

(REVISED)

**AS
BROADCAST**

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

CBS NETWORK
FRIDAY, JULY 7, 1944

PROGRAM 68
7:00 - 7:30 PM, PWT.

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

ELVIA ALLMAN

PAT MCGERHAN

FRED SHIELDS

DIRECTOR.....PHIL COHAN

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"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

Program 68

FRIDAY, JULY 7, 1944

7:00 - 7:30 PM, PWT.

CUE: (COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM)

(.....30 Seconds.....)

SOUND: PHONE RINGS TWICE...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 AT THE GROCERY STORE WATCHING THE BOSS MARK THE NEW
PRICES AND I GOT TOO CLOSE.

MOORE: *Will* So what?

DURANTE: SO COME AND GET ME! HE JUST PUT A CEILING ON MY NOSE!

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 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!!

MUSIC: (OUT)

PETRIE: And now, ladies and gentlemen, we are thrilled to have with us again tonight, one of the most sparkling personalities in radio - A man with a great sense of humor, ~~a man of~~ great talent, great voice and great fame...ah, but that's enough about me. We also have with us -- Garry Moore!
(APPLAUSE)

MOORE: Well, thank you. Thank you, very much, Howard Petrie, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen - men and women, boys and girls and Gypsy Rose Lee.

PETRIE: ^{oh, now} /Hey, wait a minute^{Garry}. How come a special greeting for Gypsy Rose Lee?

MOORE: Well, I try to cover everybody. ^{cover - you see? - P. Yes M. oh,} ~~Oh - ho - ho - isn't that just~~ ^{So sharp as a meatball tonight.} ~~too cute for words?~~

PETRIE: ^{Say} ~~Oh~~, I've gotta give you credit, Garry. When you started in radio, you said you'd be a card.

MOORE: Yes - and already I've made an ace of myself...But I must say, Howard, it's good to be back with you after a hard week on the train.

PETRIE: On a train? What were you doing on a train?

MOORE: Well, I just found out that when you come from ^{New York} ~~the east~~ ^{California} ~~east to the west coast~~, you hafta set your watch back ^{three} ~~four~~ hours.

PETRIE: So? Why were you on a train?

MOORE: I had to go set my watch back - it's in a hock shop in New York... ^{Don't bother, it's all right - I'm not easily} ~~hurt - it's all right!~~

PETRIE: Well, Garry, you ought to stick around town. ^{you know} /You start your first movie next month, and you should be learning your part.

MOORE: Howard, tonight I ^{have} ~~ve~~ invited my dramatic coach, Miss Lorelei ^{blink} ~~Funk~~, to come down here and --

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

MOORE: Ah - there's ^{blinkie} ~~Funkie~~ now...Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

~~ALLMAN: Oh, how-joo-do, how-joo-do, how-joo-dee, Mr. Moore! It's always a thrill to shake hands with a handsome young man.~~

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ALLMAN: Oh how-joo-doo, how-joo-doo how-joo-doo, Mr. Moore.
~~He~~ so glad to see you. You know, I've had trouble
lately meeting young people my age.

MOORE: Is that so?

ALLMAN: Yes - if they're young people, they're not my age!

MOORE: I see your point. But let's get down to business,
Miss Slink. Tell me frankly -- do you think you could
make me the romantic type?

ALLMAN: ^{oh} ~~Why~~, you silly boy! You're already the romantic type. ^{M: No}

^{why} Don't you know you're talked about on every street
corner?

MOORE: Well, maybe I can go along with you there.

ALLMAN: And don't you know you're talked about in every radio
studio?

MOORE: Well, maybe I can go along with you there.

ALLMAN: And don't you know you're talked about in every
ladies' lounge?

MOORE: Well, maybe I ~~can go along with you~~ -- Oh, but they
wouldn't let me....

ALLMAN: All you need, young man, is a little instruction...Here
now -- take me in your arms and make believe I'm
Greta Garbo.

MOORE:Z ^{why} ~~Oh~~, Miss Slink.

ALLMAN: Hold me tighter....Now are you concentrating on my being
Greta Garbo.

MOORE: Yes - but I must be doing it wrong.

ALLMAN: Why?

MOORE: No matter how hard I concentrate, it still turns out
Slim Summerville.

