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AS BROADCAST

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY
CAMEL CIGARETTES
THE CAMEL PROGRAM

MASTER (REVISED) E.J. 7/20/44
Commercial re 7/27/44

CBS NETWORK
FRIDAY, JULY 14, 1944

PROGRAM #69
7:00 - 7:30 P.M. PWT

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

EIVIA ALLMAN

PAT MCGEEHAN

FRED SHIELDS

DIRECTOR.....PHIL COHAN

51454 5483

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7:00 - 7:30 P.M. 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 DANCING AT THE PALLADIUM AND YOU OUGHT TO SEE HOW
SWELL I LOOK. I'M WEARING A TAN JACKET AND MY PANTS
ARE CHECKED.

MOORE: So what?

DURANTE: SO COME AND GET ME. I JUST LOST THE CHECK!

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:)

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PETRIE: Yes, it's the Friday Night Camel Show... Jimmy Durante, Garry Moore, 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!! 55/

MUSIC: (OUT)

PETRIE: And now, ladies and gentlemen, we introduce a young man who used to be unpopular, but didn't know why. Then he started eating onions... So he (is) still unpopular, but now he knows why... the co-star of our show -- Garry Moore.

(APPLAUSE)

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MOORE: We'll, thank you, ^{very much} Howard Petrie, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen, and assembled relatives. ~~But~~ ^{Before} we do ~~anything~~ ^{this evening} I wish everybody in the ^{studio} audience would do ^{just one little} me a favor. Will everybody please stand up. / (BUSINESS) ^{come on - everybody - that's right start over here - everybody stand up} That's fine -- ~~now stand aside so I can see the bottom~~ ^{just move a little bit to one side so I can see the bottom} of your chairs. ^{Oh darn it nowadays you can't find} ~~(there - will you please just let me look at the bottoms of yr. chaus?)~~ chewing gum anywhere. ^{nowadays} You can sit down now -- if you're as tired as I am - you'd better sit down.

PETRIE: You're Tired, Garry? From what?

MOORE: Oh, just Hollywood, Howard - keeping up with the Joneses. All this week I've been trying to keep up with the Joneses.

PETRIE: What for?

MOORE: I couldn't help it -- my necktie was caught on their rear license plate... ^{oh} Such a madhouse, this Hollywood. Last night, I went out with Orson Welles, and he's quite a magician, you know. ^{P. yeah.} We only had one girl between us -- so he sawed her in half....

PETRIE: Say that was convenient.....

MOORE: I'll say. His half was great for dancing... mine was just perfect for sitting it out.....

PETRIE: ^{well, Garry,} ~~And~~ ^{you know.} your social activities aren't over yet. There's a girl waiting outside to see you. She wants to start a Garry Moore fan club.

MOORE: Well -- obviously one of the intelligent minority... ^{P. yes} show ~~her~~ ^{the lady} in, will you?

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MOORE: Ah, there you are, my dear. Are you the brilliant young lady who admires me so?
ALLMAN: (DRIBBLE LIPS)

MOORE: That's basic English, folks, for "I adore you passionately." Now tell me young lady -- why do you want to start a Garry Moore/^{Fan} Club?

ALLMAN: Well, since Victor Mature went in the Coast Guard, Hollywood ain't got no Beautiful Hunk of Man.

MOORE: *Yeah-* But I'm nothing like Victor Mature. He has a magnificent torso shaped like a V.

ALLMAN: So what? Take that V -- squash it down, round out the bottom and that V becomes U, Mr. Moore.

MOORE: Ha, ha ha ^{oh} -/girl or no girl, I'm gonna have to slug her...

ALLMAN: *oh,* Gee, I wish we could think up something to call you. We can't call you that Beautiful Hunk of Man.

MOORE: How about that Beautiful Slab of Flab?

ALLMAN: Oh -- I've got an idea. Pull up your trousers and let me look at your legs.

MOORE: *well,* All right - there.

ALLMAN: I've got it! I've got it! Garry Moore, the man with the Benny Goodman knees.

MOORE: *wah* The Benny Goodman knees?

ALLMAN: Yeah - they really swing out.

