

(REVISED)

**AS
BROADCAST**

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

CBS NETWORK
FRIDAY, AUGUST 18, 1944

PROGRAM #74
7:00 - 7:30 PM. PWT

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

ELVIA ALLMAN

JOE KEARNS

PAT MCGEEHAN

FRED SHIELDS

DIRECTOR.....PHIL COHAN

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 18, 1944

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

CUE: (COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM)

.....30 SECONDS.....)

SOUND: PHONE RINGS TWICE.....PHONE UP

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

DURANTE: (ON FILTER) HELLO, JUNIOR.....THIS IS JIMMY.

MOORE: Jimmy Durante! Where are you?

DURANTE: I'M IN MY VICTORY GARDEN AND I JUST PLANTED MY POTATOES
TWENTY FEET DEEP.

MOORE: Twenty feet deep! Jimmy, I said, twenty inches --
now you'll never get potatoes!

DURANTE: THE HECK WITH POTATOES -- I JUST STRUCK OIL!

MOORE: Oh, no!

ORCH: (INTRODUCTION.....SWELL UP TO FINISH)

BAND: (C-A-M-E-L-S)

PETRIE: (COLD) Camel Cigarettes present

Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore.

(APPLAUSE)

ORCH: (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...brought to you by Camel, the cigarette that's first in the service according to actual sales records! See if your throat and your taste don't make Camel a first with you, too! Find out for yourself!

MUSIC: (OUT)

PETRIE: As you know, friends, everything in radio is done with a twist of the wrist. And with that thought in mind, I present now that handsome, talented young man who is standing behind me - twisting my wrist - Garry Moore.
(APPLAUSE)

MOORE: Well - thank you, ^{very much} Howard Petrie, and good evening,
ladies and gentlemen. To those of you ^{here} in ^{our} the studio / I ^{brought}
say greetings -- And to everybody listening in ^{at home} / I say
(LOUD) HELLO!

PETRIE: Oh, now wait! ^{Garry.} Why do you hafta yell so loud?

MOORE: That's for people with small radios..... You think I'm
kidding? We've got a midget radio home that's so small
when we tune in John's Other Wife, all we ^{can} get is John. ^{nice fella}
But in any event, it is nice to welcome our friends again
for another half hour with our little troupe of super
intellectuals.

ELVIA: Oh, Mr. Moore!....Mr. Moore! ^{Oh} / I've got the FUNNIEST
thing to tell you!.... (LAUGHS)

MOORE: ~~Run for the fox-holes, men, they've unleashed a new secret~~
^{Well if it was Goli Gator and it isn't.}
weapon!

ELVIA: Oh, Mr. Moore, I've got the most wonderful riddle....
What is the difference between a civilian, a sailor and
the United States Fleet?

MOORE: I dunno.

ELVIA: Well, a civilian is weak and scrawny, and a sailor is
strong and brawny.

MOORE: Well when does the fleet come in?

ELVIA: Soon, I hope!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: Hey wait a minute..... (DOOR OPENS) Young lady.. --Come
ⁱⁿ
back/here... a minute

MOORE: *Now listen - you mustn't grow*
Yes - that's what my wife tells me... But don't be
in looking for a man.
discouraged, *my dear.* You're just starting on the road
of life.

ELVIA: Oh, yeah?.....I've been on the road of life so long the

MOORE: *Oh, I'm sorry but I find that hard to*
OPA keeps asking me "Is this trip necessary"?
Just
Well - I just can't believe it... How old are you?

ELVIA: My age is my secret.

MOORE: *Well*
My! Haven't you kept it a long time!.....

ELVIA: Oh tell me about you, Mr. Moore? Did you have any
trouble getting married?

MOORE: *My dear girl*
Oh, don't speak of it. Why, every evening I go back
and thumb through my book of girls who said no to me....
Yes, there I sit - thumbing my no's.

ELVIA: Mr. Moore, you've given me courage. I'll leave you now,
and maybe I can get another offer of marriage.

MOORE: *Oh*
Another? / Then you've already had one?

