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AS BROADCAST

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

Master - w/ 6/15
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CBS NETWORK
FRIDAY, JUNE 9, 1944

PROGRAM 64 (REVISED)
7:00 - 7:30 P.M. PWT

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

SHIRLEY MITCHELL

LOU MARCELLE

FRED SHIELDS

DIRECTOR.....PHIL COHAN

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"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

Program 64

FRIDAY, JUNE, 9, 1944

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

CUE: (COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM) *On Time*
(.....30 Seconds.....)
(AS PROGRAM TAKES THE AIR, AUDIENCE AND CAST ARE
LAUGHING)
(AFTER THREE...FIVE SECONDS)

SOUND: PHONE RINGS....PHONE UP

MOORE: Hello...This is Garry Moore speaking!

DURANTE: (ON FILTER) HELLO, JUNIOR...THIS IS JIMMY!

MOORE: Jimmy Durante! Where are you?

DURANTE: I'M DOWN AT THE BARBER SHOP GETTING AN EGG SHAMPOO!

MOORE: Well, what's taking you so long?

DURANTE: I'M WAITING FOR THE CHICKEN TO LAY THE EGG!

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

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

PETRIE: (COLD) Camel cigarettes present Jimmy Durante and
Garry Moore!

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (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.⁴⁰ brought to you by Camel, the cigarette that's first in the service! See if your throat and your taste don't make Camel a first with you, too! Find out for yourself!⁵⁰ Incidentally we want you to know we will interrupt this program to bring you any late news developments --

MUSIC: (OUT)

PETRIE: And now we give you the co-star of our show, ^{a man} who used to be a ~~little name in radio and now~~ ^{nobody but} after working hard he has become a big name. ~~But since we're on the air~~ ^{too bad} ~~and~~ I can't mention that name - ~~so~~ here he is --
Garry Moore.

(APPLAUSE)

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MOORE: Hmm- thank you, my friends, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen...And say- Mr. Pew-try -- when you give ^{me} an introduction like that ^{thing you just did there} I wish you'd smile.

PETRIE: But Garry, I am smiling - can't you see my teeth?

MOORE: Yes, they're lovely -- Do you wash them yourself or sent them out? ...Oh, ain't I mean tonight?

PETRIE: Oh, you scare me to death! What's the matter, don't you feel well, ^{tonight?}

MOORE: Well - yes and no - last night I went to an amusement park and they were selling that cotton candy ^{you know}...And believe me, I'll never eat that stuff again!

PETRIE: Why? What's wrong with eating cotton candy?

MOORE: Well I ate and I ate ^{and ate} and I ate, and when I got home, half my underwear was missing..But ^{Howard, let me ask} ~~one thing I did~~ ^{you one thing - have you ever been through} ~~like, though,~~ was the tunnel of love. ^{I took my girl} around on it fifteen times.

PETRIE: Fifteen times? Gee, did you have any fun,

MOORE: No, like a ~~corn~~ fool I did what the sign said - I held onto my hat. But best of all was when we all went ^{riding} on the airplanes. ^{See} What a ^{wonderful} gang we had, Jimmy Durante, Georgia Gibbs, Gypsy Rose Lee.

PETRIE: Gypsy Rose Lee? Did she go on the airplane, too?

MOORE: Yeah, she took off with the rest of us...But ^{one thing} ~~the most~~ interesting ^{they've got down there Howard,} ~~person I met at the Park~~ was a lady life-guard. ^{and she's coming} I ~~invited her~~ down tonight - and ^{she's expecting}

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

MOORE: Oh pardon me, ^{will get - just a minute.} ~~Howard.~~ Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

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MOORE: Oh, I suppose you're the lady life guard.

SHIRLEY: Yes and I suppose you're Garry Moore.

MOORE: I'm Garry Moore??.... Oh, *yes?..yes...* I am Garry Moore.
Why I know that as well as *I know my own* your name.

SHIRLEY: I had no idea you were so young.

MOORE: I had no idea you were so beautiful.

SHIRLEY: I had no idea you were so attractive.

