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WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

(REVISED)

CBS NETWORK  
FRIDAY, JANUARY 19, 1945

PROGRAM NO. 96  
7:00 - 7:30 PM, PWT

CAST

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

51454 6243

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

PROGRAM #96

FRIDAY, JANUARY 19, 1945

7:00 - 7:30 PM, PWT

CUE: (COLUMBIA..BROADCASTING SYSTEM)  
-----30-----  
SOUND: PHONE RINGS TWICE....PHONE UP  
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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 THE POLICEMEN'S BALL, BUT I'M HAVING A TERRIBLE  
TIME.  
MOORE: Why?  
DURANTE: I CAN'T FIND A POLICEMAN WHO WILL DANCE WITH ME. <sup>ill</sup> 15  
ORCH: (INTRODUCTION.....SWELL UP TO FINISH)  
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BAND: (C-A-M-E-L-S)  
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PETRIE: (COLD) Camel Cigarettes present Jimmy Durante and  
Garry Moore.  
(APPLAUSE)  
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ORCH: (INTRODUCTION....SWELL UP TO FINISH)  
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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!

MUSIC: (OUT)

PETRIE: Well friends, they often say that dogs are a good judge  
of a man's character - and the co-star of our show is a  
man in whom dogs have always had faith. So we bring  
you now that dog-faithed boy - Garry Moore.

(APPLAUSE)

100

MOORE: Well, thank you....Thank you VERY much, my friends,  
and good evening, ladies and gentlemen. This is  
Garry Moore - your dog-faithed boy - who hopes that  
every ~~one of you~~<sup>body</sup> is feeling just grrr-eat!

PETRIE: Good heavens, Garry - you're even beginning to talk  
like a dog!

MOORE: Howard, I take that as a compliment - Oh, I love dogs.  
Y'know, I have one at home, and he's not much to look  
at, but he certainly gives me a lot of prestige in the  
neighborhood.

PETRIE: Prestige?

MOORE: Yes - he sits on the front porch licking his lips, and  
people think we have meat...<sup>lovely thing</sup>...oh, he's a great dog,  
that Fido. He and I have more fun when we go on dates  
together.

PETRIE: You go on dates with your dog?

MOORE: Sure. We stand on the corner, see and I whistle.  
If it's a dog, he gets her - and if it's a girl I get  
her.....If we can't decide which it is, we go dancing  
together....And furthermore, Howard -

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ELVIA: Oh, there you are, Mr. Moore - you indispensable man!...  
(LAUGHS)....

MOORE: Yuh know, some day you're gonna do that near a zoo and  
find yourself engaged to a hyena....But what can I do  
for yuh tonight, Mrs. Wurtleburtle?

ELVIA: Well, Mr. Moore - you COULD lend me some money. You see, my income tax was due last week.

MOORE: Your tax was due! Ha ha - why, bless your little fiduciary - I've still got one payment to make on last year's <sup>tax</sup> myself. When the bill came in I just turned to my wife and said "Dear, I'll hafta pay this if it means working every night."

ELVIA: Good for you!

MOORE: <sup>You said it.</sup> ~~but~~ - but I sure hated to have my wife working every ... night.

ELVIA: I should think so....

MOORE: <sup>you know, Mrs. Durabinski,</sup> As a matter of fact I even put my uncle Tom to work this year.

ELVIA: Uncle Tom?

MOORE: Yup I got him a job feeding alligators with his bare fingers.

ELVIA: Good heavens. What do you call a man who makes his living feeding alligators with his bare fingers?

MOORE: We call him Tom Thumb....yes, everyone's got problems... <sup>35</sup>

ORCH: (SNEAK IN DURANTE'S MUSIC)

MOORE: <sup>Star of "Music</sup> And here comes my worst problems now - the ~~was and only~~  
<sup>For Millions</sup> - 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.....

ORCHESTRA: (SAD - "B-O")

DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE. THAT DIDN'T JUST HAPPEN/ . THAT WAS PRE-MEDICATED - PRE FABRICATED AND ON PURPOSE, ~~OH~~

MOORE: (REMONSTRATING) Uh!...!Uh!...Uh!...Uh! James temper.....temper,

DURANTE: I CAN'T HELP IT, JUNIOR. LIFE IS JUST A SERIES OF STUMBLING BLOCKS -- YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO ME THIS MORNING. THEY ASKED ME TO HELP THEM OUT DOWN AT THE WAC RECRUITIN' OFFICE.

