

74

(REVISED)

**AS
BROADCAST**

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY
CAMEL CIGARETTES
THE CAMEL PROGRAM

MASTER - MAY 23 1944
R.R.

CBS NETWORK

FRIDAY, MAY 12, 1944

PROGRAM NO. 60

7:00 - 7:30 P.M., PWT

CAST

- GARRY MOORE
- JIMMY DURANTE
- GEORGIA GIBBS
- HOWARD PETRIE
- ROY BARGY
- ELVIA ALLMAN
- HARRY LANG
- PATRICK MCGEEHAN
- FRED SHIELDS

DIRECTOR.....PHIL COHAN

51454 5224

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

FRIDAY, MAY 12, 1944

NO. 60

7:00 - 7:30 P.M.PWT

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: AT THE CIRCUS AND I'M HANGING FROM A FLYING TRAPEZE BY MY
TEETH.

MOORE: Jimmy, if you're hanging from a trapeze by your teeth,
how can you be talking to me.

SOUND: CRASH

DURANTE: YOU KNOW, JUNIOR, THAT'S A MIGHTY INTERESTING QUESTION.

ORCHESTRA: (PYRAMID CHORDS)

20

BAND: (CAMELS!)

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

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (THEME FULL AND FADE FOR:)

PETRIE: Yes, it's the Friday Night Camel Show...Garry Moore,
Jimmy Durante, Georgia Gibbs, Roy Bargy and his
Orchestra and yours truly, Howard Petrie.⁵² brought to
you by Camel, the cigarette that's first in the service!
Camels ~~stay fresh,~~ ^{and} cool smoking, ~~and slow burning,~~
because they're ~~packed to go around the world!~~ /⁰⁰

MUSIC: (OUT)

PETRIE: And now we bring you the co-star of our show; a young man
who has been so busy making sweaters for Britain that he
has no more wool to knit wit....And here he is -- that
KNIT WIT -- Garry Moore...

(APPLAUSE)

115

MOORE: ~~well, thank you...~~ Thank you very much, my friends, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen -- a very happy two days before Mother's Day to you all.

PETRIE: Ah, Mother's Day -- do you celebrate it at your house Garry?

MOORE: *yes! y'know*
Oh, ~~indeed we do~~. All her life my mother wanted to have children, and she finally got her wish. Four years after I was born she had her first child...She was ~~so~~ happy. *terribly happy about*

PETRIE: I'll betcha! But just when WERE you born?

MOORE: Well, strictly speaking, Howard, I wasn't ^{really} born at all. *you see* My father sent in a couple of box-tops and I was delivered by Parcel Post. *oh* I was a cute little rascal, too. Until I was ten years old I was tied to my mother's apron strings.

PETRIE: Say, that must have been nice.

MOORE: Yes, it was -- except that she kept sending her apron to the laundry...Oh, I was the dampest baby,

PETRIE: Well, what are you sending your Mother for Mother's Day, Garry?

MOORE: *I can imagine. But say*
well, I dunno, Howard -- I thought I ought to give her something to remind her of me..So I ^{gave} ~~got~~ her a bottle of perfume.

PETRIE: *well* How will that remind her of you?

MOORE: Whenever she's lonesome she squeezes the bulb -- and out comes a little ^{nasty laugh} squirt. *I know she'll like it. anyhow.*

PETRIE: Well, ^{say,} Garry, this Mother's Day chit-chat is all right, but I wanna hear about your picture career. What's cookin' for you in Hollywood?

MOORE: Howard, just this morning I engaged a new manager -- mademoiselle Letitia Bilgebucket. She's a woman manager and I'm expecting her any minute.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

ELVIA: Hello ~~there~~ -- I'm Letitia Bilgebucket. May I come in?

MOORE: Well, I ~~was~~ expecting a woman -- but come in anyhow.

ELVIA: Thank you, Mr. Moore. ^{oh} It's so nice to see you.

MOORE: ^{oh its good} Nice to see you. ^{Miss Bilgebucket} Don't you think I look well after my long train trip from New York?

ELVIA: You certainly do. It's wonderful what'll keep in those refrigerated cars!

MOORE: Ye-esss -- YOU should try it some time.. (BOTH LAUGH) But about my movie career. Have you submitted my photograph to any of the studios?

