

AS
BROADCAST

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

Master - 17/31 - 24

CAMEL CIGARETTES

REVISED

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

CBS NETWORK

PROGRAM NUMBER 39

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1943

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

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

HOPE EMERSON

PAUL LUTHER

TED JEWETT

DIRECTOR - PHIL COHAN

mjs

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COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM" - No. 39

FRIDAY DECEMBER 17, 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 -- 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 - before a record crowd here in Columbia's Radio
Play-house - we present that cultural kid, co-star of
our show - Garry Moore!

APPLAUSE

mjs

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MOORE: Well, thank you...Thank you very much, Howard, my friend. You're very kind tonight, and also very naive.

HOWARD: What do you mean?

MOORE: Howard, all these people didn't come in here to see us. They're the folks who have oil burners - they came here to get warm!... And while you're at it, friends, would you mind doing me one little favor?... Will everybody in the *audience upstairs and downstairs - Come on now, all together* /please stand up...(BIZ).*f*.That's fine... Now will everybody please repeat after me the following phrase... "Garry Moore is wonderful." All together now...(BIZ)... Thank you.... That's the first hot air I've had in two weeks.... Hasn't *the weather* ~~it~~ been awful lately?... *this* ~~it~~ would be a great night to have a flat tire!

HOPE: Did some-one call me?

MOORE: Well, light a fire and call me Fiorello! If it isn't my secretary, Toodles...

HOPE: Hello, Mr. Moore.

MOORE: Toodles, dear - tell me one thing, *will you?* Why do you keep staring at my head that way?

HOPE: That's the first shaggy canteloupe I ever saw!

MOORE: Oh, now come, come.. I don't talk about you that way, *dear* I think you look lovely in your new dress.

HOPE: Oh, it's really just a simple frock; a tailored collar with a gathering in the front.

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MOORE: A gathering in the front.... ~~There is~~ ^{I do} quite a crowd in back, too. What shoulder blades. Ah, but I love you, Toodles, and when Christmas comes you're gonna find a surprise in your pay envelope.

HOPE: You mean there'll be money in it?

MOORE: What else - ~~what else~~? As a matter of fact, I'm giving you a raise..From now on we'll call your salary fifty dollars.

HOPE: Oh, really!

MOORE: ^{Yes sir -} ~~Yes~~..You'll still get twenty, but we'll call it fifty.... Isn't that nice?

HOPE: Terribly!...Tell me about your ancestors, Mr. Moore..Were there any people among them?

MOORE: A few ^{yes -} ~~yes~~..But we don't brag about it...But come now - enough of these endearments. Is there anything in the mail tonite?

HOPE: Yes, sir!..Here's one from a Mrs. George Pittman, in Acid Stomach, Vermont..She wants to know if you think this Christmas will be any different from those of the past.

MOORE: Oh, indood I dee - indood I dee! First of all, there's the problem of what to hang over the fireplace. After all, how many presents can you get into a pair of liquid stockings ^{slitings}.. And can you imagine ^{don't strain yourself - it's all right} how careful Santa Claus will be after the experience he had last year?

HOPE: What happened to Santa Claus last year?

MOORE: What happened?... Why, he went into a house to deliver some toys - left his reindeer in front of the house - and when he came out only five minutes later there was a big sign on the butcher-shop next door, "Venison-- 40 cents a pound!" ... But my big problem this year is what to send my dog,

HOPE: Your dog?

MOORE: Yes, he's overseas with the Wags, you know. He was just made a lieutenant, and of course he's much too sophisticated for the usual bone or a ball...I finally solved the problem, though. I'm sending him a book that ANY dog should enjoy.

HOPE: What's the name of it?

MOORE: "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn".... I'm sure he'll be crazy about it. But ^{then, of course,} when it comes to things literary we always turn to....

ORCH: SNEAK DURANTE INTRO.

MOORE:that eminent authority on things educational - Jimmy Durante - in person!