ELVIA: Yes. He was a sailor in one of those tight-fitting
uniforms. But just as he was leaning over to propose
to me, there was a ripping sound.

MOORE: *Well*
Did he go on with his proposal?

ELVIA: No. He had to back out.

MOORE: *Very good*
I see....Well, *you* go then. *Go* And as you search for a little
home of your very own, remember the old poem -- "There
was an old lady who lived in a shoe. At least she had
someplace to live...Have you?" And with that problem
settled --

ORCHESTRA: (DURANTE INTRODUCTION)

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MOORE:Let us present that prominent problem child, 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.

PETRIE: Telegram! Telegram for James Durante.

DURANTE: THANK YOU, BOY. AND HERE'S A NICKEL TIP.
I USUALLY GIVE A DIME BUT I'M TRYING TO FIGHT INFLATION.

SOUND: OPENING ENVELOPE

DURANTE: JUNIOR, THIS IS SERIOUS --IT'S A COMMUNE-AKAY FROM EISENHOWER AND IT'S GOT ME IN A DILEMMA! YOU KNOW MY COCKER SPANIEL (THE ONE THAT'S IN THE WAGS) *It slipped in on me there*WELL HE WAS JUST PUT IN THE GUARD HOUSE FOR THIRTY DAYS FOR GOING A.W.O.L!

MOORE: Your cocker spaniel went A-W-O-L?

DURANTE: YEAH, "ABSENT WITHOUT *I got a million of 'em - a million of 'em.* A LEASH!" (FROM NOW ON HE'LL BE CONFINED TO THE POST!). .BUT THAT'S NEITHER SEVEN NOR UP!.....I WAS AT HOME LAST NIGHT READING A FASCINATING BOOK. AS A MATTER OF FACT I COULDN'T PUT IT DOWN... (IT WAS PRINTED ON FLYPAER!)..... WHEN I GOT A CALL FROM WASHINGTON. *Who was it? It told you* IT WAS CHESTER C. BOWLES, HEAD OF THE O.P.A?

MOORE: What was his problem this time?

DURANTE: THE PRICE OF WOMEN'S STOCKINGS! WOMEN ARE COMPLAINING THAT THEY'RE MUCH TOO HIGH...SO AFTER STUDYING THE PROBLEM, I TOLD WASHINGTON "THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GET WOMEN'S STOCKINGS TO TAKE A DROP."

MOORE: How is that?

DURANTE: CUT THEIR GARTERS! *It turned out* (UNFORTUNATELY THE O.P.A. AND ME DIDN'T SEE EYE TO NOSE ON THAT) *M: I see* BUT THAT'S THE CONDITIONS THAT PREVAILS!

MOORE: I take it *then, James, that* you and Washington are *through, geschweh.*

DURANTE: WHY INDUBITABLY NO! HARDLY HAD I FINISHED CHATTING WITH CHESTER WHEN I GOT ANOTHER CALL *this time it was* FROM THE HEAD OF THE WASHINGTON MUSEUM OF ART.

MOORE: Are you kidding?

DURANTE: I WAS NEVER MORE SERIOUS IN YOUR LIFE - WHY THE MUSEUM OF ART COMMISSIONED ME TO MAKE A PAINTING CALLED "GIRLS FROLICKING IN THE OCEAN". SO I HIRED TWELVE GOREGEOUS MODELS AND FOR THREE WEEKS THEY POSED FOR ME WEARING NOTHING BUT SARONGS. AFTER I *finished* GOT THE PICTURE FINISHED I *took* BROUGHT IT TO THE MUSEUM AND SAID: "GENTLEMEN, HERE'S YOUR PAINTING - GIRLS FROLICKING IN THE OCEAN".....BUT THEY THREW ME OUT.

MOORE: Why?

DURANTE: I FORGOT TO PAINT THE OCEAN.

MOORE: Ah, Jimmy, I'm so glad you haven't neglected your cultural career.

