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**AS
BROADCAST**

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

*Master - 9/14 - ad
Commercials re 9/20*

CBS NETWORK
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1944

PROGRAM #77
7:00 - 7:30 PM. PWT

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

ELVIA ALLMAN

PAT MCGEEHAN

FRED SHIELDS

DIRECTOR.....PHIL COHAN

51454 5705

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

PROGRAM #77

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1944

7:00 - 7:30 PM. PWT

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

4 seems late starting

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/^{*apartment*}GETTING MY A-BOOK, ~~200~~ B-BOOK AND ~~100~~ C-BOOK.

MOORE: Oh Jimmy -- you're applying for gasoline.

DURANTE: NO, I'M LEARNING HOW TO READ.

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

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

PETRIE: (COLD) Camel Cigarettes present Garry Moore *and*

Jimmy Durante.

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (THEME FULL AND FADE FOR)

9/8/44

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...⁴⁵ 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. ⁵³

MUSIC: (OUT)

PETRIE: *Well*, Ladies and gentlemen, summer is slowly coming to an end,
and very soon fall will be here. So always in season,
we bring you again that Fall guy - Garry Moore!

(APPLAUSE)

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MOORE: Well, thank you.....Thank you very much, my friends,
greetings from Hollywood.....And Howard is right --
Autumn will soon be here. Ah, I love Autumn, in the east
the leaves are turning and the wind is whistling -- and
~~here~~ in Hollywood the sailors are whistling and the girls
are turning.....It's a great time of year. ^{you know} It means ^{for}
^{one thing that} football will be starting ^{again. Gee} Ah, what fun! ^{that football is.} You pay
four dollars and forty cents a seat, sit down next to
your best girl -- and watch the other fellas make passes.
There ought to be some ^{kind of} legislation, ^{don't you think?}

PETRIE: Yes, but it's a great game to watch.

MOORE: I should say so...In the big game ^{in here} last ^{year} season the star
quarterback wanted to take a drink of water between
halves -- but by mistake he drank a quart of gin --
you should have seen him in the next quarter.

PETRIE: Why, what happened?

MOORE: It was the first time I ever saw a guy make a sixty
yard pass and ^{never} ~~not~~ let go of the ball! -- Boy, what
a game... ^{I wanna tell you...}

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

9/8/44

MOORE: Oh, excuse me/^{friends}-- come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

ELVIA: Oh, there you are, Mr. Moore....Oh, Mr. Moore, there you are....(LAUGH)

MOORE: ~~Well, well~~ ^{Why} -- if it isn't John's Other Mistake....What can I do for you this week, Miss Wurtlebur tle.

ELVIA: Mr. Moore, I'm going away for a few days, and I couldn't bear to leave you without something to remember me by.... Wouldn't you like to take a lock of my hair?

MOORE: What? And leave you bald?....No thank you.

ELVIA: Now, listen! YOU are no one to talk about hair! Just look at your head!

MOORE: What's wrong with my head?

ELVIA: ~~What's wrong?~~ That's the first time I ever saw a fur-bearing door-knob.

MOORE: My dear little dandelion -- and I use the word dandelion in reference to your stems - I can only say that you are no pin-up girl.

ELVIA: Ohhhhhh - every time I see you, you insult me to my face.

MOORE: I can't help it. Every time I see you, you've got the same face.

ELVIA: You see -- there you go again! It seems like I just can't get along with men....I'll NEVER get one of my very own.

MOORE: Oh-ho-ho, now don't you worry-- you'll come through *all right*. Why, ever since time began men have been running after women, and women have been running after men.

9/8/44

ELVIA: Oh, then I'd better hurry home.

MOORE: What for?

ELVIA: To get my sneakers - that's one track-meet I wanna
get INTO!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: ~~Don't that awful~~ The poor girl....She's been waiting so long for
her ship to come in, she had to join the Longshoreman's
union....But that is neither here nor there -- 3¹⁵

ORCHESTRA: (SNEAK IN DURANTE'S INTRODUCTION)

MOORE: Let's clear a path for a happier individual -- the one
and only - Jimmy Durante, in person.

