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WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

**BROADCAST**  
(REVISED)

Master - W-110

CBS NETWORK  
FRIDAY, AUGUST 11, 1944

PROGRAM #73  
7:00 - 7:30 PM. PWT

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

ELVIA ALLMAN

JOE KEARNS

PAT MCGEEHAN

FRED SHIELDS

DIRECTOR.....PHIL COHAN.

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 11, 1944

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CUE: (COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM)  
(.....30 Seconds.....)

SOUND: HONE 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 CALLING FROM A RESTAURANT AND THE TEMPERATURE IN THIS  
BOOTH IS ONE HUNDRED AND TEN DEGREES FATTEN-HEAT!

MOORE: That's pretty hot.

DURANTE: HOT? WHY EVERY TIME THE CHEF PASSES BY HE STICKS *me with a*  
FORK INTO ~~ME~~ TO SEE IF I'M DONE.

MOORE: Oh, no!

*no*

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

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

PEERIE: (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 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! /<sup>00</sup>

MUSIC: (OUT)

PETRIE: And now just a word about the co-star of our show. Just like any other American boy, he went to school. Just like any other American boy he was kept in AFTER school. But THIS afternoon he was let out early enough to be here tonight, . . . . And here he is, . . . . Garry Moore!

(APPLAUSE)

/ 20

MOORE: Well, thank you... Thank you very much, Howard <sup>Petrie</sup> -- you little <sup>Chuck Chuck</sup> little ~~children~~, you -- and good evening, ladies and gentlemen.... Nice to see you. I'm delighted that we have such an intelligent audience with us tonight.

ELVIA: Oh, Mr. Moore. I've got the funniest thing to tell you.  
(LAUGH)

MOORE: See what I mean? What is it madam?

ELVIA: I've got the most wonderful riddle for you! What is the difference between a war bond, a chiropractor and a long neck?

MOORE: I dunno.

ELVIA: Well, a war bond backs the attack, and a chiropractor attacks the back --

MOORE: But what about the long neck?

ELVIA: Ohh -- I'd love to!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: <sup>I dunno</sup> Well, that just goes to prove what I've always known about women... If they look old, they're young... If they look young, they're old.... ~~And~~ if they look back... follow 'em.

PETRIE: If that's the way you carry on, Garry, it's no wonder you've got such big circles under your eyes.

MOORE: Yes I know about those circles Howard... People tell me that from a distance my nose looks like it's riding a bicycle. But I got those circles lying awake at nights mulling over a scientific experiment I've had on my mind.... But it's no use, Howard, I'm a failure... <sup>I am</sup> A failure.

PETRIE: What've you been trying to do?

MOORE: I wanted to be the first one to spell Serutan sideways....  
*you think I'm joking --*  
~~Why~~ I haven't slept a wink in a week, so tonight I've  
invited an expert on sleeping to visit me. He was  
recommended by --

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

MOORE: *Excuse me --*  
Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

KEARNS: How do you do, Mr. Moore. I'm the sleep expert you sent  
for. My name is W. B. Pajamas.

MOORE: W. B. Pajamas? What does the W. B. stand for?

KEARNS: Without Bottoms. *you know* I too was once a drowsy man. But now  
just look at me.... *Now* do I look drowsy?

MOORE: ~~Well~~, *well* drowsy is close enough.... But Mr. Pajamas, I  
certainly hope *that* you can help me.

KEARNS: Well, let me ask you a question. When you sleep, do  
you dream?

MOORE: Ohh, do I dream! Why for weeks now, every time I've dozed  
off I've seen nothing but elephants! Elephants! *and more*  
Elephants!

KEARNS: My goodness, have you seen a doctor?

MOORE: Yes!..He was on one of the elephants.

KEARNS: Mr. Moore, you're obviously worried about something. But  
you have no CAUSE to worry. Your future is in the cards.

MOORE: *In* The cards?