DURANTE: I'M GLAD THAT YOU'RE GLAD, MR. MOORE. ^{But} FOR FIRST, LAST AND ALWAYS I'M A GENTLEMEN OF CULTURE.....

ORCHESTRA: (PATRON OF THE ARTS)

DURANTE: SEEKING MY FAVORITE DIVERSION LAST NIGHT, AND FEELING IN THE PINK,
I STEPS INTO MY PLUSH UPHOLSTERED HANSON,
WITH MY TWO FOOTMEN COMMANDING THE POOP DECK
AND MY ARABIAN STEEDS GOING AT/GENTLE TROT
WE APPROACHES THE THEATRE MARQUEE AND WHAT HAPPENS?
THE RED CARPET IS ROLLED OUT MY TWO FOOTMEN DESCEND FROM THE POOPDECK,
THEY OPEN THE DOOR AND I STEPS OUT.....(CRASH)
LOOKING UP FROM THE GUTTER, I SAYS
WHO TOLD YOU TO REMOVE THE RUNNING BOARD?
PICKING MYSELF UP AND IGNORING THE STARES OF THE HOI POLOO,
I MAKES MY ENTRANCE GALLANTLY INTO THE DIAMOND HORSE SHOE.
REMOVING MY TOP HAT, MY NYLON GLOVES, MY SKUNK MUFFLER,
AND MY PATENT
LEATHER GALOSHES WITH THE NEON BUTTONS,
I LOOKS AROUND MRS. VAN SCHUYLER IS WHISPERING TO
MRS. MURRAY HILL.....
MRS. MURRAY HILL IS WHISPERING TO MRS. SUSQUEHANNA...AND
WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?
(CHORD) IS IT A BIRD? IS IT A PLANE? IS IT SUPERMAN?
NO.....IT'S A BUM;
(CONTINUED)

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DURANTE;
(Cont'd)

YOU SEE A VICIOUS RUMOR ^{has} BEEN CIRCULATED, JUST BECAUSE
I WORK ⁱⁿ IN A SALOON,

THEY SAY I'M NOT FIT TO MINGLE IN ANY OTHER CIRCLE.
THAT'S RIDICULOUS! NIGHTCLUBS IS JUST THE MR. HYDE
PART OF ME,

YOU HAVE YET TO MEET THE DOCTOR JERKYL.

CHORUS:

YES, I'M DURANTE THE PATRON OF THE ARTS,
AN OPERA CRITIC AND A MAN OF PARTS.

LAST WEEK I WENT TO THE OPERA I LOVED IT ALL BUT ONE
SCENE,

THAT'S WHERE THE THREE HUNDRED ^{and fifty} POUND SOPRANO SINGS TO
THE BARIOTONE, SHE SINGS

TAKE ME IN YOUR ARMS AND HOLD ME CLOSE...

WHY TO HOLD HER CLOSE THE BUM'D HAVE TO BE CURVED LIKE A
BANANA!

THOSE OPERA LOVERS ALL RAVE AT HANDEL'S LARGO,

WHY I'VE HEARD BETTER MUSIC WRITTEN BY UMBRIAGO.

NOW WHAT I SAY MAY SOUND ABSURD, BUT BELIEVE ME IT'S TRUE

I'VE SEEN EVERY OPERA AND I'LL NAME THEM FOR YOU

TALES OF THE VIENNA ROLLS MADAM BUTTERMILK THE SEXTETTE
FROM LECHEE NUTS --

AND THE QUARTETTE FROM RIGOR MORTIS. (~~I COULD GO ON~~
^{from memory} FOR DAYS)

I COACH SOPRANOS AND TENORS IN THEIR PARTS,

CAUSE I'M DURANTE THE PATRON OF THE ARTS.

