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WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

AS
REVISED
BROADCAST

Mester - 1/18 - W

CBS NETWORK

FRIDAY, JANUARY 14, 1944

PROGRAM NUMBER #43

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

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mjs

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM" - No. 43

FRIDAY, JANUARY 14, 1944

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)

ORCH: (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...³⁾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) RD

PETRIE: And now, dear friends, on this fortunate Friday the 14th, we bring you a young man whom no self-respecting 8-ball would be found in front of -- the co-star of our show, Garry Moore.

(APPLAUSE)

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mjs

MOORE: Well, thank you...thank you VERY much, my friends, and good evening, Ladies and gentlemen...And I'm awfully sorry, Howard, that you chose this evening to pick on me. Just when I'm so worried and everything.

PETRIE: Worried? About what?

MOORE: I'm worried about the movies, Howard...Alice Faye is retiring to become a mother. Betty Grable is retiring to be come a mother. ~~And~~ ^T Today I heard Mickey Rooney is retiring. You don't suppose that he's gonna become a -- oh, but ~~that's just silly~~...he isn't even married,

PETRIE: Well, Garry, I don't see why you worry about the movies. They don't seem to worry about YOU.

MOORE: Ah, but they will, my friend. I have just started taking *course - P. How's that again? M. A course. P. Yes. M. The same thing as a course* a course/ in motion picture acting...Get a load of this -- *only with a Russian director* "To be or not to be" -- light green..."Tommorrow and to tomorrow and tomorrow" -- dark purple..."Friends, Romans, Countrymen - lend me your ears" -- yellow.

PETRIE: What was that?

MOORE: Shakespeare in technicolor., I've got a vermillion of 'em... Ah, Shakespeare! You take that line from the Merchant of Venice, about the pound of flesh. Three hundred times this week I've said that line. *you know -* that makes three hundred pounds of flesh!

HOPE: Did someone call me?

cgh

MOORE: Well, if it isn't my dainty little secretary, Toodles Bongshnook...What's new around the block - buster?

HOPE: Oh, I'm so excited, Mr. Moore. On the way over here, six sailors tried to pick me up.

MOORE: Yuh don't say! ^{Why} I thought it would take at least ten sailors to pick you up...But I will say, Ladies, ^{of the listening audience} that Miss Bongshnook looks simply ravishing tonite, as she stands here in a lovely gown of unfinished burlap.....It's ^{really} charming.

HOPE: Mister Moore! This gown was designed especially for me by that great designer, Sloperelli Fink.

MOORE: Sloperelli Fink, eh? ...What does he call that creation?

HOPE: He calls it "A Back Yard in Brooklyn".

MOORE: Back-yard in Brooklyn.....Where did he find the material?

HOPE: In a back yard in Brooklyn.

MOORE: I might have known...But let's get down to the letters of the week. What came in the mail, truck? ... I mean what came in the mail-truck? ^{Sub!}

HOPE: Well, here's a letter from Mr. O. Otis Tinklefuss of Back Tooth, Wyoming. ^{Mr. Oh yes!} He wants to know what is the secret of your success with women.

cgh

MOORE: My success with women? Hawwwwww...Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Tinklefuss, the first thing I do is send all my girls a stick of garlic-flavored lipstick.

HOPE: Garlic-flavored? What for?

MOORE: Well, when we're alone in the dark, *and I can't find her lips* I just inhale and come in on the beam...~~oh~~, it's great.... But the quickest way to a woman's heart is to ply her with gifts...Why, on my girl's last birthday I sent her a quart bottle of perfume.

HOPE: A quart bottle. But that's so extravagant. I'm sure a dram would have been plenty.

MOORE: *Well* Maybe ^{so} but I'm the sort of fellow who just doesn't give a dram! ...So to you, Mr. Tinklefuss.... *I would just like to -*

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS

MOORE: Oh, excuse me, folks.....

SOUND: PHONE UP

cgh

MOORE: Hello.....

DURANTE: HELLO, JUNIOR - THIS IS JIMMY!

MOORE: Jimmy, you're late. Where are you?

DURANTE: I JUST ATE A BOX OF CRACKERJACKS AND I SWALLOWED THE WHISTLE!

