

(REVISED)

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WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

BROADCAST

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

CBS NETWORK
FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1944

PROGRAM 66
7:00 - 7:30 PM, PWT

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

ELVIA ALLMAN

PAT MCGEEHAN

FRED SHIELDS

DIRECTOR.....PHIL COHAN

51454 5394

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

Program 66

FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1944

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

CUE: (COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM)
(.....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 IN THE TUNNEL OF LOVE WITH MY GIRL AND OUR BOAT'S BEEN
STUCK IN THE DARK FOR THREE HOURS!

MOORE: Gee, I'll bet you're having fun!

DURANTE: YOU SAID IT! SO FAR I'VE DEVELOPED FOUR ROLLS OF FILM!

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...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!

MUSIC: (OUT)

PETRIE: Ladies and gentlemen. Once every ten years a bright new comedy star appears on the horizon...Once every ten years a new name is added to the list of famous comedians...Yes, this happens once every ten years, but this isn't one of those years, so we give you...

Garry Moore!

(APPLAUSE)

MOORE: Well, thank you, thank you very much, my friends, and good evening ladies and gentlemen...and thank you, too, Mr. Howard Petrie.

PETRIE: *Well,* You're more than welcome. *Garry* But ~~Garry~~ *Ray*, you sure look as though you've been working hard this week.

MOORE: *Oh* And no wonder. *Howard. You know* I've been entertaining at army camps, *Howard,* and at every camp I offer to wrestle anybody in the audience. *And* So far I've won every match...but *Ray* from now on it's going to be tough.

PETRIE: How come?

MOORE: Next week, I start playing the men's camps!

PETRIE: *Well Garry that* Certainly sounds rugged.

MOORE: *Oh* Oh, *Howard* ferocious! But then, I dunno -- I've had plenty of fun too. *Gee.* At the last camp I played, after the show was over, there I was in a canoe under the moonlight with a beautiful blonde WAC.

PETRIE: Private?

MOORE: No. Her mother was along...But what a girl....and does she love to dance.

PETRIE: Well, Garry...that let's you out *boy*.

MOORE: *Howard* Oh, you're josting -- you're josting I've engaged a dancing teacher and she should be here any minute to give me my first lesson.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

MOORE: *Oh* Come in....

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES

ELVIA: (VERY ARTY) Greetings, greetings, *greetings all!* I am Pavlowa Pifflebundle.

MOORE: You are Pavlowa Whofulwondel?

ELVIA: Pavlowa Pifflebundle.

MOORE: Well, ~~that could happen to anybody.~~ ^{have you tried self-defense?} Now, tell me, Miss Pifflebundle, do you teach ballroom dancing?

ELVIA: No, Mr. Moore - my heart is with the higher forms of dancing. ^{Oh} I simply ache for the ballet!

MOORE: Well, pull up a chair! I have a ballet ache too.

ELVIA: Oh, Mr. Moore...I can see we'll get ^{very} on well together. Tell me, is there any kind of dancing you're particularly interested in?

MOORE: ^{Oh} Yes I'd ^{love} ~~like~~ to be a... oh but I'd ^{just} look silly with a fan! Really though, ^{Miss Pifflebundle} I'm awfully interested in becoming a good dancer. What do you think of my chances?

ELVIA: Well, pull up your trousers and let me look at your legs.

MOORE: Well, if you really - want to -- Howww!

ELVIA: Higher...higher...there...oh, ~~dear me!~~ ^{damn it!}

MOORE: What's the matter?

ELVIA: ~~Damn it!~~ Everybody's legs are nicer than mine!! (SIGH)

Oh, well, but before we start our lesson, I'd like to know...have you been interested in dancing for long?

MOORE: Oh, yes...I have a lady friend who does a dance with nothing on but a coat of gold paint. ^{ge -} It's quite a novelty.

ELVIA: But won't she get arrested?

MOORE: Not unless the novelty wears off. But come now - let's get on with my dancing lesson.

