

PROGRAM #76

AS  
BROADCAST

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

CBS NETWORK  
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1944

PROGRAM #76  
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

51454 5678

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1944

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 DIGGING FOR BURIED TREASURE.

MOORE: Buried treasure?

DURANTE: YEAH, MY DOG BURIED A BONE AND THERE'S STILL SOME MEAT  
ON IT!

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: Ladies and gentlemen, today is the day for all motorists to renew their gas coupons. And for those of you who have not been able to get as much gas as you want, draw closer to your radio because here comes more gas than you can handle -- Garry Moore!

(APPLAUSE)

MOORE: Well, thank you -- thank you <sup>very much</sup> my friends, and a very happy September the One-th to you all...ah, September -- the month for sea-food...In the words of the poet,

"September's a month that ends with 'r,'

And so do the months that follow it.

So if you've been holding an oyster in your mouth all summer

It's okay now to swallow it...

Isn't that charming?...But we are glad to see all you people tonight, and we <sup>do</sup> hope <sup>that</sup> you're happy to see us.

ELVIA: Oh, Mr. Moore, I'm delighted to see you! I'm delighted

all over myself!..(LAUGH)

MOORE: *Strangest things come in through the air-conditioning. That's* ~~That's~~ nice. *awfully nice of you...* But what can I do for you, Madame?

ELVIA: Well, you see, I attend your program every week with a group of high-minded girls.

MOORE: High-minded girls?

ELVIA: Yes...If someone says "Hi" to us, we don't mind...But now, it's time to go back to college so I came in to say goodbye.

MOORE: Oh, you're a college girl? How about letting me hear your school yell?

ELVIA: Okay...(YELP OF PAIN)

MOORE: That is your school yell?

ELVIA: Yes, I go to dental college.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: *Goes to dental college* --  
/Yuh know something, Howard? That girl either had an awfully large Adam's apple, or she's been playing ping-pong with her mouth open.

PETRIE: Well, at least she's trying to improve herself by going to college.. *Say* /What are your plans for the fall season?

MOORE: *R* Howard, I'm glad you asked. I'm branching out into business this fall -- I've got a great idea for a new kind of soap.

PETRIE: Soap?

MOORE: Yes. Y'know, there are all kinds of soaps on the market nowadays. There's a soap for people who want to go around smelling like Helena Rubinstein...~~and~~ there's a soap for lonely people who like to have something to float with 'em in the bath-tub...But Howard, do you realize there is no soap on the market for people who are just plain dirty. *I think we need a soap like that. Can't you just* /~~oh, I can~~ hear the announcements on the radio now! Friends -- are you crummy?...When your boy friend looks at your ~~hands~~ *fingers* does he say 'What lovely fingers?' -- or does he say, 'Geez, babe, where do youse wash cars at?'...Then *my friends* /~~take~~ our advice and get a hunk of Mother Moore's Miracle Soap that comes to you in one tantalizing fragrance -- Fleur de Seur...and with each bar of our soap *my friends* /goes a forty-gallon tub of our secret cleansing formula, called 'Retaw'...And remember -- 'Retaw' spelled backwards is pronounced 'Water'...So with my fall plans to one side --

ORCHESTRA: (DURANTE INTRODUCTION)

MOORE: -- let's say hello to the man who's got a million of 'em -- *the one and only* Camel's white-haired boy -- 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. JUNIOR, REMIND ME TO RENEW THAT NOTE EVERY THIRTY DAYS.

MOORE: Ah, Jimmy -- I must say your personality bubbles!

DURANTE: YES. AND TO THINK JUST A SHORT TIME AGO IT ONLY USED TO SQUIRT!! BUT THAT'S NEITHER DICK NOR TRACY...THE OTHER EVENING I WAS AT HOME WRITING SOME FOOTNOTES (TO A CHIROPODIST OF MY ACQUAINTANCE) -- WHEN THE TELEPHONE TINKLED....

MOORE: Who was it this time?

