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**AS
BROADCAST**

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(REVISED)

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

CBS NETWORK

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1944

PROGRAM NUMBER 47

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

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BAROY

HOPE EMERSON

PAUL LUTHER

TED JEWETT

DIRECTOR - PHIL COHAN

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COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM" - No. 147

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 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 .. Brought to you by
Camel, the cigarette that's first in the service! Camels
stay fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning, because
they're packed to go around the world!

(MUSIC OUT)

(MORE)

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PETRIE:
(CONT)

And as the curtain rises, we introduce a young man who some critics claim is a sorry mess!.. But that's not true! He's just the happiest mess you ever saw!.. And here he is .. Garry Moore.

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APPLAUSE

MOORE:

Well, thank you .. thank you very much, Howard, you handsome hunk of squirrel bait you .. and good evening, ladies and gentlemen .. I don't know how many of you people feel tonite, but personally I just got my first valentine of the year.

PETRIE:

Garry, no!

MOORE:

Howard, yes, ^{Idid} And from my laundry-man of all people .. He says, ^{here - he says} "Accept this little square of lace, betokening romance. But ^{love's made yet my little charm,} ~~wipe that stuff off your face,~~ it's just your underpants".....Isn't that a lovely sentiment ... You know, I miss my laundry man, I wait for him patiently every day.. And how happy I am when the front door opens and I see that big, bulging sack!

HOPE:

Look, Did someone call me?

MOORE:

Well ..will you look who's here! Hedy Lamarr's double! Double her size and double her weight ..How are yuh, Toodles, honey?....Step over here and tell me ^{all about yourself -} how you've been ^{and stuff like that}...

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HOPE: Well, if yuh wanna know, Mr Moore, I'm hurt, that's what. As long as I've been your secretary and NOBODY has sent me a valentine *After all*

~~MOORE: Why, Toodles, I just finished writing one for you.~~

HOPE: Oh, really?

MOORE: Certainly .. it goes like this .. "My left arm was around your waist, as we strolled along each night. And now I find my left arm is much longer than my right.".. Do you like it?

HOPE: It's lovely!

MOORE: Thank you.

HOPE: Forget it.

MOORE: I will.

~~HOPE: Okay, after all, Mr. Moore, I deserve better than that .. I'm a fixture on this show! I've got a tremendous following!~~

MOORE: (CHUCKLE) .. And you know, that's so true .. But enough of this personal chit-chat, Toodles, is there no business at hand?

HOPE: Well, we COULD get the mail washed up.

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MOORE: All right. What do you find in the wash, tub? ... I MEAN .. what do you find in the washtub?

HOPE: Well, there's one letter here from a young man in Sagging Bag, Virginia .. He wants to come to New York, but he can't find a room. He wants to know if he can stay with you?

MOORE: With me?...Hawwwww...My dear young man, I would love to have you stay with me, but I've already got house-guests. Uncle Albert, Aunt Minnie and their little brood of 14 .. can you imagine ... 14? .. Seven boys and six girls.

HOPE: Seven boys and six girls? ^{Why} That's only 13...Who's the other one?

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MOORE: The stork - he likes to live close to his work...Really you've never seen such a way to live - my Cousin Alvin has completely taken over the bathroom.. Every morning I have to get up at 6:30.

HOPE: Six-thirty?

MOORE: Yes - at seven the prices change... He usta ^{be a washer} work at the Roxy ^{Wash. Dry garden}....But such confusion as goes on!...By the time they get their friends in the house, it's 83 people for breakfast.. ^{yah} They eat at nine o'clock - I eat at ten.

HOPE: Why do you eat an hour later?

MOORE: My end of the table is in a different time zone...Frankly, Toodles, I'd rather not talk about it anymore - ~~except for one thing. If Uncle Albert is listening in tonite - you can take Junior out of the oven, Unc - he bughtta be dry by now~~ ~~...Yes, life can be beautiful~~

3'

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS

MOORE: *Oh* Excuse me....

SOUND: RECEIVER UP

MOORE: Hello....

DURANTE: HELLO JUNIOR, THIS IS JIMMY!

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

DURANTE: I GOT A JOB AS CAPTAIN OF A FERRYBOAT AND I JUST SMASHED IT INTO A DOCK!!