ELVIA: All right...now put your arms around me..And please pay strict attention, because at this I make my living!

MOORE: ~~Okay.~~ *All right.*

ELVIA: Oh, hold me tighter!...tighter!

MOORE: Do you call this dancing?

ELVIA: No. But it sure is living!!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: I dunno...People like that will never replace the old fashioned human being.

ORCHESTRA: (DURANTE INTRODUCTION)

MOORE: But, someone who will is Camel's 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....STOP THE MUSIC! STOP THE MUSIC! DROP EVERYTHING, JUNIOR...I GOT AN ANECDOTE FOR YOU THAT'LL PUT YOUR HAIR UP IN CURLERS!

MOORE: Give out, Jimmy....give out.

DURANTE: LAST NIGHT I WENT TO MY GIRL FRIEND'S HOUSE. IN ONE HAND I HAD A LOVELY CORSAGE OF NEW-RAL-GERS (WITH THE LONG STEMS) AND IN THE OTHER HAND I HAD A QUART OF TUTTU FRUTTI ICE CREAM. WE'D EATEN MOST OF THE TUTTI (AND WAS GETTING DOWN TO THE FRUTTI) WHEN I STARTED PROPOSING. I GOT DOWN ON MY KNEES AND SAID, "DARLING MARRY ME - AND I I'LL ALWAYS BE AT YOUR FEET - I'LL FOREVER BE AT YOUR FEET."

MOORE: What did she say?

DURANTE: SHE SAID 'LISTEN, I WANT A HUSBAND - NOT A CHIROPODIST! *She married me I'd a green her health, wealth and a whole lot more.*
~~THERE'S A GIRL WHO KEEPS A MAN ON THE GOES!~~

MOORE: *you're* ~~Oh~~, Jimmy.. *see why* always in love. You sound like Romeo on the balcony.

DURANTE: I DON'T DO SO BAD IN THE ORCHESTRA EITHER....BUT THAT'S NEITHER CIRCUM NOR STANCIAL....THE OTHER EVENING I WAS IN THE KITCHEN, DIC-ING SOME CARROTS (I WAS GONNA SHOOT CRAPS WITH A VEGETARIAN) WHEN I GOT A MESSAGE TO COME RIGHT DOWN TO WASHINGTON:)

MOORE: what did the big wigs want you for this time, Jimmy?

DURANTE: THEY WANTED ME TO ADDRESS BOTH HOUSES OF CONGRESS...WHEN I GOT THERE CONGRESS WAS IN ^{regular} SESSION, BUT I WALKED RIGHT UP ON THE Dais AND SHOUTED, "GENTLEMEN, DURANTE IS HERE! I WANT THE FLOOR! I DEMAND THE FLOOR!!"

MOORE: Did they give you the floor?

DURANTE: THEY NOT ONLY GAVE ME THE FLOOR, BUT THEY GAVE ME A CAN OF JOHNSON'S WAX TO POLISH IT WITH! (I'LL REMEMBER THAT WHEN I HAND OUT ^{the} PATRONAGE.)

MOORE: *Jimmy*, Did you spend much time at the nation's capitol??

DURANTE: *Oh* - JUST OVERNIGHT. AS A MATTER OF FACT, I SHARED A MOST COMFORTABLE BED WITH A JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT.

MOORE: Murphy??

DURANTE: NO. JUST A REGULAR BED!...AND NEXT MORNING I WAS OFF ⁸ FOR CHICAGO TO ~~MAKE PREPARATIONS FOR THE COMING~~ ^{say up my parents of the} PRESIDENTIAL CONVENTION. ~~WHAT AN OVERTON...I WAS MET BY~~ ^{As soon as I arrived I was} A CROWD SHOUTING DURANTE FOR PRESIDENT! AND THEY MADE ME GUEST OF HONOR AT A BASEBALL GAME. ~~IT WAS A BIG~~ ^{Garry} ~~GAME AND~~ WHO DO YOU THINK WAS THE UMPIRE?

MOORE: Who?