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

MOORE: *oh, dear* That was a well dressed girl -- her stockings are so wrinkled they look like a stack of Dixie cups. So -- *3*

ORCHESTRA: (DURANTE PLAY-ON)

MOORE: -- let's say hello to someone more attractive, 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...STOP THE MUSIC! STOP
THE MUSIC! WHEN A PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE MAKES
HIS ENTRANCE HE'S GOTTA HAVE A FANFARE"'.
GIMME THAT FANFARE!

ORCHESTRA: (LOUD FANFARE ENDING WITH BIRD)

DURANTE: THERE'S ONE GUY WHO WON'T BE A MEMBER OF MY
CABINET !

MOORE: Ah, James, ^{you know} / I drink an imaginary toast to your
landing in the White House!

DURANTE: BOTTOMS UP! (AND I HOPE THAT ISN'T THE WAY I LAND)
YOU KNOW, GARRY, THE FIRST THING I'M GONNA DO WHEN
^{M: Me too -} I GET ELECTED IS THIS. I'M GONNA BUILD A BRIDGE
THAT ONLY GOES HALF WAY ACROSS SAN FRANCISCO BAY,
THEN TURNS AROUND AND COMES BACK.

MOORE: But, Jimmy, they've got a bridge that goes all
the way across San Francisco Bay.

DURANTE: I KNOW, BUT MY BRIDGE IS FOR PEOPLE WHO CHANGE
THEIR MINDS IN THE MIDDLE.

MOORE: Ah Durante - always in the public eye.

DURANTE: YES THAT'S WHY I HAD TO HIRE A BODY GUARD. AND
DID I GET A GOOD ONE!

MOORE: He's really great eh?

DURANTE: GREAT? WHY THIS GUY USED TO BE A BODY GUARD FOR
LANA TURNER. AND BROTHER, IS THAT A BODY TO GUARD!

MOORE: I wonder if she needs anybody on the swing shift.

DURANTE: *but*
Jimmy, do you really need someone to protect you?
D. She already got an application in. M: That's good.
INDUBITABLY -- AND I'LL TELL YOU WHY. I STAYED

HOME LAST NIGHT TO PICKLE SOME BEETS (IT
TOOK TWO MARTINIS AND AN OLD-FASHIONED) WHEN I
SUDDENLY HEARD A SUSPICIOUS NOISE IN MY DEN.

MOORE: *a noise* In your den?

DURANTE: YEAH -- THAT'S WHERE I KEEP ALL MY CAMPAIGN SECRETS
...SO SLIPPING ON MY CANDY STRIPE PAJAMAS (WITH
THE MARSHMALLOW BUTTONS) I DASHED DOWNSTAIRS
SNAPPED ON MY FLASHLIGHT AND THERE I WAS FACE TO
FACE WITH AN INTRUDER!

MOORE: That must have been breathtaking.

DURANTE: BREATHTAKING? HE HAD A PISTOL IN ONE HAND, A KNIFE IN THE OTHER, A BLACKJACK IN HIS POCKET AND HE WAS SIX FOOT FOUR.

MOORE: What did you do?

DURANTE: NOTHING-BUT IF HE'DA BEEN SIX FOOT THREE I'DA MURDERED HIM!

MOORE: *oh dear* It's a cinch to see there's no yellow streak going up your back.

DURANTE: I SHOULD SAY NOT.

MOORE: On you it goes sideways!

DURANTE: PLEASE, MR. MOORE, FAMILIARITY BREATHES THROUGH ITS NOSE.

MOORE: I apologize. But Jimmy, but what did you do with the burglar?

DURANTE: WELL, I SAT THE GUY DOWN AND I TOLD HIM THE STORY OF MY YOUTH. (AS AN OBJECT LESSON) ^{M: yes} I SAID: BUDDY, WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BOY I SNEAKED INTO THE ICE BOX AND STOLE A PEACH.....GOING FROM BAD TO WORSE I WENT TO A PUSHCART AND [✓]STOLE SOME CHERRIES AND IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE I WALKED INTO A GROCERY STORE AND STOLE A BANANA. SUDDENLY I KNEW WHAT WAS STARING ME IN THE FACE.

MOORE: Prison?

M: oh dear

DURANTE: NO. A FRUIT SALAD! / SO WITH THAT ILLUMINATING ANTIDOTE
I SENT HIM ON HIS WAY.