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG.....EVEN WHEN THINGS GO WRONG..

MOORE: Sing it Jimmy.

DURANTE: YOU'LL FEEL BETTER...YOU'LL EVEN LOOK BETTER.

MOORE: Don't stop...Keep singing.

DURANTE: I'M HERE TO TELL YOU THAT YOU'LL BE A GO-GETTER, NOW THE WAY THAT YOU SHAKE MY HAND.....WILL TELL ME HOW I STAND.....

(YOU WANT MORE)

MOORE: Yeah.

DURANTE: NOW ISN'T IT BETTER TO GO THROUGH LIFE WITH A SMILE AND A SONG...^{M: It is.}...THAN WALKING AROUND WITH A FACE ELEVEN MILES LONG.

MOORE: I think so.

DURANTE: NOW YOU KNOW THAT YOU CAN'T GO WRONG.....(DON'T INTERRUPT) WHEN YOU START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG.

MOORE: SING IT AGAIN, JIMMY.

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)...THERE'S A NOTE I GOT FROM THE BARBER OF SEVILLE - IF YOU'LL NOTICE, THE LATHER IS STILL ON IT:

MOORE: Ah James - you certainly are in great shape. *I have had a lot*

DURANTE: THANKS BUT YOU SHOULD SEE ME WEARING A SWEATER. *of compliments. M: Sheila. D: Junior, what a week he's just been through*
~~JUNIOR WHAT A TIME I HAD LAST NIGHT! I TOOK MY GIRL TO~~
~~EVERY MOVIE IN TOWN AND WE ALWAYS~~
~~THE MOVIES AND WE SAT IN THE LAST ROW OF THE BALCONY...~~
~~I took her to 45 movies and every time we sat in~~
~~EIGHT TIMES MY GIRL AND I SAT THROUGH THE PICTURE IN~~
THE LAST ROW OF THE BALCONY.

MOORE: No foolin'?

DURANTE: WELL..JUST A LITTLE/I'M (THE CASANOVA OF THE
MEZZANINE)...BUT THAT'S NEITHER LIVER NOR WURST....THE
OTHER EVENING I WENT TO A MASQUERADE DRESSED AS A BUTCHER
(YOU SEE IT WAS A MEAT BALL)AND WHEN I GOT HOME I FOUND
A MESSAGE THAT I SHOULD LEAVE IMMEDIATELY FOR WASHINGTON

MOORE: So you left pronto .

DURANTE: YES BUT I TOOK ALONG TONTO. WHEN I GOT ON THE TRAIN I
WENT INTO THE DINING CAR AND ORDERED AN ITALIAN DINNER.
JUST AS THE WAITER PUT THE DINNER IN FRONT OF ME THE TRAIN
WENT AROUND A CURVE DOING EIGHTY MILES AN HOUR..

MOORE: So what?

DURANTE: YOU'RE NOW LOOKING AT A MAN WHO'S GOT A RAVIOLI SUIT WITH
SPAGHETTI STRIPES! I WAS POSITIVELY CACCIATORE!...HOWEVER
WHEN I GOT TO WASHINGTON I HAD TO HUNT THREE DAYS
FOR LIVING QUARTERS. AND FINALLY I FOUND A ROOM. IT
WASN'T MUCH OF A ROOM. BUT AT LEAST IT WAS BURGLAR PROOF.

~~MOORE: Burglar proof?~~

~~DURANTE: YEAH, IT WAS TOO SMALL FOR ANOTHER GUY TO GET IN! THOSE~~
~~ARE THE VA-SIS-ATUDES OF LIFE! AS SOON AS I GOT~~
~~SETTLED I WENT DOWN TO THE WAGS HEADQUARTERS TO CALL FOR~~
~~MY COCKER SPANIEL WHO WAS GETTING AN HONORABLE~~
~~DISCHARGE FROM THE SERVICE. BUT I'M DISAPPOINTED.~~

MOORE: Burglar proof?