ELVIA: Yes, I have.

MOORE: Well, what did they say at M.G.M.?

ELVIA: (SCREAM)

MOORE: what did they say at Paramount?

ELVIA: (SCREAM)

MOORE: At Warners?

ELVIA: (SCREAM)

MOORE: At RKO?

ELVIA: (SMALL SCREAM)

MOORE: I knew I had friends at RKO...But Miss Bilgebucket, can't you give me some constructive ^{criticism} advice?

ELVIA: Well, Mr. Moore, there are all types of faces in pictures. ^{Now} with Charles Boyer's face, he appeals to the romantic type...With Clark Gable's face, he appeals to the outdoor type.

MOORE: And with my face, who do you think I should appeal to?

ELVIA: The Supreme Court!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: Oh, well -- who needs the movies to be happy? I own half-interest in a box of Kleenex...And with my troubles to one side --

3²⁵

ORCHESTRA: (DURANTE INTRODUCTION)

MOORE: ^{We introduce} ~~And here he is, folks~~ -- Camel's white-haired boy-that dark horse Presidential candidate -- Jimmy Durante -- in person!!

51454 5229

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG... (HOLDS HIGH NOTE) ~~WHAT A NOTE!~~ ^{You know -} TO GET THAT NOTE I HAVE TO SHAPE MY LIPS LIKE A PEAR. BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE TROUBLE -- IT COMES OUT LIKE A BANANA!!!

MOORE: I notice a ~~special~~ note of ^{chagrin} ~~gaiety~~ in your voice tonight, James. What's the cause of it?

DURANTE: LAST NIGHT I WENT TO THE PREVIEW OF MY LATEST PICTURE, "TWO GIRLS AND A SAILOR" (A COLLOSSI-AL MGM PRODUCTION) AND WHEN I CAME OUT OF THE THEATRE A LITTLE BOY STEPPED UP TO ME AND ASKED ME FOR MY AUTOGRAPH. IMAGINE THE NERVE OF THAT KID!

MOORE: What's wrong with that?

DURANTE: HE MADE ME GIVE HIM BACK HIS FOUNTAIN PEN!

MOORE: Jimmy, some day you ought to have an X-ray picture taken of your brain.

DURANTE: I DID, BUT IT DIDN'T TURN OUT.

MOORE: No film?

DURANTE: NO BRAIN!! BUT, ^{Junior} THAT'S NEITHER COCKER NOR SPANIEL... A FEW NIGHTS AGO I WAS HAVING A CLUB SANDWICH BUT I DIDN'T GET MUCH TO EAT (YOU SEE THERE WERE FORTY MEMBERS IN THE CLUB) WHEN I SUDDENLY REALIZED THAT MY "DURANTE-FOR-PRESIDENT" CAMPAIGN HAD BEEN ^{two} EXHAUSTING ~~BE~~... SO I DECIDED TO GIVE MYSELF A COMPLETE PHYSICAL EXAMINATION (FROM TOES TO NOSE).

MOORE: But, Jimmy -- you should go to a doctor if you want a check-up. After all you don't know anything about medicine.

DURANTE:

An amusing face has you made - but very untrue!
WHO DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT MEDICINE?? FOR YOUR

"INFORMATION...PLEASE"...I TOOK MEDICINE AT HARVARD FOR
FOUR YEARS -- I TOOK MEDICINE AT OXFORD FOR THREE YEARS --
I TOOK MEDICINE AT JOHN HOPKINS FOR FIVE YEARS AND DO
YOU KNOW SOMETHING?

MOORE: What?

DURANTE: AFTER TAKING ALL THAT MEDICINE I STILL FEEL ROTTEN!

(MY MA-TAB-OLISM IS POSITIVELY BASE-AL)

MOORE: *But*
~~Well~~, Jimmy, if you're feeling that bad, there's only
one thing for you to do...go to a Turkish bath.

DURANTE: TURKISH BATH? WITH THE WAR GOING ON HOW CAN A GUY GET
TO CONSTANTINOPELE! (IT'S ALL I CAN DO TO PRONOUNCE IT.)

MOORE: You ain't just flopping your chops! -- but what did you
finally decide to do *Jimmy*!