PATTER: NOW JUST THE OTHER DAY THEY HELD A MEETING AT THE
METROPOLITAN IN THE CELLAR....
THEY SAID, "JIMMY WE'RE IN A HOLE YOU GOTTA HELP US OUT".
STEPPING UP ON A SOAP BOX (LEFT OVER FROM LA BOHEEM)
I SAID "GENTLEMEN, LET'S ANALYZE THIS ...
NOW TAKE ROMEO AND JULIET, ROMEO HAS TO LEAVE JULIET....
BUT DOES HE SAY SHOO SHOO BABY? NO, IN OPERA HE SAYS
(OPERATIC CHORD)
I HAVE BUT A MOMENT TO SPEND WITH YOU.
A MOMENT MY DEAR TO SPEND WITH YOU,
A MOMENT TO SPEND, A MOMENT TO SPEND.
A MOMENT, A MOMENT, A MOMENT, A MOMENT, A MOMENT, A MOMENT,
A MOMENT, A MOMENT
HE'S GOT ONE MOMENT TO SPEND AND HE'S TAKING THREE HOURS
TO TELL HER ABOUT IT.
~~WHY~~ THE GUY'S MAKING A FEDERAL CASE OUT OF IT...THEN SHE
SAYS I WILL GIVE YOU A KISS, MY LOVE ... A BURNING KISS
UPON THE LIPS,
A BURNING, KISS, A KISS, A KISS,
UPON THE LIPS A BURNING KISS.
A KISS A KISS A KISS A KISS.
UPON THE LIPS A BURNING KISS!
BY THE TIME THE ^{palms} ~~BENES~~ READY TO KISS HER THE FIRE'S OUT!
FACING THE COMMITTEE, I SAID THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO SAVE
THE OPERA...
GET YOURSELF NEW LYRICS THAT HAVE CLASS AND PROPRIETY,
LIKE MR. MILKMAN KEEP THOSE BOTTLES QUIETLY.
THEY ALL GAVE THANKS FROM THE BOTTOM OF THEIR HEARTS,
TO DURANTE, THE PATRON OF THE ARTS A CONNOISEWER
DURANTE, THE PARTON OF THE ARTS.
(APPLAUSE)

MOORE: *Yes sir*
In the realm of fantasy Durante rules supreme but for cold facts, let's talk cold turkey with Howard Petrie --

PETRIE: Yes, it's sad but true that occasionally when you ask for Camels your storekeeper will say, "Sorry, but I'm out of Camels just now". Well, you can imagine how many Camels are needed overseas. From Normandy to Noumea that full rich Camel flavor and that swell mildness are helping to make a lot of rugged moments a little easier for our fighting men -- and you wouldn't want to change that, *now* would you? But...keep on asking for Camels, because that mildness and flavor make Camels worth asking for again!

ORCHESTRA: (C A M E L S)

PETRIE: Camels. The cigarette of costlier tobaccos.

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO "MY MOTHER TOLD ME")

PETRIE: Roy Bary and the Orchestra now in a Roy Bary arrangement of "My Mother Told Me".

ORCHESTRA: (MY MOTHER TOLD ME)

(APPLAUSE)

DURANTE: AND THAT WAS ROY BARGY PLAYING A HIT TUNE FROM "TWO GIRLS AND A SAILOR", STARRING JIMMIE DURANTE AND TWENTY-SIX OTHER STARS WHOSE NAMES ESCAPE ME AT THE MOMENT. BUT NOW, LET US CANTER TO THE CAMEL CULTURE CORNER AND CONSULT MR. GARRY MOORE?

MOORE: Thank you, James. ^{And} You're just in time for a sad, sad story from true life. The simply story of a simple character. A character named Sylvester.

DURANTE: I SHALL PUT A CLOTHES-PIN ON MY NOSE, AND LISTEN SNEEZE-BOUND.

ORCHESTRA:(SONGS MY MOTHER)

MOORE: Well, I thought you ought to know about Sylvester. When he was born he was ^abright, bright pink all over. But this didn't surprise his mother -- for Sylvester was a salmon....And in due time ^{Sylvester the Salmon} he grew and his mother began to think about his education. So she enrolled him in a school of salmon....and my, but he was happy. Every day he brought his teacher an apple... but he was a selfish little fellow -- he always ate the worm.... Yes, he was carefree and happy...But on his ~~eighteen~~ birthday.
(CONTINUED)

MOORE: He swam around the edge of a garbage scow (IDEA CHORD
(CONT'D) HOLD) and came face to face with beautiful
Susannah Salmon -- the hook-up girl of the Columbia
River...at last Sylvester was struck by love.

