

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

AS
BROADCAST
REVISED
Director - W - 12/15

CBS NETWORK

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1943

PROGRAM NUMBER 38

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 4587

mjs

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM" - No. 38

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10, 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: (COLD) Camel Cigarettes present -- 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! (MUSIC OUT) And with the overture
ended we again present a young man who is all wrapped up
in himself... And what an untidy package that makes!...
Presenting -- Garry Moore!

(APPLAUSE)

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MOORE: Well, thank you, Howard. Thank you very much and good evening, ladies and gentlemen and culture lovers everywhere..For our first bit of sophisticated entertainment, ^{this evening} I shall now do an imitation. "I love you - ouch! I love you - ouch! I love you - ouch!"

HOWARD: I love you ouch?..What's that an imitation of?

MOORE: Two porcupines necking...Ha ha ha ha ...~~Oh, that's~~ Awfully good, *isn't it?*

HOWARD: Say, Garry, old man -

MOORE: Yes, Howard?

HOWARD: I don't want to be personal, but do you think jokes like that will ever replace the common head cold?

MOORE: Say, that joke was given me by my cousin - a very smart boy! He's got a hollow place right in the top of his head.

HOWARD: Hollow place in the top of his head?..Is that good?

MOORE: *It's marvelous! If* ~~I'll say!~~ *wants* whenever he ~~eat~~ ^{eat} watermelon in bed - what a place to ~~throw~~ ^{put} the seeds!..Really, when I think of my cousin I feel like a moron.

HOPE: Well that's your old trouble, Mr. Moore..Over-confidence!

MOORE: Well, will you look who's here! My secretary - all bull and a yard wide!...You look lovely tonite, Toodles! What's that dripping down?..Your face?...I mean - what's that dripping down your face?

3 & 4

- HOPE: That's mascara, Mr. Moore! I just came from the movies. It was so sad I cried before I even saw the picture.
- MOORE: Oh, that's silly. Why didja cry before you saw the show?
- HOPE: How would you feel if you missed the price change by thirty seconds?
- MOORE: I guess you're right. But enough of this golden banter, Toodles, my breeze! What about the mail for this week?
- HOPE: Yes, sir. Our first letter tonight is from a young girl in Baked Potato, Idaho. She says, "Dear Garry Moore-- I've heard that men are really scarce in New York. Do you really have women cab drivers there?"
- MOORE: Ho-ho-ho -- indood we dee! Indood we dee!... Just yesterday I climbed in^a a cab and this girl-driver said to me, "How far do you want to go?" And I said, "Please, this is so sudden." She was awfully nice, tho. She paid half the fare.
- HOPE: Paid half the fare? How come?
- MOORE: Why not? She rode in the back, too... And of course I'M not gonna actually say she flirted with me, but all the way up-town the meter, instead of going tick-tick-tick, was going tsk, tsk, tsk, tsk... And so much for that. *With the others - - - -*
- SOUND: PHONE RINGS.

MOORE: *Oh* Excuse me -- folks.

SOUND: PHONE UP

MOORE: Hello...

DURANTE: HELLO, JUNIOR -- THIS IS JIMMY.

MOORE: Jimmy -- we're on the air! Where are you?

DURANTE: I was out hunting when suddenly a grizzly bear sneaked up behind me and sticks a shotgun in my back.

MOORE: Well, so what?

DURANTE: SO COME AND GET ME. HE WANTS ME TO MARRY HIS DAUGHTER.

MUSIC: DURANTE PLAY ON

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

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

Stop the music. Stop the music. Stop the music. This is no band for Durante. There are the oboes, where are the flutes, show me one glockenspiel, show me just one.

MOORE: Why, James, I note a tone of sadness in your voice. *Not a musical, Jimmy. Let's not be short-tempered about this thing tonight.*

Don't help it -
DURANTE: YES, JUNIOR. I'M OVERFLOWING WITH CHAGRIN --AND RIGHTLY SO TOO. THIS MORNING MY NEIGHBOR'S BULLDOG CHASED MY CAT UP AN ALLEY AND WHAT'S WORSE, HE CAUGHT HIM!

