

24

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

REVISED

AS
BROADCAST

Master - W - 8/28/44
Commercials
pc 9/5

CBS NETWORK
FRIDAY, AUGUST 25, 1944

PROGRAM #75
7:00 - 7:30 PM, PWT

CAST

- GARRY MOORE
- JIMMY DURANTE
- GEORGIA GIBBS
- HOWARD PETRIE
- ROY BARGY
- ELVIA ALMAN
- JOE KEARNS
- PAT MCGEEHAN
- FRED SHIELDS

DIRECTOR.....PHIL COHAN

51454 5652

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

PROGRAM # 75

FRIDAY, AUGUST 25, 1944

7:00 - 7:30 PM, 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 AT A HOT DOG STAND, AND I BENT OVER TO GIVE THE
MERCANDISE THE SNIFF TEST.

MOORE: *Well,* So what?

DURANTE: SO COME AND GET ME. THEY STUCK MY NOSE IN A BUN
AND NOW THEY'RE SMEARING IT WITH MUSTARD.

MOORE: Oh, no!

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

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

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

ORCHESTRA: (THEME FULL AND FADE FOR)

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PETRIE: Yes, it's the Friday Night Camel Show.....Garry Moore,
Jimmy Durante, Georgia Gibbs, Roy Bargo and his
Orchestra and yours truly, Howard Petrie...²³ 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.¹⁵⁵

MUSIC: (OUT)

PETRIE: And now, folks, we bring you a man who only four months ago
unknown, inexperienced and broke, treked out to Hollywood
in a fifty dollar automobile....But upon his arrival in
movie-town he received many tempting offers and this
morning he gaveⁱⁿ.....He sold the car for sixty dollars...
⁴⁰ And here he is.....Garry Moore!

120

MOORE: Well, thank you very much, my friends and good evening, ladies and gentlemen, and as for you, Howard Petrie, I'd like to remind you that I'm doing very, very nicely in Hollywood. *Thank you. You know* I would've been given the lead in the new tarzan picture, except I didn't have quite enough hair on my chest.

PETRIE: Oh? *Well* Who finally got the part?

MOORE: Freddie Bartholemew..... *great thing there ... I hope --*

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ELVIA: Oh, Mister Moore! I'm so glad I found you, *Oh I think you've* ~~I've been~~ *the sunniest man* looking all over. (LAUGH)

MOORE: My. Oh-my - aren't the stringbeans going to seed early this year! What can I do for you? *madam*

ELVIA: Well, you work in the movies, and I want to find out how to be a glamor girl. *Oh* Just this morning my boy-friend said I had legs like knitting needles!

MOORE: Oh, Pish-tosh! I would never say that you had legs like knitting needles.

ELVIA: (HOPEFULLY) You wouldn't?

MOORE: No - knitting needles are straight! But don't you worry, *my dear* - I ~~--- think~~

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

MOORE: Excuse me. *Just a minute.* Come in!

KEARNS: Good evening. My names is Krindle. I live right down the street from you. *Mr. Moore a neighbor of yours? Pfs - name's long & isn't it!*

MOORE: *Frankly it is - What is it* Glad to know you, Krindle. What can I do for you?

KEARN : Would you be so kind as to lend me a piece of rope?

MOORE: Certainly. What do you want it for?

KEARNS: Well, you see , my wife fell down the well this morning.

MOORE: (EXCITED) Your wife fell down the well this morning!
Well, don't stand there! Aren't you worried?

KEARNS: *He don't drink out of that well anyway!*
Not at all. ~~There's plenty of bottle water in the house~~

SOUND: DOOR SIAM

MOORE: *Don't that awful --*
There's a guy who was twenty seven years old before he
knew which part of the olive to throw away....and now
to get back to your problem, my dear.

ELVIA: Yes, Mr. Moore.

MOORE: *You know*
I'm a great believer in people being what they are.
well just weren't
And you ~~were~~ meant to be glamorous.

ELVIA: *Hell -* I can readily see that you are no judge of a feminine
beauty! It may interest you to know that I play parts
in pictures. Didn't you see me in 'The Mask of Dimitrios'?

MOORE: Yes, I did, But isn't it about time you took it off?
come now
But let's get to the bottom of this. What is the
reason you wish to glamorize yourself?
my dear

ELVIA: Oh, it's so romantic! You see I've been corresponding
with a sailor for over a year and we've never met. And
now he's been aboard ship in the harbor for six days!

