

(REVISED)

WILLIAN ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

**AS  
BROADCAST**

*Director - 4/11 - EW*

CBS NETWORK

FRIDAY, APRIL 7, 1944

PROGRAM NO. 55

10:00 - 10:30 PM, EWT.

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

PAUL LUTHER

TED JEWETT

DIRECTOR.....PHIL COHAN

51454 5071

mp

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

FRIDAY, APRIL 7, 1944

10:00 - 10:30 PM, EWT

CUE: (COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM)  
(.....30 seconds.....)

(AS PROGRAM TAKES THE AIR, AUDIENCE AND CAST ARE LAUGHING) (AFTER THREE..FIVE SECONDS)

SOUND: PHONE RINGS...PHONE UP

MOORE: Hello....this is Garry Moore speaking!

DURANTE: HELLO JUNIOR..THIS IS JIMMY!

MOORE: Jimmy Durante! Where are you?

DURANTE: I'M OVER HERE WITH DOROTHY LAMOUR. YOU KNOW I SEE HER TWICE <sup>a</sup> EVERY WEEK.

MOORE: You see Dorothy Lamour twice a week?

DURANTE: YES ON MONDAY I WASH HER SARONG AND ON FRIDAY I DELIVER IT.

ORCH: (PYRAMID CHORD)

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

PETRIE: (COLD) Camel Cigarettes present..Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante.

APPLAUSE

ORCH: (THEME FULL AND FADE FOR)

mp

PETRIE: Yes, it's the Friday Night Camel Show..Jimmy Durante,  
Garry Moore, Georgia Gibbs, Roy Barge and his orchestra  
and your 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

And with that to one side, we present now the co-star  
of our show, a young man who is more fun than a barrel  
of monkeys. There's only one trouble - we can't get  
him out of the barrel -- <sup>And he is --</sup> Garry Moore.

APPLAUSE

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MOORE: Well, thank you...Thank you very much, Howard, my friend, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen...and Howard I want you to be sure to come up to my house this Sunday for a party.

PETRIE: Oh - a party?

MOORE: *Yeah* I'll show you a big Easter, egg - I mean <sup>*sorry*</sup> I'll show you a big Easter egg.

PETRIE: Oh - has the bunny rabbit been to your house?

MOORE: *Howard* Oh-~~oh~~, don't mention rabbits to me..I bought two of them last January....That was only three months ago and do you know how many I have now?

PETRIE: How many?

MOORE: Two!...how did I know they were brothers?...*Very extremely* confusing.

PETRIE: Well how about the Easter Parade, Garry? Are yuh gonna watch it this year?

MOORE: *Am I gonna* Watch it?...My dear boy - and I use the word "boy" in the past tense - I am going to be IN the parade..What a sight! First comes Governor Dewey in a cutaway with Mrs. Dewey holding his arm. Then comes Mayor LaGuardia in a cutaway with Mrs. LaGuardia holding his arm. Then I come in a cutaway, with Sam Fryslop holding my arm...

PETRIE: Who is Sam Fryslop?

MOORE: The man who rents me the cutaway..Oh, he's so suspicious ..Why do you know, Howard, that every time I lift my rented top hat to a lady, I sail four feet into the air?  
mp

PETRIE: Why's that?

MOORE: The top-hat is chained to the back of my pants..That's that Sam again.

PETRIE: Well, Garry, what do you think of the women's fashions this year?

MOORE: *The women's fashions? Oh well -*  
~~Oh~~ I like them almost as well as clothes..Does it seem to you, Howard, that the dresses are getting skimpier all the time?

PETRIE: *Oh boy.* You said it..And Garry, if the skirts keep getting higher and the necklines keep getting lower - what's gonna happen?

MOORE: I don't know - but I'm gonna be there when it does... And <sup>so</sup> in line with these Easter thoughts, I'd like to present a very special guest.

ORCH: FANFARE

MOORE: With thousands of people planning to march in the Easter Parade, tonite we present someone who will not march; Mrs. Gramercy Fludgewicker...You are opposed to the Easter Parade, Mrs. Fludgewicker?

MJN: (TOUGH) ..I am opposed, anti, and nuts to it!

MOORE: But didn't you march last year?