MOORE: So what happened?

DURANTE: WHAT HAPPENED?...I NOW GOT THE ONLY CAT IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD THAT'S BEEN DEFURRED!

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Oh that's heartbreaking
 MOORE: ~~Too bad,~~ Jimmy - you must certainly feel the loss of your feline companion.

DURANTE: YEAH, AND I MISS MY CAT, TOO...BUT THAT'S NEITHER SUBJECT NOR PREDICATE, SO LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT LAST NIGHT. *By all rights.* I WAS AT HOME ENGAGED IN A GAME OF BRIDGE WITH THREE BUTCHERS (WE WERE PLAYING FOR SMALL STAKES) WHEN THE TELEPHONE TINKLED.

MOORE: *It seems it was Washington again, Jimmy.*
~~Who was it this time, James?~~

DURANTE: *Indubitably, Mr. Moore, unquestionably indubitably.*
 IT WAS VICE PRESIDENT WALLACE--HE SAID HELLO, JAMES AND I SAID HELLO, HENRY (WE ALWAYS USE OUR MAIDEN NAMES)... IT SEEMS THAT THE GOVERNMENT DOESN'T WANT THE NATION TO FORGET GRAND OPERA AND ITS CULTURAL PURSUITS AND PROCLIVITIES (I TRUST I PRONOUNCED THAT CORRECTLY).

MOORE: *Almost*
 Now wait a minute, Jimmy. Don't tell me that Vice-president Wallace is putting you in charge of popularizing grand opera.

DURANTE: FOR YOUR INFORMATION, MR. MOORE, AROUND CAPITOL HILL I'M KNOWN AS THE VULTURE OF CULTURE. AND AS FOR MY VOICE, IT MAY INTEREST YOU TO KNOW THAT I SING JUST A LITTLE BETTER THAN NELSON EDDY. WHY WHEN I SING SHORTENIN' BREAD, IT COMES OUT PUMPERNICKEL. JUST LISTEN TO THIS NOTE FOR A STARTER. (NOTE) I GUESS I NEED SOME OIL FOR THAT STARTER. *Yes* AND WHAT'S MORE - I WOULD HAVE BEEN A VERCH-U-OSO ON THE VIOLIN/ *the musicians are a lot of ignoramuses -* BUT ONE NIGHT AT A CONCERT SOMEBODY STOLE MY STRADIVIARIUS.

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MOORE: Stole your violin in the middle of a concert? He must have been a very clever crook.

DURANTE: CLEVER! WHY I PLAYED TWO CHORUSES OF "DINAH" BEFORE I FOUND OUT IT WAS MISSING!

MOORE: *great bunch of opera.*
D. Paghacci
Dinah! That's a ~~fine operatic~~ ^{fine} tune. I'm talking about operas like "~~Il Trovatore~~" and "Aida". What do you know about "The Barber of Seville"?

DURANTE: NOTHING, BUT I CAN TELL YOU A LOT ABOUT A LITTLE MANICURIST IN KANSAS CITY!

MOORE: *a manicurist? Say -*
I'll bet she's mighty cuticle.

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT. BUT TO GET BACK TO THE SUBJECT UNDER DISCUSSION. THERE'S GOOD REASON FOR MY TALENT IN THE FIELD OF OPERATICS. AFTER ALL, MY UNCLE WAS A FAMOUS BASSO, AND MY AUNT WAS A SOPRANO.

GARRY: Mezzo?

DURANTE: SHE CERTAINLY WAS, BUT SHE HAD A FINE VOICE! *Mr. Hill I'm glad -* WHY EVEN HER TONSILS GOT FAN MAIL.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS.

MOORE: I'll take it, Jimmy.

SOUND: RECEIVER UP.

MOORE: Hello...yes...it's for you, Jimmy. It's Deems Taylor.

DURANTE: OH HELLO, DEEMSY. YOU WANT ME TO GO TO THE OPERA TOMORROW NIGHT. THAT'S VERY CORDIAL OF YOU, DEEMS. YOU KNOW I ALWAYS LOVE TO LOOK AT THOSE THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUND SOPRANOS. BUT I ONLY GO TO THE OPERA ON TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS. GOODBYE.

SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN.

MOORE: Jimmy, why do you only go to the opera on Tuesdays and Fridays.

DURANTE: ON THOSE DAYS WHERE ELSE CAN YOU SEE SO MUCH MEAT.

MOORE: *lets just* We'll go together *sometime and* I'll bring the mustard.

DURANTE: THAT'S FAIR ENOUGH - BUT GARRY, ONE OF THE GREATEST SIGHTS I EVER SAW WAS AT THE CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE..AMONG THE MUSICIANS I SAW A BASS DRUM, UMBRIAGO -- A TUBA, UMBRIAGO -- A FLUTE AND UMBRIAGO...AND WHAT DO YOU THINK? UMBRIAGO WAS PLAYING ALL OF THEM AT THE SAME TIME.

MOORE: Why was Umbriago playing all three instruments at the same time?

DURANTE: THAT UMBRIAGO'S GOT NO TIME TO LOSE, HE'S IN ONE A!!

MOORE: *Very* That's surprising. I thought Umbriago was supporting a wife and three kids.

DURANTE:

M. Thank you
 A QUAIN T QUIP BUT INCONSEQUENTIAL... BUT GARRY, MY
 GREATEST TRIUMPH OCCURRED WHEN I GAVE A COMMAND
 PERFORMANCE AT THE WHITE HOUSE...WHAT A GALA OCCASION...
 AFTER EXCHANGING PLEASANTRIES WITH THE VISITING
I certainly can pronounce 'em.
 DIGNITARIES, I GOT UP TO SING. A HUSH FELL OVER THE
 AUDIENCE - THEY WERE SPELLBOUND. MY LOW NOTES WERE
 LIKE A THRUSH, MY HIGH NOTES WERE THOSE OF A CANARY,
 MY TRILLS WERE THE SAME AS A MEADOWLARK. I DID
 EVERYTHING A BIRD COULD DO!

MOORE: What happened?

DURANTE: WHAT HAPPENED? I LAID AN EGG!!

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

APPLAUSE

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PETRIE: A sniper's bullet pings through the forward hospital tent in the jungle. The medical corpsman keeps his eyes on the plasma bottle, then finally looks down to the man on the cot. "You're gonna be okay!" he says. Yes, they've got what it takes, these front-line medical corpsmen, and so has their cigarette -- Camels -- first with men in all the services, according to actual sales records. "Give us fresh cigarettes!" these men say -- and that's why Camels are packed to go around the world, packed to stay fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning anywhere! Because more people want Camels, both at home and overseas, your store may be temporarily sold out. But remember -- Camel cigarettes are worth asking for again -- because they've always got 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 "DADUOH"

"The Younger Was Old"

MOORE: From Hollywood, land of Fable and Grable, comes Roy
Bargy's choice of the evening. And with his arrangement
-- why not? They're Either Too Young to Too Old.

ORCH: THEY'RE EITHER TOO YOUNG OR TOO OLD

APPLAUSE

mjs

DURANTE: WHAT A BAND! THAT WAS ROY BARGY, OUR MUSICAL CONDUCTOR, WHO KNOWS MORE ABOUT BAY-TOVEN THAN MRS. BAY-TOVEN..AND THAT BRINGS US TO GARRY MOORE AND HIS WELL KNOWN STORIES OF LITTLE KNOWN PEOPLE...TELL ME, JUNIOR - WHOSE LIFE STORY ARE YOU RELATING TONIGHT?

MOORE: Tonite, James, the story of one of the most fascinating men I have ever known...A man named Binzwanger Drinch!

DURANTE: BINZWANGER DRINCH! I SHALL TAKE MY LEAVE BEFORE I BECOME INVOLVED.

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

MOORE: As you wish, my chum, but I thought you ought to know about Binzwanger Drinch. He was born in the little town of (SNEEZE) Nebraska...which is just eight miles from Gesundheit, Ohio...He was born in this little town in Nebraska while his mother was on vacation -- in Massachusetts....(Binzwanger's father, Thaddeus Drinch, was a self-made man. And he looked mighty funny, too, because he'd forgotten to make himself ears)..^{But}Wishing to see the outside world, Binzwanger ran away from home at the age of four.