DURANTE: THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT! THEY WANTED ME TO LEAVE IMMEDIATELY FOR WASHINGTON. SO I THREW ON SOME CLOTHES AND IN FIVE MINUTES I WAS ON A TRAIN SPEEDING EAST. I GOT AS FAR AS ALBER-KIRK WHEN I NOTICED THAT I'D FORGOTTEN SOMETHING. /I JUMPED OFF THE TRAIN, WENT INTO THE STATION AND SAID GIMME A TICKET RIGHT BACK TO WHERE I CAME FROM AND THE MAN SAID "IS THIS TRIP NECESSARY?" AND I SAID "IT CERTAINLY IS -- I LEFT MY PANTS IN LOS ANGELES!!!" IT WAS MIGHTY DRAFTY AROUND TOO-SAHN....

MOORE: Well, what went on <sup>James</sup> after you arrived at the nation's capitol?

DURANTE: WELL, AS SOON AS I GOT THERE I ATTENDED A MEETING WHERE MORGENTHAU WAS DISCUSSING OUR MONETARY SYSTEM. THEY WERE ALL WORRIED AND MORGENTHAU SAID, "IN A FEW YEARS WE'RE GONNA RUN OUTTA SILVER AND GOLD. AND THEN WHAT ARE WE GONNA USE FOR COINS!"

MOORE: Why that's no problem. After all, silver and gold isn't the only medium of exchange. In Iceland for example, instead of money they use fish.

DURANTE: THEY DO?

MOORE: Yes.

DURANTE: BOY! IT MUST BE AWFUL MESSY GETTIN' A MACKEREL INTO A SLOT MACHINE!..(UP THERE WHEN THEY SAY LEND ME A FIN, THEY REALLY MEAN A FIN!) WHEN THE MEETING WAS OVER I BUMPED INTO THE <sup>int</sup>MAN WHO IS <sup>was</sup> GOING TO BE IN CHARGE OF INTERNATIONAL AIRPLANE TRANSPORTATION AFTER THE WAR. AND WHO DO YOU THINK HE IS?

MOORE: Umbriago?

DURANTE: UM-HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT! HE'S TAKING THE UMBRIAGO RIGHT OUTTA MY MOUTH!..UMBRIAGO TOLD ME HIS PLANS AND THEY'RE FASCINATING...HE'S GONNA FLY A PLANE AND WHEN IT LEAVES FOR ENGLAND...IT'LL STOP IN CHINA AND THEN HE'LL LAND IN ENGLAND...THEN HE'LL FLY A PLANE TO BRAZIL, <sup>it'll stop in Olana</sup>..THEN HE'LL <sup>land in Brazil ... then he'll</sup> FLY A PLANE TO MEXICO..IT'LL STOP IN CHINA AND THEN HE'LL

MOORE: <sup>now wait a minute</sup> Hold on, Jimmy. That Umbriago is nuts. To get to England, Brazil or Mexico, he doesn't have to go to China.

DURANTE: THAT'S WHAT I TOLD HIM. BUT THAT GUY IS CRAZY ABOUT CHOP SUEY!

MOORE: Well, James, you certainly spend a great deal of time in governmental activities. Don't you ever give your brain time to cool off?

DURANTE: INDUBITABLY. JUST LAST SUNDAY, I INVITED MY BEST GIRL FOR A MOTORCYCLE RIDE AND PICNIC IN THE COUNTRY...SO BRIGHT AND EARLY I PUTS ON MY WHITE FLANNEL TROUSERS (WHICH WAS LEFT OVER FROM THE HARVARD REGRATTA), MY CAP (WITH THE PEAK IN THE BACK), MY GOGGLES (WITH THE BY-FOCUL LENS) AND MY LINEN DUSTER (WITH THE LIVERWURST SANDWICHES IN THE POCKET).

SO I BACKS MY MOTORCYCLE OUT OF ITS WIGWAM (YOU SEE MY MOTORCYCLE IS AN INDIAN) AND I PUT-PUT-PUTTS OVER TO MY GIRL'S HOUSE. I DEPOSITS HER IN THE SIDE CAR, AND I CLIMBS ABOARD. <sup>R</sup> (I think that line was so funny) AS WE WERE DRIVING ALONG THROUGH THE COUNTRY/<sup>very rustic</sup> I SUDDENLY HEARS A SUSPICIOUS SOUNDING POP! SO I GETS OFF, LOOKS AT THE FRONT WHEEL AND BEING AN EXPERT MECHANIC, I DIAGNOSE IT AS A FLAT TIRE! (I WAS POSITIVELY VULCANIZED!)