DURANTE: I WENT UP TO ARROWHEAD SPRINGS. AND THE FIRST MORNING
THERE, NONCHALANTLY SMOKING A CAMEL, I STROLLED DOWN TO
THE MINERAL SPRINGS. I SAT DOWN IN ONE SPOT, AND OUT
OF THE GROUND CAME SULPHUR WATER....I SAT DOWN IN ANOTHER
SPOT, AND OUT OF THE GROUND CAME CALCIUM WATER. THEN
I SAT DOWN IN ANOTHER SPOT -- AND I NEVER JUMPED SO HIGH
IN MY LIFE!

MOORE: What came out of the ground?

DURANTE: A GOPHER! I GOT A MILLION OF 'EM! A MILLION OF 'EM!

MOORE: Well, *Jimmy* sitting still won't give you any muscles. Didn't
you get any exercise?

DURANTE: JUNIOR, THE FIRST DAY *Jesus* THERE I GOT UP AT SIX A.M. (IN
THE MORNING ~~too~~) AND I PLAYED A ROUND OF GOLF. AND
BELIEVE ME I'LL NEVER DO THAT AGAIN.

MOORE: Why not, didn't you enjoy walking around those eighteen
holes?

DURANTE: I DIDN'T MIND WALKING AROUND THOSE ¹⁸(LITTLE) HOLES -- *M: the big course. d. Jo.*
IT WAS THAT BIG COURSE THAT BOTHERED ME! I HAVE A
RON-DAY-VOO WITH A SHUR-OPA-DIST *not.*

MOORE: Well now that you're back in the pink I guess you're
ready to get back in the swing of your Presidential
campaign.

DURANTE: I CERTAINLY AM. *Innuendo, listen to this* AND ~~WHAT~~ AN IDEA I THOUGHT UP. ~~JUNIOR~~,
YOU KNOW HOW MOST CANDIDATES GO AROUND THE COUNTRY,
KISSING ALL THE BABIES AND SHAKING HANDS WITH ALL THE
MOTHERS.

MOORE: Yes.

DURANTE: WELL, I'M GONNA BE ORIGINAL! I'M GONNA SHAKE HANDS WITH
ALL THE BABIES AND I'M GONNA KISS ALL THE MOTHERS.

MOORE: Do you expect to get many votes that way?

DURANTE: I DON'T KNOW -- BUT I'M GONNA HAVE A HECK OF A LOTTA FUN!

MOORE: What a crazy stunt -- whoever thinks up those whacky ideas?

DURANTE: WHO -- THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON -- IT'S -- *713*

ORCHESTRA: ("UMBRIAGO") (ORCHESTRA SINGS AS DIRECTED)

DURANTE: UMBRIAGO -- HE GOT ME MY PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION *(M: That's good)*
UMBRIAGO -- HE'LL GET ME ELECTED AND BY ACCLAMATION *(d. whatever that means)*
HE'S AMBITIOUS -- UMBRIAGO HE GETS EV'RYTHING HE WISHES

Jo - I'M HIS CANDIDATE
AND HE'S MY RUNNING MATE

BUT I'M RIGHT HERE TO STATE - *Right, right*

Right THROUGH THE WHITE HOUSE GATE

FIRST OF ALL

I WILL THROW

UMBRIAGO!

51454 5232

DURANTE:
(Cont'd)

UMBRIAGO

COULD BE MAYOR OF NEW YORK OR CHICAGO,

UMBRIAGO ---

RAISES CAIN FROM PORTLAND, MAINE TO SANTIAGO --

YOU KNOW, ^{falls} GARRY, ONE DAY UMBRIAGO COMES UP TO ME AND
SAYS "JIMMY -- I NEED THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS TO OPEN
A CANTEEN -- I'M GONNA MAKE DOUGHNUTS FOR ALL THE SOLDIERS
AND SAILORS...SO WITHOUT ADO I GIVES HIM THE THREE
THOUSAND, AND TWO DAYS LATER WHEN I WALKS INTO THE
CANTEEN, ~~AND~~ WHAT DO I SEE -- UMBRIAGO -- SOUND ASLEEP!..
SO I SAYS "UMBRIAGO! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF SLEEPING WHEN
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE MAKIN' DOUGHNUTS?" AND UMBRIAGO
SAYS "WHY NOT -- TODAY WE'RE MAKIN' THE HOLES!"