MOORE: *lets* Very commendable, Jimmy. What did they ask you to do?

DURANTE: THEY ASKED ME TO SIT IN THE WAC RECRUITIN' OFFICE WITH A SIGN AROUND MY NECK. I TAKES ONE LOOK AT THE ~~SIGN~~ SIGN AND I QUIT'S!

MOORE: Why? What did it say?

DURANTE: *What did it say? -* IT SAID, "YOU MIGHT JUST AS WELL JOIN UP NOW, GIRLS. THIS IS ALL THAT'S LEFT!" (PAUSE) I WAS SO BURNED UP I WAS TEMPTED TO JOIN THE WAVES.

MOORE: But, Jimmy, the Waves are all women.

DURANTE: I KNOW -- THAT'S WHAT TEMPTED ME! (I LOVE THAT KIND OF CARRYING ON)

MOORE: You know, James, I've never seen you so chock full of energy.

DURANTE: THAT'S BECAUSE I TAKE CARE OF MYSELF. OF COURSE THE OTHER DAY I OVERDID IT. I ACCIDENTALLY SWALLOWED A WHOLE MONTH'S SUPPLY OF VITAMIN "D". THE SUNSHINE VITAMIN.

MOORE: *Well* ~~And~~ what happened?

DURANTE: I NOW HAVE THE ONLY STOMACH THAT RISES IN THE EAST AND SETS IN THE WEST! BUT WHAT IS NEITHER SHANG KY...NOR SHECK) LAST NIGHT (AS I WAS SITTING.....

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

MOORE: *Oh excuse me, Jimmy*  
Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

JELLISON: Telegram for Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: THANKS, BUD...AND HERE'S SOMETHING FOR YOU. A BRAND NEW HALF<sup>a</sup>/DOLLAR.

JELLISON: Why, this is only a nickel.

DURANTE: I KNOW. THAT'S THE NEW HALF<sup>c</sup>/DOLLAR WITH ALL THE TAXES TAKEN OUT!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: *That's awful!*  
Who's the telegram from, Jimmy?

DURANTE: *Well,* IT'S FROM THE POST MASTER GENERAL IN WASHINGTON. HE'S THANKING ME FOR THE GREAT JOB I DID DESIGNING THE NEW POSTAGE STAMPS.

MOORE: But, Jimmy, to design a postage stamp, you have to know something about art. Are you familiar with Michael Angelo, Rembrandt and Leonardo De Vinci?

DURANTE: NO....BUT THEN I JUST MOVED INTO THE NEIGHBORHOOD. HOWSOEVER, GETTING BACK TO MY STAMP DESIGNING, I DESIGNED A NEW AIRMAIL STAMP THATS ~~WOULD~~ <sup>WILL</sup> SAVE SHIPPING SPACE WITH MY NEW STAMP THE LETTERS GET THERE WITHOUT AN AIRPLANE.

MOORE: How is that?

DURANTE: I PUT GYPSY ROSE LEE'S PICTURE ON THE STAMP AND THE LETTERS TAKE OFF BY THEMSELVES.

MOORE: Ah Durante -- you're quite a man.

DURANTE: <sup>Mr. Moore</sup> THAT SEEMS TO BE THE SENSUS OF OPINION.

5<sup>10</sup>



DURANTE: (VERSE)

I JUST GOT OFF THE YANKEE CLIPPER YESTERDAY

*J* FEELING SPRY AND GAY

REPORTERS FROM EVERY MAGAZINE CAME TO INTERVIEW ME

AND THE PHOTOGRAPHERS EVEN CAME TO CLICK ME.

(AFTER THREE HOURS OF POSING FOR LOOK, PIC, ~~SMILE~~ AND CLICK)

I SAID "GENTLEMEN, ~~STOP THE PROCEEDINGS~~ -- *You've gotta tell me*  
WHY AIN'T THE PHOTOGRAPHER HERE FROM FLIT."

SO CALM BUT DISTURBED (AND NON-CHALANTLY SMOKING A CAMEL)

I WALKS INTO THE PRESS CLUB AND *l*ORDERS A CLUB SANDWICH

(BUT I DIDN'T GET MUCH TO EAT --

YOU SEE THERE WERE FORTY MEMBERS IN THE CLUB.)

JUST THEN (AS IF TO GAIN PRESTIGE)

WHO SITS DOWN RIGHT NEXT TO ME

THE SURGEON GENERAL OF THE U.S. ARMY!

