

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY  
CAMEL CIGARETTES  
THE CAMEL PROGRAM

AS  
BROADCAST

*Master - 1/4 - w*

CBS NETWORK

FRIDAY, JANUARY 7, 1944

PROGRAM NUMBER 42

10:00 - 10:30 P.M. EWT

CAST

GARRY MOORE  
JIMMY DURANTE  
GEORGIA GIBBS  
HOWARD PETRIE  
ROY BARGY  
HOPE EMERSON  
PAUL LUTHER  
TED JEWETT

DIRECTOR - PHIL COHAN

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cc

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM" - No. 42

FRIDAY, JANUARY 7, 1944

10:00 - 10:30 P.M., EWT

CUE: (COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM)  
(.....30 seconds.....)

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

(AFTER THREE-FIVE SECONDS)

ORCH: (PYRAMID CHORDS)

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

PETRIE: (COLD) Camel Cigarettes present -- Jimmy Durante and  
Garry Moore.

(APPLAUSE)

ORCH: (THEME FULL AND FADE FOR:)

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 stays fresh, cool smoking, and slow  
burning, because Camels are packed to go around the world!  
(MUSIC OUT) And now it is my privelege to introduce a  
popular <sup>young</sup> man who even at college was elected head of ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> his  
frat ... <sup>And here he is</sup> that frat-head -- Garry Moore.

APPLAUSE

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MOORE: Well, thank you...Thank you VERY much, my friends, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen; welcome to our first program in the New Year. I'm sure you'll be glad to know that we have resolved to be twice as funny during 1944 as we were in 1943.... For instance, just get a load of this one. I say to Howard, I say - "Say, Howard" ...

PETRIE: Yes, Garry?

MOORE: I've got an uncle who's a scientist...He spends all day smashing atoms and hiding the pieces in a big trunk.

PETRIE: Why does he hide the smashed atoms in a trunk?

MOORE: He's an atomizer...Ha ha ha ha...<sup>He's</sup> An atomizer.

PETRIE: Are those the kind of jokes you're going to tell in 1944?

MOORE: Well, you can't expect them all to be that good. <sup>of course</sup> But gee whiz, here it is Jan the seventh <sup>already</sup> and after Jan comes Feb - and after Feb comes Mar - and after Mar comes Ape.... I can hardly wait for Ape!

HOPE: Oooooh - did some one call me?

MOORE: Well, will you look who's here! My secretary! What's in the mail, sack? I mean - what's in the mail sack?

HOPE: Well, will you look who's talking! Mr. Moore, why don't you get a burlap company to sponsor those bags under your eyes?

MOORE: Those bags, my dear Toodles, come not from dissipation, but from too much reading. D'yuh know how my average day begins? I get up at 5:00 A.M., tip-toe next door to pick up the newspaper...

HOPE: You tip-toe next door?

MOORE: Yes. I've told the newsboy a thousand times to throw it on MY porch... But no! He wants me to subscribe!... And I pick up that paper and read it from B to Z.

(MORE)

HOPE: From B to Z.

MOORE: ~~Yes~~...Blondie to Zuperman...I just read too much,

HOPE: Well I hope you didn't read what I read last week. The ten best dressed women of the year were selected, and I wasn't one of them!

MOORE: You weren't?

HOPE: No, sir.

MOORE: Why, Toodles, I think you're ten of the best-dressed women I've ever seen.

HOPE: Why, certainly I am...After all, there is no woman in the world who puts as much INTO her clothes as I do!

MOORE: (CHUCKLE) And you know - that's so true!...But Toodles, are you sure you follow the styles? What for instance, is that creation you're trapped out in tonight?

HOPE: *All* It's ~~a~~ semi-formal with a train in the Back!

MOORE: A train in the back...aren't the trains crowded nowadays? But I wouldn't worry about <sup>that ... I'll tell you I have a</sup> ~~those other ten women, Toodles.~~ <sup>friend I admire very much. What? In waiting for the</sup> ~~They're very hard people to know. I have personally~~ <sup>telephone to ring. All right. I should have sent you a</sup> ~~proposed marriage to all ten of them.~~ <sup>telegram. I'm sorry ---</sup>

~~HOPE: You have?~~

~~MOORE: Yessir, I sent each one a wire, saying "how would you like to hang your laundry out next to mine?"~~

~~HOPE: And what was their answer?~~

~~MOORE: No soap...So, just don't you worry about it.~~

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

MOORE: Oh excuse me, folks.

