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WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

CBS NETWORK
FRIDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1944

PROGRAM NO. 89
9:00 - 9:30 PM (CWT)

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

SHIRLEY MITCHELL

FRAN ALLISON

DIRECTOR.....PHIL COHAN

51454 6040

(REVISED)

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

PROGRAM NO. 89

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1944

9:00 - 9:30 P.M. CWT

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: THE SAME PLACE YOU ARE -- I'M IN WASHINGTON.

MOORE: Jimmy - we're not in Washington, we're in Chicago.

DURANTE: HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT! I FORGOT TO SWITCH AT
WICHITA. 15

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

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

PETRIE: (COLD) From the Navy's Sixth War Loan Exhibit in
Chicago -- Camel Cigarettes are proud to present
Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante!

(APPLAUSE) 30

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

51454 6041

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.. */15*
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! */55*

MUSIC: OUT

PETRIE: And now, we bring you our co-star -- a young man who used to work on the radio right here in Chicago. In fact he lived in Chicago so long that the circles under his eyes became loops ... And here he is -- Garry Moore.

(APPLAUSE) */15*

MOORE: Well, thank you -- thank you VERY much. my friends,
and good evening. ladies and gentlemen . From
Chicago I bid you a very happy One-th of December *the*

PETRIE: So this is it, eh, Garry? Chicago -- the Windy
City.

the windy city - oh Howard Pewtry - what you said - why anyone
MOORE: / I'll ~~thank you to watch your language, Mr. Pewtry~~
in the audience here will tell you -
In Chicago the wind doesn't really blow -- it just
hurries a little as it goes past the stockyard. .

Believe me. you'd do the same thing.

PETRIE: (LAUGHING) I not only would -- I did. But it is
Mr. I believe.
true that you used to live here, isn't it *for my?*

MOORE: Why, bless your little South Side! / I did live here;
yes Howard, I did...
You know
~~Howard~~, and it's a very dignified place, Chicago,
Do you know that in my home here I had the very
sofa that George Washington sat on when he first
tried to kiss Marthe?

PETRIE: How do yuh know George tried to kiss Martha on
that sofa?

MOORE: There was a little sign on that said, "George
Washington Slapped Here".. Oh, I love Chicago.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

MOORE: Excuse me, Howard -- come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

GJRL: How do you do. Are you Mr. Moore?

MOORE: Yes I am ..Doesn't it *make* *sick?* ~~nauseate~~ you? .. Or does it?

GJRL: Mr. Moore, I'm a reporter, and since you're a
former Chicagoan, Mr. Moore, my editor sent me
over to cover your stay.

MOORE: Cover my stay?...Darn it! Is my stay showing again?...
I guess
They just don't make 'em like they used to. *you know.*

GIRL: Oh, you misunderstand me. My editor wants you to tell me about any happy memories you have of our town.

MOORE: Memeries?..Ah, yes?...I'll never forget the day the Chicago subway opened. I backed into a man carrying a blow torch.

GIRL: *you backed into a blow torch?*
Oh, goodness... Do you call that a happy memory?

MOORE: Yes -- I'll always have a warm spot for Chicago... But let's not talk about that -- that's all behind me *and* now...I would have liked to have stayed on in *here* Chicago, but after three years ~~here~~ Hollywood called me, so I moved to New York.

GIRL: If Hollywood called you, why did you move to New York?

MOORE: I didn't like what Hollywood called me...Shame on them.

GIRL: But you DO live in Hollywood now?

MOORE: Ah, yes -- I made up with Hollywood, and we're very happy *together* now..In fact, my dear, those movie people just won't let me alone...Why, the moment I stepped off the plane in Chicago a man met me with a very flattering offer from Metro-Goldwyn-Kelly.

GIRL: Don't you mean Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer?

MOORE: My dear girl, this was the Chicago branch -- and in Chicago Kelly is mayor! *democrats!* Do you follow me?

GIRL: Follow you? After a wheeze like that, I won't even be SEEN with you.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: Ah, they love me in Chicago.