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG

BOY, AM I HAPPY!...WORD HAS GOTTEN AROUND ABOUT MY NEXT PICTURE, "TWO SISTERS AND A SAILOR" AND AS A RESULT, LAST NIGHT AT THE WHITE HOUSE I GAVE A COMMAND PERFORMANCE!! D'YA HEAR THAT, JUNIOR? A COMMAND PERFORMANCE!!

MOORE: Oh, stop.

DURANTE: THAT WAS THE COMMAND!!...BUT THAT'S NEITHER IPSO OR FACTO...THIS MORNING I WAS IN THE KITCHEN, WEARING MY SOME-BRER-O AND PLAYING MY CASTANETS (I WAS MAKING A SPANISH OMELETTE) WHEN THE TELEPHONE TINKLED.

MOORE: Another big wig from Washington, Jimmy?

DURANTE: CORRECT! IT WAS JESSE JONES. I SAID, HELLO JESS AND HE SAID HELLO JIM - YOU SEE AT COLLEGE WE BOTH BELONGED TO THE SAME SORORITY... AND WITH ^{business} ~~INDUSTRY~~ BOOMING, HE WANTS TO PUT ME IN CHARGE OF BIG BUSINESS.

MOORE: You, James, in charge of big business?

DURANTE: INDUBITABLY, MR. MOORE. UNQUESTIONABLY INDUBITABLY. WHY, WHEN IT COMES TO BIG BUSINESS I'M A REGULAR TY-FOON! ^{you know} / FORD RUNS THE AUTO INDUSTRY IN DETROIT - ARMOUR RUNS THE MEAT INDUSTRY IN CHICAGO - HENRY KAISER RUNS THE SHIPBUILDING INDUSTRY IN CALIFORNIA ----

MOORE: And you?

DURANTE: I RUN A FRUITSTAND IN FLATBUSH!

MOORE: I must run over for a fruit salad - Sunday.

DURANTE: WATCH YOUR WHIMSY, MR. MOORE...BUT MY BUSINESS ABILITY WAS APPARENT WHEN I WAS JUST A CHILD. AT THE AGE OF TEN I STARTED SELLING LEMONADE. FOR FIVE YEARS I SOLD LEMONADE AND I SAVED EVERY PENNY UNTIL FINALLY...

MOORE: Yes?

DURANTE: I BOUGHT A LEMON!! NOW MY INCOME RUNS INTO TWO FIGURES^{M. Good.}/. AFTER THAT I GOT A JOB WITH A BIG CORPORATION. YOU KNOW, JUNIOR, MOST MEN START AT THE BOTTOM OF THE LADDER. BUT NOT DURANTE - MY FIRST DAY ON THE JOB I STARTED AT THE TOP OF THE LADDER.

MOORE: At the top of the ladder?

DURANTE: YES. THEY WANTED ME TO PAINT THE CEILING!

MOORE: Sounds^{like me} like they were just giving you the brush.

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT! ... BUT, GARRY, THAT WAS THE MOST EFFICIENT ORGANIZATION I'VE EVER SEEN. WHY, IN ONE OFFICE I SAW A BRUNETTE SECRETARY, (UMBRIAGO)... A BLONDE SECRETARY, (UMBRIAGO),..A REDHEADED SECRETARY AND UMBRIAGO!

MOORE: Three secretaries? What kind of business was Umbriago engaged in?

DURANTE: MONKEY BUSINESS!! ... BUT^{Junior} AT THIS TIME OF THE YEAR I FORGET^(o) ALL ABOUT MY BUSINESS INTERESTS AND MY THOUGHTS TURN TO CHRISTMAS... SO, AT SEVEN A.M. THIS MORNING, LOADED DOWN WITH GAILY WRAPPED PACKAGES, I GOT TO THE POST OFFICE.

MOORE: *Jul*, Tell me about it, James.

