

77  
(REVISED)

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

AS  
BROADCAST

*Master - 71 - 2*

CBS NETWORK

FRIDAY, JANUARY 28, 1944

PROGRAM NUMBER 45

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 4768

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM" - No. 45

FRIDAY, JANUARY 28, 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 <sup>27</sup> Brought to you by Camel  
--the cigarette that stays fresh, cool smoking, and slow  
burning, because Camels are packed to go around the world! 57  
(MUSIC OUT)

PETRIE: And with the overture ended, we present a young man who  
has just been elected head of the Larchmont Chowder Club.  
And here he is - that chowder-head - Garry Moore.

(APPLAUSE)

51454 4769

MOORE:

Oh, not wait ... no ... no ... wait ... wait a minute.  
 Hold the applause. Friends, I appreciate your applauding  
 very much. It's very kind of you. But if you really want  
 to make me happy tonight, will everyone in the downstairs  
 part of the audience stand up please. Just do this for me ...  
 all together ... you can get the seats warm again ... that's  
 fine. Now everybody in the downstairs audience turn around  
 and face the back of the theatre ... now look up ... now  
 everybody now like a cat, will you ... come on now ... all  
 together ... Thank you. We've got a mouse up in the balcony  
 we're trying to get rid of ... Thank you.  
 Isn't that silly? You know we really do have that mouse.  
 I would like our cat on him, but our cat is too well fed.  
 You never see such a big overfed puss.

MOORE: Oh, now wait...wait a minute. I appreciate your applause very much. But if you really want to make me happy tonight, will everyone in the downstairs seats please stand up. (BIZ)... That's fine. Now everybody turn around and look up... (BIZ)... That's fine. Now everybody meow like a cat. (BIZ)... Thank you. There's a mouse in the balcony we're trying to get rid of. ...

Isn't that silly? I would sic our cat on him, but our cat is too well<sup>fed.</sup> You never saw such a big overfed puss.

HOPE: Did some one call me?

MOORE: Well, what do you know! Britain is sending back our bundles!... Come on over here, Toodles, I want to talk to you<sup>for a minute dear.</sup> I must say you're a vision tonight.

HOPE: Am I really?

MOORE: Yes, you are - a perfect sight... That, er - that charming gown of unfinished monk's cloth<sup>you're wearing</sup> Did you climb a tree and get it off the monk yourself?

HOPE: This is NOT monk's cloth, Mr. Moore - it's a panelled model. The front is in new lace and the back is in sheer jersey.

MOORE: Correction, folks - her front is in sheer lace and her back is in new jersey... *a flout just passed over Newark* ...But you sit down now, Toodles ~~being~~ ~~carefully, of course, not to squash Mayer Hayes~~ and I'll get on with the show. I know you'll like our next feature - *we're gonna have* twelve trained skunks singing High On A Windy Hill..... You just hang around and I'm sure you'll get the drift of it.

HOPE: But Mr. Moore, you've forgotten the letters from the listeners....There's a very important letter from a young man in Tender Gums, Ohio.

MOORE: Really? What's he say?

HOPE: Well, with so many doctors going into the army, he wants to know if you think there'll be a shortage of good dentists.

MOORE: Well, I dunno..But just last week a friend of mine went to a dentist who was a reformed blacksmith..Something happened and this dentist put the fella's teeth in backwards.

HOPE: Backwards? Did it have any ill effects?

MOORE: Not until he started to talk. He left the doctor's office, walked into a dime store, went up to a lady clerk and with his teeth in backwards he said, "Mardon me, padame - could you mait on we?....He says, "I'm in a herrible turry!"... And the sales-girl said, *Well, I'm sorry, I just don't* ~~know~~ understand you."

