

(REVISED)

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

AS
BROADCAST

Master - 4/28 - 21

CBS NETWORK

FRIDAY, MARCH 24, 1944

PROGRAM NO. 53

10:00 - 10:30 PM EWT

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

PAUL LUTHER

TED JEWETT

DIRECTOR.....PHIL COHAN

vf

51454 5007

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

THE CAMEL PROGRAM -- No. 53

FRIDAY, MARCH 24, 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 CHORD)

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

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 ..²⁵/Brought to you by
Camel, the cigarette that's first in the service! Camels
stay fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning, because they're
packed to go around the world! ³/

(MUSIC OUT)

~~...the co-star of our show .. Garry Moore!~~

(APPLAUSE)

vrl

51454 5008

HOWARD: Well, sir, it was just one year ago tonite that we first introduced to the evening audience, this next young man...And we're not ashamed to say that he USED TO BE pretty corny...That he USED TO BE lacking in popularity...That he even USED TO BE lacking in funny jokes...But we have no fear in saying tonite -

MOORE: Yes?

HOWARD: That he's not as good NOW as he USED TO BE! ..And here he is --Garry Moore!

(APPLAUSE)

MOORE: *Oh* Well, my goodness - thank you...Thank you VERY much, my friends, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen. As you have just been told by our splendid announcer *here* Mr. Howard *Petrie, I beg your pardon -* Petrie, this is our first anniversary program. *gee* *why* Last night we had a party in honor of the event and what a celebration. You should have heard what one of the big radio critics said when the party was all over . . .

PETRIE: What'd he say, *Garry!*

MOORE: *That's what he said -* HIC! *a great party* It was a great party...the case comes up in the morning.

PETRIE: Well, Garry, I'm glad you're feeling so happy because I've got a wonderful surprise for you.

MOORE: *oh* Really? What's happened? My draft board been drafted?

51454 5009

HOWARD: *No*, No, ~~etc.~~...There's a fella waiting to see you, who says he's from your fan club.

MOORE: My FAN club?

HOWARD: Yessir.

MOORE: Why, I'm thrilled right down to my bobby-socks!...Don't just stand there ^{Howard} - show the gentlemen in..Snow him in!

HOWARD: He's in.

MOORE: Oh, yes...Hello.

CANTOR: (RAPTUROUS) ...Hello - are YOU Garry Moore?

MOORE: Yes, I am.

CANTOR: Are you THE Garry Moore?

MOORE: Yes, I am.

CANTOR: The same Garry Moore I listen to and listen to every single, solitary week throughout the live-long year?

MOORE: Yes, I am.

CANTOR: Boy! Do you need a shave!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: ~~Well ha ha~~ - that was ^{awfully} nice, wasn't it? ^{You know} The last time I saw a head like that it was on the handle of an umbrella... Howard - look. Were there no wires of congratulation? Wasn't anybody glad we've been on a year?

HOWARD: ^{Garry} Well, you did get a call from a theatrical producer, ^{didn't he?}
 He's doing a revival of Three Men on a Horse, and wants
 you for one of the leading parts.

MOORE: ^{Well,} Three Men On A Horse.../Which part is it?

HOWARD: Well - you're not one of the men!

MOORE: ^{wait} ~~Oh~~ Now wait/a minute! Do you mean to stand there - your
 shirt-front all full of ^{your} stomach - and tell me that some
 idiot wants me - Garry Moore - to appear in public in
 the part of a horse? ^{Which part of the horse? Well reserved -}
~~Oh, I can't do that.~~
~~I won't do it.~~
~~at all.~~

PETRIE: ~~What?~~ ^{Oh but why not?}

MOORE: ^{I played the part of a horse in a play one time and when my birthday}
~~came, instead of asking me how old I was, people lifted my lip,~~
~~my face... Some Anniversary I'm having here...~~
^{and counted my teeth}

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS

vf

MOORE: Oh, excuse me.....

SOUND: PHONE ME

MOORE: Hello....

vf

DURANTE: HELLO, JUNIOR, THIS IS JIMMY!

