

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

AS
BROADCAST

Master 21-1/16
Commercials on 1/23/45

CBS NETWORK
FRIDAY, JANUARY 12, 1945

PROGRAM NO. 95
7:00 - 7:30 PM PWT

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

Georgia Gibbs
HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

ELVIA ALLMAN

BOB JELLISON

PAT MCGEEHAN

FRED SHIELDS

DIRECTOR.....PHIL COHAN

51454 6214

THE CAMEL PROGRAM (REVISED)

PROGRAM #95

FRIDAY, JANUARY 12, 1945

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 GOING TO BE A LITTLE LATE, JUNIOR. I WAS WALKING THROUGH THE WOODS AND I STEPPED ON A SKUNK. BOY WAS HE SURPRISED....

MOORE: He was eh?

DURANTE: YES, BUT THE SECOND SURPRISE WAS ON ME!

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

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

PETRIE: (COLD) Camel Cigarettes present Garry Moore and JIMMY DURANTE!

(APPLAUSE)

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

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PETRIE:

Yes, it's the Friday night Camel Show....

JIMMY DURANTE...Garry Moore, Georgia Gibbs, Roy Bargy
and his orchestra and yours truly, Howard Petrie...
^{4/3} brought to you by Camel, the cigarette that's first
in the service according to actual sales records! ^{od}

MUSIC:

(OUT)

PETRIE:

And now friends...with his high starched collar and
his high top shoes and his hair cut short upon his
head....we now present a jolly guy who's off his
trolley and who ^(fluff) should've stood in bed....And
here he is....Garry Moore.

(APPLAUSE)

MOORE: Well, thank you...thank you, friends....Clang Clang, ladies and gentlemen, Ding Ding, boys and girls, and to you, Howard ^{with that shirt - I thought you were going into "the shop" "Baby"} Petrie...poo poo/...Well, sir, we have all sorts of amazing things to talk about today. For ^{in honor of the First Day} instance do you realize that just awhile back it was January First, and now-here just twelve days later...it's January the twelfth?

PETRIE: Oh, you're a keen observer, Mr. Moore....devilishly keen!

MOORE: Yes, I am a keen observer. For instance, let's take that third saxophone player from the left. ^{Mr.} I can tell you ^{you would} at a glance that he's gained twelve pounds in the last month, he buys all his clothes at Brooks Brothers and wears size thirty four shorts.

PETRIE: Gee whiz, how can you tell?

MOORE: I do his laundry...Oh, yes, I'm keen... ^{Mr. devilishly keen}

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

BEVIA: Oh, there you are, Mr. Moore, you indescribable man!...
(LAUGHS)

MOORE: Oh, now wait....they can carry this jet propulsion too far....But how are you, Mrs. Wurtleburtle?

ELVIA: Mr. Moore, I'm always happy when you and I are face to face.

MOORE: Face to face, huh?....I brought mine...where's yours? ...Y'know, my dear, you're looking a bit more shop-worn than usual tonight.

ELVIA: I know, but I can't help it....Frankly, these winter mornings....get me down....They're so cold!

MOORE: Cold in California? Ha Ha -- Why, bless your little--smudgepot. Where I come from ^{Mrs. Wurtleburle} the winters are really cold, Why, I can remember some mornings when I'd wake up as a boy...matter of fact, every morning I'd wake up as a boy....

ELVIA: ^{Well} Now isn't that strange!...I'm just the other way around!

MOORE: Um....hum.....well, from the other way around you look better...But as I was saying,, I'd wake up in the morning and find ice on my wash basin. And Mrs. Wurtleburle, do you know what I had to do before I could shave?

ELVIA: No! What DID you have to do before you could shave?

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MOORE: Grow whiskers!Ha ha ha....Oh, Mother tuck my covers in, I'm tossing 'em off tonight!But at least, Mrs. Wurtleburtle, let's ^{us} be thankful we're IN California where the winters are mild. And if you don't believe me, ^{you} just come up to my house sometime and look down over the valley....Of course, on foggy days you can't see much...but on the clear days.....a haaaa.....

ELVIA: Then what can you see?

