRY.

MOORE: What ^{was} that?

DURANTE: THE SLUG!

MOORE: That's ^{all right} fine but the curtain's going up and we must get to
 our office.

MUSIC: BRIDGE...FADE DOWN FOR

SOUND: PHONE RINGS RECEIVER UP

MOORE: Hello, Durante & Moore -- patent attorneys and inventions.

MAN: (FILTER) Mr. Moore, this is Judge Bullfinch. I'm
 addressing ten thousand women and you know those trick
 suspenders you made for me.

MOORE: Yeah?

MAN: Well, they just broke. Now what'll I do.

MOORE: Just hold ~~everything~~ ^{up} till I get there.

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

MOORE: And that takes care of that *I guess*.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

DURANTE: *Sig* WHERE'S EVERYBODY! OH, THERE YOU ARE! JUNIOR, OUR FORTUNE IS MADE. WE'RE GONNA MAKE MILLIONS!

MOORE: What are you talking about?

DURANTE: I JUST INVENTED A DEVICE THAT MAKES IT POSSIBLE TO SEE RIGHT THROUGH THE STEEL SIDES OF A BATTLESHIP!!

MOORE: *See why -*
What do you call it?

DURANTE: A PORT-HOLE!

MOORE: That's great. I wish you'd put ^{that porthole} /in a submarine and stick your head out.

DURANTE: THAT'S GRATITUDE!

MOORE: Jimmy, I've got a real invention...a new simplified cigarette lighter. I'll show you how it works.

DURANTE: YEAH. WE'LL USE ONE OF MY CAMEL CIGARETTES.

MOORE: No. We'll use one of my Camel cigarettes.

DURANTE: NO - NO - ONE OF MY CAMELS

MOORE: No - no - one of my Camels.

DURANTE: WELL - THAT OUGHT TO KEEP US ON THIS PROGRAM FOR A WHILE. NOW DEMONSTRATE THAT SENSATIONAL NEW CIGARETTE LIGHTER.

MOORE: All right...now watch... I merely press this lever down.

SOUND: POLICE WHISTLE...SPARK JUMPING GAP...ALARM BELL... BIG BOLT DROPS INTO EMPTY PAIL.

MOORE: Ha...ha....

DURANTE: WHAT HAPPENED?

MOORE: (AFTER PAUSE) No flint.

DURANTE: MR. MOORE, THAT INVENTION MERITS MY UN-MIT-I-GATED DISAPPROVAL OF YOUR INCAPABILITY OF CONCENTRATION.

MOORE: Those are hard words, James.

DURANTE: I KNOW THEY'RE HARD WORDS, BUT I SAID 'EM!!

MOORE: And nicely, too, *nicely*.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

PETRIE: Mr. Durante! Mr. Moore! You must save me! You must save me, do you hear! You just gotta save me!

MOORE: Who are you?

PETRIE: Oh, just ^{*a little*} ~~an~~ empty toothpaste tube!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

DURANTE: *You know* I THOUGHT HE WAS A TOOTHPASTE TUBE...HE HAD HIS CAP SCREWED ON.

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK...DOOR OPENS.

HOPE: Hello, hello, hello just everybody....

DURANTE: RUN FOR THE BEACH HEADS, MEN. HERE COMES A LANDING BARGE.

MOORE: Well, if it isn't Mrs. J. Parkington Twink.
Pull up a Debit and sit down on your credit...

HOPE: Oh, thank you. I was in such an awful hurry to get here,
I rushed through my milk bath.

MOORE: You take a milk bath every day?

HOPE: I certainly do.

MOORE: Well, don't look now, but some of it curdled on your
face!;

D: I'm very happy for that remark.

HOPE: Never mind, cactus head, .. I have a very ingenious
invention here. When you put your head inside this box,
and press the button you feel as though you're getting
a kiss from Hedy LaMarr, .. *pull* I'll make a fortune if
Durante: they ever ration passion.

MOORE: Definitely. And, my colleague, Mr. Durante will be
glad to test your machine.

DURANTE: DURANTE'S HEAD IN A BOX...THE THINGS I DO FOR SCIENCE!

MOORE: *Now just* Put your head inside, Jimmy...and I'll press the button.
That's the idea...here we go.

SOUND: BUZZER..THEN, LONG DRAWN OUT KISS WITH SIGH.

51454 4578

MOORE: Jimmy! How was it?

DURANTE: TAKE THIS MACHINE AWAY BEFORE I ASK IT TO MARRY ME!

MOORE: Madame, you really have something here. Jimmy..we're off to the patent office in Washington!

DURANTE: OKAY.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

MOORE: Ah, Washington--Washington, D.C.

JIMMY: WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE..A.C. OR D.C. AS LONG AS WE'RE HERE!

MOORE: *Yes, but* Now to find the patent office.

JIMMY: I'LL ^{*ask somebody*} ~~HIND IT~~...PARDON ME, BUD...COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE THE PATENT OFFICE IS?

MAN: (DOUBLE TALK) Gladly. Just take the first prammis till you come to the second cradney and then walk gleemst till you see a cratitude. When the portney on the fila-ga-dush turns pridney at the second boltus, you just take a right turn and you can't miss the portis on the mantis.