I SAID "HELLO, GENERAL -- WHAT DO YOU HEAR FROM THE SULFA-NILA-MIDE?"

AND HE SAID: "OH HH -- PEN-IS-SILUM!"

AND I SAID: "I'M GLAD TO HEAR THAT."

THAT GIVES US SOMETHING COMMON TO TALK ABOUT.

YOU KNOW, *General* 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, GENERAL,

AFTER TAKING ALL THAT MEDICINE -- I STILL FEEL ROTTEN

(AND WE BOTH HAD A HEARTY LAUGH -- HA HA)

JUST THEN THE HEADWAITER CAME OVER TO US AND SAID:

I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU, GENERAL, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO LEAVE THAT

ANT-EATER OUTSIDE!!

JUMPING TO MY FEET, I SAID "DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM? -- NO?" --

*Well, I'll tell you*

DURANTE: (CHORUS)

~~WELL~~ -- I'M THE GUY WHO HOLDS THE MORTGAGE  
ON THE FARM THAT HAS THE SHEEP  
THAT PROVIDES THE WOOL FOR LANA TURNER'S SWEATERS.

MOORE: Congratulations!

PETRIE: What a business!

MOORE: <sup>Say</sup> Can I buy in?

DURANTE:

WAIT A MINUTE - WAIT A MINUTE, FELLOWS - PLEASE STOP YOUR DROOLING!

*Wubert* I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL. ~~IT'S THE SAME THE WORLD OVER.~~

EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT!

WHY ONLY YESTERDAY I WENT OVER TO LANA TURNER'S HOUSE TO GIVE HER  
HER SWEATER --

AND LANA SAYS TO ME "JIMMY, HOW MUCH DOES IT COST?"

I SAID, "LANA, IF YOU HOLD MY HAND, I'LL GIVE YOU THE LEFT SLEEVE  
FOR NOTHING

IF YOU PUT YOUR ARM AROUND ME YOU CAN HAVE THE RIGHT SLEEVE FOR NOTHING  
AND IF YOU GIVE ME A HUG YOU CAN HAVE THE WHOLE SWEATER!"

(I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED...BUT THREE OF MY SHEEP ARE NOW IN HER  
LIVING ROOM.)

YES -- I'M THE GUY WHO HOLDS THE MORTGAGE  
ON THE FARM THAT HAS THE SHEEP  
THAT PROVIDES THE WOOL FOR LANA TURNER'S SWEATERS.

DURANTE: (PATTER)

I KNOW YOU'RE SNEERING, FOLKS, BUT THIS IS BIG BUSINESS,  
I JUST GOT A CABLE THAT AUSTRALIA WAS INTERESTED IN MY SHEEP  
SO I MADE A TRADE WITH THEM  
FIVE HUNDRED SHEEP FOR FIVE HUNDRED KANGAROOS!  
AND BY MAKING SWEATERS OUT OF KANGAROO WOOL, DO YOU KNOW WHAT I GOT?  
SWEATERS WITH READY-MADE POCKETS. (A NOVELTY)

BUT IT'S NO USE, BOYS, I GOTTA FORECLOSE ON THAT FARM  
BECAUSE THE OTHER DAY WHILE I WAS WORKING  
I STOPPED TO FIGURE OUT WHAT IS A SHEEP?  
AND NOW THAT I FIGURED IT OUT -- I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'S A SHEEP.

A SHEEP IS AN ANIMAL WITH WOOL ON IT.  
AND WHAT'S UNDER THE WOOL?...SKIN IS UNDER THE WOOL.  
AND WHAT'S UNDER THE SKIN?...FAT IS UNDER THE SKIN.  
AND WHAT'S UNDER THE FAT?...MUTTON.

AND IF YOU THINK THAT I'M GONNA WORK FOR MUTTON -- YOU'RE CRAZY!

YES SIR -- SOME OTHER GUY CAN HAVE THE MORTGAGE  
ON THE FARM THAT HAS THE SHEEP  
THAT PROVIDES THE WOOL FOR LANA TURNER'S SWEATER!