3⁴⁵

ORCH: (SNEAK IN DURANTE'S MUSIC)

MOORE: But now let's greet a man who is loved all over the
country --- 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 ... CHICAGO - CHICAGO ...
(HOLDS NOTE) WHAT A NOTE! IF A LAKE MICHIGAN TUG
BOAT IS LISTENING IN, YOU MAY CONSIDER THAT A
CHALLENGE!

MOORE: Ah James, you sound so gay, you must really like
Chicago.

DURANTE: LIKE IT? WHY CHICAGO IS MY FAVORITE STATE. / *M. It is! D. You know* FOR
YOUR INFORMATION JUNIOR - I WAS BORN RIGHT HERE IN
CHICAGO.

MOORE: Oh -- before the fire?

DURANTE: NO! IN BACK OF THE PIANO! I GOTTA MILLION OF 'EM ...
A MILLION OF 'EM.

MOORE: Oh Jimmy, where most people have a head full of
brains, you have a small cavity stuffed with
hassen-pfeffer.

DURANTE: WHY JUNIOR, I HAVE NEVER SEEN YOU AS SWEET AS YOU
ARE TONIGHT! / *M. Oh, uh, yes* BUT THAT IS NEITHER TA-LA-LA BANK
NOR HEAD ... YOU KNOW GARRY, I LOVE TO VISIT THE
STORES HERE IN CHICAGO. I WENT SHOPPING TODAY IN
ONE OF THE BIG DEPARTMENT STORES AND ON THE FIRST
FLOOR THEY HAD LADIES COATS ... ON THE SECOND FLOOR
THEY HAD LADIES DRESSES ... ON THE THIRD FLOOR THEY
HAD LADIES UNDIES ... I COULD HARDLY WAIT UNTIL I
GOT TO THE FOURTH FLOOR ... AND WHEN I FINALLY DID -
OH BOY!

MOORE: You mean --

DURANTE: YES ... HERSHEY BARS!... (AH DURANTE - YOU GOT A
SWEET TOOTH).

MOORE: Jimmy, enough of this fol-de-rol. Don't forget we've come to Chicago to sell war bonds. ^{you know} Jimmy, it's our job to help run the sale of war bonds up to fourteen billion dollars!

DURANTE: FOURTEEN BILLION? WE'LL DO BETTER THAN THAT. WE'LL RUN IT UP INTO THE THOUSANDS! AND GARRY, I ^{you know} HAVEN'T BEEN DILLY DALLYING, I'VE BEEN ^{so} BUSY SELLING BONDS FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE, THAT I WAS LATE FOR THE BIG BOND PARADE THIS MORNING. HOWEVER, BEING A GUEST OF THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT THEY SAVED A PLACE FOR ME.

MOORE: At the head of the parade?

DURANTE: NO, BEHIND THE GRAND MARSHALL'S HORSE! ... (I GUESS IT'S JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS YOU HAVE TO FACE!)

MOORE: I guess it is. But after the parade did you go to the big bond rally at the Palmer House?

DURANTE: I DID. BUT NOT BEING IN FORMAL ATTIRE, THEY ASKED ME TO LEAVE. SO I HURRIES RIGHT OVER TO SEARS AND ROEBUCK, BUYS MYSELF A FULL DRESS SUIT AND GOES BACK TO THE HOTEL. I WALKS INTO THE LOBBY/WEARING MY ^{head high} SEARS AND ROEBUCK SUIT, AND AS I BOWS LOW THERE IS A LOUD RIP.

MOORE: What happened?

DURANTE: SEARS AND ROEBUCK DISSOLVED PARTNERSHIP! (FORTUNATELY B.V.D. WAS STILL IN BUSINESS.) AS I STROLLS INTO THE BALLROOM, YOU SHOULD HAVE HEARD THE APPLAUSE THAT GREETED ME ... (MY HANDS ARE STILL RED FROM CLAPPING) ... REALIZING THIS RALLY NEEDED THE HOLLYWOOD TOUCH I BRINGS ALONG MY GIRL FRIEND,
(MORE)

DURANTE:
(CONT'D)

ELSIE PEPPERPOO TO SELL KISSES FOR WAR BONDS.
AND WHO DO YOU THINK WAS THE FIRST IN LINE TO KISS
ELSIE PEPPERPOO?