MOORE: I just got an idea.....oh, but that's just silly....
Tell me how you like being a lifeguard??

SHIRLEY: Oh I just love to save men.

MOORE: And I'll bet you've got a mighty interesting collection *of*.
but I don't suppose your work is too hard.

SHIRLEY: No, but it's awfully dangerous *damn* /on the beach.

MOORE: Do the sharks come too close??

SHIRLEY: No. The wolves go too far.

MOORE: *See* - I suppose the men do flock around you.

SHIRLEY: Yes and I don't know why.

MOORE: Please, no coaching from the audience!

~~SHIRLEY: But Mr. Moore why don't you come down to the beach
sometimes, I'd love to teach you how to swim, I could
build you up.~~

MOORE: ~~I'd much rather have you tear me down!~~... Ah, but I'm
mad about you, ^{my} dear. ^{Quit you see that -} You must be mine. Why, without
you I'm like a ship without a sail - I'm like a canoe
without a paddle - like a boat without a rudder.

SHIRLEY: Do you know what?

MOORE: What?

SHIRLEY: You sound like a job for Henry Kaiser!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM.

MOORE: ~~And~~ ^{tell} while I'm waiting ^{around} to be launched --

ORCHESTRA: (DURANTE PLAYON)

MOORE: Let's introduce - Camels' white haired boy - that dark
horse presidential candidate - 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...^{That a note! That note was given & melody} (HOLDS NOTE).....~~I GOT THAT NOTE FROM~~ BING CROSBY. AND WAS HE GLAD TO GET RID OF IT!

MOORE: ^{just by looking at you that} I can tell, Jimmy... you're sure jumping tonight.

DURANTE: AND WHY NOT? I HAD EIGHT FROGS LEGS FOR DINNER....TO SAY NOTHING OF THE PART THAT WENT OVER THE POND LAST!

MOORE: But I'll bet the real reason for your being happy is the fact that your latest picture "Two Girls And A Sailor" is opening next week.

DURANTE: YOU SAID IT, JUNIOR. I'LL NEVER FORGET WHAT HAPPENED WHEN I MADE THAT PICTURE. IN ONE SCENE I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE INSULTED BY THE VILLIAN, AND THE DIRECTOR SAID "NOW DURANTE ^{Get mad}... LOOK DOWN YOUR NOSE AT HIM." IMAGINE TELLING ME TO LOOK DOWN MY NOSE!

MOORE: What's wrong with that??

DURANTE: NOBODY CAN SEE THAT FAR WITHOUT A TELESCOPE....THEY WANNA MAKE A MOLE HILL OUT OF MY MOUNTAIN.....BUT THAT'S NEITHER CHILI NOR CON CARNE.....LAST NIGHT I WAS WRITING A MASH NOTE (TO A POTATO OF MY ACQUAINTANCE) WHEN I RECEIVED A PHONE CALL FROM THE NATION'S CAPITOL....IT WAS A HIGH GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL. HE SAID GET DOWN HERE RIGHT AWAY! DROP EVERYTHING! BUT I COULDN'T!

MOORE: You couldn't drop everything??

DURANTE: NO! I HAD A BLONDE ON MY LAP AT THE TIME!....WHO WANTS A BLONDE THAT'S BLACK AND BLUE!.....

MOORE: You eventually left for Washington, I presume??

DURANTE: YOUR PRESOOM....SHUN^{is} IS CORRECT! WHY, I BACKED AND LEFT
QUICKER THAN YOU CAN SAY JACK ROBINSON (^{that's} EDWARD G.'S
YOUNGER BROTHER)....ON THE TRAIN I HAD THE BERTH OPPOSITE
A BEAUTIFUL REDHEAD AND ^{Gary} SHE HAD THE CUTEST LITTLE DOG.

MOORE: Pom??