MOORE: Has'nt he taken any liberty?

ELVIA: Not yet - but we've got our first date tomorrow night!

SOUND: DOOR SIAM

MOORE: *there goes*
Oh ~~that's~~ young puppy love; ~~and~~ with that face she's
(kisses)
fortunate if she gets a cooker spaniel. But with
her problems to one side... *3rd*

ORCHESTRA: (DURANTE INTRODUCTION)

MOORE:let us now give our attention to another problem --
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...STOP THE MUSIC! STOP THE MUSIC! WHEN DURANTE MAKES HIS ENTRANCE HE'S GOTTA HAVE CLASS! SO PLAY SOMETHING SYMPHONIC!

ORCHESTRA: (PLAYS HOT PHRASE FROM TIGER RAG)

DURANTE: MY FAVORITE TUNE! CHI-CUFF-SKEES FIVE! BUT I'M IN NO MOOD TO DISCUSS MUSIC.

MOORE: What's the matter Jimmy?

DURANTE: ~~WHILE~~ LAST NIGHT I TOOK MY GIRL FRIEND WALKING IN THE PARK I WANTED TO POP THE QUESTION BUT THE BENCHES WERE JAMMED WITH SERVICE MEN AND THEIR SWEETHEARTS. WE FINALLY SQUEEZED ONTO ONE OF THE BENCHES AND I SAID. "DARLING, WILL YOU BE MINE"? ^{and} SHE SAID "YES". SO I TOOK OUT THE RING AND DAINTELY GRABBED HER HAND, BUT IT WAS THE WRONG HAND."

MOORE: *Well,* So what?

DURANTE: SO NOW I'M ENGAGED TO A SAILOR FROM POMONA....(AND ME WITHOUT A TRUE-SO) BUT THAT'S NEITHER CHATTA NOR NOOGA!...LAST NIGHT I WAS MAKING MYSELF A MARTINI AND IT TOOK ME SIX HOURS (YOU SEE I WAS USING SLOE GIN!) WHEN I GOT A CALL FROM WASHINGTON. IT WAS THE O.P.A!

MOORE: What did the O.P.A. want this time, Jimmy?

DURANTE: *Well,* THEY ^{hired} GAVE ME ~~ANSWER~~ TO MAKE A SURVEY ^{they wanted to know} OF HOW MANY WOMEN ^{were} ARE WEARING NYLON STOCKINGS AND HOW MANY WOMEN ~~ARE~~ ^{were} WEARING SILK STOCKINGS. SO ^{my job is to} I GOTTA STAND ON A BUSY CORNER AND WATCH THE WOMEN'S LEGS AS THEY GO BY.

MOORE: *By-* That's quite a job.

DURANTE: ^{guess right!} IMAGINE THAT...FOR THIRTY YEARS I'VE BEEN DOING IT FOR NOTHING AND NOW THEY'RE GONNA PAY ME! ^{But} SUCCESS HAS ITS REWARD. (LESS TWENTY PERCENT) SO I WAS INVITED BY THE PRESIDENT TO ATTEND THE THREE POWER CONFERENCE AT DUMBARTON OAKS.

MOORE: You were invited by the president to attend the three power conference at Dumbarton Oaks.

DURANTE: MR. MOORE, RADISHES MAY BE IN SEASON, BUT THAT'S NO REASON TO REPEAT EVERYTHING!

MOORE: My error, Jimmy, *pray* continue.

DURANTE: THAT WAS EXACTLY MY INTENTION...HOWEVER WHEN I ARRIVED AT THE CONFERENCE WITH THE OTHER EXPERTS, VICE PRESIDENT WALLACE ASSIGNED EACH ONE OF US TO A MEMBER OF THE CABINET. TO ONE OF US HE SAID, "YOU GO TO MORGANTHAU." TO ANOTHER ONE HE SAID, YOU GO TO STIMSON. FINALLY I ASKED HOW ABOUT ME? AND HE SAID DURANTE, YOU GO TO HULL!... (DURANTE MINGLES WITH THE CREME DE LA CREEM)

MOORE: *Oh no* Schnozz, the proper phrase is the *creme* de la *cream*.