ALLMAN: Oh, it looks hopeless. But ^{now} let's try one more thing. I
want to see you register surprise.

MOORE: ^{surprise?} Ahhhh!

ALLMAN: Now register pain.

MOORE: ^{pain?} Ahhhh!

ALLMAN: No register sorrow.

MOORE: Ahhh0000.....

ALLMAN: Now register with the kennel club!

SOUND: DOOR SIAM

MOORE: Isn't that awful - it's enough to make a fellow lose his
distemper. Ah well, never fear --

ORCHESTRA: (DURANTE PLAY ON)

MOORE: Help is on the way -- And here he is, folks - Camel's
white-haired boy - that dark horse of the presidential
race....Jimmy Durante -- in person!!

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY WITHS SONG...EVEN WHEN THINGS GO WRONG. YOU'LL FEEL BETTER YOU'LL EVEN LOOK BETTER - STOP THE MUSIC! STOP THE MUSIC! JUNIOR, HAND ME YOUR KNITTING NEEDLES -- I'M GONNA SPIN A YARN!

MOORE: Well, go ^{ahead} ~~on~~ and spin it.

DURANTE: DUE TO THE SHORTAGE OF BARBERS I WAS AT HOME GIVING MYSELF ^{the} ~~MY~~ USUAL A TRIM IN THE BACK, A CLIP ON THE SIDE AND A SINGE FOR THE FRINGE ON TOP. WHILE I WAS SHAVING I WAS LISTENING TO THE GIANTS-DOGER BASEBALL GAME SUDDENLY SOMEBODY HIT A SINGLE AND I CUT MYSELF ON THE CHEEK. THEN SOMEBODY HIT A TRIPLE AND I CUT MYSELF ON THE CHIN!

MOORE: Every time somebody got a hit you cut yourself? What's the matter? Were you nervous?

DURANTE: NO. I BET FIFTY BUCKS ON THE DODGERS AND I HAD TO KEEP SCORE SOMEPLACE!

MOORE: Oh, Jimmy - you exploits tensorial are fraught with such hyperbole that they are far beyond my cranial ability of comprehension.

DURANTE: SOME DAY I'M GONNA ANSWER THIS GUY IN HIS NATIVE TONGUE! BUT THAT IS NEITHER PASA NOR DEE-NA....I WAS AT HOME THE OTHER EVENING MIXING A REAL SOUTHERN MINT JULEP (IN A DIXIE CUP, OF COURSE) WHEN I WAS ASKED TO APPEAR AT A WAR BOND RALLY! SO JUMPING INTO MY NYLON SHORTS (WITH THE PARACHUTE SEAT) I FINISHED DRESSING AND DASHED OVER! WHAT AN AFFAIR - IT WAS CROWDED WITH THE CREAM OF HOLLYWOOD!

MOORE: Was Edward Arnold there?

DURANTE: JUNIOR, I SAID THE CREAM - NOT THE BUTTERFAT! WHEN I GOT THERE LANA TURNER WAS GIVING A KISS TO EVERY MAN WHO BOUGHT A BOND.

MOORE: Say, I'll bet there was a mess of kissing going on.

DURANTE: YES. OS-CULATION WAS RUNNING AMUCK! BUT NOT TO BE OUTDONE I GETS UP AND ANNOUNCES THAT I'D KISS EVERY GIRL WHO'D BUY A BOND FROM ME! AND WHAT DO YOU THINK?

MOORE: What, Jimmy?

DURANTE: THE MAN IN CHARGE TOOK ONE LOOK AT MY FACE AND SAID
THROW THIS GUY OUT HE'S HINDERING THE WAR EFFORT!...

ME WHO'S GOT ^a V FOR VICTORY CRO-SHAYED ON MY CHEST! *and I'd show it to you - you seem to be*

MOORE: You know, Schozz, I'm concerned about you. What with your work at the studio -- your political worries and the Fifth War Bond Drive -- when do you get a chance to relax your nerves?

DURANTE: THAT'S EASY -- FOR YEARS, EVERY NIGHT BEFORE I GO TO BED I READ A PAGE OF SHAKESPEARE.

MOORE: You read a page of Shakespeare every night? Why, you must be quite an authority.

