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WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

AS  
BROADCAST

*Masters - 70 - 12/8*

CBS NETWORK  
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1943

PROGRAM NUMBER 34  
7:00 - 7:30 P.M. PWT

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

ELVIA ALLMAN

FRED SHIELDS

DIRECTOR - PHIL COHAN

51454 4477

(PROGRAM NUMBER 34)

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1943

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

(AS PROGRAM TAKES AIR, AUDIENCE AND CAST ARE LAUGHING)

(AFTER THREE-FIVE SECONDS)

ORCHESTRA: (PYRAMID CHORDS)

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

PETRIE: The Camel Program -- with Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante!

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (THEME FULL AND FADE FOR:)

PETRIE: Yes, it's Jimmy Durante, Garry Moore, Georgia Gibbs....

Roy Bargy and his orchestra and yours truly,

Howard Petrie, brought to you by Camel....the

cigarette that stays fresh -- cool-smoking and

slow-burning -- because Camels are packed to go around

the world!

And with the preliminaries out of the way, we present

now a young man who is a crackerjack entertainer.

But then, who wants to entertain crackerjacks...

And here he <sup>fruits</sup> is -- Garry Moore!

(APPLAUSE)

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MOORE: Well, thank you...Thank you very much, my friends,  
and good evening, ladies and gentlemen, <sup>it's</sup> nice to  
have you with us...And I do hope you'll forgive me,  
but my brother's cocker spaniel is visiting <sup>out</sup> at our  
house, and I'd just like to send him a <sup>short</sup> message...  
Are you listening, Pookie?...You are?...Ha ha,... *hell.*  
THEN GET OFFA THE SOFA!...(TO AUDIENCE) Please --  
don't laugh! Already that sofa is so full of dog  
hair, three times today it chased our cat up the  
clothes tree.

HOWARD: ~~Then~~, Garry, why don'tcha get rid of the pup?

MOORE: Howard, I just can't...Y'see, he and my brother  
were inseperable...Why, my brother even took that  
dog to school *with him.*

HOWARD: Then how come they're separated now?

MOORE: The dog graduated...I kinda like the pup at that,  
though. He's got such <sup>nice</sup> a/long, cold nose.

ELVIA: Oh, is someone calling me?

MOORE: Well, ~~well~~, if it isn't Lana Turner -- and it  
isn't!...How's everything, Cuddles?

ELVIA: *oh* My feeling's hurt...After all, there's very little  
difference between me and Lana Turner.

MOORE: Well, that's true...Except when you put on a sweater,  
all you look is warm...But I must say, my dear, you *do*  
smell very sweet tonight.

ELVIA: And why not?...This is my latest perfume. Essence  
du Barnyard.

MOORE: Essence du Barnyard? Say--you must have forked over plenty for that....

ELVIA: I'll say...But meanwhile, what about the letters for this week?

MOORE: I dunno. What about the letters?

ELVIA: Well, here's one from a young man in Open Toe, Nevada, who wants to write for the movies, but he can't think of a plot. He wants to know if you have any suggestions.

MOORE: Well, I <sup>really</sup> hadn't thought about it. But around this time of year is when they make all the football movies <sup>out here in Hollywood.</sup>  
<sup>really good.</sup> You know--the familiar story of the football coach's daughter who hates football players. But one day in the campus eat shop she sees this handsome fellow waiting on a table. She goes over to him, so he gets <sup>that doesn't matter because</sup> off the table and waits some place else...But <sup>it is</sup> love at first sight. <sup>your</sup> Not belonging to a fraternity, he can't give her his fraternity pin. But he does belong to the safety club, so he gives her a--oh, but that's <sup>either catch on all at once or not at all - you have no idea what I go through up here.</sup> just silly. So, comes the day of the big game against Ultra Violet U...The stands are crowded with people... <sup>please ...</sup> cheering, "Ultra Violet, Ultra Violet, Ray, Ray, Ray"--and in the third quarter our hero is playing in the wing back position. <sup>well</sup> The ball is passed to him. He looks around, picks a hole and dives into it--thus becoming the first player to be tackled by a gopher...And the final scene is Thanksgiving dinner at the coach's home. The coach is passing the turkey when his daughter reveals her coming marriage.