SOUND: PHONE UP

(MORE)

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MOORE: Hello...

DURANTE: HELLO, JUNIOR. THIS IS JIMMY.

MOORE: Jimmy! For heaven's sakes -- where are you?

DURANTE: I GOT A JOB AT MACYS RUNNING THE ELEVATOR AND THE  
ELEVATOR BROKE DOWN.

MOORE: *Ned,* So what?

DURANTE: SO COME AND GET ME -- I'M STUCK BETWEEN MEN'S UNDERWEAR  
AND LADIES GIRDLES!

MUSIC: DURANTE INTRO

MOORE: And here he is, folks, the one and only -- Jimmy Durante --  
in person!

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG...  
STOP THE MUSIC! STOP THE MUSIC! THAT VIOLIN PLAYER  
AIN'T PAYING ATTENTION. HE'S FIDDLING WITH HIS  
MOUSTACHE!

MOORE: Oh - Oh - temper! temper! This violent display is so  
unlike you, James.

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JIMMY: *hm* SORRY, I GUESS I'M EXCITED, JUNIOR. I JUST CAME FROM THE PREVIEW OF ~~THE~~ <sup>the</sup> NEW METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE "TWO SISTERS AND A SAILOR".

MOORE: *that's your picture, Jimmy -*  
Oh/ - how did you photograph? ~~Jimmy?~~

DURANTE: HOW DID I PHOTOGRAPH? DURANTE AIN'T TALKING TO METRO-- METRO AIN'T TALKING TO GOLDWYN AND GOLDWYN TOOK A SOCK AT MAYER. *that's the conditions that prevail.*

MOORE: That's too bad, Jimmy. *You know* Your performance in that picture is probably what made Lassie leave home.

DURANTE: YOU HAVE A FINE FLAIR FOR FOL-DE-ROL, MR. MOORE. BUT THAT IS NEITHER TEMPUS NOR FUGIT, BECAUSE LAST EVENING I WAS AT HOME--WEARING MY TEN GALLON HAT AND SPURS (I WAS MAKING A WESTERN SANDWICH) WHEN THE TELEPHONE TINKLED. A VOICE SAID, "HELLO, THIS IS WASHINGTON CALLING." SO I SAID, "HELLO, PA-PA : (YOU SEE, WASHINGTON IS THE FATHER OF OUR COUNTRY).

MOORE: Another high government official calling *you*, I presume.

DURANTE: INDUBITABLY, MR. MOORE, UNQUESTIONABLY, INDUBITABLY. IT WAS THE SECRETARY ~~of~~ <sup>to</sup> AGRICULTURE, ~~AND~~ HE WANTS ME TO TAKE OVER ART APPRECIATION FOR THE NATION.

MOORE: Oh, slow down, James. What has the secretary of agriculture got to do with art?

DURANTE: IT'S VERY SIMPLE. HE'S GONNA TAKE CARE OF THE "AGRA"... AND I'M GONNA TAKE CARE OF THE "CULTURE".

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MOORE: That should be a big deal -- I didn't know you were an expert in the field of art.

DURANTE: YOU DIDN'T! BESIDES BEING A PAINTER I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW THAT A FAMOUS ARTIST IS VERY INTERESTED IN MY PROFILE.

MOORE: He wants to put your face on a canvas?

DURANTE: NO, HE WANTS TO PUT A CANVAS ON MY FACE!

MOORE: A great idea. I'd be glad to pay the cover charge.

DURANTE: I'M MUCH OBLIGED. BUT GETTING BACK TO ART FOR ART'S SAKE.. I'M SURPRISED THAT YOU NEVER HEARD OF MY ARTISTIC ENDEAVORS. EVERYONE KNOWS THERE'S A SAMPLE OF REMBRANDT'S ART AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM...THERE'S A SAMPLE OF PICKASSO'S ART AT THE LOOVE IN PARIS ... AND THERE'S A SAMPLE OF RENWAH(S ART AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN LONDON.

MOORE: And where's there a sample of your art?