SOUND: SLAP

KEARNS: OWWWWW!

MOORE: Yes -- *he was struck*

ORCH: (JUST A COTTAGE SMALL)

MOORE: It was love/^{and} in two weeks they were married...but sad to
say, Susannah was not the marrying type. Hardly a
month had gone by before she met a handsome mackeral.
And what a nobel creature HE was. He was CRAZY about
Sunday School...In fact he went to Sunday school
seven days a week...Holy Mackeral!...and immediately
Susannah thought of a plot to do away with Sylvester.
She started to nag at him constantly.

ELVIA: Sylvester, you're a failure! We've been married three
months and what have we got to show for it? Nothing!
You're still a poor fish.

KEARNS: But Susannah.

ELVIA: *oh* I'm tired of day after day sweating under a cold river.

KEARNS: But, darling, what can I do?

ELVIA: What can you do? ^{the} /17's Spring! Go up the river and spawn!

KEARNS: Spawn?...Me? But Susannah, it's the LADY fish who's supposed to -

ELVIA: Ye Gods and little fishes! Must I do EVERYTHING!...You go up that river and spawn, or I'm leaving you!

KEARNS: (DETERMINED) ... All right! I'll do it! I'll go up the river and spawn or my name ain't Sylvester Salmon!

ORCHESTRA:(OMINOUS EVENTS MUSIC)

MOORE: And as Sylvester swam off up-stream, Susannah smiled an evil smile...Because she knew that once a Salmon goes up the river he never comes back! She knew that after a salmon spawns, he dies!....So she went to her handsome mackerel friend and told him that they could be married...And as the minister was about to pronounce them fish and wife, she looked over her shoulder, and there coming around the bend was --

ORCHESTRA:(CUT MUSIC:)

MOORE: Could it be?.....It couldn't^{be} but it was!.... It was Sylvester!

ORCHESTRA:(TA-DA!)

KEARNS: H'lo.

ELVIA: Sylvester -- you're back! You didn't spawn!

KEARNS: Oh, yes I did...I did just what the other salmon did... I sat on an egg.

ELVIA: But after a salmon sits on an egg he's supposed to die! Why didn't you die?

KEARNS: I did.

ELVIA: You sat on the egg and you died? Then why are you still alive?

KEARNS: 'Cause it was an Easter egg, and I dyed it purple!...
NYAAAA!

ORCHESTRA: (SOUL SHAKER)

MOORE: And so ^{my friends} the moral of our story is, "The next time you order
a hard-boiled egg and it smells from fish -- don't
worry -- Sylvester's been spawning again".

ORCHESTRA: (PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE)

ORCH: (START GIBBS INTRODUCTION)

MOORE: Thank you, my friends. But next on the aggend^e is her
Nibbs, Miss Gibbs....What'll it be, Georgia?

GIBBS: An old but Lucious lyric, Garry called "Sweet and Lovely"
... ..and I like to sing it like this:

GIBBS: ("SWEET AND LOVELY")

(APPLAUSE)

8/18/44

that was practically un negotiable

DURANTE: ~~BROW~~, MISS GIBBS, IT'S COMPOSITIONS LIKE THAT THAT MAKE ME PROUD TO CALL MYSELF A COMPOSER.

MOORE: After all, James, there's really no reason why you shouldn't be a composer. You've got a brow like Beethoven's, eyes like Mozart's and ears like Handel's.

DURANTE: FREDERICK HANDEL'S?

MOORE: No, jug handles (HA HA HA)

DURANTE: (HA HA HA) I WOULDN'T SAY THAT IF I WAS YOU, STRANGER, *it* IT'S LIABLE TO START A FUED. IF YOU DON'T THINK I'M A COMPOSER ^{IS} HERE AND THE LATEST LYRICS OF MY SYMPHONY... LISTEN... C-A-M-E-L-S.