MOORE: You can see the fog much better!....So with his vote of thanks to the weatherman. 3³⁰

ORCH: (SNEAK IN DURANTE MUSIC)

MOORE: Let's greet a kid who's always hot, the one and only Jimmy Durante, IN PERSON!

DURANTE: YOU GOT TO START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG....EVEN WHEN THINGS GO WRONG....YOU'LL FEEL BETTER...YOU'LL EVEN LOOK BETTER....

ORCHESTRA: (TRUMPET PLAYER PLAYS CLASSY RUN ENDING ON RAZZ)

DURANTE: (TAKE) HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? EVERYWHERE YOU GO -- CRITICS!

MOORE: James, James, now let's not lose our temper.

DURANTE: I CAN'T HELP IT...I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY ROY BARGY NEEDS ALL THOSE MUSICIANS. ^{James} I WAS ONCE THE LEADER OF A ^{and successful} GREAT BAND THAT ONLY HAD THREE PIECES.

MOORE: Three pieces? What were they?

DURANTE: AN ORGAN, A MONKEY AND A TEN-CUP; UNFORTUNATELY :OUR COMBINATION IS BROKEN UP.

MOORE: How come?

DURANTE: THE MONKEY TOOK ONE LOOK AT ME AND WENT INTO BUSINESS FOR HIMSELF!...I SURE HATED TO SEE HIM GO - EVERYBODY SAID WE MADE A HANDSOME COUPLE.

MOORE: James, you have the mind of a ten-year old child.

DURANTE: YES AND YOU MAY HAVE IT BACK WHEN I AM THROUGH WITH IT.

DURANTE: BUT JUNIOR, WE'RE DILLYING WHEN WE SHOULD BE ~~DALLYING~~,
I WISH YOU WERE WITH ME THE OTHER EVENING, I WAS
BENDING DOWN TO TIE MY SHOE LACE WHEN A BEAUTIFUL
BLONDE CAME UP AND ASKED ME TO TIE HER SHOE LACE TOO.
I DID, AND WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT, THAT GORGEOUS BLONDE
FOLLOWED ME ALL THE WAY HOME.....

MOORE: Followed you all the way home eh?

DURANTE: YES - MIGHTY CLEVER OF ME TO TIE OUR SHOE LACES TOGETHER
(HA HA - I LOVE THAT KIND OF CARRYING ON) ^{and} ARRIVING AT MY
^{accents} RESIDENCE I TAKES THE DOOR OUT OF MY POCKET AND OPENS THE
KEY AND I STARTED TO.....

MOORE: ^{No - Jimmy you mean} You took the key out of your pocket and opened the door.

DURANTE: FOR THAT, HE WENT TO COLLEGE? AS I WAS SAYIN', I ENTERS
THE HOUSE AND SITS DOWN AT MY DESK WITH THE THREE
TELEPHONES WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN PHONE ONE, RINGS. THEN
PHONE TWO RINGS AND THEN -- PHONE THREE RINGS...WHAT
A PREDICAMENT; THREE CALLS AND ME WITH ONLY TWO EARS:

MOORE: Who was it, Jamesy.

DURANTE: ADMIRAL KING'S ON PHONE ONE, MY DRAFT BOARD IS ON
PHONE TWO, AND ON PHONE THREE THERE'S A ^{gal} DAME WHO GOT ON
MY LINE BY MISTAKE.

MOORE: What did you do?

DURANTE: WELL, I TALKS TO THE DAME ON PHONE THREE PLACES PHONE
ONE NEXT TO PHONE TWO, THEREBY LETTING ADMIRAL KING
TALK TO MY DRAFT BOARD. AND JUNIOR, WHAT A CATASTROPE
THAT TURNED OUT TO BE.

MOORE: Why?

DURANTE: THE ADMIRAL IS NOW IN ONE A AND I'M ENGAGED TO A WRONG
NUMBER. ^{Well} / AFTER THAT ^{FB: P00 M: That's right - go ahead -} ~~POO-FAM~~ I DECIDED TO GET OUT OF TOWN
^{you thought I couldn't pronounce it, eh? (Repeat) So I went}
~~AND GO~~ ON A FISHING TRIP TO A NEARBY MOUNTAIN ^{Peak.}

MOORE: Ooooooh - Arrow Head?