DURANTE: IN A SUBWAY STATION IN BROOKLYN!

MOORE: *Good old Brooklyn.* You're a modern Nickel Angel *aren't you?* But I'm still in the dark *(now there's a real drink. It guarantees)* *about* ~~concerning~~ your accomplishments. How did you get your start?

DURANTE: WHEN I PAINTED A PICTURE OF MY GIRL FRIEND. WHAT A SWEET MATERNAL FACE SHE HAD.

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MOORE: Like Whistler's Mother?

DURANTE: NO..... FRANKENSTEIN'S FATHER!! BUT I REALLY GOT THE FOUNDATION FOR MY ART IN PARIS. I WAS HUNGRY AND PENNILESS. IT WAS THANKSGIVING DAY AND I HAD NOTHING TO EAT, SO I GOT OUT MY PAINTS AND BRUSH AND PAINTED A SEVEN COURSE TURKEY DINNER. IT WAS SO REALISTIC I ATE IT! BOY, DID I GET SICK!

MOORE: What did you do?

DURANTE: I PAINTED MYSELF AN ALKA SELTZER.

MOORE: *An alka-seltzer - It bet it was*  
~~It must have been~~ done in a beautiful shade of burple.  
Ha. Ha.

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT...BUT LIKE ALL GREAT ARTISTS I TOO HAVE MY IDIOT-SINK-GRACIES. WHEN I DO WATER COLORS I WHISTLE: WHEN I DO OIL PAINTINGS I SING.

MOORE: What do you do when you etch?

DURANTE: I SCRATCH MYSELF!

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MOORE: *Oh Jimmy*  
~~James~~ you're wonderful. You should get in touch with Wells Fargo and learn to express yourself.

DURANTE: I LOVE YOU TOO, JUNIOR. BUT A STRANGE THING HAPPENED WHEN I WAS IN WASHINGTON HAVING TEA WITH THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR. HE HAD JUST BORROWED MY TEA BAG (LEND LEASE YOU KNOW) AND THEN I SAW A MAN WHO REALLY LOVED ART. I SAW AN EASY CHAIR .. ~~UM~~BRIAGO .. A READING LAMP .. UMBRIAGO .. A PAIR OF SPECTACLES AND UMBRIAGO .. BUT ~~THEY~~ POOR UMBRIAGO WAS ANXIOUSLY PACING UP AND DOWN.

MOORE: What was Umbriago so impatient about?

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DURANTE: HE WAS WAITING TO GET HIS COPY OF ESQUIRE THROUGH THE MAIL!

MOORE: I know just how he feels.

DURANTE: AND BESIDES MY TALENT AS A PAINTER I ALSO HAVE ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS COLLECTIONS IN THIS COUNTRY. AMONG OTHER GREAT WORKS OF ART MY MOST PRIZED POSSESSION IS AN ORIGINAL VAN GOGH, THAT I WOULDN'T PART WITH FOR ALL THE MONEY IN THE WORLD.

MOORE: Why not?

DURANTE: 'CAUSE WHEN YOU GOTTA VAN GOGH YOU GOTTA VAN GOGH!

MUSIC: PLAYOFF.

APPLAUSE

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MOORE: Thank you, Jimmy, my friend... It seems we all have important words tonight... For instance -- Howard Petrie.

PETRIE: Chugging slowly along the shipping channel goes the little mine sweeper, her cables cutting through the water hour after hour, in search of undersea explosives. They've got what it takes, these every-day heroes of the mine sweepers, and so has their cigarette -- Camels-- first with men in all the services, according to actual sales records. Both at home and overseas more people want Camels -- which may mean that your store will be sold out from time to time. But remember -- Camel cigarettes are worth asking for again -- because they always have more flavor, the result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos. And you can be sure that your Camel cigarettes stay fresh, too -- cool smoking and slow burning -- because they're packed to go around the world!

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

PETRIE: Camel cigarettes! Camel's tobacco standard is the same for soldier, for civilian, anywhere in the world!

ORCH: ~~INTRO TO~~ "NO LOVE, NO NOTHIN'".

