

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

(REVISED)

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

**AS
BROADCAST**

THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1943
NBC NETWORK
10:00-10:30 PM

PROGRAM NO. 8

CAST:

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

XAVIER CUGAT

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

HOPE EMERSON

PAUL LUTHER

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

(REVISED)

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1943

10:00 - 10:30 PM EWT

(AS PROGRAM TAKES AIR, AUDIENCE AND CAST ARE
LAUGHING.....AFTER 3 - 5 SECONDS)

ORCH: PYRAMIND CHORDS

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

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

APPLAUSE

ORCH: THEME FULL AND FADE

PETRIE: Yes, it's Garry Moore, Jimmy Durante, Xavier Cugat and Georgia Gibbs. If you're looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many you smoke -- try an extra-rich-tasting Camel.

MUSIC OUT

And if you're looking for radio's foremost exponent of things cultural-- our distinguished Master of Ceremonies and Literary Critic of the Harness Makers' Almanac, here ~~he~~ is ~~home~~....MR. GARRY MOORE!

APPLAUSE

51454 3702

MOORE: (WITH MOUTH FULL)...Well, thank you very much, Howard, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen...Welcome to the Camel show. I think we can promise you a rather pleasant time for the ensuing thirty minutes, and if you'll just....

PETRIE: Oh, now ^{garry just} wait a minute, wait a minute.

MOORE: I beg your pardon, old man?

PETRIE: What's the idea of having your dinner during a program?

MOORE: What's the idea of having a program during my dinner?....
Man's gotta eat, yuh know.

PETRIE: ^{Sure} Yes, but it doesn't show the right attitude. While the rest of us are upstairs rehearsing our heads to the bone, you're downstairs making ^{that over layer} a sandwich.

MOORE: Mr Petrie....This sandwich was~~not~~ made - it was erected...
They usta keep ^{the sandwich} it in the drug store window as an advertisement, but the police made 'em take it down...
Midgets kept coming in and committing suicide by jumping off the top of it....It's a Dagwood special.

PETRIE: Just the same, you shouldn't be eating it at 10:00 PM.

MOORE: Who cares what time it is? This is the first job I've ever had where I made enough money to eat between meals.

EMERSON: I'm very glad you brought that up, Mr. Moore.

MOORE: Well, I'm glad they brought you up, too, Toodles....
What kind of ^gderrick did they use?

EMERSON: Mr. Moore, we have a request from the radio editor of the Water Spaniel Annual Manual....He wants to know what you did before this program.

MOORE: Oh well, this isn't my debut. I've been in radio seven years.

EMERSON: Seven years? Doing what?

MOORE: Oh - fixing battery sets, and things like that....Before that I was an old newspaper man; - then I found out there was no money in old newspapers.

PETRIE: Well, there's just one thing I wanna know....How did you get to be a master of ceremonies.

MOORE: Well, ^{that Howard and nansuling} ~~that's~~ a long story, but you're getting paid so I'll tell it to you....My first job in show business was as chief boo-sayer for ^{H. V. Kallenborn} ~~Leopold Stokowski~~.

EMERSON: What is a boo-sayer?

MOORE: Well, when yuh get to be as important as ^{H. V. Kallenborn} ~~Leopold~~ Stokowski, a lot of people wanna speak to you who don't really know you at all. And if you DON'T speak to 'em, they always say, "I saw so-and-so yesterday and he didn't even say boo to me." So I would walk along the street with ^{Kallenborn} ~~Leopold Stokowski~~, and when people spoke to him - I would say boo to 'em... ^{it was} ~~quite~~ a job, rally.

EMERSON: Look, Junior, this is all very well, but my feet are KILLING me!....Will yuh tell us how you became a master of ceremonies so we can sit down?

MOORE: Oh - that...Well, in 1939 I was standing in the breadline -- my electric toaster under my arm, when a man in front of me tried to ~~kill~~ ^{hurt} himself, ~~poor~~ fellow, he stuck his nose in his ear and blew his head off.... It seems that he was a master of ceremonies who just couldn't take it. He told me that every time he got up to tell jokes, the people would pelt him with lima beans...(PAUSE) ...the lima beans would mash out on his vest, and combined with the corn that drooled down from his jokes, every night he wound up with a vest full of succotash.

And that, children, is why I decided to become ^{a master of ceremonies} ~~an emcee~~. It may not pay much, but you can always eat what's on your vest....Would you like some succotash?