(APPLAUSE)

8<sup>30</sup>

MOORE:

*Brother Schinazoli*  
And now while ~~Mr. Durants~~ catches his breath - and what  
a chase that is going to be! - we <sup>know of</sup> ~~lost~~ our good  
colleague, Howard Petrie, ~~to speak a word;~~

PETRIE:

Thank you, Garry;. Tonight, folks, I'm sadly  
forsaking my usual role; I'm not urging you to try  
Camels. Because, all too :often, your dealer hasn't  
got them. Why? Well, I'm not going into a long  
explanation of the cigarette shortage. But I can speak  
for the makers of Camels. We <sup>are</sup> ~~have~~ been turning out more  
Camels than ever before, and still we can't meet the  
demand. But every one of these billions of cigarettes  
rates the name Camel. Costlier tobaccos. Properly cured,  
~~aged~~ and blended in the Camel way. Camels will not be  
sold down the river and we are not using a single shred  
of tobacco not properly aged! ~~But~~ We are not making a  
single cigarette that doesn't come up to Camel standards.  
So keep on asking for Camels every time you go to buy  
cigarettes.

CHORUS:

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

PETRIE:

Camels! War or Peace, Camel is still Camel!

*9 30*

ORCHESTRA:

(INTRODUCTION TO "SAPPHIRE")

PETRIE:

Roy Bargy and the orchestra now in a Roy Bargy  
arrangement of "Sapphire".

*9 40*

ORCHESTRA:

("SAPPHIRE")

(APPLAUSE)

*11 45*

DURANTE: AND THAT WAS ROY BARGY AND HIS ORCHESTRA PLAYING  
SA-FIRE (KNOWN IN OUR SET AS A SEMI-PRECIOUS LAPIS  
*Saloola*  
*(LA-ZOOL-FEE)*  
*Moore: not even close but let it go*  
BUT LET US NOT GET TIED UP IN IN-CON-SEE-QUENCE-I-CALS.  
LET US CREEP TO THE CULTURE CORNER AND CONSULT

MR. GARRY MOORE,  
*Would you like to have a road map*  
MOORE: Thank you, James, you know there's been a great deal of  
talk lately about the World of Tomorrow. But I for one  
claim that we're not ready for the world of tomorrow -  
on account of we don't even appreciate the world of  
today..For example, tonight I should like to talk about  
the telephone, and what it has done for man.

DURANTE: VERY WELL....I SHALL TELL MY CAR POOL NOT TO CALL FOR ME  
TODAY--BECAUSE YOUR STORIES ALWAYS GIVE ME A LIFT. *12<sup>25</sup>*

MOORE: Thank you, *James. O: Thank you* (ORCHESTRA: *Heard* NEANDRETHAL MUSIC) In tracing  
the history of communication *Heard* let us go back to the stone  
age. Now, in the Stone Age there was no such thing as  
long distance communication....If a man wanted to convey  
some important information, he could only stroll up to his  
nearest neighbor, tap him gently on the shoulder, and say

PETRIE: (GIBBERISH)

MOORE: That is, of course, unless he was speaking to a  
woman *you* which event he would tap HER on the shoulder and  
say--

PETRIE: (WHISTLE)

MOORE: And she knew *exactly* what he meant.....

MOORE:

But now science has given us the telephone - and who appreciates it? Nobody! We take it for granted....you stroll to the <sup>bell</sup> phone, dial Crestview 6073 - and you know perfectly well what is going to happen...You're gonna get Hillside 5-2189...But friends - when you speak a word into a telephone, do you ever stop to think what that word has to go through before it gets to where it's going?....For instance, let's take the one little word, "Hello"....<sup>You</sup> You speak that word into your mouthpiece, and what happens? First that little hello has got to squeeze itself down through the handle of the instrument. *you*

*see* It kind of goes HELLLLLLLLLLLLLL-OH! And it just barely makes it....But, with that accomplished, the brave little hello starts merri-ly on its way - hello, hello, hello hello - and it's very happy about the whole thing...Then it reaches the rocky mountains and <sup>it</sup> starts to climb... (GOING UP) Hello, hello, hello, hello, hello - and when it gets to the top the temperature is below zero, and all that poor little hello has got to keep it warm is a thin piece of wire....As a result, all the way down the other side it goes...(WITH SNEEZES) Hello, hello, hello, hello, - and pretty nearly dies...but it doesn't and after awhile it carries on --

(CONTINUED)

MOORE:  
(CONT)