DURANTE: UMBRIAGO!... AND YOU SHOULD'A SEEN HIM UMPIRE...IN THE FIRST INNING HE CALLED A WRONG DECISION AND GOT HIT ON THE HEAD BY THREE HUNDRED POP BOTTLES. IN THE SECOND INNING HE CALLED ANOTHER WRONG DECISION AND GOT HIT ON THE HEAD BY FIVE HUNDRED MORE BOTTLES!

MOORE: But Jimmy, why didn't he stop calling wrong decisions?

DURANTE: NOT UMBRIAGO! HE WAS GETTING FIVE CENTS BACK ON EACH BOTTLE!

MOORE: Oh, that Umbriago, ~~he always did have a good head for business~~ but Jummy, with the Presidential Convention opening in just a few days, you'd better rest up until it starts.

DURANTE: HOW TRUE, JUNIOR, JUST LAST SUNDAY I MADE UP MY MIND TO RELAX FROM MY PRESIDENTIAL ACTIVITIES, SO I DECIDED TO GO TO THE BEACH. (WITH AN EYE ON THE BARRACUDA VOTE) SO I GOES UP TO THE ATTIC UNLOCKS THE CLOSET AND WHAT DO YOU THINK ~~WAS~~ HAPPENED TO MY BATHING SUIT -- ~~UNWRAPS IT AND I'M AGHAST!~~ THE MOTHS HAD EATEN A HOLE RIGHT THROUGH THE KNEE! IRREGARDLESS OF THE CATICTRASTROPE I SLIPS IT ON AND TAKES ALONG MY BEACH UMBRELLA, MY BEACH CHAIR (WITH THE PETTY POINT SEAT), A JAR OF CITRONELLA FOR THE MOSQUITOES, A JAR OF UNQUENTINE FOR THE SUNBURN, AND A JAR OF MUSTARD FOR THE HOT DOGS, AND I'M OFF! PARKING MY CAR ON MAIN STREET WHICH IS A-JAY-CENT TO THE BEACH I WALKS DOWN TO THE SAND, AND SELECTS A QUIET SPOT. I UNFOLDS MY BEACH CHAIR (WITH THE PETTY POINT SEAT) RUB ON THE CITRONELLA, SMEAR ON THE UNQUENTINE, BUYS A HOT DOG, APPLIES THE MUSTARD. AND I STARTS STICKING THE BEACH UMBRELLA INTO THE SAND JUST THEN I HEARS A SCREAM. AND WHAT DO YOU THINK?? I WAS JABBING A FAT MAN BURIED IN THE SAND! (WAS MY FACE RED. AND NOT FROM THE SUN).
(CONTINUED)

DURANTE:
(Cont'd)

SO I TAKES THE BEACH CHAIR (WITH THE PETTY POINT SEAT).
THE CITRONELLA, THE UNQUENTINE THE HOT DOG AND THE
MUSTARD. AND I MOVES BACK TWENTY FEET!! ONCE MORE I
STICKS MY BEACH UMBRELLA INTO THE SAND, UNFOLD MY BEACH
CHAIR, PUTS DOWN THE CITRONELLA, THE UNQUENTINE, THE HOT
DOG AND THE MUSTARD. *Not just alone - so -* BORROWING A PAIL AND SHOVEL, I
BURIES MYSELF IN THE SAND (WITH JUST MY HEAD STICKING OUT,
NOW I'M FINALLY RELAXING AND ^{then} /WHAT HAPPENS?? A GREAT
BIG GUY COMES SLIDING RIGHT INTO ME AND HE SAYS DON'T
MOVE BUDDY, WE'RE PLAYING BALL AND YOUR NOSE IS THIRD
BASE!! *I'm surrounded by associates!*
NOW I'M FERMENTIN'!