SO I TAKES OFF MY GOGGLES -- TAKES OFF MY CAP, TAKES OFF MY GLOVES, SLIB OUTTA MY LINEN DUSTER (WITH THE LIVERWURST SANDWICHES IN THE POCKET) AND I GETS TO WORK. I TAKES OFF THE TIRE -- GETS DOWN TO THE TUBE AND/DISCOVERS IT'S A SLOW LEAK. SO WHAT DO I DO? I PUTS ON A SLOW PATCH! (A TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE)  
(CONTINUED)



DURANTE: SO I PUTS BACK THE TUBE, PUTS BACK THE TIRE, PUTS ON  
(Cont'd) MY GOGGLES, PUTS ON MY CAP, BUTTONS UP MY LINEN  
DUSTER (WITH THE LIVERWURST SANDWICHES IN THE POCKET)  
...AND WE'RE OFF AGAIN...

MY GIRL AND I ARE HARMONIZING THE "SONG OF THE  
OPEN ROAD" AND MY ONE CYLINDER IS <sup>happily</sup> PUT-PUT-PUTTING ALONG  
WHEN SUDDENLY THE MOTORCYCLE COMES TO A STOP. WHAT'S  
THE TROUBLE THIS TIME?...THE MOTOR'S MISSING. SO I LOOKS  
AROUND AND FINALLY I FINDS IT, BUT NOW MY CARBURETOR  
REFUSES TO CARBURATE. SO ONCE AGAIN OFF COME THE  
GOGGLES, THE CAP, THE GLOVES AND MY LINEN DUSTER WITH  
THE LIVERWURST SANDWICHES STILL IN THE POCKET.

I'M UNDER THE MOTORCYCLE COVERED WITH GREASE WHEN  
UP COMES A SHINY BUICK (A TWO-TONE CONVERSIBLE) AND OUT  
STEPS A HANDSOME HOMBRE. FIRST HE LOOKS AT MY GIRL THEN  
HE LOOKS DOWN AT ME AND SAYS: "HAVING TROUBLE, BUD?"  
AND I SAYS: "NO. I ALWAYS LIE IN THE GUTTER ON SUNDAY  
AFTERNOONS!" (I'M FLAT ON MY BACK AND HE'S MAKING  
SMALL TALK) FINALLY I GET MY CARBURETOR CARBURATIN!

SO ONCE MORE I PUTS ON MY CAP, MY GLOVES, MY  
GOGGLES, WHEN I REALIZE A CATASTASCOPE HAS BE-FALLEN ME.  
THE SHINY BUICK IS GONE! THE GUY IS GONE! AND MY GIRL  
IS GONE!! AND BELIEVE ME, JUNIOR, I'LL GET THAT GUY IF  
IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

MOORE: Because he ran off with your girl?

DURANTE: NO. 'CAUSE THE **B**UM STOLE MY LIVERWURST SANDWICHES.

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY-OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

MOORE: Ah that Durante. He's got millions of problems -- none of them very serious. For the answer to one problem that is serious, let's consult Howard Petrie....

PETRIE: *Well to you*  
/Mind if I get serious for just a few seconds? I want to talk about your throat -- that delicate, intricate mechanism of which you have just one! Valuable, irreplaceable....certainly worthy of the proper care and attention. Such as the choice of (a) cigarette that best agrees with it. That's why we urge you to try Camel's mildness on your own choosy throat and see how that wonderful mildness registers. And try Camels on your taste too. See how your taste responds to the full, rich, mellow flavor. Try Camels on your T-zone -- T for Taste and T for Throat. It might just be that Camels suit your T-zone to a T:

CHORUS: (C-A-M-E-L-S!)

PETRIE: Camels! A superb blend of costlier tobaccos.

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO "THE VERY THOUGHT OF YOU")

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PETRIE: Roy Bargy and the Orchestra now in a Roy Bargy  
arrangement of "THE VERY THOUGHT OF YOU".