~~AND NOW - NOW~~ <sup>it</sup> comes <sup>to</sup> the danger spot. In Western Kansas  
a storm has broken the telephone lines in two... <sup>you see</sup> but the  
little hello doesn't know this - so he comes rushing  
along, picking up speed - (FAST) Hello, hello, hello,  
hello, hello - he hits the spot where the wire is broken  
and just (GEEZIE SOUND) - ~~drabbles~~ <sup>tumbles</sup> out on the ground... <sup>They tell me,</sup>  
<sup>friends.</sup>  
You may believe this or not, but in KANSAS alone there are  
forty-seven acres piled high with unclaimed hello's.....  
<sup>a</sup> <sup>thing</sup> ~~It's~~ very sad... BUT, fortunately, our particular hello  
is a plucky little fella, so does he just lie there and  
expire? No - he gets up and <sup>he</sup> walks the next twelve miles-  
(PANTING) Hello, hello, hello, hello.... ~~Well, sir, and~~  
finally he <sup>gets back on</sup> ~~finds~~ the other end of the ~~broken wire and~~ <sup>line you see</sup>  
~~continues on his journey~~ - but NOW he's lost a lot of time  
and he's really got to hurry - Hull-o-a-lo-a-lo-a-lo-a-lo-  
a-lo-a-lo-a-lo.....and before long he's back on schedule  
he's within a mile of his destination, and VERY happy  
about it. Oh, he's just tickled to death, he's going  
along - (LAUGHING) Hello, hello, hello, hello - he <sup>pokes</sup>  
~~RUSHES~~ up ~~to~~ the number he's supposed to be calling, and  
what happens?

SOUND: TELEPHONE BUSY SIGNAL

ELVIA: (ON FILTER) I'm sorry - the line is busy!

MOORE: The line is busy! Now, he's gotta go all the way back again!..Back through Kansas -- (FAST - HELLO) he hits the end of the broken wire - (FIZZLE) *fizzles out on the ground* ~~gets up~~, walks the twelve miles to the other end - (PANTING - HELLO ) gets to the mountains and starts to climb (RISING- Hello, hello, hello, hello) - reaches the top and catches cold - (HELLO - SNEEZE - HELLO - SNEEZE - HELLO - SNEEZE) - arrives back home squeezes BACK up through the mouthpiece (SQUEEZE) - and falls exhausted on the phone table - (HUL-LOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO)....And so, my friends.

ORCHESTRA: (HEARTS AND FLOWERS)

MOORE: The moral of my story is - forget the world of tomorrow, until you can appreciate the world of today.....and as Alexander Graham Bell said *when* ~~as~~ he lifted the receiver to make the first phone call -  
Hello!

ORCHESTRA: (PLAYOFF)  
(APPLAUSE)

15-53



MUSIC: (INTRODUCTION TO GIBB'S NUMBER)

MOORE: And with musical matters on the up-beat, who better to introduce than Her Nibbs, Miss Gibbs....Greetin's Georgia.

GEORGIA: How yuh feeling tonight Garry. Kinda groovey?

MOORE: Oh just as groovey as a Lana Turner movie.

GEORGIA: *Well now*  
~~Then~~ settle back, Jack, while we "Accentuate the

Positive!"

*m: George Gibbs - look out!*  
GIBBS: (ACCENTUATE THE POSITIVE)

(APPLAUSE)

16<sup>20</sup>

18<sup>30</sup>

DURANTE: AH, GEORGIA, THAT WAS LOVELY. MAY I SAY THAT YOU HAVE  
A VOICE AS BEAUTIFUL AS YOUR FACE.

GIBBS: *Oh* Thanks, <sup>you</sup> Jimmy. You, too, have a voice as beautiful as  
your face.

DURANTE: (PAUSE) WHEN I MADE THAT REMARK I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS  
LOADED! PETRIE, YOU TAKE OVER. *18<sup>45</sup>*

PETRIE: Here I am again, that persistent party who for a long  
time has been urging you to compare Camels with other  
cigarettes. But lately when you try to buy Camels you  
often hear....

VOICE MONTAGE: *(McGeehan)* 'No Camels today.....*(Allman)* Sorry, sir, no Camels....*(Allman)* No  
*(Jullian)* Camels today....*(Allman)* Tomorrow maybe....

PETRIE: So.....you found yourself forced to compare Camels  
with different brands whether you wanted to or not.  
As <sup>*(poke)*</sup> one smoker said, "Boy, I always knew Camels were good,  
but I never realized how good! I never really appreciated  
how difforent Camels were. Rich, full flavor and yet  
mild too." Well, our friend had to learn the hard way,  
unfortunately. But you can bet he asks for Camels when  
he buys cigarettes....You see, we will not sell Camel's  
reputation down the river. We are not using any tobacco  
that isn't good enough and aged enough to rate the name  
Camel -- and we are using every shred of such tobacco  
we have. We have been making more Camels than ever before  
in our history!