*Applause*

DURANTE: AND THAT WAS ROY BARGY PLAYING "NO LOVE, NO NUTTIN!"...  
*(Also no music... next week no Bargy!)*  
~~WHAT AN ARRANGEMENT! THE MELODY WAS COMPLETELY OSTRACIZED!~~  
BUT, TO KEEP THINGS IN THE CULTURAL GROOVE, WE TURN TO DEAR JUNIOR FOR ANOTHER MEETING OF THE GARRY MOORE NATURE CLUB.

MOORE: How right you are, James. And tonight we have the story of one of the saddest animals I've ever known -- a skunk - named Walter.

DURANTE: A SKUNK? WITH MY SHNOZZ, I CAN'T AFFORD TO HANG AROUND.

ORCH: SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME (FULL THEN FADE TO B.G.)

*But I did think that*

MOORE: ~~I thought~~/you ought to know about Walter - although Walter was only a little skunk. Walter was born on the first of March, but his father didn't know about it 'till four days later when the wind changed....Came the Spring and Walter, an adolescent young skunk by now - fell madly in love with little Sarah Skunk. <sup>And</sup> As they walked hand in hand, thru the forest, the air smelled of jasmine, honeysuckle, Walter and Sarah...Yes, and Sarah loved Walter! She was proud of her man, for though all the other skunks who courted her were fine smellers, Walter really had a secret weapon...Why once, in open competition, he ~~walked~~ <sup>strutted into</sup> Times Square at ten p.m. and by midnight the entire population ~~into a theatre that could be emptied in three minutes and had evacuated Jersey City.~~ <sup>had it vacant in 30 seconds flat....</sup> Well, Walter's father didn't want him to marry, but Walter was head-strong - (and what I mean strong!) - and <sup>he</sup> married Sarah anyway... And when his father found out, he called Walter to his den and <sup>he</sup> said, "Walter, you are a disgrace to the family - and from this moment on, I am cutting you off - without a scent!"

ORCH: SOUL-SHAKING CHORD

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MOORE: Well, Walter the Skunk slunk home to his wife..As he opened the front door, Sarah said, "Darling, you gave me a start! I didn't smell you coming."...And Walter hung his head in shame...He had to confess...He told Sarah that she was now married to a skunk without a scent.

ORCH: SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME

MOORE: Well, time went by. Sarah tried to be sympathetic. Walter tried to be his old self again. He would clench his little fists, make an awful face and say, "This time I'm gonna smell just TERRIBLE!"... And what would happen?..Chanel number Five!...Or if it wasn't Chanel number 5, it would be essence of roses, odor of magnolia, or in the spring time - wild nasturtiums...And as a result, Walter's life was all backwards. Instead of being left in lovely solitude like other skunks - Walter was always followed by large crowds of animals, saying "Come on, Walter! Make like Evening in Paris!" .. Or - "Please, Walter! Howzabout My Sin?"...And Walter would get furious! He'd huff and he'd puff and what would happen? Cashmere Bouquet! <sup>and</sup> Finally Sarah lost all patience. She was tired of the jeers of the other skunks, and that evening when Walter came home he was met by a new Sarah. She whirled on him in great fury and screamed,

ORCH: CUT MUSIC

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MOORE: "I can't stand any more of ~~this!~~ Day after Day you spend your time at the pool-room, making like Hinds Honey and Almond Fragrance, while I stand here <sup>all day smelling</sup> ~~reeking~~ over a hot stove!...Walter - until you can call yourself a skunk - I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

ORCH: SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME

MOORE: And Walter - a beaten skunk, slunk out of the house...But one year later to the very day - Walter rushed triumphantly back! His chest was out - his eyes were agleam!...Sarah gave one sniff - dashed into his waiting arms and said, "Walter, my darling - how did you do it?"...And Walter said, "For all these months, my sweet, I tried and tried, but to no avail. ~~But~~ Last night I conquered all. I climbed to the very tip-top of highest mountain peak, slept under the stars, and now -" <sup>And</sup> Sarah said, "Walter! You mean - "

ORCH: CUT MUSIC

MOORE: ~~And~~ ~~he~~ said, "Yes, Sarah! Now I smell to High Heaven!"

ORCH: PLAY OFF

APPLAUSE

cgh



ORCH: START GEORGIA'S INTRO

DURANTE: GOING NOW FROM THE ARROW-MATIC TO THE CROW-MATIC, WE NOW  
TRADE GARRY MOORE FOR GEORGIA GIBBS...AND NOT A BAD TRADE!