MOORE: "ell, so what?

DURANTE: SO COME AND GET ME! MY SLIP IS SHOWING.

ORCHES DURANTE PLAY ON

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

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG. EVEN WHEN THINGS GO WRONG..... YOU'LL FEEL BETTER, YOU'LL EVEN LOOK BETTER....(HOLDS HIGH NOTE)..... IF MAYOR LA GUARDIA IS LISTENING IN, THAT WAS NOT A FIRE ALARM!!

MOORE: Ah, you're particularly chipper tonight, Jimmy.

DURANTE: I DON'T KNOW WHY I SHOULD BE GARRY. I WAS JUST INVOLVED IN A CATASTRASTROKEI'M SITTING AT THE WHEEL OF MY AUTOMOBILE- A CONVERSIBLE COUPE WITH THE FRENCH-TYPE HORN- I LOOKS INTO THE REAR VIEW MIRROR, AND WHAT DO I SEE.... A BIG TRUCK BEARING DOWN ON ME..... AND BEFORE I KNOW IT- BANG!- HE CRASHES RIGHT INTO MY BACK FENDER... THE TRUCK-DRIVER JUMPS OUT OF HIS CAR, RUSHES UP TO ME AND SAYS, "WHY DIDN'T YOU STICK OUT YOUR HAND?.....I SAYS "WHAT?....IN MY OWN GARAGE?"

MOORE:

Ah, ~~Jimmy~~ ^{Jimmy}, you are indeed a man of brilliance and intelligence.

DURANTE:

YES, AND I'M SMART TOO..... BUT THAT IS NEITHER E, PLURIBUS NORE USELESS. YOU SEE THE OTHER NIGHT I WAS IN THE KITCHEN PREPARING A SNACK SO I PULLED DOWN ALL THE SHADES.....

MOORE:

You pulled down all the shades?

DURANTE:

YES- I WAS TAKING THE PANTIES OFF A LAMB CHOP. WHEN I WAS HANDED A TELEGRAM. IT WAS A COMMAND FROM SECRETARY STIMSON TO RETURN TO WASHINGTON.

MOORE:

^{Jimmy} It seems like the bigwigs in Washington just can't get along without you.

DURANTE:

YES, WITHOUT ME IT'S PANDEMONIUM RUNNING AMUCK..... I RUSHES RIGHT DOWN TO THE RAILROAD STATION. THE TRAINS ARE PACKED. BUT I JUST HAD TO GET TO WASHINGTON, SO USING MY INFLUENCE, I GETS ON THE FIRST TRAIN AVAILABLE, AND SOON WE'RE PULLING INTO BOSTON.

MOORE:

Boston? ^{Jimmy} But that's nowhere near Washington. You took the wrong train.

DURANTE:

I KNOW- BUT THESE DAYS YOU CAN'T BE FUSSY!..... THAT'S THE CONDITIONS THAT PREVAIL!!

MOORE:

^{you just} ~~Still~~ Next time you're stuck, Jimmy, let me know and I'll arrange to get you a nocturnal compartment.

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DURANTE: A NOCTURNAL COMPARTMENT?

MOORE: A berth, A berth, What else connected with sleeping has an upper and a lower?

DURANTE: PAJAMAS..... I GOT A MILLION OF 'EM!!!..... AS I GOT OFF THE TRAIN THE MULTITUDES AWAITED ME IN AWE. I WENT AROUND SAYING HELLO AND SHAKING HANDS. THEN I STARTED KISSING BABIES, THE FIRST BABY I KISSED SAID "GOO GOO". THE NEXT BABY I KISSED SAID "GA GA", THEN I KISSED ANOTHER BABY.

MOORE: What did that baby say?

DURANTE: SHE SAID "YOU'D BETT'R SCRAM- HERE COMES MY HUSBAND."

MOORE: Did you have the usual trouble finding a place to stay?

DURANTE: YES, JUNIOR, BUT I FINALLY GOT INTO A HOTEL AND SHARED A ROOM WITH EIGHT SENATORS.

MOORE: Eight senators? *Junior* what did you do about sleeping?