MIN: *Didn't I?*  
Are you kiddin'? I wear a tweed evening dress clear down to my bobby socks, a neon swagger stick and a honeysuckle corsage.

MOORE: Corsage? My dear. Mrs. Fludgewicker - the word is pronounced corsage ...like garage. Now where did you get the <sup>oo</sup> corsage?

MIN: In the gar-bage!

MOORE: I see <sup>in spite of all this</sup> -- but your costume wasn't a success?

MIN: All afternoon I'm sashayin...up and down Fifth Avenue - and nobody even gives me a gander. Well, I'm burning, so I grabs a hold of a photogopher and I says, "Don't just stand there - make with the pickcha!" ...So he says "Okay lady, watch the birdie."

MOORE: And he took your picture?

MIN: He took a pickcha of the birdie!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: <sup>See</sup> Well, I know just how she feels..I had my picture taken last week but nothing came out...I kept telling the photographer, "No, no! Put the black cloth over YOUR head!" ...But while on the subject of fashions -

ORCH: SNEAK IN DURANTE'S MUSIC

MOORE: Let's say hello to that slightly cracked fashion plate - <sup>our</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>white-haired boy and back here in the presidential race</sup> ~~the~~ Jimmie Durante, in person!

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG...EVEN WHEN THINGS GO WRONG...VOTE FOR DURANTE...DARK HORSE DURANTE ... (HOLDS HIGH NOTE)...WHAT A NOTE...I SOUND LIKE A REGULAR HALF NELSON EDDY!!

MOORE: Ah, Jimmy for a presidential candidate you're certainly in a pixie mood tonight.

DURANTE: WHATEVER THAT IS, JUNIOR, YOU'RE RIGHT. BUT WHAT AN EXPERIENCE I JUST HAD. ON MY WAY OVER HERE I STOPPED INTO A GYPSY TEA ROOM (FOR A CUP OF COFFEE) WHEN THE GYPSY CAME OVER AND STARTED READING MY PALM. SHE TOLD ME MY LIFE IS GONNA BE FULL OF LOVE AND ROMANCE AND I'LL ALWAYS HAVE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN IN LOVE WITH ME."

MOORE: She could tell all that by just looking at your hand?

DURANTE: YES. THEN SHE LOOKED AT MY FACE AND TOOK IT ALL BACK!!

MOORE: That should teach you not to fall for a seer-sucker.

DURANTE: WHAT A BON MOTT. TRULY THE BON-EST MOTT I'VE HEARD TONIGHT! *TH. Thank you.* BUT THAT'S NEITHER FLOT-SOME NOR JET-SOME! I WAS AT HOME LAST NIGHT, (POURING WATER ON MY SMOKING JACKET), WHEN I HEARD A KNOCK AT THE DOOR SO I SAID CHER-SAAY LA FEMME, WEE WEE AND ALA CART (IT WAS A FRENCH DOOR) I WAS HANDED A MESSAGE FROM THE THEATRE GUILD \* THEY WANT ME TO RETURN TO THE STAGE!

MOORE: *Hell that's*  
/Very interesting, James, but has that any bearing on your campaign for the presidency?

DURANTE: ~~OF~~ CERTAINLY ~~YOU KNOW, JIMMY,~~ WHY TO BE A  
 SUCCESSFUL POLITICIAN YOU GOTTA BE A GREAT ACTOR.  
 SO I DECIDED <sup>Garry</sup> TO RETURN TO THE DRAMA. AFTER ALL, EVEN  
 WHEN I WAS A CHILD I LEANED STRONGLY TOWARD THE STAGE.

MOORE: What was the result?

DURANTE: I KEPT FALLING OUT OF THE BALCONY!

MOORE: Your governness should have held you tighter. But tell  
 me, Jimmy, did you ever tour the country in a  
 successful play!

DURANTE: YES, FOR THREE YEARS, FROM COAST TO COAST I PLAYED IN  
 "RAIN".

MOORE: You played in "Rain" from Coast to Coast?

DURANTE: YEAH, THEY NEVER LET ME INSIDE THE THEATRES! IT WAS  
 CLASS DISTINCTION! BUT, GARRY, THE HIGH POINT OF MY  
 CAREER WAS WHEN I PLAYED IN ROMEO AND JULIET...WHAT A  
 SCENE - JULIET WAS ON THE BALCONY AND I WAS ON THE  
 BALCONY!