ORCHESTRA: (THE VERY THOUGHT OF YOU)

(APPLAUSE)

DURANTE: WHAT A TUNE, JUNIOR. THE DRAMATIC IN-TEN-SITY OF MR. MR. BARGY'S GLIS-SANDOS WAS EXCEEDED ONLY BY THE CROW-MATIC IN-TER-PRE-TATIN' OF HIS CRE-SHEN-DOS. I CAN TALK FLUENTLY TO HIM HE DON'T KNOW NOTHING EITHER... BUT ENOUGH OF THIS FOL-DE-ROL AND FIDDLE-DE-DEE!... LET US CALL ON MR. GARRY MOORE FOR ANOTHER OF HIS WELL KNOWN STORIES OF LITTLE KNOWN PEOPLE.

MOORE: *All right*  
~~Very well~~, James... But I warn you that tonight's story is one of stark drama... The story of Fenwick Dringle, and his wife, Desdemona.

DURANTE: SOUNDS EXCITING... I SHALL TIE A PIECE OF ROPE AROUND MY NECK AND HANG ON YOUR EVERY WORD.

ORCHESTRA: (SONGS MY MOTHER)

MOORE: *Well* I thought you ought to know about Fenwick and Desdemona Dringle, for of all the people who have suffered from the housing shortage, these two have suffered most.... Born in the thriving metropolis of Hot Soup, Missouri - which is just two miles from the little town of (BLOW BREATH) Arkansas. Fenwick and Desdemona decided to move to New York the fashion center of the world, so called because they have the only mayor in the country who could pull up his bobby socks without bending over... but alas and alack upon arrival they could find no place to live... For six weary months *they* very trudging the streets looking for lodging, and were about to give up and go home - when suddenly -

ORCHESTRA: (SUSPENSE CHORD)

MOORE: Mrs. Dringle spotted a house with a sign in front of it. Frantically Dringle knocked on the door..

SOUND: BANGING ON DOOR AND OPEN

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PETRIE: Yes?

LANG: That sign on the lawn! House for sale! Our search is over! You must let us buy it!

PETRIE: All right, you can buy it.

LANG: I can buy the house?

PETRIE: No - I just bought the house - you can buy the sign.

ORCHESTRA: (SOUL SHAKER SEGUE TO HEARTS AND FLOWERS)

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MOORE: Discouraged and heart-broken, Fenwick and Desdemona boarded the Fifth Avenue Bus and headed for the railroad station. And when they arrived there, Desdemona said -

ELVIA: I sure do hate to get off this bus...It's the first time in six months I've had a place to rest my satchel.

VOICE: You said it!

ORCHESTRA: (IDEA CHORD)

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MOORE: And at the moment an idea struck Fenwick...Why get off the bus at all?...Why not just settle down and make the Fifth Avenue bus their home? (BUTON)...And so they did, and my but they were happy. Riding up and down Fifth Avenue month after month, year after year - and in the summer for a vacation they'd get a transfer and spend two weeks on the top deck a cross-town buss.. Yes, <sup>my friends</sup> they were happy. Of course Fenwick didn't have much time for sight-seeing-at every block he'd have to

(CONTINUED)

MOORE:  
(Cont'd)

write a post-card notifying his draft-board of his change of address...But they were happy, and in due time/<sup>they</sup>were blessed with a little daughter whom they named Red - after the stop light she was born during....~~And~~ my but she was a cute little girl, She first learned to spell by reading the car-cards ~~and~~ on the bus. To most kiddies A, B and C stood for Apple, Book and Cat - but to Red they meant Alka-Seltzer, Bisodol and Castoria...Yes she was attractive and at the age of eighteen she fell in love with a hitch-hiker who was hooking a ride on the rear bumper. And Fenwick and Desdemona shed happy tears when the minister said:

PETRIE: I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND WIFE AND PLEASE MOVE TO  
THE REAR OF THE BUS.

MOORE:

*you my friends*

A strange wedding, it's true, but nevertheless Fenwick wanted to do something nice for his daughter. So for a wedding present he got up and gave her his seat....

ORCHESTRA: (HOME SWEET HOME)

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MOORE: And so the Dringles, may their tribe increase, are to this day living on that Fifth Avenue Bus...And lest you think them a trifle strange, let me read you the words of a famous poet a thousand years ago.