MOORE: Jimmy, you should be here. Where are you?

DURANTE: I'M ON TOP OF A FLAG POLE AND MY SUSPENDERS JUST BROKE!

MOORE: *Well,* So what?

DURANTE: SO COME AND GET ME MY PANTS ARE FLYING AT HALF MAST!

MUSIC: DURANTE PLAYON

MOORE: And here he is, folks, the man who is setting them crazy at the Capitol Theatre in New York ~~the one and only~~ Jimmie Durante - in person!

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG EVEN WHEN THINGS GO WRONG..... YOU FEEL BETTER YOU'LL EVEN LOOK BETTER ETC..... STOP THE MUSIC!..... STOP THE MUSIC!! I JUST REMEMBERED I'M FERMENTIN! LAST NIGHT I WENT TO A FREN- NOE - A -GIST (THAT'S FRENCH FOR A DAME WHO CAN TELL YOUR FUTURE BY READING THE BUMPS ON YOUR HEAD)

MOORE: *Yes,* - What was the outcome?

m/f

DURANTE: WELL, TURNING OUT THE LIGHTS SHE STARTED FEELING AROUND MY HEAD. SUDDENLY SHE SAID, "ACCORDING TO THIS BUMP YOU'RE GONNA HAVE AN ACCIDENT." I SAID, LADY, THAT'S MY NOSE!" AND SHE SAID, " MY MISTAKE - YOU ALREADY HAD AN ACCIDENT! ~~HOW MORTIFYING!~~

MOORE: You'd better stay away from those fortune tellers, James, or you'll wind up behind the crystal eight ball.

DURANTE: TOOSHAY, MR.MOORE, TOOSHAY ALL OVER YOU, MR.MOORE BUT RIGHT NOW I'M CONSUMED WITH THE COMING OF SPRING. JUST THIS MORNING AS I STEPPED OUT ON MY PATIO I SAW THE BIRDS FLYING BACK FROM FLORIDA, AND WERE THEY TIRED!

MOORE: Tired? Why, those birds can fly thousands of miles without getting tired.

DURANTE: I KNOW - BUT WITH THE TRAIN SITUATION THE WAY IT IS NOW, EVERY BIRD HAS TO CARRY A PASSENGER. THAT'S THE CONDITIONS THAT PREVAIL! AH, BUT GARRY, THIS IS THE TIME OF THE YEAR THAT NATURE RUNS AMUCK. YESTERDAY MY GIRL AND I TOOK A WALK IN THE COUNTRY AND SAT DOWN IN A NICE LOVELY SPOT.

MOORE: That must have been cosey.

DURANTE: IT WAS, UNTIL A REGIMENT OF SOLDIERS CAME ALONG. THEY HALTED, THEN THE CAPTAIN LOOKED AT ME AND ^{said} "BUD WE'RE HERE FOR MANOEUVERS!" SO I SAID, "WHAT DO YOU THINK I'M HERE FOR?????" ... *a game of Kla-bee-ack!*

MOORE: Ah, yes, - toujours l'amour, toujours l'amour....

DURANTE: .AND BACK TO LAMORE FOR SOME MORE OF THAT TA-JOOR!!
AH SPRING, HOW I ADORE IT! SOON I'LL BE GOING OFF INTO
THE WOODS AGAIN COMMUTING WITH NATURE. I LEAVE
CIVILIZATION, THROW AWAY MY CALENDAR AND CLOCK AND
INTO THE WOODS I GO WITH JUST A SEVENTY YEAR OLD INDIAN
SQUIRE TO COOK FOR ME.

MOORE: But without a clock or a calendar, how can you tell
when it's time to come home?

DURANTE: JUNIOR, WHEN THAT INDIAN SQUIRE STARTS LOOKING LIKE
HEDY LAMARR TO ME - THEN I KNOW IT'S TIME TO COME HOME!

MOORE: *Oh I see -*
/Love's a fascinating topic, James - but how are you
progressing in the field of politics. The nation is
anxious to learn.

