

REVISED

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

AS
BROADCAST

Notes - 1/3 - W

CBS NETWORK

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1943

PROGRAM NUMBER 41

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

CC

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COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM" - No. 41

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 31, 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)

ORCH: (THEME FULL AND FADE FOR:)

PETRIE: Yes, it's the Friday Night Camel Show...
..... Jimmy Durante, Garry Moore, Georgia Gibbs --
Roy Bargy and his orchestra and yours truly, Howard
Petrie...Brought to you by Camel -- the cigarette with
more flavor. If you're looking for a cigarette that
won't go flat no matter how many you smoke... try a pack
or two of Camels! More flavor helps them hold up pack
after pack! And remember -- Camel cigarettes stay
fresh, cool smoking and slow burning, because they're
packed to go around the world. (MUSIC OUT) And this
evening we people of the theatre are getting ready to
usher out the old year and usher in the new. But now
I usher in a man who'll go far in the theatre--as an
usher -- Garry Moore! (APPLAUSE) cc

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MOORE: Hmmm - thank you...Thank you very much, Howard, you little patsy-pie/^{you}, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen; a happy New Year to you all.....And before doing anything, I'd like everyone in the studio audience to do me/^{just one big} a favor... Will everybody/^{in the audience} please stand up?/^{Everybody stand up.}...Come on ~~now~~ ^{together - all over the house} all/stand up.....(BIZ) ...Why, that's marvelous! Here it is New Year's Eve and one thousand people can still stand up! *Really! La Grate will be gratified!*~~I think that's wonderful.~~ (CHANGE) Quite seriously, tho - we're all looking forward to a victorious New Year - so keep buying those War Bonds, and don't forget to turn in your waste fat....The government needs tons and tons of fat.

HOPE: Did some one call me?

MOORE: Well, what do you know? They've re-routed the 5th Avenue bus!...Toodles, my dear, I haven't seen you since Christmas....What did Santa Claus put in your stocking?

HOPE: I don't know yet.

MOORE: You don't know what Santa Claus put in your stocking?

HOPE: No sir...He fell in, and we haven't been able to get him out!

MOORE: Oh, fine!

HOPE: But I don't care, I'm so happy! I read that in 1944 they're gonna release enough elastic for me to have a new girdle... Yuh know I haven't had a new girdle all year.

MOORE: Yes, I'd noticed you were all out for victory...Good for you, *dear*.

HOPE: Thanks...But as **your** secretary, Mr. Moore, I'm supposed to remind you to make your new year's resolutions.

MOORE: Ooooooh, resolutions! People never keep them, anyway.. Why, just last year I made a resolution never to go out with Greta Garbo.....

HOPE: And did you keep it?

MOORE: No...but she did!...So let's forget it, and get on with the mail for tonite, *huh?*

HOPE: All right...Here's a letter from a Miss Honeydew Smurch of Itching Scalp, Nevada, *M: Oh good.* She wants to know what New Yorkers are doing this New Years Eve.

now I'm not really sure -
MOORE: Well, ~~I dunno~~...personally, I'm going out with a friend of mine who's an old nose-paper man.

HOPE: You mean NEWSPAPER man.

MOORE: I mean nose-paper- he's a kleenex salesman!

cgh

MOORE: For dinner earlier this evening I hesitated between taking him to the Stork Club on 51st Street and and ^{the} El Morocco on 53rd.

HOPE: Which did you pick?

MOORE: Benny's Beanery on 52nd....Ohhhh, ^{hills} there's a spot for you...Yuh talk about crowded! I ordered corn on the cob and while I was eating it, three people passed me chewing the other way....And that's not all...During the floor-show it was so crowded the man next to me could only get one arm up to applaud with.

HOPE: Gee whiz - how could he applaud with only one arm?

MOORE: Very simple..He ~~just~~ kept slapping his bald spot with an oyster....But after the show tonight we're going to my girls house for a party. She's gonna have favors for the girls and at Midnight she's gonna turn out the lights.

HOPE: No favors for the men?

MOORE: What do you call turning out the lights?...So all in all... *we expect*

SOUND: _ _ _ _ PHONE RINGS _

MOORE: Oh excuse me, folks.

SOUND: _ _ _ _ Phone up _ _ _ _

MOORE: Hello ...