EMERSON: No, thanks. I'd like to sit down.

MOORE: Well, then, I'll tell yuh what....We'll ALL sit down and make room for a guy who really needs it.

ORCH: START "YOU GOTTA START EACH DAY"

MOORE: And here he comes - 5 feet 8 inches of riot bait - Jimmy Durante, in person.

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

DURANTE: (SINGS) "YOU GOTTA START EACH DAY WITH A SONG"
STEP ASIDE, GARRY, WHILE I POOR OUT MY HEART TO YOU.

MOORE: What's bothering you Jimmy?

DURANTE: I'M WALKING THROUGH THE PARK THIS AFTERNOON, GARY, PAUSING
HITHER AND YON TO SNIFF A DAFFODIL, WHEN I SEES A BEAUTIFUL
BLONDE.....A VISION OF FEMININE PULCHRITUDINOUSNESSNESS. MY
HEART GOES INTO A CONGA, AND AIL OF A SUDDEN I FEEL
SOMETHING MOIST ON MY FOREHEAD.

MOORE: What caused that, Jimmy?

DURANTE: PRIORITIES. CUPID CAN'T GET ANY MORE STEEL ARROWS, SO HE
HIT ME WITH A SPITBALL.

MOORE: How ^{utterly} romantic....and I suppose the little lady smiled at you?

DURANTE: SMILED?? SHE LAUGHED OUT LOUD...SO I FOLLOWS HER...SHE
STARTS TO RUN SO I RUNS. I CHASES HER UP ONE STREET, DOWN
ANOTHER UP ONE ALLEY DOWN ANOTHER. THROUGH BACK YARDS AND
OVER FENCES. GARY, I NEVER FELT SO MUCH LIKE A TOMCAT IN
ALL MY LIFE....

MOORE: Chasing a girl, Jimmy? And at your age? You oughta be
ashamed!

DURANTE: AT MY AGE I OUGHTA BE PROUD....BESIDES I WAS ONLY TRYING
TO INTERVIEW HER IN CONNECTION WITH MY NEW JOB. GARRY, YOU
ARE NOW LOOKING AT DURANTE THE FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT.

MOORE: Well they certainly picked the right guy. You've got a
nose for news.

DURANTE: I NOT ONLY HAVE A NOSE FOR ^{the} NEWS, BUT I GOT ENOUGH LEFT OVER
FOR THE TIMES, THE TRIBUNE, AND THE ~~WORLD~~ TELEGRAM. ~~WHEN JUST~~
~~YESTERDAY ON MY FIRST ASSIGNMENT IN WASHINGTON, I GOT OFF~~
~~THE TRAIN AND THE CROWDS CHEER. I WALKS DOWN PENNSYLVANIA~~
~~AVENUE, THE BANDS ARE PLAYING AND THE PEOPLE ARE THROWING~~
~~CONFETTI. I WALKS IN THE WHITEHOUSE AND BETHLEHEM BREAKS~~
~~LOOSE. THEY CHEER, THEY TELL, THEY STAMP THEIR FEET,~~

MOORE: I can see you're not cut out to be a foreign correspondent.

DURANTE: THAT'S A SLUR SIR. WHY AMONG CORRESPONDENTS I'M KNOWN AS QUININE REYNOLDS.....THE LITTLE REPORTER WITH THE BIG SNORTER....WHY I'M IN TOUCH WITH ALL THE BIG SHOTS. I EVEN GOT JOE STALINS PRIVATE TELEPHONE NUMBER.

MOORE: You have Stalin's telephone number?

DURANTE: RIGHT HERE IN MY LITTLE BOOK. NEXT TO LANA TURNER.... NOTHING TOO GOOD FOR MY PAL JOEY.

MOORE: And that's his telephone number, *ed?*

DURANTE: IT'S NOT HIS NUMBER...IT'S A CANDY STORE BUT THEY CALL HIM.

MOORE: You don't say so Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: BUT I DO SAY SO MR MOORE.

MOORE: Jimmy, your work sounds so exciting you ^{*actually*} have my hair standing on end.

DURANTE: *I thought I had the joke.* IS THAT YOUR HAIR, GARRY? I THOUGHT YOU WERE BREAKING IN A TOUPEE FOR A PORCUPINE.