DURANTE: NO. BUT I WILL BE AS SOON AS I FINISH THAT PAGE! *But go ahead*
all show you the V that crocheted
M: Don't show me your tatting - first

MOORE: *oh* Jimmy, it seems incredible that you should receive that honor?

DURANTE: JUNIOR, I TRUST ^{that} YOU'RE SAYING THAT WITH TONGUE IN MOUTH. WHY, THE FOURTH OF JULY IS CLOSELY IDENTIFIED WITH MY NAME. ON THE DAY THEY SIGNED THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE THE CROWD SHOUTED. DURANTE!
DURANTE! WE WANT DURANTE!

MOORE: Oh, Schnozz, that was more than a hundred and fifty years ago.

DURANTE: WELL, AFTER ALL, JUNIOR, I DIDN'T BECOME FAMOUS OVER NIGHT! *M: I guess not* HOWEVER POSTERITY HAS NOT GONE TO MY HEAD.

MOORE: You must have cut quite a figure at the Army Camps James.

DURANTE: TO BE SURE IT WAS INDUBITABLY...YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN ME ON THE PARADE GROUNDS REVIEWING THE TROOPS. THERE I STOOD PROUDLY WEARING MY RED, WHITE AND BLUE SUIT WHEN SUDDENLY SOME WISE GUY BLEW A BUGLE, AND THE NEXT THING I KNEW --

MOORE: Yes --

DURANTE: I WAS BEING UNFURLED AT THE TOP OF A FLAGPOLE!

MOORE: Well James, you've had a hectic week. And now I suppose you'll be busy making plans to attend the Convention in Chicago next week.

DURANTE: DON'T GIVE IT A THOUGHT, JUNIOR. EVERY DETAIL IS BEING ARRANGED FOR ME.

MOORE: *oh?* By whom?

DURANTE: UMBRIAGO.

MOORE: Umbriago.

ORCHESTRA: (UMBRIAGO)

DURANTE: YES -- UMBRIAGO/ *M: Ah tell me!* = COULD BE MAYOR OF NEW YORK OR OF
CHICAGO *M: Some guy*

UMBRIAGO - RAISES CAIN FROM PORTLAND, MAINE TO SANTIAGO

MUSIC: (FADES)

DURANTE: UMBRIAGO - WHAT A GUY! YOU KNOW, GARRY, AS SOON AS WE
GOT TO CHICAGO, WE HELD A MEETING AT OUR HEADQUARTERS
IN THE RITZ - BILTMORE, UMBRIAGO ADDRESSED THE DELEGATES
AND FINISHED BY SAYING: GENTLEMEN, I DON'T WANT YOU TO
FORGET THE TERRIBLE THING THAT HAPPENED IN THIS VERY
HOTEL IN 1827.

MOORE: What happened in 1827?

DURANTE: WE GOT THROWN OUT OF THE HOTEL FOR WHISTLING AT THE GIRLS
IN 1828.

SO WHEN YOU FEEL LOW

M: No!
BETTER SEND

FOR MY FRIEND

UMBRIAGO!

(APPLAUSE)

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MOORE: *oh* Thanks, Jimmie. *Now my friends, is* There ~~is~~ a man with a wig full of wisdom. *lets* And, if you don't believe me -/ask Howard Petrie.

PETRIE: Yes, sir, Jimmy is right when he says "Everybody wants to get into the pack" -- because that familiar Camel pack is a favorite the whole world around. And not by accident! The reasons for Camel's overwhelming popularity are best described to you by your own taste and your own throat -- in short, your T-Zone. Let your throat try the mildness... the kind, cool mildness of Camels. Let your taste savor the flavor of Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos. Let your taste and throat tell you... personally, individually... if Camel is the best cigarette -- for you!

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

PETRIE: Camels! The cigarette of costlier tobaccos!

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO "IS YOU IS OR IS YOU AIN'T MY BABY")

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PETRIE: Roy Bargy and the Orchestra now in a Roy Bargy arrangement
of "Is You Is Or Is You Ain't My Baby".

ORCHESTRA: ("IS YOU IS OR IS YOU AIN'T MY BABY")

(APPLAUSE)

DURANTE: AND THAT WAS ROY BARGY AND HIS ORCHESTRA PLAYING
"IS YOU IS OR IS YOU AIN'T MY BABY".....(IT'S SAYING
THINGS LIKE THAT, THAT MAKES PEOPLE THINK I NEVER MA
TRIC-ULATED FROM VASSAR.) JUNIOR COME IN AND CLASS UP
THE JOINT, WHAT'S IN THE CULTURE CORNER TONIGHT?

