

AS
BROADCAST

Director - W. 7/4
AL

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

OBS NETWORK
FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1944

PROGRAM 67
7:00 - 7:30 P.M. PWT.

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

ELVIA ALLMAN

PAT MCGEEHAN

FRED SHIELDS

DIRECTOR.....PHIL COHAN

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"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

Program 67

FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 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 WATER AT SANTA MONICA BEACH AND I WAS JUST
CARRIED OUT BY A GREAT BIG WAVE!

MOORE: Oh, Jimmy that's awful!

DURANTE: NO, IT ISN'T. I'M BEING CARRIED IN BY A CUTE LITTLE WAC!!

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

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

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

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (THEME FULL AND FADE FOR:)

PETRIE: Yes, it's the Friday Night Camel Show...Jimmy Durante,
Garry Moore, Georgia Gibbs, Roy Bangy and his Orchestra
and yours truly, Howard Petrie...⁴⁵ brought to you by
Camel, the cigarette that's first in the service~~tt~~
According to actual sales records. See if your throat
and your taste don't make Camel a first with you too!
Find out for yourself!! ⁵⁵

MUSIC: (OUT)

PETRIE: Ladies and gentlemen, radio comedians can generally be
divided into two groups ... those who have wit, and those
who have not. And tonight, we present a member of that
first group .. an outstanding have-wit....Garry Moore!!
(APPLAUSE)

110

6/30/44

wait a minute - look fronts

MOORE:

Oh, no ... wait/... ~~don't applaud~~ .. please don't applaud.

audience - everybody - please
if you really want to do me a favor, ^{will} everybody ⁱⁿ the ~~first floor~~ stamp your feet. All together .. ^{let} stamp ~~our~~

your feet. (BUSINESS)

very much
Thank you... our janitor is ~~home sick~~ ^{on vacation} and I told him I'd get you to beat the ~~logs~~ ^{carpet}...you're very good at it, too.

PETRIE:

Sa-ay ... you're a happy little character tonight, Garry.

MOORE:

Certainly
Well, Howard, I ~~don't~~ know why I should be ... actually I've had a very rugged week. Yesterday, for instance, I was bitten by a dog.

PETRIE:

Why, Garry, that's awful ... do you know you'll get anything that dog had??

MOORE:

Oh, good heavens ... I hope not!

PETRIE:

Why ... what did the dog have?

MOORE:

Puppies .. can you imagine me .. the mother of a cocker spaniel??

PETRIE:

you know, Garry,
Well, blessed events are quite the thing nowadays. I read this morning that Orson Welles and Rita Hayworth are expecting.

MOORE:

Howard I heard about that
~~I know~~ .. isn't that wonderful?? I can ^{just} see ~~that~~ picture now. Around the hospital are gathered twelve thousand extras disguised as didee-wash salesmen. They are holding aloft twelve thousand open safety pins to form a triumphal arch. Inside, Orson Welles, instead of pacing up and down the hospital corridor, is standing still while the corridor paces up and down...Outside huge searchlights sweep the heavens for the stork, when into view fly two thousand doves with neon beaks....and they

(CONTINUED)

MOORE:
(Cont'd)

spell out "Coming Attractions"...The doves are followed
by a chorus of five hundred parrots.....led by
Leopold Stokowski, riding a flamingo side-saddle...*who and they*
solemnly chant "Presenting....Orson Welles, in
"The Birth of a Raytion-Book." Suddenly the hospital
walls fall away. The trumpets blare....

ORCHESTRA: (FANFARE)

MOORE: And there stands Orson with Octuplets!

PETRIE: Octuplets??

MOORE: Yes sir..., eight boys...Offstage a shot is heard....

SOUND: PISTOL SHOT

MOORE: Eddie Cantor has committed suicide.....

PETRIE: But Garry...what about Mrs. Welles in this great scene?
...The beautiful Rita Hayworth.

MOORE: Sorry....Orson Welles' strict rule is...no relatives
can take part in an Orson Welles' epic....yes sir, it's
gonna be a great day...and it's a great day any day... 3¹⁰

ORCHESTRA: (DURANTE INTRODUCTION)

MOORE: When we can introduce Camel's white haired boy...that
dark horse of the Presidential race.....