MOORE: Hold on, Jimmy. Why were you both on the balcony?

DURANTE: CAUSE THEY DON'T LET YOU NECK IN THE ORCHESTRA.  
 THAT'S THE CONDITIONS THAT PREVAIL!!

MOORE: I take it that was <sup>when you left</sup> ~~the end of your career~~ in the theatre.  
~~and went into politics.~~



DURANTE: NO. I THEN TURNED TO COMEDY. WHY I'LL NEVER FORGET THE  
OPENING OF THE SHOW. ALL THROUGH THE FIRST ACT THE  
AUDIENCE HOWLED AT ME. ALL THROUGH THE SECOND ACT THEY  
HOWLED AT ME AND THEN AT THE END OF THE THIRD ACT...

MOORE: Yes...

DURANTE: THEY CAME UP AND BIT ME!!

MOORE: *And* After that I suppose you became a bit player...Ha - ha..  
Don't you get it *Jimmy* bit-player -- the fella was bit... *so he*

DURANTE: DON'T EXPLAIN IT. I'M HAPPY IN MY IGNORANCE...BUT IT'S  
NOT A MERE COINCIDENCE THAT I REACHED THE PEA-NOCKLE  
OF THE ACTING PROFESSION. AND BESIDES BEING A GREAT  
DRAMATIC STAR MYSELF, I ALSO TAUGHT SOME OF THE  
GREATEST ACTORS EVERYTHING THEY KNOW.

MOORE: *You taught 'em?*  
~~try as I might~~, Jimmy - I find that hard to believe.

DURANTE: OH, YOU DO, HEY? HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF LIONEL BARRYMORE?

MOORE: Yes.

DURANTE: YOU HAVE? WELL, HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF GEORGE ARLISS.

MOORE: Yes, *I have*

DURANTE: OH, YOU HAVE..WELL DID YOU EVER HEAR OF OSCAR PLOTNIK?

MOORE: No.

DURANTE: WELL, HE WAS MY GREATEST PUPIL!

MOORE: *Hull*, I don't like to interrupt this fascinating saga of the theatah, but right now I'm most anxious to hear about your political campaign, *Jimmy*.

DURANTE: IT'S THE SAME OLD STORY, JUNIOR, WHEREVER YOU GO ALL YOU HEAR IS, "DURANTE FOR PRESIDENT - DURANTE FOR PRESIDENT!" ~~WHY~~ THEY'RE ~~EVER~~ ROOTING FOR ME NORTH AND SOUTH OF THE MACY-AND-GIMBEL LINE!

*Moore:*  
*Accounty.*  
MOORE: *That's good. And what's the feeling toward you in Washington?*  
MOST ENCOURAGING! ONLY YESTERDAY I WAS WALKING DOWN PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE (NONCHALANTLY SMOKING A CAMEL ~~OF~~ ~~COURSE~~) WHEN I BUMPED INTO PAUL MCNUTT AND CORDELL HULL. PAUL MCNUTT TELLS ME I'VE GOT ONE FOOT IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

MOORE: Oh, McNutt's ~~is~~ just pulling your leg.

DURANTE: I KNOW IT. BUT IF I COULD GET CORDELL HULL TO PULL THE OTHER ONE, I'D HAVE BOTH FEET IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

MOORE: *Feel all right. I just*  
~~hope~~ hope you don't become over confident and relax your efforts.

DURANTE: QUITE THE REVERSIBLE. WHY JUST THE OTHER NIGHT I MADE A SPEECH BEFORE 5,000 PEOPLE AND I SOUNDED JUST LIKE LINCOLN.. I SAID, "I'M A MAN OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE AND FOR THE PEOPLE." SUDDENLY A GUY IN THE BACK ROW GOT UP AND YELLED, "WITH THAT SCHNOZZIE YOU SHOULD BE ON "WE THE PEOPLE!!" EVERYBODY HECKLES DURANTE.

MOORE: Poor James. But it sure sounds as though things are starting to hum, *Jimmy*.