DURANTE: HELLO, JUNIOR, THIS IS JIMMY!

MOORE: Jimmy, where are you? Why aren't you here for the broadcast?

DURANTE: WELL I WANTED TO MAKE SURE WE'RE ^{the air} ON/TONIGHT. LAST FRIDAY NIGHT WHEN I CAME TO THE STUDIO THEY THREW ME OUT. THEY SAID THE BROADCAST WAS CANCELLED.

MOORE: Well certainly. President Roosevelt took over our time last Friday.

DURANTE: PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT! HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT! EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT.

CRCH: DURANTE INTRO

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...THE TROMBONE PLAYER IS ONLY USING ONE LIP.... WHY IT'S ABSENTEEISM!

MOORE: You sound as though you have something on your mind, James - ^{now} come, unburden yourself.

DURANTE: WELL, JUNIOR, I WAS AT MY GIRL FRIEND'S HOUSE LAST NIGHT AND I HAD A HEART-TO-HEART TALK WITH HER FATHER. ^{and} WHAT DO YOU THINK? HE INSISTED THAT I BECOME A MEMBER OF THE FAMILY. (HE WANTS ME TO BE HIS NEPHEW!)

MOORE: His nephew?

DURANTEE: YEAH..HE KICKED ME AROUND UNTIL I YELLED UNCLE!!

MOORE: Which only goes to prove that your blood is thicker than water.

DURANTE: INDUBITABLY, MR. MOORE, ^{indubitably.} BUT THAT'S NEITHER SEARS NOR ROEBUCK, CAUSE THIS MORNING WHEN I GOT BACK FROM MY SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT (WHERE I'D GONE TO DEPOSIT A QUARTER (OF A) POUND OF BUTTER)...I WAS SITTING IN MY BOUDOIR, WHEN THE TELEPHONE TINKLED. I WENT TO THE PHONE AND BEFORE SAYING HELLO, I TOOK OFF MY HAT. (I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE A LADY CALLING.)

MOORE: If I know you, James, it no doubt was another call from Washington...

DURANTEE: YOU'RE SO RIGHT, JUNIOR - IT WAS HARRY HOPKINS. HE SAID, HELLO JIMMY - AND I SAID, HELLO HOPPY. YOU SEE HE AND I WENT TO SCHOOL TOGETHER. HE WENT TO PRINCETON AND I WENT TO P.S. 18... TONIGHT BEING DECEMBER 31ST, HE CALLED UPON ME TO GIVE MY ANNUAL NEW YEAR'S TALK TO THE KIDDIES OF THE NATION.

MOORE: But, Jimmy, what is there that makes you an authority on children.

DURANTE: WHY, FOR YOUR INFORMATION, I MYSELF WAS ONCE A CHILDREN... IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT, LOOK AT THIS PICTURE OF ME WHEN I WAS FOUR WEEKS OLD.

MOORE: ^{Oh say,} ~~Hummm.~~ ^{Jim,} that's a very cute baby picture of you. Now let me see that other one.

jm

DURANTE: GIVE ME THAT ONE BACK!

MOORE: What's the matter, Jimmy?

DURANTE: THE LEAST THEY COULDA DONE WAS THROW A BLANKET OVER ME!!
How mortifying.
BUT GARRY *(HERE'S ANOTHER SNAPSHOT OF ME AS A BABY...*
THAT'S MY AUNT SOPHIE HOLDING ME - BOY IS SHE FAT!

MOORE: And who's that behind Aunt Sophie?

DURANTE: THAT'S STILL AUNT SOPHIE!!

MOORE: *That's* Very amusing, James, but I still don't know your qualification as a child expert.

DURANTE: WHY I LEARNED ~~MANUFACTURING~~ ABOUT CHILDREN FROM A CLOSE ASSOCIATE OF MINE. I'LL NEVER FORGET THE TIME I SAW SOME PAPER - UMBRIAGO - A TUBE OF PASTE - UMBRIAGO - A PAIR OF SCISSORS AND UMBRIAGO.

MOORE: What was Umbriago doing?