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.....JUNIOR, I JUST GOT BACK FROM CHICAGO. AND BOY
Believe it or not - and stinky
WAS IT HOT!!! IT WAS ONE HUNDRED/DEGREES FAT-TEN-HEAT.

MOORE: I'll bet ^{Chicago} it was really jumping. Could you get a room for the week??

DURANTE: ROOM FOR THE WEEK? I COULDN'T EVEN GET A TOWEL OVER NIGHT! BUT I WASTED NO TIME.....I WENT RIGHT OVER TO MY CONVENTION AT THE CHICAGO STADIUM.

MOORE: The stadium, Jimmy...that's where the Republicans held their convention.

DURANTE: I KNOW. BUT THEY WERE IN THE BIG ROOM UPSTAIRS. I WAS IN THE LITTLE ROOM DOWNSTAIRS.

MOORE: How was it down there??

DURANTE: NOT SO GOOD. THOSE REPUBLICANS KEPT COMING IN AND DRYING THEIR HANDS ON MY BALLOTS!!

MOORE: ^{Oh well - I dunno -} Maybe that's because they were all so Dewey....ha ha.....

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT!...BUT THE GREAT MOMENT CAME WHEN I STOOD BEFORE ALL MY DELEGATES AND SAID: "GENTLEMEN: YOU NOMINATE ME AND WHEN I'M PRESIDENT THIS COUNTRY WILL GROW. IT'S BIG NOW BUT I'LL MAKE IT BIGGER...THEN THEY VOTED AND EVERY ONE OF THE FORTY-SEVEN STATES VOTED FOR ME!

MOORE: ^{Oh wait a minute,} ~~Hold-on~~, Jimmy. There are forty-eight states.

DURANTE: HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT! THE COUNTRY'S GETTING BIGGER ALREADY! WHY I'LL WIN BY A TREMENDOUS MINORITY!!.....

MOORE:

Schnozz, Schnozz -
Ah, ~~Jimmy~~...your aptitude for embroiling yourself in escapades precarious is unique in all its ramifications....

DURANTE:

WHAT THIS GUY GOES THROUGH TO AVOID SPEAKING ENGLISH.....
BUT TO CONTINUE...*Sh: Yea*...HAILING A PASSING GIN RICKEY I WENT TO CONSULT A BIG PUBLICITY EXPERT FROM WASHINGTON. HE SAID: MR. DURANTE, AS A PUBLICITY STUNT. I WAS GOING TO HAVE ALL THE SCHOOL CHILDREN IN OHICAGO FORM A LIVING PICTURE OF YOUR FACE, BUT I'M AFRAID WERE IN TROUBLE". AND I SAID: WHAT'S WRONG. AND HE SAID: WITH YOUR SCHNOZZLE, WE'D HAVE TO BORROW TWO THOUSAND MORE KIDS FROM KANSAS CITY!"....LOOKS LIKE THERE'S A CHILD-POWER SHORTAGE!!

MOORE:

Oh sure
Still running tinto trouble with these Washington experts, aren't you?

DURANTE:

THEY SNUB ME LEFT AND RIGHT, BACK AND FORTH, TO SAY NOTHING OF TO AND FRO! AND IF WASHINGTON IS LISTENING IN I WANNA SAY THIS.....

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO "IF WASHINGTON NEEDS ME")

(THEY CAN PUSH ME JUST SO FAR)

DURANTE: I'M BOUND FOR WASHINGTON SITTING IN THE CLUB CAR WHICH WAS AMUCK WITH CELEBRITIES. AND AS USUAL THEY ALL WANTS TO MEET ME. I BECAME RATHER CHUMMY WITH THE SULTAN OF PASHA. AND AS WE SIPPED OUR BROMO-SELTZERS, ^{what do you think happened -} HE OFFERED ME HIS HAREM OF FIVE HUNDRED BEAUTIFUL WIVES, BUT I TURNED IT DOWN. BECAUSE WHEN I GET UP EVERY MORNING - WHO WANTS TO FIND A THOUSAND STOCKINGS HANGING IN THE BATHROOM. ARRIVING AT THE NATION'S CAPITOL (AND I HOPE TO GET MY HANDS ON SOME OF IT) I WENT DIRECT TO THE PRESIDENTIAL SUITE ~~AN~~ AT MY HOSTIL-ERY AND JUST AS I WAS DRAWING MY BATH (AND YOU SHOULD SEE SOME OF MY DRAWINGS) I HEARD STREET NOISES, HORNS BLOWING, PEOPLE SHOUTING...AND WHAT WERE THEY SHOUTING?? THEY WERE SHOUTING DURANTE FOR PRESIDENT...WE WANT DURANTE! SO, NONCHALANTLY SMOKING A CAMEL I STEPS OUT ON THE BALCONY!