DURANTE: ~~JUNIOR~~, IF YOU ~~SAD~~^{SAID} PEKE, I COULD HAVE GIVEN YOU A
VERY FUNNY ANSWER.....BUT ~~I SURE~~ THAT'S THE CONDITIONS
THAT PREVAIL!.....FINALLY I ARRIVED IN WASHINGTON AND
THE CROWD IN THE STREET ALL SHOUTED "DURANTE FOR PRESIDENT
BUT EVEN AS POPULAR AS I AM, I COULDN'T GET HOTEL
ACCOMODATIONS.

MOORE: Did you find a place to sleep??

DURANTE: IF YOU WANT TO CALL IT THAT. I FINALLY SLEPT ON A
DOUBLE DECKER.

MOORE: I don't see what's so bad about sleeping on a double
decker bed.

DURANTE: WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT A BED????? I SLEPT ON A
SANDWICH! BUT THE NEXT NIGHT I WAS FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO
SLEEP AT THE EMBASSY -I SHARED AN INNER-DOOR WITH THE
AMBASSADOR!

MOORE: What was your first day's schedule at the Nation's
Capitol?

DURANTE: (WELL, AFTER BREAKFAST I STOPPED IN AT THE MELLON GALLERY
(^{in: Don't kick it around} I FELT LIKE HAVING A PIECE OF FRUIT^(refers)) - AND THEN I WAS
INTERVIEWED BY THE NEWS-PAPER MEN.

MOORE: They certainly keep after you presidential candidates,
don't they?

DURANTE: THEY MOST ASSUREDLY DO, JUNIOR, MOST ASSUREDLY....
SURROUNDED BY THE GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS, I GAVE OUT A
STATEMENT I SAID, GENTLEMEN, WHEN I BECOME PRESIDENT, I'M
GONNA GET RID OF ALL THE RED TAPE IN WASHINGTON!

MOORE: What are you going to do?

DURANTE: I'M GONNA USE BLUE TAPE!!...BELIEVE ME, JUNIOR, I'VE GOT
EINSTEIN'S BRAIN!

MOORE: And you're lucky you haven't got his haircutBut, tell
me, James - did you engage in many social activities?

DURANTE: I CERTAINLY DID. I WAS THE GUEST OF HONOR AT A
TREMENDOUS EMBASSY PARTY AND WHO DO YOU THINK WAS THE
HOST?

MOORE: Who? ^{7²⁰}

DURANTE: UMBRIAGO

ORCHESTRA: (UMBRIAGO)

DURANTE:

UMBRIAGO - (M: Oh no -) HAS A BAND? AND ONE THAT MAN'S A SOLID
SENDER (M: I'll betcha)

(Now) UMBRIAGO - EVERY TIME HE PLAYS, THE LADIES ALL SURRENDER. (M: Tell me)

HE PLAYS DINAH

YOU'LL HEAR CORN ENOUGH TO FEED THE WHOLE OF CHINA (Say, Garry)

ON THE SAXAPHONE

OR ON THE SLIDE TROMBONE

OR ON THE TELEPHONE (M: Yeah)

WHEN YOU HEAR A GROAN

HARRY JAMES?

NO THE NAME'S

UMBRIAGO!

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DURANTE: UMBRIAGO -- WHEN IT COMES TO WOMEN HE IS QUITE A FELLOW.
UMBRIAGO -- HE'S GOT A HEART THAT'S JUST AS SOFT AS
LEMON JELLO.

HE LOVES LIVIN'
TO TEMPTATION HE IS ALWAYS GLAD TO GIVE IN
HIS TECHNIQUE IS GREAT
HE SAYS HE WANTS A MATE
BUT NEVER SETS A DATE
HE IS QUITE A BEAN
BUT YOU CAN BET
THEY DON'T GET --
UMBRIAGO.