(MORE)

mp

MOORE:  
(Cont'd)

...And he said, "Well it's serry vimple. It's serry vimple, if you'll only tay appention...I'm a herrible turry and I want to buy a share of poo strings."...And she said, "You mean a pair of shoe strings."...And he said, "That's what I said - a pair of stoo-shrings."...This morning, he said, this morning when I was stooting my poos and shockings on, one stoo-shing broke...And now I'd like to nye a boo pair.. Well, the poor girl couldn't help it, she started laughing; and that really burned this fella up. <sup>He says</sup> "Sisten, lister - ~~he said~~ <sup>suppose</sup> Sisten, lister, you wipe that file off your smace. Who do you link you're thaughting at?...Do you nink I'm thuts?...And what could she say, but "I dirtenly soo. I dirtenly soo.".....So when it comes to dentists, <sup>always</sup> I'd say that -

4<sup>00</sup>

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

MOORE: Excuse me...

SOUND: RECEIVER UP

MOORE: Hello ...

(MORE)

51454 4773

DURANTE: HELLO JUNIOR, THIS IS JIMMY!

MOORE: Jimmy! The Camel Show is on the air - where are you?

DURANTE: HOME! I WAS BAKING A CAKE AND I STUCK MY HEAD IN THE  
OVEN TO TEST THE ICING, WHEN MY NOSE <sup>(g+1)</sup> CAUGHT FIRE!  
AND NOW THE FIREMEN ARE HERE!

MOORE: Well, so what?

DURANTE: SO COME AND GET ME - THEY'RE PUTTING A LADDER ON MY  
HOOK!

ORCH: DURANTE INTRO

MOORE: And here he is - the one and only - Jimmy Durante - in  
person.

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG....  
STOP THE MUSIC! STOP THE MUSIC! LOOK AT THAT BROKEN  
DOWN BAND... WHY, THE HARP IS BEING HELD TOGETHER BY A  
BUNCH OF STRINGS AND THE FLUTE IS FULL OF HOLES!

MOORE: Come, come, <sup>now</sup> James. <sup>Suppose you</sup> /Calm yourself!

DURANTE: I'M CALM, JUNIOR. CALM AS A CLAM ON A HALF SHELL.  
LAST NIGHT I WAS KISSING MY GIRL JUST AS HER FATHER  
CAME IN. <sup>Pulling</sup> HE ~~PUT~~ HIS ARM AROUND MY SHOULDER <sup>he</sup> AND SAID,  
"JIMMY, MY BOY, COME OUT HERE, I WANT TO TALK TO YOU  
LIKE A DUTCH UNCLE."

MOORE: Like a Dutch Uncle?

DURANTE: YEAH - HE HIT ME OVER THE HEAD WITH A PAIR OF WOODEN  
SHOES!!

MOORE: Ah, Jimmy, you certainly have an affinity for involving  
yourself in disastrous dilemmas.

DURANTE: YES. AND I GET INTO TROUBLE, TOO...BUT THAT'S NEITHER  
HELTER ~~X~~OR SKELTER..JUST THE OTHER P.M. I WAS RETURNING  
FROM A CLASSY COCKTAIL PARTY. I WAS WEARING MY RIDING  
BOOTS, SPURS AND BREECHES (THEY WERE SERVING HORSE DERVES)  
WHEN A BIRD FLEW IN THE WINDOW WITH A MESSAGE FOR ME.

MOORE: <sup>is bird - acts it</sup>  
A carrier pigeon?

DURANTE: NOT EXACTLY. THIS WAS A CROSS BETWEEN A CARRIER PIGEON,  
A WOODPECKER, A PARROT AND A CHICKEN.

MOORE: A carrier pigeon - a woodpecker - a parrot and a chicken?

DURANTE: YEAH. HE FLIES TO YOUR HOUSE - KNOCKS ON YOUR DOOR-  
TELLS YOU THE MESSAGE - LAYS AN EGG - EATS IT AND FLIES  
HOME!!

MOORE: Wonderful. And all you have to tip him is a worm. But  
what was the message, Jimmy?