SOUND: CRASH

WHAT DO YOU KNOW...NO BALCONY!!

SUDDENLY, LOOKING UP I HEAR UMBRIAGO SHOUTING

"I MAKE A MOTION TO BACK DURANTE FOR PRESIDENT..." THE MOTION WAS THROWN OUT....FOLLOWED BY UMBRIAGO! (SNUBBED AGAIN BY WASHINGTON)....I JUMPED UP AND BELIEVE ME THIS IS WHAT I SAID:

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DURANTE: (SING CHORUS) IF WASHINGTON NEEDS ME I'LL ANSWER THE CALL
BUT THEY BETTER NOT CALL ME COLLECT
NOW MORGENTHAU, MCNUTT, NELSON, ICKES,
LOOK 'EM UP AND YOU'LL FIND THEM ALL IN WHO'S WHO.. YOU CAN'T
MISS.....

NOW I KNOW I NEVER GOT MY NAME IN WHO'S WHO
BUT I DID GET MY PICTURE ONCE IN WHAT'S THIS
(IN THE ROTO-GUE SECTION)

THERE'LL BE SOME CHANGES MADE WHEN I GET TO WASHINGTON....
(THAT I'LL GUARANTEE)

CHANGES IN OUR DOMESTIC RELATIONS....FOREIGN RELATIONS
AND TRADE RELATIONS

(THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO DO....TRADE RELATIONS)

WHEN I GET TO WASHINGTON I'M GONNA PUT STATUES OF ME
ALL OVER THE PLACE

~~IT'LL TAKE A COUPLE OF YEARS~~ (I THINK)

BEFORE THEY GET USED TO MY FACE

~~(AND WHEN THEY DO....IT'S EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF)~~

SO IF WASHINGTON NEEDS ME I'LL ANSWER THE CALL
BUT THEY BETTER NOT CALL ME COLLECT.

(CONTINUED)

DURANTE: TWO WEEKS LATER I'M AT HOME IN MY ^{literary} LIBRARY (TRYING TO FIND THE LOST WEEKEND) WHEN THE TELEPHONE RINGS. SLIPPING INTO MY SHORTS AND ADJUSTING MY BOW TIE, I RUSHED DOWNSTAIRS TO THE DELICATESSEN STORE TO ANSWER THE PHONE. PICKING UP THE RECEIVER I SAID.... "HELLOO".... BUT I HEARD NOTHING.

THEN I THOUGHT I SMELLED SOMETHING FUNNY AND WHAT TO DO YOU THINK? I WAS TALKING INTO A SALAMI. FINALLY I GOT THE CALL AND IT WAS.....

MY OLD ^{biology} ~~ENGLISH~~ PROFESSOR FROM HARVARD. HE SAID....

"JAMES AS A CANDIDATE YOUR SORORITY BROTHERS ARE ASKING "DO YOU KNOW THE MEANING OF POLITICAL ECONOMY,.....

FIDUCIARY DEPRECIATION AND INTERNATIONAL ISOLATION??"

I SAID: "NO, PROFESSOR....BUT IF YOU PUT THAT TO MUSIC YOU'LL HAVE ANOTHER "MARE-ZY DOATS."

SO I SAYS: "ADIOS"....AND GOODBYE TOO.....

BUT IF WASHINGTON NEEDS ME I'LL ANSWER THE CALL BUT THEY BETTER NOT CALL ME COLLECT

AND I WARN THEM

THAT I DEMAND RESPECT!"

(APPLAUSE)

920

MOORE: And while James awaits his Washington call, let's be a bit more practical and call on Howard Petrie.....