DURANTE: PLEASE *Jimmy* - CORRECT ME WHEN WE'RE ALONE.

MOORE: Well, from what I've been reading it's quite a conference How did you take part in it?

DURANTE: *Feel* THE FIRST THING I DID WAS TO ADVISE THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR ON HOW TO STRAIGHTEN OUT THE ENGLISH MONEY SITUATION.

MOORE: Oh, *Jimmy* Schnozz, I doubt if you know anything at all about English money. Let me ask you one question...What's the difference between Shillings and Pence?

DURANTE: WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SHILLINGS AND PENCE? YOU CAN WALK DOWN THE STREET WITHOUT SHILLINGS!... I GOT A MILLION OF THEM...A MILLION OF THEM!

MOORE: Jimmy, when you were a little child did you ever fall off a merry go round?

DURANTE: NO, BUT I WAS KICKED IN THE HEAD BY ONE OF THE HORSES;
Liet's cheer referee, M. Don't it though.
BUT LET US RETURN TO THE BUSINESS OF THE THREE
POWER CONFERENCE.

MOORE: Beside Durante, who would you say was the most
outstanding member at the Conference?

DURANTE: UMBRIAGO!...WHAT A POST WAR PLAN HE HAD! *Umbriago, as tired as he was* HE GOT UP ~~BE~~
BEFORE ALL THE BIG-WIGS AND SAID: GENTLEMEN, I'VE GOT
THE ANSWER. THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO AS
SOON AS THE WAR IS OVER.

MOORE: What's that?

DURANTE: ABOLISH THE DURATION; HE WAS KICKED OUT BY
DUMBARTON AND OAKS, TOO.

MOORE: Very interesting. But what was the subject under discussion on the ⁸second day of the conference?

DURANTE: IT WAS ALL ABOUT INTERNATIONAL TRADE. AND EVERYBODY WAS AT LOGGERHEADS....BEING THE BIGGEST LOGGERHEAD THERE, I GOT UP AND SAID, "GENTLEMEN, AFTER THE WAR LET'S FORGET ABOUT MONEY, WE'LL SEND RUSSIA FIVE MILLION TONS OF STEEL AND RUSSIA'LL SEND US FIVE MILLION TONS OF COAL. WE'LL SEND CHINA TEN MILLION BUSHELS OF WHEAT AND CHINA WILL SEND US TEN MILLION BUSHELS OF RICE; AND TO ENGLAND WE'LL SEND BETTY GRABLE WEARING A BATHING SUIT.

MOORE: And what will England send us?

DURANTE: ENGLAND!...THAT'S THE CONDITIONS THAT PREVAIL..AND THEN I WAS LET IN ON A BIG INTERNATIONAL PLAN, A GIGANTIC PROJECT IF THERE EVER WAS ONE -- AND THERE WAS ONE.

MOORE: *Well* Give out, Jimmy, I'm sure everyone would like to hear about it.

DURANTE: IT'S A ROAD THAT'S GONNA BE BUILT AS SOON AS THE WAR IS OVER...IT'LL START IN LOS ANGELES, GO UP THROUGH CANADA, ACROSS THE BERING SEA, RIGHT THROUGH SIBERIA AND JUNIOR, *Joseph* STALIN PERSONALLY GAVE ME PERMISSION TO.....

MOORE: To open the road through Russia?

DURANTE: NO. TO OPEN A HOT DOG STAND OUTSIDE ^{of} MOSCOW!....

ORCHESTRA: (PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE)

900

MOORE: *no doubt about*
Ah/that Durante, he's far ahead of his time but for more exact information about the here and now, here and now is Howard Petrie ----

PETRIE: *nine minutes after 10 o'clock*
Right now it is exactly/~~10:00~~ Eastern War-Time...and since you got up this morning, how many cigarettes have you smoked? Quite a lot? *tell* How does your throat feel? Is it happy? Comfortable? How's your taste? Bored? Jaded? *tell* You know, this also might be just the time for you to try Camel cigarettes on your T-Zone. That's T for Throat and T for Taste. See how your throat reacts to Camel's wonderful mildness, and coolness, and freshness. Get your own taste's opinion on that full, rich, never-go-flat flavor of Camel's unique blend of costlier tobaccos. Very, very possible that your T-Zone might say to you....."Boss, keep those Camels coming."