(MORE)

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MOORE: At the age of five he came back home, his parents took
(CONT'D) one look at him, then they ran away from home..But aside
from this brief fling, our hero led a very sheltered
existence. Until he was twenty-one, life was a complete
mystery to him. But on his twenty-first birthday his
father said to him -

ORCH: CUT MUSIC

MOORE: Binzwanger, my son -

BOY: Yes, pa-pa?

MOORE: Today you are a man. Today I am going to let you -

BOY: Pa-pa! You mean -?

MOORE: Yes, son! You may look at the ladie's side of the
laundry list!

~~ORCH: CUT MUSIC~~

ORCH: SOUL-SHAKING CHORD

MOORE: And that was the turning point in the life of Binzwanger
Drinch! The foolish boy took advantage of his father's
leniency and soon began chewing ^{bubble}/gum, wearing loud sleeve
garters, and drinking root beer with pepsi-cola chasers.
Eventually he started gambling with his playmates.

(M O R E)

MOORE: At first it was just giving five to one that Jackie
(CONT'D) Horner would never come out of the corner. But
eventually he was caught playing tiddly-winks with loaded
tiddlys. Finally one day his father said to him - I warn
you, Binzwanger! You can't burn the candle at both ends!

ORCH: TRAGEDY MUSIC - (Fade quickly to b.g.)

MOORE: His father should never have made that remark. For then
and there Binzwanger determined to find a candle he could
burn at both ends!...In two years he searched every town
in the United States and parts of ^{Brooklyn} ~~New Jersey~~!...But all
in vain!

ORCH: TRAIN MUSIC - (Build Tempo)

MOORE: Then London saw him! Paris saw him! Moscow saw him!
China saw him! Etheopia! Venezuela! Central Europe!
Spain and Turkey! West East Indies, Denmark, Portugal!
Belgium, Iceland, Sweden, Canada! Norway, Egypt -

ORCH: CUP MUSIC

MOORE: And the gentleman's lounge in radio city!..And at the
end of his travels he had fourteen trunks full of candles
that burned only at one end...Sadly - Binzwanger opened
the trunks to dispose of these candles. He opened the
the trunk marked South Africa -

ORCH: OMINOUS CHORD

MOORE: And a wonderful thing had happened! The horrible African heat had melted the ends of two candles together - making one candle, with a long wick extending from each end!.....Hardly breathing, Binzwanger lit one wick -

ORCH: CHORD

MOORE: And with hands a-tremble he touched a match to the other.

ORCH: CHORD

MOORE: Would it catch fire?..Would it catch fire?

ORCH: BELL NOTE

MOORE: IT DID!...BINZWANGER DRINCH WAS BURNING HIS CANDLE AT BOTH ENDS!

ORCH: POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE - (Big, beginning with cymbal crash, then fade)

MOORE: Smiling and triumphant, Binzwanger put the candle in his back pocket and started for home...But poor Binzwanger! Before he put the candle in his back pocket, he forgot to blow out the flames!..Soon he felt something burning. And if you want to know what ^{that} ~~it~~ was -

ORCH: CUT MUSIC

MOORE: Well - ^{that} ~~it~~ was the end of Binzwanger Drinch!

ORCH: PLAY-OFF

CROWD: APPLAUSE

ORCH: START GIBB'S INTRO - (Big, then fade)

dk

DURANTE: AND AS THE USHERS WALK FORWARD IN A BODY AND MOP JUNIOR UP OFF THE STAGE WITH A DAMP SPONGE, I SUGGEST WE ALL PAY HEED TO HER NIBS, MISS GIBBS.

GEORGIA: Thank you, Jimmie - and I've got a mighty pretty melody here with words to match...For both you and Garry it might be good advice.

DURANTE: AND WHAT MIGHT ITS TITLE BE?

GEORGIA: Speak low! Speak low!