DURANTE: YOU MAY TELL THE NATION - AND THE REST OF THE COUNTRY TOO -
THAT I EXPECT TO CARRY NOT ONLY NORTH DAKOTA AND SOUTH
DAKOTA BUT THE WAY THINGS ARE GOING/ *just* I MAY EVEN CARRY
WEST DAKOTA.

MOORE: I can see that Durante is becoming the people's choice.

DURANTE: *Mr. Moore, Indubitably.*
INDUBITABLY, JUST THE OTHER EVENING I WAS LOOKING
AT A PETITION THAT SAID "WE WANT DURANTE FOR PRESIDENT"
IT HAD TEN THOUSAND SIGNATURES ON IT, AND IT WOULD OF
HAD ELEVEN THOUSAND EXCEPT FOR ONE THING.

MOORE: What's that?

DURANTE: I RAN OUTTA INK!

MOORE: I'm surprised at you, Jimmy. If you'll take my advice you'll spend less time signing petitions and more time patterning yourself after great Americans. For example, do you know Lincoln's Gettysburg Address?

DURANTE: KNOW HIS ADDRESS? I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW HE MOVED!!... *I got a million of 'em - a million of 'em.*
BUT I'M NOT SURE I EVER WANT TO BE PRESIDENT AT ALL, *Garry.*

MOORE: What causes the uncertainty in your mind, James?

DURANTE: IT'S THAT CAMPAIGN MANAGER OF MINE - UMBRIAGO! YOU SEE, I DIDN'T MIND WHEN HE THREW MY HAT INTO THE RING - I DIDN'T MIND WHEN HE MADE ME LEARN HOW TO MAKE SPEECHES - BUT WHEN UMBRIAGO SAID I WAS A DARK HORSE AND HUTCHED ME TO A MILK WAGON... THAT WAS TOO MUCH!

MOORE: *Jimmy* But *if* you do decide to enter the presidential race you need a plan for the agricultural polulation. *For* Those farmers - the men who milk the cows insist upon a platform.

DURANTE: IF THEM FARMERS CAN'T REACH UP THERE WITHOUT A PLATFORM, THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO FOR 'EM!!

MOORE: *Well,* Another thing to bear in mind, Jimmy, is the women's vote. There are 40 million women voters and to get their vote you must know what to offer them. Have you given that any thought?

DURANTE: ^{*Instantly*} ~~INSTANTLY~~, I'VE THOUGHT AND THOUGHT AND FINALLY I FOUND OUT WHAT THE WOMEN VOTERS OF THE NATION WANT MOST.

MOORE: You have?

DURANTE: YEAH. BUT WHERE AM I GONNA GET 40 MILLION PAIRS OF NYLON STOCKINGS!!....BUT WITH MY FAMILY BACKGROUND IN POLITICS I CAN'T LOSE!

MOORE: What are you talking about? Who in your family was ever famous in politics?

DURANTE: I DON'T LIKE TO BOAST, JUNIOR, BUT MY UNCLE EBENEZER DURANTE WAS A FAMOUS FIGURE IN POLITICS. WHY, JUST LAST YEAR ^{*Indiana*} ~~INDIANA~~ WANTED HIM...OHIO ^{*wanted him Oklahoma*} ...WANTED HIM... BUT THEY COULDN'T HAVE HIM!

MOORE: Why not?

DURANTE: CAUSE ALCATRAZ WOULDN'T LET HIM GO!

ORCH: PLAYOFF
APPLAUSE

820-

vf

MOORE: Thank you, Jimmy .. you're a thing of nonsense and a joy forever .. But there's no nonsense to these words from Howard Petrie ...

PETRIE: Just a few miles into tomorrow are the Fiji Islands .. across the Date Line in the Pacific. To American soldiers and sailors in the Fiji Islands, to U.S. bases throughout the world go Camel cigarettes, by the million, by the ton, for Camels are first with men in all the services, according to actual sales records. And fresh Camel cigarettes in the Fiji Islands mean fresh Camels here at home for you too! Yes, Camels stay fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world! If your store is sold out today, remember that more people want Camel cigarettes today .. more people want the fresh cigarette, the cigarette with more flavor! Camels are worth asking for again!