(CONTINUED)

MOORE:  
(CONT'D)

Instantly the coach snatches the turkey out of her hand, saying, "I don't feel that I'm losing a daughter-- *it's* only that I'm getting a wing-back"..That's the rough idea, of course...Cuddles, what do you think of the plot?

ELVIA:

*It's a* Perfect ~~plot~~. Too bad you haven't got a head-stone to go with it!

MOORE:

Thank you, dear, *so much.*

SOUND:

PHONE RINGS

MOORE:

*Oh* Excuse me... *friends-*

SOUND:

PHONE UP

MOORE: Hello...

DURANTE: HELLO, JUNIOR, THIS IS JIMMY.

MOORE: Jimmy, you're late.

DURANTE: I CAN'T HELP IT, I'M ON A HORSE AND I'M BEING FOLLOWED BY A LOT OF LIONS, TIGERS, LEOPARDS AND A GIRAFFE!!

MOORE: You're being followed by all those wild animals? -- *Shell -*  
Where are you?

DURANTE: I'M ON A MERRY-GO-ROUND AND I CAN'T GET OFF!

ORCHESTRA: (DURANTE INTRODUCTION)

*And sure enough - here he comes -*  
MOORE: The one and only -- Jimmy Durante -- in person!

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG...

MOORE: Jimmy, you sound as happy as a lark.

DURANTE: ON THE CONTRARY, JUNIOR, I'M CONTAMINATED WITH FURY! IT'S THAT DARNED RABBIT FROM NEXT DOOR...HE GOT INTO MY VICTORY GARDEN AGAIN!

MOORE: *Oh* Don't tell me he pulled up all your lettuce?

DURANTE: THAT'S JUST WHAT THAT RABBIT DID! I DIDN'T MIND WHEN HE PULLED UP THE LETTUCE -- I DIDN'T MIND WHEN HE PICKED THE TOMATOES -- BUT WHEN HE KNOCKED ON THE DOOR AND ASKED FOR THE MAYONNAISE, THAT WAS TOO MUCH!!

MOORE: Jimmy, your proclivity for prevarication is exceeded only by your utter disregard for veracity.

DURANTE: THANKS. I LOVE YOU, TOO, JUNIOR. BUT ENOUGH OF THIS PETTY PERSIFLAGE -- I HAVE OTHER MATTERS TO RELATE... LAST EVENING I WAS AT HOME FIXING A LITTLE SNACK FOR MYSELF. I WAS MAKING A FOUR DECKER SANDWICH --

MOORE: You must mean a three decker sandwich.

DURANTE: I MEAN A FOUR DECKER. I ALWAYS PUT A POOP DECK ON TOP!...

MOORE: A regular Dagwood Special.

DURANTE: <sup>Right - right -</sup> ~~What~~ I WAS JUST SMEARING ON THE PICA-LILLIE WHEN I WAS HANDED A TELEGRAM. BEFORE READING IT I PUT ON MY PAJAMAS (IT WAS A NIGHT LETTER, YOU SEE) ....

MOORE: Who was it from, James?

DURANTE: <sup>It was</sup> FROM THE GOVERNMENT YOUTH ADMINISTRATION IN WASHINGTON,.. <sup>(experiment - or or an)</sup> THEY WANT ME TO WRITE MY BIOGRAPHY AS AN/INSPIRATION TO THE YOUTH OF THE NATION.

MOORE: <sup>that's</sup> ~~Well~~ <sup>okay</sup> A truly intriguing assignment. What are you going to call the book?

DURANTE: "THE LIFE OF JIMMY DURANTE" OR "A NOSE GROWS IN BROOKLYN!!"

MOORE: Hmm, that book should be a best smeller. <sup>Just a minute!</sup> At what point does the book start?

DURANTE: ON PAGE ONE. IT TELLS HOW WHEN I WAS THREE MONTHS OLD WHEN I WAS LEFT ON SOMEBODY'S DOORSTEP, AND YOU KNOW, <sup>James</sup> FOR TWO WEEKS PEOPLE KEPT WIPING THEIR FEET ON ME BEFORE THEY FOUND OUT I WAS A BABY !