DURANTE: YEAH, IT WAS TOO SMALL FOR ANOTHER GUY TO GET IN!
THOSE ARE THE VA-SIS-^{atuhis}ALUTES OF LIFE! HOWEVER, BEFORE
PLUNGING INTO THE AFFAIRS OF STATE. I ATTENDED
A SYMPHONIC CONCERT.

MOORE: But Jimmy, I didn't know you were so fond of classical

DURANTE: ^{music??}
^{Push it?} /HAVE YOU HEARD OF MY LATEST CONCERT CALLED TONY'S
PUSHCART?

MOORE: Tony's Pushcart? I don't think so -- how does it go?

DURANTE: IT DOESN'T GO! YOU HAFTA PUSH IT! I GOT A
MILLION OF 'EM. A MILLION OF 'EM! ^{But you know, after the concert} AND THEN IT WAS TIME
TO GET GOING WITH MY GOVERNMENTAL AFFAIRS SO I
STOPPED IN AT THE HOME OF (THE) SECRETARY OF STATE.
AND AFTER SEEING HIM. I STOPPED IN THE BASEMENT.

MOORE: why?

DURANTE: THAT DOG STILL DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO SALUTE WITH HIS FRONT PAW. *(A CANINE CATASTROPE!)* AND THEN I GOT BUSY WITH MY GOVERNMENTAL AFFAIRS SO I STOPPED IN AT THE HOME OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE. AND AFTER SEEING HIM, I STOPPED IN THE BASEMENT.

MOORE: In the basement?

DURANTE: YES. I HADDA SEE THE UNDER-SECRETARY TOO. *(a very likeable chap) But you know* THERE'S NO REST FOR THE WEARY. AT MY HOTEL I FOUND A MESSAGE FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT. *(In code and longhand, to) Mr. J. Lutcha.* THEY WANTED ME TO MAKE A SURVEY OF ARMY LIFE.

MOORE: How did you go about it?

DURANTE: I WENT RIGHT DOWN TO FT. BRAGG. WHEN I GOT THERE THEY MADE ME GUEST BUGLER OF THE DAY AND SOME WISE GUY POURED CREAM INTO MY BUGLE. DID I BURN UP.

MOORE: Why, what happened?

DURANTE: I WAS THE FIRST GUY TO EVER BLOW REV. EL-LEE AND MAKE CREAM CHEESE AT THE SAME TIME. *(IT WAS POSITIVELY HUM-MARGE-ENIZED!)* SO I WENT TO HEADQUARTERS, AND I COMPLAINED TO THE ADJUTANT GENERAL. *They are very ignorant miscreants. A boat of delinquents would help 'em.* AND WHO DO YOU THINK WAS THE ADJUTANT?

MOORE: Who?

DURANTE: UMBRIAGO! -- BUT HE WAS BUSY GIVING AN EXHIBITION ON HOW TO START A B-29 -- BUT HE GOT HIS PANTS CAUGHT ON THE PROPELLOR....HE WHIRLED AROUND AND AROUND AND AROUND AND HE FINALLY LANDED A HUNDRED YARDS AWAY FLAT ON HIS BACK...I RUSHED OVER TO HIM AND SAID, "UMBRIAGO! SPEAK TO ME!" AND HE SAYS, "WHY SHOULD I SPEAK TO YOU? I JUST PASSED YOUR ~~NOSE~~ *ninety* SIX TIMES AND YOU DIDN'T SPEAK TO ME!"

MOORE:

Jimmy - let's get serious.
well, what did you accomplish at the camp?