~~MOORE: Instead of giving him an antidote why didn't you give
him five dollars and make him promise to keep outta
trouble.~~

~~DURANTE: JUNIOR, THESE DAYS WITH FIVE DOLLARS HOW MUCH TROUBLE
CAN YOU GET INTO! LIKE I ALWAYS SAY, JUNIOR, CRIME
DOESN'T PAY.~~

MOORE: *Well* Jimmy, your private life is very fascinating, but with the convention coming up, people are interested in subjects of national interest like the tax problem or the budget.

DURANTE: THE BUDGET? ^{just} THAT'S RIDICULOUS! AFTER ALL, JUNIOR -- WHAT'S A BUDGET? A BUDGET IS A PLAN. AND WHAT'S A PLAN? A PLAN IS SOMETHING YOU NEED TO BUILD A HOUSE. AND WHAT DO YOU NEED TO BUILD A HOUSE? AN ARK-ITECT. AND WHAT DOES AN ARK-ITECT DO. HE DRAWS AND DRAWS. AND IF YOU THINK ^{what} I'M GONNA STAND HERE AND TALK ABOUT A PAIR OF DRAWERS, YOU'RE CRAZY!

MOORE: *ah* Jimmy, I'm sorry I even opened my mouth.

DURANTE: WELL, YOU STILL HAVE TIME TO CLOSE IT. BUT SO FAR AS THE CONVENTION IS CONCERNED I'M A CINCH. WHY EVEN BEFORE IT STARTS I HAVE THIRTY-FIVE DELEGATES LINED UP ALREADY.

MOORE: You've got thirty-five delegates lined up?

DURANTE: YEAH. LINED UP IN FRONT OF MY HOUSE. THEY FOUND OUT I GOT A BOTTLE OF BOURBON!...THAT'S THE CONDITIONS THAT PREVAIL!

MOORE: Just think ^{Jimmy}. Next week this time you'll be in Chicago.

DURANTE: RIGHT, AND WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT, JUNIOR, TIME MAGAZINE WANTS ME TO WRITE MY EXPERIENCES AT THE CONVENTION. AND THEY OFFERED ME A DOLLAR A WORD. IMAGINE THE NERVE OF THEM GUYS!

MOORE: They offered you a dollar a word and you're kicking?

DURANTE: SURE I'm KICKING -- THEY WANTED ME TO THROW THE COMMAS IN FOR NUTTIN! (ME WHO MAKES EVERY APOS-TRO-FEE BY HAND!)

MOORE: I see what you mean. Then all preparations for your campaign have been made.

DURANTE: YOU CAN BANK ON IT! -- BECAUSE ALL ^{my} PLANS ARE BEING HANDLED BY THE MAN WHO ORIGINATES ALL MY IDEAS --

MOORE: Who?

DURANTE: UMBRIAGO!

MOORE: What did the great brain cook up for you this time?

DURANTE: HE SAID IN ORDER TO APPEAL TO THE MAN ON THE STREET
(AND IN THE ALLEY TOO) MY CAMPAIGN PHOTOGRAPH SHOULD
HAVE HUMAN INTEREST! SO ON EVERY BILLBOARD IN THE
COUNTRY HE PUT A PICTURE OF ME POSING WITH MY FAVORITE
DOG AND THE RESULTS ARE AMAZING.... ACCORDING TO THE LAST
GALLUP POLL.....

MOORE: Yes?

DURANTE: MY COCKER SPANIEL IS LEADING ME BY TWENTY THOUSAND
VOTES!

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY OFF)
(APPLAUSE)

8³⁰

I dumbo

MOORE: Well, /the swing may be to Durante for President -- but for plain common sense, I vote for Howard Petrie.

PETRIE: Does your taste ever sort of say to you -- "Hey, I'm bored. Cigarettes taste flat. Not much fun in smoking any more." Does your throat ever sort of say -- "Is this the mildest smoke you can offer me?" Well...*now* it just might be that you ought to give your Taste and Throat a chance to try Camels -- today! See what they say about Camel's wonderful mildness! And the rich, full flavor that just doesn't seem to go flat -- pack after pack -- no matter how many you smoke. Try Camels on your T-Zone -- that's T for Taste and T for Throat -- and find out, really, which cigarette is best for you!...Could be....

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

PETRIE: Camels! The cigarettes of costlier tobaccos!

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO "SAN FERNANDO VALLEY")

9¹⁵

PIETRIE: Roy Bargy and the Orchestra now in a Roy Bargy
arrangement of "San Fernando Valley."

