

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY  
CAMEL CIGARETTES  
"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

AS  
BROADCAST

CBS NETWORK  
FRIDAY, JULY 21, 1944

PROGRAM #70  
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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CUE: (COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM)  
(.....30 Seconds.....)

SOUND: PHONE RINGS TWICE...PHONE UP

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

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

MOORE: Jimmy Durante! Where are you?

DURANTE: I'M DOWN IN CITY HALL LOOKING AT THE GAMBLING SITUATION  
AND THE LID IS OFF ON EVERY STREET IN TOWN.

MOORE: Are you sure?

DURANTE: AM I SURE? I JUST FELL INTO FOUR SEWERS.

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

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MOORE: Oh, no!

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

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

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

(APPLAUSE)

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ORCHESTRA: (THEME FULL AND FADE FOR:)

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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: Ladies and gentlemen last week our co-star,  
Garry Moore, was voted the outstanding new comedian  
of the year....and it's with great pleasure and humble  
gratitude that we now bring you the man who cast the  
deciding vote - Garry Moore!

(APPLAUSE)

MOORE: Thank you, Howard Petrie, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen, and Howard, I want you to know that I was not only voted the outstanding <sup>next</sup> comedian but just this afternoon my name was proposed as a vice-presidential candidate.

PETRIE: Garry, you were proposed for vice-president?

MOORE: Certainly, why should I be the exception...Ah, but that's the American way of life. <sup>for you</sup> Any boy can grow up to become vice-president. <sup>just as any</sup> and every girl can grow up to become Mrs. Tommy Manville.

PETRIE: Well, <sup>I am too</sup> I'm proud of you, Garry.

MOORE: Yes -- I'd give a celebration dinner at my house tonight except for one thing -- I've got nobody to cook it.

PETRIE: What happened to that butler you had, the one who used to be a prizefighter.

MOORE: Howard, I had to let him go. Every time the bell <sup>rang</sup> would ring -- he'd come in and sit in the corner!..Every night he would serve cauliflower...but this morning I answered an ad <sup>that</sup> I saw in the paper.

PETRIE: What does the ad say?

MOORE: Housekeeping position wanted in small home by young woman, with large backyard...I <sup>certainly</sup> <sup>best</sup> sure/hope she shows up...

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

7/21/44 (REVISED)

MOORE: *Oh* Gee -- *maybe* that's her now... *oh god* I hope she likes me. Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

ELVIA: How do you do.

MOORE: How do you do -- I'm Garry Moore.

ELVIA: Well, don't worry about it -- they're releasing penicillin soon.

MOORE: Oh, I'm gonna love her... I don't like to pry into your affairs, *matilda* Matilda, but would you mind telling me what your last job was?

ELVIA: I was housekeeper for Cary Grant but I quit on account of the cooking and cleaning.

MOORE: Really?

ELVIA: Yes, I didn't like the way he did it.

MOORE: Well, Matilda, I want you to know that I do a great deal of entertaining *myself*. Do you think you'd object to my company!?

ELVIA: *Well* I might go to the movies with you but I won't neck in the balcony!

MOORE: Well, *There's* there's only one thing to do, Matilda, my dear.

ORCHESTRA: ("I LOVE YOU TRULY")

MOORE: I'm not just offering you a job -- I'm offering you  
my hand -- the clean one<sup>to. oh</sup>. I can see our wedding  
now...you standing in your little wash tub and  
I standing in my little wash tub...it'll be a double  
ring ceremony. Can't you hear me saying, "Matilda,  
my dear, I promise to love, honor and scrub the  
bathroom once a week." And who knows, perhaps in  
a year or two or three, we may open our broom closet  
and find a little moppet.

ELVIA: *Oh* Mr. Moore, or may I call you Garrison, <sup>*My yes*</sup> I would love  
to hang my dishrag next to yours. I would love to  
run my fingers through your Brillo. It will make  
me the happiest girl in the world to marry you but  
there's just one little thing, ~~my-sweet~~.

MOORE: What is it, dear?

ELVIA: Can we be married on Wednesday?

MOORE: Why, *darling*?

ELVIA: Because I take every Thursday off.