DURANTE: ~~I'll thank you to~~ CORRECT ME WHEN WE'RE ALONE...GEORGIA GIBBS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

GIBBS: SPEAK LOW

APPLAUSE

mjs

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

VOICE: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute twenty-two-year-old Lieutenant Arthur Tauscher, of Brooklyn, New York, who has just been awarded the Silver Star for gallantry in action in Sicily. When his six-man patrol was met by heavy enemy machine gun fire, he advanced alone, armed with a sub-machine gun and hand grenades, crawled within thirty feet of the enemy position, shot four of the men, and destroyed the emplacement with two hand grenades. In your honor, Lieutenant Arthur Tauscher, the makers of Camels are sending to Army men 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 audiences of have thanked/more than three and a half million Yanks with free shows and free Camels.

ORCH: PLAYOFF

MOORE: And now, the Durante and Moore False Wig and Bustle Society brings you a drama of the Frozen North entitled "The Vitamin Tablets were 14 Karat.... OR Thar's Gold in them thar Pills." *D: He overwhelms me. M: thank you.* Jimmy, in this play you and I are a couple of gold prospectors in Alaska. Have you ever been to Alaska?

DURANTE: I MUST ANSWER THAT QUESTION IN THE NEGATIVE.....YES

MOORE: *then* Good. Our drama opens in a little mining town in Alaska. Music Maestro!

MUSIC: BRIDGE.

SOUND: WIND HOWL.

MOORE: Odds bodkins, it's cold up here,..... I wonder which way the wind is blowing?

DURANTE: I'LL FIND OUT FOR YOU..... I'LL TAKE OFF MY MITTEN AND WET MY FINGER. THERE?

SOUND: WIND HOWL.

MOORE: Well, which way is the wind blowing?

DURANTE: I'LL LET YOU KNOW AS SOON AS I PICK UP MY FINGER

MOORE: Come on, Jimmy, we need some ^{morning} equipment.... let's go into this General Store.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN BELL TINKLE..... DOOR CLOSE.

DURANTE: WHAT A FRIGID NIGHT....FOUR DEGREES BELOW FAIR-EN-HEAT.
.....JUNIOR, LET'S WARM OURSELVES BY THAT POT-BELLIED STOVE.

MOORE: *Pot-bellied stove?*
~~Please~~ Jimmy that's the manager

MAN: Howdy, gents----what can I do fur yuh?

DURANTE: WE'RE GOLD MINERS..... WE WANT A SLED..... A SHOVEL...
A PICK-AX.....AND A SMALL BOX OF PERFUMED SOAP FLAKES.

MAN: Perfumed Soap Flakes.

DURANTE: YES- EVEN AWAY FROM CIVILIZATION A GENTLEMAN MUST KEEP HIS UNDERTHINGS DAINTY. *Man: Yes - I see.* JUNIOR, WHAT ELSE DO WE NEED?

MOORE: A rifle..... *Man* Step aside while I try this one out.
Watch that can of beans on the shelf.

SOUND: GUN SHOT..... BULLET STRIKING DIFFERENT METAL OBJECTS..
EACH TIME A DIFFERENT SOUND AS IT RICOCHETS.

MOORE: Thank goodness the bullet didn't go through the window.

SOUND: GLASS CRASH.

MOORE: Well I'm glad it didn't hit anybody.

VOICE: (FAR OFF) OOOWW!

MOORE: Well at least none of us got hurt.

SOUND: WHISTLE....HOLLOW BOP

MOORE: *Oh! all right* Well, so I won't be able to sit down in the dog sled.

DURANTE: *Say* JUNIOR, WHEN THAT BULLET WAS BORN IT MUST HAVE BEEN A
BOUNCING B.B....I GOT A MILLION OF 'EM!

MOORE: I daresay...Now, off to the gold fields!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: DOG BARKS...SLEIGH BELLS.

DURANTE: ~~AH~~, JUNIOR, THIS IS A WONDERFUL WAY TO TRAVEL...BY DOG SLED.

MOORE: Yes, Jimmy, but don't you think we ought to ride in the
sled for a while and let the dogs pull us?

DURANTE: THAT ^{is} ~~HIGHT~~ ^a BE/NOVELTY. LET'S TRY IT.

MOORE: Okay...Mush you huskies! Mush! Mush!