PETRIE: ^{gzz} Do you smoke a lot? Is your throat happy, comfortable? Does your taste ever get bored, does it ever find the flavor of your cigarette going flat? Could be that you ought to try Camels on your throat and taste - your "T-Zone". See how your throat reacts to Camel's kind cool mildness. See for yourself how your taste relishes the full, rich flavor and mellowness of Camel's truly superb blend of costlier tobaccos. Your throat and your taste - surely they're the best judges of which cigarette is best for you!

ORCHESTRA: (C-A-M-E-L-S) 10th

PETRIE: What do you know, friends - Bob Hawk took a walk. Left last Saturday - be back Monday.

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO "AMOR")

10⁰⁵

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

ORCHESTRA: ("AMOR")
(APPLAUSE)

10¹⁵

12²⁵

DURANTE: AND THAT WAS A LITTLE SPANISH NUMBER ENTITLED AMOR, AMOR WHICH IN FRENCH IS PRONOUNCED "AMOUR, AMOUR" IN SHARP CONTRAST TO THE LATIN WHICH IS PRONOUNCED "AMOR AMOR" HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT! I SPEAK THREE LANGUAGES. BUT ENOUGH OF THIS LING-WIST-TIC LA-DEE-DA TELL ME JUNIOR, WHAT'S NEW IN THE CULTURE CORNER TONIGHT?

M: Very good. D: Oh Danish I had more of those lines. M: Yes

MOORE: Well, Jimmy, nowadays, industry is setting new records for speed. And I've often wondered how this speed-up campaign has affected the lives of the important men behind -- like Henry Kaiser, for instance. So tonight I'd like to tell you about a day in the life of a super industrial magnate, Tyrone T. Tycoon!

DURANTE: I SHALL SIT BY MY MIDGET RADIO AND LISTEN, AND I'LL ASK THE MIDGET TO LISTEN, TOO. 13^{1/2}

MUSIC: (CHORD)

MOORE: Tyrone T. Tycoon was a mighty important man. ^{Why} Just by looking at him you could tell he was a big wig. His toupee kept slipping down over his right eye! And now suppose we drop in at the home of Tyrone T. Tycoon.

MUSIC: (SOFTLY)

PETRIE: (ON CUE) It is five forty five A.M. Mr. and Mrs. Tycoon are asleep. The alarm clock rings.

SOUND: ALARM

MOORE: (FAST) Ah, another busy, busy, busy day!! I must get out of bed. (WHIZ WHISTLE) Take off the top of my pajamas. (RIP) Take off the bottom of my pajamas. (RIP) Now I'm off to the office... Goodbye, dear!

SOUND: WHIZ DOOR SLAM

WOMAN: Tyrone! Tyrone!

MOORE: Yes! Yes! Yes!

WOMAN: You can't go to the office that way! Haven't you forgotten something??

MOORE: Oh .. yes ... my brief case!!

MUSIC: (SHORT BRIDGE)

PETRIE: (ON CUE) Tyrone T. Tycoon arrives at the office. He buzzes for his secretary.

SOUND: BUZZ

MOORE: ^{Oh} /Busy. Busy. Busy. Busy. ^{Oh} /Always busy.

SOUND: DOOR OPENING

GIRL: Good morning, Mr. Tycoon.

MOORE: How many times must I tell you not to waste precious seconds calling me Mr. Tycoon. Just call me. T.T.T.

GIRL: Yes, T.T.T...I'm ready for dictation, T.T.T. Shall I sit on your knee, knee, knee.

MOORE: No, I'm too busy, busy, busy. Just smear some lipstick on my collar, and we'll let it go at that!

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

MOORE: *Don't just sit there*
answer that telephone.

SOUND: PHONE UP

GIRL: Hello.....Guatemala calling.

MOORE: Tell them no.

GIRL: Hello, no!

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

MOORE: I'm busy, busy, busy.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS PHONE UP

GIRL: Hello...Bolivia calling.

MOORE: No.

GIRL: No.

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

MOORE: I'm busy, busy, busy.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS, RECEIVER UP

GIRL: *Hells* - Hedy Lamarr calling.

MOORE: No.

GIRL: No!

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

MOORE: *Jee* Busy, busy, bu -WHAT DID I SAY!?