DURANTE:

WELL, I WENT TO WORK FOR THE CAMOUFLAGE DEPARTMENT.
I INVENTED A UNIFORM THAT WOULD MAKE A SOLDIER LOOK JUST
LIKE A TREE. TO TEST IT, I PUT IT ON AND STOOD IN THE
PARK FOR TWENTY FOUR HOURS LOOKING JUST LIKE A TREE.
BUT BELIEVE ME I'LL NEVER DO IT AGAIN.

MOORE:

Why not?

DURANTE:

WELL, I DIDN'T MIND WHEN A BOY AND GIRL CARVED THEIR
INITIALS ON MY CHEST...I DIDN'T MIND WHEN A BIRD MADE
A NEST IN MY HAIR...BUT WHEN A COUPLE OF SQUIRRELS
STARTED PUTTING NUTS AWAY IN MY EAR FOR THE WINTER -
THAT WAS GOING TOO FAR!

ORCHESTRA: (PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE)

5/15

MOORE: Ah that Durante lives an interesting life. ^{but} not so exciting perhaps as some people we could tell ^{you} about.... So let's listen to Howard Petrie.

PETRIE: ^{8:20} This week, newspapers from coast to coast tell about the exploits of the famous woman test pilot, Teddy Kenyon. She's the girl who put the Navy's famous fighter plane, the Grumman Hellcat, through its paces. What a plane and what a girl! And...what an orchid to Camels in these words of hers, and I quote her -- "Camels have always been my favorite....so mild and so easy on my throat!" well, why don't you try Camels on your own T-Zone -- that's T for Taste and T for Throat. Let your throat sample their kind, cool mildness. Let your taste try the full, rich flavor of Camels costlier tobaccos. Like Teddy Kenyon, you too may say "Camel's my favorite. Suits my T-Zone to a T".

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

PETRIE: Camels! Try them on your T-Zone....today! ^{9:10}

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO "COME WITH ME, MY HONEY")

PETRIE: Roy Bargy and the Orchestra now in a Roy Bargy
arrangement of "Come With Me Honey".

9⁵⁵

ORCHESTRA: (COME WITH ME, MY HONEY)

(APPLAUSE)

11⁵⁰

DURANTE: AND THAT WAS ROY BARGY AND HIS ORCHESTRA PLAYING "COME WITH ME MY HONEY" -- OR AS THE FRENCH WOULD SAY IT, "A-LORS A-VECK MOO-AH/CHERIE"..... IF I WERE FRENCH, *you French speak explain it to me.* *that means anything &* I WOULD UNDERSTAND EVERY WORD I SAY...BUT LET US NO LONGER DILLY-DALLY - LET US HIE TO THE POET'S CORNER AND MR. GARRY MOORE.

MOORE: Fair enough, James. And just eight weeks ago I announced that from time to time I would dig deep into the Garry Moore Symposium of Crummy Classics, and resurrect favorite items that I've done in the past...So this week I dug and came up with a touching little poem that I once wrote, called "Love".

DURANTE: HOW EXCITING....I SHALL STICK MY HEAD IN A PENCIL SHARPENER AND MAKE IT A POINT -- TO LISTEN.....

ORCHESTRA: (SONGS MY MOTHER)

MOORE: *12* Poets and peasants - dolts and sages
 Have sung of love down through the ages.
 The love of a boy for a certain girl -
 The love of an oyster for its pearl.
 The love of me, the love of you -
 The love of a germ for a case of flu .
 They've sung of Damons' love for Pythias
 Love, like the poor, is always withias.
 But one great love has been neglected
 With fame this love has never connected.
 So here's a thought I've often think-
 Oh, how I'd love to be a Skunk.
 (CONTINUED)

to JG 14-

MOORE:
(Cont'd)

Oh, you little striped fellow
Little thing so mild and smellow--
I wish that I were of your species,
One of your nephews or your nieces,
And just because, you jungle vagrant,
You're so very, very fragrant.
You're so very, very good.
At smelling up the neighborhood.
You pick your enemies, then you park-on-'em.
And with your gift you leave your mark-on-'em.
If humans had your apparatus,
Oh, what we'd do to folks who hate us.
I, myself, have quite a mob
Of people who are off the cob.
People whom I'd love to fix
With one of your odorous little tricks.