VOICE: *look it* Say, we're tired of mush...How about some Wheaties?(BARKS)

DURANTE: A TALKING DOG! EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT.

MOORE: Jimmy, you're an experienced explorer. Where are we?

DURANTE: I'LL TELL YOU IN A SECOND. LET ME LOOK AT THE STARS.
THERE'S THE BIG ZIPPER AND THERE'S THE LITTLE
ZIPPER..... THE A-ROAR - A - BORE -EE-AL-US.
IS AT LATITUDE 47, LONGITUDE 56. THE HORIZON IS DUE
NORTH BY SOUTH EAST JUST WEST OF ~~THE~~ ^{the T-} ZONE! *and*
ACCORDING TO MY CALCULATIONS.

MOORE: Yes?

DURANTE: WE'RE LOST.

MOORE: Lost - lost in this barren waste. ^{Just -} Never to see
civilization again. If only we had brought along ~~our~~ ^{our}
compass or Hedy LaMar.

DURANTE: WHAT GOOD WOULD HEDY LAMARR BE?

MOORE: He's such a child, isn't he.....But look, Jimmy, Cook
we're saved! There's an Eskimo igloo.
Whip up the dogs.

DURANTE: THE DOGS ARE GONE.

MOORE: Gone? What happened to them?

DURANTE: DON'T YOU REMEMBER? WE LEFT THEM AT THE TRADING POST.
TRADING POSTS..... WE'LL HAVE TO WALK TO THAT IGLOO.

m/f

MOORE: Come on.

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK...DOOR OPEN

TOODLES: Well, freeze my face and call me frozen puss...Hy yuh-boys!

DURANTE: ABANDON SHIP, MEN...WE'VE STRUCK AN ICEBERG.

TOODLES: Never mind the flattery, pickle-beak...pull up a harpoon and sit down.

MOORE: Lady... and I use the word in quotation marks... maybe you can tell us where we can find gold around here?

TOODLES: Why that's a cinch. I have a gold-detecting machine. You hold it over the ground, and if there's gold below, a bell rings. *dig ground* ~~will~~ lend you the machine *on one condition.*

DURANTE & MOORE: Yes?

TOODLES: If one of you boys will give me a big fat kiss.

MOORE: All right. I'll give you a big kiss, fat. Come here, blubber-lips.

TOODLES: Wait a minute. We Eskimos kiss by rubbing noses.

DURANTE: THE ESKIMOS KISS BY RUBBING NOSES? STAND BACK. HERE COMES THE CLARK GABLE OF THE KLONDIKE. COMEON, BABE.... LET'S NUDGE NOSTRILS.

SOUND: SANDPAPER RUBBED AGAINST SANDPAPER...CRUSHING ~~OPEN~~

DURANTE: SHE BENT MY BUGLE. NOTIFY LLOYDS OF LONDON.

TOODLES: Oh, you wonderful man! You can have the gold-^(testing)detecting machine.

MOORE: Thank you, dear lady.....When Jimmy and I strike it rich, we'll buy a bottle of champagne and drink a toast to you. With tears in our eyes, we'll raise our glasses and say, "HIC" Farewell!

MUSIC: BRIDGE.

MOORE: Hey, Jimmy, let's test this gold-detecting machine, *once more* ~~again~~. I'll put my gold watch on the ground and you throw the switch.

DURANTE: ALL RIGHT!

SO UND: METAL RATCHET -----CHIME*

DURANTE: IT'S GOLD ALL RIGHT. NOW HOLD THE MACHINE OVER MY WATCH.

MOORE: Okay!

SO UND: METAL RATCHET..... RAZZBERRY.

DURANTE: THAT'S WHAT YOU GET WHEN YOU BUY JEWELRY FROM RELATIVES.

MOORE: Well, I wish something would happen with the machine. we've been walking along with it for thirty seven days.

DURANTE: YEAH- ALMOST A MONTH!

MOORE: Don't get discouraged, Jimmy, keep going. *They, will find --*

SOUND: METAL RATCHET.....CHIME.

MOORE; Stop! Stop! There's gold in the ground right here.
Start digging, Jimmy.