ORCHESTRA: (CUT MUSIC)

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MOORE: Peter, Peter, Pumpkin eater  
Had a wife but couldn't keep her.  
He put her in a pumpkin shell-  
And at least she had a roof over her head, so what the *you*  
see what I mean?

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY-OFF)

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(APPLAUSE)

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ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO GIBBS NUMBER)

MOORE: Thank you very much, my friends, but let's alight from the bus now and stop over for a melodic few moments with her nibbs, Miss Gibbs. Hiya Georgia.

GEORGIA: Hiya Garry. And I hate to tell you but you might just as well have stayed on the bus because in coming to me you're just switching from one vehicle to another.

Tonight I'm singing "The Trolley Song"

GIBBS: ("THE TROLLEY SONG".)

(APPLAUSE)



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MOORE: Magnificent, Georgia. And I might <sup>certainly</sup> say the same for the accompaniment.

DURANTE: OH, PISH POSH, JUNIOR. I PLAY THAT SAME TUNE ON MY VIOLIN AND GET A MUCH MORE DREAMIER EFFECT.

MOORE: <sup>oh?</sup> How do you get such a dreamy effect?

DURANTE: ON MY VIOLIN I USE ~~A~~ PAJAMA STRINGS. BUT FOR A REALLY BEAUTIFUL MELODY, <sup>Needs</sup> ~~LISTEN TO~~ MY LATEST <sup>Section</sup> (SINGS)

C-A-M-E-L-S

FROM ALBER -- KER -- KEE TO ALGIERS

CAMEL'S FLAVOR GETS THE CHEERS.

HOW MANY PEOPLE CAN SING LIKE THAT?

MOORE: How many people want to sing like that?

PETRIE: Well, if this is a question bee, let me -- ask one.

How many cigarettes did you smoke today? Did they leave your throat comfortable and contented? Did their flavor hold up?

DURANTE: HE'S NOSEY, AIN'T HE?

PETRIE: <sup>Now</sup> Maybe you ought to try Camels on your throat and your taste - your T-Zone. Be interesting to let your throat find out for itself how Camel's coolness, and mildness and kindness agree with it.

DURANTE: AGREED.

MOORE: Agreed.

PETRIE: And be interesting to let your taste sample the wonderful, rich, never-go-flat flavor of Camel's splendid, blended, costlier tobaccos.

CHORUS: (C-A-M-E-L-S! )

PETRIE: Camels! No matter who sings it, Camel's a great cigarette!  
ORCHESTRA: (PLAYOFF)

DURANTE: AND NOW THE FRIDAY NIGHT CAMEL SHOW BRINGS YOU A DRAMA OF  
COLLEGE LIFE ENTITLED:

MOORE: Johnny was the best dressed art student at college, or  
every day he sits at his easel in his top hat, white tie  
and draws. Now Jimmy, in tonight's play you and I are  
college students.

DURANTE: AH COLLEGE STUDENTS!

MOORE: <sup>Yes,</sup> Ah, I'll never forget my first day at school. I went to  
kindergarten in Baltimore.

DURANTE: I WENT TO KINDERGARTEN IN BROOKLYN.

MOORE: I went to grammar school in Baltimore.

DURANTE: I WENT TO GRAMMAR SCHOOL IN BROOKLYN.

MOORE: And I graduated.

DURANTE: TOO MUCH EDUCATION IS A DANGEROUS THING.

MOORE: Well, let's not waste any time. We're off to <sup>the</sup> college  
hurry-scurry.

DURANTE: YOU HURRY... <sup>and</sup> I'LL TAKE THE SCURRY WITH THE FRINGE ON TOP.

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

SOUND: PHONE RINGS... PHONE UP

MOORE: Hello, Boy's Dormitory, Student Moore <sup>144</sup>/speaking.

LANG: Mr. Moore, this is the head of the Biology Department.  
I want to find out how you spend your time after classes.

MOORE: Right now, professor, I'm very busy making notes on flora  
and fauna.

ALLMAN: (LAUGHS)

LANG: What was that?

MOORE: Flora's ticklish.