SO WHEN YOU FEEL LOW,

BETTER SEND

FOR MY FRIEND

UMBRIAGO!

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY-OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

855

MOORE: Thank you, Jimmy *Thank you, my friend* -- you're a man of many melodies.
But for words without music, let's consult
Howard Petrie.

PETRIE: Closest rail point to Kohima is Dimapur, supply point
for Allied operations in Eastern India and Burma.
To Americans in Dimapur, 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.
Fresh Camel cigarettes in India mean fresh Camels
around your corner, too. Yes, Camel cigarettes stay
fresh and cool smoking, because they're packed
to go around the world!
Both at home and overseas more people want Camels --
the fresh cigarette, the cigarette with more flavor!
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!

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO "LOVE, LOVE, LOVE")

955

PETRIE: Roy Bargy and the orchestra now, in a Roy Bargy
arrangement of "It's Love, Love, Love." */d'o*

ORCHESTRA: ("IT'S LOVE, LOVE, LOVE")
(APPLAUSE)

// 50

5/12/44

Ladies and gentlemen -

DURANTE:

AND THAT WAS ROY BARGY AND HIS ORCHESTRA PLAYING

"LOVE LOVE LOVE" - OR AS WE SAY IN SWEDISH ---

"LAMOUR, TOUJOUR, GESUNDHEIT"....BUT NOW LET US

CREEP TO THE CAMEL CULTURE CORNER AND MR. GARRY MOORE.

MOORE:

Thank you, James. *You know* ~~well~~ tonight, Jimmy, I have with

me a postcard *that I received* from a young lad named Bobby Driplip

of Soggy Bib, Nebraska....He says he listens every

week to our show, but right in the middle of it,

his mother makes him go to bed.

DURANTE:

WHAT FOR? *type of* OUR COMEDY IS ~~GUARANTEED~~ NON-HABIT-FORMING!

MOORE:

You can say that again -

~~Maybe so.~~ But anyhow, this youngster wants us to

do so much of our show as possible before he has to

leave for bed....

DURANTE:

I SEE.

MOORE:

So especially for him, tonight, I shall tell the

children's story of Hansel and Gretel, just as fast

as I can tell it.

Well, once upon a time there were two little kids

named Hansel and Gretel, who lived in a house on the

edge of the woods. And one day their mother said to

'em, "HANSEL," she said "HANSEL -- I want you and

your little sister Gretel to go out in the woods and

get me a load of fire-wood..." And Hansel said,

"Okay -- Ma -- but where would I go to get some wood?"

.....And the mother said, "Where would you go to get

some wood? Why, if you would send me to get some

(CONTINUED)

51454 5236

MOORE:
(Cont'd)

Wood, I would go to the woods to get some wood, because if you wouldn't go to the woods to get some wood then where would you go to get some wood?"....So the kids said they would and they went to the woods to get some wood.. So they ~~were~~ ^{went} out/^{there} in the woods ~~there~~ ^{to} getting some wood, when all of a sudden they came upon a little house in the woods. And whaddayuh think this house was made of HAH?...Whaddayuh think this house was made of?....Well, ~~I'll tell yuh what I'll do~~ -- I'll give you ten seconds to guess (MAIRZY DOATS and dozy doats and little lambsie) divy-- besamey-mucho-too - wouldn't you? Mairzy) Amrammmmm, NEVER MIND, I'11 TELL YOU WHAT THE HOUSE WAS MADE OF!...It was made out of CANDY...It was made out of candy - it had marshmallow drapes with venetian tootsie rolls. So, Hansel and Gretel started to eat the house. They ate the windows, the walls the window-shade, the dresser the door, the davenport, the pillows, the porch, the paint the pipes, the kitchen, the clock the cozy chair, the bricks, the broom, the bric-a-brac, the lights, the lamps, the table-cloth - AND FOR DESSERT THEY SLID DOWN THE BANNISTER! WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN THEY HEAR A VOICE....They heard a voice that said, "HEY, WHADDAYUH DOIN'?" WHADDAYUH DOIN'? WHADDAYUH DOIN" TO MY HOUSE, FUH GOSH SAKES"....