*3 second pause*

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

PETRIE: Camels! War or peace.....Camels are still Camels! *19<sup>50</sup>*

ORCH: (PLAYOFF)

*more: It's even taking longer for the spelling  
& get in nowadays, isn't it? 19<sup>55</sup>*

DURANTE: AND NOW THE FRIDAY NIGHT CAMEL SHOW BRINGS YOU A DRAMA  
OF RESTAURANTS AND THE MEN WHO RUN THEM ENTITLED:

MOORE: "Our waiters can carry fifty plates on one tray" or

SOUND: BREAKING OF PLATES AND GLASSES

---

MOORE: "Does anybody want to buy a five hundred piece dinner  
set?" Jimmy, tonight we are owners of a chain of  
restaurants. Have you ever spent much time in restaurants.

DURANTE: NO BUT I SPENT A LOT OF TIME IN CHAINS (AH HA..) DURANTE  
YOU'RE A TRUE SON OF OLD ALCATRAZ.

MOORE: Well, then let's be off to our beanery by jumping  
jimininy.

DURANTE: YOU GO BY JUMPING JIMINY/<sup>cut</sup> I'LL GO BY POGO STICK!

ORCHESTRA: (MUSICAL BRIDGE)

---

SOUND: DOOR SIAM

---

DURANTE: JUNIOR, I'M RESIGNING ~~AND~~ I'M QUITTING... YOU CAN SCRATCH  
MY NAME OFF THE MENU."

MOORE: Why, what's wrong, Jimmy?

DURANTE: I WAS PREPARING SOME PHEASANT UNDER GLASS, AND BELIEVE  
ME I'LL NEVER TRY THAT AGAIN.

MOORE: Why not?

DURANTE: EVERY TIME I PUT THE GLASS OVER THE PHEASANT HE STUCK  
HIS HEAD OUT AND SANG "DON'T FENCE ME IN!" (I GOT SO MAD  
I HIT HIM OVER THE HEAD WITH MY SPAT-CHEW-LA!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

---

PETRIE: I want my tea. somebody bring me my tea ::: I must have my  
tea!

MOORE: Who are you?

PETRIE: Just a little golf ball!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: I'll bet that guy's mother has to buy him back from the dog - catcher every week...but nevermind him Jimmy.. we've got to go down to the ice box and look at our latest shipment of turkeys - the chef tells me they're all scrawny - there's no meat on the legs, and they're still half-covered with pin-feathers.

DURANTE: WELL, ~~THEN~~ LET'S GO SEE THE TURKEYS.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

EIVIA: Oh, Mr. Moore, Mr. Durante <sup>oh</sup> -/there you are.

DURANTE: TOO LATE JUNIOR...ONE OF THE TURKEYS JUST CAME TO SEE US.

MOORE: Why it's Mrs. Underdunk, our head bookkeeper. Dunkie, you look <sup>pre</sup> kind of worried.

EIVIA: <sup>Well</sup> No wonder I'm worried and you'll be too. You know those Mexican tamales that we foature on our menus.

DURANTE: DO WE KNOW 'EM? WHY OUR TAMALES ARE FAMOUS FROM COAST TO COAST.

MOORE: <sup>Sure</sup> Yeah, they've even written a song about them.

EIVIA: They have?

MOORE: Yes - you've heard - it..Clang, Clang, Clang, went the tamale. Ha Ha Oh <sup>Durante: Lay me another egg like that Junior, and I'll cook up an omelette.</sup> brother, isn't it marvelous how I lay ~~those eggs from a standing position.~~

<sup>Moore: Thank you very much - that's kind of you - -</sup>  
DURANTE: BUT WHAT ABOUT OUR TAMALES, MRS. UNDERDUNK.?

EIVIA: Our last three shipments haven't come through.

DURANTE: ~~THEY~~HAVEN'T?

MOORE: They haven't?

EIVIA: No they've been hi-jacked by that notorious Mexican  
bandit - La Cucaracha,

*Moore*  
DURANTE: *La Cucaracha*  
OUR TAMALES - HI-JACKED? WHY THIS COULD FORCE US INTO  
BANK ERUPTION.