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

PETRIE: Camels!.....The cigarette of costlier tobaccos. *953*

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO " IS YOU IS OR IS YOU AIN'T MY BABY")

PETRIE: Roy B̄argy and the Orchestra now in a Roy B̄argy
arrangement of "Is You Is Or Is You Ain't My Baby".

ORCHESTRA: (IS YOU IS OR IS YOU AIN'T MY BABY")

10⁰⁵

(APPLAUSE)

13⁰⁵

DURANTE: AND THAT WAS ROY BARGY AND THE ORCHESTRA PLAYING "IS YOU IS OR IS YOU AIN'T MY BABY". ^{kind of} WHAT GRAMMAR! ^{is that} EVERYBODY KNOWS IT SHOULD BE "ARE YOU IS OR AIN'T YOU ARE...ER...ER.. AIN'T YOU ARE OR IS YOU -----(I SHOULD A QUIT WHEN I WAS EVEN) BUT ENOUGH OF THIS MUSICAL MALARKEY.LET'S CREEP INTO THE CULTURE CORNER WITH MR. GARRY MOORE. JUNIOR, WHAT'S THE SUBJECT OF YOUR LECTURE FOR TONIGHT?

MOORE: Well James, instead of being educational tonight, how would you like to hear me sing?

DURANTE: WOULD IT DO ME ANY GOOD TO SAY NOO?

MOORE: Noo.

DURANTE: THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT....SO IN THAT CASE.....I SHALL RETIRE TO MY BATHROOM SCALES, AND WEIGH YOUR EVERY WORD.

ORCHESTRA: "IF YOU WERE THE ONLY GIRL IN THE WORLD!" THEN FADE BAND TO BACKGROUND AND FIDDLES ONLY

MOORE: ^B ~~Ann~~ Ann, I loved you passionately, Priscilla Fromkis.... loved you did I say? Why I worshipped every hair on your lapels. I shall never forget the night we met.....My darling. It was Spring with (the petunias petuning) the snap-dragons snapping, the Belgian lillies bel - er, blooming.....And there you stood, ^{my darling} with your tray in your hand....You were a car-hop at the Drive-In Hamburger Stand... In fact you were the head car-hop...Hop-head Fromkis, they called you then. ^{Oh yes - my darling} And I looked at you with your hazel eyes, your almond skin, your chestnut hair -- you were the nuts!

(CONTINUED)

MOORE: With the setting sun in the background, you were a sight,
my pigeon, to behold - to be pigeon-holed....^{As I recall it - -} I was a poor
unemployed vagabond then. I had trained all my life to be
a window-dresser in a department store - but I quit
because I was disappointed in the job...You know, those
girls aren't real....But anyway, I loved ^{my darling} you, and I asked
you to be mine, - and you said no - so I slugged you with
a brick....It was beautiful in jail that summer - with moss
growing down the north side of the warden, and honey-suckle
twined 'roundst the hot seat....Oh, we could've been so
happy together....But then -

ORCHESTRA: (OMINOUS CHORD)

MOORE: It happened....I was paroled and we were sitting in the park.
I don't know which one of us noticed it first - that faint
touch of breeze in the fetid summer air....But gradually it
became stronger.

SOUND: SNEAK IN WIND AND BUILD UNDER FOLLOWING

MOORE: The trees, so long in stillness, began to bend and shake in
the grip of the wind....In the far-off sky we saw it
coming like a thing alive....And then a stranger shouted -

PETRIE: Tornado! Tornado!....RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! TORNADO!

MOORE: Tornado!.....My darling! Run for the buildings - run!.....
No, no! Don't stand under that tree, Priscilla!....
Priscilla, THE TREE! THE TREE!

SOUND: GREAT SPLINTERING CRASH

MOORE: (SCREAM)

MUSIC: ("IF YOU WERE THE ONLY GIRL IN THE WORLD". LAST EIGHT AND

OUT)
(APPLAUSE)

1525

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO GIBB'S NUMBER)

MOORE: Thank you, my friends....But if it's singing you ^{really} want,
we've got just the gal who can do it....Her Nibbs,
Miss Gibbs.....What'll it be, Georgia -- something about
love?

GEORGIA: You can laugh at love if you like, my chum, but in the
words of a popular song-smith -- it could happen to you.