Oh, is there something tricky to it-
Could I ever learn to do it?
If you knew how I thought what a wonderful knack-it-is
You'd tell me how, so I could prac-i-tice.
And then, oh beast, I'd be invincible ..
I'd make my enemies' clothes un-rinsable.
I'd work on them, in their complacency.
And chase them from their own adjacency.
I'd make them sorry, every one,
That they have dood me like they done.

(CONTINUED)

MOORE:
(Cont'd)

But what's the use of wasting time -

For you are you, and I am I'm.

So little skunk, if you adore me,

Won't you go and do it for me?

Go fix the people whom I detest.

Fix Adolph Hitler, ^{with} and the rest.

And as you go, you'll hear me say.

Come, dear friend, and let us spray.

ORCHESTRA: (PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE)

17/30

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO GIBBS NUMBER)

MOORE: Thank you, my friends. From a poem ~~about a drunk~~ to *a song*
~~an introduction to~~ ^{by} Georgia Gibbs is ~~really~~ quite a *natural*
jump. ~~But~~ We've made it safely and here she is --
Her Nibs, Miss Gibbs. Hiya Georgia.

GEORGIA: Hiya Garry. How's your metabolism tonight? Are you ready
to trip the light, fantastic?

MOORE: Why, what's in the oven? *What's stew?*

GEORGIA: That fine jive dish called "Is You Is Or Is You Ain't,

Moore:
GIBBS: ~~My Baby".~~
~~Look out!~~
(IS YOU IS OR IS YOU AIN'T MY BABY")

(APPLAUSE)

15²⁰

1745

DURANTE: WHAT A LOVELY SONG, GEORGIA (STARTS TO SING SAME SONG)

MOORE: Jimmy, you sing like a man possessed!

DURANTE: (PLEASED) I do?

MOORE: Yes - possessed of a horrible voice.

DURANTE: THAT SIR, IS A SLUR, SIR...GET A LOAD OF THESE
VOCALISTICS. ¹⁸⁰² LISTEN.....

C-A-M-E-L-S

FROM MISSISSIPPI TO THE RHONE

THEY'RE THE SMOKE FOR YOUR T-ZONE.

WASN'T THAT CONGENIAL?

MOORE: ~~Positively ravishing.~~

PETRIE: Exactly, Jimmy, that T-Zone (T for throat and T for taste
is the best place for everyone to get the right answer
to the question of which cigarette is best for him.
That mildness...kind, cool, gentle...try it on your
throat!

MOORE: A wise suggestion!

DURANTE: A LOGICAL PROCEDURE. *Mr. Yes*

PETRIE: And try that full, rich flavor -- that mellow, wonderful
flavor of Camel's unique blend of costlier tobaccos
on your own taste, like millions of other smokers you
may be saying "Camels suit my T-Zone to a T".

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

PETRIE: Camels! For your throat -- for your taste - try them
today! ¹⁸⁵⁰

ORCHESTRA: (PLAYOFF)

MOORE: And now the Friday night Camel Show, instead of its usual drama, presents its version of the news, entitled: "Someone Poured water into the printer's ink", or "That's why the paper comes out weakly."

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT. *M. Inabrid so.* BUT JUNIOR, HOW COME NO DRAY-MA TONIGHT?

MOORE: Well, *James,* today people are more interested in the news. For instance, on page one, did you read that the Dumbarton Oaks conferees have made many gains toward post-war economic stabilization?

DURANTE: NO.

MOORE: And on page two, did you read that the Civil Aeronautics authority is planning future legislation regarding ultimate airline routes?

DURANTE: NO.