DURANTE: I HAD UNDER MY RIGHT ARM, A TEDDY BEAR (WITH THE SQUEAKER INSIDE) FOR MY NIECE GWENDOLYN ... A PAIR OF SATIN BEDROOM SLIPPERS (SIZE NINE AND A HALF D) FOR MY AUNT MATILDA (THAT'S MY BIG AUNT)... AND A SHINY *Electric* RAZOR (A.C.) FOR MY UNCLE EBENEZER ...

UNDER MY LEFT ARM I HAD A JAR OF COOKIES FOR MY COUSIN ELSIE ... AND FOR MY NEPHEW BERTRAM AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN THAT GOES ACK-ACK-ACK ... BEING DEMOCRATIC, I GETS AT THE END OF A LONG LINE AND AWAITS MY TURN... I'M MOVING UP SLOW BUT STEADY WHEN THE LADY IN FRONT OF ME DROPS HER PURSE ... SO I PUTS DOWN THE BEDROOM SLIPPERS, THE ELECTRIC RAZOR, THE TEDDY BEAR, THE JAR OF COOKIES, AND THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN THAT GOES ACK-ACK-ACK.

I PICKS UP THE LADY'S PURSE, AND GIVES IT TO HER WITH A BOW THAT'S LOADED WITH CHIVALRY. JUST THEN WHO WALKS UP - THE HUSBAND! HE SAID YOU STAY AWAY FROM MY WIFE, AND BESIDES I DON'T LIKE YOUR FACE!... SO I SAID IF YOU DON'T LIKE MY FACE YOU CAN LUMP IT! ... AND THAT'S JUST WHAT HE DID!!....

I PICKS MYSELF UP...THEN I PICKS UP THE TEDDY BEAR, THE BEDROOM SLIPPERS, THE JAR OF COOKIES, THE ELECTRIC RAZOR, AND THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN THAT GOES ACK-ACK-ACK. ONCE AGAIN AFTER FOUR AND A HALF HOURS, I'M STANDING AT THE END OF THE LINE. MY FEET ARE KILLING ME AND I'M STARVED. SO WHAT DO I DO? I TAKES OFF MY SHOES, OPENS AUNT MATILDA'S PACKAGE AND PUTS ON HER ~~SATIN~~ BEDROOM SLIPPERS. WHAT A RELIEF!

(MORE)

cc

DURANTE:
(CONT)

THEN I OPENS^{up} COUSIN ELSIE'S PACKAGE AND EATS ~~UP~~ ALL THE
COOKIES...THERE AIN'T A CRUMB LEFT^{for Cousin Elsie.}. NOW MY BEARD IS
GROWING...I HATES TO LOOK UNKEMPT, SO I OPENS UP UNCLE
EBENEZER'S PACKAGE, TAKES OUT THE RAZOR WHICH IS A.C.,
PLUGS IT IN THE WALL AND STARTS TO SHAVE. ALL OF A
SUDDEN MY NOSE LIGHTS UP LIKE A PINBALL MACHINE, (^{when} SPARKS)
COME OUT OF MY EARS, AND I BLOWS A FUSE IN MY TEETH.
HOW ~~WAS~~^{did} I TO KNOW THE POSTOFFICE WAS D.C.?? AND NOW
TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE, I DROPS BERTRAM'S ANTI-AIRCRAFT
GUN AND FOR THE LAST TIME IT GOES ACK-ACK-ACK! JUST
THEN I HEARS THE GUY AT THE WINDOW SAY "WHAT DO YOU
WANT?" I SAYS "WHAT DO I WANT? HERE'S A TEDDY BEAR
FOR YOU AND I WANT TO WISH YOU A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS!"
WHAT AN EXPERIENCE!

ORCH: PLAYOFF

APPLAUSE

PETRIE: Into Pearl Harbor chugs an American submarine, some of her crew on deck, and a broom tied on her conning tower, meaning a clean sweep of a Jap convoy, every ship sunk. They've got what it takes, those American pig-boat men and so has their cigarette -- Camels -- first with men in all the services, according to actual sales records. Yes, Camel cigarettes go everywhere American uniforms go, and when they get there, the Camels are fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world! More people want Camels now than ever -- both at home and overseas -- so your store may be temporarily sold out. But remember, Camels are worth asking for again. They always have 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 "PADUCAH"

MOORE: Enter now Roy Bargy, and lots of rhythm with him. A
tribute in tempo di jump to a small town of large fame.
Roy Bargy plays "Paducah!"