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

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

ORCH: INTRO TO "IS MY BABY BLUE TONIGHT"

925

ogh

PETRIE: ~~With a brief fling into musical mesmerism and such,~~
Roy Bargy gazes deeply into his bouncing crystal
ball in search of the answer to ^{the} question ~~that's~~
~~quite universal:~~ "Is My Baby Blue Tonight?"

940

ORCH: "IS MY BABY BLUE TONIGHT"

APPLAUSE

1135

vf

DURANTE: AND THAT WAS ROY BARGY AND HIS ORCHESTRA PLAYING "IS MY BABY BLUE TONIGHT?" OR "WHY DID YOU TAKE SUCH A COLD BATH, HONEY."

ALL OF WHICH BRINGS US TO MR. GARRY MOORE AND HIS WELL-KNOWN STORIES OF LITTLE KNOWN PEOPLE! .. TELL ME, BROTHER MOORE, ABOUT WHOM ARE YOU SPEAKING TONITE ABOUT?

MOORE: Tonight, James .. a pathetic story .. The story of Melrose McGurk ...

Dr. Melrose McGurk! Mr. Yes Dr. My well, I'll retire. Mr. Thank you, James.
ORCH: SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME .. (FULL, THEN QUICK FADE TO B.G.)

MOORE: ^{12⁵} Melrose McGurk, that unfortunate man, was born in the little town of Sweater Girl, Vermont - which is just within ear-shot of (WHISTLE), New Hampshire.

ORCH: CUT MUSIC

MOORE: And when he got to the 1st grade, he didn't know any of the answers so the teacher kept him after school. But in a short time he knew all the answers, then he kept the teacher after school...and by the time he was 15 he was the president of the chemistry club, and was ^{unanimously} voted the boy most likely to explode. *Why* He was the first chemist to think of mixing hot water with cold beer, so he could take a warm bath with a head on it.. But on his 18th birthday he said to himself -

CANTOR: Little jerk - what now?

51454 5019

MOORE: If only he could invent something useful... The radio perhaps? The telegraph? He must invent something useful, if he was to become a big-wig.

CANTOR: A big-wig!...I got it! ...I'll be the biggest wig this country ever saw! I'll invent a tonic - that grows hair!

ORCH: WHEELS, INDUSTRY - (BIG, THEN FADE)

MOORE: And so, feverishly, Melrose McGurk, set to work to make the world's first hair-tonic. For 15 years he locked himself in his laboratory.

ORCH: CUT MUSIC

MOORE: And never once in all that time did he pause in his tireless search. And on the very last day of the 15th year, he burst out of his laboratory, a fanatic gleam in his eye, and shouted aloud --

CANTOR: I'm hungry.

MOORE: And after three meat-balls - taken intra-venously, he went back to work for another 15 years. And on his 45th birthday -

ORCH: CHORD

CANTOR: At last, I've found it! Formula 999! ^{ah} / This will grow hair if nothing else will.

MOORE: And applying three drops to his own chin, in less than two seconds he had a beard 12 feet long..In wildest joy he threw his arms high in the air and laughed in glee.

CANTOR: (GON LAUGH)

MOORE: But then -

ORCH: CHORD

vf

MOORE: Tragedy struck! In his moment of celebration, Melvin^{had} had accidentally spilled some of his hair-grower out of its bottle ...And when he looked around -

ORCH: SHORT CHORD

MOORE: The davenport was growing a VanDyke!

ORCH: SHORT CHORD

MOORE: The tea-table had sprouted a two-tone toupee!

ORCH: SHORT CHORD

MOORE: And there was hair all over his end-table!...And it didn't stop there.