MOORE: Well, so what?

DURANTE: SO COME AND GET ME. EVERYTIME SOMEBODY HITS ME ON THE BACK A BLONDE TURNS AROUND!

MUSIC: (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! I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THAT BAND! THE GUY ON THE CELLO AINT MELLOW....THE GUY ON THE HARP AINT SHARP...AND THE GUY ON THE DRUM'S A BUN!!

MOORE: *Oh boy, you sound full of the old stiff tongue!*
~~James, I detect a gleam in your eye and a note of triumph in your voice tonight.~~

DURANTE: AND FOR A MIGHTY GOOD REASON, JUNIOR. WHEN IT COMES TO THE LADIES I'M A REGULAR CASANOVA! LAST NIGHT I WAS OUT WITH A WAVE AND THEN I SAW A BEAUTIFUL WAC, SO I WAVED AT THE WAC, AND A TERRIBLE THING HAPPENED.

MOORE: What?

DURANTE: I GOT A WAVE FROM THE WAC BUT I GOT A WACK FROM THE WAVE.
THAT'S THE CONDITIONS THAT PREVAIL.

MOORE: I'm sorry to hear that, *James*.

DURANTE: ME TOO. BUT THAT'S NEITHER JOHN, CHARLES NOR THOMAS...
THE OTHER NIGHT I WAS BUSY TAKING CARE OF MY PEDIGREED DOGS.
I'D JUST FINISHED WATERING THE SPANIAL AND PINCHING THE
DOBERMAN, WHEN THE TELEPHONE TINKLED.

MOORE: Who caused the telephone to tinkle, James?

DURANTE: IT WAS ELLIER DAVIS CALLING FROM WASHINGTON. I SAID,
"HELLO CHUM" AND HE SAID, "HELLO CHUMP" (YOU SEE HE TALKS
MORE DISTINCTLY THAN I DO) .. HE INSISTS THAT I COORDINATE
THE NEWSPAPERS OF THE NATION AND HE WANTED ME TO LEAVE
FOR WASHINGTON IMMEDIATELY.

MOORE: Oh, they run you ragged, don't they?

DURANTE: CON-SICE-LY (IF I MAY USE THE ~~P~~^{*Pl*}URAL) *W. Go ahead* I DASHED RIGHT
DOWN TO PENN STATION AND BOUGHT MYSELF A HALF FARE TICKET.

MOORE: Jimmy -- how could they let you buy a half fare ticket?

DURANTE: CAUSE I WAS WEARING MY SHORTS ON THE OUTSIDE!!...SO I
HOPPED ON THE CONGRESSIONAL LIMITED. AND BEING LOWER
THAN A CONGRESSMAN NATURALLY I SLEPT IN AN UPPER. WITHOUT
PORTFOLIO, OF COURSE.

MOORE: Tell me, Jimmy - are the trains as crowded as people say?

cgh

DURANTE: ARE THEY CROWDED! WHY I HADDA SHARE MY UPPER BERTH
WITH THE WHOLE CREW OF A FLYING FORTRESS. / *What a night!* I DIDN'T GET
A WINK OF SLEEP.

MOORE: *Well* What happened?

DURANTE: WELL, I DIDN'T MIND WHEN THE PILOT STARTED SPINNING MY
NOSE AND YELLED CONTACT...I DIDN'T MIND WHEN THE NAVIGATOR
MADE CHARTS ON MY CHEST....BUT WHEN THE BOMBARDIER YELLED
"BOMB AWAY" AND DROPPED ME OUT OF THE BERTH, THAT'S
WHEN I ~~GET MAD!~~ *blew up!*

MOORE: Well, James, you couldn't have given birth to a nicer
bunch of boys....Ha ha.

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT.....WELL, I FINALLY GOT TO
WASHINGTON. AND AS I MOUNTED THE STEPS TO THE WHITE
HOUSE WHAT AN OVATION I GOT. WHEN ELMER DAVIS FINALLY
QUIETED THE CROWD HE SAID, "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I
WANT YOU TO MEET JIMMY DURANTE WHO HAS JUST BEEN MADE
A DOLLAR A YEAR MAN!" THEN I MADE A SPEECH.