GIBBS: (IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU)

(APPLAUSE)

18¹⁰

15⁵⁰

DURANTE: MISS GIBBS, MY ADMIRATION FOR YOU IS UNSPEAKABLE. WHY I HAVEN'T HEARD SUCH SINGING SINCE I ATTENDED THE E-FLAT CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

MOORE: Jimmy - you attended a conservatory of music? I'd like to see the marks you got from your teacher.

DURANTE: I'M SORRY, JUNIOR. I CAN'T REMOVE MY WARDROBE JUST FOR THAT -- HOWEVER, IF YOU DOUBT MY MUSICAL ABILITY, ^{18.31} GET A LOAD OF THIS -- LISTEN:

C-A-M-E-L-S

FROM SAIPAN TO DAKOTA

CAMELS CLICK WITH NOSE AND THROATA *(wait I can't breathe!)*

MOORE: I knew I should never have asked you...

PETRIE: *Say* But, Garry, haven't you often asked yourself this question "Which cigarette is best -- for me?" Well, you know there's just one place to find the answer.....in your own T-Zone. That's T for Taste and T for Throat.

DURANTE: AND TEA FOR TWO.

Moore: *And me for you.*
PETRIE: *yes,* Your own discriminating throat will tell you how well Camel's mildness and coolness agree with it. And your own critical taste will tell you how much it enjoys the rich, full flavor of Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos.

MOORE: The man speaks with authority.

DURANTE: AND WITH ALACRITY TOO.

PETRIE: And there's another thing about Camels I want to emphasize with times the way they are....war or peace, Camel is still Camel.

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

PETRIE: A symphony of smoking pleasure:
ORCHESTRA: (PLAYOFF)

1935

DURANTE: AND NOW THE FRIDAY NIGHT CAMEL SHOW BRINGS YOU A DRAMA
OF THE OLD WEST....ENTITLED:

MOORE: "The Cowboy Had a Gold Saddle", or, "Everytime he Rode,
He Struck it Rich, " Now Jimmy, in tonight's play
you and I own a ranch.. Are you any good at cow
branding?

DURANTE: I'VE GOT A REPUTATION.

MOORE: Are you any good at hog tying?

DURANTE: I'VE GOT A REPUTATION.

MOORE: Are you any good at bull throwing?

DURANTE: I'VE GOT ~~A~~ - DON'T BELIEVE EVERYTHING YOU HEAR.

MOORE: Well, then, ^{pardner} let's hit the trail to the old D Bar M....
We're off to rope a steer.

DURANTE: YOU ROPE AND I'LL STEER.

MUSIC: (BRIDGE ENDING IN....)

SOUND: MOO AND COW BELL CLANGING

MOORE: Ah, the telephone.

SOUND: RECEIVER UP

MOORE: Hello, Durante-Moore Ranch....Moore speaking.

KEARNS: (FILTER) Mr, Moore, I'm looking for a job. Do you need
any new hands?

MOORE: No pardner, I do all my own gopher-punching.

KEARNS: Gopher? Don't you mean cow-punching?

MOORE: No, gopher -- they don't punch back,

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

MOORE: Everything happens to me.... *and that was it.*

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: YA-HOO, WA-HOO, BUCK-A-ROO, AND LASS-OO A KAZOO.

MOORE: What's all the excitement, Jimmy?

DURANTE: I JUST COME FROM THE CORRAL AND YOU KNOW, PARTNER, I GAVE THE JOINT A HOLLYWOOD TOUCH. I PUT SLACKS ON ALL THE COWS AND THEN I MILKED THEM.

MOORE: Hold on, James, how can you milk a cow that's wearing slacks?

DURANTE: SHHHHH. I'M A PICKPOCKET.

MOORE: Well, while you were out, I decided to see how many cattle we had.

DURANTE: THAT'S FINE..HOW MANY HEAD HAVE WE GOT? .

MOORE: I dunno^{how many head we got --}..they were facing the other way when I counted.

DURANTE: MY BOY SUFFERED A REVERSE.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

PETRIE: I wanna die with my boots on. I gotta die with my boots on. Please ^{blame} ~~me~~ die with my boots on.

MOORE: Why must you die with your boots on?

PETRIE: I got a ~~big~~ hole in my sock.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: ^{believe me -} I'D LIKE TO INVITE THAT GUY OVER TO PLAY ON MY BARBED WIRE FENCE.