Hit it! Mr. You're
UMBRIAGO -- COULD BE MAYOR OF NEW YORK OR CHICAGO
UMBRIAGO -- RAISES CAIN FROM PORTLAND, MAINE TO
SANTIAGO

MUSIC: (FADES)

DURANTE: YOU KNOW, FOLKS, AT THE EMBASSY PARTY AFTER I'D DANCED
WITH THE VARIOUS DIPLOMATS' WIVES I SAID, "UMBRIAGO --
WHAT HAVE YOU GOT FOR REFRESHMENT?" AND HE SAID,
"SCOTCH PUNCH." "SCOTCH PUNCH?" I SAID, "WHAT'S THAT?"
AND UMBRIAGO SAID, "THE FIRST GUY THAT TOUCHES THE SCOTCH
GETS PUNCHED... BELIEVE ME, I SURE GOT A WALLOP OUT OF
UMBRIAGO!

SO WHEN YOU FEEL LOW
BETTER SEND FOR MY FRIEND
UMBRIAGO!

(APPLAUSE)

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MOORE: Well, my friends, we don't say that you too can have the ^{beautiful} voice of a Durante -- but if you take ^{very good} care of your throat -- well, let's listen to Howard Petrie --

PETRIE: Next time you light a cigarette, concentrate on your throat. See how your throat reacts to it. Does it find the smoke mild, cool, kind? The human throat is an intricate mechanism and it's important to choose a cigarette that best agrees with it. See what your throat has to say about Camel's mildness and coolness. And see what your taste has to say about the full, rich flavor of Camel's super-fine blend of costlier tobaccos. Super-fine -- because war or peace -- Camel is still Camel! Try Camels on your own T-Zone -- T for throat and T for taste. Chances are your throat and taste will say.. "Thanks, boss. Camel is sure the cigarette for us!"

ORCHESTRA: (C A M E L S) *940*

PETRIE: *ol.* I just want to add -- you'll all be wild about Harry.

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO "IT'S LOVE, LOVE, LOVE")

PETRIE: Roy Bargy and the orchestra now, in a Roy Bargy arrangement of "It's Love, Love, Love".

ORCHESTRA: ("IT'S LOVE, LOVE, LOVE")

(APPLAUSE)

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Conducted by*

DURANTE: AND THAT WAS ROY BARGY AND HIS ORCHESTRA PLAYING,
"IT'S LOVE, LOVE, LOVE", BUT ENOUGH OF THIS
MUSICAL MISH-MOSH...LET US CONSULT MR. GARRY MOORE
FOR A HUNK OF SOMETHING CULTURAL.

MOORE: Thank you, James -- and cultural it is, for tonight
we go again to the Poet's Corner for a load of odes
and such.

DURANTE: YOU MEAN YOU'VE WRITTEN ANOTHER POEM, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Ah, yes... A touching little thing called *All Hail*
~~Concerto for~~
The Snail
~~a Cricket~~.

DURANTE: I SHALL RETIRE TO MY ROSE ROOM AND LISTEN...AND I'LL
ASK ROSE TO LISTEN, TOO. *12:10*

ORCHESTRA: (SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME)

MOORE: ~~Thank you, James...Here then, is~~ *the poem...*
~~Concerto for a~~
~~Cricket.....~~

MOORE: All hail, all hail, the little snail
All hail, I shout to you, oh snail,
The snail, all hail -- all hail the snail
To you, oh snail, I shout awww -- hail!

All hail all snails in their little huts
I frankly think they are the nuts!
Some people think that snails are gooey
But we don't never think that -- dooey?
Some folks even like to eat 'em,
But I don't -- I just like to greet 'em.

Oh, snail, you are a lovely creature--
And I would never ever eat yuh,
You ask if I am glad to see you?
Why, snail, I'd even like to be you.
From the tip of your nose to the top of your shell,
Oh little snail, I think you're swell.
Because with the housing situation
You're the only one I know with a reservation.
You've got a neat house and you know it'll fit yuh,
You don't hafta lock it -- you carry it witcha.
(CONTINUED)

MOORE:
(Cont'd)