MOORE: Tonight, James, our program reaches the climax of its
career. Tonight I present a feature that will thrill every
lover of beauty right down to his toes. Tonight, James,
I am going to sing.

DURANTE: NOW THERE'S A NON ESSENTIAL OCCUPATION.

MOORE: Scoff, if you will, my friend, but tonight I shall sing
that lovely ballad ^{from "Oklahoma"} "Oh, What A Beautiful Morning".

DURANTE: VERY WELL. I SHALL RETIRE TO MY SIMMONS MATTRESS AND
LISTEN..AND I'LL ASK SIMMONS TO LISTEN, TOO.

MOORE: Maestro?

ORCHESTRA: ("OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING")

MOORE: I loved you passionately Mildred Muffknockle. It ^{seems} ~~saves~~
only yesterday that we fell in love. Ah but since then
much water has flown under your bridge? I shall never
forget the night we met, my love. I had gone to the Pet
Show to exhibit my dog. As we passed the cat section, my
dog broke loose, and I saw something gray and fuzzy
streak past me and run up a pole. I looked up the pole
and there you were, my sweet...^{ah} Yes, there you were, and
there we stood - me with my pup, you with that puss....
Heaven knows I tried everything to coax you down from
there - a smile- an apology - a fish,..But to no avail. So
I decided to climb up after you. And with the strength of
three men named Shadrach, Meshack and George - I was soon
at your side. And then it was I saw your lips, those

(CONTINUED)

MOORE: lovely lips - like twin inner-tubes deflated. And I said to
(Cont.) you, "Mildred ^{I said -} I knew your name was Mildred, I saw it on
your badge - right under where it said, "Let's elect
Lincoln"...But, Mildred, I said, "Don't be so aloof, my
dear. Don't you know I love you?" Let me feel your hair.
So you handed it to me...and as I sat there atop the pole,
holding your *hair* in my hand, I leaned over and tenderly
whispered into your ear "I love you, Baldy." And then,
my dear, you did the cutest thing - ha ha ha - you pushed
me off the pole...yes, you did, you little mixx, 'cause I
remember how I laughed. Laughed did I say? Why, when I
hit the barbed wire below I thought I'd split!...Ah, yes -
we could have been so happy, my dove...but then....

ORCHESTRA: (CHORD)

MOORE: It happened! You'd come down from your pole, and we'd gone
for a walk to talk of our coming marriage. To our right and
overhead was a towering cliff with huge boulders balanced
on its edge....

SOUND: FAINT RUMBLE OF LANDSLIDE

MOORE: It must have been this rumbling noise that made me look up
-- and there -- crashing down upon us was a boulder the size
of a house! The boulder, I shouted, look out for the
boulder! Mildred, my darling, look out!

SOUND: CRASH

MOORE: (SCREAM)

ORCHESTRA: (OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING")

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (START GIBBS INTRODUCTION)

MOORE: Thank you, ^{very much} my friends, ^{well} I suppose I really should do something to return the art of singing to respectability. And so - her nibbs, Miss Gibbs -- Hi yuh, Georgia.

GEORGIA: Hi yuh, Garry...Are you in a romantic mood? Are you ready for love?

MOORE: ^{well} Why, I'm always available.

GEORGIA: ^{well} Then don't go away. ^{now} 'Cause this is just how I feel.

GEORGIA: ("IT HAD TO BE YOU")

(APPLAUSE)

MOORE: Gorgeous, Georgia, gorgeous. And while on matters musical, Jimmy, how's your symphony coming along?

DURANTE: (OH CONSCIENTIOUSLY) IN THE FIRST MOVEMENT THE SUN IS SHINING. IN THE SECOND MOVEMENT THE SUN GOES DOWN, IN THE THIRD MOVEMENT THE CLOUDS ARE GATHERING, AND IN THE FOURTH MOVEMENT THE THUNDER IS HEARD IN THE DISTANCE.

MOORE: And what happens in the fifth movement?