DURANTE: HE WAS MAKING A PAPER DOLL THAT HE CAN CALL HIS OWN!
THAT UMBRIAGO'S SURE GOT THOSE FLIRTY, FLIRTY EYES, *M. St. Petrus.*
BUT NEW YEAR'S EVE IS ~~NOW~~ UPON US AND IT'S TIME THAT I SPOKE TO THE KIDDIES OF AMERICA.

MOORE: ~~Go ahead, Jimmy~~ *James, I know they're waiting from coast to coast.*

ORCH: PARADE OF THE WOODEN SOLDIERS

DURANTE: HELLO KIDDIES - THIS IS YOUR UNCLE SCHNOZZ - BRINGING YOU THE STORY OF "GOLDILOCKS AND THE THREE BEARS"...

ONCE UPON A TIME...(AND TIME AND A HALF FOR OVERTIME)...THERE WAS A HAPPILY MARRIED COUPLE NAMED MR. AND MRS. LOX WHO HAD A DAUGHTER NAMED GOLDIE. HENCE THE NAME GOLDILOCKS. THIS LITTLE GIRL HAD BEAUTIFUL BLONDE HAIR BUT IT WASN'T ALWAYS BLONDE. WHEN SHE WAS BORN SHE HAD DARK HAIR. I PRESUME YOU WANNA KNOW HOW HER HAIR BECAME GOLDEN ? IT'S VERY SIMPLE. AT THE AGE OF TWO HER MA-MA HIT HER OVER THE HEAD WITH A POT OF MUSTARD. THAT TOOK CARE OF THAT. ONE DAY WHILE WALKING THROUGH THE WOODS, ON HER WAY HOME FROM WELDING SCHOOL, THE KID SEES A CUTE LITTLE HOUSE. IT LOOKS LIKE RAIN, AND ALL OF A SUDDEN IT COMES DOWN CATS AND DOGS! NOT WISHING TO GET HIT BY A COCKER SPANIEL, SHE DUCKS INTO THE HOUSE, AND SHOUTS "HELLO" ONCE, "HELLO" TWICE, "HELLO" THRICE -- BUT SHE HEARD NAWT! (WHICH MEANS NUTTIN!) BEING INTELLIGENT THE KID'S HUNGRY, SO SHE STARTS MOSEYING AROUND AND FINDS ON THE TABLE THREE BOWLS OF PAW-RIDGE. YOU ALL KNOW WHAT PAW-RIDGE IS, KIDS/-- IT'S LIKE SOUP, -ONLY WITH LUMPS IN IT...THEN SHE SEES THREE CHAIRS, BUT MOST OF US HAVE SEEN THREE CHAIRS SO WE'LL SKIP THAT.

(MORE)

DURANTE: FINALLY SHE GOES UPSTAIRS AND SEES THREE BEDS. SHE CURLS UP IN THE LITTLE BED AND IS SOON IN THE ARMS OF MURPHYOUS (IT WAS A MURPHY BED). SUDDENLY IN COME THE THREE BEARS! THE POPPA BEAR IS COVERED WITH A FUR COAT, THE MOMMA BEAR IS COVERED WITH A FUR COAT, AND THE LITTLE BEAR IS -- JUST A LITTLE BEAR!

AND WHEN THE POPPA BEAR LOOKED IN HIS BED HE SAID (GROWL) AND WHEN THE MOMMA BEAR LOOKED INTO HER BED SHE SAID (GROWL) AND WHEN THE LITTLE BEAR LOOKED IN HIS BED HE SAID "BINGO! I HIT THE JACK POT."

AND NOW DEAR KIDDIES, IF THAT STORY HASN'T PUT YOU TO SLEEP, TELL YOUR NURSEY TO ^{DO} /WHAT MY NURSEY USED TO DO WITH ME. SHE'D THROW ME UP IN THE AIR A FEW TIMES AND I'D GO RIGHT TO SLEEP.

MOORE: *Oh now* Wait a minute, Jimmy - how could throwing you up in the air put you to sleep?

DURANTE: MY BEDROOM HAD A LOW CEILING!!