GEORGIA: I know a cue when I hear one, Jimmy - and I think that one  
was mine...So you relax now while I have a try at  
"Poinciana."

GIBBS: POINCIANA

APPLAUSE

c gh

MUSIC: QUICK FANFARE

LUTHER: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute First Lieutenant Roy D. Burkhart, of Del Norte, Colorado, who has just been awarded the Silver Star for action in the South Pacific. While flying with his squadron of medium bombers, Lieutenant Burkhart sighted an enemy naval force. He dived to fifty feet, and though the Japanese warships were putting up heavy flak, he continued on, scoring two direct hits with five hundred pound bombs, and sending one of the warships to the bottom. In your honor, Lieutenant Roy Burkhart, the makers of Camels are sending to our soldiers overseas three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

MUSIC: FANFARE

APPLAUSE

PETRIE: Each of the four Camel shows honors a Yank of the Week, sends three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes overseas.. a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week. In this country, the traveling Camel Caravans have thanked audiences of more than three and a half million Yanks with free shows and free Camels.

ORCH: PLAYOFF

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MOORE: And now, the Friday Night Camel Show brings you a drama about college life, entitled, "The Athletic Coach's Daughter" or.. "She wouldn't Go out with the Football Team because they made too many passes." James, in this play, you and I are running a co-ed college.

DURANTE: CO-ED?

MOORE: Yeah, that's a latin word meaning (WHISTLES) *D. O. I see.* What college did you go to Jimmy?

DURANTE: WELL, I COULDA BEEN A RAMBLING WRECK FROM GEORGIA TECH.. I WOULDNA MADE OUT SWELL AT OLD CORNELL...I COULDA MADE A NAME AT NOTRE DAME.

MOORE: Why didn't you?

DURANTE: I COULDN'T GET THROUGH P.S. FORTY TWO.

MOORE: Well, be that as it may, let's get to our offices in the college, *what do you say?*

MUSIC: "BOOLA BOOLA"

SOUND: PHONE RINGS...RECEIVER UP

MOORE: Hello, Durante and Moore University.. Professor Moore speaking.

MAN: Professor Moore, how much does it cost to attend your college?

MOORE: We charge \$100 a year for tuition and \$2000 for a library fee.

MAN: \$2000 for a library fee? Why, Princeton only charges \$5!

MOORE: I know...but from our library, you can look right into the girls' dormitory.

SOUND: PHONE DOWN.

MOORE: I don't know what people expect. *for their money --*

DURANTE: (LAUGHING) JUNIOR, YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN WITH ME. BOY, WAS I HAVING FUN!

MOORE: Jimmy, where have you been?

DURANTE: I WAS JUST IN THE COOKING CLASS AND WE HAD THE JOINT IN A BEDLAM. THE STUDENTS WERE HOLLERING "WEE WEE," THE PROFESSOR WAS SCREAMING "OO-LA LA" AND I WAS HOLLERING "SA-SHAY LA FEMME".

MOORE: *What* ~~Why~~ were you hollering *for* that in the cooking class?

DURANTE: WE WERE MAKING FRENCH FRIED POTATOES!

MOORE: Well, I'm glad you got here, Jimmy... the head of the State Board of Education is coming here to check up on the way we're running the place.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS.

PETRIE: (FAST) All right now...answer these questions! How many students have you got here? How much money do you take in? How much do you two get? ~~paid?~~

MOORE: Are you from the Board of Education?

PETRIE: No...but ain't I noseey.

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS.

DURANTE: EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT!... COME ON, JUNIOR...WE GOTTA GO INTO OUR BOTANY CLASS.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS.

TOODLES: Well, trim my branches, and call me stumpy. Hy yuh boys!

DURANTE: ROW FOR YOUR LIVES MEN...THE STATEN ISLAND FERRY HAS BUSTED LOOSE.

TOODLES: *llh* Pipe down, torpedo snoot. *D: She knows me!* I want to drop this course in Botany. I don't like flowers and trees.