(CONTINUED)

MOORE:
(Con'T)

And when the kids look around, THERE STANDS A WICKED OLD WITCH!....What a face, She looked like a hangover with a broom.....And she says, "WHADDAYUH DOIN' TO MY HOUSE, I SAID??" And the kid says "We ain't doin' nothin' ... we just ate up the windows, the walls, the windowshade, the dresser..the door, the davenport, the pillows, the porch, the paint, the pipes, the kitchen the clock, the cozy chair, the bricks, the broom, the bric-a-brac, the lights the lamps the table-cloth....(HIC) ... AND WHERE CAN WE GET SOME BICARBONATE?".....And the wicked old witch said, "Wise guys, huh? Eatin' up my house, hah? Eatin' up my house! I ain't got enough trouble with termites!And she grabs little Hansel and throws him into a cage, and says, "NOW YOU STAY THERE FATTY PANTS, AND WHEN THE OVEN GETS HOT ENOUGH, I'M GONNA EAT YOU!" Well, sir, naturally Hansel starts to cry....He says, "PLEASE, OLD WITCH, DON'T EAT ME UP! I DIDN'T MEAN TO EAT YOUR HOUSE...I DIDN'T MEAN TO EAT YOUR WINDOWS, YOUR WALLS, YOUR WINDOW-SHADE, the dresser, the door, the davenport, the pillows, the porch, the paint, the pipes, the kitchen, the clock, the cozy chair, the bricks, the broom, the broom, the bric-a-brac the ~~lights~~ the ~~lamps~~ the table-cloth (BREATH) and the witch says Shaddup!... So she goes over to the oven and opens the door to see how hot it is and when she opens the door to stick her head in ..Whadayuh think happens?? GRETEL SNEAKS UP

(CONTINUED)

MOORE: BEHIND HER, SHOVES HER INTO THE OVEN.....AND GIVES HER A
HOT-FOOT ALL OVER.....AND Hansel and Gretel dashed out of
the house and ran and ran and ran and ran and ran, and when
they got home, their mama said, "WHERE YEZ BEEN AT?
WHERE YEZ BEEN AT? YOUR SUPPER IS GETTIN' COLD".....And
the kids said, "SUPPER-SHMUPPER, Who wants supper? We
already ate today"....And the mama said, "You already
ate -- what'd you eat?".....And they said, what did we
eat? Egad - we ate a window, a wall, a window-shade, a
dresser, a door, a davenport, a pillow, a porch, some
paint, and pipes, a kitchen, a clock, a cozy chair, a
brick, a broom, a bric-a-brac, a light, a lamp, a
table-cloth -- AND AWWW, NUTS, GIMME A CHOPPED LIVER
SANDWICH.....And that is the story of Hansel and Gretel.

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

14/30

DURANTE: JUNIOR, THAT WAS MARVELOUS...HOW DO YOU EVER MANAGE TO
TALK THAT FAST?

MOORE: Well, if you really wanna know, James...one ^{It's very simple} merely
controls the passage of one's breath over ^{the} diaphragm
in such a manner as to make it coincide with the
vibrations of the vocal chords in strict conjunction
with the articulations of one's oral apparatus.

DURANTE: HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT! EVEN WHEN HE TALKS SLOW I CAN'T
UNDERSTAND HIM.

MOORE: Well, maybe not. ^{14⁵⁰}

ORCHESTRA: (SNEAK IN GIBBS' INTRODUCTION)

MOORE: But here is something we can all understand -- the
ever-thrilling charm of a lovely young girl --
Her Nibbs, Miss Gibbs...Greetings, Georgia.

GIBBS: Greetings, Garry. And I'm casting my vote tonight
for a fine old song of several seasons ago that's
still mighty mellow...Do you remember --

GIBBS: "IT HAD TO BE YOU" ^{15⁰⁵}

(APPLAUSE)

17³⁰

5/12/44 (REVISED)

the Camel Friday Night Program

MOORE: And at this juncture, my friends ~~of~~ (AD LIB)

DURANTE: (AT PIANO, ARPEGGIO)

MOORE: ~~James, James~~, no rehearsing during the performance!

DURANTE: WHO'S REHEARSING? I'M COMPOSING A SYMPHONY THAT WILL MAKE ME AS IMMORTAL AS BEE-THOVEN!

MOORE: Really?

DURANTE: YES -- EVEN IMMORTALER! BEFORE THE MELODY EVADES ME, LET ME PLAY IT! DON'T EVEN BREATHE!