MOORE: What happened?

DURANTE: THEY CUT MY SALARY!! THAT'S POLITICS. *for you* BUT THAT DIDN'T
STOP ME I SOON GOT STARTED AS CO-ORDINATOR OF THE
NEWSPAPER INDUSTRY.

MOORE: *Oh* I take it then that you *must* have a nose for news.

DURANTE: I NOT ONLY GOT A NOSE FOR NEWS -- I GOT ENOUGH LEFT OVER FOR THE TIMES AND TRIBUNE!!... WHY, I'VE ALWAYS BEEN ASSOCIATED WITH NEWSPAPERS, ^{Junior. And} AS A MATTER OF FACT, AT ONE TIME I OWNED MY OWN NEWSPAPER, BUT I SOLD IT.

MOORE: How much did you get for it?

DURANTE: THREE CENTS.

MOORE: The tax on that transaction must have been tremendous.

DURANTE: ^{Indubitably.} INDUBITABLY, JUNIOR. / NOW TO RETURN TO MY SUBJECT. WITH MY PRESS CARD IN MY HAT, I DASHED OVER TO THE CAPITOL FOR THE OPENING OF CONGRESS. WHAT EXCITEMENT! ONE CONGRESSMAN SAID, " I VOTE 20 BILLION DOLLARS FOR THE ARMY!" ANOTHER CONGRESSMAN SAID, "I VOTE 35 BILLION FOR THE NAVY!" ANOTHER SAID, "I VOTE 60 BILLION ^{dollars} FOR LEND LEASE!" AND THEN THERE WAS A BIG COMMOTION.

MOORE: What happened?

DURANTE: THE NEXT CONGRESSMAN YELLED, "I JUST DROPPED A NICKEL AND NOBODY LEAVES THE JOINT TILL I FIND IT!!"

MOORE: I'm glad at least you made your carfare...

DURANTE: ^{M: He might.} QUIET, MORGENTHAU MAY BE LISTENING IN. / BUT TO PROCEED. I WAS ON MY WAY BACK TO THE NEWSPAPER, AND I LOOKED INTO A BASEMENT WINDOW RIGHT NEXT TO THE U.S. MINT, AND WHAT DO YOU THINK I SAW? ^{M: What!} I SAW A ONE DOLLAR BILL, UMBRIAGO, A TWO DOLLAR BILL, UMBRIAGO..A THREE DOLLAR BILL AND UMBRIAGO!

MOORE: A three dollar bill and Umbriago? But, James, there's no such thing as a three dollar bill. cc

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DURANTE: THAT'S WHAT I TOLD UMBRIAGO WHEN THEY PUT HIM ON THE TRAIN FOR ALCATRAZ!!!!.....

MOORE: *Oh - will you forget Umbriago - what about*
~~I don't like to interrupt your train of thought James -~~
~~but let's get back to the newspaper business.~~

DURANTE: YOU ARE THE TEN-AY-SHUS ONE, JUNIOR - BUT I'LL
M: Thank you.
ACK-WE-ESS. / THE FIRST THING I DID WAS TO RUSH OVER
(make change) / *M: Same thing.*
TO THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE TO TAKE CHARGE. / JUST AS I WALKED
IN THEY WERE GETTING OUT A WAR EXTRA AND BY MISTAKE I
BACKED INTO ONE OF THE PRESSES.

MOORE: *You* Backed into a press? I'll bet you were covered with headlines *from head & foot!*

DURANTE: WAS I? JUNIOR ON MY RIGHT SIDE THE BRITISH WERE PREPARING FOR THE INVASION - ON MY LEFT SIDE THE AMERICANS WERE FLYING OVER ITALY - ON MY STOMACH, THE RUSSIANS WERE ADVANCING TO THE FRONT, AND WHEN I TURNED AROUND.

MOORE: Yes?

DURANTE: THE GERMANS WERE RETREATING TO THE REAR! NOW YOU KNOW THAT YOU CAN'T GO WRONG.....

ORCH: PLAYOFF

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MOORE: *Oh* Thank you, Jimmy. There was wisdom in your words and for further words of wondrous wisdom -- Howard Petrie.