ORCH: FLOOD MUSIC - (SOFT, BUT INTENSE)

MOORE: Over the floors and out into the hall - hair! Hair! Everywhere he looked, hair was growing! Out of the front door it spread, down the street ~~hair was sprouting from everything!~~ ...And from his second floor window, Melvin McGurk shouted aloud -

ORCH: CUT MUSIC

CANTOR: Hey, lookit me, fellas! I got the only house in the block with side-burns!

ORCH: FLOOR MUSIC

MOORE: And in just two days this avalance of growing hair had covered half the country! ^{they} The entire city of ~~Buffalo~~ ^{Ashtabula} was forced to part itself in the middle, and was wearing its suburbs in a snood!

ORCH: CUT MUSIC

MOORE: And as the entire population of this country huddled together atop the only clear spot left - Mount Baldy, California - they cried aloud -

PETRIE: McGurk! McGurk! You must stop this hair!...STOP THIS HAIR FROM GROWING!

ORCH: SOUL, SHAKER

MOORE: But Mel^{vin} McGurk, back in his laboratory, was singing gaily to himself -

CANTOR: Mairzy hair, and haresy hair, and little lambs got wigs on -

MOORE: Yes, at last he had the world by the beard! But his triumph was not to last..For when, growing thirsty, he turned on the spigot, all that came out was -

CANTOR: Hair!

MOORE: And when he tried the water-jug..All that came out was -

CANTOR: Hair!

MOORE: And with swollen lips and a fevered throat - he made a dash for the only liquid left on earth -

CANTOR: Formula 999!

MOORE: And with one great swig he drank ^{the hair tonic} ~~it~~ down!

SOUND: DESCENDING FRISCO WHISTLE

CANTOR: (BUILD LAUGH) ...Ha ha!~~...Ha ha ha!~~...Ha ha ha...
~~it tickles!...Ha ha ha...it tickles inside!...Ha ha -~~
~~oh stop! It tickles! It tickles!~~ ...HA HA HA HA HA
HA!

ORCH: DESCENDING WAH-WAH LAUGH CHORDS, ENDING IN MINOR

MOORE: And within ten minutes, Mel^{mel}in McGurk was raving mad.
Tickled ~~to~~ silly by his own invention!

ORCH: SAD MUSIC - (SNEAK IN, HOLD LOW)

MOORE: And so the moral of our story is - never make too much of a good thing. Or you'll end up like Mel^{mel}in McGurk - hair today, goon tomorrow!

ORCH: PLAY-OFF

APPLAUSE

16²⁵

ORCH: START GIBBS INTRO

MOORE: Thank you, my friends, but the greatest chemists of all time have never fathomed the magic of sweet romance. High priestess of this craft is her nibs..Miss Gibbs.. Hiyah, Georgia.

GIBBS: Hiyah, Garry. And the ^{top boys in Tin Pan Alley} ~~greatest song-writers of all~~ ~~times~~ have never dreamed up a more perfect and to the point title than this one. "I Love You" ~~from~~ "~~Montana Hayride~~."

MOORE: Georgia Gibbs, my friends --

GIBBS: "I LOVE YOU"
APPLAUSE

vf

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

LUTHER: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Sergeant Steve Kovacik, of Blairsville, Pennsylvania, gunner of a flying Fortress over Berlin. Though wounded in one leg, he stayed by his guns to shoot down two enemy fighters and drive off several others. Then, fire breaking out in his ammunition, he tore shell links apart with his bare hands; finally, when flak smashed the bomb release, he crawled into the bomb bay and helped the bombardier kick out three bombs. In your honor, Sergeant Steve Kovacik, the makers of Camels are sending to our soldiers overseas three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

19³⁰

(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

19³⁰

cgh

PETRIE: And now, the Friday Night Camel Show brings you Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante in an extra-special feature! Go ahead, Garry!

MOORE: Thank you, Howard. Jimmy, ^{do you realize that} tonight marks the beginning of our second year on the air together .. We've completed 52 weeks of programs. ~~Is that right, Jimmy?~~

DURANTE: ^{Only} ~~JUST~~ 52 WEEKS! .. WHY IT SEEMS LIKE A MATERNITY! AND GARRY I'LL BET THE FOLKS IN YOUR HOME TOWN ARE PROUD OF YOUR SUCCESS.