MOORE: Proceed!

DURANTE: (SINGS) C-A-M-E-L --

MOORE: *Oh wait -* Wait a minute, Jimmy -- that's the Camel theme *song*.

DURANTE: RIGHT -- AND THAT'S THE NOOK-IUS OF MY SYMPHONY. JUST LISTEN! (SINGS) C-A-M-E-L - APOSTROPHE - S!

MOORE: Jimmy, there's no apostrophe in Camels!

DURANTE: I KNOW! BUT WHAT DOES THE APOSTROPHE MEAN? IT MEANS TO SEPARATE! AND I'M SEPARATING CAMELS FROM ALL THE OTHER CIGARETTES!

PETRIE: Very true, James -- and another thing that sets Camels apart is that they have more flavor.

DURANTE: YEAH.

PETRIE: Your own T-Zone, your taste and throat, will tell you that Camel cigarettes do have more flavor, and the smooth extra mildness to go with it -- and I'll tell you why!

DURANTE: ALL RIGHT!

MOORE: We're listening....

PETRIE: Costlier tobaccos, blended with that Camel master touch, give Camel cigarettes more flavor, help them hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke!

DURANTE: THAT'S RIGHT!

MOORE: Indubitably!

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

DURANTE: EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE PACK!

MOORE: Indeed so.

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

DURANTE: WHY THEY STOLE THAT RIGHT OUT OF MY SYMPHONY!

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

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY-OFF)

1905

DURANTE: AND NOW THE FRIDAY NIGHT CAMEL SHOW BRINGS YOU A DRAMA
OF NEWSPAPERS AND THE MEN WHO MAKE THE NEWS, ENTITLED...

MOORE: "The Newspaper Fell in the Sewer", or - "Dick Tracy's
in a Hole Again". Now, Jimmy, in this play you and I
own a newspaper. Have you had any newspaper experience?

DURANTE: WHY, JUNIOR, IN MY YOUTH I WAS KNOWN AS THE WINCHELL
OF GOSSIP, THE KIERAN OF SPORTS AND THE HEDDA HOPPER
OF MOVIES.

MOORE: How were you on scoops?

DURANTE: THERE WASN'T A BETTER MAN WORKING FOR GOOD HUMOR, AND
I SAY THAT WITH TONGUE IN MOUTH.

MOORE: You better. ^{and you'll gonna} ~~Well you'll~~ have to be pretty hot to stick
along with me, Jimmy. Why I've ^{got} had training from
Drew Pearson, Walter Lippman, John Gunther and
Hedy Lamarr.

DURANTE: JUNIOR, ^{how} ~~WHAT~~ COULD YOU POSSIBLY LEARN ^{anything} FROM HEDY LAMARR?

MOORE: He's led such a sheltered life.

DURANTE: INDUBITABLY.

MOORE: Besides ^{Jimmy} James for newspaper work you lack certain educational requirements.

DURANTE: GARRY, ARE YOU FORGETTING THAT I WENT TO VASSAR?

MOORE: Oh, ^{no} hold the phone. Jimmy, you went to Vassar?

DURANTE: YEAH...AND WHEN I GRADUATED, THEY VOTED ME THE ONE MOST LIKELY NOT TO MARRY WALTER PIDGEON.

MOORE: Well, then newspapers it is...Let us repair to the office.

DURANTE: LET US REPAIR. *It's bring the tools.*

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

SOUND: TELEPHONE RING...RECEIVER UP

MOORE: *Hello-* Durante-Moore Newspaper - All the dirt fit to squirt.

ALLMAN: Mr. Moore, I'd like your newspaper to settle a bet. Can you tell me who was the first jockey?

MOORE: That's easy, Madam. The first jockey was Lady Godiva.

ALLMAN: Lady Godiva? Why, she never won a race!

MOORE: That's right, she just showed.

SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN

MOORE: So much for bare facts and figures. . . *And now --*

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

DURANTE: STOP THE PRESSES! STOP THE PRESSES! THERE'S BEEN A MURDER IN A COCKTAIL LOUNGE.

MOORE: Jimmy, a murder in a cocktail lounge? How did it happen?