It's not too tight, it's not too lose
It just fits snug on your caboose.
You've got no up-keep, got no rents --
You wear your house like I wear pants.
~~Got no landlord, got no lease,~~
~~Got no roaches, got no fleese.~~
You've got no over-crowded closets
No bath-room with drippy fozzets.
~~No wonder you are always hummin'~~
~~When you ain't got no leaky plumbin'.~~
A life like yours would be quite tireless --
Except you also got no wireless.
You've got no radio in your attick --
You've never known the joys of static.
You've never heard "The Road of Life"
Or been introduced to "John's Other Wife"
In fact unless the news was carried --
You didn't even know that John was married
~~No matter how long on short your wave is~~
~~You've never heard of Elmer Davis.~~
You've never enjoyed ^{the} ~~his~~ words of wizdom
Over the Columbia Broadcazding Zysdem.
You've never heard of Mr. Anthony
Or the people he talks to with anth in their panthony
~~You've never suffered with old Ma Perkins~~
~~Or heard a commercial for Shmerkin's Gherkins~~
~~Remember the slogan "Shmerkin's Gherkins~~
~~Ideal for your internal workin's."~~

(CONTINUED)

MOORE: ~~Ah, yes, dear snail, in radio~~
(Cont'd)

~~You've missed a lot that you should know.~~

But still I say, that come what may,

I'd trade with you most any day.

I'm tired of renting a house on a fine street

And next day finding it floating down Vine Street.

I'm tired of the house they're trying to freeze me in --

If I went on a diet, do you think you could squeeze me in?

You could? Huzzah! Landlord farewell!

I'm going to live in a portable shell.

Yes, I'm going to live in a portable shell,

So take your house and go to a renting agent,

I'm sure he'll fix you up.

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY-OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

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ORCHESTRA: (GIBBS INTRODUCTION)

MOORE: Thank you, my friends. *Yee!* /I guess poetry's okay
in its way...But for words set to music, I'll *love*
~~like~~ her Nibbs, Miss Gibbs...hi'yuh, Georgia...

GIBBS: Hi'yuh, Garry...Y'know, when our friends are away,
it's the old songs that come to mind. To my mind at
the moment comes one called "I'll Get By".....
remember? *15⁰⁰*

GIBBS: ("I'LL GET BY")

(APPLAUSE)

18⁰⁰

MOORE: *Oh Georgia -* Georgia, that was lovely. It had all the charm of Tschaikowsky's Second, Beethoven's Third, and Brahms' Fourth.

DURANTE: NEVER MIND THEM PLUGS. WHO CAME IN FIRST??

MOORE: James, my chum, those gentlemen were not horses... they were composers.

DURANTE: *18/2* COMPOSERS?? THEN THEY AND ME ARE SORORITY BROTHERS, *Oh Good.*
BUT THEY NEVER WROTE A SYMPHONY LIKE THIS ONE. LISTEN...
(SINGS).... C A M E L S... FROM MON-TE-SELLO TO
POKE-A-TELLO...EVERY FELLOW SAYS THEY'RE MELLOW. *I got it!*

PETRIE: Yes, Jimmy, you're perfectly right. Your throat will tell you that. And getting not too subtly to the subject of smoking and cigarettes, what goes into that throat.... your throats, ladies and gentlemen.....is very, very important.

DURANTE: IT'S OF THE UTMOST.

PETRIE: *yo, certainly - yes indeed - -* Your throat has very definite opinions on cigarette smoke. We say that the smoke of Camel's costlier tobaccos agrees with millions and millions of throats.

DURANTE: AND MINE TOO!!

MOORE: And mine too!

PETRIE: *yo -* We say: .. Try Camels and see for yourself. Smoother... Cooler...milder. Let your throat tell you. And as for the flavor.....that rich, full flavor... *hell* just give your taste a chance to give you the verdict on that.

ORCHESTRA: (C A M E L S!!!)

DURANTE: AIN'T IT WONDERFUL! EVERY WEEK THEY SPELL IT RIGHT. *1930*

PETRIE: *indeed, Jimmy -* Yes, .. and every week .. they're gonna be just wild about Harry.

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY-OFF)

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1930

DURANTE: AND NOW THE FRIDAY NIGHT CAMEL SHOW BRINGS YOU A DRAMA OF
AGRICULTURE AND FARMING....ENTITLED:

MOORE: "The farmer built his chicken coop in the middle of the
highway so his chickens could lay it on the line". Now,
Jimmy, in tonight's play you and I are gentleman farmers.
Do you know anything about farming?