MOORE: Well, James, I probably shouldn't mention it but just two weeks ago I took a trip to my home town .. Baltimore! And the first thing I saw when my train pulled into Baltimore was a great big sign stretched all across the station.

DURANTE: WHAT DID IT SAY?

MOORE: Baltimore! I was very touched. ^{But} Jimmy, what are your thoughts as you look back on the past year?

DURANTE: JUNIOR, ALL I CAN THINK OF IS SEPTEMBER 17TH.

MOORE: Why ~~does~~ September 17th? ~~stand out in your memory?~~

DURANTE: THAT WAS THE DAY I BECAME A MOTHER!

MOORE: ~~Now wait a second,~~ Jimmy! Did I hear you correctly?

ogh

51454 5027

DURANTE: CERTAINLY! ON SEPTEMBER 16TH I WENT TO A PARTY AND I MET
A GIRL! ^{My, yeah!} SHE HAD A FACE ONLY A MOTHER COULD LOVE!
ON SEPTEMBER 17TH I FOUND OUT SHE HAD NINE MILLION DOLLARS.

MOORE: So...?

DURANTE: THAT'S THE DAY I BECAME A MOTHER!

MOORE: ^{Oh dear -} I think I see what I think you mean. But now.. let's
present our Cavalcade of the highlights of our year on
the air together.

~~SOUND~~ ^{orch} KABOO FANFARE ⁷ *Ragberry*

ogh

PETRIE: Our Cavalcade begins on March 20, 1943 .. When the first meeting between Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante took place.

MOORE: Hello, Mr. Durante .. My name is Garry Moore. I can sing, play the piano, read poetry and tell jokes.

DURANTE: HELLO, MR. MOORE. MY NAME IS JIMMY DURANTE. I CAN SING, PLAY THE PIANO, READ POETRY AND TELL JOKES.

MOORE: Well, put it there, Durante. Shake!

SOUND: SLIDE WHISTLE UP ... BIG TIN CRASH

MOORE: OWWWWW!

DURANTE: AND I KNOW JIU-JITSU, TOO!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

ogh

PETRIE: June 1943! As the Camel Friday Night Troupe thumbs
it's way to Hollywood, Garry Moore gives Jimmy Durante
a timely hint on health.

(chill)
A time to wallow why?
MOORE: /Jimmy, yuh gotta take care of yourself. The secret
of the whole thing is vitamins.

DURANTE: VITAMINS, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Certainly. Why I saw two little honey bees once fighting
over a certain flower. Now one bee was a careless
fellow and never took care of his health. But the
other little bee was strong and rugged and always
ate his vitamins. And they fought and fought for
half an hour.

DURANTE: WELL, WHAT HAPPENED?

MOORE: The vitamin bee one.

DURANTE: JUNIOR, THAT CERTAINLY IS A STINGER.

ORCHESTRA: BRIDGE:

MOORE: July, 1943! Jimmy and I were standing in front of a drug store throwing bread crumbs to the girls and leering at the pigeons, when suddenly the ^{drug store} door opened...

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

PETRIE: Mr. Moore. Mr. Durante! You've got to help me! I just arrived in New York from Australia, and somebody picked my pocket!

^{Durante!}
~~MOORE:~~ Who are you?

PETRIE: Just a little Kangaroo!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: I'M GONNA GET THAT GUY A JOB IN THAT DRUG STORE...EIGHT DOLLARS A WEEK AND ALL THE IODINE HE CAN DRINK.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

PETRIE: August, 1943! On August 28th, disaster struck the Camel Show. Three minutes before air time that night, Garry Moore frantically approached Jimmy Durante.

MOORE: JIMMY, LOOK AT OUR SCRIPTS. SOMEBODY CUT THEM IN HAIF:
RIGHT UP THE MIDDLE ... ~~AND~~ THEN HE THREW AWAY THE
RIGHT-HAND SIDE OF EACH PAGE.