DURANTE: A MAN STEPPED ON AN OLIVE AND SHOT THE PIMENTO RIGHT THROUGH HIS WIFE'S HEAD!... (FORTUNATELY I WAS BEHIND A CUSPIDOR AT THE TIME)

MOORE: Well, Jimmy, you should stay here and attend to business. Our paper only has one subscriber, and all he does with the paper is paste it up on his bathroom ceiling.

DURANTE: WHAT DOES HE DO THAT FOR?

MOORE: He likes to read while he gargles.

DURANTE: *Oh, I see --*
/HOW VERY LAZORIS.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

PETRIE: *Oh, please, please*
Don't let them string me up! *Please* Don't let them string me up!

~~Please~~ don't let them string me up!

MOORE: ~~Say~~, who are you?

PETRIE: Oh, just a little yo-yo!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: NOW THERE'S A GUY IN A NON-ESSENTIAL OCCUPATION.

MOORE: Probably works part time stuffing bass drums.

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

MOORE: Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ALLMAN: Gentlemen, I am Brenda Iljinfritz, the number one
debutante, I just came out this afternoon.

MOORE: Really, who helped you move the rock??

ALLMAN: Gentlemen, I will be brief. Your newspaper has
besmirched the fair name of Iljinfritz, and heaped
opprobrium and calumny on my escutcheon. I seek
restoratory retribution.

DURANTE: WHY DON'T YOU PULL UP AN ENCYCLOPEDIA AND PARK YOUR
BRITANNICA??

MOORE: Quiet, Jimmy ^{quiet.} Now, Miss Iljinfritz, just what is your
complaint??

ALLMAN: Here, look at this item you ran in your gossip column.....
Which debutante was seen with which playboy in which night
club which evening last week? That's libel.

MOORE: What do you mean??

ALLMAN: I am the witch you referred to.

DURANTE: WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT US TO DO???

ALLMAN: I won't be satisfied unless you retract the story and run this picture of me. (SWEETLY) It was taken down at the beach in my bathing suit just after I came out of the water.

MOORE: Lemme see ^{the picture} ~~it~~ - Hmmm. How many days were you in the water?

ALLMAN: That's the last straw. My attorney will draw up a writ of mandamus in the morning. I'll see you in court. Good day to you.

DURANTE: AND A IPSO FACTO STATUS QUO, IF HE HOLLERS LET HIM GO, TO YOU!

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

PETRIE: Hear ye, hear ye, the court is now in session. Judge Klensch the stench of the bench presiding. The first case - Brenda Ilijinfritz versus Durante-Moore.

DURANTE: JUNIOR, DO YOU THINK WE STAND A CHANCE OF WINNING THIS CASE?

MOORE: *Hey,* We can't lose, Jimmy. I know the foreman of the jury, like I know my own brother.

DURANTE: WHO IZZY?

MOORE: My own brother.

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT.

JUDGE: Now gentlemen, for the sake of the court records, what is the name of the paper in question?

DURANTE: THE LOS ANGELES SUN, YOUR HONOR

JUDGE: The Los Angeles Sun?

DURANTE: YEAH, IT COMES OUT ONCE A WEEK...I GOT TWO MILLION OF 'EM...TWO MILLION OF 'EM.

JUDGE: MISS Iljinfritz, are you sure you wish to press charges against these men?

ALLMAN: Yes, your honor. This is the second time their paper has lampooned me. A few weeks ago they ran a picture of me with a very embarrassing caption.

JUDGE: *And* What did the caption say?

ALLMAN: I like Ken-L-Ration because...

JUDGE: It's an out and out case of libel.

MOORE: Judge Klensch, HOW CAN YOU SIT THERE IN YOUR BIG BLACK NIGHT GOWN AND SAY ^{that} WE'RE GUILTY.

DURANTE: MY PARTNER'S RIGHT. AFTER ALL, WHEN IT COMES TO LAW, I KNOW A THING OR TWO.

JUDGE: All right....what is a habeas corpus?

DURANTE: THAT'S NOT ONE OF THE TWO THINGS I KNOW.

MOORE: Your Honor...or what's left of it, you forget that our paper backed you solidly in the last election.

JUDGE: Why, you insolent young cub!

MOORE: I protest, I am not a cub. I'm just naturally hairy.