MUSIC: (FAST BRIDGE)

PETRIE: In the middle of the afternoon we find Tyrone T. oh, pardon me, T.T.T., at his weekly visit to the barber shop.

SOUND: BARBER SHOP NOISES

MAN: Ah, Mr. Tycoon, we're all ready for you. Will it be the usual?

MOORE: Yes, I'm busy, busy, busy. I want a hair cut.

MAN: Yes sir.

MOORE: And get me a bootblack for my right shoe.

MAN: Yes sir.

MOORE: A bootblack for my left shoe.

MAN: Yes sir.

MOORE: Get me a barber to shave the right side of my face.

MAN: Yes sir.

MOORE: A barber to shave the left side of my face.

MAN: Yes sir.

MOORE: A barber to trim my mustache.

MAN: Yes sir.

MOORE: A barber to give me a sun lamp treatment.

MAN: Yes sir.

MOORE: And get me ten manicurists - one for each finger.

MAN: Yes sir. Barbers, bootblacks and manicurists, ready?

ALL: Yes sir!!!

MAN: All right. Are you ready, Mr. Tycoon?

MOORE: *Shit - Sorry - I* ~~No~~ Haven't got time. *Oh* Busy, busy, busy.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MUSIC: (SHORT BRIDGE)

PETRIE: And finally at the end of a busy, busy, busy day we find T.T.T. as he arrives at home.

SOUND: DOOR OPENING AND CLOSE

WOMAN: Well, dear, what kind of a day did you have?

MOORE: Busy, busy, busy.

WOMAN: Aren't you going to kiss me?

MOORE: Kiss you? I kissed you seven times on Sunday.

WOMAN: Well...??

MOORE: That was for the whole week. I'm too busy, busy, busy.

WOMAN: Now listen! I'm tired of this busy, busy, busy. Ever since I've known you you've been busy, busy, busy...Why when you were courting me did we take nice walks like the other couples did. No! We went out for a hundred yard dash!

MOORE: Well, can I help it if I'm always, busy, busy, busy.

WOMAN: That does it! Do you know what I'm going to do?? With my two hands I'm going to strangle you!

MOORE: *She* Takes too long...Here's a revolver. I'm busy, busy, bu---

SOUND: REVOLVER SHOT...BODY FALLS....PHONE UP

WOMAN: Hello, operator, I just shot my husband. Get me police headquarters.

OPERATOR: I'm ringing them.

WOMAN: Please hurry.

OPERATOR: I'm sorry.

WOMAN: What's the matter?

OPERATOR: The line is busy, busy, busy.

WOMAN: (SCREAMS)

MUSIC: (PLAY OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

16/25

ORCHESTRA: (START GIBBS' INTRODUCTION AND FADE)

MOORE: Thank you , my friends, But ~~even Tyrene II, Tycoon is never~~
lets relax with
~~too busy, busy, busy, for~~ a touch of romance, And
that would be her Nibbs, Miss Gibbs...Hiya, Georgia.

GEORGIA: Hiya, Garry...How's your memory working tonight?
Can you think way back to *1930?*

MOORE: Well.

GEORGIA: Well if you could, you'd remember a song like this called
"The Sunny Side of the Street".

GIBBS: SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET

(APPLAUSE)

16 45

19 15

MOORE: A fine song, Georgia, ^{a fine song,} written by a fine composer, ^{indeed.}

DURANTE: I DON'T LIKE TO BRAG, JUNIOR, BUT THERE'S ONLY TWO THINGS THAT'S KEEPING ME FROM BEING THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMPOSER.

MOORE: What's that?

DURANTE: THE WORDS AND THE MUSIC. ^{6/30} BUT, JUNIOR, SEE IF YOU LIKE THE WAY I IMPROVED MY UNFINISHED SYMPHONY...

MOORE: ^{Well,} Give out.

DURANTE: (SINGS) ^{Latin -} C A M E L S...FROM AN-ZEE-Q TO ARIZONA...IT'S THE SMOKE ^(from) FOR YOUR T-ZONE.

PETRIE: ^{Oh} How right you are, Jimmy. You know, some of the mechanisms that Mother Nature has contrived are mighty wonderful...like the human throat, for example.

MOORE: I never thought of that!