DURANTE: WHAT A CATASTROPHe. WHATT'LL WE DO, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Well it's too late now - we're going on the air.
Everybody will just have to read the left half of the
page. Quiet ^{now} .. Here we go.

PETRIE: (AS ANNOUNCER) Ladies and gentlemen...The Camel Prog...!

MUSIC: (MEN IN ORCHESTRA SING) C-A-M.....

MOORE: Good evening, ladies and...
Jimmy, you certainly look very ...

DURANTE: THANK YOU, GAR ...
^(this is)
/ THIS MORNING I'M WALKING DOWN THE...

MOORE: You were walking down the....

DURANTE: YES, AND A GUY ^{Came} ~~COMES~~ UP TO ME AND ...
SO I SAYS TO HIM, "YOU CAN'T ..."
HE SAYS, "OH, NO? .. AND HE HAULS OFF AND ..."

MOORE: What happened?

DURANTE: I'M FLAT ON MY ...

MOORE: Good night, folks!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

cgh

51454 5033

PETRIE: December 1943! Romance comes into the life of Garry Moore, and the object of his affection is Georgia Gibbs.

MOORE: Georgia, I don't belong to any fraternity, so I can't give you my fraternity pin. But I do belong to the Safety Club, so I'll give you my....oh, but that's just silly!

GIBBS: It's no use, Garry - You and I just don't belong together.

MOORE: Georgia, if you won't be mine, my life means nothing to me.

GIBBS: Now wait, Garry ...

MOORE: No Georgia, I can't go on without you. Good-bye, my sweet. I'm going down to the river and throw myself in.

GIBBS: But Garry, the river is frozen solid.

MOORE: It is? ^{Well then} ~~In that case~~, I'll go ice-skating.

ORCHESTRA: BRIDGE

PETRIE: January 1944! Jimmy Durante returns from Washington where he went to lay the groundwork for his 1944 presidential campaign.

MOORE: Durante for President! Welcome home, Jimmy. How did you make out in Washington?

DURANTE: *Mr. Du glad.*
IT WAS FRAWT WITH SIGNIFICANCE! THE MINUTE I STEPPED OFF THE TRAIN, A GUY MEETS ME AND TAKES ME TO SEE PAUL MCNUTT. PAUL MCNUTT RUSHES ME OVER TO SEE HAROLD ICKES. HAROLD ICKES TAKES ME TO MEET SECRETARY STIMSON. SECRETARY STIMSON BRINGS ME OVER TO SEE CORDELL HULL AND CORDELL HULL RUSHES ME OVER TO MEET VICE-PRESIDENT WALLACE.

MOORE: Did you get to see the president?

DURANTE: NO. I WAS ONLY TAKING THE FORTY-CENT TOUR!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

vr1

PETRIE: So much for Garry and Jimmy in their first year on the air *for*
Camel Cigarettes.
I wonder what the future holds for them.

MOORE: I think we can answer that question, Howard, because we
have with us tonight one of the world's greatest fortune-
tellers .. Swami ~~Abdullah Metavish~~ *Hansen Ben Sober*. Swami, look into your
crystal ball and tell us what you see there.

CANTOR: *(Straight) Very well.*
~~(JERRY) Don't stay.~~ The crystal ball tells me that there
will be only one important person on this program next year.
All the other people on the stage here will fade into
obscurity. I can see that one face.

MOORE: Who is it .. Garry Moore?

CANTOR: No ...

DURANTE: IS IT JIMMY DURANTE?

CANTOR: No ...

MOORE: Georgia Gibbs .. Roy Bargy .. Howard Petrie?

CANTOR: No ...

DURANTE: *(noise)*
TELL US, SWAMI .. WHOSE FACE DO YOU SEE? NEXT YEAR, WHO
WILL BE THE STAR OF THE CAMEL SHOW?

CANTOR: Umbriago!

DURANTE: I NEVER SHOULDA LET HIM *Get* INTO THE ACT!