KEARNS: Yes...Here now draw a card from this pack in my hand. *Mr. Shell?*  
If you draw a queen, that means you're going to get a  
beautiful girl.... If you draw a jack, you're going to get  
a lot of money. *Mr. Shell?* Now draw.

MOORE: Okay...Hmmm...I drew a card with ten red spots on it,  
What's that mean I'm gonna get?

KEARNS: Measles.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: Oh great -- measles. No wonder people keep saying --  
what's that you got on -- your face? Heigho.....<sup>3</sup><sub>55</sub>

ORCHESTRA: (SNEAK IN DURANTE'S MUSIC)

MOORE: With my future assured, let's shift our attention to  
happier things..to that well informed man --  
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 HIGH NOTE) WHAT A NOTE!....~~ *IF that*  
*note was taken away from its mother to son!*  
~~NELSON EDDY IS LISTENING IN -- REMEMBER, YOU CAN'T HAVE~~  
~~YOUR SHORTENIN' BREAD AND EAT IT, TOO!~~

MOORE: Ah Jimmy, tonight you're as bright as a new penny.  
DURANTE: WHY SHOULDN'T I BE? I SPENT THE WHOLE MORNING IN MY PIGGY BANK.....(IT'S RETORTS LIKE THAT THAT'LL MAKE A BUM OUT OF NOEL COWARD) BUT JUNIOR, I JUST COMPLETED A MOST VITAL EXPERIMENT IN POST WAR PLANNING. SPECULATION IS RIFE AND CURIOSITY ABOUNDS.

MOORE: *Abounds*  
Oh, James, you certainly know the kings' English.  
DURANTE: YES.....AND THE QUEEN IS ENGLISH TOO. WELL AS AN EXPERIMENT I TOOK OVER AN AIRPLANE PLANT AND I CONVERTED *what do you think I did* all THE AIRPLANES INTO WASHING MACHINES. SO YESTERDAY ~~IN FRONT OF A DELEGATION OF DIPLOMATS~~ I THREW MY LAUNDRY INTO THE WASHING MACHINE AND TURNED ON THE SWITCH.

MOORE: How were the results?

DURANTE: I'M NOT SURE...BUT THE LAST TIME I LOOKED.....

MOORE: Yes?

DURANTE: MY SHORTS WERE DOING POWER DIVES OVER POMONA.

MOORE: *Oh James*  
My, you certainly are an industrious *with* character.

DURANTE: WELL YOU KNOW THE OLD SAYING "ALL PLAY AND NO WORK MAKES YOU -- VERY (NON)-ESSENTIAL.....YOU SEE EVEN A GENIUS MUST RELAX SO I DECIDED TO SPEND THE ENTIRE WEEKEND AT THE BEACH.

MOORE: So you decided to spend the entire weekend at the beach.

DURANTE: MR. MOORE. THAT SOUNDS STRANGELY REM-A-NISSENT OF WHAT I JUST SAID...BUT TO PROCEED, WHILE LYING ON THE BEACH NONCHALANTLY SMOKING A CAMEL, <sup>M: (That sounds romantic)</sup> A GORGEOUS BATHING BEAUTY BEGGED ME TO HAVE MY PICTURE TAKEN WITH HER. I AGREED AND AFTER THE PICTURE WAS TAKEN SHE THANKED ME AND SAID SHE WAS GONNA SEND IT TO HER BOY FRIEND OVERSEAS, WHO WAS VERY JEALOUS.

MOORE: But Jimmy - if her boy friend is jealous why did she send him a picture taken with you?

DURANTE: SHE JUST WANTED TO SHOW HIM HE'S GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT! ME-THE PIN-UP BOY OF THE POST OFFICE.

MOORE: The beach, <sup>certainly</sup> sure did you a lot of good, Junior. You've gotten a wonderful coat of tan.



DURANTE: YES, AND IF IDA STAYED OUT AN HOUR LONGER I WOULD HAVE  
GOTTEN THE PANTS, TOO.