FROM CAPE TOWN TO CAR-ACK-KUS

to the finest of
CLICK THOSE COSTLIER TOBACCAS (ISN'T THAT REDUNDENT)

MOORE: Ah, What great music comes out of that Durante throat.

PETRIE: Well, Garry, have you ever looked in a medical book and seen the diagramatic drawing of the human throat? Quite a wonderful, delicate mechanism, isn't it?

DURANTE: YEH, AND IN-TRIC-ATE TOO.

PETRIE: *Well,* That's why we are saying to you, "Try Camels on your Throat, See for yourself if the mildness and coolness of Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos don't make your throat say, "That's swell, chief". After all, it's your throat that knows what cigarette is best for you.

MOORE: He means you, **You**, James.

DURANTE: YES, AND UMBRIAGO, TOO.

PETRIE: And Camel's flavor? Well, bring me that dictionary and get out the adjectives. That full, rich, mellowness..well, you just better try that for yourself too.

ORCHESTRA: (C A M E L S)

PETRIE: Camels! You'll like 'em.

ORCHESTRA: (PLAYOFF)

DURANTE: AND NOW THE FRIDAY NIGHT CAMEL SHOW BRINGS YOU A DRAMA
OF CRIME AND PUNISHMENT,...,ENTITLED:

MOORE: "They put the Convict in Solitary Confinement With
Nothing But Bread and Water on His Stomach" or "Gee Whiz
That Tickles",

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT! HE'S VERY UNPREDICTABLE,

MOORE: Well, Jimmy, in tonight's play you and I are wardens in
a big penitentiary. Let's not waste any time. We're
off to the prison, Post Haste,

DURANTE: YOU HASTE...AND I'LL POST,

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS...PHONE UP

MOORE: Hello, Durante -- Moore Prison, Warden Moore speaking,

MAN: (FILTER) Mr. Moore, I think I'm going to be murdered,
My wife is walking toward me with a dirty look and a
gun in her hand,

MOORE: Well, ^{Good heavens, man,} hurry up and tell me where you live?

MAN: On Nottinghamshire Boulevard,...N O T T I N

SOUND: PISTORL SHOT

MOORE: Too bad, if he lived on Vine Street, we might have
saved him.

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

MOORE: ^{Downs} / Everybody has their troubles.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: JUNIOR, PULL UP A SOLITARY AND PARK YOUR CONFINEMENT. WHAT A CATASTROPHIC STROKE.

MOORE: What ^{is it?} happened?

DURANTE: ^{What is it?} I JUST ASKED A TRUSTY IF HE CLEANED MY OFFICE, AND HE SAID: WARDEN, YOUR ^{floors are} OFFICE IS SPOTLESS. ^{He,} THE FLOORS ARE SO CLEAN, YOU CAN EAT OFF THEM....BUT I'LL NEVER TRUST THAT TRUSTY AGAIN

MOORE: What happened?

DURANTE: RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF BREAKFAST SOME WISEGUY CAME IN AND WAXED MY EGGS! (YOU COULD HAVE KNOCKED ME OVER WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY)

MOORE: Well, Jimmy, while you were gone, I bought a bullet proof vest. ^{I tell you what let's do} Let's try it out and see if it works.

DURANTE: OKAY.

MOORE: ^{All right.} ALL you have to do, ^{now} Jimmy, is put on the vest.

DURANTE: PUT ON THE VEST.

MOORE: Now stand against the wall.

DURANTE: ^{Stand} AGAINST THE WALL.

MOORE: Now I'll stand here and shoot this machine gun at you.

DURANTE: YOU SHOOT AT ME? (MY BOY IS A WONDERFUL ORGANIZER).

MOORE: Now Jimmy, you're not afraid, are you, I've already tested this vest on a chicken.

DURANTE: HOW WAS IT?

MOORE: Delicious!

DURANTE: He caught me with my feathers down.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

PETRIE: I'm going stir crazy..you can't let me go stir crazy..Please, you just can't let me go stir crazy!