DURANTE: NO....I JUST LOOK LIKE THAT WITH MY NEW HAIR CUT! BUT
GETTING BACK TO ^{the nucleus of} MY TRIP, I FOUND THE FIRST THING I NEEDED
WAS A FISHING LICENSE. SO I WENT TO THE LICENSE BUREAU
AND THE JOINT WAS SO AMUCK WITH PEOPLE, I GOT SHOVED IN
SHOVED IN THE WRONG LINE.

MOORE: ^{Well,} So what?

DURANTE: SO WHAT -- SHAKE HANDS WITH COCKER SPANIEL NUMBER 486.

MOORE: Jimmy, how I envy you on that trip. All those mountain
streams just teeming with various piscatorial species.

DURANTE: AND FISHES TOO...BUT BY THE TIME I GETS OUT IN THE
COUNTRY, IT WAS TOO DARK TO DO ANY FISHING SO ^{crawling} ~~PUTTING~~
~~DOWN MY BACK, I CRAWLS~~ INTO MY SLEEPING BAG ^I AND SAYS TO
MYSELF: "WELL, HERE I AM! AND WITH THAT...AN OWL
SITTING IN A TREE SHOUTS "WHOOOOO;....I OPENS ONE EYE
AND SAYS ^{I wouldn't do that} "CAREFUL STRANGER!...YOU DON'T KNOW WHO I
AM".....AGAIN THE

(CONTINUED)

DURANTE:
(Cont'd) OWL SHOUTS WHOOOOOO! HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? I'M TRYING
TO GET SOME SLEEP AND HE'S PLAYING "WHAT'S MY NAME"...

MOORE: *Jimmy* Well, what did you finally do?

DURANTE: FRUSTRATED AND FERMENTING, I JUMPS TO MY FEET CLIMBS UP
THE TREE AND CHALLENGES THE OWL TO A PECKING MATCH!

MOORE: Well how did it come out?

DURANTE: AFTER THREE PECKS, HE SAID: I QUIT YOU'VE GOT A SUPERIOR
WEAPON!

MOORE: Jimmy when did you finally get around to fishing.

DURANTE: NEXT MORNING *Junior*. ARRIVING AT THE STREAM, I PUTS A WORM
ON MY HOOK AND CASTS MY LINE. TWO SECONDS LATER I FEELS
A TERRIFIC TUG AND I STARTS REELING IN. AFTER *struggling* FOUR
HOURS ~~STRUGGLE~~ I LANDS HIM. AND WAS I BURNED UP.. JUNIOR
THERE WASN'T A FISH ON *that* THE LINE AT ALL.

MOORE: Well if it wasn't a fish how come it took you four hours
of struggle to reel your line in?

DURANTE: THAT WORM HAD MUSCLES. *Yes -* ~~AND THAT'S THE WAY IT WENT.~~ *conditions that prevailed.*
and for ~~FOUR DAYS LATER I STILL HADN'T CAUGHT ANY FISH....~~ *I fished out what had I got - nothing!*
FURTHERMORE I GOT ~~INSOMNIA~~, MOSQUITO BITES, AND A BAD CASE *on top of that*
OF ~~POISON IVY~~. *Chilly blains* SO I DECIDED TO GET IN TOUCH WITH MY
DOCTOR.. PICKING UP MY TELEPHONE I..

MOORE: Back up, Jimmy, would you mind telling me what your phone is doing in the middle of the woods?

DURANTE: I HAVE A LONG CORD!...GETTING ~~THE~~ DOCTOR ^{Belon} ON THE PHONE I SAYS: "DOC..YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING FOR ME...I'M A PHYSICAL WRECK AND MY NERVES ARE SHATTERED TOO! AND BELIEVE ME, JUNIOR, ^{Jim Crossing} ~~I'LL NEVER CALL~~ THAT DOCTOR ^{off my} AGAIN. ~~but~~.

MOORE: Why ~~not~~--what did he say?

DURANTE: HE SAID "DURANTE, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING THAT"LL FIX YOU UP - GO ON A FISHING TRIP!