DURANTE: I HAVE NEVER THOUGHT!

PETRIE: ^{Now Jimmy here's something to think about -} ~~Yes,~~ the throat is a wonderful, intricate instrument that certainly rates care and attention. Like getting the cigarette that best agrees with it, for instance. That's why we so urgently say: "Try Camels on your throat and let your throat see how Camel's mildness and coolness agrees with it!

MOORE: Unquestionably.

DURANTE: Characteristically.

PETRIE: *Yo* - And see how your taste enjoys the rich, full, mellow
flavor of Camel's can't be copied blend of costlier
tobaccos. In war as in peace, Camel is still Camel.
So today try...

ORCHESTRA: (C-A-M-E-L-S) *20³⁰*

~~DURANTE: EVERYBODY GETS IT RIGHT BUT ME!!~~

PETRIE: ~~Maybe you're not alone, my friend.~~ Bob Hawk took a
walk. Left last Saturday ... be back Monday.

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY OFF) *20⁴⁰*

DURANTE: AND NOW THE FRIDAY NIGHT CAMEL SHOW BRINGS YOU A DRAMA OF DEPARTMENT STORES AND THE MEN WHO RUN THEM...ENTITLED...

MOORE: "They Hired A Nursemaid In The Piano Department"...or....
"Someone Had to Change the Sheet Music on the Baby Grand".

DURANTE: ~~HE'S GOT A MILLION OF 'EM - A MILLION OF 'EM,~~ IT'S
REMARKS LIKE THAT THAT'LL SEND US INTO RETIREMENT.

MOORE: Well, Jimmy, in tonight's play you and I are big business men. How would you like to work in a department store?

DURANTE: WORK IN A DEPARTMENT STORE? LET ME ASK YOU SOMETHING. WHO RUNS A DEPARTMENT STORE? A FLOOR WALKER; AND WHAT DOES THE FLOORWALKER WEAR IN HIS LAPEL? A CARNATION....

AND WHERE DO THEY GROW CARNATIONS? IN A HOT HOUSE; AND WHAT'S HOTTER THAN A HOTHOUSE? AFRICA; AND WHAT HAVE THEY GOT IN AFRICA? ELEPHANTS; AND WHAT DO ELEPHANTS EAT? PEANUTS; AND IF YOU THINK THAT I'M GONNA WORK FOR PEANUTS, YOU'RE CRAZY!

MOORE: Jimmy, the department store awaits. *Come, come* We're off to trade with the hoi polloi.

DURANTE: YOU TRADE WITH THE HOI...AND I'LL TRADE WITH THE POLLOI.

Moore: *Very well.*

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

SOUND: PHONE RINGS....PHONE UP

MOORE: Hello, Durante-Moore Department Store. We carry a full line of, tires, nylon stockings, hershey bars, washing machines. And other picture post cards....Moore speaking.

GIBBS: (FILTER) Mr. Moore, I want to buy a gift for my boy friend.

Can you give me some suggestions.

MOORE: *Why* I'd be delighted to. Does he drink?

GIBBS: No.

MOORE: Does he gamble?

GIBBS: No.

MOORE: *Well,* Is he athletic?

GIBBS: No. Now tell me, what should I give him?

MOORE: Chanel Number five.

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

MOORE: I forgot to ask if he had a nose.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM.

DURANTE: JUNIOR, WHAT A DEAL I JUST MADE! *What a deal!* I'M A REGULAR MERCHANT
OF VENISON, *Mr. Tell me. W. just bought* I WAS SHOPPING AT THE BON TON DEPARTMENT
STORE, AND WHAT A BUY I MADE! I BOUGHT THREE HUNDRED
DOZEN FOR A DOLLAR AND A HALF.

MOORE: Three hundred dozen what?

DURANTE: IN THESE TIMES, WHO ASKS!

MOORE: *I didn't care about that -* Jimmy, we gotta do something or the Bon Ton *Store* will put us
out of business.

DURANTE: WE'VE GOT TO AVOID THAT - WE'VE WORKED HARD TO BUILD UP
THIS STORE.

MOORE: That's right...we're Durante and Moore, partners.

DURANTE: AND FROM NOW ON, WE'LL WORK EVEN HARDER.

MOORE: Yeah, we're Durante and Moore, partners.