DURANTE: IT WAS A COMMAND FROM VICE-PRESIDENT WALLACE TO GET BACK TO WASHINGTON IMMEDIATELY...SO THE FIRST THING I DID WAS PACK MY PORTFOLIO. I PUT IN A CONFIDENTIAL REPORT FOR MY TALK TO CONGRESS. A FINANCIAL REPORT FOR MY TALK WITH MORGENTHAU. SOME MILITARY DATA FOR MY TALK WITH THE GENERAL STAFF AND THEN I PACKED THE MOST IMPORTANT THING OF ALL.

MOORE: What was that?

DURANTE: A SALAMI SANDWICH FOR MY LUNCH! LANDING IN WASHINGTON I RECEIVED MY USUAL HYSTERICAL OVATION -(AND, OF COURSE, I SAY THIS WITH TONGUE IN MOUTH) BRASS BANDS WERE ~~X~~-PLAYING, THE CAMERAS WERE A-CLICKING, AND PANDEMONIUM WAS AMUCK! THEN GENERAL MARSHALL AND I RODE UP PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE IN A BEAUTIFUL LIM-O-ZENE. GENERAL MARSHAL WAS SITTING IN THE FRONT AND I WAS IN THE BACK.

MOORE: You were in the back of the car?

DURANTE: ~~YEAH.~~ WITH THE GASOLINE SHORTAGE SOMEBODY HAD TO PUSH! THAT'S THE CONDITIONS THAT PREVAIL!

MOORE: From the stories I've heard, James - I understand it's very difficult to find a place to live in Washington.

DURANTE: IT IS FOR THE RUN-OF-THE-MILL CROWD. BUT I STAYED AT THE WHITE HOUSE. YOU SEE THE PRESIDENT ARRANGED FOR ME TO SLEEP WITH ONE OF HIS MOST INTIMATE FRIENDS.

MOORE: Really?

DURANTE: YEAH ... BY THE WAY ... WHO IS FALLA?

MOORE: For your information, <sup>Jimmy</sup> Falla is a Scotch Terrier.

DURANTE: A DOG. NO WONDER HIS NOSE WAS COLDER THAN MINE!!.....  
THEN I GOT UP EARLY AND SPENT THE MORNING WITH MRS.  
ROOSEVELT, I HAD LUNCH WITH MRS. ROOSEVELT, AND THEN I  
HAD DINNER WITH MRS. ROOSEVELT. AND SHE MENTIONED IT  
IN HER COLUMN.

MOORE: She did?

DURANTE: YEAH .. SHE SAID "MY DAY ... WAS RUINED!!"

MOORE: I guess they kept you on the jump at the nation's capitol,  
<sup>Jimmy?</sup>

DURANTE: <sup>Indubitably... your boat</sup> INDUBITABLY, JUNIOR/....EARLY NEXT DAY SECRETARY KNOX  
ASKED ME TO ATTEND THE LAUNCHING OF A BATTLESHIP. I WENT,  
AND WHAT DO YOU THINK I SAW? I SAW A BRASS BAND, UMBRIAGO..  
A BATTLESHIP, UMBRIAGO ... A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE AND  
UMBRIAGO!

MOORE: Was Umbriago launching a battleship with the bottle of  
champagne?

DURANTE: NO. HE WAS SOCKING A ROWBOAT WITH A BOTTLE OF PEPSI-COLA!

MOORE: <sup>Sounding a rowboat. what</sup> Sounds like that must have been Umbriago's launch hour.....  
ha....ha.....

cgh

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT!... WELL, AFTER LEAVING THE SHIPYARD I WENT TO THE EMBASSY BALL WHERE THEY WERE HOLDING THE WAR BOND DRIVE AND <sup>what</sup> THERE WAS A BEAUTIFUL GLAMOUR GIRL/<sup>was there</sup>SELLING BONDS.

MOORE: *but* Sounds intriguing.