DURANTE: WELL, THE SENATOR WHO WAS THE MOST FAMOUS SLEPT IN THE BED. ONE WHO WAS LESS FAMOUS, SLEPT ON THE SOFA. THE NEXT ONE SLEPT ON THE CHAIR AND SO ON.... UNTIL IT GOT TO ME.

MOORE: And where did you sleep?

DURANTE: I AIN'T SAYING. BUT I WAS THE FIRST ONE TO BRUSH MY TEETH IN THE MORNING!!!

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MOORE: I suppose you then entered into the maelstrom of national events? .

DURANTE: INDUBITABLE , MR.MOORE, INDUBITABLY..... AND WANDERING THROUGH THE WAR DEPARTMENT, I SAW A SCIENTIFIC LABORATORY UMBRIAGO. A TEST TUBE, UMBRIAGO..... DARK SHADES AND UMBRIAGO. THAT UMBRIAGO WAS TRYING TO WIN THE WAR BY HIMSELF.

MOORE: What was he doing?

DURANTE: HE WAS CROSSING A SKUNK WITH A RABBIT AND WAS GONNA DROP 'EM OVER GERMANY.

MOORE: How could that win the war?

DURANTE: LISTEN. IF YOU CAN GET A RABBIT TO SMELL AND A SKUNK TO MULTIPLY, BROTHER YOU GOT A SECRET WEAPON.

MOORE:

I don't doubt that but
What happened after that?

DURANTE: THEN I WANDERED INTO THE SUPREME COURT AND LISTENED TO A VERY INTERESTING CASE. NOT LIKING THE WAY IT WAS BEING HANDLED I STOOD UP AND SAID IT WAS A CLEAR CASE OF HABEAS CORPUS AND THE JUDGE TOLD ME TO SIT DOWN. TAKEN ABACK, I LOOKED DOWN MY NOSE AT HIM (THAT'S QUITE A DISTANCE YOU KNOW) AND SAID, " I STAND ON MY CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS!" THE JUDGE SAID I COULDN'T STAND ON MY CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS!

MOORE: What did you do?

DURANTE: WHAT COULD I DO? I RESTED ON MY IPSO FACTO!!

MOORE: You must have had quite a day.

DURANTE: YEAH. AND WHEN I GOT BACK TO THE HOTEL I FOUND AN INVITATION FROM HAROLD ICKES FOR THE EMBASSY BALL THAT NIGHT. SO I LAID OUT MY STIFF SHIRT AND I CUT ONE TAIL OFF MY FULL DRESS SUIT.

MOORE: You cut one tail off your full dress suit?

DURANTE: RIGHT IT WAS A SEMI FORMAL AFFAIR! AND WHAT AN AFFAIR IT WAS. AS SOON AS I GOT THERE I ASKED THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL FOR A DANCE. ~~AND WOULD YOU BELIEVE~~
~~IT~~ AND AFTER ONE DANCE----- WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT----- SHE JUST COULDN'T TEAR HERSELF AWAY FROM ME.

MOORE: Was she attracted by your personality?

DURANTE: NO. MY TIE WAS CAUGHT IN HER ZIPPER!

Moore: Oh!

ORCHESTRA: PLAY OFF

APPLAUSE.

835

MOORE: Thank you, Jimmy - you're a constant source of delightful amagement...But for pure logic, give me Howard Petrie.

PETRIE: Closer to Africa than any other point in the Americas is Natal, on the bulge of Brazil. To U.S. forces in Natal, to Americans throughout the world go Camel cigarettes, by the million, by the ten, for Camels are first with men in all the services, according to actual sales records! And when Camels get to Brazil -- or to you -- they're fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world! Yes, freshness and more flavor are two big reasons why more people want Camel cigarettes now, both at home and overseas. So remember, if your store is sold out today, try again tomorrow! Camel cigarettes are worth asking for again!

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

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

ORCH: INTRO TO "SURREY WITH THE FRINGE ON TOP".

PETRIE: Born in Michigan, raised in Ohio, acclaimed in New York,
Roy Bargy's true love is "Oklahoma" .. from which he offers
a Bargy arrangement of "The Surrey With The Fringe On
Top".