ONCE AGAIN I PICKS UP THE BEACH UMBRELLA, THE BEACH CHAIR
(WITH THE PETTY POINT SEAT) THE CITRONELLA, THE
UNQUENTINE, THE HOT DOG, AND THE MUSTARD; *Now* I GOTTA GET
AWAY FROM THE CROWD AND THIS TIME I MOVE BACK A HUNDRED
MORE FEET! FINALLY I'M RELAXED - AT PEACE WITH THE WORLD.
..WHEN SUDDENLY A COP COMES OVER AND SAYS BUDDY, YOU'RE
UNDER ARREST! I SAYS: FOR WHAT? AND HE SAYS" FOR LYING
OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF MAIN STREET IN YOUR BATHING SUIT!

ORCHESTRA:

How mortifying!
(PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE)

MOORE: Well, James, that was quite a struggle you had with your beach umbrella. But for comment on more ~~modern~~ *fundamental* contraptions, let us consult Howard Petrie...

PETRIE: Talk about radio, television...all the modern inventions. Well, Old Mother Nature was a mighty brilliant inventor herself. Some of the mechanisms she contrived are wonderful...like the human throat, for example. A wonderful instrument that certainly rates care and attention ... like getting the cigarette that best agrees with it. Let your throat try Camel's mildness and coolness and kindness. Let your taste try the rich, full, flavor of Camel's costlier tobaccos!!

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

PETRIE: Try Camel...today!!

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO "TICO TICO")

PETRIE: Roy Bargy and the Orchestra now, in a Roy Bargy
arrangement of "TICO TICO".

ORCHESTRA: ("TICO TICO".)

(APPLAUSE)

DURANTE: WHAT A BAND ^{Junior} AND HOW THOSE BOYS DO PLAY FOR ROY BARGY!!
AND NO WONDER ^{Junior} .. THE WAY HE WAVES THAT STICK AROUND THEY'RE
AFRAID HE'S GONNA BEAT THEIR BRAINS OUT!! ...BUT LET US
NOT DEAL IN NON-ESSENTIALS ^{more; all right.} .. LET US REPAIR TO THE
CULTURE CORNER AND MR. GARRY MOORE....TELL ME, JUNIOR...
HAVE YOU ANOTHER STIRRING LECTURE FOR US TONIGHT??

MOORE: Well, James, in the past I have given many educational
lectures,
I remember I gave one for old maids, entitled,
"How To Keep From Being Accosted On The Street And Which
Streets To Go On To Make Sure You'll Be." ...

DURANTE: ^{Go,} I REMEMBER THAT IT WAS CRUMMY WITH CULTURE.

MOORE: ^{doesn't it though -} Ah, but tonight, James, I'm giving a lecture that tops
them all, entitled, "How To Be A Radio Comedian, or Who Was
That Flute Player I Seen You With Last Night That Was No
Flute Player That Was My Wife."

DURANTE: ^{sounds very fascinating -} SOUNDS FASCINATING. I SHALL REPAIR TO MY LOOEY
FOURTEENTH BED AND LISTEN ... AND I'LL ASK LOOEY TO LISTEN,
TOO.

MOORE: That's kind of you, James... Now first of all ^{my friends} we come to
the ^{most important} question - what does a person need to be a comedian?

ELVIA: All right. Tell us, Mr. Moore - what does a person need
to be a comedian?

MOORE: ^{Oh thank you, ma'am -} Well, he needs plenty of time to stand on the corner of
Hollywood and Vine.

ELVIA: Why Hollywood and Vine?

MOORE: I dunno - all comedians stand there. That's so they can
say, "Y'know, folke, a funny thing happened to me today...
I was standing on the corner of Hollywood and Vine when a
girl came up to me and started staring at me. (CONTINUED)

MOORE:
(Cont'd)

Well, she must've thought she knew me, because she finally said, "Are you Harry?" And I said, "Just a little ...around the chest."...Oh, you've just gotta stand on ~~that~~ corner.

ELVIA:

I see...And something funny always happens there.

MOORE:

To everyone but me...Three days last week I stood on the corner of Hollywood and Vine, and nothing happened until a blonde walked by.