DURANTE: YES, IT WAS A <sup>very</sup>PECULIAR SET-UP, GARRY. YOU KNOW, WHEN YOU GET A 25 DOLLAR BOND IT BUYS A GAS MASK. FOR THAT SHE GIVES YOU A LITTLE KISS ... A 100 DOLLAR BOND BUYS A RIFLE ... <sup>but</sup>FOR THAT SHE GIVES YOU A BIG KISS... A 1000 DOLLAR BOND BUYS AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN... <sup>but</sup>FOR THAT SHE GIVES YOU A HUG.

MOORE: What did you buy?

DURANTE: NOTHING YET. BUT YOU'RE LOOKING AT A MAN WHO'S SAVING UP TO BUY A FLYING FORTRESS!

ORCH: PLAYOFF

(APPLAUSE)

*9/15*

MOORE: Thank you, James - you're a man of limitless enthusiasm...  
But for enthusiasm of a more logical sort - Howard Petrie

PETRIE: A spot on the ocean between South America and Africa is  
Ascension Island, unsinkable aircraft carrier of the  
Atlantic. To Ascension Island, to dozens of other U.S.  
bases throughout the world, go Camel cigarettes, by the  
million, by the ton, for Camels are first with men in  
all the services, according to actual sales records!  
And when Camels get there, to the Mid-Atlantic, or the  
Mid-Pacific, they're fresh, cool-smoking, and slow-  
burning, because they're packed to go around the world!  
Freshness is a big reason why more people want Camel  
cigarettes now -- yes, freshness and more flavor, the  
result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos.  
Remember, Camel cigarettes are worth asking for again!  
If your store is sold out today -- try again tomorrow!

CHORUS: C-A-M-E-L-S!

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

ORCH: INTRO TO "SUGARFOOT"

10<sup>15</sup>

cc

51454 4779

MOORE:

PETRIE: Tonight's dividend - Roy Bary and his orchestra in  
a Bary arrangement of "Sugarfoot".

ORCH: "SUGARFOOT"

APPLAUSE

12<sup>23</sup>

DURANTE: AND THAT WAS ROY BARGY AND HIS ORCHESTRA PLAYING SUNDAY,  
MONDAY, AND MEATLESS TUESDAY. AND GLANCING DOWN THE  
PREPARED MENU-RANDOM, I SEE THAT WE AGAIN ARE GONNA HEAR  
FROM GARRY MOORE AND HIS WELL KNOWN STORIES OF LITTLE  
KNOWN PEOPLE.

MOORE: You're perfectly right, James. And tonite I'd like to pay  
tribute to one of nature's noblemen -- Culpepper Squid.

DURANTE: CULPEPPER SQUID? *M - Yes* .. I SHALL LISTEN WITH MY EARS INTACT. *M. thank you.*

ORCH: SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME - (FULL, THEN FADE TO B.G.)

MOORE: *But* I thought you ought to know about Culpepper Squid .. Born in  
the little town of (SNORE) Nebraska, a sleepy little town.  
Culpepper, poor boy, grew up in Great Poverty - *Of course* ~~id~~ ....  
(MUSIC OUT) From the day he was born he was a charming  
child .. with blonde eyes and blue hair, and a little button  
nose...there was only one trouble.....he had the button-hole  
right next to it. Only one thing marred Culpepper's  
happiness. He was the only boy in a family of nineteen  
girls - whose names were Cora, Dora, Flora, Nora, Polly,  
Dolly, Holly, Molly, Arleen, Marlene, Charlene, Darlene,  
Claudette, Yvette, Babette, Lisette, Adeline, Madeline,  
Clementine, Caroline and *Jansy* ~~Boulet~~...Well, with nineteen girls  
in the family, Culpepper was completely unable to make  
himself heard. He soon developed an ingrown personality  
and began to shrink within himself..He shrank and he shrank  
and he shrank and he shrank, *until* ~~and~~ finally.....