MOORE: Jimmy, look in the corral. Someone's broke~~d~~ in and made off with our livestock.

DURANTE: YEAH, TEN OF OUR COWS ARE MISSING.

ALLMAN: ^{hell} -Howdy men. 51454 5669

DURANTE: MAKE THAT NINE, JUNIOR. ONE JUST WANDERED BACK.

ALLMAN: I'm from the Cattlemen's Association, and I'd like to welcome you into ^{de} ~~our~~ organization. My name is Alfalfa Annie.

WANSLEY 10/10

MOORE: *Well,* Howdy, ma'am. My handle's Tex Moore.

ALLMAN: Tex Moore.

MOORE: Yes - but you can call me Tex.

ALLMAN: Where do you hail from, Tex?

MOORE: Massachusetts.

DURANTE: PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF, MISS ALFALFA. THEY USED TO CALL ME EIGHT GUN DURANTE...BUT I CHANGED IT TO TWO GUN.

ALLMAN: Why?

DURANTE: BECAUSE WITH EIGHT GUNS, EVERYTIME I TOOK A STEP, MY PANTS FELL DOWN. (A CASUALTY) *calculated risk!*

ALLMAN: I just came down to warn you that the Cactus Kid just broke out of jail, and there's a ten thousand dollar reward for his capture.

Both: MOORE: Ten thousand dollars? *Moore:* I reckon that'll buy a powerful heap of food.

ALLMAN: *Well sorry,* Don't you think of anything else but eating?

MOORE: Yeah, sometime I think about girls.

ALLMAN: (ANXIOUS) When do you think about girls?

MOORE: When I'm eating.

DURANTE: MY BOY WILL NEVER GROW UP.

ALLMAN: What about you, Two Gun, don't you ever think about girls?

DURANTE: NOT ME! I'M OFF GIRLS FOR LIFE. I WENT WITH ONE GIRL FOR FOURTEEN YEARS AND SHE NEVER SPOKE A WORD TO ME.

ALLMAN: Fourteen years and she never spoke a word.

DURANTE: YEAH, THEN ONE DAY SHE SNEEZED SO I SHOT HER...
I NEVER COULD STAND A CHATTERBOX. (THAT'S COMMON GOSSIP)

ALLMAN: Well, I gotta go, men, and be careful if you run into Cactus Kid. He's dynamite.

MOORE: Thanks for the tip, ma'am, but I reckon I can handle him. I'm *mighty* ~~dugged~~ dugged. Why only this morning, I ate a whole steer. (HICCUPS) *them* Darn ~~these~~ horns.

ALLMAN: Well, good luck.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: Jimmy we got ten thousand dollars if we capture the
Cactus Kid.

DURANTE: YOU MEAN?

MOORE: Yes, were off to town to capture the Cactus Kid.

MUSIC: (BRIDGE FAST TEMPO SEGUE INTO TINNY PIANO)

MOORE: Maybe we can find the Cactus Kid in this Saloon,
Jimmy. They say it's the toughest joint in town.

DURANTE: IT CAN'T BE SO TOUGH. LOOK AT THE CLEAN SAWDUST ON THE
FLOOR.

MOORE: That's ^{ant} ~~is not~~ sawdust. That's the furniture from the night
before.

DURANTE: HEY, PIANO PLAYER, STOP THE MUSIC.

MUSIC: (PIANO CONTINUED)

DURANTE: WHEN TWO GUN SAYS STOP, HE MEANS STOP.

SOUND: GUN SHOT

MUSIC: (PIANO CONTINUED)

MOORE: Jimmy, you killed the piano player, but he's still
playing. How come.

DURANTE: STRONG UNION.

GIRL: (SEXY) Hello, Gringos....I am the dancer here.....Come,ⁿ
let us have some fun,^{du?}

MOORE: Jimmy, why don't you go back to the ranch and see if the
fudge is burning.

DURANTE: (ASIDE) JUNIOR, THIS IS ^{the} CACTUS KID'S GIRL FRIEND. I'LL ASK HER SOME QUESTIONS IN HER NATIVE TONGUE.... SENORITA, ES-TA QVAND-DO AH-SEE VEE-AY-HO.

GIRL: Habla usted se llama Hollywood and Vine muy peunte.