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ORCH: SURREY WITH THE FRINGE ON TOP

APPLAUSE

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DURANTE: AND THAT WAS ROY BARGY AND HIS ORCHESTRA PLAYING A TUNE FROM "OKLAHOMA" .. I HEARD IT SO CLEAR THAT I WOULD A BET THAT HE WAS PLAYING IT FROM NEW YORK. BUT ENOUGH OF THIS FIDDLE-FADDLE. TELL US, MR. MOORE, WHAT CULTURAL FEATURE HAVE YOU PREPARED TONITE?

MOORE: Well, James, I've been doing a little thinking recently. A friend of mine .. a radio actor got a card from his draft board ^{the other day} .. that said "Greetings, mate! Don't be late!! And I got to wondering what the results would be if they made up a special army division of nothing but radio performers ...

DURANTE: I SHUDDER TO THINK OF THE OUTCOME.

MOORE: Perhaps, you're right .. But just think how wonderful the camp life would be.

Durante:
ORCH: *That's what I would say myself.*
"THIS IS THE ARMY"....(FULL, THEN FADE TO B.G.)

SOUND: BIRD WHISTLES

MOORE: Imagine, if you will, that it's 5:30 A.M. at Camp Kilocycle .. The sergeant, an ex-radio announcer, enters a tent full of sleeping soldiers and says ...

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MOORE: Good morning friends of Army land, this is your old ~~sergeant~~ ^{serge} speakin' to yuh...your old ~~sergeant~~ ^{serge} and den't forget ~~sergeant~~ ^{serge} is spelled S ~~S~~ ^A-R, G-E-

SOUND: RAZZBERRY HORN

MOORE: At the sound of the bugle, ^{now} it will be exactly 5:30 A.M., Uncle Sam Watch Time...Are we all ready?

ORCH: REVEILLE, WITH HOT LICK ON END...(ONE TRUMPET AND DRUMS)

MOORE: Ha ha ha...and we all know what that means, don't we?...
Hummmmmmm?...Hummmmmmm, fellows? ^{you do!}...Then...GET OUTTA ~~the~~
BED, YUH BUMS!..

MUSIC: UP AND DOWN

And that, of course, would start the day...At breakfast time the men would march to the mess hall where they'd be met by the mess sergeant, who would say... ^{I am}...

Men! Are you searching for a new taste thrill?...Are you tired of the same old caviar and breast of guinea hen?...Then come in and try some of Uncle Sam's G.I. Goo. You'll find its flavor is absolutely different ...And remember, Goo spelled backwards, is pronounced OOG!...

MUSIC: UP AND DOWN

And so, they have breakfast, and after breakfast is over and they've had their bicarbonate any men with problems on their mind, are invited to have a quiet chat with the Adjutant.

PETRIE: Mr. Adjutant, this is the case of Private J.L. ems

MOORE: Thank you .. Well, Private J.L., what's on your mind?

CANTOR: Mr. Adjutant .. ~~this is~~ my problem.

MOORE: Now, now...no tears, no tears. *oh man - please calm down, don't* Just what is your problem?

CANTOR: Well, Mr. Adjutant, I .. I just want to say that ...

MOORE: Yes, what is it?

CANTOR: I don't think my sergeant loves me!

MOORE: Why that's unusual for the Army. What makes you think that?

CANTOR: Well, sir, yuh know the captain put me in charge of atheltics for our division.

MOORE: Yes.

CANTOR: So I'm trying to think of who I want to be on my side ..
Now, Mr. Adjutant, I love my sergeant.

MOORE: I'm sure you do.

CANTOR: I adore my sergeant! *I really love him more. I love you too.* So I asked him to be on my tug-o-war team.

MOORE: *Well* That was nice. And how did he show his appreciation?

CANTOR: He give me thirty days on K.P. ...

MOORE: He gave you thirty days K.P. just for asking him to be on your tug-o-war team?

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CANTOR: Yeah. I asked him to/head jerk!

MUSIC: UP AND DOWN

MOORE: And so thirty days go past .. and on the last day of the month the entire battalion lines up at a little wooden shack where the corporal .. a former radio announcer stands up and says, "Men! Do you need money???" If so, step right up and for only thirty days of your time we will give you .. absolutely free .. at no cost to you .. Fifty dollars. It's yours, all yours. And now, one word of advice .. some of you men might wish to squander this money on rare wines, costly art collections or silken sheets to make your quarters comfy. But for those of you who wish to invest your money wisely .. **THE CRAP GAME STARTS IN TWENTY MINUTES!**

MUSIC: UP AND DOWN

And so the day ends .. And all the men are in their bunks ..