Durante:
ALLMAN: *It's enough for that.*
Your honor, I've been thinking it over. I'd be willing to drop the charges, if one of these handsome men would marry me.

DURANTE: A WISE DECISION. I HOPE YOU AND CARRY WILL BE VERY HAPPY.

MOORE: *No, no,* Not so fast, Jimmy. We're partners. We'll toss her double or nothing, *Either she marries the both of us, or none of us.*

JUDGE: An excellent suggestion. We'll spin this wheel. If it comes red, she marries Durante, and if it comes black, she marries Moore. Here goes.....

SOUND: WHEEL

DURANTE: COMON BLACK.
Moore: *Comon red.*

DURANTE: C'MON BLACK.

MOORE: C'mon red.

ALLMAN: Come on, anything.

SOUND: SPINNING WHEEL...THEN STOPS

ALLMAN: Well, do I get Durante or Moore? Is it red or black?

DURANTE: IT'S TATTLE TALE GRAY...YOU GET UMBRIAGO. *25¹⁵*

MUSIC: (PLAY OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

25²⁵

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

MCGEERHAN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Mess Sergeant Ira Slaughter, of Menard, Texas, who was cooking some beef close by an American battery of One-oh-Five Howitzers on the Italian front. Suddenly German gunners opened up with a surprise barrage, starting fires and exploding bags of gunpowder. Seizing a can of extinguishing fluid, Sergeant Slaughter rushed to the flames and, though German shells continued to land on all sides exploding more powder bags, he fought the flames for half an hour and then - the fire out - went back to his cooking. In your honor, Sergeant Ira Slaughter, the makers of Camels are sending to our soldiers overseas three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

26³⁰

(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 travelling Camel Caravans have thanked audiences of more than three and a half million Yanks with free shows and free Camels.

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION "WHO WILL BE WITH YOU")

26⁴⁰

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 notable note, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: A NOTE OF ASTONISHMENT, MR. MOORE. AND THUS, JUNIOR, WE
END OUR THIRD WEEK IN HOLLYWOOD.

MOORE: Yes, and have you found an apartment in Hollywood yet -- or
are you still sub-letting from a ^{grand hog?} ~~gopher?~~

DURANTE: NO, JUNIOR, I FOUND A WONDERFUL LITTLE PLACE...I'M LIVING
IN A GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK.

MOORE: In a Grandfather's clock? Isn't it a little crowded?

DURANTE: IT WON'T BE AFTER GRANDFATHER MOVES OUT.

MOORE: That's my Jimmy who said that.

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY OFF)

MOORE: Good night, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: GOODNIGHT, MR. MOORE.

BOTH: Good night, everybody. (FOLKS)

ORCHESTRA: (UP AND OUT)

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (THEME...(BUMPER)...IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN)

2735

^{27⁵⁵}
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 Bargy and his Orchestra, yours truly, Howard Petrie.

DURANTE: AND JIMMY DURANTE.

MOORE: And Garry Moore.

BOTH: IN PERSON: ^{27⁵⁵}

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP...FADE FOR:)

^{28¹⁵}
PETRIE: 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. ^{28¹⁵}

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP)

(APPLAUSE)

(BOARD FADE)

(SWITCH TO STUDIO FIVE FOR HITCH HIKE)

(ADDITIONAL CLOSING IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN) ✓

PETRIE: We hope you'll listen next Friday night at this time for another Camel program with Jimmy Durante, Garry Moore, Georgia Gibbs and Roy Bargy and his Orchestra. This is Howard Petrie saying goodnight for all the gang.

28³⁵

2840 Out

(IN STUDIO FIVE)

SHIELDS: Mister Pipesmoker, do people like you ~~outdoors~~ and steer clear of you inside? ^{Feel} Don't let them do that, man -- get Pipe Appeal with Prince Albert! Folks are just naturally friendly to a fellow whose pipe is giving off the pleasant aged-in-the-wood aroma of Prince Albert -- and I might add that Prince Albert is mighty friendly to you, too! It's crimp out to pack and burn and draw just right -- and no-bite treated to give your tongue a real holiday. Yes sir, get a big red two-ounce package of Prince Albert -- it holds around fifty of the richest-tasting, swellest smoking pipefuls you ever lit up! No wonder more pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the whole world!

ANNCR: This is CBS...The COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

JG 30