DURANTE: VAMOS SABAY MUCHO TODO TEA-EN-AY ES-QUAIL-A?

GIRL: Ia tia es grande Hollywood and Vine como muy Hollywood and Vine.

MOORE: Jimmy, tell me, what did she say?

DURANTE: I DON'T KNOW, BUT I'LL BE THERE.... (NOW THERE'S A BES-A-MAY WITH PLENTY OF MUCHO)

MOORE: Look outside the window. Two Gun. The Cactus Kid is riding up to the Saloon in a cloud of dust.

DURANTE: WHAT KIND OF A HORSE IS HE RIDING?

MOORE: No horse, just a cloud of dust.

SOUND: PISTOL SHOTS

DURANTE: LOOK AT HIM...HE'S GOT A GUN IN HIS LEFT HAND, A GUN IN HIS RIGHT HAND, A CAMEL CIGARETTE IN HIS MOUTH....AND ALL THREE ARE SMOKING.

KEARNS: All right, stand where you are. I'll kill the first man that moves.

MOORE: You can't scare me. I ain't afraid of a varmint like you.

KEARNS: Oh yeah. See this skull and crossbones? That's my brand.

MOORE: It is, eh?

KEARNS: Yeah - Now, tough guy, what's your brand?

MOORE: Elizabeth Arden.

DURANTE: DON'T WORRY, JUNIOR. I'VE GOT A GUN, SO GIT IN BACK OF ME,
IF HE STARTS SHOOTING -- GIT IN FRONT OF ME.

SOUND: SHOT AND GUITAR TWANG

MOORE: Jimmy, there goes your right ear.

SOUND: SHOT AND GUITAR TWANG

MOORE: There goes your left ear.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: Jimmy, the Cactus Kid got away. Why didn't you shoot back? *of him*

DURANTE: I COULDN'T SEE...MY EARS WERE HOLDING UP MY HAT.

MUSIC: (PLAY OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

Moore

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

MC GEEHAN: Thanks to the Yanks of the week: Tonight we salute Private John F. Ballenger, Jr., of Detroit, Michigan, known in his ^{own} plate^{en} as the Bazooka Kid. We salute him for his feat of crawling two hundred yards under fire across an open field and knocking out a German tank in the battle of Normandy. In your honor, Private Ballenger, 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: (INTRODUCTION TO WHO WILL BE WITH YOU)

51454 5674

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 exquisite note, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: *I would say it was*
A BEAUTIFUL NOTE, MR. MOORE.

MOORE: And I certainly want to congratulate you, *James* Jimmy, on
the way you played that western sketch tonight. You
must have been born on a ranch.

DURANTE: YOU'D NEVER GUESS IT, JUNIOR, BUT I'M A CITY BOY. THE
TRUTH IS I WAS BORN ON A STREET CAR.

MOORE: Born on a street car? *My*, that's a pretty sneaky way
to save five cents.

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT.

ORCHESTRA: (PLAYOFF)

MOORE: Goodnight, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: GOOD NIGHT, MR. MOORE.

BOTH: GOOD NIGHT, EVERYBODY, (FOLKS)

ORCHESTRA: (UP AND OUT)

(APPLAUSE)

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

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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, Howard Petrie....

MOORE: And Garry Moore...

DURANTE: AND JIMMY DURANTE.

BOTH: IN PERSON.

(APPLAUSE)

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

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

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP)

(APPLAUSE)

(SWITCH TO STUDIO FIVE FOR HITCH HIKE)

(ADDITIONAL CLOSING IF CUE BY PHIL COHAN)

SHIELDS:

Boy meets girl. Boy fills pipe. Girl thinks it looks just wonderfu...manly, rugged, smart. Boy lights pipe. Oh, oh, not so good. Girl's dainty nose wrinkles...sniffs boy's not doing so well. Boy ought to get wise....and get Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco. Because those initials "P.A." don't just stand for Prince Albert, but for Pipe Appeal too. Not only will you like that rich, fragrant, aged-in-the-wood aroma, but so will the folks around you. And you'll like Prince Albert's no-bite treatment that makes it so gentle to the tongue. And the crimp out for perfect packing, drawing, burning. You'll like getting approximately fifty thrifty pipefuls out of just one big red two-ounce package. Get Prince Albert.... today!

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.

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