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

APPLAUSE

20-15

ogh

PETRIE: Jimmy and Garry are coming right back. Meantime I'd like you to meet the farmer in the dell, who moved into town and became the farmer in the flat!

ORCH: (FAST) "The farmer in the dell (LAST NOTE FLAT), the farmer in the dell (LAST NOTE FLAT), Hi ho the derry-oh, the farmer in the dell"! (LAST FEW NOTES FLAT)

PETRIE: Ah yes, that was flat! And it can be worse in your cigarette! Is wartime flatness ^(is it) spoiling your smoking? Get Camels .. for more flavor! Are you looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many you smoke? Get Camels .. for more flavor! Camel cigarettes' extra flavor comes from expert blending of costlier tobaccos .. and more flavor is what helps Camels hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke! Smoke out the proof for that in your own T-Zone, your taste and throat. Your taste will tell you that Camels do have more flavor, and your throat is your own best judge of Camel cigarettes' smooth extra mildness. And of course .. Camels 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"

27^A

cgh

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

MOORE: A note of bewilderment, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: A NOTE OF JOY, MR. MOORE.

MOORE: Well, Jimmy - this winds up our first year together,
and it ^{well, it} certainly has been wonderful.

DURANTE: YOU SAID IT JUNIOR - IN FACT, I'M ALL COVERED WITH
NOSTALGIA. BUT IF YOU'LL FORGIVE ME JUNIOR,
I FIND ~~IT~~ ^{THE} NECESSARY TO BE PRACTICAL FOR ~~A~~ ^A MOMENT -
WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT 5 HUNDRED ~~DOLLARS~~ ^{DOLLARS I LOANED} YOU LAST
YEAR?

MOORE: Oh, that five hundred dollars. Well, I'll
give you an accounting ---- I spent \$135 on yo-yos,
\$82 dollars on tootsie rolls, and \$283 on Bubble gum.

DURANTE: OH THAT'S ALL RIGHT JUNIOR. I WAS AFRAID YOU HAD SPENT
IT FOOLISHLY.

MOORE: ^{Open the thought!} But before we say our final goodnite we would like
to drop a few words of humble appreciation to all you
people who've been so very kind to us during our first
year. As radio records go, one year is hardly
breath-taking - but it's that first year that's the
toughest..... So with sincerest thanks from all of us,
we'll call it a day and a year.

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT.

ORCHESTRA: "WHO WILL BE WITH YOU" PLAY OFF.

m/f

MOORE: Good night, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: GOOD NIGHT, MR. MOORE.

BOTH GOOD NIGHT EVERYBODY (FOLKS)

ORCHESTRA: UP AND OUT

(APPLAUSE

28²³-

ORCHESTRA: THEME....BUMPER)

m/f

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 Georgia Gibbs, Roy Bargy and his orchestra, yours truly, Howard Petrie.

DURANTE: AND GARRY MOORE.

MOORE: And Jimmy Durante.

BOTH: IN PERSON!

(APPLAUSE)

2845

ORCH: THEME UP .. FADE FOR

PETRIE: And remember ... get Camels for more flavor! If you're looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many you smoke, get Camels, for more flavor!

2855

ORCH: THEME UP

(APPLAUSE)

BOARD FADE

(SWITCH TO STUDIO SIX FOR HITCH HIKE)

rbg

(IN STUDIO SIX)

JEWETT: More pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the whole world! Yessir, P. A. stands for Pipe Appeal -- and, for one thing, that means you can smoke Prince Albert without biting your tongue! P.A.'s no-bite treated to give you cool, tongue-happy smoking pleasure! It's crimp cut, too, to pack and burn and draw just right! Get a big red two-ounce package of Prince Albert tonight! You'll be getting around fifty rich-tasting, swell-smoking pipefuls! More pipes smoke Prince Albert! It's the National Joy Smoke!

29/50

ANNCR: This is CBS, the COLUMBIA ... BROADCASTING SYSTEM

- fade theme 20 seconds -

WABC NEW YORK

rbg