^{more} ORCHESTRA: ^{id!} (PLAY OFF)
(APPLAUSE)

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MOORE: And now while Mr. Durante, the well-dressed man, goes into a conference with his tailor, ^{to get him out of that} ~~about~~ new ~~new~~ suit, ^{of draped hushup,}
Mr. Howard Petrie takes the microphone.

PETRIE: ^{q³⁰} Thank you, Garry. I realize how it sounds to you folks...
I stand up here and urge you to try Camels for the sake
of your taste and your throat, and when you go out to buy
them you can't always get them. But do remember this. That
rich, full, wonderful flavor and cool mildness of Camel's
blend of costlier tobaccos make them worth asking for
again and again...every single time you buy cigarettes.
And don't be impatient with your dealer. He'd like to
have those Camels right in stock for you every time.
But millions and millions of Camels are going overseas,
and people here on the home front are smoking more too.
But may I urge you again to keep on asking for.....

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

PETRIE: CAMELS.....the cigarette of costlier tobaccos! ^{10⁰²}

ORCH: (INTRODUCTION TO "DON'T FENCE ME IN."

PETRIE: Roy Bargy and the orchestra now in a Roy Bargy arrangement
of "Don't Fence Me In." ^{10¹³}

ORCH: (DON'T FENCE ME IN)

(APPLAUSE)

^{12¹⁵}

DURANTE: AND THAT WAS ROY BARGY PLAYING AN OLD WESTERN SONG.
IT REMINDS ME ^{James} OF MY DAYS IN THE CATTLE COUNTRY WHEN I WAS
A BAD MAN.

MOORE: A bad man? Did you used to rustle?

DURANTE: ONLY WHEN I WORE MY TAFFETA SHORTS. ^{Al} (~~DURANTE TO YOU THERE'S~~ ^{you're a}
~~NOTHING SACRED~~) ALL OF WHICH LEADS US AGAIN TO THE
CULTURE CORNER AND MR. GARRY MOORE....TELL ME, JUNIOR,
WHAT HAVE YOU GOT ON YOUR MIND TONIGHT?

MOORE: Well, James, I was reading in the paper the other night
about all the actors who have recently gone in for
politics. And I got to thinking...wouldn't it be
wonderful if this country were run by a ^{band} ~~band~~ of radio
actors.

DURANTE: RADIO ACTORS? COUNT ME OUT. AS MY BUICK SAID WHEN I
RAN OUT OF "A" STAMPS, I DO NOT CHOOSE TO RUN. ^{12⁵³}

MOORE: Very well. ^{James}...But naturally, friends if radio actors
were running the country Congress would be on the air...
So let's tune in now to the opening session of Congress.

ORCHESTRA: (FANFARE)

CHORUS: C-O-N-G-R-E-S-S-I-O-N

SOUND: ROOSEVELT BROW

MOORE: Wake up, Congress. It's time to stomp America!

ALL: (BIG YAWNS)

PETRIE: And now voters we bring you that little man with the great big smile, the speaker of the House, Smiling Garry Moore.

ORCHESTRA: (APPLAUSE)

MOORE: Ha ha ha....Thank you relatives. You know folks a funny thing happened to me on my way to Congress this morning. I walked into a bakery shop and ordered myself a three layer cake. And I said to the fellow behind the counter, "You better make that a good cake cause I'm a member of Congress". And the fellow says "Senate and I says "No thanks, "I'll eat it here", " Ha ha ha... Oh boy I got more brass than a nine dollar tuba.... Yes sir, there's always plenty of hilarity going on in Congress.

PETRIE: And remember, friends, Congress spelled backwards is pronounced Ssergnoc.....

JELLISON: Mr. Speaker ...Mr. Speaker!

MOORE: The chair recognizes the gentlemen from New York.

JELLISON: Are you sure you recognize me?

MOORE: Welllllll...I don't recall the name but the face is *up to him* repulsive....Oh I'm hotter than a two dollar Cornet.....

JELLISON: Mr. Speaker, in my Congressional district, crime is running amuck. *body* Everyone says we should do something. But what I want to know is, how are we going to clean it up?

MOORE: How are you going to clean it up?

SOUND: GAVEL

MOORE: Congressmen?