MOORE: You must have been the only kid in town with "welcome" written across your face.

DURANTE: SCOFF IF YOU WILL, JUNIOR, <sup>scuff</sup> BUT IN MY NEXT CHAPTER ENTITLED "BOYHOOD" <sup>there's</sup> A FASCINATING ANTIDOTE ABOUT THE TIME I HAD AN ARGUMENT WITH THE PRINCIPAL OF THE SCHOOL. I WALKED UP TO HIM AND SAID, "TAKE BACK THOSE WORDS OR I'LL GET OUTTA SCHOOL!"

MOORE: What were his words?

DURANTE: GET OUTTA SCHOOL... ~~HEW~~ VERY EXPELLING / *Mr. I imagine* A SHORT TIME  
LATER I GOT MY FIRST PAIR OF LONG PANTS (I WAS ONLY  
THIRTY-SEVEN AT THE TIME AND THERE BEGINS THE LOVE LIFE  
OF JIMMY DURANTE. WEARING MY SWEATSHIRT, (THE ONE WITH *the*  
"OH YOU KID" WRITTEN ON IT) CALLED FOR MY SWEETHEART -  
LITTLE ELSIE SHLOGEN-HIMEN-BAUM. WE DINED IN A SMART  
CAFETERIA, AND GLANCING INTO THE KITCHEN / *what I saw - but* ~~I SAW~~ THE CHEF,  
UMBRIAGO -- THE SALAD MAN, UMBRIAGO, THE DISHWASHER AND  
UMBRIAGO.

MOORE: But Jimmy-- what was Umbriago doing with the help in the  
kitchen?

DURANTE: HE WAS PUTTING SPATS ON THE PIGS' FEET, GLOVES ON THE  
LADY FINGERS AND GARTERS ON THE FROGS' LEGS! A GENIUS OF  
THE CULINARY ART. *Mr. I should certainly say so!* LATER ELSIE AND I WERE SEATED IN A  
COZY CORNER IN THE CAFETERIA... I WAS SERENADING HER WITH  
C-A-M-E-L-S *that made a hit.* THEN I LOOKED INTO HER EYES, REACHED ACROSS  
THE TABLE AND SAID, "DARLING, YOU'RE HANDS ARE SO WARM"...  
*Mr. Embarrassed!* *And boy* WAS I EMBARRASSED! / ~~YEAR~~... I HAD A HOLD OF HER LAMB CHOPS!!

MOORE: That's all very interesting, Jimmy -- but where in your  
biography do you mention your ambitions and early struggles?

DURANTE: IN CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE WHERE I TELL HOW ~~YOU CAN FIND~~ MY  
FAMOUS ANCESTOR, EBENEZER DURANTE.

MOORE: *Ebenezer Durante*  
/ I've never heard of him.

DURANTE: A DRASTIC BIT OF NEGLIGENCE ON YOUR PART, ~~MR. MOORE.~~  
WHY, IT WAS MANY YEARS AGO THAT EBENEZER DURANTE CAME TO  
THIS TOWN, A BASHFUL, BAREFOOT BOY -- AND NOW AFTER FORTY  
YEARS OF HARD WORK --

MOORE: Yes?

DURANTE: HE'S A BASHFUL BAREFOOT MAN!!



MOORE: A barefoot man! Send him over sometime -- I have a bunch of grapes I'd like him to jump on... But <sup>tell me</sup> ~~now, James~~, tell me <sup>Jimmy</sup> /-- if there any outstanding incident in your book you'd care to mention?

DURANTE: INDUBITABLY, MR. MOORE, UNQUESTIONABLY, INDUBITABLY, ....THE CLOSING CHAPTER OF MY BOOK TELLS AN AMAZING STORY OF MY INGENUITY. ONE EVENING I SUDDENLY GETS AN IDEA THAT REVOLUTIONIZES THE RADIO INDUSTRY.

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MOORE: Please, Jimmy, do continue.