ORCH: ROCKABYE BABY .. (STRINGS)(SNEAK IN AND HOLD IN B.G.)

MOORE: And over the loudspeaker, there comes a soothing voice. Well, fellows, here we are at the end of the day..Are we all tuckered out? Bless your hearts .. Sleep tight, fellows..but before you doze off, I would like to say just one more thing.

ORCH: REVEILLE BUGLE

MOORE: GET OUTTA^{da}/BED, YUH BUMS!

ORCH: PLAY-OFF

APPLAUSE

ORCH: START GIBBS INTRO.

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DURANTE: From the arms of the Army, we skip to the arms of Miss Georgia Gibbs - who has just skipped over from the Strand Theatre, where she is making ^{five} ~~four~~ performances a day, come early and bring your own adrenalin.

GEORGIA: Thanks to a fast taxi, I just made it, Jimmie...
And thanks to ^{Alvin Karpis} ~~Duke Ellington~~, I have a fine new song to sing - called "I'll Be Around."

GIBBS: I'LL BE AROUND
APPLAUSE

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MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

LUTHER: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Captain John Henning, of San Antonio, Texas; who was alone, behind German lines on the Italian front. Seeing a German scout car approaching, full of armed Nazis, and towing an artillery piece, Captain Henning ducked into a crevice, and waited till the car was almost upon him. Then, though he was armed only with a pistol, he shouted "Halt!", and before the Germans realized he wasn't one of their own officers, he captured all of them! In your honor, Captain John Henning, the makers of Camels are sending to our soldiers overseas three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

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: PLAYOFF

MOORE: And now, the Friday Night Camel Show presents a play about interior decorating entitled: "He Climbed Up A Ladder To Hang The Drapes" and ..

SOUND: DESCENDING SLIDE WHISTLE .. CRASH...

PETRIE: (SCREAMS)

MOORE: or.. "It's Curtains for That Guy!" Now, Jimmy, in this play, you and I are a couple of high-class interior decorators. Have you had any experience along that line?

DURANTE: ME, JUNIOR? WHY, I KNEW DUNCAN WHEN HE DIDN'T HAVE A FYFE TO HIS NAME! AND FURTHERMORE, I'M THE GUY THAT DECORATED UMBRIAGO'S HOUSE IN CHINESE STYLE .. ALL THE CHAIRS ARE MADE OUT OF GENUINE BA-BOON.

MOORE: Jimmy, you mean genuine bamboo! A baboon is an ape!

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

MOORE: Well, you know him better than I do .. but *it isn't a fit night out for me, not Durante,* ~~come,~~ we must *so let's* get to our decorating shop.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: TELEPHONE BELL .. RECEIVER UP

MOORE: Hello? Moore and Durante, interior decorators. Who? Oh, hello there. *Say -* We just finished decorating your Hollywood Home? *Yeah* We put clothes trees in every room, shoe trees in every closet, and in the vestibule a beautiful hall tree. Yes .. now you can come home, Lassie.

SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN

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MOORE: I suppose I could say that our business is going to the dogs. But ~~let's see, now, I've got to go.~~ *It's plain to see so I'll let it go.*

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

DURANTE: JUNIOR, START GIVING ME ADMIRING GLANCES. I JUST REVOLUTIONIZED THE DECORATING INDUSTRY! IF I SAY SO MYSELF, I DESERVE A PAT ON THE BEAK!

MOORE: *But* why, Jimmy? What do you mean?

DURANTE: A SOCIETY WOMAN CALLS UP AND SAID SHE WANTS HER HOUSE TO BE ENTIRELY DIFFERENT .. SO WHAT DO I DO? .. I PUT THE WALL-PAPER ON THE FLOORS .. I PUTS THE RADIATORS ON THE ROOF ..I NAILS HER CARPET TO THE CEILING .. AND I PUT HER BATH-TUB IN THE LIVING ROOM.

MOCRE: I'm surprised you didn't plant a rose-bush in the bathroom.

DURANTE: I WAS GOING TO ..BUT THAT WOULD SCRATCH UP THE PIANO!