MOORE: You, Jimmy?

DURANTE: NO - UMBRIAGO! MY BEST FRIEND AND HE'S TAKING
THE PEPPER RIGHT OUT OF MY POO! SO I SAYS ALL
RIGHT UMBRIAGO YOU CAN KISS MY GIRL FRIEND IF YOU'LL
BUY A FIFTY DOLLAR WAR BOND. ^{Well} SO HE KISSES HER, ^{then}
AND HE ^{only} BOUGHT A TWENTY-FIVE DOLLAR BOND.

MOORE: Jimmy if they were selling the kisses for fifty
dollar bonds, how come Umbriago only paid twenty-five.

DURANTE: WHEN UMBRIAGO KISSED HER - HE WAS ONLY USING ONE LIP.

MOORE: ^{Half price, is it?}
Ah Jimmy, when you kissed Elsie, I'll bet you used
both lips.

DURANTE: I WAS GOING TO BUT SHE SAID SOMETHING THAT MADE ME
MAD. SHE SAID "JIMMY, YOU ARE PROBABLY THE
HOMELIEST MAN IN THE WORLD."

MOORE: You got mad because she said that you were probably
the homeliest man in the world?

DURANTE: YES... DON'T YOU HATE A GIRL WHO ^(make) CAN'T MAKE UP HER
^{I'll let that rip at tomorrow night. My: Don't bother with it!}
MIND! BUT JUNIOR, I HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO BROOD
OVER THAT... AT THE BOND RALLY YESTERDAY A MAN
ASKED ME A QUESTION THAT COVERED ME WITH CHAGRIN.
HE WANTED TO KNOW WHEN I WAS GOING TO CASH IN MY WAR
BONDS.

MOORE: Well - what did you tell him?

DURANTE: I SAID, SIR, I'LL NEVER CASH IN MY BONDS AND I'LL
TELL YOU WHY. YOU TAKE A TWENTY-FIVE DOLLAR BOND
AND WHAT DOES IT COST YOU? EIGHTEEN SEVENTY FIVE!
RIGHT AWAY YOU'RE GETTING CHANGE FROM A NINETEEN
DOLLAR BILL. ^{My, yes, you are -} ON TOP OF THAT YOU HAVE THE COMPOUND
INTEREST OF THE PRINCIPAL PLUS THE ACCRUED DIVIDENDS
NOT TO MENTION THE FIDUCIARY.

MCCRE: The fiduciary?

DURANTE: I JUST ASKED YOU NOT TO MENTION THE FIDUCIARY!
FOLLOWING THIS TRANSACTION TEN YEARS ELAPSE AND
WHAT HAPPENS...YOUR BONDS ARE READY FOR MATERNITY ...
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS CASH THEM IN ... BUT THE ONLY
CATCH IS YOU MUST CASH THEM IN ONLY DURING THE
MONTHS OF MAY, JUNE, JULY AND AUGUST.

MCCRE: Wait a minute, Jimmy, what about the rest of the
months?

DURANTE: THE REST OF THE MONTHS HAVE AN "R" IN THEM. AND
"R" STANDS FOR OYSTERS ... AND IF YOU THINK ^{that} I'M
GONNA CASH MY BONDS IN FOR OYSTERS - YOU'RE CRAZY!

ORCH: PLAYOFF
APPLAUSE

920

MOORE: And now, for a moment, we say farewell to the quaint idiom of Mr. Durante and embark upon a brief excursion into the more conventional cadences of Mr. Howard Petrie.

PETRIE: Thank you, Garry. I want only a brief moment to ask our listeners a few questions. How many cigarettes have you smoked today? How does your throat feel? And how is your taste...jaded, bored? *Well now,* Why don't you try Camels on your T-Zone? -- that's T for throat and T for taste. See how your throat reacts to Camel's coolness and mildness. See how your taste enjoys the full, rich flavor of Camel's superb blend of costlier tobaccos...the flavor that holds up, pack after pack, that never seems to go flat no matter how much you smoke.