ORCHESTRA: "SAN FERNANDO VALLEY" *9²⁵*

(APPLAUSE)

11⁴⁰

"San Fernando Valley" played by

DURANTE:

AND THAT WAS ROY BARGY AND HIS ORCHESTRA PLAYING. *By next wk.*

one piece
we hope they learn another piece.

AND THAT BRINGS US TO GARRY MOORE AND HIS WELL KNOWN
STORIES OF LITTLE KNOWN PEOPLE...TELL ME, JUNIOR --
WHOSE LIFE ARE YOU POKING YOUR NOSE INTO TONIGHT?

MOORE:

Tonight, James, I should like to tell you the story
of a tragic young man, indeed...The story of

Balboa Flingeblister.

DURANTE:

(finger) BALBOA FLINGEBLISTER? *M: Approximately* I SHALL PUT A PIECE OF CHEESE
ON MY TONGUE AND LISTEN WITH BAITED BREATH.

ORCHESTRA: ("SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME")

MOORE:

12th

will Thank you, James... ~~But~~ I thought you ought to know about
Balboa Flingeblister. Born in the little town of
Cold Bicycle Seat, Vermont -- which is just across the
river from (WHOOPS), New Hampshire -- Balboa was an
adorable baby. His parents often said that he had ears
just like shells. And they were right -- there was an
oyster in each one of them...But he was a fine looking
lad, nonetheless, and would have been the tallest boy
in his class except for one thing -- he was very short...
and with the years his handsomeness increased, until at
the age of nineteen he even developed a widow's peak.
A pretty widow moved next door and every day he'd take
a peek...But soon it was time for Balboa to make his
way in the world, and one morning his father called him
to his study and said --

VOICE:

Balboa --

MOORE:

Yes, pa-pa?

VOICE: You have been a wastrel all your life and today you are
twenty-one years old. What have you to say for yourself?

MOORE: (SINGING) Happy birthday to me. Happy birthday to me.
Happy birthday dear Balboa, happy birthday to me...How's
that, pop?

VOICE: My boy, the world is progressing. This is the year
1806. Have you no ambition?

MOORE: Yes, pa-pa -- I want to be an inventor. I have invented
something that'll revolutionize the dry cleaning industry.

VOICE: What's that!

MOORE: A spot-remover that removes the spots left by other
spot removers.

ORCHESTRA: ("SONGS MY MOTHER")

MOORE: And ^{fo}with his career determined, Balboa started in to
invent. First he tried idabbling in soft drinks. He
invented a drink called Three-Up and it was a failure.
Then he tried Four-Up.

VOICE: It's a failure, son.

MOORE: Then Five-Up.

VOICE: A failure!

MOORE: Six-Up.

VOICE: A failure! You'd better quit.

MOORE: Little did Balboa know how close he had come to success.
And so --

ORCHESTRA: (SAD MUSIC)

MOORE: Things went from bad to worse. Every year was an awful year for him, except one -- and that year was horrible.....But in 1817, Balboa called the townsfolk together and said, "My friends, I shall now unveil my latest and greatest invention. The invention that will make me famous"...And the trumpets blew --

ORCHESTRA: (SHORT FANFARE)

MOORE: The veil was lifted --

ELVIA: (BREATHLESS) Why -- why, it's a can-opener!

VOICE: An can-opener?

PETRIE: An invention for opening cans!

ELVIA: How wonderful! An invention for opening cans!

VOICE: Balboa, my boy - you're ~~made~~ *a genius!*

ORCHESTRA: (OMINOUS CHORD)

MOORE: But at that moment, from the back of the crowd, a voice was heard.

PETRIE: Just a minute, even though you have invented the
can opener, you are still a failure!

MOORE: A failure? Why?

PETRIE: Because so far, no one has invented the can!

ORCHESTRA: (SOUL SHAKER...SEGUE TO PAVANNE FOR A MISSED PUTT)

MOORE: And so with a cry of despair, Balboa Flungeblister did
his last clever act. He stuck his nose in his ear
and blew his head off...And the moral of our story is,
never invent something for which there is no market.
For, as the hen said when she laid a square egg -- ouch.

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY-OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

15¹⁵

ORCHESTRA: (START GIBBS INTRODUCTION)

MOORE: Thank you, my friends. But save ^{your} ~~that~~ applause,
you're going to need it. For here is her Nibbs,
Miss Gibbs...Hiyuh, Georgia.