MOORE: *Jimmy* while you were out I was pretty busy here *There's just nothing to do -* We'll just have to tell our customers that we can't stuff any more chairs with mohair.

DURANTE: WHY NOT?

MOORE: Moe hasn't got a hair left on his head.

DURANTE: THINGS ARE BAD EVERYWHERE.

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

TOODLES: Get out the samples, boys. I need decorating!

DURANTE: REVERSE THE ENGINE, CAPTAIN! WE JUST RAN IN TO A FREIGHTER!

TOODLES: Pipe down, knob-nose! I am Mrs. Gibney T. Dabney, and I've been told that you two were expert decorators.

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MOORE: *Oh* Indeed we are, madam. *Just* Here's a sketch of a room we just finished. The ceiling is painted marshmallow white .. the curtains are candy-striped chintz .. the rug is peppermint green and the walls are chocolate brown.

TOODLES: My goodness, who lives in that apartment?

MOORE: Fanny Farmer! Now, *just is it this one* /what/ can ~~we~~ do for ...

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

PETRIE: *Gentlemen, something must be done...*
I hate Louis the Fourteenth furniture! I tell you I can't stand Louis the Fourteenth furniture! Don't even mention the name Louis the Fourteenth!

MOORE: Who are you?

PETRIE: Louis the Fifteenth!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

DURANTE: EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT!

TOODLES: Listen, you two. The "Beautiful House" Magazine is running a contest for the most attractive home in this city. I've got to win that contest, and I don't care how much I spend.

DURANTE: A WALKING GOLD MINE!

MOORE: Madam, we will make your home the epitome of French Renaissance design .. we will provide it with luxurious accoutrements .. and we will enhance it with our flair for the chic and the exotic.

DURANTE: YES..AND WE'LL DE-FROST THE GARBAGE CANS, TOO!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

MOORE: *Sa-ay*
~~Well,~~ Jimmy...quite a shack Mrs. Dabney has here.

DURANTE: IT'S A MANSION! LOOK...EVERY WALL REACHES RIGHT UP TO
THE CEILING. IT'S MAGNIFIOENCE IS SURPASSED ONLY BY ITS
MONSTROSITY. *Boy, am I having a lot of fun when I heard
I read.*

MOORE: *You should never have heard -*
Let's start decorating. I'll begin by washing down this
statue of Venus.

TOODLES: (HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER)

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MOORE: I shouldn't have used such cold water. *Now come in -* Let's get busy, Jimmy. *I tell you what you do - first* First bring me the bring-a-brack and don't knock over the knick-knacks.

DURANTE: OKAY. I'VE BRUNG YOU THE ~~BRING-A-BRACK~~ *Brack-a-Brung* AND I DIDN'T NICK OVER THE KNOCK-NOOKS.

MOORE: No, *Jimmy* You brang me the brack-a-brick and you didn't nook over the knock-nicks.

DURANTE: EXACTLY! I BROCK YOU THE BROCK-A-BRINGS AND I DIDN'T NACK OVER THE NING-NONGS.

MOORE: No, no! You brank me the brack-a-nicks and you didn't nank over the nucks-nacks.

DURANTE: THE NACK-NOOKS

MOORE: The brick^abrocks

DURANTE: NEVER MIND - LET'S STERILIZE THE MATTRESS!

MOORE: *All right* ~~Never mind~~, Jimmy. We'll start by wall-papering this room.

DURANTE: *All right* HERE'S THE PASTE .. HERE'S THE BRUSH .. I'LL TURN ON THE PHONOGRAPH AND WE'LL PAPER THE ROOM TO MUSIC. *Moore: Ah!*

MUSIC: "TALES OF VIENNA WOODS" .. FIRST FEW BARS

MOORE) (TO END MUSICAL PHRASE) SLOP .. SLOP!
DURANTE)

MUSIC: NEXT FEW BARS OF "VIENNA WOODS"

MOORE) (AS BEFORE) ... SLOP .. SLOP!
DURANTE)

MUSIC: CONTINUE "VIENNA WOODS" .. VERY FAST TEMPO

DURANTE: STOP THE MUSIC! WAIT A MINUTE, JUNIOR, WAIT A MINUTE!

MUSIC: OUT

Moore: What's the matter?
DURANTE: I'LL FINISH THIS JOB MYSELF!