ELVIA:

tell them
~~and~~ what happened?

MOORE:

My case comes up in the morning. But even more important, young lady, every comedian has GOT to have an uncle.

ELVIA:

I don't get it.

MOORE:

Well, yuh gotta have an uncle so's when somebody says to you, "I work on a dairy farm" YOU can ^{always} say, "Why, I had an UNCLE who worked on a dairy farm once. But he got fired for making the cows lie on their back while he milked 'em.

ELVIA:

Why did he milk the cows upside down??

MOORE:

He was from Oklahoma, and he was ~~might~~ home-sick to see a gusher.

EIVIA: I see. In other words, then all you need to be a comedian is a funny street, a funny corner and a crazy relative??

MOORE: Well, ~~yes~~, yes....that and a telephone,

EIVIA: I don't understand.

MOORE: Well, anytime you're on the air and you're stuck for a joke, the telephone rings, and...

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

MOORE: Oh, excuse me....there's my ^{tele-} phone now.

SOUND: PHONE UP

MOORE: Hello???....Oh, hello, Charlie....You say tomorrow is your girl's birthday, and you don't know what to get her for a present??....Well, I'll tell you, Charlie ^{You see -} Some girls like pink ones...And some girls like white ones.....and then there's the type of girl who prefers black ones...but I'd play safe - get her a box of assorted jellybeans.

SOUND: PHONE UP

MOORE: So you see, my dear young lady, there is nothing to this comedian racket...I've got a telephone, now if I had just one more thing, I could be a success.

EIVIA: What's that??

MOORE: A song. If I could just get a song to finish with...*Should*

ORCHESTRA: (SNEAK IN MUSIC)

MOORE: Well, rip me a zipper and call me a talon scout!
There's my music now...Will you join me??

EIVIA: I'd love to,

MOORE: *All together then - here we go!*

MOORE: A comedian's life is a glad one.
It certainly isn't a sad one.

ELVIA: A comedian's life is a glad one.

MOORE: And my sponsor just wishes he had one...Farewell.....

ELVIA: Farewell.

MOORE: Goodbye.

ELVIA: Goodbye.

MOORE: So long.

ELVIA: So long.

MOORE: Farewell.

I tell jokes every day except Mondays.
Funny jokes every day except Mondays.

ELVIA: And why don't you tell jokes on Mondays??

MOORE: 'Cause on Mondays I wash out my undies. Farewell.

ELVIA: So long.

MOORE: Goodbye.

ELVIA: Get out.

MOORE: Sca-ram.

ELVIA: Vamoose.

MOORE: Hit the road!

BOTH: FAREWELL!
(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (SNEAK IN GIBB'S INTRODUCTION)

MOORE: Thank you, my friends, but now let us hie to the charm
department. And that, of course, is her Nibbs,
Miss Gibbs....Hi'yuh, Georgia.

GIBBS: Hi'yuh, Garry....Y'know, in the span of a season, many
songs have come and gone. But there's one that's
sticking around a little longer than the others...and
very rightly so...It's called -- "I'll Be Seeing You."

GIBBS: ("I'LL BE SEEING YOU")
(APPLAUSE)

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MOORE: Oh, fine Georgia, fine; ^{indeed} and say, Jimmy --

DURANTE: YES, JUNIOR.

MOORE: While we're in the Musical Department, how are you coming along with your unfinished symphony?

DURANTE: WITH ALACRICY! WHY I'VE COMPOSED AN ORIGINAL MELODY THAT GOES ALL THE WAY BACK TO MENDELSON!

MOORE: Back to Mendleson?

DURANTE: ^{Yes and} FARTHER THAN THAT IT EVEN GOES BACK TO MENDEL'S FATHER, ^{du: ds.}

LISTEN C-A-M-E-L-S -- NORTH AND SOUTH OF THE EQUATOR,

THERE'S NO CIGARETTE THAT'S GREATER.