GEORGIE: Hiyuh, my little friend.. ^{tell me} What are your personal views
on the general subject of love?

MOORE: Love? Oh, that old stuff.

GEORGIA: Be careful, my chum -- 'cause like it says, in the
song, "It Could Happen To You."

GIBBS: "IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU"

(APPLAUSE)

15th

18th

MOORE: *goe whig -*
with that kind of voice it's no wonder she's a busy
and say
little girl. / Jimmy, are you still busy working on your
symphony?

DURANTE: YES, AND I JUST FINISHED MAKING A SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT
FOR THE VIOLIN SECTION. IT MAY INTEREST YOU TO KNOW THAT
FOR THREE YEARS I WORKED UNDER KREISLER.

MOORE: Three years under Kreisler?

DURANTE: YES, AND ~~TWO YEARS UNDER A 1928 ESSEX, TOO...~~ *before that I worked under a Buick - (Very*
M. I can see - D:
VERSATILE)? *18²⁵* / HERE'S A NEW SET OF LYRICS FOR MY
SYMPHONY.

(SINGS) C-A-M-E-L-S.

THEY CLICK FROM TU-NIS TO CHICAGO

THEY'RE EVEN TOPS WITH UMBRIAGO

PETRIE: Yes, Jimmy, and they click with every famous personality
who cares about his throat. *say* / Did you happen to read an
item in the paper about that concert singer who insured
her throat for a million dollars? Well, after all,
everyone's throat is a "Million Dollar" throat to its
owner.

MOORE: Did you hear that Jimmy -- everyone's throat is worth a
million dollars.

DURANTE: GEE -- AND I'VE BEEN USING MINE TO SWALLOW.

PETRIE: *yes Jimmy - let me tell you boy -*
The throat - an intricate organ that certainly rates
care and attention. Like the careful choice of a
cigarette, for example. Try Camels and let your own
million dollar throat judge for itself how welcome Camel's
mildness and smoothness and coolness are. Also, we know
that Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos brings
fuller, richer flavor.

DURANTE:

AN INTERESTING ITEM.

MOORE:

A little late, but interesting yes - and
/ Breathtaking is the word.

PETRIE:

Try a Camel...on your taste and your throat.

Maybe, like millions and millions of other smokers,

Camel will be your cigarette#.

ORCHESTRA:

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

DURANTE: *There's*

TWENTY SIX LETTERS IN THE ALPHABET AND THEY ALWAYS USE
THE SAME ONES.

ORCHESTRA:

(PLAY OFF)

1940

DURANTE: AND NOW THE FRIDAY NIGHT CAMEL SHOW BRINGS YOU A DRAMA OF HORSES AND THE MEN WHO RACE THEM...ENTITLED:

MOORE: "The jockey caught his pants on the Starting Gate", or "They're Off, at Saratoga": Now, Jimmy, in tonight's play you and I own a racing stable? Do you know anything about horses.

DURANTE: NOW THERE'S A QUESTION THAT SHOWS LACK OF COG-A-TATION. WHY, IN MY SPORTING DAYS, I RACED HORSES DOWN IN FLORIDA.

MOORE: Florida?

DURANTE: YEAH - Y'KNOW, THAT'S WHERE BAD CALIFORNIANS GO WHEN THEY DIE.

MOORE: Well, then, let us trip along to the stable.

DURANTE: YOU TRIP.....I'LL BE MORE CAREFUL.

MUSIC: (BRIDGE ENDING WITH HORSES NEIGH)

MOORE: Ah the telephone.....Hello, Durante-Moore Stable....Our colors are the gold and blue, and our horses are too old for glue, Crosby.....Moore speaking.

GIBBS: (FILTER) Mr. Moore, I've been betting on the horses for fifteen years, and I've never won a bet. Can you help me?

MOORE: Madam, with my system - you positively can't lose.
You can't fail to redouble your money. Just send me
fifty dollars with your name and address.

GIBBS: But what if your system doesn't work?

MOORE: In that case, we cheerfully send back your name and
address.

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

MOORE: I should have sold her a subscription to the Bookie-
of-the-Month Club.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: JUNIOR, DROP EVERYTHING! WHAT A CHUMP I AM! THAT
SALESMAN TOOK ME IN -- LINE, SINKER AND MY HOOK TOO.