DURANTE: OF A CERTAINTY.. I USED TO WORK IN A PHARMACY, ^{Dr. Good} WHY, IN MY
^{Dr. Good lived in there all along.} YOUTH/I WAS AN EXPERT AT PLOWING; A GENIUS AT CULTIVATING;
AND A WIZARD AT REAPING.

MOORE: How were you at sowing?

DURANTE: SOWING? THERE WASN'T A BETTER MAN WORKING FOR SINGER.

MOORE: Well, then what are we waiting for...let us hie to the
farm. *Heh - let us hie*

DURANTE: YOU HIE...AND I'LL HOE.
more: all right.
MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

SOUND: PHONE RINGS...PHONE UP

MOORE: Hello, Durante-Moore Farm.....Radishes our specialty.
We how 'em and grown 'em - You eat 'em and repeat 'em.
Moore speaking....

GIBBS: (FILTER) Mr. Moore, I represent the Farmer's Association,
and it's time for your weekly report on egg production.

MOORE: Very well, madam. This week Martha laid twelve eggs.

GIBBS: Good.

MOORE: Agnes laid nine eggs

GIBBS: Good.

MOORE: Rosemarie laid ten eggs. But as usual, Phyllis laid none.

GIBBS: Again Phyllis laid no eggs ? Have you investigated?

MOORE: Yes, and I've just discovered that Phyllis is ^aPhillip.

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

MOORE: *You must*
He could have strained himself that way.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

DURANTE: RUN FOR YOUR LIFE, JUNIOR....RUN FOR YOUR LIFE. LOOK
WHAT'S STANDING NEAR THE BARN!

MOORE: Why, Jimmy, ^{that's} ~~there's~~ nothing to be afraid of. ^{That's} ~~it's~~ only a
cow.

DURANTE: YEAH, BUT LOOK UNDERNEATH.....A BOMB WITH FOUR FUSES!

MOORE: JAMES, YOUR INTELLECTUAL CAPACITY AMAZES ME. YOU ARE
UNQUESTIONABLY THE WORLD'S GREATEST IGNORAMUS.

DURANTE: YEAH?.....MAYBE NOW I CAN GET ON HOBBY LOBBY.

MOORE: Jimmy, ^{you know} I've got some ^{great} ~~good~~ news ^{for you.} While you were away, I
figured out a system to step up our egg production.

DURANTE: THAT'S WONDERFUL, JUNIOR. HOW DOES IT WORK?

MOORE: Well, I installed a juke box in the chicken coop to get
the hens to lay faster, and in one hour they laid one
hundred and fifty quarts of eggs..

DURANTE: NOW WAIT A MINUTE, GARBY....HOW COULD A HEN LAY A QUART
OF EGGS?

MOORE: ^{Oh} They were laying them so fast, they didn't have time to
put shells around them.

DURANTE: ^{A de lude explanation. Mr. Thank you} ~~HOW VERY ONE LETTER!~~ BUT WHILE YOU'RE FIXING THINGS, JUNIOR,
^{this} I WISH YOU'D GIVE/A THOUGHT-TO THOSE AWFUL BUNKS WE SLEEP
IN. ALL LAST NIGHT I DREAMT OF NUTTIN' BUT GRASSHOPPERS!

MOORE: Grasshoppers? It must have been something you ate, What
did you eat?

DURANTE: GRASSHOPPERS!.....A VICIOUS CIRCLE!

SOUND: ^{no} ~~no~~ ^{go certainly} DOOR OPEN

PETRIE: *Hay* They're taking me away in a net! You can't let them take me away in a net! Please, don't let them take me away in a net!

MOORE: Say, who are you??

PETRIE: Oh, just a little butterfly!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT!

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

MOORE: Yes?

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MITCHELL: How do you do, gentlemen? I'm Penelope Potpie.