ORCH: "PADUCAH"

APPLAUSE

ladies and gentlemen
DURANTE: AND THAT WAS ROY BARGY, HIS BATON AND HIS ORCHESTRA PLAYING
"PADUCAH" ... A CHARMING TOWN SITUATED IN THE WEST-CENTRAL
PORTION OF THE STATE OF KENTUCKY ... AREA THIRTEEN SQUARE
MILES ... *and a* POPULATION *of* 33,765. AND STILL I'M IGNORED BY
"INFORMATION PLEASE." TELL *me* ~~US~~, DEAR JUNIOR, WHAT COOKS IN
THE CULTURE CORNER TONIGHT?

MOORE: Tonite, dear James, another visit to the Poet's Corner,
for an epic poem of heroic magnitude.

DURANTE: HEROIC MAGA-TOOD?...I SHALL PUT ON MY SPATS AND LISTEN.

MOORE: Thank you, James ... the name of my poem is - "The Bee."

ORCH: SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME

MOORE:

All hail, all hail the little bee!
All hail to him, all hail to she.
To he I send my praises humble -
Be he honey bee or bumble.
Oh, little bug with the deadly stinger,
You, I'll say, are a real hunder.
~~To me, you tricky little feller,~~
~~There isn't anyone who is sweller.~~
There is no insect any brainier
In New York or Pennsylvanier.
There is no bug who is more frugal
In Memphis or in Chatanoogal.
No bug, I say, in old St. Louis
One half so clever, dear, as you is.
~~I've even searched in old Wyomin' -~~
~~A state Gene Aubry is at home in;~~
I've searched in vain both west and east,
I've asked each man and asked each beast.
I even made myself a nuisance
Up in Boston, Massachusance.
And on one thing they all agree -
Their fav'rite insect is the bee.
Oh, do you wonder, little bee,
Why I do so envy thee?
Surely my legs are stronger than thine -
Your body all over is weaker than mine.
But on my person one thing was not put -
And that is your built-in, rear-action hot-foot.

(MORE)

mjs

MOORE:
(CONT.)

Oh bee, oh bee, I feel so inferior
When I think of what you've got on your posterior.
When I think of the nat'ural acetyline torch
That you carry with you on your back porch.
All loaded and ready for instant use -
Hidden there 'neath your caboose!

Oh, would that I were so nicely equipped!
I'd sting all the people by whom I've been gypped.
I wouldn't just say a few words and then frown on 'em.
I'd pick out a soft spot, and then I'd sit down on 'em!

I would pick all my foes, in satin or gingham -
I'd buzz in their faces and then, I'd stingham.
And after I left them, ^{sad} ~~sick~~ and swollen,
They'd know for whom the bells had tollen.
~~And they'd be sorry, every one,~~
~~That they have dood me like they done.~~

But, little bee, I'm wasting my time -
For you are you, and I am I'm.
SO, little bee, if you adore me,
Won't you go and sting 'em for me?
For instance, sting until it hurts
The guy who puts pins in men's new shirts.
And sting the laundress until she hollers
Who puts the starch in my soft-shirt collars.

(MORE)

mjs

MOORE:
(CONT.)

MOORE:
(CONT.)

Go find the kid, be it winter or summer,
Who first sang Pistol Packin' Mummer.
Go sting each fiend, each miserable failure
Like you people who your Christmas packages you
 seldom if ever early mail your.
In brief, oh bee, make thy self busy.
Bite every one until you're dizzy.
Bite the young ones and the codgers
And don't forget the Brooklyn Dodgers.
And sting your worst those foolish mammals
Who never tried a pack of Camels.
In fact, sting every one you're able -
Excepting me. And Betty Grable.