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*Moore: ok?*

DURANTE: AND BOY HAVE I GOT A SENSATIONAL IDEA FOR MY CAMPAIGN./  
I'M GONNA INVEST IN FIVE MILLION TOOTHBRUSHES WITH  
JIMMY DURANTE WRITTEN ON EVERY ONE OF THEM. THEN I'M  
GONNA GIVE 'EM AWAY TO THE VOTERS.

MOORE: What's the idea?

DURANTE: I WANNA MAKE SURE MY NAME IS IN EVERYBODY'S MOUTH. THAT'LL  
GUM UP THE OPPOSITION.

MOORE: Oh, Jimmy, you think of everything.

DURANTE: THANKS, JUNIOR.  
BUT WHAT A SIGHT I SAW AT THE NATION'S CAPITOL. I SAW THE  
REPUBLICAN PARTY, UMBRIAGO..THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY, UMBRIAGO..  
THE INDEPENDENT PARTY AND UMBRIAGO! ..AND ~~THE~~ UMBRIAGO  
WAS ~~BEY~~ MAKING ARRANGEMENTS FOR MY PARTY!

MOORE: What did Umbriago finally arrange for your party?

DURANTE: THREE REDHEADS, FOUR BLONDES AND TWELVE BOTTLES OF BEER!!

ORCH: PLAYOFF  
APPLAUSE

*945*

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GARRY:

Thank you, Jimmy. You'll ~~always have a place in our~~ *doubtless place high at the polls*  
~~next year but~~ *let's overhaul*  
~~hearts.~~ And for places farther removed, ~~just ask --~~

Howard Petrie!

PETRIE:

Once right behind the front lines, now gateway to the Southwest Pacific, is Port Moresby, much-bombed New Guinea supply base. To Americans in Port Moresby, to U. S. bases and outposts 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! Get a Camel cigarette in New Guinea, and it's fresh. Get a Camel around your corner, and it's fresh too -- cool smoking, and slow burning, because your Camels, all Camels, are packed to go around the world! Today more people want the fresh cigarette, the cigarette with more flavor. More people want Camels -- both at home and overseas. So remember, if your store is sold out -- 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!

1042

PETRIE: A man who takes everything at its face value is our  
Mr. Bary - as witness this Roy Bary tribute to  
"Cover Girl."

11<sup>15</sup>

ORCH: COVER GIRL

13<sup>00</sup>

vf

-13-

DURANTE: AND THAT WAS ROY BARGY AND HIS ORCHESTRA PLAYING "COVER GIRL" WHICH WAS TAKEN FROM THE MOTION PICTURE "COVER GIRL" WHICH WAS TAKEN FROM THE BOOK "COVER GIRL" WHICH WAS TAKEN FROM THE SONG "COVER GIRL". I GUESS THAT COVERS THAT. *M: I guess it does.* AND SO LET'S ADJOURN TO THE CULTURE CORNER WHERE STANDS MR. GARRY MOORE *is writing* WITH ANOTHER OF HIS WELL-KNOWN STORIES OF LITTLE-KNOWN PEOPLE.

MOORE: *Well, thank* ~~That's generous~~ of you, James. Tonight *friends* I'd like to tell you the heart-rending story of a man named "Rancid Crumnuckle."

DURANTE: SOUNDS FASCINATING. I WILL LISTEN WITH MY UNCLE IN THE ANTE-ROOM *13<sup>20</sup>*

ORCH: SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME

MOORE: *I thought you ought to know about* ~~This is the story of~~ Rancid Crumnuckle, ~~who was~~ born in the lovely little town of Love Seat, New Jersey which is *just* three miles from Great Neck, Long Island (MUSIC OUT) Rancid grew up to be an adorable little child. He had red cheeks, a cute nose and a lovely bang in the middle of his forehead.. which was put there by a kid whose yo-yo he had stolen. And so he *grew up and* went to school and on his first day there, the teacher made him stand with his face to the wall - her garter was broken. But he progressed,...And upon graduation he was offered a job as an accountant in the firm of Blodgett, Hypotenuse Calculus and Murphy.