James. Lee

ORCH: PLAYOFF

APPLAUSE

MOORE:

Thank you, Jimmy, my friends... And we'll all thank
you, Howard Petrie, for a few well-chosen words
anent you know what ----

PETRIE: The Billy Mitchell bomber points her nose right into flak from the Jap destroyer, holds steady for a moment. There's a roar from her heavy seventy-five millimeter nose cannon, and the destroyer blazes. They've got what it takes, these flying artillery-men -- and so has their cigarette -- Camels -- first with men in all the services, according to actual sales records. Yes, more people want Camel cigarettes. That's why your store may be sold out from time to time. But remember -- Camels are worth asking for again! They've got more flavor, the result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos -- and they keep their flavor, too -- and their cool, slow way of burning, because Camel cigarettes are packed to go around the world! 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 "OKLAHOMA"

PETRIE: In any election for the best musical score of 1943,
Roy Bargy's vote would go to "Oklahoma"..
As proof positive, ^{he plays} ~~here is~~ the title tune..Oklahoma!

ORCH: OKLAHOMA

APPLAUSE

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DURANTE: AND THAT WAS ROY BARGY AND HIS ALL-MALE ORCHESTRA, PLAYING THAT LOVELY OLD BALLAD, "DAISY, DAISY, GIVE ME YOUR ANSWER DO - FOR YOU HAVE A TON OF AN-THRA-CITE AND I AM IN LOVE WITH YOU."....AND SAY, JUNIOR -

MOORE: Yes, Giacimo?

DURANTE: WHAT'S GONNA BE ^(and) YOUR LAST ARTISTIC ENDEAVOR IN 1943?

MOORE: Well, I had thought of giving a brief lecture, entitled "How To Make A Hat Out of Stale Bread, So That You Too Can Go Out With A Bun On."

DURANTE: AN EL-FIN THOUGHT.

~~MOORE: But I discarded that in favor of an even briefer lecture for service men, called "How To Give Your Sergeant A Hot Foot - or Leavenworth, Here I Come!"~~

DURANTE: THAT IS EVEN EL-FIN-ER!

MOORE: Probably so. But I finally decided to really class up the joint by singing a serious song.

DURANTE: I SEE..IN THAT EVENT I SHALL UN-LAX AND LOSE MYSELF IN THE BEAUTIES OF YOUR MELODIC MONOTONE.

ORCH: SNEAK IN MOORE'S INTRO

MOORE: Thank you, *James, you're very kind* and on New Year's Eve, *my friend* what else could I sing but ~~Auld Lang Syne~~.

ORCH: AULD LANG SYNE - (First 8 bars, then fade to b.g.)

MOORE: I adored you passionately, Stella Whangbustle!..Adored you, did I say?..Why, I loved every hair on your dressing table!..I shall never forget the night we met, my love.. I had come home late and forgotten my door-key...I felt something lumpy under the door-mat - I leaned down - peeked under - and there you were, my sweet!...~~Yes, darling~~ there you were..First you cocked your eye at me - then I cocked my eye at you - and for one thrilling moment we were cock-eyed together...Oh, and in one blind second I knew, my dove - I knew that love had kicked me in the teeth.... Oh, how could I help but love you, angel? You were just too-too! Two arms, two legs - two heads!...^{And} Ever so gently I took your hands in mine and pulled you to your feet... How light you were, and dainty too, for a girl of six hundred pounds....And I said to you, "Darling, I love you madly! ~~I worship the ground you walk on and the acre you cover!~~..But can't we be alone? Who are those two people looking over your shoulders?"..Then I looked again ^{and} /it wasn't anyone, darling. It was your ears.....And then I came closer, ^{to you} ~~darling~~. Closer yet, until I could see your lips - those lovely lips; like a couple of busted inner-tubes....And when you smiled, I saw your pearly teeth.. "What sparkling teeth you have," I said. "Do you wash them yourself or send them out?".....~~And I remember how I laughed at that!~~...~~(CHUCKLE)~~..Why did you slug me with that brick?..Oh, we could have been so happy, my love!.. But then -

MOORE: It happened!..We were walking, our eyes aglow, into the rising sun...We didn't know what day it was or if it was hot or cold...Small wonder, then, that we didn't hear those pounding hoof-beats as they thundered down the street.

SOUND: HORSE GALLOPING - (Build under following)

MOORE: Small wonder, then, that we didn't see the milk-wagon as it flew around the corner on two wheels; the horse with flaming eyes, the bit in his teeth, hurling himself upon us!...
"Look out, Stella!" I screamed - "a run-away horse! A run-away horse! Dive for the sidewalk, darling!...(SCREAM)

ORCH: (LAST 8 BARS - BIG FINISH!)