SOUND: PHONE UP

MOORE: What a nosey guy. *Go why...*

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: DROP EVERYTHING JUNIOR. I JUST CAME FROM THE SCIENCE CLASS  
AND WHAT A STIFF EXAMINATION I TOOK! *M: oh?*  
THE PROFESSOR ASKED ME A QUESTION AND IT WENT LIKE THIS. HE  
SAID, "IF YOU WERE FORTY THOUSAND FEET UP IN AN AIRPLANE  
GOING FOUR HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR AND SUDDENLY YOUR OXYGEN  
TANK BROKE, YOUR WING RIPPED OFF, YOUR MOTOR DROPPED OUT,  
AND YOU HAD NO PARACHUTE - WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

MOORE: Well, Jimmy, what was your answer?

DURANTE: WHAT ANSWER? FROM THE QUESTION ALONE I FAINTED!

MOORE: *I don't know about that,*  
Yes, Jimmy, the final exams are coming up this week and we  
*really* need some help. *Go* I wish the school had an advisory board  
-- someone we could ask questions of, like Lana Turner <sup>or</sup>  
and Betty Grable.

DURANTE: LANA TURNER AND BETTY GRABLE? WHAT QUESTION COULD WE ASK  
THEM?

MOORE: He's led such a sheltered life.

DURANTE: *I don't know. You know*  
WELL, JUNIOR, THIS YEAR COLLEGE IS A SERIOUS THING WITH  
ME. I GET TO THE CLASSROOM EVERY MORNING AT FOUR O'CLOCK.

MOORE: Four o'clock in the morning. What do you take?

DURANTE: OH THE USUAL THING - A PAIL AND MOP. BUT JUNIOR, I'M  
WORRIED ABOUT THE EXAMINATION. WHAT'LL YOU CHARGE  
TO TOO-TER ME.

MOORE:

*Do you agree?*  
/Well, My rates are five dollars for upper classmen, four

dollars for lower classmen, two dollars for high school, one dollar for grade school, fifty cents for morons, and twenty-five cents for idiots.

DURANTE:

THEN WHAT WILL YOU CHARGE ME?

MOORE:

Well, to avoid embarrassment let's just say <sup>that</sup> this one's on the house.

(in)  
DURANTE: MY BOY IS TOYING WITH THE INEVITABLE.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

PETRIE: I gotta find my honey - H O N E Y, I gotta find my honey  
h-o-n-e-y: please, you gotta help me find my honey,  
h-o-n-e-y;

MOORE: Say, Who are you?

PETRIE: Oh, just a spelling bee.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM .

DURANTE: EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

GIBBS: Hello, fellas:

MOORE: Well, hiya babe.

GIBBS: *Say* The dean sent me over to tell you that your grades are  
*you know* very bad, she says you better pass the final exams this  
week or you won't graduate.

MOORE: I say pooh to the dean.

DURANTE: MAKE THAT POOH POOH. THERE'S TWO OF US.

MOORE: *babe, what are you doing* By the way, are you doing anything tonight?

GIBBS: Yes, I have a date with a sailor.

MOORE: How about tomorrow night?

GIBBS: I have a date with a soldier.

MOORE: Well, what about the night after?

GIBBS: I'm going out with a marine.

MOORE: (PAUSE) What are your post war plans?

GIBBS: Well, I have some studying to do. So long, guys.

*So long.*  
SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: WELL, JUNIOR, I GUESS WE BETTER TAKE OUT OUR BOOKS AND  
STUDY:

MOORE: *And on* Aaah who wants to study, let's get some girrls./Let's go  
over to the campus malt shop and have some fun with girrrrl

DURANTE: NOT ME, JUNIOR. WHILE YOU'VE BEEN GOING OUT WITH GIRLS, I'VE BEEN STAYING IN MY ROOM AND DEVELOPING MY MIND.

MOORE: Well, now that your mind is developed, so what?

DURANTE: SO LET'S GO <sup>and</sup> GET SOME GIRRRRLS.

MOORE: We're off.

MUSIC: (BRIDGE...SEGUE INTO DANCE NUMBER)

DURANTE: SAY, JUNIOR, THIS MALT SHOP WAS A GOOD IDEA. BOY, THIS DANCING IS FUN.

MOORE: Yeah, it sure is...but <sup>say</sup> next dance, can I be the man.