PETRIE: ^{Oh that's} / True, Jimmy! ^{Very true indeed} / And that's why we say earnestly and emphatically. Try a Camel and let your throat find out for yourself. Your throat is the proving ground for cigarettes. The best judge of what cigarette is best for you.

MOORE: Touchez

DURANTE: AND GESUNDHEIT, TOO!

PETRIE: ^{Yes,} And your taste is certainly the most dependable judge of the smoking enjoyment a cigarette delivers. So try on your taste the full, rich flavor of their superb blend of costlier tobaccos.

DURANTE: INDUBITABLY.

MOORE: Quite.

PETRIE: War or peace, Camel is still Camel. Try one right now -- for your throat -- for you taste. If your store happens to be out of them -- well, Camels are worth asking for again.

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

DURANTE: ^{As to you like that!} EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE PACK!

ORCHESTRA: (SHORT PLAYOFF)

DURANTE: AND NOW THE FRIDAY NIGHT CAMEL SHOW BRINGS YOU A DRAMA OF
HOLLYWOOD AND MOTION PICTURES.....ENTITLED --

MOORE: "Who Stole The Producer's Garters"...or, "The Last Time
I Saw Paris". Now Jimmy, in tonight's play, you and I
are movie producers. Do you know anything about making
pictures?

DURANTE: ARE YOU JOSHING, JUNIOR? WHY, IN MY YOUTH I WAS A
CECIL B. DEMILLE WITH THE DRAMAS...A LOUIS B. MAYER WITH
THE MUSICALS...AND A ^{Joe Pasternak} ~~METZENBERG~~ WITH THE COMEDIES ^{and} ~~and~~

MOORE: How were you with the shorts?

DURANTE: THERE WASN'T A BETTER MAN WORKING FOR B.V.D. (IT WAS
A SMALL JOB....I ^{was working} ~~WORKED~~ FOR BUTTONS.)

MOORE: Well, then, we're due at the studio ^{James}.....let us hopalong.

DURANTE: YOU HOPALONG...I'LL CASSIDY.

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

SOUND: PHONE RINGS....PHONE UP

MOORE: Hello, Durante-Moore Pictures,..We cast 'em and shoot
'em; you see 'em and hoot 'em....Moore speaking,....

GIBBS: (FILTER) Mr. Moore, I'd like some information. Can you
tell me which studio makes the most historical pictures?

MOORE: Why, that's easy. Twentieth Century Fox has made
practically every historical picture filmed...that is,
except the Ride of Lady Godiva.

GIBBS: Wasn't the Ride of Lady Godiva made by
Twentieth Century Fox?

MOORE: No, Sixteenth Century....bare.

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

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MOORE: I can just see ^{it in} the ~~message~~ ^{feature} -- Lady Godiva - now showing at your local theatre.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: JUNIOR AM I EXHAUSTED - PULL UP A CHAISE LUNCH.

MOORE: What's the matter?

DURANTE: FOR TEN HOURS I'M STANDING IN LINE AT MY NEIGHBORHOOD THEATRE WAITING TO SEE "DR. WASSEL". FINALLY I TURNED TO THE LADY BEHIND ME AND SAID: MADAM, IT CERTAINLY IS HARD TO SEE DR. WASSEL. AND WHAT DO YOU THINK SHE SAYS?

MOORE: What?

DURANTE: YOU'RE TELLING ME; I'M MRS. WASSEL; (MY EYEBROWS WERE POSITIVELY AKIMBO)

MOORE: Y'know, James, this is a great life, being Hollywood producers...wearing satin sweatshirts and sable snuggies..

DURANTE: I ADORE IT.

MOORE: *Yo-* That reminds me...I must have my secretary call up Lana Turner's maid and break my dinner engagement.

DURANTE: BREAK IT? WHAT FOR?

MOORE: Because I have a previous engagement with Hedy LaMarr's maid.

DURANTE: THAT'S THE HOLLYWOOD CONDITIONS THAT PREVAIL.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

PETRIE: ^{let} Don't let them throw me in the briney deep! You can't let them throw me in the briney deep!! Please, don't ^{let} let them throw me in the briney deep!