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

PETRIE: Camels! Try them on your T-Zone today! *10⁰⁵*

ORCH: INTRO TO "DANCE WITH A DOLLY"

PETRIE: Roy Bergy and the Orchestra now in a Roy Bergy arrangement of "Dance With A Dolly"

ORCH: "DANCE WITH A DOLLY" *10²⁰*

(APPLAUSE) *10³⁰*

DURANTE: AND THAT WAS ROY BARGY PLAYING "I'M DANCING WITH
A DOLLY WITH A HOLE IN HER STOCKING"... ~~I HAD A~~
from the nylon situation of the same name
SWELL JOKE THAT GOES WITH THAT SONG, BUT I USED
IT THE LAST TIME HE PLAYED IT. MR. BARGY, HERE'S
MY ULTIMATUM - WHEN YOU GET A NEW SONG... I'LL GET
A NEW JOKE... MEANWHILE I SHIFT MY ATTENTION TO
MR. GARRY MOORE AND HIS CULTURE CORNER.

MOORE: I'm flattered, James - and tonight I had planned
on a children's feature - the story of little Red
Riding Hood...But I just got a phone call from
some old friends who want me to go to a party -
if I can get away soon. Therefore, I shall tell
the ^{little} story of Little Red Riding Hood as fast as I
possibly can.

DURANTE: SOUNDS BREATH-TAKING. I SHALL RUN AROUND BEHIND
YOU AND TRY TO FOLLOW YOUR TALE.

MOORE: Very well, then ^{James, here it is} - as fast as I can - the story of
Little Red Riding Hood.

WELL, once upon a time there was a little girl
who lived with her mother in a little teeny house
on the edge of the woods... And the name of this
girl was little Red Riding Hood... I don't know
why people usta call her that, except that that
is what she wore and naturally if you go around
wearing that, people are almost bound to call you
little Red Riding Hood. Well, one day her mother
said to her, "RED" - she said - "RED! Your

(MORE)

MOORE:
(CONT'D)

grandmother is lying in bed in her little house on the other side of the woods with a broken arm...Last night she was celebrating her ninety-third birthday, and she slipped on a beer bottle and broke her arm...Now I have fixed up a very nice basket of goodies for you to take your grandmaw..."...And Little Red Riding Hood said, "What's in the basket, Ma, huh? What's in the basket, huh?"...And her mother said, "Oh, not much in the basket...Just an apple, an orange, a lemon, a lime, a pickle, a pie, a pound of steak, a begel, a bun and a box of beans, a carrot, a cake and a can of corn, a herring, a hog, a hatfull of hash and fourteen doses of bicarbonate of soda." ... "NOW, RED," she said, "NOW, RED, YOU TAKE THIS BASKET TO YOUR GRANDMAW'S HOUSE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WOODS, BUT DON'T GO THROUGH THE WOODS...TAKE THE BUS!"...

Well, you know how a kid is about a thing like that. They don't pay any attention to what their mother says..."BUS-SMUSH, WHO TAKES THE BUS?"... SO, off she goes, WALKING THROUGH the woods... Well, it's a very pretty day, the sun is shining, ...when all of a sudden, she hears a terrible cry - (WOLF HOWL) ... And what do you think hops out of the bushes? What do you think hops out? ^{of the bushes} A WOLF! A GREAT BIG NASTY WOLF!..HAWWWWWW!

(MORE)

MOORE:
(CONT'D)

And the wolf said, "What have you got in the basket? What have you got in the basket?"

And she said, "Whatta you care what I got in the basket? An apple, an orange, a lemon, a lime, a pickle, a pie, a pound of steak, a begel, a bun and a box of beans, a carrot, a cake and a can of corn, a herring, a hog and a hatful of hash and NONE OF YOUR BIG FAT BUSINESS!"

Well, so what does the wolf do but take a shortcut through the woods and beats Red Riding Hood to her Grandmaw's house... And before you could say Boo, he breaks into the house and (ROAR) - he eats Grandmaw all up ... HIC... Excuse me...