MOORE: Well I suppose <sup>while there</sup> you indulged in some aquatic sports.

DURANTE: I WAS TOO MUSCLES~~LY~~ BOUND FOR THAT SO I WENT SWIMMING. I  
WAS DOING THE AUSTRALIAN CRAWL (WHICH I LEARNED FROM A  
KANGAROO OF MY ACQUAINTANCE) BUT <sup>getting bored</sup> ~~(SPRINGING OF THIS~~ I  
STARTED FLOATING AROUND WITH JUST MY NOSE STICKING OUT  
OF THE WATER. SUDDENLY A BATTLESHIP IN THE HARBOR  
STARTED SHOOTING OFF A CANON. THINKING IT WAS A SALUTE  
TO DURANTE, I SMILED IN RETURN AND FLOATED <sup>AN</sup>. BUT THEN  
THE SHELLS STARTED FALLING ALL AROUND ME SO I YELLED.  
"AHOY! THERE! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA!

MOORE: Well, what happened?

DURANTE: THE CAPTAIN YELLED BACK "YOU MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP WE  
JUST SIGHTED YOUR PERISCOPE!...YOU COULD HAVE FLOORED ME  
WITH A FLYING FISH!"

MOORE: ~~Mr~~ James, your propensity for skirting the periphery of playful pedicallies is surmounted only by the chinoscuratic chromatics of your colorful career.

DURANTE: <sup>Chuk?</sup> I'LL TAKE THAT TO A CHEMIST AND HAVE IT ANALYZED IN THE MORNING. BUT THAT IS NEITHER HOLLY NOR WOOD.... THIS MORNING I WAS HAVING BREAKFAST WITH AN ELK AND AN ODD FELLOW (THE ODD FELLOW KEPT SHOIVING THE BACON IN HIS EAR) WHEN I GOT A CALL FROM WASHINGTON. IT WAS THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY CALLING, SO TAKING THE CALL ON THE POOP DECK, I SAID "HELLO". HE SAID: "JIMMY (~~THAT'S ME~~) YOU'VE GOT TO HELP US FIGURE OUT SOME WAY OF CONSERVING MATERIAL ON SAILOR'S UNIFORMS". SO I SAID, "MR. SECRETARY, SAY NO MORE. IT'S AS GOOD AS DONE ~~ALREADY~~". AND I HUNG UP WITH ALACRITY.

MOORE: Well, Jimmy, did you finally figure out a way to save material on Sailors Uniforms?

DURANTE: YES BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE THING THAT STILL BOTHERS ME.

MOORE: what's that?

DURANTE: WHY DO THEY USE SO MUCH MATERIAL IN THE BOTTOM OF THEIR PANTS, WHEN THEY NEED IT SO BADLY A LITTLE HIGHER UP. (DURANTE ALWAYS GETS TO THE SEAT OF THE TROUBLE)

MOORE: <sup>But James</sup> what other governmental problems are you dabbling in <sup>at the</sup> ~~moment?~~

DURANTE: A VERY IMPORTANT ONE...THE UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEM AFTER THE WAR. AND GARRY, I'VE GOT A BRILLIANT IDEA.

MOORE: What is it?

*You ask me*  
DURANTE: / I'LL TELL YOU. / *M: Thank you.* FIRST EVERY MAN IN THIS COUNTRY OVER  
TWENTY ONE SHOULD WRITE A THOUSAND PAGE ARTICLE ON  
THE CAUSE OF UNEMPLOYMENT ~~AND SECOND:~~.

MOORE: wait a minute, Jimmy, don't you realize that would keep  
every man in the country working day and night for five  
years!

DURANTE: HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT! I SOLVED THE PROBLEM ALREADY!  
(I GOT MY PULSE ON THE FINGER OF THE NATION!)

MOORE: *You certainly have -*  
Are you still flying back and forth between here and  
Washington?