MOORE: Maybe you could use an assistant, Jimmy. I'd come in very handy. I speak several languages.

DURANTE: DO YOU SPEAK FRENCH?

MOORE: *at James*
Jimmy, when I speak French, I even look like a Frenchman.

DURANTE: DO YOU SPEAK SPANISH?

MOORE: When I speak Spanish, I look like a Spaniard.

DURANTE: DO YOU SPEAK PIG LATIN? WORK YOUR WAY OUT OF THAT ONE WISE GUY. *Justin Barry* I DON'T NEED ANY ASSISTANTS.

MOORE: But how are you going to send your cables from those foreign countries....Can you spell Casablanca?
(PAUSE) Can you spell Kuibyshev? (PAUSE) Can you speall Czeko Slovakia?

DURANTE: WHEN YOU COME TO CAT WILL I MAKE A SUCKER OUT OF YOU!....

MOORE: *That's not the point.*
You see Jimmy. Education is a primary factor in every successful career.

DURANTE: THAT'S WHAT I SAY. WHETHER YOU'RE DUMB OR WHETHER YOU'RE SMART IT'S GOOD TO HAVE KNOWLEDGE....WHY I REMEMBER *Garry* ...WHEN I WAS IN THE SECOND GRADE, I WAS IN THE BACK OF THE CLASS, BUT I WASN'T DISCOURAGED. SIX YEARS LATER I WAS AT THE HEAD OF THE CLASS. THAT DISCOURAGED ME.

MOORE: Why?

DURANTE: SAME CLASS.

MOORE: ~~I should have known.~~

MOORE: But since then, Jimmy, you've made the grade as a foreign correspondent. Now suppose you give our listeners some inside stuff. The straight unbiased facts of the news.

DURANTE: *when I quote things - I quote facts*
 THAT'S WHAT I'M GONNA GIVE 'EM RIGHT NOW. QUOTE. IN CONNECTION WITH THE WAR EFFORT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOU MAY REST ASSURED, THAT SOMETHING HAS BEEN DONE, WHICH I AM NOT PERMITTED TO DIVULGE. SHOULD THIS LEAD TO A MOVEMENT, THAT I'M NOT ALLOWED TO MAKE PUBLIC, IT CANNOT FAIL TO RESULT IN A CONSUMMATION, WHICH I AM FORBIDDEN TO MAKE KNOW...BUT ON THE OTHER HAND, IF THE STRATEGIC MOVEMENT, WHICH I AM NOT AT LIBERTY TO DESCRIBE, SHOULD BE FOLLOWED BY A STROKE I AM RESTRAINED FROM EXPLAINING, IT WILL PRODUCE A CONSEQUENCE, WHICH I AM DENIED THE PRIVILEGE OF DEVELOPING.....HOWEVER, WE CAN GUESS, THOUGH WE CAN'T BE SURE, THAT THIS MOVEMENT, IF IT IS A MOVEMENT, IS GIGANTIC. BUT IT ISN'T, AND IF IT WAS, HOW COULD IT? UNQUOTE' I'M GONNA CENSOR THE REST OF THIS.

MOORE: ~~But why?~~ *You're gonna censor the rest of it? what for?*

DURANTE: WHO KNOWS? I MIGHTA SAID SOMETHING! AND NOW, IF ANY OF THE LISTENERS WOULD CARE TO SEND ME TWENTY FIVE CENTS, I'LL MAIL THEM MY BOOKLET ON HOW TO AVOID THE HIGH COST OF LIVING.

•MOORE: Say I'd like to know that myself Jimmy. Here's my quarter.
Now how do I avoid the high cost of living?

DURANTE: IT'S SIMPLE GARRY. ~~DO~~ WHAT ^{GO} I DO. COMMUTE WITH NATURE.
LIVE LIKE THE BIRDS. WHEN THE BIRDS EAT CORN, I EAT CORN.
WHEN THE BIRDS GO SOUTH - I GO SOUTH. WHEN THE BIRDS SIP
NECTAR FROM THE HONEYSUCKLE - I SIP NECTAR FROM THE
HONEYSUCKLE. AND WHEN THE BIRDS LAY EGGS --

MOORE: Yes..

DURANTE: WHAT DO YOU EXPECT FOR A QUARTER....MIRACLES!