MOORE: ~~Say~~, who are you??

PETRIE: Oh, just a little pickle!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

~~Durante:~~ MOORE: ^{listen} Everybody wants to get into the act. Jimmy, we've got to get working on our newest production all we need is the right leading lady. She must be fresh, vibrant, ^{and} alive.

Hollywood needs a new face.

^{Durante:} SOUND: ^{go} DOOR KNOCK

MOORE: Come in.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ALLMAN: How do you do, gentlemen. I'm Patricia Fitch, the actress, Hollywood is looking for a new face and I've got it.

MOORE: Well, don't just stand there...run home and get it.

ALLMAN: Why, the nerve...For your information, I am a beauty contest winner. I was chosen Miss Nebraska.

DURANTE: I DON'T BELIEVE IT.

ALLMAN: Why not??

DURANTE: BECAUSE YOU'RE SHAPED MORE LIKE SOUTH DAKOTA! (HA-HA-HA.... I GOT FORTY EIGHT OF 'EM...FORTY EIGHT OF 'EM...)

ALLMAN: Now you wait a minute, ^{really} I'll have you know I stand a very good chance of being voted...Miss America! ^{So} You hear me... Miss America...

MOORE: Stop! You're speaking of the country I love!!

ALLMAN: ^{Oh} I don't have to come here and be insulted. I can go to Paramount and be insulted in technicolor.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: Jimmy, tomorrow we start shooting our picture and the script isn't even finished. Can you type??

DURANTE: INDUBITABLY. I USE THE TOUCH SYSTEM... WATCH, I'LL SHOW YOU.

SOUND: TYPEWRITER POUNDING...PAPER OUT

DURANTE: THERE, JUNIOR...NOW WHAT DOES IT SAY??

MOORE: Sleezz-o-flap??

DURANTE: SLEEZZ-O-FLAP??

MOORE: Yes.

DURANTE: HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT?? I CAN WRITE IN SLEEZZ-O-FLAP-IAN TOO!!

MOORE: Well, don't worry about it. Writers, as a rule, starve before they turn out a great work. ^{D. Yal!} I know one writer who couldn't sell a story for years. And then one day he went into his attic with his typewriter and starved for six weeks.

DURANTE: HOW DID IT AFFECT HIS WORK?

MOORE: Very badly. He died! ^{D. Ple yes -} Well, let's get on with the scenario, ^{shall} we? We start shooting tomorrow.

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

DURANTE: CAMERS OKAY ...SOUND OKAY! QUIET ON THE SET!!

PETRIE: Quiet please...

BARGY: Quiet please...

ALLMAN: Quiet please...

PETRIE: Quiet please...

MOORE: (YELLS) ^{Durante} ~~At~~, Shaddup! Jimmy, everything happens to us, our leading man is ill, so you'll have to play the part of Paul Revere.

DURANTE: PAUL REVERE??

MOORE: *Yes - why not?*
Aren't you the washbuckling type??

DURANTE: I NEVER BUCKLED A SWASH IN MY LIFE!!

MOORE: Well/~~Jimmy~~, *now really you know* there's nothing to it. All you have to do is get on a horse and ride and ride and ride.

DURANTE: TELL, ME, JUNIOR, DO I GET KILLED IN THE END??

MOORE: No, just badly bruised....Now are you ready??

DURANTE: JUNIOR YOU'RE MAKING A BIG MISTAKE. YOU SHOULD WAIT FOR THE LEADING MAN.

PETRIE: One if by land and two if by sea; And I on the opposite shore will be, Ready to ride and spread the alarm, Through every Middlesex village and farm.

DURANTE: SAY, ARE YOU THE LEADING MAN??

PETRIE: No, but ~~do I~~ *love* know my Longfellow??

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: *you know*
I'd like to borrow his I.Q. for tonight. I'm going out with a moron!

DURANTE: IT'S A DATE, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO GET ME HOME EARLY!!