DURANTE: *I used to fly back and forth, Junior but no more.*  
NOT ME, JUNIOR. FROM NOW ON I'M STAYING ON GOOD OLD  
*& Washington flew in a*  
TERRA GOTTA. THE LAST TIME I WENT UP IN A PLANE I  
*flying fortress and I*  
MADE A PARACHUTE JUMP FROM FORTY THOUSAND FEET.

MOORE: From forty-thousand feet?--that's a wonderful jump;

DURANTE: *yes - but*  
IT WASN'T A PLANNED JUMP.

MOORE: *It wasn't? Why not!*

DURANTE: ~~NO~~--SOME WISE GUY WROTE "GENTLEMEN" ON THE BOMB BAY DOORS.

ORCHESTRA: (PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE)

*955*

MOORE:

*Yes sir -*  
~~Off~~ a high-flying gent is our Mr. Durante....But for  
vision on a saner plane -- here's Howard Petrie....

PETRIE:

I've talked a lot about the T-Zone....that's T for Taste  
and T for Throat. Well, it's T. for Truth too, because  
your own taste and your own throat are the one true  
proving ground for cigarettes. The one place to get the  
true answer to the question of which cigarette is best --  
not for Tom, Dick, Harry or Harriet -- but for you.  
So try Camel's kind, cool mildness on your throat. Try  
the full, rich flavor of that magnificent blend of  
costlier tobaccos on your taste. Maybe, as with so many  
millions of smokers the world over, the answer will be...

CHORUS:

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

PETRIE:

Camels. Try them on your T-Zone today!

ORCHESTRA:

(INTRODUCTION TO "IT HAD TO BE YOU")

10<sup>40</sup>

PETRIE: Roy Bargy and the Orchestra now in a Roy Bargy  
arrangement of "It Had To Be You".

ORCHESTRA: ("IT HAD TO BE YOU")

(APPLAUSE)

10<sup>50</sup>

12<sup>50</sup>

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DURANTE: AND THAT WAS ROY BARGY AND HIS ORCHESTRA PLAYING  
"IT HAD TO BE YOU" OR AS THEY SAY IN PARIS "DON LE NOO-  
WEE LA BON CHEVAL <sup>(at last ending in Tuesday)</sup> / SON GRAND" (I THREW THAT IN FOR NOTHING  
-- YOU SEE I SPEAK FREE FRENCH)... BUT GOING FROM THE  
SUB-LIME TO THE SUB-LEMON, <sup>Mr. Thank you.</sup> / LET US CALL ON GARFY MOORE...  
TELL ME, JUNIOR....WHAT'S THE SUBJECT OF TONIGHT'S LECTURE?

MOORE: Well, James, I - ha ha -- I don't just know how to say  
this, but I'm not going to lecture tonight. <sup>Of course</sup> / You wouldn't  
know about these things, but I have been asked to grant a  
personal interview to a young lady from one of the nation's  
largest and most influential newspapers.

DURANTE: OH - THE NEW YORK TIMES.

MOORE: Noo - the er, South Ciddlingswitch Daily Itch...It's kind  
of a scratch sheet.....

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT!

MOORE: But she wants the story of my life, <sup>James,</sup> / so if you'll -- ha ha --  
just take a seat, perhaps after the program we can go to  
the bakery and smell a bun together.

DURANTE: VERY WELL, JUNIOR. I SHALL RETIRE TO MY BUNK AND LISTEN -  
TO YOUR BUNK. <sup>13<sup>45</sup></sup>

MOORE: ~~That's kind of you James.~~ Now if I can just locate this <sup>young</sup>  
~~woman here, I'll be well taken care of.~~

EIVIA: Ahh, there you are, Mr. Moore - I've waited SO long to  
meet you...what a thrill? Am I late?

MOORE: About ten or twenty years.

EIVIA: Oh-ho-ho, you're such a card....but my readers want to know  
all about you, Mr. Moore....Won't you tell us the story  
of your life?