ALL: SUPER SUDS, SUPER SUDS, MUCH MORE SUDS WITH SUPER SUDS.

MOORE: *Guess just about* And that washes that up.

ORCHESTRA: (ORGAN MUSIC.....ESTABLISH AND FADE)

MOORE: And now, fellow citizens, it's time for another chapter in our "Know Your Congressman" Series... Episode thirty three, entitled Abigail Crump, Girl Congresswoman. As you all know, Congresswoman Crump is the author of many outstanding bills. She's the one who sponsor the famous bill to put stilts on hens for people who like their eggs scrambled. And as we find Congresswoman Crump at home today, she is busy as usual, working, on another bill.

ELVIA: (KISS KISS KISS KISS.....) Oh, Bill, you're divine!

ORCHESTRA: (ORGAN MUSIC)

MOORE: Well! What do you think, friends? Will Abigail Crump make the bill pass? Or what's more important, will Bill make a pass at Abigail Crump? Tune in tomorrow.

ORGAN: (BUTTON)

MOORE: And now, is there any other business before the house?

PETRIE: Mr. Speaker, I think it's high time we had a report from the President's cabinet.

MOORE: A sound idea....You may open the door to the Cabinet.

SOUND: HUGE CRASH

MOORE: Doggonit, that cabinet's never been the same since Fibber McGee's been President.....

ELVIA: Mr. Speaker.

MOORE: Ah, yes. The chair recognizes the Secretary of the Interior, Miss Bessie Buxbaum, former cooking expert of station KXXX, Elephant's Breath, ^{Alabama} ~~Montana~~....What has the secretary to say?

ELVIA: Mr. Speaker, as Secretary of the Interior, I think I've found something just jim-DANDY for EVERY one's Interior. A brand new recipe for ox-tail soup.

MOORE: Good-- tell us, Mrs. Secretary, how do you make ox-tail soup?

ELVIA: You go as far back on the cow as you can get...and dunk it,

MOORE: Thank you, dear Secretary....

ORCHESTRA: (ORGAN MUSIC.....SLEEP)

MOORE: And so, dear friends, we close another day with YOUR
Congress.....And we do hope, friends, that you approve
of the way we radio people are running the
government. But remember if you don't like it you can..

PETRIE: (ECHO CHAMBER....."TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT")

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

17⁰⁰

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO GIBBS NUMBER)

MOORE: Something ^{now} new in the nature of a home coming for one of our favorite people. Back from four weeks on the sick list is Her Nibs, bless her heart, Miss Gibbs. Welcome home Georgia.

GEORGIA: Thank you, Garry, ^{you know} the old place hasn't changed a bit, But to make it ~~really~~ seem like home, just leave me alone with Roy and the boys to sing "~~Let Me Love You Tonight~~".

GIBBS: (LET ME LOVE YOU TONIGHT")

(APPLAUSE)

17³⁰

26⁰⁵

DURANTE: AH, GEORGIA. THAT WAS WONDERFUL...ONCE AGAIN THE JOINT IS AMUCK WITH FEMININE PULCHRITUDE.

GIBBS: Thank you, Jimmy. You know I've been gone so long -- I'm actually a little strange around here.

DURANTE: WELL DON'T LET IT WORRY YOU. WE'RE ALL A LITTLE STRANGE AROUND HERE. IF YOU DOUBT IT LISTEN TO THE NEW INTER-MEZZO MOVEMENT^{from Bach and Bach} OF MY SYMPHONY. LISTEN (SINGS...)

C-A-M-E-L-S

IN B. MAJOR OR A MINOR

IT'S THE CIGARETTE THAT'S FINER

~~PETRIE:~~ (ISN'T THAT EFFER-VESSENT) ^{26⁴⁰}

PETRIE: Well, Jimmy, the melody may not linger on, but the words certainly do...in the minds of millions of smokers the world around. In many ways, they'll tell you, Camel is finer. A magnificent blend of costlier tobaccos. Rich, full flavor. Yet Camels are cool and mild. Your own throat will tell you how cool and mild...your own taste will tell you how rich and full-flavored. So try Camels on your own T-Zone...that's T for taste and T for throat...the true proving ground for a cigarette.