ORCHESTRA : PLAY-OFF

CROWD: APPLAUSE

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mjs

DURANTE: JUNIOR, THAT WAS QUITE A HUNK OF POETRY YOU GOT RID OF THERE.

MOORE: Thank you, Jimmy.

DURANTE: IN FACT, IT WAS SO GOOD, I JUST WROTE ONE MYSELF.

MOORE: Well, isn't that nauseating. What's ^{type of} ~~the name of your~~ poem ^{is it?}

DURANTE: ^{It's an ode!}
/I CALL IT "ODE TO NEW YORK".

MOORE: Ode to New York?.... How does it go?

DURANTE: ODE TO NEW YORK -- THIRTY DOLLARS IN BACK TAXES.

MOORE: Oh, that's lovely... I hope you'll recite it often as you work it out in SingSing.

ORCHESTRA: START GIBBS' INTRO

MOORE: Meanwhile, the romance department; - the name of the song is Georgia, from our ^{Amel} dream-girl of the same name. Georgia Gibbs, no less.

GEORGIA: And as far as I'm concerned, Garry - they don't write many like this one..... Roy, my friend?

GIBBS: GEORGIA ON MY MIND

APPLAUSE

Yanfare
LUTHER: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Marine Lieutenant Louis R. Largey, of Hollywood, California, who was in command of four tanks landed on Tarawa Island. When all four tanks were trapped and disabled behind enemy lines, Lieutenant Largey fought his way out of one tank, got out the crew of another, repaired one, and then became a one-tank army, racing up and down the beach, smashing pillboxes, machine-gunning Japanese, and almost by himself saving the entire American flank. In honor of you and your men, Lieutenant Louis Largey, the makers of Camels are sending to Marines in the Pacific three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes.

Yanfare
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 audiences of more than three and a half million Yanks with free shows and free Camels.

ORCH: PLAYOFF

cgh

MOORE: And now, the Camel False Wig and Bustle Club brings you a drama about psychiatry entitled, "She met him in Turkey, the night was murky, and he was jerky.. OR (BIZ: MAKES BABBLING DOPEY NOISE WITH FINGER AND LIP).

DURANTE: HE CAN DO THAT FOR HOURS.

MOORE: ~~Now, James~~ ^{Jimmy} in this play, you and I are a couple of psychiatrists -- that is we're doctors that try and straighten out wackey people.

DURANTE: I WISH SOMEBODY WOULD STRAIGHTEN OUT MY FRIEND, UMBRIAGO. HE CALLS ME UP THIS MORNING AND HE SAYS THERE'S CELERY GROWING OUT OF HIS HEAD!

MOORE: Celery growing out of his head? Why, Jimmy, that's ridiculous.

DURANTE: I KNOW I PLANTED RADISHES.

MOORE: That's too bad. But come, Jimmy, let's get to our office.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: PHONE BELL ... PHONE UP .

DURANTE: HELLO? DURANTE AND MOORE, SIKE-EE-ATRISTS. WHAT? I THINK I CAN HELP YOU. YOU SAY YOU'RE A FAMOUS MOVIE STAR AND YOU LIKE TO SLEEP STANDING UP WITH YOUR SHOES ON? ~~TAKE IT FROM ME~~ ^{Don't worry} IT'S PERFECTLY NORMAL. GOODBYE!

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

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MOORE: Jimmy, who was that?

DURANTE: GENE AUTRY'S HORSE.

MOORE: That's very interesting. But I know of strange things, *why*
I've got an uncle who thinks he's a race horse.

DURANTE: WHAT'S SO TERRIBLE ABOUT THAT.

MOORE: Nothing, except the whole family bets on him and he keeps
coming in third. *D. O. J. see.* The other day he ...

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK ... DOOR OPENS.