MOORE: Ah yes and a beautiful story it is.

ORCHESTRA: (ROCKABYE BABY)

MOORE: ~~Cheerfully - cheerfully~~ -- <sup>It</sup> ~~It~~ was a happy event in the Moore household on the day I arrived. My Mother was so excited. She looked tenderly down at the little bundle in her arms, and with a gleam in her eye she ran to the window, threw it open and shouted to all the neighbors --

ORCHESTRA: (CUT MUSIC)

GAL: EVERYBODY OFF THE SIDEWALK! I'M GONNA JUMP!

MOORE: Wasn't that sweet?

ORCHESTRA: (SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME)

MOORE: But I grew as babies will, and two years later - I kissed my first girl.

ELVIA: Your first kiss at the age of two?

MOORE: Well, it wasn't exactly a kiss. We were eating the same licorice stick and I chewed past my half...But it was a beginning, and at the age of three --

ORCHESTRA: (IDEA CHORD)

MOORE: I was married.

ELVIA: Married? <sup>That's</sup> That's ridiculous! Who ever advised you to get married at the age of three?

MOORE: Mr. Anthony....I guess he didn't understand my problem.....  
But, then --

ORCHESTRA: (SCHOOL DAYS)

MOORE: There I was, and the next big thing that happened in my life was my first day in school.....Gee whiz -- I'll never forget that first day.

SOUND: SCHOOL BELL RINGING



...ee-cher!....Lookit, what I brought..

...y wed apple.

...apple? Why, Garrison, wasn't that thoughtful

...Kin' I eat it now?..Oh, I was some kid!

... (SUSPENSE CHORD)

...still I grew, and in spite of everything I reached  
the age of seventeen.

ELVIA: Oh, romantic age! Is that when you felt your first  
desire for the opposite sex?

MOORE: Well -- I was seventeen and one Saturday night my best  
friend, Fatso, and I were standing on the corner.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC OUT)

PETRIE: Hey, Garry! C'mon - let's go shoot some pool.

MOORE: Ahhh, I don't wanna shoot no pool! Let's get some girls.

PETRIE: Girls? <sup>What do you wanna do with girls?</sup>

MOORE: Shoot pool!..You see I wasn't terribly bright.  
But I was bright enough to go to college, and so I did...  
But on my first year there (SUSPENSE CHORD) I developed  
eye trouble...<sup>he</sup> I don't know. Everything I looked at  
seemed indistinct and fuzzy...I worried about it, of  
course, but after five years a kindly doctor gave me a  
prescription that made me see clearly again.

ELVIA: What did the prescription say?

MOORE: Get a hair-cut..Well, I was so impressed, that I decided  
then and there to study medicine myself. And after  
graducting...

ORCHESTRA: (CHORD)

MOORE: I locked myself in my laboratory and gave my life to  
research.

ORCHESTRA: (CHORD)

MOORE: I was going to become the greatest scientist of them all!

ORCHESTRA: (CHORD)

MOORE: I was going to discover what to do for the common cold!

ORCHESTRA: (COLD)

MOORE: And at last I won out! I discovered it! (BUTTON)

ELVIA: But tell me, Mr. Moore -- what IS the best thing to do for a common cold?

MOORE: (SNIFF) *Idunno camel* But it seems that people already knew that.

ORCHESTRA: (CALIFORNIA HERE I COME)

MOORE: So I abandoned medicine in favor of a gayer life. *Oh yes* ~~Soon~~  
I was on the radio and became a public figure...I could never attend a public gathering without being greeted by a great fanfare.. (VENUTI FANFARE) *What a time.* And now, young lady, I have come to Hollywood to triumph in pictures! Yes, you may report to your readers that I have been spotted by a talent scout and am at this very moment signed to a long term contract to work in the movies.

ELVIA: Work in the movies? When do you start?