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

PETRIE: Camels.....the cigarette of costlier tobaccos. ^{21¹²}

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY OFF)

DURANTE: AND NOW THE FRIDAY NIGHT CAMEL SHOW BRINGS YOU A
STIRRING DRAMA - ENTITLED:

MOORE: "The Convict Tore His Pants on the Barbed Wire Fence" or
"The Police Soon Spotted His Hide-Out."....

DURANTE: (COMPLAINING) AW JUNIOR, ARE WE GONNA BE COPS AGAIN
TONIGHT...WHY CAN'T WE BE THE ROBBERS SOMETIME.

PETRIE: Jimmy, don't be silly...our public knows us too well.
They know we're not tough enough to be gangsters.

DURANTE: ON NO...LISTEN, I'M PLENTY TOUGH AND FURTHERMORE, PARTNER,
I'M QUICK ON THE DRAW. WATCH ME SWAT THAT FLY ON THE
WALL. (GRUNT)

SOUND: FLY SWATTER HITTING.

MOORE: Oh, you're tough all right. You didn't even kill the fly.

DURANTE: MAYBE NOT..BUT HE'S BADLY BRUISED, JUNIOR...YOU'RE THE
ONE I'M WORRIED ABOUT. YOU DON'T EVEN LOOK TOUGH!

MOORE: Why, ^{what are you talking about.} ~~watch your tongue.~~ You know what my friends call me -
they ~~call me~~ - they call me Tex. And furthermore they
called my grandfather Tex, ~~and~~ moreover than that, they
called my father Tex.

DURANTE: AND YOU'RE THE LAST ONE, EH?

MOORE: Yup - Lastex - Moore they call me.....Of course that's
stretching it a little.

DURANTE: WELL THEN, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR - LET US BE THE ^{Gangsters} ~~CROOKS~~
TONIGHT.

MOORE: Okay, we'll do our version of Gang Busters, will you set
the scene for tonight; Inspector Swaps cops?

PETRIE: I'd be glad to.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL FAN FARE)

PETRIE: (LOUD) MOB BUSTERS ARE ON THE AIR!

SOUND: MACHINE GUNS...MARCHING FEET.

PETRIE: Our story tonight starts in November of 1939. Two nationally known gangsters sit in their cells in Oklahoma City. Bludgeon Nose Durante and Cactus Head Moore. The two toughest characters since Stick-up Stickney stuck up the Steubenville Sand and Cement Company.

DURANTE: ^{Yeah} ~~ONE~~ STUCK UP STINKNEY WHO ^{Stuck} ~~STUCK~~ UP THE STICKINVILLE CEMENT COMPANY.

MOORE: No, Jimmy, he said "Stick up Steuben who stood up the Cementville stunk company!"

DURANTE: ^{Stick up Stunken who} THIS COULD REPLACE "DON'T FENCE ME IN!"

PETRIE: As our scene opens tonight, we find Bludgeon Nose Durante and Cactus Head Moore (FADING) ~~were~~ sitting in their cell where they had been lodged after -----

MOORE: (TOUGH) GET OFF MY BUNK YOU RAT!

DURANTE: (TOUGH) SHUT UP YOU PUNK OR I'LL FILL YOU FULL OF HOLES.

MOORE: (TOUGH) Oh, you will eh?

DURANTE: (TOUGH) YES, I WILL.

MOORE: (TOUGH) Oh, you will eh?

DURANTE: (TOUGH) YES, I WILL.

MOORE: (TRANS) Why, I'll beat your brains out! Gee! Don't we talk tough!

DURANTE: LISTEN ^(Cactus) JUNIOR...ANNIE...MY GUN MOLE...IS GONNA SLIP US A SAW.

MOORE: Jimmy, you mean "gun moll." A mole is an ugly little animal with a fur coat.

DURANTE: THAT'S MY ANNIE!...JUNIOR WE GOTTA ~~BUST~~ OUTTA THIS JAIL. WHAT WOULD HUMPHREY BOGART DO IN A CASE LIKE THIS?

MOORE: Why he'd take those bars in his two hands and break them right in two.