PETRIE: Listen, Doctors, you've got to help me! My I.Q. is 225.
I've got a B.S..an M.A...and a PhD. Everybody says that
I'm a genius, but when a trolley car comes along the street
I just can't get on it.

MOORE: Why not?

PETRIE: I haven't got a nickle!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

DURANTE: EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT

MOORE: Dr. Durante, that man reminds me of an interesting case
that appeared before the Baltimore Clinic in 1936.

DURANTE: REALLY?

MOORE: The patient used to climb up on tables and flap his wings -
and crow like a rooster!

DURANTE: YEAH? WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?

MOORE: Oh... I got better. *I got a lot better* / In fact I feel (CROWS) S-W-E-L-L!

DURANTE: WITH THE PRICE OF EGGS TODAY, THAT GUY ^{is gonna} ~~can~~ MAKE A FORTUNE!

SOUND: DOORKNOCK...

MOORE: Quiet, Jimmy ... here comes a patient. Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

TOODLES: Well, toss me a baseball and call me batty! Hy yuh, boys!

DURANTE: RUN FOR THE FOX HOLES, MEN, HERE COMES A FLYING FORTRESS.

TOODLES: Pipe down, baloney beak.

DURANTE: SHE LOVES ME.

TOODLES: I am Mrs. Dabney Crodbingle and I need your assistance.
I'm a kleptomaniac. I take things.

DURANTE: KLEPTOMANIAC? YOU TAKE THINGS? I MUST MAKE A NOTE OF
THAT. KLEPTOMANIAC. C-L-I-P ---- ER -- K-L-O-P ---
er ---- WHY DON'T YOU JUST PUT 'EM BACK?!

MOORE: Jimmy, a kleptomaniac is one who steals without realizing
it.

TOODLES: That's right, Dr. Moore. Last week I walked into a bank
and picked up a hundred thousand dollars in cash.

DURANTE: A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS! -- WHY SOME PEOPLE HAVE TO
WORK A WHOLE WEEK FOR THAT!

MOORE: Madame, you're a menace to society. You show a lack of will-power and mental aberration that calls for drastic action. If you hadn't returned that money you'd be in jail today.

TOODLES: I didn't return it. I still have the hundred thousand dollars.

MOORE: My dear Madame! ... Let's get married.

DURANTE: THIS IS NO TIME FOR ROMANCE, DR. MOORE. I SUGGEST THAT HER REFLEXES BE SUBJECTED TO A PSYCHOLOGICAL SCRUTINY WITH A VIEW TO INVESTIGATING HER INHIBITED NEUROLOGICAL SIKE-OSIS.
(BOY! AM I HAVING FUN, SINCE I LEARNED HOW TO READ.)

MOORE: Madame, report to our clinic tomorrow morning, to begin your treatment.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

VOICE: (ON FILTER) Calling Dr. Moore. Calling Dr. Moore. ^{Say} You should hear what they're calling Dr. Moore.

MOORE: ^{Right} This way, Mrs. Crodbingle. First we'll measure your intelligence with this Brain-o-scope. ^{Just} I'll show you how it works. I clamp these electrodes to my head and I turn on the current.

SOUND: SPARK JUMPING GAP...RACHET...FIVE TAPS ON HAND BELL

MOORE: Ah! The machine shows that I have a superior brain.

DURANTE: You have a superior brain?...DR. MOORE, KINDLY CLAMP THOSE
ELECTRODES ON MY HEAD.

MOORE: Very well...here we go.

SOUND: SPARK JUMPING GAP...RACHET...RAZZBERRY

DURANTE: THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR WEARING MY UNCLE'S HEAD.

TOODLES: This isn't helping me at all.

MOORE: Don't worry, Mrs. Crodbingle. You aren't really sick.
Perhaps your reflexes are just confused.

TOODLES: Oh...

MOORE: *and* I quote from those eminent reflex authorities -- Dr.
Feinschreiber/^{Dr. Vinjdrmale} and Lana Turner.

DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE - WHAT HAS LANA TURNER GOT TO DO WITH YOUR
REFLEXES?