*Moore:* *Get outta here*  
SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: Well, that was a short honeymoon. So --

ORCHESTRA: (DURANTE INTRODUCTION)

MOORE: Let's say hello to that servant of the people and  
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...(HOLDS NOTE) WHAT A ROMANTIC NOTE, THE USHERS WILL NOW PASS AMONG<sup>st</sup> YOU AND PICK UP THE WOMEN WHO HAVE SWOONED.

MOORE: Ah, James, my boy, you're always the great lover.

DURANTE: *At least me! You know, James.*  
UNDOUBTLESS...~~WHY~~ AT HOME I'VE GOT TWO BARRELS FULL OF MASH NOTES.

MOORE: From women?

DURANTE: NO - FROM POTATOES! I GOT A MILLION OF 'EM. A MILLION OF 'EM.

MOORE: *Well,* I'm glad to see <sup>that</sup> you're so exuberant.

DURANTE: TONIGHT, YES. BUT WHAT AN EXPERIENCE I HAD THIS MORNING! I WAS DRESSED IN THE HEIGHT OF FASHION. WEARING MY ENGLISH DRAPE SUIT ( WITH THE LEND LEASE CUFFS) I SA-SHAYED INTO MY CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS...I GETS INTO THE ELEVATOR AND SAID, "EIGHTH FLOOR PLEASE".

MOORE: You said, eighth floor please..

DURANTE: (MR. MOORE, YOU HAVE ADDED NOTHING TO THE CONVERSATION): I SAID EIGHTH FLOOR PLEASE AND WHAT DOES THE GUY DO? HE TAKES ME HALF WAY UP TO THE EIGHTH FLOOR THEN HE TAKES ME DOWN! AGAIN HE TAKES ME HALF WAY UP TO THE EIGHTH FLOOR AND ~~ONCE MORE~~ <sup>again</sup> HE TAKES ME DOWN! SO I SAID, LISTEN, BUDDY, WHAT'S THE IDEA OF TAKING ME HALFWAY UP AND DOWN, HALFWAY UP AND DOWN..WHY DON'T YOU TAKE ME UP TO EIGHT. AND HE SAID, I ~~will~~ <sup>am</sup> BUT I'M DOING IT THE HARD WAY...TWO FOURS!!...I GOT EVEN WITH THE GUY..I WALKED UP!

MOORE: well, Jimmy, it's a shame you had to leave the *Chicago* Chicago Convention before it was over but how were things while you were <sup>out</sup> there?

DURANTE: OH CONSEQUENTIAL! I WENT TO CHICAGO A DAY AHEAD OF TIME  
IN ORDER TO GET GOOD HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS.

MOORE: I suppose you found a room on the North side with a  
breeze from the lake....

DURANTE: NO, I HAD A ROOM ON THE SOUTH SIDE WITH A BREEZE FROM  
THE STOCK YARD!.....FORTUNATELY, I HAD A ROOM WITHOUT  
WINDOWS.

MOORE: You certainly must have had a time of <sup>it!</sup> *Jimmy* I read that  
the heat <sup>cut</sup> there was terrific.

DURANTE: YOU'RE TELLING ME! WHY ONE NIGHT IT WAS SO UNBEARABLE  
THAT I HAD TO GO DOWN TO THE KITCHEN OF THE HOTEL AND  
SLEEP IN THE ICEBOX! I OVER SLEPT AND THE NEXT DAY WAS  
I HUMILIATED!

MOORE: What happened?

DURANTE: I WAS THE FROZEN DESSERT ON THE SIXTY CENT LUNCH!

MOORE: And now we take you to those communities where our  
Sealtest dealers are this week featuring, Half Sherbort,  
Half Durante!

DURANTE: I'M SORRY TO SAY THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT! / *Mr. Holmoke two Jun.* BUT THAT'S  
NEITHER CRESTA NOR BLANCA.....THE FIRST THING I DID WAS TO  
FIND OUT WHAT WAS DOING AT THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.  
~~AS~~ YOU KNOW JUNIOR, MOST OF THE IMPORTANT BUSINESS AT  
THE CONVENTION IS DONE IN THE CLOAK ROOM, SO I POKED MY  
HEAD IN THERE AND.....

MOORE: And what happened?

DURANTE: THEY HUNG FOURTEEN TOP COATS, AND ONE UMBRELLA ON MY  
SCHNOZOLLA!!...I LOOKED LIKE FIBBER MCGEE'S CLOSET WITH  
LEGS!