(INTO SONG FINISH)

Arch: You gotta start talk Day... Playoff
Applause

MOORE: And with the temporary retirement of J Durante, we turn
to -

SOUND: CHINESE GONG

MOORE: The Camel Hall of Fame - where tonight that ^{charismatic} ~~charismatic~~
~~charismatic~~, Miss Toodles Bongshnook, presents -

SOUND: TINNY GONG - AND DROP IT

MOORE: The story of a T-Bone Steak Named Claire.

MUSIC.....INTRODUCTION

EMERSON: (AT PIANO) Have you heard of the T-Bone steak named
Claire

Who lived in a butcher shop frigidaire
And hoped to be saved from the cold and the damp
With a hey-nonny-nonny and a bright red stamp?

PETRIE: And speaking of T-Bone, folks, have you tried a Camel
in your T-Bone -- I mean, T-Zone, "T" for taste and ~~for~~
throat -- your own proving ground for Camels extra
flavor and mildness?

EMERSON: In walked a woman, who went straight for Claire,
Saying -- "Wrap that steak up -- I've got coupons to
spare!"

But the butcher said -- "No!" -- and shut tight the cover--
"Claire's been here so long, I'm learning to love her!"

PETRIE: Yes, and the longer you smoke Camels', too, the more
you'll love 'em, because Camels' rich extra flavor
helps 'em to hold up, keep from going flat, no matter
how many you smoke!

EMERSON: "Dry your tears!" said the shopper, "and try one of
these:

It's a slow-burning Camel, and certain to please!"

Well, the butcher lit up, and the tears left his eyes --

And half an hour later Claire married - French fries!

APPLAUSE

PETRIE: So if you want steaks from a nice juicy mammal --
Just give a red stamp -- and a rich-tasting Camel!
Because, of course, Camels are extra mild and cool
smoking -- the result of expert, matchless blending
of costlier tobaccos!

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

PETRIE: Camels! Get a pack tonight!

ORCH: ~~PLAYOFF~~ ~~SCENE TO~~ "TAKE IT EASY"...VAMP UNDER:

MOORE: Again the music of Xavier Cugat - this time with a choice little thing which is played in Peru each year at the annual festival of Don Jose Don Panchos Don Pedro Don Pablo Don Bother Me.....As Mr. Cugat describes it, it is a kind of nine-day hangover with bassoon accompaniment....In English, "Take It Easy".

ORCH: "TAKE IT EASY"

Applause

ORCH: BRAHM'S LULLABY (MUCH FIDDLES)...FADE QUICKLY TO B.G.

DURANTE: (SWEETLY)...HELLO KIDDIES.....WELCOME TO THE CHILDREN'S HOUR...THAT WONDERFUL HOUR, MOTHERS AND DADS, WHEN THE LITTLE DARLINGS CLIMB INTO YOUR LAP, PUT THEIR ARMS AROUND YOUR NECK, LOOK INTO YOUR EYES AND SAY, "GEE, POP, YOU LOOK AWFUL - WHERE ~~WERE~~^{were} YOU ~~AT~~ LAST NIGHT?".... BUT TONIGHT, DEAR KIDDIES, YOUR AUNT GARRY MOORE IS HERE TO TELL YOU A FAIRY TALE.. .NOW I REALIZE THAT YOU DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT GOLDILOCKS AND THE THREE BEARS - YOU'D RATHER HEAR ABOUT JERK MC GURK AND HOW HE GOT THE HOT SEAT.. .(MUSIC OUT) . . .BUT HEAR IT YOU SHALL - I MEAN GOLDILOCKS - SHAN'T THEY, ~~MOORE~~^{Durante} MOORE?

MOORE: Indeed they shall, Mr. Durante...But you must listen very closely, kiddies, because I want to get through with it, too . . .Here, then is the story of Goldilocks and the Three Bears...(VERY FAST).....once upon a time there was a little girl who lived in a little house on the edge of the woods and her family called her Goldilocks.....They usta call her Goldilocks because her hair was nice and yellow, and WHY SHOULDN'T HER HAIR BE NICE AND YELLOW - WHENEVER IT RAINED SHE'D CARRY IT HOME IN A PAPER BAG!...Well, one day she went walking through the woods singing gaily to herself, (FALSETTO) I'd be so nice to come home to.....I'd be so nice by the fire.... I'd be so nice, I'd be paradise.....I'd be.....