PETRIE: Quietly the jungle growth parts and a big dog slips through followed by a Marine with a tommy gun and a load of grenades. They've got what it takes, these Jap-hunting Marine dog handlers and so has their cigarette -- Camels-- first with all the services, according to actual sales records. Both at home and overseas, more people want Camel cigarettes, Try tomorrow if your store's sold out today -- because Camels are worth asking for again! They always have more flavor, the result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos. And 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!

PERRIE: Camel cigarettes! Camel's tobacco standard is the same for soldier, for civilian, anywhere in the world:

Intro to
ORCH: "LOVE ISN'T BORN"

10³⁰

APPLAUSE

PETRIE: We don't know what Confucius say, ^{but} ~~and care less about Freud~~
~~on Freud.~~ For our philosophy we turn to Roy Bary^{and his orchestra}, whose
conviction is that "Love Isn't Born, It's Made." 10⁴⁵

ORCH: LOVE ISN'T BORN

APPLAUSE

12⁵⁰

cgh

DURANTE: AND THAT WAS ROY BARGY AND HIS ORCHESTRA PLAYING
"LOVE ISN'T BORN". BUT AT THIS MOMENT THAT IS OF
THE UTMOST INCONSEQUENCIALNESS..... *M: Not even close.* FOR RIGHT NOW
WE ARE CONCERNED WITH GARRY MOORE AND HIS CULTURE
CORNER.

MOORE: Thank you, James..... *you know* ~~and~~ I just got a phone-call from
a lady in Larchmont who can't pay her electric bill,
and they're cutting her current off any minute, SO, she's
asked ~~wants~~ us to do as much of our program as possible
before her radio goes dead.

DURANTE: WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE, JUNIOR. START TALKING

MOORE: I will James, just as fast as I can -- the story of
Little Red Riding Hood.
WELL, once upon a time there was a little girl who
lived with her mother in a little teeny house on the
edge of the woods..... And the name of this girl was
little Red Riding Hood..... I don't know why people
usta call her that, except that *that* ~~is~~ what she wore and
naturally if you go around wearing that, people are
almost bound to call you little Red Riding Hood.

(MORE)

MOORE:
(CONT)

Well, one day her mother said to her, "RED" - she said-
"RED! Your grandmother is lying in bed in her little
house on the other side of the woods with a broken arm..
Last night she was celebrating her 93rd birthday, and
she slipped on a ^{beer bottle} ~~rock~~ and broke her arm... Now I have
fixed up a very nice basket of goodies for you to take
your grandmaw!.. And Little Red Riding Hood said, "What's
in the basket, Ma, huh? What's in the basket, huh?"...
And her mother said, "Oh, not much in the basket.. Just
an apple, an orange, a lemon, a lime, a pickle, a pie,
a pound of steak, a begel, a bun and a box of beans,
a carrot, a cake and a can or corn, a herring, a hog, a
hatful of hash and fourteen doses of bicarbonate of
soda.".... "NOW RED," she said, ^{now Red -} "YOU TAKE THIS BASKET
TO YOUR GRANDMAW'S HOUSE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WOODS,
BUT DON'T GO THROUGH THE WOODS....TAKE THE BUS!".. Well,
you know how a kid is about a thing like that. They
don't pay any attention to what their mother says...
"BUS-SMUSH, WHO TAKES THE BUS?"... SO, off she goes,
WALKING THROUGH the woods.... Well, it's a very pretty
day, the sun is shining, ~~the world is bright, and~~ ^{she} ~~went~~
~~walking through the woods!~~... When all of a sudden, she
hears a terrible cry - (WOLF HOWL)... And what do you
think hops out of the bushes? What do you think hops
out? A WOLF! A GREAT BIG NASTY WOLF!...HAWWWWWWWWWWWW!

(MORE)

MOORE:
CON'T:

And the wolf said, "What have you got in the basket, ~~what~~? What have you got in the basket?" And she said-
"Whatta you care what I got in the basket? An apple, an orange, a lemon, a lime, a pickle, a pie, a pound of steak, a begel, a bun and a box of beans, a carrot, a cake and a can of corn, a herring, a hog and a hatful of hash and NONE OF YOUR BIG FAT BUSINESS!"