MOORE: *Jimmy,* If you wanted to know what the politicians were doing why didn't you just come out and ask them?

DURANTE: I DID. I GOT HOLD OF ONE OF THE BIG SHOTS BUT HE WOULDN'T TELL ME ANYTHING.

MOORE: Why didn't you ask him to let his hair down?

DURANTE: IMPOSSIBLE JUNIOR. IT WAS JIM FARLEY!

MOORE: What you should have done is wait until the whole party gathered in a caucus.

DURANTE: IN WHAT?

MOORE: A caucus. Caucus. Haven't you ever heard of a caucus?

DURANTE: SURE! A CORK IS SOMETHING YOU STICK INTO A BOTTLE OF SCOTCH! ~~WELL ANYWAY~~ (DURANTE YOU'RE A CHARACTER) I GOT MY DELIGATES TOGETHER THAT NIGHT SO I COULD. MAKE ALL THE PLANS FOR OUR PARTY. EVERYTHING WAS GOING SMOOTHLY UNTIL THE DELIGATES WANTED TWO WOMEN TO JOIN OUR PARTY, *Jargnet and Jargnet* AND AS USUAL I LOST.

MOORE: What happened?

DURANTE: I GOT STUCK WITH THE FAT ONE! SHE WAS A STOUT FELLOW

MOORE: *Jimmy James* you shouldn't speak that way of American womanhood. Some day we might even have a woman for president.

DURANTE: THAT'LL NEVER HAPPEN JUNIOR, YOU ~~SEE~~ *know* IN ORDER TO BE PRESIDENT A PERSON HAS TO BE OVER FORTY.

MOORE: What difference does that make?

DURANTE: WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO FIND A DAME WHO'LL ADMIT SHE'S OVER FORTY! HOWEVER, A WOMAN CAN RUN FOR CONGRESS.

MOORE: A woman in Congress? What for, Jimmy -after all they *are* already got a speaker in the house! speaker in the house! Ha ha - *Do* you get it, *Jimmy*?

DURANTE: I GOT IT, MR. MOORE - BUT I SUGGEST YOU CALL FOR IT  
WITHIN THIRTY DAYS! BUT JUNIOR, THE PEOPLE I WANT TO  
GET ON MY SIDE ARE THE FUTURE VOTERS - THE KIDS - SO  
WHAT DID I DO! I WENT TO THE GREATEST CHILD  
SY-CHOL-OGIST IN THE WORLD.

MOORE: Who?

DURANTE: UMBRIAGO. HE SAYS: JIMMY, TO GET THE KIDS ON OUR SIDE,  
YOU GOTTA GIVE THEM WHAT THEY WANT. *He said:* SO LET'S BUILD A  
PIPE LINE FROM CALIFORNIA TO NEW YORK THAT'LL CARRY  
NOTHING BUT MARSHMALLOW SUNDAES! *a brilliant idea* SO I BUILT THE PIPE  
LINE *but* AND I'LL NEVER LISTEN TO THAT UMBRIAGO AGAIN!

MOORE: Why, what happened?

DURANTE: THE PIPELINE BROKE IN MISSOURI AND NOW HALF OF  
SAINT LOOEY IS GOOEY!

ORCHESTRA: (PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING)

PETRIE: Ah, three o'clock in the morning. (YAWN) A long day.  
And a big evening. Swell party.

SOUND: SCRATCH OF MATCH

PETRIE: You scratch a match...for a goodnight cigarette. You've  
been smoking all day...all evening...and frankly do the  
last cigarettes taste as good as the first ones did? And  
how does your throat feel after all that smoking?  
Well...could be that you ought to try Camels on your  
T-Zone -- that's T for taste and T for throat.  
Let your own taste tell you how Camel's rich, full  
full flavor holds up pack after pack. Let your own  
throat find out about Camel's kind, cool, super-mildness.  
Could be that your taste and throat may say that  
Camel's the best cigarette -- for you!

ORCHESTRA: (C A M E L S)

PETRIE: Camels, try them on your T-Zone today!

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO "UMBRIAGO")

PETRIE: Roy Bargy and the Orchestra now in a tuneful salute  
to Jimmy Durante's famous playmate.-- UMBRIAGO.