Then what does he do, this big bad wolf? He puts ALL OF GRANDMAW'S CLOTHES ON...And believe it or not, he looks JUST LIKE GRANDMAW - LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE GRANDMAW - THEY BOTH NEEDED A SHAVE...

And he no sooner gets into the bed that who does he hear coming but Red Riding Hood...She walks up to the Grandmaw's house, she knocks on the door (KANOCK, KANOCK, KANOCK) - the wolf says come in, and she goes in... She says, "Hi-yuh, Granmaw.- how's the kid?" ... The wolf says, "Just fine - what'cha got in the basket?"...

"EE-GAD" says Red, "I got an apple, an orange, a lemon, a lime, a pickle, a pie, a pound of steak, a begel, a bun and a box of beans, a carrot, a cake and a can of corn, a herring, a

(MORE)

MOORE:
(CONT'D)

hog and a hatful of hash AND I HOPE YOU CHOKE ON THE STUFF."... And just then she begins to notice something funny, she says to the wolf, "JEEPERS, CREEPERS, WHAT BIG PEEPERS, GRANMAW?" And the wolf says, "BDUHHHH, THE BETTER TO SEE YOU WITH, MY DEAR." ... And Red says, "AND GET A LOAD OF THOSE EARS/^{look at them ears} - HAVE YOU BEEN FRIGHTENED BY A HELICOPTER?" ... And the wolf says, "BDUHHHHH ...BETTER TO HEAR YOU WITH MY DEAR..." - "YEAH, BUT GET A LOAD OF THOSE TEETH," says Red... And with that, the wolf hops out of bed and yells, "THE BETTER TO EAT YOU WITH MY DEAR... HAWWWWWWWWWWWW!" And then the action really ^{began} starts! ...Round and round and round, the wolf is chasing Red... (CHASE MUSIC) ... HELP! HELP! HELP! ... (PANTING) ... HELP! HELP! (PANTING)... And out in the woods there is a great big woodsman - A GREAT BIG WOODSMAN WHO IS ^{out there} SAWING DOWN TREES... (SAW NOISES) ... And when he hears Red yelling he picks up his axe, runs into the house and CRONK! HE LEAVES THE WOLF HAVE ONE - RIGHT IN THE KISSER! ... (SPRING SONG) ... "My hero" screams Red! "My hero, will you marry me?" ...And the woodsman says, "I'd love to marry you, Red, my dear, but before I do I must ask you one question... "ANYTHING," says Red, "ASK ME ANYTHING YOU WANT!" ...And the woodsman says,

(MORE)

MOORE:
(CONT'D)

"OKAY, SISTER, WHADDAYUH GOT IN THE BASKET?..."
SHE SAYS, "I GOT AN APPLE, AN ORANGE, A LEMON, A
LIME, A PICKLE, A PIE, A POUND OF STEAK, A BEGEL,
A BUN AND A BOX OF BEANS, A CARROT, A CAKE, AND
A CAN OF CORN, AWWWWWW NUTS! LET IT GO! ...
So she goes back home, settles down, becomes an
old maid, lives happily ever after - AND THAT IS
THE STORY OF LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD!

ORCH: (PLAY-OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

MOORE: Thank you, very much.

15⁴⁰

ORCH: INTRO TO GIBBS NUMBER

MOORE: Well, I've only got one breath left, friends,
but I shall use it to good advantage by announcing
Her Nibbs, Miss Gibbs - Hi'yuh, Georgia.

GEORGIA: Hi'yuh, Garry ^{say} -/you're even windier tonite than
Chicago itself...So you just lean back while I

Moore: sing -- "The Very Thought Of You."
GIBBS: *Georgia Gibbs, my friends ...*
"THE VERY THOUGHT OF YOU"

16⁰⁵

(APPLAUSE)

18⁴⁰

DURANTE: (SINGS REPRISE OF GEORGIA'S SONG) BUB-BUB-BOO-
BUB-BUB-BOO...WHY, IF I CONTINUE WITH THIS KIND
OF SINGING, I'LL TAKE THE KRAFT CHEESE RIGHT OUT
OF BING CROSBY'S MOUTH. ^{18³⁰} IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME..
LISTEN...