DURANTE: O.K. STAND BACK AND GIVE ME ROOM.... (GRUNTING AND STRAINING AND GRUNTING) THERE I BROKE THE BAR IN TWO.

MOORE: Okay - ^{no} Give me the half with the am-monds in it. ^{W: Are you kidding?} Now how about the bars on the windows.

DURANTE: LEAVE THEM TO ME, CACTUS HEAD. I'LL START FILING ON THEM BARS AND WE'LL BE OUT OF HERE IN A JIFFY.

SOUND: FILING ON METAL

DURANTE: IT'S NO USE CACTUS. I CAN'T FILE ANY MORE.

MOORE: Why not?

DURANTE: MY NOSE IS GETTING TIRED.

MOORE: Hey wait a minute. I just found a couple of loose bricks in the wall. Now we can get out.

DURANTE: OKAY, BUT...LET'S SEE IF IT'S ALL CLEAR OUTSIDE FIRST.

PETRIE: (CALLING AIA TOWN CRIER) ALLLLLLLLLLL IS WELLLLLLLLLLL..... ALLLLLLLLLLL IS WELLLLLLLLLLL.

MOORE: All is well? Who are you? A guard?

PETRIE: No - a Democrat!

DURANTE: ^{You know} GUESS HE MUST BE IN FOR HIS FOURTH TERM, TOO.

MOORE: ^{Well listen} Here's our chance, Bludgeon Nose, let's go!

DURANTE: O.K.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...

MOORE: Well, Bludgeon, we made it to the roof all right.

SOUND: MACHINE GUN BULLETS.

DURANTE: THEY SPOTTED US, CACTUS...THERE'S ONLY ONE THING WE CAN DO.. WE GOTTA JUMP THE EIGHT FEET BETWEEN HERE AND THE NEXT ROOF...

MOORE: Okay, I'll jump first. I'll meet you over on the other roof. Here I go. (GRUNTS)

SOUND: SLIDE WHISTLE...BODY THUD...WOOD SPLINTERING

MOORE: ^{I just} Changed my plans, Bludgeon. I'll meet you down here in
the alley.

ORCHESTRA: (BRIDGE...GALLOP)

SOUND: POLICE SIRENS UP AND FADING

PETRIE: The boys ^{burst} ~~crashed~~ out of jail and for months they had
seemingly disappeared. The next time we heard ~~from the criminals~~
^(well) was when they held up the swank dinner party at the home
of Mrs. Vander Poo disguised as guests.

SOUND: DOOR BELL...DOOR OPENS

ELVIA: Oh hello, hello, hello, hello. Come right in, gentlemen.
I throw myself at your feet.

DURANTE: DON'T STEP ON HER, CACTUS. SHE MIGHT BE A BOOBY TRAP.

MOORE: Don't worry, Bludgeon. I can handle this. Ah bon jour,
ma'm'selle.

ELVIA: Ah ha...Mais vous-etes tres gallant,

MOORE: Ah ha...Mais vous-etes la plus belle!

ELVIA: Ah ha...Mais vous-etes tres gai!

MOORE: ^{Ah ha - mais - better} ~~Well~~ we're getting no where this way...I'll wrestle you
two falls out of three,

ELVIA: Just a moment. Who are you two ~~crummy~~ characters?
Especially you, with the big nose.

DURANTE: LISTEN MADAM.....I AIN'T GOT A BIG NOSE.

ELVIA: No? Then why are you wearing it in a holster?

DURANTE: (CUTE) I HAVE TO WEAR IT IN A HOLSTER..I FRECKLE EASY.

ELVIA: (TAKE) Holster? Oh my! *my goodness*

MOORE: That's right, lady. This is a stick up (LOUD) *All right now* EVERYBODY
LINE UP AGAINST THE WALL. AND DON'T ANYONE DARE MOVE
BECAUSE WE'RE TOUGHER THAN...TOUGHER THAN.....

DURANTE: STICK UP STUCKNEY WHO CEMENTED UP THE STEUBENVILLE STICK
AND SAVEL COMPANY.

MOORE: No, no, you mean Stop-up Sandy who groped up the
Steuben sand and Stickey company.