MOORE: What are you talking about Jimmy?

DURANTE: I JUST BOUGHT A BRAND NEW JOCKEY SUIT FOR THREE DOLLARS,
AND DID I GET STUCK! HE THREW IN TEN PAIRS OF PANTS
AND A FREE HORSE.

MOORE: But how did you get stuck?

DURANTE: ALL THE PANTS FIT THE HORSE! (THAT'S THE CONDITIONS THAT
PREVAIL)

MOORE: well, Jimmy, let's get down to cases. The Handicap Race
is tomorrow and I don't think our horse has a chance.

DURANTE: HE HASN'T?

MOORE: In fact, I don't even think he's a race horse.

DURANTE: OF COURSE HE'S A RACE HORSE....WHAT MAKES YOU DOUBT IT?

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(REVISED)

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MOORE: ~~well~~, This morning when I passed his paddock, he was humming, "Milkman Keep Those Bottles Quiet!"

DURANTE: THAT'S VERY..HOW-MARGE-ANIZING! BUT DON'T WORRY ABOUT WINNING THAT RACE. WE GOT THE SMARTEST RACE HORSE IN THE WORLD. C'MERE, SAD SACK.

SOUND: HOOFBEATS AND HEIGH

DURANTE: THAT'S A GOOD HORSE...NOW TELL THE MAN HOW MUCH IS ONE AND ONE?

SOUND: TWO DISTINCT HOOFBEATS

DURANTE: DARN IT HE ^{got} ~~gets~~ IT WRONG ^{again} EVERYTIME.

MOORE: Jimmy, ^{lemme} ~~I'll~~ ^{it} try this time. Tell me, Sad Sack, how many legs have you got?

SOUND: FIVE HOOFBEATS

MOORE: Five? How do you like that? He's so swaybacked, he counted his stomach!

DURANTE: (HE'S BEEN SICK) ^{M. S. knows} BUT WE GOT MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT, JUNIOR. THE RACE IS TOMORROW AND WE AIN'T EVEN GOT A JOCKEY.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

51454 5506

PETRIE: I'm going to the dogs! Everybody says I'm going to
the dogs! Please, don't^{don't}/let me go to the dogs! *Don't, don't.*

MOORE: Say, who are you?

PETRIE: Oh, just a little flea!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: I never should have left home without my flitgun.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

ALLMAN: H'ya, fellas, I'm the greatest woman jockey in the
world. I just came from the stable.

DURANTE: WELL, PULL UP A WINDOW AND SIT DOWN.

ALLMAN: *Why* Don't you recognize me? I'm Side Saddle Sadie.

MOORE: *Yes* I know that, but I'm afraid you're just a little too
old to ride for us.

ALLMAN: Now wait a minute. I'm just beginning in the race of
life. After all, life begins at forty.

MOORE: Yes, but this is your third trip to the post.

DURANTE: AN OLDER RACING FORM I'VE NEVER SEEN.

MOORE: However, ^{*James*} we're desperate for a jockey, so ^{*Sadie*} I guess
we'll have to take a chance on you.

ALLMAN: You won't regret it, Pardner. When it comes to
handling horses. I'm as wise as an owl.

DURANTE: (SHE LOOKS LIKE AN OWL, TOO)

ALLMAN: Who?

DURANTE: SEE WHAT I MEAN?

ALLMAN: Well, good day, and if I don't win tomorrow's race,
I'll turn in my silks...(TAKE) What am I saying?

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: *Oh dear* I knew she was a jockey the minute I saw her teeth, she was wearing her horsey set...ha ha ha ha ha. *horsey set - ha - oh dear*

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT.

MOORE: But come on, Jimmy, it's only twenty four hours before post time. We better see if the new saddle fits.

DURANTE: OKAY, HELP ME THROW IT ON. (AD LIBS COMMOTION) *Hold still, hold still*

SOUND: HORSES WHINNEY

DURANTE: THERE NOW, ~~JUNIOR~~, HOW DOES IT FIT?

MOORE: *Well*, The bit fits in my mouth all right but the saddle tickles my stomach.

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

SOUND: CROWD NOISE

MOORE: Well, *Jimmy* the next *big* race is the big Handicap. *Jimmy*, how'd you make out in the last race?

DURANTE: YOU AND YOUR BETTING SYSTEM!