DURANTE: DELIGHTED - BUT LET'S SIT THIS ONE OUT. <sup>It's all right.</sup> I WANT TO HEAR A SONG ON THE JUKE BOX. <sup>Good</sup> NUMBER FOURTEEN IS GEORGIA GIBBS' SINGING. "IS YOU IS OR IS YOU AIN'T MY BABY."

<sup>Sound:</sup> SOUND: JUKE BOX STARTING

GIBBS: (SINGS) Is You Is Or.....baby;  
Is You Is Or.....baby!

MOORE: Jimmy, there's something wrong with the juke box. How come the middle of every sentence is left out?

DURANTE: INSTEAD OF A NICKEL, I PUT IN A LIFE SAVER.

MOORE: <sup>It's</sup> I see, I see, I see.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ALLMAN: Ah, I thought I'd find you two here. Why aren't you home studying?

DURANTE: JUNIOR, LOOK WHO IT IS.

ALLMAN: Yes, it's I. Dean Jones, Lld, MA, BS, <sup>and</sup> PHD.

DURANTE: LLD, MA, BS, PHD,....THAT'S A FINE WAY TO SPELL JONES.

ALLMAN: <sup>Young man</sup> No, those letters represent the college degrees I have. ~~You see,~~ I went to Vassar.

MOORE: *Oh* Come now, Vassar is a girl's school.

ALLMAN: As for you, Brillo head, I'm putting the whole responsibility in your hands. If Mr. Durante doesn't pass his exams, neither of you will graduate.

MOORE: That's a challenge! We'll graduate, Dean Jones, and we'll do it cum laude.

DURANTE: YEAH, AND CUM SOFTLY, TOO.

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

MOORE: All right, Jimmy. For three days <sup>now</sup> I've been tutoring you in chemistry. Here now, take this tube of sulphuric acid, this bottle of nitro-glycerine, and this stick of TNT... <sup>now</sup>

go into the laboratory, mix them all up, and I'm sure you'll pass the exam. Well, good luck.

DURANTE: Don't worry, Junior. I'll make fy bayta or I'll eat my cap-pa.

SOUND: DOOR SIAM

MOORE: *gee whizz* I sure hope he gets it right. Because if we don't graduate...

SOUND: EXPLOSION

MOORE: Oh...oh..

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

MOORE: Hello.

DURANTE: HELLO, JUNIOR.....THIS IS JIMMY.

MOORE: Jimmy, did you pass your exam?

DURANTE: NO, BUT I JUST PASSED KANSAS CITY.

ORCHESTRA: ) (PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE)



9/1/44

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

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MCGEEHAN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Private Donald L. M'Kay, of Grand Island, Nebraska, who is called by his comrades the "Sargeant York of Brittany". In forty-eight hours of fighting, M'Kay killed six Germans and captured twenty-eight single-handed. In your honor, Private M'Kay, the makers of Camels are sending to our fighters overseas four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes.

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

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(APPLAUSE)

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PETRIE: Each of the three Camel shows honors a Yank of the Week by sending, FREE, four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes overseas....a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week. In this country, the Camel Caravans -- traveling from camp to camp -- 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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*Theme*

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"; Thursday, to Harry Savoy; and next Friday listen to Georgia Gibbs, Roy Bargo and his orchestra, yours truly, Howard Petrie..

DURANTE: AND JIMMY DURANTE.

MOORE: And Garry Moore.....

BOTH: IN PERSON  
*Durante: good night, folks.*  
(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)

(SWITCH TO STUDIO FIVE FOR HITCH HIKE)

(ADDITIONAL CLOSING IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN)

(IN STUDIO FIVE)

SHIELDS:

Have you tried the Thrifty Fifty? The Thrifty Fifty? Those just about fifty pipefuls of smoking joy you get out of one single big red two-ounce package of Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco. Fifty pipefuls of grand, rich, mild flavor and delightful aged-in-the-wood aroma. Fifty firm-packing, even-burning, smooth-drawing pipefuls because Prince Albert is crimp cut. Fifty tongue-gentle pipefuls -- because Prince Albert is no-bite treated. Fifty happy demonstrations of why more pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the world!

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.