MOORE: How do you do. I know your sister chicken...Ha-ha.

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT!!

MOORE: Oh, I'm as sharp as a marshmallow *brought*.

MITCHELL: Please, gentlemen ... I'm in a hurry!

DURANTE: WHY DON'T YOU PULL UP A SEARS AND PARK YOUR ROEBUCK??

MITCHELL: I won't beat around the bush. I came over to tell you that I don't like the nasty things you've been saying about me.

DURANTE: *I love that word.*
WHY, THAT'S UTTERLY UTT. I'VE NEVER BREATHED A WORD.
HOW ABOUT YOU, GARRY??

MOORE: *Garry*
Well, the only thing I've ever said is that Miss Potpie has a figure like a million dollars.

DURANTE: HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A MILLION DOLLARS??

MOORE: That's what I said.... She has a figure like nothing I've ever seen.

MITCHELL: And another thing. You've spread some vicious lies about my farm; claiming my products are inferior.

MOORE: But I merely made an innocent remark about the size of your prize tomato.

Yes it's true -
DURANTE: AND IT'S TRUE. / THAT WAS NO TOMATO...YOU USED A RADISH
WITH A BICYCLE PUMP.

MITCHELL: Gentlemen, I am proud of my farm -- and all the
animals on it. And I'll bet my farm against your farm
that my cow will give more milk than your cow. Now
how about it -- are you men or are you mice?

MOORE: I'm a man.

DURANTE: AND I'M A -- (TAKE) HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT! SOLD UP
THE RIVER BY MY OWN PARTNER!

MOORE: Miss Potpie -- *you have* ~~it's~~ a bet. We'll hold a milking ***
contest at the county fair.

MITCHELL: Very well...And be careful that your cow isn't just
a lot of bull!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: NOW THERE'S A DAME WHO SHOULD BE PLOWED UNDER. BUT,
JUNIOR, WE'RE ON A SPOT. OUR COW HAS GOTTA GIVE MORE
MILK, OR WE LOSE THE FARM.

MOORE: Don't worry, Jimmy -- take this rubber glove of mine
and fill it up with water.

DURANTE: What do you want with a rubber glove full of water?

MOORE: I'M PRACTICING FIRST WITHOUT THE COW!

Durante: I get it.
ORCHESTRA: (BRIDGE)

SOUND: CHEERS, CROWD

PETRIE: (OFF) And so, ladies and gentlemen of the County Fair, Miss Potpie has finished milking her cow and has established a new record of fourteen gallons.

DURANTE: FOURTEEN GALLONS!

MOORE: Yeah! And she told us she only had an A-card!..How're you doing with our cow, Jimmy?

DURANTE: NOT SO GOOD! I'VE BEEN WORKIN' ON HER FOR HALF AN HOUR -- AND WHAT DO YOU THINK I'VE GOT!

MOORE: What?

DURANTE: BLISTERS!..WHY SHE DON'T LET GO OF ENOUGH CREAM TO CLOUD UP A DEMI-TASSE.

MOORE: Jimmy, I've got an idea. Maybe she likes music... You sing and I'll milk.

DURANTE: OKAY -- LET'S GO. (SING) OH, GIVE ME A HOME -- WHERE THE BUFFALO ROAM -- WHERE THE DEER AND THE ANTELOPE PLAYYY...WELL, JUNIOR -- HOW'S SHE DOIN'?

MOORE: It's no good, Jimmy. She's a modern cow and you sing too corny...Play some boogie-woogie on the piano.

DURANTE: AND FOR THIS I TOOK LESSONS...OKAY -- LET'S GO!

PIANO: (BOOGIE WOOGIE)

MOORE: (MILKING) Jimmy, that's wonderful!

DURANTE: DOES SHE LIKE IT?

MOORE: Like it? Why she's throwing five pounds of cottage cheese during an eight-bar rest.

DURANTE: *By* THAT'S WONDERFUL! BUT WE NEED TEN MORE GALLONS TO BREAK EVEN...YOU PLAY THE PIANO, AND I'LL MILK.