(MORE)

vf

MOORE: It was a very nice job - his salary was eight dollars a  
(CONTD) week and all the pencils he could eat. And he liked it  
too - even though the soft lead gave him heartburn.  
Well <sup>see</sup> ~~see~~, Rencid gave his all to Blodgett, Hypotenuse,  
Calculus and Murphy. For the next 20 years, he sat glued  
to his desk --and became known around the office as  
flat-top's brother, Roll Top. ~~But~~ <sup>Then</sup> - (ORCH: CHORD  
AND HOLD B.G.) his chance at fame and fortune came.  
Mrs. Amelia Blodgett, wife of the big boss, was about to  
step into an open elevator shaft and would have fallen to  
certain death had not Rencid snatched her back.

MUSIC: MUSIC OUT

Immediately, he was called into the office of J.J.  
Blodgett in person.

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SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

PETRIE: Crumnuckle, my boy, how long have you been with the firm?

MOORE: Twenty years, sir.

PETRIE: Is it true that if it hadn't been for you, my wife would  
have fallen eighteen floors to her death?

MOORE: It is, sir.

PETRIE: Crumnuckle.

MOORE: Yes.

PETRIE: (VERY LOUD) YOU'RE FIRED!

MUSIC: SAD MUSIC

vf

MOORE: A broken man, Rancid Crumnuckle stumbled into the street. Through force of habit he made his way to the little restaurant where for twenty years he had daily ordered the thirty five cent lunch. He was just about to order it again when a man approached his table and said:

ORCH: MUSIC OUT

MAN: Are you, Rancid Crumnuckle?

MOORE: I am, sir.

MAN: Good. I am J. Blackstone Tort the attorney and I have news for you. Your wealthy uncle just passed away, leaving ten million dollars and you are his only heir.

MOORE: Ten million dollars?????

MAN: Yes, ten million dollars! Tell me, what are you going to do with all that money?

MOORE: I'm gonna order the forty-five cent lunch!

MUSIC: POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE

vf



MOORE: This huge fortune rapidly went to Rancid's head. Ordering the forty five cent lunch was only the beginning. From that day on, he ate only at the Waldorf. And he wouldn't even look at a lamb chop unless it was wearing nylon panties..What was worse he would deliberately leave his <sup>home</sup> house fifteen minutes late so as to get to the movies after the price change..Yes, Rancid Crumnuckle was a different man. He was drunk with power - why one day in the wash room at Grand Central Station when he saw a sign that read "Take One paper towel," --Rancid took two! Like the rest of the 400, he owed every high class shop in town. He ordered a shooting box in Scotland ..a chateau in Switzerland - a hacienda in Mexico ...a ranch in Wyoming ..and mansions in London, Boston, Newport, Oldport, Palm Springs, Hot Springs, Eastport, Westport, Little Rock Big Rock and a furnished flat in Brooklyn. Yes...Rancid Crumnuckle was a happy man at last until one day....

MUSIC: OMINOUS CHORD

SOUND: PHONE RINGS..RECEIVER OFF

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MOORE: Hello...

MAN: (FILTER) Hello, Crumnuckle - this is J. Blackstone Tort  
the attorney.

MOORE: Oh, hello, Mr. Tort.

MAN: Tell me, did you ever know that, your uncle who died  
leaving ten million dollars was er - shall we say -  
eccentric?

MOORE: *h* Sure...He always thought he was Napoleon.

MAN: That's right. He thought he was Napoleon until his  
dying day and I have news for you.

MOORE: What is it?

MAN: He left all his money to Josephine.

MOORE: HORRENDOUS SCREAM

MUSIC: SOUL SHAKER - SEQUE TO "SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME"

And so the moral of our story is...unless you're <sup>*Certain*</sup> ~~sure~~  
of better things, keep your nose to the grindstone -  
and in 20 years, your fortune may not be any larger,  
but your nose will be much smaller.

ORCH: PLAYOFF

APPLAUSE

17<sup>42</sup>

mp

DURANTE: JUNIOR, THAT NAR-A-TATION WAS MOST-HEARTBREAKING.  
I HATE TO HEAR ABOUT ANYBODY LOSING ALL HIS MONEY.

MOORE: *de* Yes, poor fellow, <sup>*why*</sup> he didn't even know where his next  
pack of camels was coming from.