C-A-M-E-L-S

FROM DAKAR TO THE DAKOTAS

CAMEL'S MILDNESS PLEASES THROATAS'

PETRIE: *sk* You're a solid man with that geography, Jimmy --
and equally solid about Camel's mildness...and
coolness.. and throat-kindness. But I'm not
asking folks to take our word for that . I'm just
suggesting that they try Camels on their T-Zone,
that's T for taste and T for throat. Why don't
you see how your throat reacts to Camel's cool
mildness after a long day's smoking And give
your taste a chance to experience the rich, full
flavor of Camel's superb blend of costlier tobaccos.
Smokers say that this wonderful flavor just never
seems to go flat, holds up pack after pack no
matter how much you smoke.

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

PETRIE: Camels! The cigarette of costlier tobaccos! *19⁴⁰*

ORCH: PLAY OFF

19⁴⁵

DURANTE: AND NOW THE FRIDAY NIGHT CAMEL SHOW BRINGS YOU A
DRAMA OF MEN'S CLOTHES AND THE TAILORING BUSINESS
ENTITLED:

MOORE: "An Actor Came To Hollywood with A Trunkful of
Clothes But He Ended Up In Warner Brother Shorts."

DURANTE: A FEW MORE REMARKS LIKE THAT AND WE COULD EASILY
BECOME EXPENDABLE.

MOORE: Jimmy, in tonight's play, you and I run a tailor
shop. Do you know anything about clothes?

DURANTE: DO I - WHY SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS WEAR CLOTHES ...
THE LAST THING I DID BEFORE I LEFT HOLLYWOOD WAS
GO TO MY TAILOR, MR. RAPPAPORT. I SAYS, "RAPPAPORT,
I'M LEAVING TOWN - YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE ME A SUIT IN
THREE HOURS. SO RAPPAPORT GOES TO WORK.

MOORE: The suit looks lovely on you, ^{looks Jimmy} But what's that
lump in the back of the coat.

DURANTE: THAT'S RAPPAPORT - HE'S STILL WORKING ON IT.

MOORE: Come on, James, we must be off to our tailor shop,
bejabbers.

DURANTE: YOU BE JABBERS... I 'LL BE MYSELF (A CHARACTER PART)

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

SOUND: PHONE RINGS...PHONE UP

MOORE: Hello, Durante-Moore Tailor Shop... Moore speaking.

PETRIE: (ON FILTER) Mr. Moore, I'm interested in buying a
suit. What kind of suits do you make?

MOORE: We have chevots, serges, tweeds.

PETRIE: Don't you have any twills?

MOORE: Don't I have any what?

PETRIE: Don't you have any twills?

MOORE: Only when I wide the woly coaster.

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

MOORE: And I just wov the merry go wond.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: DROP EVERYTHING, JUNIOR! I'M WRESTLIN' WITH CALAMITY!

MOORE: What's the trouble, Jimmy?

DURANTE: FOR TWO YEARS THE O.P.A., SAYS, "NO CUFFS ON PANTS". NOW, THEY SAY, "GO AHEAD, MAKE CUFFS ON PANTS." SO ALL WEEK LONG, I MAKE CUFFS. A LITTLE WHILE AGO A CUSTOMER WALKS IN, BUYS A SUIT, WALKS AROUND THE CORNER, COMES BACK AND PUNCHES ME RIGHT IN THE NOSE.

MOORE: Why did he punch you in the nose?

DURANTE: I MADE THE CUFFS BUT I FORGOT TO MAKE THE PANTS!

MOORE: A fella could get awfully ^{you know} hilly that way. Well, come on, Jimmy, you and I have got a lot of suits to make. We'd better start sewing.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

PETRIE: Don't let them sew me! Please don't let them sew me! ^{I tell you} You just can't let them sew-me!

MOORE: Who are you?

PETRIE: Oh, just a little wild cat!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: THEY JUST MADE THAT GUY A MORON-SECOND CLASS!