DURANTE: *and* FROM NOW ON...NO MORE NIGHT LIFE...AND NO MORE GIRLS.

MOORE: No more girls?... Garry Moore, *formerly a partner* now in business for
himself...What an idea!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

but please don't
PETRIE: Don't/let them throw me in the boiling water! You can't let them throw me in the boiling water! Please, don't let them throw me in the boiling water!

MOORE: Who are you?

PETRIE: Oh, just a little tea bag,

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

You know Garry -
DURANTE: THAT GUY MUST HAVE BEEN RAISED ON A YO-YO. NO ONE COULD BE BORN THAT JERKY.

Well Jimmy
MOORE: It's customers like that that are running us out of business. The only customers we've had all week were a couple of newlyweds who bought a set of furniture.

DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE, JUNIOR, WE DON'T DELIVER FURNITURE ANY MORE. WHAT DID THEY DO?

MOORE: What could they do? They spent their honeymoon in the front window!

DURANTE: THAT'S THE CONDITIONS THAT PREVAIL!

MOORE: Well -- I dunno. I just wish we could sell that ming vase. It's the most expensive antique we have.

DURANTE: ANTIQUE?

MOORE: Yes, you know what an antique is -- a broken down thing that's worn and battered, and full of lines and cracks, and the paint is ^{all} peeling off.

ALMAN: Ooh-did someone call me?

DURANTE: HAND ME THE BROOM, JUNIOR. WE'VE GOT SOMEONE TO FLY IT AT LAST.

MOORE: Jimmy -- quiet that's Mrs. Wurtleburtle.

DURANTE: MRS. WURTLEBURTLE OF THE WURTLEBURTEL COLLECTION OF
OBJECTIONS DART, KNICK KNACKS, BRIC-A-BRAC, AND
BES-AMAY AND MUCHO?

ALLMAN: That's right. My antique collection is the finest in
town. Why, I even sleep in the bed George Washington
slept in.

MOORE: Oh really -- ? You look nice with his wig on too...but
Madam, no art collection is complete without a
genuine ming vase - and I have a ming vase that is the
envy of all Americans.

DURANTE: AND MINGS, TOO.

ALLMAN: *Sell that*
~~It~~ sounds very interesting. when may I see it?

MOORE: Follow us into the elevator. The antique department is
on the fifth floor.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS...SLIDE WHISTLE UP

MOORE: *Step down*
~~Fifth floor~~, madam, step down for the fifth floor.

ALLMAN: Why should I step down?

MOORE: Because this is the sixth floor.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...CROWD NOISE

ALLMAN: What's that big crowd milling around that counter?

DURANTE: WE'RE RUNNING A SALE ON THREE PIECE BATHING SUITS. YOU
SHOULD BUY ONE. IT WILL GO WELL WITH YOUR FIGURE.

ALLMAN: A three piece bathing suit?

DURANTE: YEAH, A TOP AND A BOTTOM...AND AN OVERCOAT TO COVER THE TOP AND THE BOTTOM.

MOORE: Ah, here we are, ^{now} Mrs. Wurtleburtie. ~~And~~ just look at this Ming vase. Have you ever perceived such an outstanding antique?

DURANTE: YEAH, HAVE YOU EVER PERCEIVED?

ALLMAN: My, ~~but~~ it is distinctive. Say, what's that Chinese writing at the bottom?

MOORE: *Oh that -*
That's an ancient Chinese proverb. It reads: WONG TO LING YAT SEN CHIANG FONG MAH HOW.

ALLMAN: what does that mean in English?

MOORE: Have a coke!

DURANTE: *A brilliant observation, Junior -*
MADAM, AS A SPECIAL FAVOR, WE CAN LET YOU HAVE THIS VASE FOR FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

ALLMAN: Fifty thousand dollars?

DURANTE: OF COURSE, LESS TEN PERCENT FOR OVERHEAD, WHICH BRINGS IT DOWN TO FORTY THOUSAND...PLUS TEN PERCENT FOR UNDERHEAD, WHICH BRINGS IT RIGHT BACK UP TO FIFTY THOUSAND!