ORCHESTRA: ("UMBRIAGO")

(APPLAUSE)

DURANTE: AND THAT WAS ROY BARGY AND HIS ORCHESTRA PLAYING  
"UMBRIAGO". MR. BARGY I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR  
PLAYING MY SONG "UMBRIAGO" OF YOUR OWN FREE WILL.  
WHAT/SENTIMENT, WHAT A TRIBUTE, WHAT DO I OWE YOU?  
WHICH IS NEITHER HITHER, THITHER NOR AMUCK...TELL US,  
JUNIOR, WHAT'S ON TAP IN THE CULTURE CORNER TONIGHT?

MOORE: Well, James, *I'm happy to say that we've gotten*  
~~without sounding a little ham-y. But facts are that we~~  
*a certain amount*  
~~get a good deal of mail asking that I repeat certain~~  
poems, stories and songs that I first presented *on*  
this *show* spot. SO, I've collected the more choice items  
into a crummy little symposium that I call

"~~.....~~". I shall delve into ~~it~~ from  
time to time, and start right tonight with my favorite  
animal story. The story of a Glow-worm, named Eisie.

DURANTE: SOUNDS FASCINATING...*Well* I SHALL SHOVE AN OLIVE BOTTLE  
BETWEEN MY TEETH, AND LISTEN WITH MOUTH A-JAR.

ORCHESTRA: (SONGS MY MOTHER)

MOORE: ~~That's kind of you, James...~~ *Well* I thought you ought to  
know about Eisie - for Eisie was a glow-worm -  
nothing more and nothing less ... BUT, and it pains me to  
say it, Eisie was just a little bit screwy...While all  
the other lady glow-worms were sitting at home,  
making a plan for man, Eisie was out making passes at  
the masses. Every evening she would wriggle her  
little body to the top of an ant-hill, and just sit  
there- glowing like everything. First she'd glow pink-  
then she'd glow yellow - then green - then mauve - and  
on the fourth of July she'd just KNOCK HERSELF OUT  
glowing red, white and blue.

(CONTINUED)

MOORE:  
(Cont'd)

One day, along came a fine fuzzy caterpillar, and he saw Elsie glowing. My but he was a handsome thing - long, green and fuzzy. And when he saw Elsie he stopped - and his little heart went pitty-pat, pitty-pat. It was love at first sight. And it isn't odd, you know, for a caterpillar to fall in love with a worm. For what is a caterpillar, after all, but a worm with upholstery. And so they were quietly married, and made themselves a nice little apartment in the toe of an old rubber boot.

Every night Elsie would sit in front of her dresser and glow green, red and purple all over. At times she would even glow polka dot. And her husband loved her for it. But one day - the inevitable happened...a little girl walked by wearing a plaid skirt - and it gave Elsie ideas. She didn't glow for days after that. She just sat quietly at home, eating her <sup>vitamin pills</sup> head-off, building up strength..... And when she felt strong enough she called her husband to her side and she said, "Roger - tonight I am going to out-do myself! Tonight I am going to glow plaid!" And she huffed - and she puffed - and she glowed - and she blew out a fuse. Poor Elsie had overdone herself.

And when the doctor came, he said, "Elsie - if you want to go on living, you must never glow again. Just one small glow, and you'll die as dead as dead."

(CONTINUED)

MOORE:  
(Cont'd)

Well a tear came to Eisie's eye - and she looked  
at the doctor -- and she looked at her husband --  
and she glowed.

As she lay there dying, her poor broken-hearted  
husband said: "Eisie, Oh, Eisie! Why did you do it?  
Why did you glow when the doctor told you not to?  
And Eisie looked him proudly in the eye, and she said:--

ORCHESTRA: (CUT MUSIC:)

You forget, Roger, that I am an artiste! And when I  
gotta glow - I gotta glow!

ORCHESTRA: (PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO GIBBS NUMBER)

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MOORE: Thank you, my friends. But from the ridiculous  
to the sublime is a short jump, when you have  
on hand Her Nibbs, Miss Gibbs...Hiyuh, Georgia.

GEORGIA: Hiyuh, Garry... We've borrowed many things from our  
good friends of South America - not the least of  
which is the beguine. So I'm going to be a good  
neighbor tonight with a beguine called  
"HOW BLUE THE NIGHT".