CROWD: APPLAUSE

DURANTE: JUNIOR, THAT WAS THE MOST TERRIFYING SCREAM I EVER HEARD
IN MY LIFE.

Moore: Oh, do you think so, James *Jimmy*?

DURANTE: I KNOW SO! HOW MUCH WOULD YOU CHARGE TO CURDLE A PITCHER
OF CREAM?

MOORE: Not right now, James...Right now there are pleasanter tasks
at hand. The introducing of Georgia Gibbs, for one.

ORCH: SNEAK IN GIBBS' INTRO.

DURANTE: I AGREE *How do you do, Miss Gibbs -* TEE-TOTALLY!

GIBBS: Thank you, gentlemen. I'll say something sweet about you
some day.. Meanwhile, I'd like to nominate a new melody for
1944.. "When They Ask About You"

GIBBS: WHEN THEY ASK ABOUT YOU

APPLAUSE

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

VOICE: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week!. Tonight we salute Marine First Lieutenant Christopher L. Magee, of Chicago, a Corsair pilot in the South Pacific. Flying alone, Lieutenant Magee saw a formation of fifteen Japanese planes attacking American shipping off Vella Lavella. Without hesitating, he attacked the fifteen planes single handed, shot down two, damaged a third, and landed his own fighter safely. In your honor, Marine Lieutenant Christopher Magee, the makers of Camels are sending to Marines in the Pacific three hundred thousand Camel Cigarettes.

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

(APPLAUSE)

ANNCR: *Oh* Each of the four Camel shows ^{we} honors a Yank of the Week, *and* sends three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes overseasa 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

MOORE: And now, as the year comes to a close, the Friday Night Camel Show presents, "A Review of the Highlights of 1943"!

MUSIC: NEWSREEL MARCH....UP AND FADE UNDER

MOORE: Ah, James -- 1943! The 12 months that will go down in history as the year between 1942 and 1944 ^{ad. yco.} / 1943 ^{James,}. A year of trial and error. My Aunt Gussie went on trial for shoplifting, but she was acquitted through an error.

DURANTE: BUT ALAS, 1943 IS NOW WANING FAST ...

MOORE: Yes, James, it is waning ... it is waning ... it is waning. Gad, if it doesn't stop waning soon, I'll go cwazy!

DURANTE: 1943! THE YEAR I HAD ^{the} DILEMMA OF MY LOVE LIFE. I MET A GIRL AT THE BEACH ... HOW DID I KNOW SHE WAS A GIRL? SHE WAS WEARING A TOP TO HER BATHING SUIT.. ANYWAY WE GETS PLAYFUL AND SHE BURIES ME IN THE SAND. IT'S JUNE ... THE MONTH OF ROMANCE.

MOORE: What happened, Jimmy?

DURANTE: ON SEPTEMBER 15TH I SAYS TO MYSELF, "IF SHE DON'T DIG ME OUT BY OCTOBER, OUR ENGAGEMENT IS OFF!"

MOORE: A heart-rending story ... But come, it's time to present a cavalcade of the momentous events of the year 1943 ...

MUSIC: NEWSREEL MARCH.....FADE UNDER AND OUT.

PETRIE: (MARCH OF TIME STYLE) The radio Highlights of 1943!
Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante begin work together on the
Camel Program. Just before the first broadcast, we find
the two stars of our show in earnest conversation.

DURANTE: (EXCITEDLY) MR,MOORE, THIS IS GONNA BE A GREAT PROGRAM
BUT TELL ME WHO'S OUR SPONSOR?

MOORE: Why, Camel cigarettes, Mr.Durante. Camels stay fresh because
they're packed to go around the world.

DURANTE: CAMELS! HOW DO YOU SPELL ^{it} ~~THAT~~?

MOORE: It's ^{very} s/ample. C as in canteloupe..... A as in apple:..... M
as in melon..... E as in elderberry.... L as in limes....
and S as in strawberries! Put 'em all together and what
have you got.

DURANTE; A FRUIT SALAD!----- A FINE THING TO SMOKE.

PERIE: (ON CUE) Scientific Highlight of 1943.

MUSIC: NEWSREEL MARCH.....UP AND DOWN.