DURANTE: THAT WAS MY INTENTION, ~~MR. MOORE~~ <sup>Junior</sup>...AFTER EXPERIMENTING,  
I WORK <sup>ed</sup> OUT A COMPLICATED SYSTEM SO THAT THE SOUND  
FROM A RADIO CAN BE CARRIED TO EVERY ROOM IN THE  
HOUSE BY SIMPLY HOOKING UP THE LOUDSPEAKER WITH  
THE PLUMBING SYSTEM.

MOORE: How did it work <sup>out</sup>!

DURANTE: PERFECT. UNTIL ONE DAY I TURNED ON THE FAUCET IN  
THE BATHTUB AND WHAT DO YOU THINK CAME OUT?

MOORE: What?

DURANTE: <sup>One man's Family!</sup>  
~~"JOHN'S OTHER WIFE"~~...AND NOW, JUNIOR...

MOORE: Yes?

DURANTE: YOU ARE LOOKING AT THE ONLY MAN WHO EVER TOOK A  
BATH OVER THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM!

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY-OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

PETRIE: Cigarettes are important to a soldier -- so important that when the American Fifth Army needed cigarettes a whole ton of them was flown from Sicily to Italy in General Clark's private transport plane! Chances are there were plenty of Camel Cigarettes in that plane-load, because Camels are first with men in all the services, according to actual sales records. By ship, by jeep, by plane, the Camel Cigarettes go out, and wherever they go, they're fresh cool-smoking and slow-burning, because Camels are packed to go around the world! Remember, if your store is ever temporarily out of Camel Cigarettes -- that Camels are first in the service -- and the service comes first! When you get Camels, you're always sure of that rich, extra Camel flavor, the result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos. Camel's tobacco standard is the same for soldier, for civilian, anywhere in the world!

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

PETRIE: Camel cigarettes! They stay fresh because they're packed to go around the world!

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO "PADUCAH")

ORCHESTRA: INTRODUCTION

MOORE: Roy Bargy, maestro and arranger par excellence, has  
picked out a new tune from old Kentucky. So un lax,  
y'all, as Roy Bargy plays [REDACTED] "Paducah", y'all.

ORCHESTRA: "PADUCAH"

(APPLAUSE)

11/12/43

*ladies and gentlemen*  
DURANTE: AND THAT WAS RAY BARGY AND HIS ORCHESTRA PLAYING,  
"PADUCAH", ESPECIALLY ARRANGED BY YOURS TRULY FOR PICCOLO,  
CELLO, OBOE, AND YO-YO! AND AS MR. BARGY CRAWLS OFF TO  
THE SHOWERS, PRAY TELL US, MR. MOORE, WHAT ~~YOU~~ *you got* HAVE IN  
MIND TONIGHT.

MOORE: Tonight, James, we stroll again to the poet's Corner for  
all kinds of sonnets, odes, and stuff like that there.

DURANTE: OH, GOODIE!

MOORE: I didn't know you cared for poetry.

DURANTE: CARE FOR IT! SURELY YOU'RE JESTING, JUNIOR. WHY, *for years I*  
~~WE~~ *live* LIVED IN GREENWICH VILLAGE ~~IN~~ *musty* IN A ~~BASEMENT~~ OLD BASEMENT.

MOORE: But I thought poets always lived in attics.

DURANTE: I KNOW - BUT I WAS THE JANITOR TOO!

MOORE: In that event, you need a rest. So lean back and allow me  
to read you my poem called "The Stork."

ORCHESTRA: (SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME ... FADE)

MOORE: The stork, from rumors I have heard,  
Is really quite a wondrous bird.  
In summer heat or winter freezes  
He swoopeth down from out the treeses.  
Just where he comes from, no one knows.  
He comes more often than he goes.  
No single living individual  
Has ever figured out his schidual.  
He cometh sometimes unannounced  
But when he's left, you know he's pounced.  
He comes but once or comes in sequence -  
And lately here he's come with frequense.  
He's come alike to poor and haughty  
Twelve million times since nineteen-fawty.  
There's hardly no place he ain't wentin' --  
Except to Sing Sing or San quentin.  
And to each home o'er which he hovers  
The Didey-wash sends baby covers.  
And so I sing, for days on end,  
The praises of our feathered friend.  
Oh, Mister Stork, you old high flyer,  
You I truly do admire.  
You are so strange, so very quizical  
I look at you, and think "Gee whizical".  
This whole world over you have flewed it.  
I really don't see how you've dood it.  
At ten o'clock you're in Pomona!  
At ten-oh-one, (WHHHT) Arizona!  
(CONTINUED)