DURANTE: DON'T LIKE FLOWERS AND TREES! THAT'S AN INSULT TO THE NAME OF LUCY BURBANK. WHY BOTANY MADE MY FRIEND UMBRIAGO FAMOUS. AFTER YEARS OF EXPERIMENTING HE SUCCEEDED IN CROSSING A RUBBER PLANT WITH A COTTON PLANT.

MOORE: What did he get?

DURANTE: PAJAMA PANTS WITH AN ELASTIC TOP.

TOODLES: Professor, I still don't like Botany.

MOORE: My dear girl...and I use the word "girl" in the larger sense. You don't appreciate the wonders of nature. Why last spring I took one little seed, planted it carefully in a mound of rich earth... I let the warm rays of the sun shine down upon it...and within two weeks...what do you think I had?

TOODLES: What?

MOORE: A pile of dirt with a dead seed inside...

(MORE)

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DURANTE: PROFESSOR MOORE, YOU MAY DALLY HERE IF YOU WISH BUT IT'S TIME FOR US TO LECTURE TO OUR CLASS IN ADVANCED ELEMENTARY ENGLISH.

MUSIC BRIDGE

SOUND: CLASSROOM CROWD

MOORE: Good afternoon, honor students of English composition. I'm sure that we're all overjoyed to delve once again into the beauties of English literature.

SOUND: MOUTH SIREN..GLASS CRASH

MOORE: My what a big spitball.

DURANTE: YOU DUCKED THAT ONE NICELY, PROFESSOR.

MOORE: The class will now hear a lecture in English grammar by Professor Durante.

CAST: LIGHT APPLAUSE

DURANTE: THANK YOU, LOVERS OF SPLIT PARTY-SIPELS.. FIRST, LET ME CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO THIS BOOK <sup>of</sup> GRAMMAR BY PROFESSOR WILBUR BLEENY. WHAT DOES IT SAY ON THE VERY FIRST PAGE? IT SAYS, "THIS BOOK WAS STOLEN FROM THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY." SO WE PUT ASIDE THE BOOK FOR THE NONCE AND CONSIDER THE SUBJECT OF GOOD GRAMMAR. NOW TAKE THE SENTENCE - "THE BULLS AND COWS IS IN THE MEADOW." THAT IS INCORRECT. IT SHOULD BE,

"THE COWS AND BULLS IS IN THE MEADOW."

*the cows and bulls is in the meadows!*  
/Why?

MOORE:

DURANTE: LADIES FIRST. MOST ELEMENTARY.

MOORE: And now students, has anybody got any questions?

TOODLES: Yes. I'd like to know...

SOUND: GUN SHOT

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MOORE: Any more questions?...Cowards! Next we take up *the subject --*

MAN: (MENACINGLY) Just a minute, gentlemen, *just a minute -* I've got a question.

MOORE: Jeepers, Jimmy, it's the man from the Board of Education.

MAN: *Do you know what I think!*  
~~Frankly~~ I don't think that either of you alleged professors has any education. Hey, there -- you, with the receding forehead.

DURANTE: THAT'S NO WAY TO TALK ABOUT ME...ME, THE MAN WHO GOT HIS SHEEPSKIN THE HARD WAY. .RIGHT OFF THE SHEEP.

MAN: *All right.*  
~~Well,~~ Professor Durante, first I'll test your knowledge.. Who was the first president of the United States?

DURANTE: THIS GUY IS OUT TO GET ME!

hf



MOCRE: *Oh* Come, come, Jimmy... the first president of the United States. (HELPING) *Come on now -* / George..George...

DURANTE: GEORGE - OF COURSE! GEORGE RAFT! *Mr. Oh!* / I HAD IT ON THE TIP OF MY TONGUE *all the time.*

MAN: *Ache* - Just as I thought. *Just as I thought!* / Now, Professor Moore, here's your question. How many gallons of water flowed under the East River dock in 1938.

MOORE: Under the East River dock? *in 1938* -- 6,895,543 gallons.

MAN: Correct. How do you know?

MOCRE: Where do you think I was living then..at the Waldorf?

DURANTE: THAT'S TELLING HIM, JUNIOR!

MAN: *And guys!* / Wise guys eh! / Here's just one more question for you. How many states are there in the United States?