MOORE: Okay --- I'll play "I'm Forever Blowin' Bubbles."

DURANTE: OKAY.

PIANO: ("I'M FOREVER BLOWING BUBBLES")

DURANTE: JUNIOR! WE'RE SAVED! THIS COW IS WORTH A MILLION DOLLARS.

MOORE: When I play "I'm Forever Blowin' Bubbles" does she give off milk?

DURANTE: GIVE OFF MILK? SHE'S GIVING OFF CHAMPAGNE!

Shore. Oh no
ORCHESTRA: (PLAY-OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

26⁰⁰

6/9/44

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

MARCELLE: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week. Tonight we salute Lieutenant Grover C. Blissard, of Big Spring, Texas, who wears the Distinguished Service Cross, the Purple Heart, the Air Medal, three campaign bars, and three sets of wings. His own pilot's wings. And two other sets given him in profound appreciation of his gallantry by his group commander and by an Italian general. In your honor, Lieutenant Blissard, the makers of Camels are sending to our fighting men 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 almost four million Yanks with free shows and free Camels.

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO WHO WILL BE WITH YOU)

26/40

26/55

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

MOORE: A magnificent note, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: *No* AN ADORABLE NOTE, MR. MOORE.

MOORE: *Yes* - And I must say James, that I've never heard you in
singing than you ever sing.
better voice. You sound like Nino Martini...with two
olives.

DURANTE: *J.* ~~AND~~ THAT WAS ONLY MY DRAWING ROOM VOICE, *oh!* ~~JUNIOR~~ Y'KNOW
IN MY YOUTH, I WAS AN IMPORTANT MAN WITH THE CHICAGO
LIGHT OPERA COMPANY.

MOORE: You were?

DURANTE: YEAH! EVERY NIGHT WHEN THE OPERA WAS OVER...I TURNED OUT
THE LIGHT.

MOORE: *Just* Oh, great! With your mug you should have played the
Barber of Seville.

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT.

Moore:
ORCHESTRA: (PLAY OFF)

MOORE: Good night, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: GOOD NIGHT, MR. MOORE.

~~MOORE:~~ You'll we wild about Harry.

BOTH: Good night, everybody. (FOLKS)

ORCHESTRA: (UP AND OUT)

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (THEME...BUMPER...IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN)

27⁵⁰

6/9/44

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", and next Thursday, ^{oh - next Thursday -} you'll be just wild about Harry. Yes...next Thursday is the night when Harry Savoy makes his bow in a completely new Camel Comedy show. Harry's wild about nonsense and Harry's wild about fun. A zany...^a /dinwit...in fact, he's downright nuts, and you'll love him. Remember...next Thursday night on another network Camel cigarettes present Harry Savoy. And next Friday listen to Georgia Gibbs, Roy Bargy and his Orchestra, yours truly, Howard Petrie.

DURANTE: AND JIMMY DURANTE.

MOORE: And Garry Moore.

BOTH: IN PERSON!
 (APPLAUSE)

28³⁰

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP...FADE FOR:)

PETRIE: *28⁵⁵* And remember...try Camels on your throat and your taste. See for yourself how Camel's mildness, coolness and flavor click with you! *28⁴⁵*

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP)

(APPLAUSE)

(BOARD FADE)

(SWITCH TO STUDIO FIVE FOR HITCH-HIKE)

(ADDITIONAL CLOSING IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN)

28⁵⁰

(IN STUDIO FIVE)

SHIELDS: June eighteenth, is Father's Day. How about doing your Father's Day shopping early. Early -- and wisely...like giving dad a present you know he'll like a big red pound or half pound package of Prince Albert. Watch that look of pleasure come over his face as he sniffs that great, mellow, aged-in-the-wood aroma, when he savors that grand, rich flavor. Prince Albert is mild and bite-free, because it's no-bite treated. It's crimp out to pack and draw and burn just the way dad likes it. He'll be saying a great, big "Thank You" -- and he won't *just be* acting polite!

ANNCR: This is CBS...The COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.