MOORE: ^{Who} Say, who are you?

PETRIE: Oh, just a little teaspoon!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: NOW THERE'S A GUY WHO'LL NEVER WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE.

MOORE: Jimmy, never mind him, we've just received a new batch of tough prisoners... We'd better go down to the mess hall and have a talk with those guys.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...RATTLING OF TIN CUPS AND SILVERWEAR IN RHYTHM.

VOICES: (IN CHORUS) WE WON'T EAT THIS TRASH! WE WON'T EAT THIS TRASH!

DURANTE:
MOORE: QUIET!

KEARNS: (TOUGH) We're fed up with this dirty mess hall...dirty napkins, dirty silverweare, dirty dishes.

MOORE: Well, as spokesman, what do you suggest?

KEARNS: (SINGS) SUPER SUDS, SUPER SUDS, LOTS MORE SUDS WITH SUPER SU U U U UUDDS!

DURANTE: *Listen*
~~Now~~, I'M WARNING YOU GUYS. STAND WHERE YOU ARE OR I'LL PULL THE TRIGGER ON THIS SHOT GUN.

SOUND: GUN SHOT..BODY FALL

DURANTE: NOW DON'T NOBODY MOVE TILL I PICK MYSELF UP.

PETRIE: Look here Warden Moore, we've stood enough of you, now beat it out of here, or I'll push this grapefruit in your face.

MOORE: You ~~w~~ouldn't dare push a grapefruit in my face.

SOUND: LOUD SQUASH

MOORE: ~~We~~ *Well*, don't just stand there, Jimmy PASS THE SUGAR!

DURANTE: JUNIOR, ~~we~~ *in your condition, you* BETTER GET BACK TO THE OFFICE. WE'RE EXPECTING THE NEW COMMISSIONER.

MOORE: *Well, I guess*
That's right, Jimmy -- let's go.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: Trouble, trouble, trouble.

ALLMAN: Ah, there you are, Gentlemen, ...I'm the new Commissioner of Prisons. My name is Miss Stumph.

MOORE: Well isn't that fine.

DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE, MISS STUMPF' ... I DON'T BELIEVE THEY'D MAKE A WOMAN COMMISSIONER OF PRISONS.

ALLMAN: And why not?

DURANTE: "CAUSE WHOEVER HEARD OF A WOMAN THAT WOULD LET A MAN FINISH A SENTENCE..(HA HA..^{he}DURANTE, YOU'RE A CHARACTER!)

ALLMAN: ^{Gentlemen -} I just witnessed that riot in the mess hall. And let me warn you -- a lot of changes will be made around here. You know the old saying -- a new broom sweeps clean.

MOORE: Well, you oughta know, you've ridden plenty of them.

ALLMAN: I've stood enough, gentlemen. If I hear of any further inefficiency around here, I shall have to ask you to turn in your rubber hose. Good day.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: FROM NOW ON, JUNIOR, WE'LL HAVE TO WATCH OUR STEP.

SOUND: BELLS CLANGING.

MOORE: It's too late, Jimmy. That's the alarm. A prisoner has escaped.

DURANTE: YEAH, AND IF WE DON'T CATCH HIM, WE LOSE OUR JOBS,
I'LL START THE SQUAD CAR.

MOORE: Fine, ~~and~~ I'll put the fenders on.

DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE, JUNIOR, I NEVER HEARD OF A CAR WHERE THE
FENDERS COME OFF.

MOORE: You haven't ^{bought a used car lately} ~~lived in California long~~, have you James?

SOUND: MOTOR UP

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

MOORE: Well, Jimmy, I'm afraid we've lost killer Hogan.
There's a fork in the road, and we don't know which way
he went.

DURANTE: DON'T WORRY, JUNIOR, I'LL PUT MY NOSE TO THE GROUND LIKE
A BLOODHOUND AND SNIFF. (SNIFF)

MOORE: Well, what did you pick up?

DURANTE: TWO GOPHERS AND A CHIPMUNK.