MOORE: But why, Jimmy?

JIMMY: I'M THE BIGGEST SLOP IN THE BUSINESS!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

DURANTE: WELL, JUNIOR, THE HOUSE IS FINISHED - AND I THINK YOU AND I DESERVE A NICE VACATION.

Say, that's a great idea, Jimmy -
MOORE: Maybe the best Indies -- where they have those luscious big tomatoes -- and those luscious native dancers with eyes like black orchids, lips like reddest wine, and hair like polished ebony... Boy, do I love tomatoes!

DURANTE: YOUR TASTE IS UNIVERSAL...AND I SAY THAT FROM POSITIVE HEAR-SAY.

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TOODLES: Gentlemen, you might be interested to know -- my home
was awarded a prize!

MOORE: *Awarded a prize!*
By the "Beautiful House" Magazine?

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TOODLES: No...By the "Fruit Grower's" Gazette! How do you account for that?

MOORE: I can't understand it. We did all we possibly could, and yesterday I sent Jimmy over to hang drapes on all the windows.

DURANTE: NO WONDER SHE GOT THE PRIZE FROM THE FRUIT GROWERS *Gazette!*

MOORE: What do you mean? Didn't you hang the drapes?

DURANTE: DRAPES! JUNIOR, I THOUGHT YOU SAID GRAPES!

None.

No!

ORCH: PLAYOFF

APPLAUSE

2/25

PETRIE: Jimmy and Garry will be back with us in a minute, leaving me just sixty seconds to wonder -- Oh where, oh where, is my little dog gone?

CANTOR: (SOUNDS CRAZY) I just went through the ringer, brother, and I came out like this!

ORCH: "Oh where, oh where, is my little dog gone!" (LAST FEW NOTES VERY FLAT)

PETRIE: That sure is flat -- and it can be worse in your cigarette! If you want a cigarette that won't ever go flat no matter how many you smoke, get Camels! Camel cigarettes have more flavor, the result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos -- and it's more flavor that helps Camels hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke! Test out a pack of Camels in your taste and throat, your T-Zone. There's no place like your own taste to get the last word on Camel cigarettes' extra flavor -- nothing like your throat to give you the real story on Camel's smooth extra mildness. And remember, Camels stay fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world!

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

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

ORCH: INTRO TO "WHO WILL BE WITH YOU"

27²⁰

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

MOORE: A magnificent note, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: AN ADORABLE NOTE, MR. MOORE.

MOORE: *Yeah -* *now that the day work has all been done,*
~~well~~, Jimmy, where are you going this evening?

DURANTE: I GOT TO GO VISIT MY DOG THAT'S IN THE ARMY. THEY PUT
HIM IN THE GUARD HOUSE.

MOORE: They put your dog in the guard house. Why?

DURANTE: HE BIT A SUPERIOR COCKER SPANIEL! WOULD YOU CARE TO GO
WITH ME AND TAKE HIM A BONE?

MOORE: *No. In* Sorry no can do, Jimmy... I've got to go back out to the
country tonight. It's the hen's night off and I have to
go sit on the eggs.

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT!

ORCH: *There*
~~"WHO WILL BE WITH YOU" PLAYOFF~~

28/10

MOORE: Good night, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: GOOD NIGHT, MR. MOORE.

BOTH: GOOD NIGHT EVERYBODY (FOLKS)

See you later.

ORCH: UP AND OUT

APPLAUSE

(IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN)

28¹²

ORCH: (THEME ... BUMPER)

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 Georgia Gibbs, Roy Bargey and his orchestra, yours truly, Howard Petrie,

DURANTE: AND GARRY MOORE

MOORE: And Jimmy Durante

BOTH: IN PERSON! *2835*

APPLAUSE

ORCH: THEME UP ... FADE FOR

PETRIE: And remember, Camel cigarettes are first in the service! Camels stay fresh, because they're packed to go around the world! *2843*

ORCH: THEME UP

APPLAUSE

(BOARD FADE)

(SWITCH TO STUDIO SIX FOR HITCH HIKE) *2850*

(IN STUDIO SIX)

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

29 30

ANNCR: This is CBS, THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

- fade theme 20 seconds -

WABC.....NEW YORK