Well, So what does the wolf do but take a short-cut through the woods and beats Red Riding Hood to her Grandmaw's house.... And before you could say Boo, he breaks into the house and (ROAR) - he eats Grandmaw all up..... HIC..... Excuse me.... Then what does he do, this big bad wolf? He puts ALL OF GRANDMAW'S CLOTHES ON..... And believe it or not, he looks JUST LIKE GRANDMAW- LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE GRANDMAW - THEY BOTH NEEDED A SHAVE..... And he no sooner gets into the bed than who does he hear coming but Red Riding Hood... She walks up to the grandmaw's house, she knocks on the door (KANOCK, KANOCK, KANOCK) - the wolf says come in, and she goes in... She says, "Hi-yuh, Granmaw - how's the kid?" ... The wolf says, "Just fine - what'cha got in the basket?" "EE-GAD says Red, "I got an apple, an orange, a lemon, a lime, a pickle, a pie, a pound of steak, a begel, a bun and a box of beans, a carrot, a cake and a can of corn, a herring, a hog and a hatful of hash AND I HOPE YOU CHOKE ON THE STUFF.".

.....

(MORE)

M/F

MOORE:
CON'T:

And just then she begins to notice something funny,
and she says to the wolf, "JEEPERS, CREEPERS, WHAT BIG
PEEPERS, GRANMAW?" and the wolf says, "BDUHHHHH, THE
BETTER TO SEE YOU WITH, MY DEAR."..... And Red says,
"AND GET A LOAD OF THOSE EARS - HAVE YOU BEEN FRIGHTENED
BY A HELICOPTER?!"..... And the wolf says, "BDUHHHHHHH...
BETTER TO ^(See) HEAR YOU WITH MY DEAR..."..... "YEAH, BUT
GET A LOAD OF THOSE TEETH," says Red..... And with that,
the wolf hops out of bed and yells "THE BETTER TO EAT
YOU WITH MY DEAR...HAWWWWWWWWWW!" And then the action
really starts!.....Round and round and round, the
wolf is chasing Red.... (CHASE MUSIC)....HELP! HELP!
HELP!.....(PANTING)...HELP! HELP! ~~HELP!~~ (PANTING)
..... And out in the woods there is a great big
woodsman - A GREAT BIG WOODSMAN WHO IS SAWING DOWN
TREES.....(SAW NOISES)..... And when he hears Red
yelling he picks up his axe, runs into the house
and CRONK! HE LEAVES THE WOLF HAVE ONE- RIGHT, IN THE
KISSER".....(SPRING SONG)... "My hero" screams Red!
"My hero. will you marry me?!"..... And the woodsman
says "I'd love to marry you, Red, my dear, but before
I do ^(you) I must ask you one question...." "ANYTHING",
says Red, "ASK ME ANYTHING YOU WANT!".... And the
woodsman says "OKAY, SISTER * WHADDAYUH GOT IN THE
BASKET?....."

(MORE)

MOORE:
(CONT)

SHE SAYS, "I GOT AN APPLE, AN ORANGE, A LEMON, A LIME,
A PICKLE, A PIE, A POUND OF STEAK, A BEGEL, A BUN AND
A BOX OF BEANS, A CARROT, A CAKE, AND A CAN OF CORN,
~~A HERRING, A HOG, AND~~ AWWWWW NUTS! LET IT GO! ...

So she goes back home, settles down, becomes an old
maid, lives happily ever after - AND THAT IS THE STORY
OF LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD!

ORCH: PLAY-OFF

(APPLAUSE)

None: Thank you, very much.

16^c

DURANTE: *put that on paper for me, will you!*
JUNIOR, I'M POSITIVELY AGOG WITH STUPEFACATION!

MOORE: Did you like it, James?

DURANTE: WHY IF I TRIED THAT MY TONSILS WOULDN'T BE SPEAKING TO MY ADENOIDS!

MOORE: Why, there's nothing to it, chum...Here now - you introduce Georgia Gibbs, the same way I told the story.