ORCH: SOUL SHAKING CHORD

cgh

MOORE: He was only six inches tall. This made a slight change in the life of Culpepper Squid.....The only comfortable place he could find to sleep was his mother's change purse - where <sup>every</sup> ~~nightly~~ he would <sup>cray up and</sup> read himself to sleep with a copy of "A Twig Grows in Brooklyn" .. But he wasn't happy. Things kept happening to him....One night, for instance, he fell into a Dry Martini, ~~and went down twice~~ <sup>and only</sup> but saved himself from drowning by climbing aboard the olive and rowing to shore with the toothpick.....Blaming his sad plight upon his nineteen sisters, one day he strode into the kitchen and <sup>he</sup> said .....

Mother, I'm leaving home! I never want to see Cora, Dora, Flora, Nora, Polly, Dolly, Holly, Molly, Arleen, Marlene, Charlene, Darlene, Claudette, Yvette, Babette, Lisette, Adeline, Madeline, Clementine, Caroline, or ~~Beulah~~ <sup>Fanny</sup> again.

SOUND: SLAM DOOR

ORCH: SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME (SNEAK IN)

MOORE: And so Culpepper .. still six inches tall .. went to another town and soon got a job that just suited him, He became a cashier in a piggy bank....But still he was lonesome, so he joined a lonely hearts club, and through the mails received a proposal of marriage from an Indian Squaw, named Princess Rapid-Water-Have-Tough-Time-Freezing.

ORCH: CUT MUSIC

MOORE:

*And so* ~~And so~~ Culpepper and his Indian Squaw <sup>married</sup> ~~were/wed~~, and he was taken into the Indian tribe. And because of his size, they called him Little Chief Shortcake..... Too small to work in the fields, Shortcake was assigned to guarding the totem pole, where .. sitting astride a grasshopper, he would lasso termites with a piece of dental floss....*Yes* At last he was happy, until one day tragedy struck,.....

SOUND:

BOP ON HOLLOW GOURD

HOWARD:

OWWWW WWW!

MOORE:

*and let him to...*

One day he got too close to the corral and Shortcake was trampled to death by a runaway horse-fly.....When the other Indians gathered about the grief-stricken squaw they said... "Now Squaw, what are you going to do with Shortcake?... and she said .....

ORCH:

~~CUT MUSIC~~

MOORE:

Only one thing to do....Squaw bury Shortcake....Thank you *very much,*

ORCH:

PLAY-OFF

CROWD:

APPLAUSE

16<sup>10</sup>



DURANTE: JUNIOR, ~~THAT STORY LEAVES ME SPEECHLESS...~~ SQUAW BURY  
SHORTCAKE! WHERE DO YOU GET STORIES LIKE THAT?

MOORE: Why, out of my head.

DURANTE: OUT OF YOUR HEAD?!...YOU CERTAINLY ARE!

MOORE: Well, silly or not, at least it brought us to that charming  
chantootsie, Miss Georgia Gibbs.

ORCH: START GIBBS INTRO

DURANTE: HOW RIGHT YOU ARE! HOW DO YOU DO, MISS GIBBS?

GIBBS: Nicely thank you, <sup>Jimmy</sup>~~Gentlemen~~. And if I can trouble you for  
a small amount of deep silence, I'll use it up the best I  
can, with "Speak Low."

DURANTE: HER NIBS -- MISS GIBBS...

*Getting ready to sing... She's  
singing!  
16.45*

GIBBS: SPEAK LOW

APPLAUSE

*19<sup>00</sup>*

MUSIC: FANFARE

LUTHER: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Captain Ralph C. Fisher, of Hyattsville, Maryland, whose men were pinned down by heavy German machine gun fire on Mount Porchia, on the Italian front. Captain Fisher stood up and walked forward, leading his men, and though half of them became casualties, he kept going through the machine gun nests and took the objective. Then, digging in, he and his men held off counter attacks by enemy forces outnumbering them five to one. In honor of you and your men, Captain Ralph Fisher, the makers of Camels are sending to our soldiers overseas three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

1940

APPLAUSE

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 a half million Yanks with free shows and free Camels.