ELVIA: Gentlemen, you mean Step-up Stanley who stabbed the
tickey steuben stompany.

DURANTE: NO WE MEAN STOOP UP STICKEY WHO...WAIT A MINUTE.
COULDN'T WE JUST BE TOUGHER THAN BABY FACE NELSON.

MOORE: Okay - *make no difference* ~~Baby Face Nelson~~. I've got 'em lined up, *Bludgeon* Jimmy,
now what'll I do.

DURANTE: *What'll you do?* REMEMBER WE'RE TOUGH. SHOOT THE FIRST GUY THAT MOVES.

MOORE: Oh, *Bludgeon* Jimmy, I couldn't do that.

DURANTE: WHY NOT? YOU'VE GOT A PISTOL AIN'T YOU?

MOORE: Yes, but there's no water in it...Lot's get outa here..

ORCHESTRA: (BRIDGE)

MOORE: Well another flop...

DURANTE: YEAH..YOU KNOW SOMETHING CACTUS, WE OUGHT TO GIVE UP
BEING GANGSTERS.

MOORE: OOp! Wait a minute Jimmy. We've got one more chance to
make a stick-up, look! Here comes a real little teeny/^{willing}guy.

DURANTE: YEAH...JUST THE SIZE TO GET TOUGH WITH..OKAY STRANGER..
REACH FOR THE SKY.

JELLISON: Oh! What's going on here?

MOORE: This is a stick-up buddy.

DURANTE: YEAH, a stick up.

MOORE: ^{Yeah!} Empty out your pockets.

JELLISON: Now wait a minute, fellows. You can't do this to me.

MOORE: Oh, no? Who do you think you are?

JELLISON: I'm Stick-up Stickney who stuck up the Steubenville
Sand and Cement Company.

BOTH: STICK-UP STICK....

DURANTE: EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT.

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

27³⁰

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

McGEEHAN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week. Tonight we salute Staff Sergeant George W. Phend, of Elkhart, Indiana, who in one day fought in four separate patrol engagements on the Italian front in which twenty-three Nazis were killed, wounded, or taken prisoner. For this exploit he has just been awarded the Silver Star. In your honor, Sergeant Phend, 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.

ORCH: ~~(INTRODUCTION TO "WHO WILL BE")~~

Theme

28-15

PETRIE: And remember.....Camels are worth asking for every time...
See for yourself how Camels' mildness, coolness and
flavor click with you!

~~CAMEL broadcasts go out to the United States three times~~
~~a week, are rebroadcast to our men overseas, and to~~
South America. Listen Monday to Bob Hawk in
"Thanks to the Yanks".....Thursday, to Abbot and Costello,
and next Friday listen to Georgia Gibbs, Roy Bary and
his Orchestra, yours truly, Howard Petrie.

MOORE: And Garry Moore.

DURANTE: AND JIMMY DURANTE.

BOTH: IN PERSON.

(APPLAUSE)

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

28 35

ANNCR: Every man knows that women love little attentions. A box of candy now and then, for no reason at all, or a few flowers, and, mister, you're her hero. And here's another little attention that makes a big hit...if you're a pipesmoker. Choose a tobacco with a fragrance she'll like too. Because all too often she doesn't like the odor of a pipe, even though she likes the looks of it. Choose Prince Albert. Its wonderful aged-in-the-wood aroma delights everyone around you as well as yourself. Prince Albert's flavor is rich and full-bodied, yet mild. It's crimp cut for firm packing, smooth drawing, and clean burning. It's no-bite treated; kind to your tongue. And what a bargain!.....just about fifty pipefuls in one regular two-ounce Prince Albert package.

29¹⁵

ORCH: (SNEAK THEME)

~~SHIELDS: Tomorrow...Saturday night be sure to listen to Prince Albert's Grand Old Opry...for nearly nineteen year's bringing the real, authoritative American folk music and fun to Southern radio audiences...and now broadcast coast to coast. Remember Grand Old Opry every Saturday night on another network.~~

ORCH: (THEME UP AND DOWN)

PETRIE: And remember, Camel Cigarettes again present JIMMY DURANTE and Garry Moore next Friday night at this same time. This is CBS...the...COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING...SYSTEM!

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