PERIE: Garry Moore, the poor man's Edison finds the answer to
one of mankinds oldest problems" "hy does a faucet drip?"

DURANTE: TELL ME DR. MOORE WHY DOES A FAUCET DRIP?

MOORE: Because it can't go. (sniff)

PETRIE: (ON CUE) The meat-rationing highlight of 1943.

MUSIC: NEWSREEL MARCH.....UP AND DOWN.

PETRIE The scene- the butcher shop of Durante and Moore.

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

TOODLES: Well, smother me with onions and call me a T-bone!
Hiya Butch.

DURANTE: MAKE FOR THE ICE BOX, MEN! A SIDE OF BEEF JUST WALKED
OFF THE MEAT-HOOK.

TOODLES: Pipe down, banana beak. I've got a complaint to make.

m/f

MOORE: A complaint, Mrs. Plinbargle? Let's have it.

TOODLES: ^{ply} Yesterday I bought a pound of hamburger..... and I found
it full of pieces of blue and gold silk.

MOORE: Pieces of blue and gold silk! Mr. Durante, how do you
account for that? Do you think.....?

DURANTE: YES. WE MUST'VE GROUND UP THE JOCKEY, TOO!

PETRIE: (IN CUE) Prophetic Highlights of 1943!

MUSIC: NEWSREEL MARCH.....UP, UNDER AND OUT.

MOORE: As 1943 draws to a reluctant close, the Camel Program
presents a dramatic forecast for 1944.

PETRIE: Stand back! Stand back do you hear me. I'm gonna
jump, I'm gonna jump. *Stand back, I'm gonna jump.*

DURANTE: WHY ARE YOU GONNA JUMP.

PETRIE: Because it's leap year.

MUSIC: NEWSREEL MARCH..... UP, UNDER AND OUT.

m/f

PETRIE: The Gasoline Highlight of 1943! Motorists everywhere were forced to curtail pleasure driving - but here's what happened when Garry Moore's wealthy uncle died and left him 500 gallons of gas...

DURANTE: 500 GALLONS OF GAS! IF I HAD ALL THAT GASOLINE I'D DRIVE TO YELLOWSTONE PARK AND LOOK AT THE BEAUTIFUL SCENERY.

MOORE: *James*
Oh I love scenery too! I'm going to drive to Ann Sheridan's house and peek in the window.

DURANTE: ANN SHERIDAN! WHAT KIND OF SCENERY HAS SHE GOT?

MOORE: He's such a child isn't he?

MUSIC:
 PETRIE: (ON CUE) The Real Estate Highlight of 1943!

~~PETRIE:~~
 MUSIC: NEWSREEL MARCH...UP, UNDER AND OUT

MOORE: Jimmy Durante returns to Hollywood, reopens his ancestral home and is interviewed by reporter from Home and Garden.

HOPE: *Oh,* Your home is the talk of Hollywood, Mr. Durante, will you tell me something about it?

DURANTE: *With alacrity - -*
 YOU WOULDN'T CALL IT A HACIENDA, YOU WOULDN'T CALL IT A SHAT-TOW, NOR WOULD YOU CALL IT A WIG-WAM. IT HAS BEEN REFERRED TO AS THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

HOPE: *Oh how exciting!*
~~That's~~ interesting. Tell me more.

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DURANTE: WELL, IT HAS FOUR SLEEPING PORCHES (ONE OF THEM IS
WAKING UP NOW) ~~TWO DRAWING ROOMS~~, A CONVERSATORY, A
SALARIUM AND A TRIANGULAR PATIO WITH BARBECUE PIT
TO MATCH. BUT THE ^{*most beautiful room in the whole house*} ~~APPLE OF MY EYE~~ IS THE BATHROOM.
I GOT MY INITIALS ~~ETCHED~~ ON THE MIRROR, MY INITIALS
~~CARVED~~ ON THE SOAP, ~~AND~~ MY INITIALS ~~EMBROIDERED~~ ON THE
TOWELS, AND IF THINGS GO GOOD NEXT YEAR...

HOPE: Yes?

DURANTE: I'M GONNA PUT IN A BATHTUB!

MUSIC: NEWSREEL MARCH...OUT TO FINISH...