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MOORE:  
(Cont'd)

You're sometimes here - you're sometimes there  
And lots of times you're everywhere.  
To think about it makes me tremble -  
April, June and Novomble.  
There are so many reasons why  
I love you better than I love I.  
I love you better than Marlene Dietrich,  
N' you must admit that she's a neat trick.  
I love you better than Walter Pidgeon,  
For whom the girls are always idgeon.  
Or better than a visiting furriner.  
Likes to look at Lana Turriner.  
Better, perhaps, than poison ivy  
Likes to get a guy all hivey.  
In short, oh stork, no ifs or buts,  
I truly think you are the nuts.  
I think you are almost as <sup>neat</sup> ~~sweet~~  
As a slow-burning Camel Cigareet.  
And so, dear stork, in last summation  
Let us face the situation.  
I think you're fine, I think you're swell.  
I think you're tricky as all get-out.  
And though I wouldn't like to be yuh.  
I've always been darn glad to see yuh.  
I've seen you once, I've seen you twice,  
And both times what you left was nice.  
But with the rising price of butter,  
I really can't afford anutter.  
(CONTINUED)

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MOORE:  
(Cont'd)

What with the scarcity of talcum  
I just don't think that you'd be walcum.  
So when you next fly near my home,  
Remember that I wrote this pome.  
Remember what I've had to say,  
And go away, bud -- GO AWAY!

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY OFF)

(APPLAUSE)



~~DURANTE: JUNIOR, THAT'S AS NICE A HUNK OF SONNET AS I'VE HEARD IN  
MANY A YEAR - (I'M EXCLUDING LEAP YEAR) OF COURSE.~~

MOORE: Thank you, Jimmy -

DURANTE: NOT AT ALL - AS A MATTER OF FACT IT INSPIRED ME TO WRITE  
A POEM OF MY OWN.

MOORE: Well, isn't that nauseating? Do recite it, James.

DURANTE: WITH PLEASURE. THIS LITTLE PIGGY WENT TO MARKET  
THIS LITTLE PIGGY STAYED HOME  
THIS LITTLE PIGGY HAD ROAST BEEF \*  
HE MUSTA KNOWN THE BUTCHER!

~~MOORE: And you know, that's so true!~~

ORCHESTRA: (START GIBBS INTRODUCTION)

MOORE: But some poems sound better set to music, if the music  
is in charge of our Miss Gibbs. Georgia Gibbs, if you  
don't mind, with "I Heard You Cried Last Night."

GIBBS AND ORCHESTRA: ("I HEARD YOU CRIED LAST NIGHT.")

PETRIE: You know Camel cigarettes have more flavor -- the result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos. I think you'll notice that the first one you smoke. But you'll really begin to appreciate what more flavor means when you get to your second pack of Camels. Yes, it's Camel cigarettes' extra flavor that helps them hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke. Try Camels in your T-Zone. Your taste will say, "Yes! Camels do have more flavor!" And your throat will give you the last word on Camel Cigarettes' extra mildness! And remember, you can be sure that Camels will stay fresh, cool smoking and slow burning, anywhere -- because they're packed to go around the world!

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

PETRIE: Camel cigarettes! First in the service!

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY OFF)

MOORE: At which inconsequential interia, THE FRIDAY FALSE WIG AND BUSTLE CLUB takes you to the Durante-Moore Gymnasium in a sketch entitled, "HE MARRIED A STRONG WOMAN BY MISTAKE" or "WHAT HE THOUGHT WAS HER BUSTLE, TURNED OUT TO BE MUSCLE," *Now* Jimmy, in this drama, we are teachers of the manly art of self-defense. Did you ever fight professionally?

DURANTE: ONLY ONCE, JUNIOR, BUT THE FIGHT WAS FIXED .. THE OTHER GUY HAD TWO FRIENDS OUTSIDE THE RING HELPING HIM.