DURANTE: I DON'T KNOW. I BEAT IT HOME FOR MY UMBRELLA...BUT I GOT A NEW IDEA FOR IT, JUNIOR..LISTEN..(SINGS)
C A M E L S...FROM AT A BASKA TO ALASKA..FOR THOSE CAMELS YOU SHOULD ASK A.

PETRIE: Yes, ^{indeed} Jimmy, ~~and~~ that's why we ask everyone earnestly and confidently "Please try Camels on your throat" . See for yourself if the mildness and coolness and mellowness of Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos doesn't make your throat say ^{ah} "That's swell, chief, make the next smoke a Camel, too."

MOORE: And you know that's so true.

DURANTE: YES, AND SO CONSEQUENTIAL.

PETRIE: ^{yes, indeed} /Of course. After all, it's your throat that knows what cigarette is best for you. Try Camels and see. Perhaps as with millions of other smokers, the verdict will be a happy yes.

MOORE AND
DURANTE: YES!

PETRIE: *Uh*, And Camel's flavor? Well, ^{now} bring me that dictionary and get out the adjectives...and still I can't do it justice. That full, rich fragrant mellowness - that taste thrill that comes from Camel's know-how in the blending - well, you just better try that for yourself, too.

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

DURANTE: HOW DO YOU LIKE THOSE GUYS! THEY SANG IT RIGHT WITHOUT EVEN USING A DICTIONARY.

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY OFF)

MOORE: Ladies and gentlemen, the Camel Friday Night Dramatic Society is proud to announce that it has just finished the script for a new play of old Southern Life entitled: "Someone Threw An Electric Bulb In The Snow -- or Mazda's In The Cold, Cold Ground".

DURANTE: (THE BOY IS TINKERING WITH OBLIVION)

MOORE: Well to tell you the truth, I never really liked the thing, *See tell you what* Jimmy, so instead of the drama, we'll do our semi-annual news review.

DURANTE: NEWS REVIEW?

MOORE: Yes, ~~so~~ come along. The Eyes and Ears of the World are ready.

DURANTE: AND THE NOSE, TOO.

MUSIC: (NEWSREEL MARCH)

PETRIE: (ON CUE) JANUARY 1944! Jimmy Durante, like thousands of other motorists, takes out a license for his automobile, As he leaves the license bureau, he is met by Garry Moore.

MOORE: Well, ^{Jimmy}~~James~~, did everything go all right. Did you get your license?

DURANTE: WHAT A CATASTASTROPE! A CATASTASTROPE! THAT LICENSE BUREAU WAS SO CROWDED I GOT SHOVED INTO THE WRONG LINE.

MOORE: What happened?

DURANTE: ^{what happened?} / CONGRATULATE ME, JUNIOR....I JUST MARRIED MY BUICK!

PETRIE: (ON CUE) FEBRUARY 1944:

MUSIC: (NEWSREEL MARCH)

PETRIE: Upon arrival in California, Garry Moore decided to build himself up and become America's most perfect man. After laboring strenuously in his gymnasium with weights, bar bells, and ~~other muscle building apparatus~~ ^{such}, he has finally achieved his goal. We take you now to the gymnasium.

MOORE: Jimmy, I now have the most powerfully developed chest in the world. Go ahead take a smack at me...hit me in the chest.

DURANTE: A PLEASURE, MR. MOORE.

SOUND: SPLINTERING CRASH

MOORE: Hmm -- ~~well~~, while your hand is sticking through, would you mind scratching my back.

MUSIC: (MELODRAMATIC MUSIC)

MOORE: And on March twenty-ninth, Jimmy and I were sitting at home listening to Gangbusters, (OMINOUS CHORD) when suddenly the door opened....

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

PETRIE: Don't ^{don't}/let them fill me full of lead! ^{Please}/You can't let them fill me full of lead! Please, don't ^{don't}/let them fill me full of lead!

MOORE: Say, who are you?

PETRIE: Oh, just a little pencil!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: TIME MARCHES ON! (I WISH HE WOULD, TOO.)

MOORE: (ON CUE) APRIL 1944!

MUSIC: (PIZZICATO POLKA)

PETRIE: Jimmy Durante, the most accomplished ballroom dancer of our time is feted at a party in his honor. The guests anxiously await Durante's dancing exhibition. A hush falls over the crowd when he dramatically arises from his chair, approaches the hostess, bows low:

SOUND: LOUD RIP

PETRIE:and says....