SOUND: DOOR KNOCKS

MOORE: Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

SHIRLEY: (FLIRTATIOUS) Well, hello, hello, hello.

MOORE: Well hello -- pull up my lap and sit down.

SHIRLEY: Oh Mr. Moore, you beautiful hunk of man.

DURANTE: WHAT ABOUT ME?

SHIRLEY: Oh, Mr. Durante - you beautiful hunk of nose.

DURANTE: YOU MAY HOLD THAT COMPLIMENT IN ESCROW UNTIL I KNOW YOU BETTER.

SHIRLEY: Well gentlemen, I'd like to buy a riding habit. But it must be ultra-smart like something by Adrian.

MOORE: Adrian!

SHIRLEY: Yes - they tell me that just everyone in Hollywood wears Adrian's clothes ...

MOORE: Goodness - Adrian must get awfully chilly.

SHIRLEY: Gentlemen, it's very important that my riding habit be correct. You see I'm going on a fox hunt tomorrow.

BOTH: A FOX HUNT.

DURANTE: AH, THE THRILL OF THE HUNT. I LOVES THE CHASE (AND THE SANBORN TOO) EVERY MORNING I GETS UP AND PUTS ON MY RIDING BREECHES, AND I'M OFF TO LOOK FOR MY QUAW-RY. I CHASES UP HILLS, DOWN DALES, UP HILLS, DOWN DALES. AND FINALLY I CATCHES IT.

SHIRLEY: You catch the fox?

DURANTE: NO....THE UPTOWN BUS!

MOORE: *And* In Chicago - that's ^{even} tougher to catch than a fox.

SHIRLEY: Well, gentlemen, I'll expect my riding habit in time for the hunt tomorrow... You know I'd invite you two boys but I'm sure you wouldn't know the first thing about foxes.

MOORE: My dear sweetie-pie and I use the word "pie" in reference to your crust. I'll have you know that I belong to a Hunting Club that's so exclusive it's known as "The Secret Six"!

SHIRLEY: The Secret Six? Who are the other five members?

MOORE: I don't know. That's the secret.

SHIRLEY: Well in that case -- see you at the hunt tomorrow!
Tally ho!

DURANTE: TALLY WHO?

SHIRLEY: Tally ho!

DURANTE: I 'LL TELL NIM WHEN HE COMES IN.

ORCH: BRIDGE

MOORE: Well Jimmy, here we are at the fox hunt. Say, what kind of riding habit is that you've got on?

DURANTE: WHAT A QUESTION? I'M WEARING MY SPECIAL RIDING PANTS WITH THE BUILT IN KNEE PADS.
(cap.)

MOORE: *Built in* Knee pads? *Jimmy --* Why should you go to a fox hunt wearing knee pads?

DURANTE: IN CASE ANYBODY STARTS A CRAP GAME.

ORCH: BRIDGE

SHIRLEY: Well, boys, I'm so glad you could come to the fox hunt. And you might be glad to know that I made up my mind - the one that catches the fox, gets my hand.

MOORE: Gets your hand? What do we have to catch to get the rest of you?

DURANTE: *You know* JUNIOR - THAT COULD RUN INTO ELEPHANTS!

SHIRLEY: Well, the fox hunt is about to begin. Good luck to both of you. The horses are ready.

SOUND: TRUMPET FANFARE AS DONE AT RACE TRACKS

DURANTE: SEE YOU LATER, JUNIOR.

MOORE: Jimmy, where are you going?

DURANTE: OVER TO THE TWO DOLLAR WINDOW!

MOORE: Come back here. This is a fox hunt!

DURANTE: I'M READY!.....TALLY-HO!

MOORE: Tally-who?

DURANTE: TALLY HI!

MOORE: Tally Hee.

DURANTE: TALLY-HAY! WELL THAT TAKES CARE OF THE VOWELS.
with *as how you want*
NOW LET'S START/ ON THE CONSONANTS:

SOUND: HORSE HOOVES...DOGS BARKING...FADE BACKGROUND

MOORE: Ah, this fox-hunting is really the life, isn't it, Jimmy?