ORCH: PIANO

20<sup>00</sup>

MOORE: And now, the Friday Night Camel Show brings you a play about the airplane industry entitled, "The Strip Tease Dancer Became A Pilot" ... or ... "She Doesn't Make Perfect Landings, but boy, Can She Take Off!" *She doesn't quite understand!* Now, James, in this play, you and I own an airplane factory. Do you know anything about airplanes?

DURANTE: DO I? WHY, JUNIOR, I WAS AT KITTY HAWK WHEN THE FIRST AIRPLANE WAS BUILT, BY THEM PIONEERS OF AVIATION, THE RITZ BROTHERS! AND ONLY YESTERDAY I FLEW MY OWN PLANE, OUT OVER THE OCEAN ... BUT I THINK I FLEW A LITTLE TOO LOW.

MOORE: What makes you think so?

DURANTE: I LOOKS OUT OF THE COCKPIT.. AND THERE I AM, FACE TO FACE WITH A FLOUNDER. WHY YOU COULDA BELT ME WITH A SMELT!

MOORE: Jimmy, one more mistake like that and you'll be drummed out of the Junior Air Cadets. But come...let's get to the Durante and Moore Aircraft Plant. *What do you say?*

MUSIC: \_ \_ BRIDGE \_

TOODLES: Hey, where is everybody? I'm looking for the manager of this factory.

MOORE: Here I am, madam. I've just been checking up on our production schedule. We're not doing so well now but by 1960 we'll have a stock of 5,000 propellers, 16,000 bombsights and 23,000 oxygen masks.

TOODLES: By 1960, the war will be over. Then what?

MOORE: Boy, will we have a rummage sale! Now, madam, if you'll just take a couple of chairs ...

DURANTE: I'M SURROUNDED BY ASSASSINS! I CAN TAKE SO MUCH BUT NO FURTHER! JUNIOR, I'M QUITTING THIS AIRPLANE BUSINESS.

MOORE: What's the matter, Jimmy? What's wrong?

DURANTE: THIS MORNING MY BUTCHER MAKES ME A PRESENT OF A BEAUTIFUL THREE POUND SIRLOIN STEAK. <sup>the fella.</sup> SO I'M WALKING ACROSS THE AIR FIELD, WITH THE STEAK IN MY BACK POCKET, AND WHAT HAPPENS? A PLANE WITH A REVOLVING PROPELLER SNEAKS UP BEHIND ME.

MOORE: And...?

DURANTE: LOOK...HAMBURGER!...(THAT PILOT IS A SABOTEUR!)

MOORE: Well, Jimmy, those things will happen. Why just yesterday one of our pilots flew over a girl's college to watch the girls taking sunbaths, and the fellow with him got so excited he fell right out of the <sup>air</sup>plane.

DURANTE: HOW DID HE GET HOME?

MOORE: I took <sup>a</sup>the bus.

DURANTE: VERY DEMOCRATIC.

TOODLES: (SARCASTIC) Listen you two grimy gremlins, I'd like a little attention!

DURANTE: RUN FOR THE TRENCHES, MEN...I JUST SIGHTED A LOOSE BLIMP.

TOODLES: Pipe down, derrick nose. You advertised for somebody to invest money in a new plane you're producing. What's it like?

MOORE: Ah, it's the plane of the future, dear lady. It has a segmented reversible fuselage with automatic stabilizer... duplex ailerons combined with gyro-compass director to counteract dihedral...and a magnetic control synchronized laminated throttle.

DURANTE: (AMAZED) WHAT MAKES IT GO?

MOORE: Twisted rubber bands.

TOODLES: I don't think it's much of an investment.

DURANTE: JUNIOR, WE DON'T NEED THIS DAME'S MONEY. WE CAN GET ALL THE DOUGH WE NEED FROM UMBRIAGO. HE'S AS RICH AS JOHN D. ROKE-FORD.