GIBBS: ("HOW BLUE THE NIGHT")

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(APPLAUSE)

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MOORE: Lovely, Georgia, lovely... Jimmy, <sup>now</sup> if you would write a song like that instead of fooling around with that unfinished symphony of yours.

DURANTE: <sup>to speak spoken in haste</sup> ~~HOW DARE YOU SPEAK THAT WAY, JUNIOR.~~ WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT? I TOOK MY SYMPHONY DOWN TO A MUSIC PUBLISHER AND I NO SOONER STEPPED INTO HIS OFFICE <sup>when</sup> ~~THAN~~ HE GAVE ME TWO ORDERS!

MOORE: Really?

DURANTE: YEAH...GET~~U~~ OUT AND STAY OUT. CRITICIZING MY OPUS... WHY THAT BUM DOESN'T KNOW AN IMMORAL SYMPHONY WHEN HE HEARS ONE. JUST LISTEN TO THIS. (SINGS) C A M E L S..... FROM FLATBUSH TO AUSTRALIA.....CAMELS FLAVOR NEVER FAILS YA, ... (WHAT A RHYME!)

MOORE: Yeah, and what a voice.

PETRIE: Of course, Garry! Isn't it wonderful the beauty that can come out of a human throat...and, getting not too subtly to the subject of smoking and cigarettes, what goes into that throat --your throats, ladies and gentlemen, is very, very important.

MOORE: You hear that Jimmy, your throat is very important.

DURANTE: YES, WITHOUT ONE, A FELLOW COULD STRANGLE.

PETRIE: <sup>Ah</sup> But, of course, that's why we say that the mellow, fragrant smoke of Camel's costlier tobaccos agrees with millions and millions of throats. We say "try Camels on your throat - and see for yourself how they agree with it." Smoother? Milder? Mellow? Let your throat tell you.

MOORE: Why, of course!

DURANTE: INDUBITABLY!

PETRIE: And as for the flavor - just give your taste a chance to give you the verdict on Camel's great blend of costlier tobaccos. For your throat - for your taste - try.....

ORCHESTRA: (C A M E L S)

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PETRIE: Camels, The cigarette of costlier tobaccos.

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY OFF)

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

MOORE: "Sir Isaac Newton dropped an Apple Out of a Tree", or  
"Butterfingers"!

DURANTE: A COMICAL ANTIDOTE.

MOORE: *Thank you, James*  
Now *Jimmy*, in tonight's play you and I are scientists.  
Let us leave for the laboratory.

DURANTE: *Go* I'LL REMOVE MY SHOES AND TIPTOE THROUGH THE TEST, TUBES.  
*Moore. Here we go*  
MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

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SOUND: PHONE RINGS.....PHONE UP

MOORE: Hello, Durante Moore Laboratory.....Moore speaking.

GIBBS: (FILTER) Mr. Moore, I'm writing an article about  
contemporary scientists. Can you tell me something about  
yourself?

MOORE: *My* Certainly, *make* Inform your readers that I performed the most  
daring experiment of all time. Tell them I am the  
bravest scientist in the world.

GIBBS: What did you do?

MOORE: I took Serutan before I was thirty five.

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

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MOORE: And remember, *friends* thirty-five spelled backwards spells  
fifty-three.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

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DURANTE: JUNIOR. GET READY FOR OUR GREATEST EXPERIMENT. LOOK  
WHAT I GOT IN THIS BASKET.

MOORE: What?

DURANTE: A BOY SQUIRREL, A GIRL SQUIRREL: A BOY SQUIRREL, A GIRL  
SQUIRREL: A BOY SQUIRREL, A GIRL SQUIRREL,...AND A  
KANGAROO!

MOORE: Wait a minute! What's a kangaroo doing among all those  
squirrels?

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DURANTE: THEY GOTTA HAVE SOME PLACE TO HIDE THEIR PEANUTS!

MOORE: Well, ~~that~~ that'll be a big help to science. I don't know about you, Professor Durante, but I'm tired of all this.

DURANTE: TIRED OF WHAT?

MOORE: For ten long years I've been locked in this laboratory... for ten long years I haven't stepped out of this room. When will I be able to see my fellow man? When will I be able to walk the street again?

DURANTE: WHEN?

MOORE: When I get my laundry back!