ORCHESTRA: (CUT MUSIC)

MOORE: As soon as I get my uniform and a flashlight.

ORCHESTRA: (PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE)

*1805*

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO GIBBS)

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MOORE: Thank you, my friends.....But one of the pleasanter episodes in my life has been the acquaintance of a *truly* exciting gal -- Her Nibbs, Miss Gibbs.

GEORGIA: *Oh* You're very generous, Mr. Moore. And while most of my time is reserved for G.I. Joe, I'm slanting this song in your direction, too... *It called* "I Dream of You".

MOORE: Why, Georgia Gibbs.

GEORGIA: (" I DREAM OF YOU")

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(APPLAUSE)

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*18<sup>35</sup>*

*21<sup>10</sup>*

MOORE: Ah, Georgia, a great, great, job of singing *really*.

DURANTE: GARRY, AFTER HEARING GEORGIA SING, I ALWAYS BREAK INTO SONG....

MOORE: You do?

DURANTE: YEAH, BUT I WOULDN'T HAVE TO BREAK IN IF I HAD THE RIGHT KEY: I GOT A MILLION OF 'EM. A MILLION OF 'EM!

MOORE: *Yeah* I suppose that's why your symphony is still unfinished.

DURANTE: I'M NOT SO SURE ABOUT THAT MR. MOORE. *2/23* LISTEN TO MY NEW LYRICS.....

C A M E L S

IN MINSK AND IN MOROCCO

CAMELS' SMOKE-APPEAL IS SOCKO. ISN'T THAT PRO-VOC-ATIVE.

MOORE: *Oh*, It's lovely, isn't it Howard?

PETRIE: Yes in Minsk and in Morocco, Camels smoke-appeal is socko -- because they've heard a lot about Camel Cigarettes. The superb blend of ~~costlier~~ tobaccos. The mildness and coolness. The grand, rich full flavor. Well, why not give your own throat a chance to try that mildness and coolness? Why not give your taste a chance to try that rich, full flavor.

MOORE: A well-put question.

DURANTE: BUT THE ANSWER IS DOUBTFUL! *Dr. Yo*

PETRIE: For your own T-Zone -- that's T for Throat and T for Taste -- is certainly the best judge of which cigarette is best for you.

MOORE: And you and you.

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DURANTE: AND UMBRIAGO TOO.

PETRIE: *Yes, friends -*  
*(Try)* Camels...right away. If your store happens to be  
out of them - well, ask again the next time, because  
Camels are worth asking for again!

ORCHESTRA: (C A M E L S)

PETRIE: Camels! The cigarette of costlier tobaccos. *22 25*

ORCHESTRA: (PLAYOFF) *22 35*

~~MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)~~

MCGEEHAN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute  
Lieutenant Colonel John C. Meyer, of Forest Hills,  
New York, an Eighth Air Force Mustang command pilot, who  
has received the Distinguished Service Cross for  
destroying three German fighters. Although his group  
was outnumbered seven to one, it drove off the attacking  
Nazis. In your honor, Lieutenant Colonel Meyer, 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: AND NOW THE CAMEL FRIDAY NIGHT SHOW PRESENTS A  
DRAMATIZED LECTURE ABOUT <sup>Farming</sup> FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.. ENTITLED...

MOORE: "A Cow Is A Silly Animal" because "All That  
"Be Kind to Your Garden - or Every Time You Eat A Raisin  
<sup>Plumbing And No Sink.</sup>  
You're Robbing A Prune of its Young"...Jimmy, did  
you ever spend any time on a farm?

DURANTE: JUNIOR, YOU MUST BE JOKING. WHY, NOT LONG AGO  
I WAS A HANDSOME FARM BOY WITH A FACE FULL OF FRECKLES.

MOORE: Really? What happened to <sup>your</sup> the freckles?

DURANTE: WHAT'S MORE IMPORTANT -- WHAT HAPPENED TO MY FACE?