MOORE: Jimmy, you mean he's as rich as John D. Rockefeller. Rocquefort is an imported cheese.

DURANTE: WHAT DO YOU THINK UMBRIAGO IS ... DOMESTIC?

TOODLES: Well, I'm going. I won't risk my money.

MOORE: Come now, madam. Don't be penny wise and pound foolish.

TOODLES: Well I don't mind losing a few pennies.

MOORE: And it wouldn't hurt you to lose a few .... Well, let's get going, Jimmy, to the workshop.

MUSIC: \_ \_ BRIDGE \_

MOORE: Allright, Jimmy, we've got to hurry. It's almost time for lunch .. So let's get busy.

DURANTE: OKAY ... HAND ME MY WELDING MASK.

MOORE: *Here it is.*  
Welding mask.

DURANTE: NOW MY ACETYLENE TORCH.

MOORE: *Here it is.*  
Here it is.

SOUND: HISS OF AIR ESCAPING FROM CO<sub>2</sub> TANK

DURANTE: THE TEMPERATURE IS UP TO 112.

MOORE: It's up to 150

DURANTE: IT'S UP TO 200

MOORE: 300 - 400 - 600 - 900

SOUND: EXPLOSION

MOORE: Jimmy, what happened?

DURANTE: THERE MUST BE AN EASIER WAY TO TOAST MARSHMALLOWS!

MOORE: Jimmy, I think we'd better *quit this thing.*

SOUND: *3. Knock*  
DOOR OPEN

PETRIE: Gentlemen, I need your advice! I can fly up to 10,000 feet, I can do tailspins, I can do loops, and I can glide... but they won't take me into the air force.

51454 4789

MOORE: Who are you?

PETRIE: Oh, just an old crow!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: I HAVEN'T HEARD SUCH A BIG BIRD SINCE THE LAST TIME I  
PLAYED LOEW'S FLATBUSH.

MOORE: Come on, Jimmy .. we've got to put our noses to the  
grindstone.....

DURANTE: WHY I'VE HAD MY NOSE TO THE GRINDSTONE FOR YEARS.

MOORE: You have? It must have been a beaut when you started.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

MOORE: Well, we've turned out our new plane in record time. There  
she stands .. and look at that girl mechanic standing next  
to it.

DURANTE: WHAT A WING-SPREAD.

MOORE: On the plane.

DURANTE: NO .. THE DAME

MOORE: Notice that stream-lined under-carriage.

DURANTE: ON THE DAME.

MOORE: No ..the plane. And that's a <sup>fine</sup> nice rudder. ~~It'll keep~~  
~~her on her course in a high-wind.~~

cgh

DURANTE: THE PLANE.

MOORE: No .. the dame.

DURANTE: SHE DRAGS A LITTLE IN THE BACK.

MOORE: The plane.

DURANTE: THE PLANE AND THE DAME.

MOORE: Nice work, Abbott.

DURANTE: THANK YOU, COSTELLO.

MOORE: But now for the big test, Jimmy. You're going to fly the plane and I'll direct you from the radio control tower.

MUSIC: \_ \_ BRIDGE \_ \_

MOORE: (FILTER) Control tower to Durante. What are the atmospheric conditions where you are?

DURANTE: DURANTE TO CONTROL TOWER...CEILING ZERO, A THICK FOG, BOTH ENGINES ARE DEAD - BUT I'M NOT WORRIED.

MOORE: Why not?

DURANTE: I'M STILL ON THE GROUND!

MUSIC: \_ \_ ARPEGGIO

MOORE: Control tower to Durante. You're 10,000 feet up, and you forgot to take your parachute with you.



DURANTE: / DURANTE TO CONTROL TOWER. ~~I'M COVERED WITH CONSTERNATION!~~  
SUPPOSE I HAVE TO BAIL OUT?