~~MOORE: Well, we're holding our own.~~

~~DURANTE: LET ME DO THE TALKING. THEN WE MINUS THE FIDUCIARY, MULTIPLY THE DEBENTURE, ^{And} ADD THE AMORTIZATION AND CARRY EIGHT...(YOU CARRY FOUR AND I'LL CARRY FOUR)..THAT BRINGS IT DOWN TO A DOLLAR NINETY-EIGHT, PLUS THE LUXURY TAX, WHICH BRINGS IT RIGHT UP TO FIFTY THOUSANDS AGAIN!~~

MOORE: *S* You can see *madam that it certainly is* ~~it's~~ a bargain.

ALLMAN: I'll buy the vase, if you can guarantee its safe delivery tomorrow.

MOORE: Madam -- we're on our way. ^{Come on;} Jimmy, let's hurry.

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

SOUND: TRUCK MOTOR

DURANTE: WELL, WE'RE ALMOST THERE, JUNIOR. WHERE DID YOU SAY
MRS. WURTLEBURTLE LIVED?

MOORE: It's the last house on the block. We'll go up this
three-way street.

DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE, GARRY...THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A
THREE-WAY STREET.

MOORE: You haven't lived in California long, have you James?

~~DURANTE: ONLY A DECIDE.~~

MOORE: Well, here's the house ^{now}.

SOUND: BRAKES AND CAR STOPS

MOORE: All right, ^{now} Jimmy, let's unload the vase... ^{for heaven's sake} and be careful.

DURANTE: DON'T WORRY, I'VE GOT A GOOD GRIP ON IT.

MOORE: Look out, Jimmy, it's slipping.

SOUND: CRASH

MOORE: ~~Now~~ look what you've done. ^{Jimmy} This Ming vase was the only
piece of its kind in the whole world.

DURANTE: WHY THAT'S GREAT - ~~What's~~ WHAT'S WONDERFUL...THAT MAKES IT
ALL RIGHT.

MOORE: What do you mean?

DURANTE: NOW THERE'S A PIECE FOR EVERYBODY.

MUSIC: (PLAY-OFF)

27⁰⁰

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

MC GEEHAN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Flight Officer Steven Gerick, twenty-four, of Hazelwood, Pennsylvania, who in the seven days following D-Day, shot down six Nazi planes. In your honor, Flight Officer Gerick, the makers of Camels are sending to our fighters overseas four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes.

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

(APPLAUSE)

PETRIE: Each of the three Camel shows honors a Yank of the Week, sends four 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"~~)

Theme

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM" -31-^{3*}
6/30/44

PETRIE:

¹⁰ Camel broadcasts go out to the United States ^{three} four times a week, ^{and sent and} are shortwaved to our men overseas, and to South America. Now, Bob Hawk took a walk. Left Saturday -- be back Monday. Yes, next Monday and every Monday, Bob Hawk will be heard in his half-hour of quip and quiz -- "Thanks to the Yanks." Be sure to watch your local paper so you can listen and laugh with Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks" next Monday; ^{you} next Thursday ^{listen} to Harry Savoy; and next Friday listen to Georgia Gibbs, Roy Bargy and his Orchestra, yours truly, Howard Petrie....

MOORE:

And Garry Moore.

DURANTE:

AND JIMMY DURANTE.

BOTH:

IN PERSON.

(APPLAUSE)

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

PETRIE: ^{28³⁰} And remember...try Camels on your throat and your taste.

See for yourself how Camel's mildness, coolness and flavor click with you! ^{28³⁵}

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP)

(APPLAUSE)

(BOARD FADE)

(SWITCH TO STUDIO FIVE FOR HITCH-HIKE)

(ADDITIONAL CLOSING IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN)

SHIELDS: (IN STUDIO FIVE)

No doubt about it, a pipe has a he-man look about it that women like. They say pipes are like tweeds and well-polished leather. Manly! But, Mister, you've got to pack that pipe with a tobacco whose fragrance women like, too, if you want to click all the way. That tobacco is Prince Albert with its grand aged-in-the-wood aroma. Yep, P.A. stands for Prince Albert and for Pipe Appeal, too! Rich, mild flavor. No-bite treated to baby your tongue, and crimp cut to pack firm, draw free, and burn even. 'Bout fifty pipefuls in that big red two-ounce package.

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

29/30