MOORE: How could they help him if they were outside the ring?

DURANTE: THEY KEPT THROWING ME BACK IN.. BUT COME TO THINK OF IT, JUNIOR, YOU'RE NOT SUCH A POWERFUL LOOKING CHARACTER YOURSELF.

MOORE: Oh, I'm not eh? .. Just feel my muscle. Go ahead, <sup>and</sup> feel it.

DURANTE: OKAY.

SOUND: PINGING

MOORE: I said feel it .. not pluck it! But time's awasting, so let's go to the gymnasium and mingle with the other dumbells.

DURANTE: YEAH .. LET'S MINGLE ... *I love to mingle - lets mingle!*

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC BRIDGE)

SOUND: (ON CUE) PHONE RINGS .. RECEIVER UP

MOORE: Hello, Garry Moore speaking - the world's strongest man/.. *in the world*  
Talk fast will you - this phone is heavy.

ELVIA: (FILTER) Hello, this is Miss Sadie Ratchett, Remember me?

MOORE: Of course, you're the woman I sold the rowing machine to .

ELVIA: Yes - and that rowing machine has done me no good at all.  
MOORE: What do you mean?  
ELVIA: I've been rowing in it for three weeks, and not one sailor's whistled at me!  
SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN  
MOORE: There's a girl who didn't need a war to be hit by the manpower shortage!  
DURANTE: HEY, JUNIOR, DID I JUST INVENT A NIFTY EXERCISE!  
MOORE: *&* What's ~~is that~~ *James*?  
DURANTE: I PUT BOTH MY KNEES ON THE FLOOR AND MY HANDS OVER MY HEAD AND I KEEP TOUCHING THE FLOOR.  
MOORE: That's not exercise. That's praying.  
DURANTE: DO YOU KNOW A BETTER WAY OF GETTING YOUR LAUNDRY BACK?..  
BY THE WAY, AIN'T IT TIME FOR THE FOUR O'CLOCK EXERCISE CLASS?  
MOORE: Yes, James - let's go into the gym <sup>again</sup> and I'll lead the class.  
DURANTE: OKAY.  
SOUND: DOOR OPENS  
MOORE: (OFF) EVERYBODY STAND IN LINE..  
SOUND: SHUFFLING OF FEET  
MOORE: NOW, BREATHE IN.  
SOUND: DEEP BREATH  
MOORE: CLASS DISMISSED..  
DURANTE: HEY, JUNIOR .. YOU FORGOT SOMETHING.  
MOORE: NO, I DIDN'T.  
DURANTE: OH YES..YOU DID.  
MOORE: NO, I DIDN'T.

DURANTE: YES YOU DID.

MOORE: SAY I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT. CLASS ATTENTION!

SOUND: SHUFFLING OF FEET

MOORE: NOW, BREATHE OUT..

SOUND: BREATHE OUT

DURANTE: THAT'S BETTER.

MOORE: We'll have to spend more time in the gymnasium and..

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

PETRIE: We must get members! Ugh! Ugh!... We must get members!

I tell you we must get members! Ah Wah Wah Wah!

DURANTE: WHO ARE YOU?

PETRIE: Oh, just a little Indian Club!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

DURANTE: EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT.

MOORE: (SOFTLY) Oh oh -- watch yourself, Jimmy. Here comes our best customer, Mrs. J. Van Hatrack.

ELVIA: Ahh - good afternoon, dear boys. *Durante: Oh - good afternoon.*

MOORE: Ah there, Mrs. Van Hatrack, pull up a medicine ball and sit down. My, what a simply lovely dress you're wearing.

ELVIA: Do you like it? And I got it for a really ridiculous figure.

DURANTE: YOU CERTAINLY DID.

ELVIA: (VERY RITZY) My dear Mr. Durante -- it is most fortunate for you that I am a lady of intelligence, refinement and culture because if I weren't (VERY UNRITZY) I'd kick your

*Durante. teeth in!!  
you handle it, Junior. You handle it.*  
MOORE: Now, now, Mrs. VanHatrack, temper temper - remember, we must keep a civil tongue in our big fat heads...