DURANTE: *Goodbye!* THANK YOU, CONGRESSMAN. BUT LAST WEEK YOU FORGOT TO SEND ME MY SEEDS.

MOORE: Never mind...maybe this is the patent office. I'll open the door.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS FOLLOWED BY PISTOL SHOTS...THEN DOOR SLAMS

MOORE: Oh, that J. Edgar Hoover...He never relaxes for a minute!

DURANTE: *W*D BETTER TRY THIS DOOR, JUNIOR.

Moore: All right - open it up.
SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

PETRIE: (PLEASED) Now wait a minute. Let me make sure I've got 'em all... Ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine... yep, one hundred pennies. Gee, thanks.

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

MOORE: Jimmy, who was that?

DURANTE: A DOLLAR A YEAR MAN GETTING PAID OFF!

MOORE: It's no use, Jimmy..we'll never find the patent office. Let's go back to New York.

DURANTE: WHO WANTS TO GO BACK TO NEW YORK!
TAKE AWAY ITS BUILDINGS, ITS PARKS AND ITS SUBWAYS--
AND WHAT'VE YOU GOT?

MOORE: Mayor LaGuardia.

Durante: I should have thought of that.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

WOMAN: Well, boys, how did you make out in Washington?

MOORE: We've got bad news for you, Mrs. Twink.

WOMAN: Don't feel badly about it, gentlemen. While you were away, I perfected a new invention. It makes cooking as simple as A-B-C.

DURANTE: LADY, TO ME, A-B-C AIN'T SO SIMPLE.

WOMAN: Here's the way it goes..You throw in ^{forty pounds of} ~~two plants from~~ ^{the} ~~Atlantic City boardwalk,~~ eighty-four pounds of sea-weed, and fourteen gallons of the Atlantic Ocean. You put them all in this machine.

MOORE: Yes?

WOMAN: Push down this knob....release this lever ^{and} turn on the electricity ~~and stand back~~

SOUND: SPARK JUMPING GAP..BIG EXPLOSION...CRASH

DURANTE: (AFTER PAUSE) LADY, THERE MUST BE AN EASIER WAY TO MAKE SALT WATER TAFFY!

ORCHESTRA: PLAY OFF

(APPLAUSE)

COMMERCIAL

-25-

PETRIE: Garry and Jimmy will be back in a moment...You know, we believe, that if you smoke just one or two Camel cigarettes, you'll like them, but you may not necessarily become a steady Camel smoker. But if you smoke two packs of Camel cigarettes, you're likely to go on smoking them for years. Tell you why. Camel cigarettes do have more flavor, the result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos. It's more flavor that helps Camels hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke! Prove that's true, right in your T-Zone, your taste and throat. They'll give you the last word on Camel's flavor, and on their smooth, extra mildness, too. And remember, Camel cigarettes 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!

ORCHESTRA: WHO WILL BE WITH YOU ---INTRO INTO:

51454 4582

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!
Mr. Moore!

MOORE: A notable note, Mr. Durante. And whither to now, James?

DURANTE: I'M GOING TO MY DOMICILE TO LISTEN TO A FOREIGN BROADCAST.

MOORE: Oh, you're interested in short wave?

DURANTE: YES, ^{and I don't} ~~BUT I WOULDN'T~~ MIND GOING OUT WITH A TALL WACK! *I got a million of 'em.*

MOORE: Well, as you will. But take care of yourself, ^{my friend,} ~~Giuseppe,~~ because at this identical interim next Friday's Eve, *He*ve promised the patrons a series of charades not only scintilating with pearls of pedantic humor, but likewise teeming with triumphant thespian didoes of a most whimsically winsome nature!

JIMMY: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT.

ORCH: & D. & M: "WHO'LL BE WITH YOU"

MOORE: Good night, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: GOOD NIGHT, MR. MOORE.

BOTH: GOOD NIGHT EVERYBODY. *(falls)*

ORCHESTRA: UP AND OUT

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: THEME (IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN)... BUMPER)

PETRIE: (COLD) Camel broadcasts go out to the United States four times a week, are shortwaved to our men overseas and to South America. Listen tomorrow to Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks"; Monday to "Blondie"; Thursday to Abbott and Costello; and next Friday to Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore with Georgia Gibbs, Roy Bargy and his orchestra and yours truly, Howard Petrie.

ORCHESTRA: THEME UP - FADE FOR)

PETRIE: Remember, Camel cigarettes are first in the service-- they've got what it takes!

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP)
 (APPLAUSE)
 (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, Georgie Gibbs and Roy Bargy, and his orchestra. This is Howard Petrie saying good night for all the gang.

lb

(In Studio 6)

JEWETT:

More pipes smoke Prince Albert: Light up a mild, fragrant pipeful of P.A. and you'll find out why more pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the whole world: Yessir, P.A.'s got Pipe appeal in lots of ways. It's no-bite treated to give you cool, tongue-happy smoking pleasure. Crimp cut, too, to pack and burn and draw just right! Get a big red two-ounce package of Prince Albert--- holds around fifty sweet-smoking pipefuls: More pipes smoke Prince Albert! It's the National Joy Smoke:

ANNCR:

This is the COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

-fade theme 20 seconds -

WABC.....NEW YORK

jm