DURANTE: I JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW ONE THING, JUNIOR. IF I HAD  
TWO CARS - I'D GIVE YOU ONE. IF I HAD TWO BOOKS -  
I'D GIVE YOU ONE. AND IF I HAD TWO BLONDES --

MOORE: Yes?

DURANTE: HOW WOULD YOU LIKE ANOTHER BOOK?

MOORE: Oh, Thank you <sup>*very*</sup> much, *Juniory*

ORCH: SNEAK IN GIBBS INTRO

MOORE: *But you know*  
One thing I'm always glad to have is a song by  
Georgia Gibbs.

GIBBS: Thank you, Garry. ~~and~~ tonight you're invited to pass  
your plate for a second helping of a hep little item  
called "Tess' Torch Song".

MOORE: Her nibs, Miss Gibbs *18-30*

GIBBS: TESS' TORCH SONG

APPLAUSE

*20 1/2*

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

LUTHER: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute 24 year old Marine Second Lieutenant Benjamin S. Read, of Williamsburg, Virginia, who was ordered to observe and direct our artillery fire on Japanese entrenched positions on Bougainville. Unable to see our shellbursts he advanced along beyond the front lines of our assault troops, to a point almost within the enemy emplacements. Then, though under heavy enemy fire, he remained in his position, enabling our artillery to prepare for an assault, and to smash an enemy flanking attack. In your honor, Lieutenant Benjamin Read, the makers of Camels are sending to our Marines in the Pacific three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes.

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

21<sup>40</sup>

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

22<sup>03</sup>

vr1

MOORE: And now, in place of our regular dramatic effort, the Friday Night Camel Show takes great pride in presenting that distinguished American baritone, Mr. James Shortnini Bread Durante, in the radio premiere of a new folks song, entitled "Everybody Loves My Baby But My Baby Doesn't Love Everybody Because My Baby Doesn't Know Everybody." ....Now in this song -

DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE! WAIT A MINUTE! CEASE THE FESTIVITIES!

MOORE: What's the matter, Jimmie?

DURANTE: I WON'T SING A NOTE UNTIL I GET SOME FIRE INSURANCE.

MOORE: What do you want with fire insurance?

DURANTE: FIVE TIMES I'VE STARTED TO SING ON THIS/<sup>Camel</sup>PROGRAM, AND EVERY TIME I DID I GOT FIRED!

MOORE: Well, so suppose you do get fired. The way I look at it, Jimmie, you've only got one problem,..Either you get fired, or you don't get fired. <sup>you</sup>If you don't get fired, you've got no problem. If you do get fired you've only got one problem.

DURANTE: YEAH?

MOORE: Either you've got enough dough to live on, or you haven't got enough dough to live on.

DURANTE: OH, YEAH.

MOORE: If you've GOT enough dough to live on, you've got no problem. If you HAVEN'T got enough dough to live on, you've only got one problem.

DURANTE: YEAH?

MOORE: Either they take you into the poor-house, or they don't take you into the poor-house.

DURANTE: OH, YEAH.

MOORE: If they DO take you into the poor-house, you've got no problem. And if they DON'T take you into the poor-house you've only got one problem.

DURANTE: YEAH?

MOORE: You either get thrown in jail for being a bum, or you don't get thrown in jail for being a bum.

DURANTE: OH, YEAH.

MOORE: If you DON'T get thrown in jail, you've got no problem..And if you DO get thrown in jail -

DURANTE: ~~YEAH?~~

MOORE: You'll be so happy to <sup>be in the same cell with</sup> see your relatives, you won't have time for problems!...~~I hope I made that clear.~~

DURANTE: OH, YEAH..THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT YOU, JUNIOR, YOU MAKE EVERYTHING SO CLEAR AND BEFUDDLING...BUT I STILL DON'T SEE WHY WE'RE NOT HAVING A DRAMA TONITE.

MOORE: Well, Jimmie, we can't have a drama because I have to leave. With the Easter holidays coming on, I've taken a part-time job to help out in the rush.

DURANTE: YOU'VE TAKEN A NEW JOB, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Yes, I've taken a new job, Jimmie.

DURANTE: WELL TELL ME - WHERE IS YOUR NEW JOB LOCATED, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Why, my new job is located on a side street beside a skyscraper on the south side of Schenectady, Jimmie.