DURANTE: ~~WELL~~...ALL RIGHT...(FAST) AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, GEORGIA GIBBS, THE VOICE OF SPRING (HIC! EXCUSE ME!) THE LITTLE GIRL WHO'S THE IDOL OF THE WOLVES (WOLF CALL), ^{and} ~~WILL~~ ^{she} NOW SING A SONG ~~ENTITLED~~ -- (BREAK) IT'S NO USE, JUNIOR, I CAN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD ~~I SAID~~ *she's saying...*

MOORE: Well, that's too bad.

ORCH: START GIBBS INTRO

GEORGIA: It certainly is, gentlemen, 'cause I could use a good introduction for a fine new arrangement. *Duke Ellington's* ~~The name of~~ *beautiful melody* ~~the song~~ - "DO NOTHING TILL YOU HEAR FROM ME."

Durante:
~~MOORE:~~ And Georgia Gibbs sings. *1653*

GIBBS: DO NOTHING TILL YOU HEAR FROM ME,

(APPLAUSE)

1935

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

LUTHER: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week: Tonight we salute Captain John Maye, of West Point, New York, whose job was to take heavily defended Japanese pillboxes on Bougainville. In spite of enemy fire, he climbed on top of a pillbox, placed a charge of TNT on it, and set it off, killing two of the enemy. Continuing this TNT attack two more times, he wiped out the Jap post, destroying at least ten enemy soldiers. In your honor, Captain John Maye, the makers of Camels are sending to our soldiers overseas three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes:

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

APPLAUSE

20"

PETRIE: 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 half million Yanks with free shows and free Camels.

ORCH: PLAY OFF

20"

MOORE: And now, the Friday Night Camel Show brings you a play about night-clubs, entitled, "The Strip-Tease Dancer B_ecked Into a Hot Radiator"..... or... "My How They H_issed H_er When They Saw Her Blister!". Now, Jimmy, in this play, you and I operate a night club. Do you ever go to night-clubs?

DURANTE: SEMI- AN-NUAL-~~XX~~ - TWICE A WEEK. *M. J. see.* LAST WEEK
I DROPPED IN TO A FANCY JOINT UP TOWN..... AND BOY,
DID I GET A KICK OUT OF HEARING SPIKE JONES AND HIS
ALL-GIRL ORCHESTRA.

MOORE: JIMMY! Spike Jones has no girls in his orchestra.

DURANTE: HE HASN'T? NO WONDER THEY LAUGHED WHEN I PROPOSED TO THE
TROMBONE PLAYER!

MOORE: A fanciful story, and delightfully dröll... but come...
we must see how things are going at our night-club.

MUSIC: BRIDGE.

SOUND: TELEPHONE BELL.... RECEIVER UP.

MOORE: Hello.... Durante and Moore's night-club.... no cover,
no minimum, no ventilation.

WOMAN : (FILTER) M_r. Moore I want to make a reservation at your
night-club for ~~twenty~~-three people. But I want to make
sure your place is clean.

MOORE: ^{Clean?} ~~Is it?~~ Why our night-club is so clean you can eat
off the floor.

WOMAN: Really?

MOORE: Yeah, but stay away from the tables ... they're a mess.

SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN.

MOORE: Now, let's see.. I've got to

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

DURANTE: GET ME A CHAIR ... GET ME A CHAISE LOUNGE. I'M A
VERTICAL WRECK. THIS NIGHT CLUB IS SAPPING MY STAMINA.

MOORE: Mmm ... my palpitating partner is pooped. Jimmy, a big
party is coming down tonight. I want the place to
look spic and span.

DURANTE: DON'T WORRY, JUNIOR, I'VE GOT THE PLACE SPIC AND SPAN,
AND GRIMEY TOO. I PUT EVERYBODY TO WORK WITH SOAP
AND A SCRUBBING BRUSH. THEY'RE SCRUBBING THE DISHES,
THEY'RE SCRUBBING THE SILVER, THEY'RE SCRUBBING THE
TABLES, ... EVERYTHING IS BEING SCRUBBED.

WOMAN: (OFF .. HYSTERICAL LAUGH)

MOORE: What was that?

DURANTE: THEY'RE SCRUBBING THE CASHIER.

MOORE: Well, I had a busy day, too, Jimmy. The trained seal in the floor-show broke into the office and swallowed my ration book...I had a tough time getting it back.