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DURANTE: I'LL HANDLE IT. <sup>IT'S A QUINCH.</sup> (ASIDE) JUNIOR, I GOT THE WHOLE MAP OF NORTH AMERICA TATTOOED ON MY CHEST. LET ME TAKE A QUICK LOCK.

MAN: <sup>come - come -</sup> Well how many states are there in the United States.

DURANTE: FORTY NINE!

MOORE: Forty Nine! Jimmy, there are only forty-eight states.. how did you count forty nine when you got the map tattooed on your chest.

DURANTE: HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? I TOOK A DEEP BREATH AND MEXICO JOINED THE UNION.

MUSIC: PLAY OFF

APPLAUSE

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PETRIE: Garry and Jimmy will be back in just a moment....You know, Camel cigarettes have more flavor. I believe you'll find out yourself if you try just one -- but you may not appreciate what more flavor means till you've tried out a pack or two. You see, more flavor, the result of Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos, is the thing that helps Camels hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke! Prove that in your taste and throat -- what we call <sup>your</sup> T-Zone -- your proving ground for Camel cigarette's extra flavor, and for their smooth extra mildness, too. And remember, Camel cigarettes stay fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world!

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

PETRIE: Camel cigarettes: They're first in the service! They've got what it takes!

ORCH: INTRO TO "WHO WILL BE WITH YOU"

cgh

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 magnificent note, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: AN ADORABLE NOTE, MR. MOORE. YOU KNOW, GARRY, I SAW THE MOST BEAUTIFUL UNIFORM ON THE SUBWAY THE OTHER EVENING. IT WAS LOOKING AT ME RIGHT OUT OF A CAR CARD. AN EXQUISITE GRAY WITH SILVER BUTTONS. ON EACH SHOULDER A TOUCH OF RED. AND ON THE TOP A MONTGOMERY BER-RAY.

MOORE: Zounds! Sounds stunning, James.

DURANTE: YEAH--I THINK I'M GOMNA JOIN THE CADET NURSES CORE.

MOORE: ~~But~~ You can't do that Jimmy -- and it's a pity too-- because that beautiful uniform goes free to every cadet nurse.

DURANTE: IS THAT A FACT?

MOORE: *Oh* Even more so. Why, Jimmy, every cadet nurse is given a complete scholarship, including books, fees, board and room -- plus an allowance for spending money. In short, they're paid for getting a valuable education - because the country has such a serious need for nurses. You can't join, Jimmy, but every woman from seventeen to thirty-five can -- if she's in good health and has a good high school record.

(MORE)

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MOORE:  
(CONT)

*Now* Here's what <sup>she should</sup> / do. Go to her local hospital, or write to the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps, Box eighty-eight, New York, New York. That's U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps, Box eighty-eight, New York, New York. Write Tonight!

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT!

*Orch:* Up and Out

MOORE: Good night, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: GOOD NIGHT, MR. MOORE.

BOTH: GOOD NIGHT, EVERYBODY (FOLKS).

ORCH: UP AND OUT

APPLAUSE

(IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN)

ORCH: (THEME...BUMPER)

PETRIE: Camel broadcasts go out to the United States four times a week, are shortwaved to our men overseas, and to South America. Listen tomorrow to Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks"; Monday to "Blondie"; Thursday to Abbott and Costello; and next Friday to Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore with Georgia Gibbs, Roy Barge and his orchestra and yours truly, Howard Petrie.

ORCH: THEME UP - FADE FOR

PETRIE: Remember, Camel cigarettes are packed to go around the world! Camels stay fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world!

ORCH: THEME UP

APPLAUSE

(BOARD FADE)

(SWITCH TO STUDIO SIX FOR HITCH HIKE)

egh

(IN STUDIO 6)

JEWETT: More pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the whole world! If you want to find out for yourself why P.A.'s got so much pipe appeal, just get a big red two-ounce package of Prince Albert! You'll find around fifty rich-tasting, swell-smoking pipefuls, each one no-bite treated to give you cool, tongue-happy smoking comfort! Prince Albert's crimp cut, too, and that means easy packing and drawing, and slow, even burning. More Pipes smoke Prince Albert! It's the National Joy Smoke!

ANNCR: This is the COLUMBIA ... BROADCASTING SYSTEM

- fade theme 20 seconds -

WABC...NEW YORK

cgh