DURANTE: YOUR NEW JOB IS LOCATED ON A SIDE STREET BESIDE A SKYSCRAPER ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF SCHENECTADY, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Yes, my new job is located on a side-street beside a skyscraper on the south side of Schenectady, Jimmie.

DURANTE: (I'M AFRAID I'M GONNA REGRET THIS!) ...WELL, TELL ME - WHO IS YOUR NEW JOB WITH ON A SIDE STREET BESIDE A SKYSCRAPER ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF SCHENECTADY, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Why, my new job is with a non-rationed fashion haberdashery on a side street beside a skyscraper on the south side of Schenectady, Jimmie.

DURANTE: YOUR NEW JOB IS WITH A NON-RATIONED FASHION HABERDASHERY ON A SIDE STREET BESIDE A SKYSCRAPER ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF SCHENECTADY, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Yes, my new job is with a non-rationed fashion haberdashery on a side street beside a skyscraper on the south side of Schenectady, Jimmie.

DURANTE: (I'M JUST THE TOOL OF AN INFERIOR BRAND<sup>N</sup>!)....WELL TELL ME - WHO DO YOU WORK FOR IN YOUR NEW JOB AT A NON-RATIONED FASHION HABERDASHERY ON A SIDE STREET BESIDE A SKYSCRAPER ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF SCHENECTADY, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Why I work for the guy who buys ties and tries 'em for size at a non-rationed fashion haberdashery on a side street beside a skyscraper on the south side of Schenectady, Jimmie.

DURANTE: YOU WORK FOR THE GUY WHO BUYS TIES AND TRIES 'EM FOR SIZE AT A NON-RATIONED FASHION HABERDASHERY ON A SIDE STREET BESIDE A SKYSCRAPER ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF SCHENECTADY, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Yes, I work for the guy who buys ties and tries 'em for size at a non-rationed fashion haberdashery on a side street beside a sky-scraper on the south side of Schenectady, Jimmie.

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DURANTE: (WITH ALL THAT TONGUE HE COULD OPEN A DELICATESSEN!...  
WELL TELL ME - <sup>tell me</sup> WHAT DO YOU DO IN YOUR NEW JOB WITH  
THE GUY WHO BUYS TIES AND TRIES 'EM FOR SIZE AT A  
NON-RATIONED FASHION HABERDASHERY ON A SIDE STREET  
BESIDE A SKY-SCRAPER ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF SCHENECTADY,  
JUNIOR?

wf

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MOORE: Oh, I'm one of the jerks who clerks and works for the guy who buys ties and tries 'em for size at a non-rationed fashion haberdashery on a side street beside a sky-scraper on the south side of Schenectady, Jimmie.

DURANTE: YOU'RE ONE OF THE JERKS WHO CLERKS AND WORKS FOR THE GUY WHO BUYS TIES AND TRIES 'EM FOR SIZE AT A NON-RATIONED FASHION HABERDASHERY ON A SIDE STREET BESIDE A SKYSCRAPER ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF SCHENECTADY, JIMMIE? ...I MEAN JUNIOR?

MOORE: Yes, I'm one of the jerks who clerks and works for the guy who buys ties and tries 'em for size at a non-rationed fashion haberdashery on a side street beside a skyscraper on the south side of Schenectady, Jimmie.

DURANTE:

*(Shoulda quit when I was even)*  
~~(THEY'LL TAKE ME HOME IN AN AMBULANCE!)....I'LL GO TO YOUNG~~

~~ONCE MORE!~~ TELL ME - WHEN DO YOU START YOUR NEW JOB AS ONE OF THE JERKS WHO CLERKS AND WORKS FOR THE GUY WHO BUYS TIES AND TRIES 'EM FOR SIZE AT A NON-RATIONED FASHION HABERDASHERY ON A SIDE STREET BESIDE A SKYSCRAPER ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF SCHENECTADY, JUNIOR?