*M: No! Ladies and gentlemen
for a free translation the word
is consonants. I thought
you'd better know.
W: I told you - I told you once
before - never correct me in
public.*

DURANTE: HEY, JUNIOR..LOOK! THEY'RE TWO GUYS ON THAT HORSE.
ONE GUY IS FACING THE FRONT AND ONE GUY IS FACING
THE BACK. WHAT DOES THE GUY IN BACK DO?

MOORE: He's the ^{lead} rear-gunner!

SOUND: DOGS BARKING! OFF MIKE

MOORE: Look, Jimmy they've treed the fox! Here's your
chance to shoot him. ^{just} Take careful aim and fire.

DURANTE: OKAY!

SOUND: SHOT

MOORE: Well, Jimmy, did you get the fox?

DURANTE: NO - *But tell me one thing.*

MOORE: What's happened? *that?*

DURANTE: TELL ME, JUNIOR, HOW DO YOU STUFF A GAME WARDEN.

MUSIC: (PLAY OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

95-35

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

VOICE: Thanks to the Yanks of the week! Tonight we salute two Yanks -- two brothers -- Herman and Theodore Moldenhauer, of Colorado Springs, Colorado. Master Sergeants and crew chiefs on Fifteenth Air Force Liberator bombers. Both have been given the Soldier's Medal for heroism for their exploit in avoiding a disaster threatened by a bomb-loaded burning Liberator. In your honor, Sergeants Moldenhauer, the makers of Camels are sending to our fighters overseas four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

MUSIC: FANFARE
(APPLAUSE)

26¹⁰

ANNCR: 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 more than four million Yanks with free shows and free Camels.

ORCH: INTRO TO "WHO WILL BE WITH YOU"

26³⁰

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 fantastic note, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: *It say it was* / A DELECTABLE NOTE, MR. MOORE ...

MOORE: And it's been a lot of fun doing our show from *here at the* the Navy Pier.

DURANTE: YEAH AND DID YOU KNOW, JUNIOR, THAT ONE OF MY INVENTIONS IS ON DISPLAY HERE?

MOORE: Really?

DURANTE: YES, IT'S A ROWBOAT WITH NO BOTTOM, FOR PEOPLE WHO WOULD RATHER BE A FISH.

MOORE: Sounds *just* wonderful. But friends, I ^{do} want to tell you that when you have seen this magnificent exhibit of ships and planes and equipment the Navy is using ^{out} in the Pacific Theater -- where the war must be won -- you really know why we must all buy bonds and more bonds, until the job out there is finished.

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT!

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: PLAYOFF

MOORE: Goodnight, Mr. Durante, see you in Chicago.

DURANTE: GOODNIGHT, MR. MOORE, SEE YOU THERE.

BOTH: GOODNIGHT, EVERYBODY (FOLKS)

ORCHESTRA: (UP AND OUT:)

51454 6065

27³⁰

and we thank the Navy and the Treasury Department for their cooperation.

PETRIE: 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 Abbott and Costello, and next Friday listen to Georgia Gibbs, Roy Bergy and his orchestra, yours truly, Howard Petrie.

MOORE: And Garry Moore.

DURANTE: AND JIMMY DURANTE.

BOTH: IN PERSON.

(APPLAUSE)

27³⁰

ORCH: (THEME UP ... FADE FOR)

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

ORCH: (THEME UP AND FADE FOR)

28⁰⁰

ANNCR: War or no war, your old friend, the gentleman with the red suit and the white whiskers, is on the job again. And once again that old familiar, red pound and half-pound package with its bright Christmas band will be featured in his sack of presents. Meaning, of course, Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco...now, as always, one of the most welcome Christmas gifts a man can get. For many a day after Christmas, he'll be enjoying that aged-in-the-wood aroma; that rich, yet mild, flavor; the firm packing, smooth drawing, even burning, and that tongue-gentleness due to Prince Albert's no-bite treatment. So, take another look at your Christmas list --- and make sure of making a hit with your pipe-smoking friends by writing Prince Albert next to their names.

ORCH: (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.

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.