Moore: *Oh great - great*
SOUND: MOTOR UP AND SPUTTERING.

MOORE: Jimmy, we're running out of gas. Look at the ~~tho~~ gauge.

DURANTE: WHAT IS THE NEEDLE POINTING TO?

D: Does M: Come on, get out - -
MOORE: A gas station... ~~Well~~, let's start walking.

Durante: *Junior - -*
MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

Moore: *Yes!*
DURANTE: JUNIOR, WE'VE BEEN WALKING FOR HOURS AND HOURS.

Yes we have, Jimmy
MOORE: Yeah, how many miles do you think we've walked,

DURANTE: I DUNNO....BUT WHEN WE STARTED I HAD FEET!

MOORE: Look, there's a shack up ahead. Let's knock on the
door and see if we can get any information.

SOUND: KNOCK.

PETRIE: Yeah.....Whaddaya want?

DURANTE: IS THAT KILLER HOGAN OR DO MY EARS RECEIVE ME.

MOORE: Come on out, Killer, we've got you covered.

PETRIE: You can't scare me.

MOORE: Oh, no. Listen Killer, I've got an itchy finger and my hand just naturally slips to my hip.

PETRIE: Why?

MOORE: My hip's itchy, too.

DURANTE: IT'S NO USE HOGAN, YOU BETTER COME OUT. THE JIGGER IS UP.

PETRIE: Okay, (SOUND .. DOOR OPEN) I'll come out, ^{all right} but I'm not Killer Hogan, and I won't give my right name.... You can't make me give my right name....I'll never give my right name.

MOORE: Well, if you're not killer Hogan, who are you?

PETRIE: Oh, just a silly alias!

DURANTE: EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT...

MUSIC: (PLAYOFF)
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

MC GEEHAN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week: Tonight we salute Lieutenant Henry Paul Zary, of New York. He shot down two Messerschmitts out of the three he was attacking... and ran out of ammunition. But....he started his dive on the third, causing the German to turn sharply, stall, and then go crashing to earth. In your honor, Lieutenant Zary, the makers of Camels are sending to our fighters overseas four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes.

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

(APPLAUSE)

PETRIE: Each of the three Camel shows honors a Yank of the Week, by sending free-four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes overseas....a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week. In this country, the Camel Caravans traveling from camp to camp have thanked audiences of almost four million Yanks with free shows and free Camels.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME...)

PETRIE: Camel broadcasts go out to the United States three times a week, are sent and shortwaved to our men overseas, and to South America. Listen Monday to Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks"; Thursday, to Harry Savoy; and next Friday listen to Georgia Gibbs, Roy Bargy and his orchestra, yours truly, *Arac Petrie*

MOORE: And Garry Moore....

DURANTE: AND JIMMY DURANTE.

BOTH: IN PERSON.
Durante. *Goodnight, folks.*
(APPLAUSE)

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

PETRIE: And remember...try Camels on your throat and your taste. See for yourself how Camel's mildness, coolness and flavor click with you.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP)

(APPLAUSE)

(SWITCH TO STUDIO FIVE FOR HITCH HIKE)

(ADDITIONAL CLOSING IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN)

ANNCR:

Fifty is Thrifty! You bet!...Fifty is Thrifty!...
those just about fifty grand pipefuls waiting for you
in the big red two-ounce package of Prince Albert Smoking
Tobacco. And every one of the fifty rich in flavor,
mild, fragrant, and tongue gentle. And besides,
Prince Albert is crimp cut to pack firm, draw easy, and
burn evenly right down to the last pleasing puff. How
about getting started, Mister, on that thrifty fifty
right away!

Tomorrow -- Saturday night -- be sure to listen to
Prince Albert's Grand Ole Opry -- for nearly nineteen
years bringing the real, authoritative American folk
music and fun to Southern radio audiences...

And now broadcast coast to coast. Remember Grand Ole
Opry every Saturday night on another network.

ANNCR:

This is CBS.....the COLUMBIA....BROADCASTING SYSTEM.