DURANTE: WELL, MADAM, SHALL WE SIT THIS ONE OUT?

PETRIE: (ON CUE) MAY 1944!
MUSIC: (MENDELSSOHN'S SPRING SONG)
SOUND: BIRD WHISTLES WITH MUSIC

PETRIE: It is spring, the season of romance, and as it must
to all men, love came to Garry Moore. We take you now to
the parlor of his loved one.

MOORE: Darling. Let me hold your little hand. My, what lovely
fingers.

Gibbs:
ALLMAN: Mine?

MOORE: No -- mine.

Gibbs:
ALLMAN: Oh Darling, why don't you make love to me? Don't you
know anything about the flowers and the trees?

MOORE: Uh-huh.

Gibbs:
ALLMAN: And don't you know anything about the birds and the bees?

MOORE: Uh-huh.

Gibbs:
ALLMAN: Well, then what are you waiting for?

MOORE: I don't know anything about girls.

PETRIE: (ON CUE) JUNE 1944!

MUSIC: (HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN TONIGHT)

PETRIE: In the latter part of this month, Jimmy Durante's
political campaign reaches its climax. ~~Speculation is~~
~~rife~~, Newspapers all over the country comment thusly:
when Durante's name is mentioned as a presidential
candidate, The New York Times says:

LANG: WHO?

PETRIE: The Boston Chronicle says:

LANG: WHOM?

PETRIE: And the Alabama Gazeteer says:

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LANG: Who you-all?

PETRIE: After successfully touring the country, Jimmy Durante winds up in the nations' capitol. Here he learns that George Washington threw ^a dollar across the Potomac, he says:

DURANTE: I DON'T BELIEVE IT.

PETRIE: Later that night he says:

SOUND: FROGS CROAKIN, CRICKETS CHIRPING, ET CETRA.

DURANTE: KEEP LOOKING UMBRIAGO...IT MUST BE IN THERE SOMEPLACE!

~~MUSIC: (ON CUE NEWSREEL MARCH)~~

PETRIE: Well, ladies and gentlemen, now that the first half of 1944 has gone by the boards, let us turn our attention to the future. We present the Camel Radio Program fifty years from today. Moore and Durante are fifty years older but are still going strong in *July 1994!*

ORCHESTRA: (YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY) *(Moore interruption) oh here's your clear trumpet James. Just lean in on me - I'll hold you up. Listen to this high note, senior.*

DURANTE: (SINGS -- HOLDS HIGH NOTE) WHAT A NOTE; IN THE MORNIN I GOTTA RETURN IT TO THE SMITH-SON-IAN INSTITUTE, BUT THAT'S NEITHER, E, LEC NOR TRONICS. WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING WITH YOURSELF, SENIOR.

MOORE: Well, pappy, after fifty years of kicking around I finally became a success.

DURANTE: WHAT DO YOU MEAN A SUCCESS?

MOORE: Today I read Serutan backwards.

DURANTE: THAT'S MY GRANDSON WHO SAID THAT.

MOORE: *Jimmy* Guess who I ran into this morning, *you'll never guess* James? Hedy LaMarr. And I said: "Hedy I've been secretly in love with you for half a century. Would you do one thing that would make me the happiest man in the world?" And she said, (CONTINUED)

D: Go on

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MOORE:
(Cont'd)

"Okay, Garry, pucker up I said, "Hedy, you mean you're actually gonna kiss me?" And she said, "No -- I want you to blow up the tires on my wheel chair".

DURANTE: THAT'S THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY CONDITIONS THAT PREVAIL!

MOORE: By the way, James, what have you been doing since 1944.

DURANTE: WELL, I'LL TELL YOU. I'VE BEEN SEEING MY LATEST PICTURE.

MOORE: "Two Girls And A Sailor"?

DURANTE: NO, THEY'VE CHANGED ^{the} ~~THAT~~ TITLE. IT'S NOW CALLED
"TWO GRANDMAS AND AN ADMIRAL,". I GOT FIFTY MILLION
OF 'EM! — 50,000,000.

MOORE: Wait a minute, James, you haven't spent all those years in the theatre.