MOORE: Well, it doesn't really matter, because anyone can learn  
a little bit about farming if he wants to - AND help  
in the war effort at the same time, by joining the  
United States Crop Corps.

DURANTE: PRAY ELUCIDATE.

MOORE: Well, <sup>I well, James</sup> last year <sup>you know</sup> over three million city slickers turned  
out to help harvest the nation's crops - people like you  
and me; and this year, my friends, they'll need even  
more. Even if you have only a day or a week to give <sup>em</sup>, the  
farmers can use it well.

DURANTE: I TRUST YOU'VE SIGNED UP, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Why, Jimmy, hadn't you heard? I've got a new job.

DURANTE: YOU'VE GOT A NEW JOB, JUNIOR?

MOORE: <sup>My</sup> Yes, I've got a new job, Jimmy.

DURANTE: WELL TELL ME .. WHERE IS YOUR NEW JOB LOCATED, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Well, my new job is located on a high hill over-looking  
a haystack in Hohokus, New Jersey, Jimmy.

DURANTE: YOUR NEW JOB IS LOCATED ON A HIGH HILL OVER-LOOKING  
A HAYSTACK IN HOHOKUS, NEW JERSEY, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Yes, my new job is located on a high hill over-looking a haystack in Hohokus, New Jersey, Jimmie.

DURANTE: (I ONLY ASKED THE GUY A CIVIL QUESTION)....BUT TELL ME - WHO IS YOUR NEW JOB WITH ON A HIGH HILL OVER-LOOKING A HAYSTACK IN HOHOKUS, NEW JERSEY, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Why, my new job is with a handy band of harvest hands on a high hill over-looking a haystack in Hohokus, New Jersey, Jimmie.

DURANTE: YOUR NEW JOB IS WITH A HANDY BAND OF HARVEST HANDS ON A HIGH HILL OVER-LOOKING A HAYSTACK IN HOHOKUS, NEW JERSEY, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Yes, my new job is with a handy band of harvest hands on a high hill over-looking a haystack in Hohokus, New Jersey, Jimmie.

DURANTE: (I SHOULD NEVER HAVE VENTURED OUT TONIGHT)..... BUT TELL ME - WHO DO YOU WORK FOR IN YOUR NEW JOB WITH A HANDY BAND OF HARVEST HANDS ON A HIGH HILL OVER-LOOKING A HAYSTACK IN HOHOKUS, NEW JERSEY, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Why, I work for a part-time potato picker and parsnip packer in a handy band of harvest hands on a high hill over-looking a haystack in Hohokus, New Jersey, Jimmie.

DURANTE: YOU WORK FOR A PART-TIME POTATO PICKER AND PARSNIP PACKER IN A HANDY BAND OF HARVEST HANDS ON A HIGH HILL OVER-LOOKING A HAYSTACK IN HOHOKUS, NEW JERSEY, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Yes, I work for a part-time potato picker and parsnip packer in a handy band of harvest hands on a high hill over-looking a haystack in Hohokus, New Jersey, Jimmie.

DURANTE: (I'LL TAKE THIS TO THE SUPREME COURT!)....BUT TELL ME  
WHAT DO YOU DO IN YOUR NEW JOB WITH A PART-TIME POTATO  
PICKER AND PARSNIP PACKER IN A HANDY BAND OF HARVEST  
HANDS ON A HIGH HILL OVER-LOOKING A HAYSTACK IN  
HOHOKUS, NEW JERSEY, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Why, I'm the refrigerated tomato crater and freighter  
operator for the part-time potato picker and parsnip  
packer in a handy band of harvest hands on a high hill  
over-looking a haystack in Hohokus, New Jersey, Jimmie.