SOUND: GLASS BREAKING AND ROCK DROPPING

---

MOORE: Look! Somebody threw a rock through the window with a  
note tied to it.

DURANTE: YEAH...IT SAYS.."IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHERE TO FIND  
LA CUCARACHA CALL ENSENDA 8865...

MOORE: Ensenda 8865? Hand me <sup>the</sup> ~~that~~ phone.

SOUND: GLASS BREAKING AND ROCK DROPPING

---

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DURANTE: GEE, LOOK ANOTHER ROCK WITH A NOTE ON IT. WHAT DOES THIS ONE SAY, JUNIOR?

MOORE: IT SAYS, "THAT NUMBER HAS BEEN CHANGED TO TIA-WANNA ONE-ONE-FOUR-FOUR". Jimmy, there's only one thing to do.

DURANTE: YOU MEAN.....

MOORE: Yes, we must go to Mexico and catch La Cucaracha. Are you game?

DURANTE: AM I GAME? *You bet -* WE'RE OFF LIKE A CHEAP TOUPE IN A WINDSTORM.

*Moore:*  
ORCHESTRA: *Here we go - -*  
(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

---

SOUND: HORSES HOOVES GALLOP TO STOP

---

MOORE: Gee, *why* this border town is a tough looking joint, *isn't it?*

DURANTE: YEAH, LOOK ACROSS THE STREET AT THE SILVER DOLLAR CAPE ---IT SAYS OWL SHOW AT MIDNIGHT TONIGHT.

MOORE: Well, what about it?

DURANTE: I'D LIKE TO SEE THAT SHOW...TOO BAD I'M NOT AN OWL.

MOORE: Well, pull up your feathers and let's go in. It looks like the perfect hangout for La Cucaracha....

ORCHESTRA: (TINNY OLD PIANO PLAYING "TROLLY SONG".....)

---

FOUR BARS AND FADE UNDER)

MOORE: Hiya! bartender!

PETRIE: (TOUGH) Howdy stranger. (MUSIC OUT) What are you having?

MOORE: Make mine a ten cent glass of straight whiskey.

PETRIE: We don't sell that ten-cent whiskey.

MOORE: In that case, you can give me back my dime. I'm not drinking that five cent stuff.

DURANTE: HEY PIANO PLAYER,,, LET'S HEAR "TICO TICO".

PIANO: (PLAYS FIRST FOUR BARS OF "TROLLY SONG" FAST)

DURANTE: THAT'S GREAT,---NOW PLAY "RANCHO GRANDAY".

PIANO: (FIRST FOUR BARS OF "TROLLEY SONG" FAST)

DURANTE: *Boy,* THAT'S MARVELOUS,---NOW PLAY "BESSIE MAY MUCHO"

PIANO: (PLAYS FOUR BARS OF "TROLLEY SONG")

DURANTE: THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH THOSE SPANISH SONGS---~~THEY~~ ALL SOUND ALIKE.

MOORE: They certainly do.

SOUND: GLASS BREAKING AND ROCK DROPPING

MOORE: *Well - what do you know -*  
~~They~~ *are* another rock with a note on it.

DURANTE: WHAT DOES IT SAY, JUNIOR,

ELVIA: I'll tell you what it says -- It says "Hands up" and it's signed *by me* -- La Cucaracha.

DURANTE: LA CUCARACHA!

MOORE: La Cucaracha -- Jimmy, it's a dame. Stand back. I'm gonna shoot from the hip.

SOUND: TWO SHOTS

MOORE: *well* Oh, those two big toes were always sticking out of my socks anyway.

DURANTE:            LISTEN LA CUCARACHA...YOU'RE RUNNING OUR RESTAURANT  
BUSINESS...WHAT'S THE IDEA OF HI-JACKING OUR HOT  
TAMALES?

ELVIA:                I had to.    The men around here are so cold - I had  
to have something to warm me up.

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DURANTE: MADAM, YOU'VE JUST MADE YOURSELF A DEAL. YOU GOT  
OUR TAMALES AND I GOT THE KIND OF KISSES YOU'RE  
LOOKING FOR. STICK OUT THE LIP, SENORITA.

ELVIA: Don't call me a Senorita...I'm a Senora.

DURANTE: WHO CARES HOW YOU SLEEP....STICK OUT THE LIP?

MOORE: Wait a minute, Jimmy, let me handle this. *My dear young lady - and I use the word "young" in the  
I'll just love.*  
*I will* give you a kiss that will positively set you on fire.