DURANTE: AND NOW THAT THE PLEASANTRIES ARE OVER, MADAM, WHAT DID YOU WISH TO SEE US ABOUT?

ELVIA: Oh, yes - I've been putting on a lot of weight lately and I want to know what I should do about it.

MOORE: *Well,* That's very simple, madam - my advice to you is that you run twenty miles every morning.

ELVIA: Twenty miles! But that would kill me!

MOORE: If that happens, cut it down to ten miles.

ELVIA: (HISTERICAL) I'm leaving this place right now. And what's more, I'll tell all my friends what fakes you are.

Good day.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: WELL, THERE GOES OUR LAST CUSTOMER, JUNIOR.

MOORE: Yes, Jimmy. And we haven't got a penny left to our names.

DURANTE: TUT-TUT, JUNIOR, AFTER ALL, WHAT'S MONEY?

MOORE: What's money!

DURANTE: SURE, MONEY IS ONLY TO BE SHARED BY FRIENDS. WHY, IF I HAD A MILLION DOLLARS I'D GIVE YOU HALF. IF I HAD TEN HOUSES I'D GIVE YOU FIVE. IF I HAD A HUNDRED BOOKS I'D GIVE YOU FIFTY. AND IF I HAD TWO GORGEOUS RED HEADS....

MOORE: Yes?

DURANTE: (PAUSE) HOW WOULD YOU LIKE SOME MORE BOOKS?

MOORE: No thanks, I've already got a book - But lookit, Jimmie,  
I know what we can do.

DURANTE: WHAT?

MOORE: Killer Kelly, the heavyweight champ has offered a  
thousand dollars to anyone who can stay with him for one  
round. With a little intelligent effort directed in  
the proper manner, there is no earthly reason why we  
shouldn't enrich our exchequer to the extent of one  
thousand simoleans.

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT.

MOORE: And you <sup>Jimmie</sup> will fight the killer!

DURANTE: THAT'S NOT MY BOY WHO SAID THAT!

MUSIC: (BRIDGE INTO CROWD NOISES AND FADE DOWN)

MOORE: <sup>Hell Jimmie -</sup> There's just a minute before the fight starts. (SOUND: OUT)

Now are there any questions you want to ask?

DURANTE: YEAH. WHAT IF THE KILLER SOCKS ME?

MOORE: <sup>Hell,</sup> Then sock him back!

DURANTE: NO -- THAT'S NO GOOD!

MOORE: Why <sup>not</sup>?

DURANTE: 'CAUSE THEN IT WOULD BE HIS TURN AGAIN!

MOORE: Oh, quit worrying!

SOUND: GONG RINGS

MOORE: <sup>Oh-oh</sup> There's the Gong -- our Gymnasium is at stake <sup>Jim</sup>. Get in  
there and do or die...

SOUND: CROWD NOISES UP, DOWN AND OUT:

MOORE: Ladies and gentlemen, this fight is being brought to you by Gro-Coat, the magic hair restorer. Attention all men with heads. Gro-Coat is guaranteed to grow hair on a billiard ball -- but don't blame us if it slows up your game <sup>a little. Hell now</sup> The boys <sup>are climbing over the ropes,</sup> ~~have entered the ring and~~ the referee calls them to the center of the ring, and the referee puts his hand on Durante's shoulder... ~~Durante~~ Durante <sup>is</sup> down!!...And now the opponents shake hands...(GONG) AND THE FIGHT IS ON!

SOUND: CROWD NOISES

MOORE: Durante throws one at the champ. He does not connect. The champ throws one at Durante -- (PLUNK) Ah --

*Does he connect! THE FIGHT IS OVER.*  
*Moore: Hell, come on Jimmy. Wake up, wake up. Durante: Tell me, Junior, for*  
SOUND: CROWD ROAR.. CROWD OUT *whom did that fight bell toll.*

MOORE: (ON CUE) <sup>For you</sup> ~~Too bad,~~ Jimmy, ~~side boy~~ -- you should have ducked when the killer threw that punch at your nose.

DURANTE: WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT! THE KILLER NEVER LAID A GLOVE ON ME. IT WAS A GUY IN THE TWELFTH ROW WHO PUNCHED ME IN THE NOSE.