MOORE: Ah, those were only a few of the lower highlights of 1943
.. and now, as a fitting tribute to a glorious 44 .. our
new year song ... *Jimmy James,* the pitch-pipe, please.

SOUND: PITCH PIPE

DURANTE: (PITCH) What a tone.

MUSIC: SOFT OBLIGATO IN B.G.

DURANTE: (SINGS TO "MOTHER") *now* N IS FOR THE KNOWLEDGE WE HAVE BRUNG YOU

MOORE: *Yes and* E is for the eggs that have been flung -

DURANTE: W IS NOT FOR WALLA WALLA BECAUSE IT ONLY HAS ONE W.

MOORE: *Correct!* Y is for "Why haven't we been hung?"

DURANTE: Unquote. E IS FOR THE EXITS WHICH ARE HANDY

MOORE: *yes, James, and* A and R both stand for something, too -

Durante: I wonder what it is!
Moore: Put them all together, they spell ...

DURANTE: DON'T TELL ME. I'LL FIGURE IT OUT! *myself* N-E-W Y-E-A-R ...

I GOT IT! (SINGS) PUT THEM ALL TOGETHER, THEY SPELL NEW
YORK .. A TOWN THAT MEANS LA GUARDIA TO ME ... SO ...

(SEGUE TO ...)

MUSIC: WHO WILL BE WITH YOU

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mjs

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 magnificent note, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: AN ADORABLE NOTE, MR. MOORE.

MOORE: Well, Jimmy, the clock is ticking fast. This is your last
chance to make a resolution.

DURANTE: I ~~HA~~VE TAKEN CARE OF THAT, JUNIOR. I ~~HA~~VE RESOLVED NOT TO
STAY OUT LATE AT NIGHT....NOT TO KISS GIRLS, AND NOT ²/EVEN
~~TO~~ LOOK AT GIRLS. YES SIR, 1944, WILL SEE THE NEW JIMMY
DURANTE!

MOORE: But suppose you meet Hedy Lamarr?

DURANTE: THEN 1944 WILL SEE THE OLD JIMMY DURANTE....AND WHAT ARE
YOUR PLANS FOR TONIGHT, ~~JUNIOR~~ *Mr. Moore?*

MOORE: I, James, have a rendezvous with the loveliest girl in the
world. We'll go to an intimate little bistro where we
shall partake of a cold bottle and a bird. ^{and} While the embers
are burning and the candles are flickering, I shall inhale
the fragrance of her lovely hair, the clock will strike
twelve and I shall draw her close to me and whisper into
her shell-like ear....I'll whisper....

DURANTE: (SOFTLY) YES?

MOORE: (VERY LOUD) HAPPY NEW YEAR!

But seriously though, Jimmy, we're standing here on the eve of what all of us are hoping will be a brighter, happier and triumphant 1944. I'm sure all the members of our studio audience here tonight would like to join the makers of Camel Cigarettes in sending greetings via short wave to all our fighting men and women abroad who at this very moment are indeed fighting to give this world a happy new year.

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT.

MOORE: So come on, folks....

AUDIENCE: HAPPY NEW YEAR!.....

DURANTE: AND THAT WAS THE FOLKS BACK HOME WHO SAID THAT!

Bob APPLAUSE
MOORE: *Happy New Year, Jimmy -- Happy New Year, Garry.*
~~Good night and~~ Happy New Year, Folks. *(to everybody)*

MUSIC: CAMEL THEME

PETRIE: And a Happy New Year Greeting from the entire Camel Radio Family - Blondie, Abbott and Costello, Bob Hawk, ^{the stars of our show,} and Garry Moore - Jimmy Durante who'll be with you next Friday nite at this same time!

ORCH: (THEME UP)

(APPLAUSE)

(BOARD FADE)

(SWITCH TO STUDIO SIX FOR HITCH HIKE)

51454 4674

(IN STUDIO 6)

JEWETT:

More pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the whole world! Find out about P.A.'s Pipe Appeal for yourself! Just get a big red two ounce package of Prince Albert -- holds around fifty rich-tasting, swell-smoking pipefuls. You know, Prince Albert's no-bite treated, to give you cool, gentle, tongue-happy smoking comfort -- and it's crimp cut, too, to pack and burn and draw just right! 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

51454 4675

ems