(MORE)

MOORE:
(CONT'D)

But what she didn't notice while she was walking along was how DARK IT WAS GETTIN' TO BE.... OH, IT WAS SO DARK - IT WAS DARKER THAN THE INSIDE OF A RUSSIAN HORSE DOCTOR'S VALISE. . . Well, pretty soon as she was walkin' along, IT STARTED TO THUNDER AND LIGHTENING. . (BOOM, BOOM, FLASH, FLASH, BOOM, BOOM, FLASH!)

Well, it started to rain like everything and she didn't know what to do, so she started to run - and she ran, and she ran, and she ran, and she ran, and she ran, and she ran and et cetera. . . And pretty soon SHE CAME TO A LITTLE HOUSE. . . OH, IT WAS THE LITTLEST HOUSE YOU EVER SAW IN YOUR LIFE. . . JUST A LITTLE OLD TEENY WEENY THING ABOUT THAT SIZE. . . Well, she opened the door and she walked in, and THERE ON THE TABLE WERE THREE BOWLS OF BORSCHT....

There was one GREAT BIG BOWL OF BORSCHT - and one middle sized bowl of borscht - and a little teeny-weeny-weeny bowl of borscht! . . . And Goldilocks was hungry, so she ATE UP ALL THE BORSCHT IN THE BIG BOWL - (SLURP SLURP).... then she ate up all the borscht in the middle sized bowl - (SLURP SLURP) - then she ate up all the borscht in the little teeny-weeny size bowl. . . . (SLURP SLURP) . . .

Well, with all that borscht under her belt she was feeling kind of fat and sleepy - I SAY SHE FELT FAT, AFTER ALL THAT BORSCHT SHE LOOKED LIKE A PARADISE⁵ STANDING STILL. . . .

So, she went upstairs to the bed-room, and there she saw three beds - THERE WAS ONE GREAT BIG BED - and one middle sized bed - and one little teensy-weeny-shmeensy little bed.

(MORE)

MOORE:
(Cont'd)

So, she plopped down into the biggest bed, and pretty soon, she's really goin' at it....(LOUD SNORES) - she sounded like an audience at a double feature. Well, pretty soon downstairs the door opens up -- THE DOOR OPENS UP AND WHO DO YUH THINK COMES IN, HAH?....WHO DO YUH THINK COMES IN?.... WHO DO YUH - THREE BEARS, that's what comes in...And there's ONE GREAT BIG BEAR, and there's one middle sized bear and there's one little teensy-weeny-shmeensy old bear...Well, the little bear looks at his bowl of borscht and says, "Somebody's been eatin' all my soup"...And the mama bear says, "Somebody's been eatin' all my soup, too"...and the papa bear says, "MINE TOO, AND IT'S ALL GONE!...EGAD, FOURTEEN POINTS!"....And all three of the bears run upstairs to the bedroom, and the baby bear says "Somebody's been sleepin' in MY bed!"...and the mama bear says "Somebody's been sleeping in MY bed, too." AND THE PAPA BEAR PULLS DOWN THE COVERS AND SAYS "WELL WHADDAYUH KNOW - BANK NIGHT!" ...And he's so mad about the whole thing that he lets out a big roar - (Oh, it was the biggest roar you ever heard in your life) - (ROAR) - and it scares Goldilocks so much that she jumps right out of the bed and JUMPS RIGHT OUT OF THE WINDOW...(TRY WHISTLE)...She goes - (TRY AGAIN) - She goes - (TRY AGAIN) - SKIP IT!...But anyhow, she's scared, so she goes into the woods and she ran and she ran and she ran and she ran and she ran and she ran and she ran and et cetera - SHE RAN FOURTEEN DAYS WITHOUT STOPPING, UNTIL SHE WAS SO THIN SHE LOOKED LIKE A BONE...IN FACT SHE LOOKED SO MUCH LIKE A BONE THAT HER OWN DOG BURIED HER THREE TIMES IN ONE DAY.... AND THE MORAL OF OUR STORY, KIDDIES, IS NEVER BURY A BONE, IT MIGHT BE GOLDILOCKS!.....I thank you.

ORCH: FANFARE
APPLAUSE

MOORE: Thank you very much, my friends...and say, Jimmy -

DURANTE: YES, JUNIOR?

MODRE: What did you think of my fairy tale?