DURANTE: ~~INDUBITABLY~~, I NEVER LEFT THE PLACE. WHY I'VE SEEN THAT PICTURE SEVENTEEN THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SIX TIMES.

MOORE: Is is that good?

DURANTE: NO.

MOORE: Then ^{how} / why ^{come} have / you seen it seventeen thousand five hundred and twenty-six times?

DURANTE: I KEEP FORGETTING WHERE I CAME IN!

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

MCQUEHEN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Sergeant Jake Williamson of Winnfield, Louisiana, who, at Carentan, fought his way out of a German trap killing more than fifty of the enemy in the fight. In your honor, Sergeant Williamson, 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")

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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: An exquisite note, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: *ld say it was*
A BEAUTIFUL NOTE, MR. MOORE. WELL, JUNIOR, WITH THE
FESTIVITIES OVER, I'M GOING OUT FOR A BOWL OF CHILE,

MOORE: Chile?

DURANTE: YES, WHY DON'T YOU PUT ON YOUR EAR-MUFFS AND JOIN ME.

MOORE: I'd love to, James, but tonight I'm taking my girl to
the football stadium.

DURANTE: JUNIOR, FOOTBALL DOESN'T START FOR SIX MONTHS. WHAT FUN
CAN YOU HAVE AT THE STADIUM TONIGHT.

MOORE: He's led such a sheltered life.

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT.

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY OFF)

MOORE: Good night, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: GOOD NIGHT, MR. MOORE.

BOTH: GOOD NIGHT, EVERYBODY, (FOLKS)

ORCHESTRA: (UP AND OUT)

(APPLAUSE)

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

PETRIE: Camel broadcasts go out to the United States three times a week, are sent and shortwaved to our men overseas, and to South America. Listen Monday to Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks", next Thursday to Harry Savoy; and next Friday listen to Georgia Gibbs, Roy Barge and his Orchestra, yours truly, Howard Petrie....

DURANTE: AND JIMMY DURANTE.

MOORE: And Garry Moore.

BOTH: 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)

*after announcement
on next page*

Friends,
PETRIE: / We hope you'll listen next Friday night at this time
for another Camel Program with Jimmy Durante, Garry Moore,
Georgia Gibbs and Roy Bargy and his Orchestra.
This ^{again} is Howard Petrie saying good night for all the
gang.

51454 5480

(IN STUDIO FIVE)

SHIELDS:

A good pipe without the right tobacco is kind of like a good golf club without a ball....or a fishing rod without a line....or a fellow without a girl. What good is it? Could be your pipe needs a load of that fragrant, mellow, aged-in-the-wood Prince Albert to complete the picture. Prince Albert -- the tobacco that's smoked in more pipes than any other in the whole world! No-bite treated to treat your tongue right. Crimp cut to pack, burn, and draw, the way you like it. And thrifty? Say, there are just about fifty pipefuls in that big, red, two-ounce Prince Albert package. Start smoking Prince Albert today!

Tomorrow -- Saturday night - be sure to listen to Prince Albert's Grand Ole Opry - for nearly nineteen years bringing the real, authoritative American folk music and fun to Southern radio audiences.... And now broadcast coast to coast. Remember Grand Ole Opry every Saturday night on another network.

ANNCR:

This is CBS.....THE COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

*Key:
When you read
the "As Broadcast"
more - I want
for July 7 to
the check please
be sure this is
stapled below the
Prince Albert bottle*

RECEIVED JUL 10 1944
COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

51454 5481

THE FOLLOWING IS TO BE SUBSTITUTED FOR THE PRINOR
ALBERT HITCH-HIKE OVER THE TAMPA, FLORIDA, RADIO
STATION ONLY ON THE MOORE-DURANTE PROGRAM, FRIDAY,
JULY 7th.

ANNOUNCER:

This afternoon, down in Tampa, Florida, the men and women of Tampa Shipbuilding Company were honored by the armed forces because of outstanding work which "TASCO" has done in the building of ships for the United States Navy and in repairing and converting ships for the United Nations. Admiral K. L. Cochran, Chief of Bureau of Ships of the Navy, presented to George B. Howell, "TASCO" president, the Army-Navy "E" Award for excellence in ship building and ship repair.

The Army was represented by Colonel James B. Carroll, Commanding Officer of MacDill Field who presented the "E" pin to a representative of the "TASCO" workers.