MOORE: Well, did you do what I told you *to*?

DURANTE: YES -- I HELD UP THE PROGRAM WITH THE LIST OF HORSES AND I STUCK A HAT PIN THROUGH IT.

MOORE: Well, who did you pick?

DURANTE: ^a ~~THE~~ FAT LADY STANDING IN FRONT OF ME. (AND SHE MIGHT HAVE WON, IF I'DA USED A LONGER PIN)

ORCHESTRA: (RACE TRACK FANFARE...CALL TO POST)

PETRIE: (FILTER) Attention all! Everyone please pay attention..
Now, the next race is the Frankfurter Handicap.

We call it the Frankfurter Handicap, because...the
weener takes all....weener. (LAUGHS)

DURANTE: (EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT)

PETRIE: *Well* The horses are at the starting gate.

SOUND: STARTING BELL

PETRIE: (SHOUTING) *oh* And they're off!

SOUND: HOOFBEATS

DURANTE: C'MON, SAD SACK. LOOK AT HIM GARRY, HE'S TEARING UP
THE TRACK.

MOORE: How do you like that? - We forgot to take off his plow.

PETRIE: *Friends* At the halfway mark, it's Sad Sack by three lengths.
...*and*...the jockey isn't even breathing hard.

DURANTE: JUNIOR, I BET EVERY CENT WE HAD ON SAD SACK. IF HE
WINS, WE'LL BE DRINKING CHAMPAGNE OUT OF A SLIPPER.

And now

PETRIE: (ON FILTER)/They're coming into the stretch ~~now~~, and it's still Sad Sack...It's Sad Sack all the way...It's Sad Sad Sack...Sad Sack...Sad Sack...and ~~here's~~ the winner -- Fleabiscuit.

BOTH: FLEABISCUIT!

MOORE: ~~We~~ll, Jimmy, a fine partner you turned out to be. We're broke and you said we'd drink champagne out of a slipper. Now what'll we do?

DURANTE: DID YOU EVER DRINK SASPARILLA OUT OF AN OLD SNEAKER.

MUSIC: (PLAY OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

25-33-

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

MOGAHAN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Second Lieutenant George F. Kerchner of Baltimore, winner of the Distinguished Service Cross for extraordinary heroism in the first wave of invasion landings. In your honor, Lieutenant Kerchner; the makers of Camels are sending to our fighters overseas four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes.

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

26¹⁰

(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")

26²⁵

DURANTE: *Say*, 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: A BEAUTIFUL NOTE, MR. MOORE. BUT THE PROGRAM IS RUNNING
and I just got time to catch my picture "Two Girls and a Sailor"
LATE ~~/- WE HAVE NO TIME TO CHAT.~~ D. COULD YOU SAY GOODNIGHT
M: nice plug
IN A FEW WELL CHOSEN WORDS.

MOORE: Well if we're in a hurry I can merely say that it has
been an unbounded pleasure, privilege and thrill for me
to have shared the podium with you for the mutual
titillation, edification, and all around well being of the
splendid assemblage which has foregathered on these
premises this evening to lend us their encouragement,
applause and neighborly good feeling.

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)

27¹²

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 Bergy 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: ^{27⁴⁵} And remember....try Camels on your throat and your taste. See for yourself how Camel's mildness, coolness, and flavor click with you. ^{27⁵⁵}

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP)

(APPLAUSE)

(BOARD FADE)

(SWITCH TO STUDIO FIVE FOR HITCH HIKE)

(ADDITIONAL CLOSING IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN)

PETRIE:

28
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 is Howard Petrie saying good night
for all the gang.

28¹⁰

28²⁵ Out.

(IN STUDIO FIVE)

ANNOR:

Here's a very short, short story. Boy meet sgirl.
Girl's cute. Boy's manly - really he-man even to
the pipe in his meuth. Girl likes that. Boy lights
pipe. Oh, oh! Not so good. Girl sniffs - unappreciatively.
Her eyes say "aye" to that pipe - her nose says "no!"
to the tobacco that's in it. The moral of the story is
Get P.A. young man. P.A. stands for Prince Albert and
for Pipe Appeal both; Prince Albert, the grand tasting,
rich, mild, no bite treated, cry^mp cut tobacco that's
smoked in more pipes than any other tobacco in the whole
world! 29¹²

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. 29²⁵

ANNOR:

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

29³⁰