MOORE: Pick a soft spot and come in on your beam.

MUSIC: ARPEGGIO

MOORE: Control tower to Durante. Cut your motors and test the  
rocket device.

DURANTE: OKAY

MOORE: Put the rocket in the socket.

DURANTE: OKAY

MOORE: Now light it.

DURANTE: OKAY .. IT'S LIT.

SOUND: ROCKET EFFECT .. MOUTH SIREN

DURANTE: JUNIOR, I'M FLYING OVER BOSTON! / <sup>NOW</sup> I'M FLYING OVER PITTSBURGH.  
NOW I'M FLYING OVER CHICAGO .. AND I'M PICKING UP SPEED.

MOORE: How's the plane handling?

DURANTE: I LEFT THE PLANE BACK AT THE AIRPORT.

MOORE: Then how are you flying over all those cities? Didn't you  
put the rocket in the socket?

DURANTE: ROCKET IN THE SOCKET? ~~JUNIOR~~, I THOUGHT YOU SAID PUT THE  
ROCKET IN MY POCKET!

MUSIC: PLAY-OFF  
(APPLAUSE)

26

mjs

PETRIE: Garry and Jimmy will be back in just a moment ... Now the Daring Young Man on the flying Trapeze fell flat on his face -- and it sounded like this:

ORCH: (PLAYS JUST THIS MUCH) "Oh, the daring young man on the flying tra-peze!"

(THE LAST NOTE IS VERY, VERY FIAT)

PETRIE: And it can be worse in a cigarette! If you want a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many you smoke, get Camels! It's Camel cigarettes' expert blend of costlier tobaccos that gives them more flavor -- and more flavor's the thing that helps Camels hold up, pack after pack. Prove that in your own taste and throat, your T-Zone proving ground for Camel cigarettes' extra flavor -- and for their smooth, extra mildness, too. And remember, Camel cigarettes stay fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world!

CHORUS: C-A-M-E-L-S!

PETRIE: Camel cigarettes! They're first in the service! They've got what it takes!

ORCH: INTRO TO "WHO WILL BE WITH YOU"

26

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, I guess you're going out stepping tonight.

DURANTE: NO JUNIOR, I CAN'T AFFORD IT. I GOT PAID THIS AFTERNOON  
AND AFTER TAKING OUT THE EIGHTY PERCENT WITHHOLDING TAX  
I'M BROKE.

MOORE: Eighty percent! Why, Jimmy there's only a twenty percent  
withholding tax on your salary.

DURANTE: TWENTY PERCENT! HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT! I'VE BEEN  
WITHHOLDING THE WRONG PART!!

MOORE: Well, <sup>be sure to</sup> be sure to change whichever part you <sup>do get</sup> withheld, into  
dimes and give them ~~all~~ to the President's March of Dimes  
but be sure to save one dime for carfare because tomorrow  
night <sup>Jimmy</sup> /you/ and I and Georgia <sup>get</sup> /are among those broadcasting  
from the President's Birthday Ball for the March of Dimes,  
a cause which I'm sure will be answered by the butcher,  
the baker, the candlestick maker, the riveter, welder,  
lawyer, doctor, housewife, schoolboy - in other words,  
every American.

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)

*2805*

cgh

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 your truly, Howard Petrie. 28<sup>12</sup>

ORCH: THEME UP - FADE FOR

PETRIE: 28<sup>12</sup> And remember, Camel cigarettes are first in the service! Camels stay fresh because they're packed to go around the world! 28<sup>4</sup>

ORCH: THEME UP

APPLAUSE

(BOARD FADE)

(SWITCH TO STUDIO SIX FOR HITCH HIKE) 28<sup>20</sup>

(IN STUDIO 6)

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

ANNCR: This is the COLUMBIA ... BROADCASTING SYSTEM

- fade theme 20 seconds -

WABC.....NEW YORK

29<sup>30</sup>

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mjs