DURANTE: OKAY.

MOORE: All together.

SOUND: SHOVELING OF GRAVEL.....

~~MOORE: HURRY.~~

MUSIC: HURRY MUSIC.....FADE UNDER.

MOORE & DURANTE: (GRUNT)

MOORE: We're down thru hundred feet.

DURANTE: YAH - LOOK, JUNIOR, THERE'S GOLD!

MOORE: Tons and tons of gold! We're rich, Jimmy! Let's
start hauling it out.

DURANTE: WITH YOUR PERMISSION, I'LL EXTRACT THE FIRST NUGGET.

MOORE: By all means.

SOUND; ALARM BELL..... GUN SHOTS.....

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MOORE: Jimmy, what happened? *They are they shooting at us!*

DURANTE: HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT! NO WONDER WE FOUND GOLD.

MOORE: Why? ~~Jimmy~~, What did we dig into?

DURANTE: LOOK AT THE SIGN....FORT KNOX!

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

(APPLAUSE)

mjs

PETRIE: Garry and Jimmy will be back in ^{just} a moment...

Is there a smoker in the house who hasn't tried
a Camel cigarette? I think you ^{id} notice ^{that} with your
very first Camel that there's more flavor, the result } *accidentally*
mis-read
on the air
of expert blending of costlier tobaccos. But you
may not appreciate what that means till you've tried
a pack or two. You see, more flavor is what helps
Camels to hold up, keep from going flat,
no matter how many you smoke. Your taste and
throat, your T-Zone -- will show you that's true,
will give you the last word on Camel cigarettes'
flavor, and on their smooth, extra mildness, too.
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: INTRO TO "WHO WILL BE WITH YOU"

DURANTE: WHO WILL BE WITH YOU WHEN WE'RE - LET ME HEAR THAT HIGH NOTE? MAESTRO!.....(NOTE)....WHAT A NOTE!

MOORE: An amazing note, Mr.Durante!

DURANTE: A FANTASTIC NOTE? MR.MOORE!

MOORE: And with the curfew practically upon us, James, what are your plans for the evening?

DURANTE: I SHALL RETIRE TO MY STUDY, PICK UP A QUILL PEN FROM THE CABOOSE OF A GOOSE OF MY ACQUAINTANCE AND WRITE ~~me~~ *the* USUAL LETTER TO SANTA.

MOORE: *Red's* A peachy idea.....And while you're thinking of Christmas might I suggest a present with a double purpose--- a war bond..... Here, my friends, is a gift not only for the person who receives it, but to other people - much less fortunate - all over the world. It's a gift to our guys over there in the form of fighting equipment..... It's a gift to our country in the form of fighting dollars..... It's a gift to the tragic people of Poland, France and the other occupied countries; because the stronger our effort, the sooner our victory,.... Truly, War Bonds are the most thoughtful gift to all for Christmas, 1943..... So for yourself, and for peace on earth good will toward men - this Christmas give War Bonds - the present with a Future!

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT!

ORCHESTRA: THEME:

*M: Goodnight, Jimmy
D: Goodnight, Mr. Moore
Both: Goodnight everybody (folks)*

PETRIE: 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 Barby and his orchestra and yours truly, Howard Petrie.

ORCHESTRA: THEME UP - FADE FOR)

PETRIE: And remember, your Christmas shopping will be easy if you give Camel Cigarettes! Wherever you send them, Camels will stay fresh because they're packed to go around the world!

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, Georgia Gibbs and Roy Bergy, and his orchestra. This is Howard Petrie saying good night for all the gang.

ems

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(IN STUDIO 6)

JEWETT: More pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the whole world! Remember that when you're looking for a Christmas present for that fellow who smokes a pipe. He'll like Prince Albert, because it's rich-tasting and sweet-smoking. P.A.'s no-bite treated, too, to keep his tongue cool and happy, and crimp cut to pack and burn and draw just right! Get a special Christmas-wrapped pound or half-pound package of Prince Albert for every pipe-smoker on your list!

ANNCR: This is the COLUMBIA ... BROADCASTING SYSTEM

-fade theme 20 seconds-

WABC ... NEW YORK

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