MOORE: He's such a child, isn't he? Madame, I'm sure we can
cure you.

ORCH: BRIDGE

SOUND: DEPARTMENT STORE EFFECT...IN B.G.

DURANTE: DR. MOORE, WHY DID YOU BRING ME INTO THIS DEPARTMENT STORE? I SAW SANTA CLAUS AT MACY'S!

MOORE: You did?

DURANTE: SURE. I ASKED HIM FOR SIX TIRES, 100 GALLONS OF GAS, AND A TRUNK FULL OF NYLON STOCKINGS.

MOORE: What did he say?

DURANTE: WHO EVER THOUGHT SANTA CLAUS WOULD USE THAT KIND OF LANGUAGE?

MOORE: Forget Santa Claus, we're here to test Mrs. Crodbingle.

TOODLES: Hello, boys... *huc Dan.*

MOORE: Ah, Mrs. Crodbingle, you look like a million...and you probably weigh close to that, *to*. Now you've been under our care for 30 days and we think we've got you cured.

TOODLES: If you have I'll be willing to pay through the nose.

DURANTE: IF I SAID THAT I'D BE BANKRUPT.

MOORE: Now for the test. I want you to walk through this department store, Mrs. Crodbingle, and see if you can resist the temptation to steal. Go ahead.

TOODLES: Oh, I hope I make it. Now watch me close.

DURANTE: HEY, JUNIOR, THERE SHE GOES...THROUGH THE PIANO DEPARTMENT. OH - OH ... SHE'S PICKING UP A PIANO.

- 24 & 25 - (REVISED)

MOORE: She's not going to steal it. ^{Jimmy} She's just trying it on for size. Now she's going through the kitchenware department ... the jewelry department..the hat department ...the dress department...and she didn't snatch a stitch! Mrs. Crodbingle, my congratulations! You're cured.

TOODLES: Oh, thank you, doctor ... You certainly cured me quick - QUACK! Goodbye!

MOORE: Farewell, Mrs. C.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM.

DURANTE: AND SO, SCIENCE TRIUMPHS ONCE AGAIN. DR. MOORE, THIS CASE WILL GO DOWN IN.... WAIT A SECOND! BRING THAT DAME BACK! SHE STOLE MY SUSPENDERS!

MOORE: *Tell* What of it, Jimmy? They're just an old pair of suspenders.

DURANTE: THE SUSPENDERS SHE CAN HAVE... TELL HER TO BRING BACK MY PANTS!

MUSIC: PLAY OFF

APPLAUSE

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mjs

PETRIE: Garry and Jimmy will be back in just a moment..... *Volks,*

I'm talking to the people who are not steady Camel smokers. Sure, you've tried one or two Camel cigarettes and chances are you did say -- "Yes, they have got more flavor" -- but you're smoking another brand now. ^{*well,*} Take it from me. Try at least two packs of Camel cigarettes -- and I think you'll see what more flavor means. This extra flavor, which comes from our own way of blending costlier tobaccos, is the thing that helps Camels hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke! Test your second pack of Camel cigarettes in your taste and throat -- what we call your T-Zone. I think you'll find they do hold up, and I think your throat will tell you they're extra mild, too! And remember, Camel cigarettes 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! They're first in the service! They've got what it takes!

ORCH: Introduction to "Who Will Be With You"

cgh

DURANTE: WHO WILL BE WITH YOU WHEN WE'RE FAR AWAY...WHEN WE'RE FAR.... LET ME HEAR THAT HIGH NOTE, MAESTRO! WHAT A NOTE!

MOORE: An unbelievable note, Mr. Durante!

DURANTE: AN UNPARALLELLED NOTE, MR. MOORE. AND WITH ONLY SIX SHOPPING DAYS LEFT TILL CHRISTMAS, JUNIOR, I SUPPOSE YOU'VE GOT YOURS DONE.

MOORE: Oh, I should shay ~~sh~~o. Except for one thing, James. What would you suggest for a Marine about thirty-two?