MOORE: But, Jimmy -- how could a guy in the twelfth row reach the ring??

DURANTE: HE DIDN'T HAVE TO!..MY NOSE REACHED INTO THE TWELFTH ROW!

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY-OFF)

(APPLAUSE)



ORCHESTRA: (MARCH...FADE UNDER)

PETRIE: Tonight again we send our thanks to the Yanks of the Week, Americans who have distinguished themselves for heroism in the battle area.

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

VOICE: To Armored Command Technician George R. Tisdale, of Detroit, who has just been awarded the Silver Star for extraordinary heroism during a tank battle in the Mediterranean area. Seeing an American tank disabled and abandoned in the middle of the battle field, he volunteered to try to bring it back. Though unprotected, and under heavy enemy fire, he proceeded to the tank, got it in operation, and brought it back to our lines. We salute you, Technician George R. Tisdale, and in your honor the makers of Camels are sending to our soldiers overseas three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

(APPLAUSE)

PETRIE: On each of the four Camel shows we'll salute another Yank of the Week, and on each of them send three hundred thousand Camels to our men overseas...a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week. Camels thank the Yanks in this country with the traveling Camel Caravans, which since nineteen forty-one have given free shows and free Camels to audiences of more than three million service men, in more than five hundred different camps.

ORCHESTRA: ("WHO WILL BE WITH YOU")

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, <sup>what</sup> <sup>c note.</sup> /IT SOUNDS LIKE THE QUITTIN' WHISTLE AT A ~~THE~~ FACTORY.

MOORE: I hope not <sup>Jimmy</sup> ~~Jimmy~~. Because Washington tells us that the present high rate of labor turn-over, <sup>that is</sup> /the shift of workers from one job to another, is slowing down our war production. The responsibility for labor turn-over does not lie with any one group. For instance, a waitress in a restaurant decides her job is unessential, she therefore quits her job and enters what she thinks is a more essential occupation. <sup>She'll</sup> /The restaurant owner is unable to replace this girl. His service becomes inadequate and <sup>it</sup> /creates hardships on the war workers who eat there and <sup>it</sup> /impel<sup>s</sup> them to look for jobs in another locality. Thus that waitress in a mistaken effort to help the war effort has actually harmed it. So remember we can't all wear medals but we can all stick to our jobs.

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT!

ORCHESTRA: (PLAYOFF)

MOORE: Goodnight, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: GOODNIGHT, MR. MOORE

BOTH: GOODNIGHT EVERYBODY.

( APPLAUSE )

( IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN )

ORCHESTRA: (THEME...BUMPER)

51454 4502

PETRIE: Listen to each of the four Camel shows.

VOICE: *Remember*  
Tomorrow...night...

PETRIE: Bob Hawk in the comedy quiz - "Thanks to the Yanks"...

VOICE: *And* Monday night....

PETRIE: "Blondie", that famous comic strip family.

VOICE: *And* Thursday night...

PETRIE: Abbott and Costello...

VOICE: And next Friday night...

PETRIE: Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore with Georgia Gibbs,  
Roy Bargy and his orchestra and yours truly,  
Howard Petrie.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND DOWN:)

PETRIE: Remember -- Camel cigarettes are first in all the  
services, according to actual sales records! They stay  
fresh because Camels are packed to go around the world!

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP)

(APPLAUSE)

(BOARD FADE)

(SWITCH TO STUDIO FOUR FOR HITCH HIKE)

(ADDITIONAL CLOSING...IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN)

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

(IN STUDIO #40)

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM" -27-  
11/12/43

SHIELDS: More pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the whole world! One big reason is that men like a tobacco that's easy on their tongues, and you know... Prince Albert's no-bite treated. Yessir, P.A.'s specially processed to give you cool, tongue-happy, bite-free smoking comfort. Crimp cut, too, to peck and burn and draw just right. Get P.A. for Pipe Appeal! You'll find around fifty mild, fragrant, sweet-smoking pipefuls in every big red two ounce package of Prince Albert. More pipes smoke Prince Albert! It's the National Joy Smoke!

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