DURANTE: I HOPE YOU DIDN'T HURT HIM.

MOORE: No - only where he used to have a flipper - now he's got a zipper. It's quite a job, running a night-club.

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK.

MOORE: Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

PETRIE: Gentlemen, I've got a sensational feature for your floorshow?

MOORE: You have?

PETRIE: Yes -- My wife and I do an adagio dance. I throw my wife thirty feet up in the air and I catch her, blindfolded.

MOORE: Why blindfolded?

PETRIE: I can't stand the sight of her in pink tights!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM.

DURANTE: EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT! WHY I GOT A GOOD MIND TO GIVE UP THIS JOINT AND GO BACK TO HARVARD MEDICAL SCHOOL.... AS EXHIBIT "A".

MOORE: You really should.

- 20 - A

TOODLES: Well, snap my picture and call me negative! H'ya, boys!

DURANTE: ALL HANDS ON DECK, MEN!! A SUBMARINE JUST BROKE SURFACE!

(MORE)

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TOODLES: Pipe down, salami-snoot. / *Oh, he!* I am Mrs. Chilton B. Tilton, and you must give me the best table in the club. I am one of the carriage trade.

MOORE: Carriage trade? Well, sit down...you look like you've been pulling a heavy one.

TOODLES: That's enough out of you, bubble-brain. / *Oh, he!* Now, I'm warning you - my friends and I will walk out of here if your floor-show isn't absolutely wonderful.

DURANTE: WONDERFUL? WHY IT'S COLLOSSIAL. WAIT'LL YOU SEE UMBRIAGO DO HIS ACT. HE LAYS DOWN ON THE FLOOR AND 25 MEN STAND ON HIS CHEST. ON EACH OF HIS FEET, AN ASSISTANT GIVES HIM A HOT-FOOT WITH A BLOW-TORCH. ANOTHER ASSISTANT HITS HIM ON THE HEAD WITH A BIG SLEDGE-HAMMER...AND ALL THROUGH THE ACT UMBRIAGO KEEPS TALKING.

TOODLES: What does Umbriago say?

DURANTE: THERE MUST BE AN EASIER WAY TO MAKE A LIVING!

MOORE: Don't ^{you} worry, Mrs. T... we'll give you plenty of entertainment... and after the show is over, I'm going to ask you to dance with me.

TOODLES: Oh, that'll be nice.

MOORE: Yes, you and I shall trip the light fantastic.. That is to say...I'm light, and you're... well, let the frivolity begin!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

DURANTE: (WORRIED) JUNIOR, ^{are we} ~~WE'RE~~ IN A JAM. WE GOT NO FLOOR SHOW. UMBRIAGO DIDN'T SHOW UP.

MOORE: Yeah. And the fan-dancer quit. She said her dressing room was like an ice-box.

DURANTE: WHICH DRESSING ROOM DID YOU GIVE HER?

MOORE: The one down at the end of the hall.

DURANTE: JUNIOR, THAT IS THE ICE-BOX!

MOORE: So that's why the light went out every time we closed the door. *I was wondering ...*

TOODLES: All right...all right...how about the floor show.

DURANTE: JUNIOR, WE'RE IN TROUBLE. YOU GOTTA GET OUT THERE AND DO SOMETHING TO ENTERTAIN THE CUSTOMERS.

MOORE: *Hell* All right, Jimmy. Here I go.

MUSIC: ENTRANCE CHORD.

MOORE: Well, good evening, soaks -- er -- folks, it's nice to see you all here. I was just fixing a leaky faucet... ~~and~~ that's why I look like a drip. (BIG PROP LAUGH)
Would you like to hear some funny stories? Well, stop me if you heard this one. Once there were two men named Pat and Mike....

MAN: Stop!

MOORE: (PROP LAUGH) You've heard that one, huh. Well, I just had a visit from my mother-in-law....

PETRIE: Stop!

MOORE: (PROP LAUGH) Heard that one, too, huh.. *It* seems that a traveling salesman took a farmer's daughter out for a ride in his car -- no stop? Good! -- and as they parked on a lonely road, the farmer's daughter said...

TOODLES: Stop!