DURANTE: OH, I'M SORRY, JUNIOR, I WASN'T LISTENIN- ~~IT~~ ^{Would you mind telling} IT
AGAIN'

MOORE: ... Tell it again...You tell 'em again, I'm going out and
get a blow-out patch on my tonsils.

DURANTE: THAT I SHALL DO ^{Junior}... AND WITH THE TELLING OF GOLDILOCKS,
DEAR FRIENDS, WE HAVE HAD SOMETHING FOR THE LITTLE GIRLS
AND LITTLE BOYS!...FOLLOWING WHICH WE PRESENT SOMETHING
FOR THE LARGER BOYS - MISS GEORGIA GIBBS.. .AT THIS
JUNC-A-TURE, MISS GIBBS SINGS "THERE IS NO GREATER LOVE"
....EGAD! I'M A RADIO PRONOUNCER!

GIBBS: NO GREATER LOVE

APPLAUSE

PETRIE: Do you want to thank that Yank in a U.S. Camp? Send him a carton of Camels. Surveys show that cigarettes are a favorite gift, and actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens show that the number one brand is Camels -- yes, Camels sell the most in stores where the men spend their own money for cigarettes. Remember that when you're looking for a better cigarette for you, too. Camels have more flavor -- the extra flavor that helps 'em to wear well, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke. And Camels have the smooth extra mildness that goes with slow burning and cool smoking. For yourself, for that fellow in a U.S. camp -- get Camels-- the cigarette that's expertly, matchlessly blended of costlier tobaccos!

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

PETRIE: Camels! Send a carton -- tomorrow

ORCH. ~~PANTANE~~ *Playoff*

MOORE: Well, so much for the commercial view-point, now let's get back to the cultural junk...In the past we have spoken to you on such educational topics as "How to Make Reversible Roller Skates For Backward Children" and "How To Remove Bottle Caps Without Breaking the Enamel On Your Wife's Teeth." Tonight we continue our policy of intellectual stagnation with a gigantic quiz program.

DURANTE: QUIZ PROGRAM?...IS THAT ONE OF THEM THINGS WHERE THE FELLA ASKS YOU AN ANSWER, AND YOU TELL HIM A QUESTION? AND IF ~~NEITHER~~ ^{none} OF YOU KNOW IT, YOU GET A TUBE OF SHAVING SOAP AND SIT DOWN?

MOORE: Well, roughly yes...Although ^{really} I had counted on you being in it, Mr. Durante...After all, you're not very well schooled.

DURANTE: JUST A MINUTE, GARRY! ~~JUST BECAUSE~~ ^{I know} I DIDN'T GO TO COLLEGE, THAT DOESN'T MAKE ME A MORON...I WONDER WHAT DID?

MOORE: ^{all right} ~~Very well~~, then ^{James} your chance will come....Now our contestants, friends, are divided into two teams, The White Sox and the Dir--er, The Black Sox.....I am going to ask each one a question and if he or she answers it correctly, he will receive a very substantial figure as a reward....All questions submitted of course become the property of, unless they are postmarked not later than, in which event we will not be, so be sure to... Do you follow me, James?

DURANTE: FOLLOW YOU? I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHICH WAY YOU WENT.

MOORE: Tha-at's fine. Now we'll start the Quiz with the first person from the White Team, and that is -- ohhh, ha ha -- hello Georgia.

GIBBS: (FLIRTING) Hello Garry.

MOORE: How're you?

GIBBS: I'm fine.

MOORE: That's good - what's your phone number?

GIBBS: Caledonia 0-9000.

SOUND: GONG

ORCH: MEMBERS OF ORCHESTRA STAND UP AND YELL: That is absolutely correct.

MOORE: Very good, gentlemen, you may each have five points and two tickets to The Rose Room of your Local Livery Stable.

DURANTE: THEY GOT TWO POINTS? SHE ANSWERS ⁵ THE QUESTION. WHAT KIND OF A QUIZ IS THIS?

And they get the two points

MOORE: Absolutely on the level...^{James} And to prove it, you will be my next contestant. Now Sir, what is your name?

now I'm going to ask you a question that I wouldn't dare ask any human being

Durante: I better well get your number, continue for Moore.

DURANTE: WHAT IS MY NAME?

Moore: Now sir, what is your name?

but so long as you're here - I'll try it. Now sir

SOUND: LOUD GONG

MOORE: I'm sorry...time's up....Next contestant, please.

DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE. YOU DIDN'T GIVE ME A CHANCE TO OPEN MY MOUTH.

MOORE: All right, tell me, what is the Grand Canyon?

DURANTE: {VERY SIMPLE} THE GRAND CANYON IS A BIG CHASM. AND WHAT'S A CHASM? ~~AND~~ IF YOU ASK ME - WHAT'S A CHASM? I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'S A CHASM. A CHASM IS A HOLE -- WHAT'S A HOLE? ^{God} IF YOU ASK ME WHAT'S A HOLE, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'S A HOLE - A HOLE IS NUTTIN -- AND IF YOU THINK THAT I'M GONNA STAND HERE AND TALK ABOUT NUTTIN - YOU'RE CRAZY.

SOUND: GONG

MOORE: ~~Hum~~, Mr. Durante, you may crawl back into your chasm.
Next contestant, please.

EMERSON: Here I am, Mr. Moore. And I'm so excited about being
a contestant...Do you think I'm smart enough?

MOORE: Well, I dunno - you're a very well-rounded person....

DURANTE: WELL-ROUNDED?...I TRIED TO HUG HER LAST NIGHT, BUT I
COULDN'T MAKE IT ALL AT ONCE....I HAD TO MAKE CHALK
MARKS ON HER SO I'D KNOW WHERE I LEFT OFF.

MOORE: Please, ^{aw} James. Give the girl a chance.

~~DURANTE: WHAT I'LL BEAT FOR.~~

MOORE: Now your question, Miss Bongshnook, ^{is a very} ~~it's a~~ simple one...
so concentrate. If Mister Five by Five married Miss ~~Two~~
~~Four~~ by ^{Four} ~~Two~~, would they have children one by one? Yes
or No?

EMERSON: That's my question? You know something, Mr. Moore -
I used to think I could fall for you.

MOORE: Oh, you did, huh?

EMERSON: Yeah....Now I just think I'll fall ON you!

MOORE: Woop, woop, woop. -- wait a minute, ^{I guess} I'd better give you
another question. What man named Columbus, discovered
what country called America, in what year called 1492?

EMERSON: 1492?

SOUND: GONG

MOORE: That is absolutely correct. Give that lady one silver
nickel and two tickets to a fatal accident.

DURANTE: FOURTEEN NINETY-TWO! ¹⁹⁴² NO WONDER SHE REMEMBERED IT.
THAT'S HER SIZE IN NEGLI-GEEZ.

*Thank you
Mr. Moore
m: hat at all.*

MOORE: Mr. Durante - you have no dialogue here. Our next
contestant is that ^{intellectual} ~~interesting~~ intellectual - Mr. Xavier
Cugat. Now Mr. Cugat, here is your question.

CUGAT: I give up.

MOORE: You give up? -- Cugie, please don't give up until I
finish the question - this is the way I make my living
you know -- Now here ^{is your question} ~~it is~~. If an electric engine is
going east-bound on a Santa Fe track and a steam
engine is going west-bound on a Pennsylvania track....

CUGAT: I give up.

MOORE: Cugie, you're very discouraging. ^{You know sometimes} I wonder what your
father said to your mother when you were born.

CUGAT: I give up.

SOUND: LOUD GONG

MOORE: That is absolutely correct. And Mr. Cugat becomes the
winner of our first prize for tonight -- and a very
substantial figure it is, ~~too~~

DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE! NOBODY WINS NOTHIN' UNTIL I'VE HAD
A CRACK AT THIS RAT-RACE! ~~IT'S A FAKE -- IT'S A~~
~~PHONEY.~~

MOORE: ~~You have no dialog here, Mr. Durante~~
~~Flattery will get you nowhere, James.~~ Why don't you
quit.

DURANTE: ^{Thank you, Mr. Moore - m: hat at all}
NOT BEFORE I'VE HAD A CHANCE TO EXHIBIT MY
IN-TELL-I-GENSIA.

MOORE: ^{all right}
~~Very well~~, then - but this is your LAST opportunity ^{and sister}
clashy - How much is two and two?

51454 3722

DURANTE: TWO AND TWO -- MMMMM...IS THAT THE SAME AS TWO PLUS TWO.

MOORE: Identically...Well...why does it take you so long?