MOORE:

When do I start my new job as one of the jerks who clerks and works for the guy who buys ties and tries 'em for size at a non-rationed fashion haberdashery on a side street beside a skyscraper on the south side of Schenectady, Jimmie?

mp

*(It never make it)*

DURANTE: /YES, WHEN DO YOU START YOUR NEW JOB AS ONE OF THE JERKS WHO CLERKS AND WORKS FOR THE GUY WHO BUYS TIES AND TRIES 'EM FOR SIZE AT A NON-RATIONED FASHION HABERDASHERY ON A SIDE STREET BESIDE A SKYSCRAPER ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF SCHENECTADY, JUNIOR?

MOORE: It's too late, Jimmie -

DURANTE: What do you mean?

MOORE: I just missed the train for Schenectady.

*Durante:* *It's the gallery!*

ORCH: PLAY-OFF

APPLAUSE

*26<sup>25</sup>*

PETRIE: Jimmy and Garry will be back in a minute. Now the water in the old mill stream was mighty flat -- like this!

ORCH: (PLAYS) "Down by the old mill stream" (LAST FEW NOTES VERY FLAT)

PETRIE: *Yes* - That was flat all right -- but it can be worse in your cigarette! Is wartime flatness spoiling your smoking? Are you looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many you smoke? Get Camels for more flavor. Expert blending of costlier tobaccos does give Camels more flavor, helps them hold up, keep from going flat no matter how many you smoke! That's easy to prove in your T-Zone, your taste and throat. Nothing I can say will tell you as much about Camel's rich extra flavor as your own taste -- and your throat is your own best proving ground for Camel cigarettes' 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: "WHO WILL BE WITH YOU"

27<sup>25</sup>

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: An incredible note, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: A NOTE OF ASTONISHMENT, MR. MOORE.

MOORE: Well, James, the next time I see you will be on Sunday  
morning in the Easter Parade. Did your new outfit arrive  
from the tailor?

DURANTE: YES, BUT I'M AFRAID TO WEAR IT, JUNIOR --I'M AFRAID OF  
CATCHING A COLD.

MOORE: Hasn't it got a cut-a-way coat?

DURANTE: YES - *but the trouble is - it's got a* ~~AND~~/CUT-A-WAY PANTS TOO ~~MATCH~~..BUT I'LL BE IN THE  
PARADE, IRREGARDLESS.

MOORE: O.K. - and when you reach the corner of 5th Avenue & 55th,  
look for me *By* -/I'll be there with bells on.

DURANTE: YOU WILL?

MOORE: Yes - I've got the Good Humor concession.

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT.

ORCH: PLAY OFF

MOORE: Good night, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: GOOD NIGHT, MR. MOORE

BOTH: GOOD NIGHT EVERYBODY (FOLKS)

ORCH: UP AND OUT  
APPLAUSE

ORCH: THEME...BUMPER IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN

*2805-*

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PETRIE: Camel broadcasts go out to the United States four times a week, are shortwaved to our men overseas, and to South America. Listen tomorrow to Bob Hawk, in "Thanks to the Yanks", Monday to "Blondie"; Thursday to Abott and Costello; and next Friday to Georgia Gibbs, Roy Bargy and his orchestra, yours truly, Howard Petrie.

MOORE: And Garry Moore.

DURANTE: AND JIMMY DURANTE

BOTH: IN PERSON!  
APPLAUSE

28<sup>25</sup>

ORCH: THEME UP...FADE FOR

PETRIE: <sup>28<sup>40</sup></sup> And remember... get Camels for more flavor. If you're looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many you smoke, get Camels, for more flavor! <sup>28<sup>50</sup></sup>

ORCH: THEME UP  
APPLAUSE  
BOARD FADE  
(SWITCH TO STUDIO SIX FOR HITCH HIKE)

(IN STUDIO SIX)

JEWETT: More pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the whole world! And, mister, smoking comfort is one big reason! Remember, it's not your pipe that bites your tongue -- it's the tobacco. Prince Albert's no-bite treated to keep your tongue cool and happy. Crimp cut, too, for firm, easy packing, slow burning, and smooth drawing. Get P.A. for Pipe Appeal! The big red two-ounce package holds around fifty rich-tasting, swell-smoking pipefulls. More pipes smoke Prince Albert! It's the National Joy Smoke!

29<sup>30</sup>

ANNCR: This is CBS, the COLUMBIA ... BROADCASTING SYSTEM  
-fade theme 20 seconds -  
WABC.....NEW YORK

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