SOUND: SLURPING KISS AND LOUD POP

MOORE: Now what do you say?

ELVIA: Throw another log on the fire, bud.

DURANTE: DON'T ARGUE WITH HER JUNIOR. YOU KEEP HER COVERED  
AND I'LL CALL THE SHERIFF.

MOORE: Okay.

SOUND: GLASS BREAKING AND ROCK DROPPING

MOORE: *Oh* Wait a minute. ~~There's~~ another rock with a note  
tied on it. That makes four windows they've broken.

DURANTE: YEAH AND THIS IS THE FINAL HUMILIATION.

MOORE: Why? What does it say?

DURANTE: IT SAYS: "SCHWARTZ BROTHERS....WE FIX BROKEN  
WINDOWS!

*Moore: No* (EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT)

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY OFF MUSIC)

(APPLAUSE)

25<sup>53</sup>

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

MEGEEHAN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Navy Lieutenant William H. McCorkle, of Lexington, North Carolina, a chaplain just awarded the Silver Star and the Bronze Star for heroism on the field of battle with a Marine combat outfit. QUOTE "Constantly on the front line and repeatedly exposed to enemy fire", the citation says, "he was untiring in his efforts to give spiritual aid to the troops and comfort to the wounded." UNQUOTE. In your honor, Chaplain McCorkle, the makers of Camels are sending to our fighters overseas four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

*26 45*

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

PETRIE: (APPLAUSE)

PETRIE: Each of the three Camels 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.

*26 55*

ORCH: (INTRODUCTION TO "WHO WILL BE")

DURANTE: WHO WILL BE WITH YOU WHEN WE'RE FAR AWAY,...WHEN WE'RE FAR....LET ME HEAR THAT HIGH NOTE, MAESTRO, WHAT A NOTE!

MOORE: A ~~delicious~~ <sup>adorable</sup> note Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: A ~~delicious~~ <sup>delicious</sup> NOTE, MR. MOORE.

MOORE: ~~I'm afraid James, we weren't too hot as gangsters tonight,~~  
*And if I may James, and friends, I should like to*

*interject a serious note. You know*

MOORE: ~~Ladies and gentlemen this is Garry Moore again.~~

Wherever war strikes, children suffer. But nothing takes a greater toll of our American kids, than infantile paralysis. Last year alone over nineteen thousand youngsters fell victim to it. <sup>That</sup> Almost the worst epidemic in recorded history! <sup>S</sup> Friends, you can help protect America's children by sending your dimes and dollars -- to President Roosevelt at the White House. Your help is needed -- desperately. *You know* Your children may be next. Fight infantile paralysis for their sake. Join the March of Dimes today!

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT!

ORCHESTRA: (THEME)

MOORE: Goodnight, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: GOODNIGHT MR. MOORE.

BOTH: GOODNIGHT EVERYBODY (FOLKS)

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP AND OUT)

27<sup>35</sup>

PETRIE: And remember...Camels are worth asking for every time...  
War or peace, Camel is still Camel.

Camel broadcasts go out to the United States three times  
a week, are rebroadcast to practically every area in the  
world where our men are fighting and, in cooperation  
with the Good Neighbor Policy, also to Central and  
South America. Listen Monday to Bob Hawk in  
"Thanks to the Yanks"; Thursday to Abbott and Costello;  
and next Friday listen to Georgia Gibbs, Roy Barfy and  
his orchestra, yours truly, Howard Petrie.

DURANTE: AND JIMMY DURANTE.

MOORE: And Garry Moore.

BOTH: IN PERSON.

(APPLAUSE)

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

28<sup>30</sup>

SHIELDS: Maybe this message to pipe-smokers ought to be titled, "How to have your cake - and eat it." How can you get a tobacco with a rich, full<sup>(bold)</sup>-bodied, he-man tobacco flavor that is also gentle to your tongue? That doesn't bite, parch, or punish. The answer is easy. Prince Albert! Prince Albert gets a special, exclusive no-bite treatment. It babies your tongue. And it's crimp cut, too, for firm packing, smooth drawing, even burning. And what a value!.. just about fifty pipefuls in one regular two ounce Prince Albert package.

ORCHESTRA: (SNEAK THEME)

SHIELDS: Tomorrow....Saturday night be sure to listen to Prince Albert's Grand Old 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 Old Opry every Saturday night on another network.

ORCHESTRA: (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.