DURANTE: A BLONDE ABOUT TWENTY-ONE!

MOORE: An elfin thought, Giacamo, which lends itself to a veritable ecstasy of engaging possibilities, with nuances far beyond those conjured up by the purchase of such mundane remembrances as a lace antimacassar, a crinolin camisole, or the usual pot-pourri of horrendous kerchiefs, gaiters and blowsy underthings. I salute your ingenuity.

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT!

~~ORCH: Good Night, Mr. Durante!~~
~~ORCH: WHO WILL BE WITH YOU!~~

MOORE: Good night, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: GOOD NIGHT, MR. MOORE.

BOTH: GOOD NIGHT, EVERYBODY (*folks*)

~~ORCH: UP AND OUT~~

(APPLAUSE) (IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN)

~~ORCH: (THEME...BUMPER)~~

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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 Bargy and his orchestra and yours truly, Howard Petrie.

ORCH: THEME UP - FADE FOR

PETRIE: ...and remember -- Camels for Christmas! You can't give more enjoyment than Camel cigarettes! Wherever you send them, they'll be fresh, because Camels are packed to go around the world!

ORCH: (THEME UP)

APPLAUSE

(BOARD FADE)

(SWITCH TO STUDIO SIX FOR HITCH HIKE)

cgh

(ADDITIONAL CLOSING IS CUPD 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.

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(IN STUDIO 6)

JEWETT: If you're looking for a Christmas present for that fellow who smokes a pipe -- just remember that more pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the whole world! Give him Prince Albert -- in our special Christmas-wrapped pound and half-pound containers. Each one is full of rich-tasting, swell-smoking P.A., no-bite treated for tongue-happy smoking comfort and crimp cut to pack and burn and draw just right: Get a Christmas-wrapped pound or half-pound container of Prince Albert for every pipe-smoker on your list!

ANNCR: This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM

- fade them 20 seconds -

WABC.....NEW YORK

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DURANTE: WHO WILL BE WITH YOU WHEN WE'RE FAR AWAY...WHEN WE'RE FAR...LET ME HEAR THAT HIGH NOTE, MAESTRO! WHAT A NOTE!

MOORE: A note of astonishment, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: A NOTEABLE NOTE, MR. MOORE.

MOORE: *Yeah - and Jimmy*
Well, James - I'm leaving you now for my rambling half-acre estate in Larchmont. Where are you stopping in New York?

DURANTE: *He forgot where he lived. M. Dell, where are you stopping in New York!*
WELL, BEFORE THE HOTEL SHORTAGE I HAD A BED IN THE WALDORF WITH A BEAUTIFUL VIEW OF THE PARK.

MOORE: What have you got this time?

DURANTE: A BENCH IN THE PARK WITH A BEAUTIFUL VIEW OF THE WALDORF.

MOORE: GOOD, IF YOU GET POISON IVY, JUST LET ME KNOW AND I'LL COME DOWN AND SEE YOUR ITCHINGS.

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT!

ORCH: PLAYOFF

MOORE: Good night, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: GOOD NIGHT, MR. MOORE

BOTH: GOOD NIGHT EVERYBODY. *(falls)*

ORCH: UP AND OUT

APPLAUSE
(IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN)

ORCH: (THEME...BUMPER)

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dk

(IN STUDIO 6)

LUIBEN: More pipes smoke Prince Albert! Yessir, P. A. 's got Pipe Appeal - that's why more pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the ~~whole~~ world! Pipe-smokers like a ' tobacco that's easy on their tongues -- and, of course, Prince Albert's no-bite treated for real tongue-happy smoking comfort! Crimp cut, too, to pack and burn and draw just right! Get a big red two-ounce package of Prince Albert It holds around fifty fragrant, better-tasting pipefuls. More pipes smoke Prince Albert! It's the national joy-smoke!

lb

ANNCR: This is the COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

-fade theme 20 seconds-

WABC.....NEW YORK

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