DURANTE: I'M DOING IT BY FRACTIONS. (TO HIMSELF) TWELVE TIMES
TWELVE IS TWELVE TIMES TWELVE. PUT DOWN THE ONE AND
CARRY THE TWO. PICK UP THE TWO AND CARRY THE ONE....
ADD A BUCK FIFTY FOR CARRYING CHARGES. (ALoud) TWO
AND TWO IS FOUR.

ORCH: CHORD

MOORE: (SURPRISED) ^{why} That's correct! ~~Why~~ Jimmy you answered the
question! I guess I'll have to give you the prize.

DURANTE: GREAT. AND YOU SAY IT'S A VERY SUBSTANTIAL FIGURE.

MOORE: *oh* - A very substantial figure.

DURANTE: THEN LET ME HAVE IT.

EMERSON: Here I am, darling. A man at last.

DURANTE: NO NO NO.....ETC.

ORCH: PLAYOFF

APPLAUSE

ORCH: MARCH

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

LUTHER: To Staff Sergeant Maynard Smith of Caro, Michigan, a Flying Fortress gunner who was on his first raid, over St. Nazaire. With the plane on fire from an incendiary cannon shell, oxygen gone, main control cables melted, and ammunition exploding, Sergeant Smith ~~refused to follow other gunners who were jumping,~~ dragged a seriously wounded tail gunner from the flames, manned a gun, helped extinguish the fire, and stuck with his ship till it limped into an English airfield. In your honor, Sergeant Smith, the makers of Camels are sending to our men in England three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes. We salute you, Sergeant Maynard Smith!

APPLAUSE

MUSIC: FANFARE

~~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 men in his battle area. 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 nearly three million service men, and which visit fifteen more camps this week.~~

Omitted in error. Announcer misunderstands director's cue to cut "who will Be With You"

(more)

51454 3724

COMMERCIAL: (Cont'd)

PETRIE:
(Cont'd) Listen to each of the four Camel shows - tomorrow, the Camel Comedy Caravan, with Jack Carson, Virginia Bruce, Jinx Faulkenburg and Herb Shriner; Saturday, Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks"; Monday, "Blondie"; and next Thursday, Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore, Xavier Cugat and Georgia Gibbs.

~~ORCH: WHO WILL BE WITH YOU~~

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

MOORE: The very height of notes.

DURANTE: SAY, MR. MOORE.

MOORE: Yes, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: DID I EVER TELL YOU MY EXPERIENCE IN THE LAST WAR?

MOORE: No, please do.

DURANTE: WELL, I STARTS WITH THE RANK OF PRIVATE, I GETS PROMOTED TO THE RANK OF SERGEANT, I GETS ADVANCED TO THE RANK OF CAPTAIN, THEN I SUCCEEDS TO THE RANK OF COLONEL, AND FINALLY, I ACHIEVES THE RANK OF GENERAL! GARRY, I CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT. THE HIGHER I WENT THE RANKER I GOT!

~~ORCH: WHO WILL BE WITH YOU~~

~~DURANTE: WHO WILL BE WITH YOU WHEN WE'RE FAR AWAY....~~

MOORE: Say, Mr. Durante....

DURANTE: YES, MR. MOORE,

MOORE: I had a friend once who went on his first fishing trip one year after he was married... When he caught his first fish, he sent his wife a wire that said "Got my first one today - weighs four pounds - it's a beauty - be home next week." Two hours later he got a wire back from his wife. It said: "Got my first one today, too - weighs nine pounds - is not a beauty - looks like you. Come home at once."

~~ORCH: WHO WILL BE WITH YOU.....PLAYOFF~~

~~DURANTE: WHO WILL BE WITH YOU....LET'S GO, MR. MOORE...~~

~~MOORE: Let's go.....~~

APPLAUSE

ORCH: THEME

(SWITCHOVER TO 8B FOR HITCH HIKE)

CLOSING PAGE

ANNOUNCER: You know, Mr pipe smoker, it's getting harder to buy pipe cleaners these days -- but here's a tip -- make yours go twice as far by pulling your pipe apart and using half a cleaner at a time! And if you want cool, gentle, smoking comfort, get Prince Albert, the pipe tobacco that's no-bite treated. Yessir, and Prince Albert's crimp cut, too, to pack and draw and burn just right. Get a handy ^{packet} package of mild, mellow better-tasting Prince Albert and you'll see why good P.A. is by far the largest-selling pipe tobacco in America!

5/11/43-am-es-th
6:20 P.M.

51454 3727