MOORE: Pardon me, Lucy, didn't see you sitting there. Well, I could keep you laughing like this for hours, ^{friends} but now I give you that king of crooners, accompanying himself at the piano... "Bing" Durante.

MUSIC: PIANO ARPEGGIO...ENDING WITH FLAT NOTE.

DURANTE: THE BENCH IS OUT OF TUNE. BUT HERE I GO IRREGARDLESS...
(SINGS AND PLAYS) WON'T YOU TELL ME WHEN...WE WILL MEET AGAIN... SUNDAY, MONDAY OR ALWAYS?

MOORE: Please, Mrs. Tilton... don't leave.

DURANTE: WALKING OUT ON DURANTE, EH? I NEVER FORGET A BACK.
I'LL SING SOMETHING ELSE. (SINGS AND PLAYS) WHEN THE
BLUE OF THE NIGHT MEETS THE GOLD OF THE DAY,..BUBBA BOO
...BUBBUBA BOO...BUBBA BOO... THAT BUBBA BOO WAS AN
ORIGINAL TOUCH I ADDED.

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

MOORE: Well...now that we're alone.. you can get away from the
piano, Jimmy. The guests left..the waiters left...even
the chef walked out.

DURANTE: I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT. WAS MY TREMOLO OFF BEAT?

MOORE: No-o-o.

DURANTE: WAS MY OBLIGATTO TOO PIANISSIMO?

MOORE: No-o-o-o-o-o.

DURANTE: THEN WHY DID EVERYBODY WALK OUT?

MOORE: Look behind you - the joint is on fire!

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

APPLAUSE

26⁴⁵

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

Do you know that the cigarette with more flavor has a real pack-after-pack advantage? Just try a pack or two of Camel cigarettes -- and I think you'll see that more flavor -- the result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos -- is what helps Camels hold up, keep from going flat no matter how many you smoke! Test Camels for flavor and mildness in your taste and throat -- what we call your T-Zone. I think you'll agree that Camels do have more flavor and extra mildness, too. And of course, 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!

ORCH: INTRO TO "WHO WILL BE WITH YOU"

27²⁵

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. AND I SURE WOULD LIKE TO DO
THE TOWN TONITE...DO YOU KNOW ANY GIRLS?

MOORE: Do I know any girls? Why, I've got a list of girls as long
as my arm.

DURANTE: SORRY -- I LIKE MINE TALLER THAN THAT.

MOORE: O boy - but there's one girl I know who looks like Lana
Turner, Ann Sheridan and Ingrid Bergman -- all rolled into
one.. There's just one trouble.

DURANTE: WHAT'S THAT?

MOORE: *Every time I*
~~When you~~ unroll her, she looks like Wallace Beery.

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT!

ORCH: "WHO WILL BE WITH YOU" PLAYOFF

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)

28¹⁵

51454 4735

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 Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante with Georgia Gibbs, Roy Bargy and his orchestra and yours truly, Howard Petrie. 28⁵⁵

ORCH: THEME UP - FADE FOR

PETRIE: And remember, Camel cigarettes are packed to go around the world! Camels stay fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world!

ORCH: THEME UP - FADE FOR 28⁴⁵

PETRIE: Last year there were more than twelve thousand victims of infantile paralysis. Help guard your children's health this year by joining the March of Dimes: Send your dimes and dollars to President Roosevelt at the White House!

ORCH: THEME UP 28⁵⁵

APPLAUSE

(BOARD FADE)

(SWITCH TO STUDIO SIX FOR HITCH HIKE)

cgh

(IN STUDIO 6)

JEWETT: More pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the whole world! Make your pipe one more pipe to smoke Prince Albert, and you'll find out why P.A. stands for Pipe Appeal! You get around fifty rich-tasting, swell-smoking pipefuls in every big red two ounce package. Yessir, and every pipeful is no-bite treated for cool, tongue-happy smoking comfort....crimp cut, too, to pack and burn and draw just right! More pipes smoke Prince Albert! It's the National Joy Smoke.

29³⁷

ANNCR: This is the COLUMBIA ... BROADCASTING SYSTEM

- fade theme 20 seconds -

WABC...NEW YORK

CGH

cgh