DURANTE: YOU'RE THE REFRIGERATED TOMATO CRATER AND FREIGHTER  
OPERATOR FOR THE PART-TIME POTATO PICKER AND PARSNIP  
PACKER IN A HANDY BAND OF HARVEST HANDS ON A HIGH HILL  
OVER-LOOKING A HAYSTACK IN HOHOKUS, NEW JUNIOR, JERSEY?  
- I MEAN, NEW JERSEY, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Yes, I'm the refrigerated tomato crater and freighter  
operator for the part-time potato picker and parsnip  
packer in a handy band of harvest hands on a high hill  
over-looking a haystack in Hohokus, New Jersey, Jimmie.

DURANTE: (HE'D NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS IF UMBRIAGO WAS HERE)....  
BUT TELL ME - CAN I HELP YOU IN YOUR NEW JOB AS THE  
REFRIGERATED TOMATO CRATER AND FREIGHTER OPERATOR FOR  
THE PART-TIME POTATO PICKER AND PARSNIP PACKER IN A  
HANDY BAND OF HARVEST HANDS ON A HIGH HILL OVER-LOOKING  
A HAYSTACK IN HOHOKUS, NEW JERSEY, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Yes - you can be the fertilizer organizer for the  
refrigerated tomato crater and freighter -



"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"  
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18D

DURANTE: THAT'S ALL, BROTHER - THAT'S ALL! OUR ASSOCIATION IS  
NULL AND VOID!

MOORE: ~~Why~~, Jimmie! You mean you're not interested in the  
U. S. Crop Corps?

DURANTE: I CERTAINLY AM INTERESTED! I WANT TO BE THE FIRST <sup>one</sup>/TO

*More* PLOW YOU UNDER!  
*Last out!*  
ORCHESTRA: (PLAY-OFF)

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(APPLAUSE)

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*26<sup>10</sup>*

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

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MC GEEHAN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Lieutenant Colonel John C. Meyer, of Forest Hills, New York, an Eighth Air Force Mustang command pilot, who has received the Distinguished Service Cross for destroying three German fighters. Although his group was outnumbered seven to one, it drove off the attacking Nazis. In your honor, Lieutenant Colonel Meyer, the makers of Camels are sending to our fighters overseas four hundred thousand Camel Cigarettes!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

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(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: *I would say*  
A BEAUTIFUL NOTE, MR. MOORE.

MOORE: *Yes indeed*  
And in parting, friends, let us remind you that while you  
may not be a refrigerated tomato crater and freighter  
operator -

DURANTE: FOR A PART-TIME POTATO PICKER AND PARSNIP PACKER -

MOORE: In a *handy band of harvest hands*  
~~co-operative crowd of crop-collectors-collectors~~

DURANTE: ON A HIGH HILL OVER-LOOKING A HAYSTACK IN HOHOKUS,  
NEW JERSEY, JUNIOR -

MOORE: But you can and should await the call of the Crop Corps  
in your locality...and give them what ever time you have to  
to spare. You don't hafta KNOW how to hervest crops - the  
crop corps. will teach you *how*.  
And even one day's work is that much more food for hungry  
mouths over-seas.

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT!

ORCHESTRA: (THEME)

MOORE: Goodnight, 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)

27<sup>30</sup>

PETRIE: Camel broadcasts go out to the United States three times a week, are sent and shortwaved to our men over-seas, and to South America. Listen Monday to Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks"; Thursday, to Harry Savoy; and next Friday listen to Georgia Gibbs, Roy Bargy 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)

SHIELDS:

(IN STUDIO FIVE)

Fifty is Thrifty! You bet! ... Fifty is Thrifty!.....

and we mean those approximately fifty pipefuls of Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco you get out of one single big red, two-ounce package. Fifty smoke sessions with that rich, yet so mild, flavor; that grand aged-in-the-wood aroma. Prince Albert is no-bite treated -- and will your tongue be grateful! And it's crimp cut to pack pretty, burn even, draw easy. Not only will you like P.A. ... but so will everyone within sniffing distance. Those famous initials "P.A." stand not only for Prince Albert, but for Pipe Appeal too. Start on that thrifty fifty....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.

*JG 30*

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