MOORE: Come on, Jimmy, we're over schedule now .. and we're down to our last reel of film. If you spoil this scene we'll be bankrupt.

DURANTE: YEAH ... AND THEY SAY THAT'S VERY BAD FOR BUSINESS.

MOORE: That's the spirit, Jimmy. Now get on your horse and ride up to that tower and signal with this lantern...one, if by land; and two, if by sea.

DURANTE: OKAY, JUNIOR...ONE IF .BY LAND...AND TWO IF BY SEA.
START THE CAMERA!!

SOUND: HOOFBEATS

Oh no - no - wait - oh -
MOORE: /Cut! Cut! Cut! Jimmy, I told you to signal once if the
soldiers were coming.

DURANTE: I KNOW YOU DID!

MOORE: And I told you to signal, twice if the sailors were coming.

DURANTE: I KNOW THAT TOO!

MOORE: Well, then why did you signal ten times??

DURANTE: UMBRIAGO WAS COMING!!

MUSIC: (PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

MC GEEHAN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week. Tonight we salute Corporal Paul B. Huff, of Cleveland, Tennessee, the first parachute infantryman to win the Congressional Medal of Honor, the highest award the nation can bestow. He advanced three hundred and fifty yards under heavy fire through a Nazi mine field in Italy to silence a hidden machine-gun emplacement. In your honor, Corporal Huff, 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")

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: AN ADORABLE NOTE, MR. MOORE.

MOORE: And I have here, James, another note. From Washington
this time. It's about the Fifth War Loan Drive.

DURANTE: WELL --

MOORE: Well, Jimmy, what can a guy say? Look here at the
headlines tonight ^{Full of Cherbourg Dismantled} (~~HERE INSERT HEADLINE~~) Now the people
know what effort that headline must have cost us. They
know they've got to back the attack and buy more bonds.

DURANTE: JUNIOR DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY KNOW THAT ONE OCEAN -GOING
LANDING BARGE COSTS ABOUT TWO MILLION DOLLARS. OR THAT IN
SICILY THEY USED EIGHTEEN THOUSAND GALLONS OF GASOLINE
EVERY HOUR.

MOORE: Well, ^{Jimmy} they may not know the figures -- but we all know it's
no piggy-bank proposition...So folks, this is the
Fifth War Loan. We say let's make it the First Victory
Loan. And when the men come back we can look 'em in
the eye and say, "I did what I could here, Joe. Thanks
for what you did there."

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT!

ORCHESTRA: (THEME)

MOORE: Goodnight, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: GOODNIGHT, MR. MOORE.

BOTH: GOODNIGHT, EVERYBODY. (FOLKS)

ORCHESTRA: (UP AND OUT)

(APPLAUSE)

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

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 Harry Savoy; and next Friday listen to Georgia Gibbs, Roy Bargy and his Orchestra, yours truly, Howard Petrie.

DURANTE: AND JIMMY DURANTE *who suggest to Garry Moore that he better hurry up and see me in "Two Girls and a Sailor".*
MOORE: And Garry Moore saying "Undoubtedly, James, I shall."
~~BOTH:~~ *Thank you*
~~IN PERSON.~~

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP...FADE FOR)

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

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP)

(APPLAUSE)

(BOARD FADE)

(SWITCH TO STUDIO FIVE FOR HITCH-HIKE)

(ADDITIONAL CLOSING IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN)

SHIELDS: (IN STUDIO FIVE)

A recent study of women's likes and dislikes showed up one striking thing...women love to see men smoke pipes. But the pipe alone won't make you a Romeo, mister. You've got to have the right tobacco in it...one with a fragrance women love too. Like Prince Albert..... with its aged-in-the-wood aroma. P.A. stands for both Prince Albert and Pipe Appeal....Besides, it's crimp cut to pack, draw, and burn just so, and no-bite treated for the happiness of your tongue. Prince Albert --- for Pipe Appeal. About fifty rich, mild pipefuls in that big red two-ounce package!

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