DURANTE: THAT'S THE CONDITIONS THAT PREVAIL!

MOORE: Well, <sup>come on</sup> let's get to work, <sup>you</sup> We've got to prepare the formula.

DURANTE; *Right* YOU'RE TALKING TO A FORMULA MAN. FIRST, I TAKE A LITTLE T.N.T.....THEN SOME DYNAMITE, A JIGGER OF NITRO GLYCERINE, A PINCH OF SALT, SOME MORE T.N.T....SOME MORE DYNAMITE, ~~SOME MORE NITRO GLYCERINE~~....ANOTHER PINCH OF SALT, SHAKE WELL, AND.....

SOUND: EXPLOSION

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*Believe me, I*

*Professor*

DURANTE: MUST HAVE USED TOO MUCH SALT! WE FAILED AGAIN.

MOORE: Yes, James, it looks like we'll never make synthetic salami,

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

PETRIE: Don't let them throw me in a test tube. You can't let them throw me in a test tube. Please, don't let them throw me in a test tube!

MOORE: Say, who are you?

PETRIE: Oh, just a silly acid!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: *you know, Junior* HE REMINDS ME OF A KINDERGARTEN TEACHER I *slugged* KILLED IN ALBUQUERQUE.

MOORE: *listen, now* Jimmy, we've been failures all our lives. But I think I've *finally* got a plan that will make us world famous.

DURANTE: YES?

MOORE: Dr. Frankenstein created an artificial man, *ad. yes.* Now what's to prevent us from creating an artificial woman!

DURANTE: AN ARTIFICIAL WOMAN? WHY THAT WOULD BE A SCIENTIFIC SCOOP.

MOORE: Yes...a woman made of clay, with hair pasted on, and held together by nuts and bolts.

ALLMAN: Good afternoon, gentlemen.

DURANTE: WE'RE TOO LATE, JUNIOR. SOMEONE ~~WE~~ BEAT US TO IT!

MOORE: *Jimmy please* Why that's our richest contributor, Mrs. Leadpenny.

ALLMAN: *Oh* - You didn't recognize me since I've been taking those beauty treatments. *Look at my eyes* Remember, those crows feet under *that used to be under them!* my eyes?

MOORE: Why, Mrs. Leadpenny, you've taught them a new step!

DURANTE: THAT'S VERY ~~LACONGA~~. *Mr. Don't it? D. Le Congo!*

ALLMAN: *Guinness -*  
I'm here on business. Unless you do something important I shall be forced to withdraw my support. I'm beginning to think you men know nothing about science.

DURANTE: THAT'S AN ASSAULT TO MY BATTERY! *you just* ASK ME ANYTHING ABOUT SCIENCE. I TOOK IT UP IN SCHOOL.

ALLMAN: *Very well*  
*H<sub>2</sub>O?* ~~All right. What is the catalytic agent which changes potassium chloride to hydro-silicate permanganate.~~

DURANTE: MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE GONE BACK ~~FOR~~ THE SECOND DAY.

MOORE: It would have done you a world of good.

ALLMAN: And you, Mr. Moore, where have you been? *Mr. What?* Science cannot wait for laggards. Why, just the other day, a chemist startled the world by getting milk from a peanut..milk from a peanut! Now what do you say to that?

MOORE: He must have used an awfully low stool.

DURANTE: *you know*  
(MY BOY'S GOT BRAINS HE'S NEVER EVEN USED)

ALLMAN: That does it. I'm leaving, and unless you come up with something successful, I shall have to ask you to turn in your *rubber gloves.* chemistry set. Good day.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: WHAT A DAME! I OUGHT TO REPORT HER TO HER CATALITIC AGENT.

MOORE: Jimmy, our work is cut out for us. We must create that artificial woman. If we do, we'll be the envy of *every* scientist.

DURANTE: AND SAILORS, TOO..BUT JUNIOR, HOW DO WE GO ABOUT CREATING A WOMAN?

MOORE: *My* It's easy. Do you remember what Kipling said? He said a woman is a rag, a bone and a hank of hair.

DURANTE: A RAG, A BONE AND A HANK OF HAIR?

MOORE: Yes. We must find them toute suite.

DURANTE: Okay - You sweet and I'll toot.

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

MOORE: Jimmy, there's a <sup>*clothes*</sup> line full of clothes. I'll grab the first rag I lay my hands on..There, I got it!

DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE..THAT'S NO RAG.

MOORE: *Well*- It will be when we cut off the legs and sew up the flap.

DURANTE: *well, well -* WELL, JUNIOR, <sup>*hair*</sup> WE GOT THE RAG. ~~THE NEXT ASSIGNMENT IS~~ MINE. I'LL SEARCH FOR A BONE.

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

DURANTE: THERE'S A BONE...OVER THERE...THAT COCKER SPANIEL'S GONNA HATE ME IN THE MORNING.

PETRIE: (DOG BARKING)

SOUND: TUSSLE

MOORE: Good work, Jimmy, but tell me..after you got the bone, why did you lick the dog's face?

DURANTE: WHY NOT? HE WAS PATTING ME ON THE HEAD.

MOORE: Well, it's two down and one to go. All we need now is a hank of hair.

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

MOORE: Well, Jimmy, we shouldn't have much trouble finding a hank of hair in this beauty parlor.

DURANTE: JUNIOR, SHARPEN YOUR SCISSORS. LOOK WHO'S SITTING IN THAT CHAIR, IT'S MRS. LEADPENNY.

MOORE: Mrs. Leadpenny? Well, in that case we don't need any scissor. Hand me that fishing pole.

SOUND: SLIDE WHISTLE

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ALLMAN: Whoops!

MOORE: So long, Baldy.

DURANTE: Now back to the laboratory.

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

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DURANTE: JUNIOR, OUR ARTIFICIAL WOMAN IS ALL PUT TOGETHER. NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS THROW ON THE SWITCH AND <sup>bring back &</sup> GIVE HER LIFE.

MOORE: Yes, I hope this works. Well, here goes.

SOUND: ELECTRICAL HUM

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DURANTE: JUNIOR, SHE'S STARTING TO MOVE!

MOORE: Her eyelids are fluttering!

MUSIC: (VIOLIN TREMELO)

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DURANTE: HER LIPS ARE QUIVERING!

MUSIC: (CHORD)

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MOORE: She's getting ready to speak.

MUSIC: (CHORD)

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MOORE: What will be the first words she will utter on this earth? Speak, oh artificial woman....SPEAK!

ALLMAN: (IN CLEAR) (SINGS) SUPER SUDS, SUPER SUDS, LOTS MORE SUDS WITH SUPER SU U U U DSSSS!

DURANTE: EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT!

MUSIC: (PLAYOFF)

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(APPLAUSE)

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MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

MCGEEHAN: Thanks to the Yanks Of The week! Tonight we salute Lieutenant John C. Rebarck, of Graceton, Minnesota, who, standing on top of a tank to rally the sixty men of his command, led the attack that captured two-hundred and eighty-eight Germans and twenty-six guns in the Cherbourg battle. In your honor, Lieutenant John<sup>C.</sup> Rebarck, 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")

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: A BEAUTIFUL NOTE, MR. MOORE.

MOORE: And I have a wonderful note here, James, from the Department of Agriculture.

DURANTE: Well proceed.

MOORE: *Well,* Simply put, here's the story. Food, in this war, is as vital as bullets and bombs. Food is a weapon, and no matter how much we produce, it still won't be enough. But home canning will help, so your government urges you to give this practical assistance to our war effort. For free hints on canning you can write to the Department of Agriculture, Washington 25, D.C.....  
*my friends, with the vegetables in your Victory Garden*  
In other words, - eat all you can, and that which you can't, you can.

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME)

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)

"CAMEL PROGRAM"  
7/21/44

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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 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: 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)

(IN STUDIO FIVE)

SHIELDS: P.A.....P.A.....remember those initials...two of the most famous initials in the pipesmoker's world. P.A. stands for Prince Albert....and it also stands for Pipe Appeal. Yes, that grand, rich, mild flavor, that aged-in-the-wood aroma of Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco not only makes your pipe appeal to you and your finicky taste, but to the nostrils of everyone within sniffing distance. Prince Albert is no-bite treated for tongue gentleness. And crimp <sup>out</sup> to pack, burn, and draw just so. Thrifty too! About ~~fifty~~ pipefuls in that big red two-ounce Prince Albert package. Get Pipe Appeal....today with P.A.

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.