MOORE: And on page three, did you read that the office of Price Administration has delegated blue tokens to the realm of wartime limbo?

DURANTE: (WHEN HE GETS TO SUPERMAN AM I GONNA MAKE A BUM OUT OF HIM?) *Go ahead.*

MOORE: Well, Jimmy, I see where you have to be brought up-to-date so let's get on with the newsreel.

MUSIC: (NEWSREEL MARCH FADE FOR)

PETRIE: TRAVEL IN THE NEWS! War time travel conditions have resulted in congestion and confusion in railroad terminals all over the country.

MUSIC: (OUT)

We take you now to Grand Central Station in New York City.

SOUND: CROWD NOISES.

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MOORE: (TRAIN CALLER) Attention! On track one, trains leaving
for....

DURANTE: PARDON ME, SIR, COULD YOU TELL ME....

SOUND: OUT

MOORE: I'll come to your town soon... On track one, trains
leaving for, Boston, Baltimore, Trenton, Hartford,
Cincinnati, Philadelphia, Detroit, Chicago,
St. Louis, Kansas City, Witchita....

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DURANTE: COULD YOU TELL ME.

MOORE: Be patient, I'm not through yet....Wichita, Albuquerque,
Salt Lake City, Seattle, Tacoma, San Francisco and
Los Angeles,....Now Mister, what's yours?

DURANTE: COULD YOU TELL WHERE THE WASHROOM IS?

SOUND: PISTOL SHOT

MOORE: And no jury will convict me.

MUSIC: (NEWSREEL MARCH -- FADE FOR)

PETRIE: PHYSICAL CULTURE IN THE NEWS!

MUSIC: (UP AND DOWN)

MOORE: Last week, in a local gymnasium, Mr. America of 1944

proved to a host of reporters that he was rightfully titled
the world's most perfectly developed man,

DURANTE: AND NOW GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS, (AND ~~THE~~ NEWSPAPERMAN
TOO) I SHALL PROVE THAT I'M THE STRONGEST MAN IN THE WORLD.
SEE THAT TELEPHONE BOOK ON THE FLOOR. I'LL BEND DOWN AND
TEAR IT IN HALF.

SOUND: LOUD RIP

DURANTE: AND NOW FOR THE TELEPHONE BOOK!

MUSIC: (NEWSREEL MARCH)

PETRIE: (ON CUE) ROMANCE IN THE NEWS!

MUSIC: (UP AND DOWN)

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PETRIE: Garry Moore's romantic stock takes a drop as he winds up an evening with his fiancée.

MARRIAGE: Well, how about it, Hortense, will you marry me?

GIBBS: No Garrison -- we're through. My mind's made up. I'm *gonna* joining the air corps.

MOORE: *Oh* That ^{is} silly. You'd be the only girl among five hundred thousand men. That's like me joining the WAVES. Why, I'd be the only man among five hundred thousand girls and (SWITCH) Gee, do you think they'd take ^{me} us?

GIBBS: Oh, you're impossible. I ^{walk} gonna go home. Call a taxi.

MOORE: A taxi? *Yeah* Who wants to ^{taxi} scoope up in a stuffy old Cab. Let's walk. It's only eighteen or nineteen miles.

GIBBS: Walk nothing -- you call me a taxi.

MOORE: Oh, all right. (WHISPERS) Taxi, taxi...taxi...

GIBBS: *All right* Listen I'll pay the fare.

MOORE: TAXI! TAXI!

MUSIC: (NEWSREEL MARCH)

PETRIE: (ON CUE) (JOBS IN THE NEWS)

MUSIC: (UP AND DOWN)

PETRIE: One of society's notorious playboys decides to settle down
and go to work. We find him applying for a job. .

DURANTE: JUNIOR YOU WAIT RIGHT HERE. I GOTTA TAKE A TEST ~~TEST~~
FOR THE JOB.

MOORE: All right, Jimmy, good luck *for you.*

SOUND: CRASH ... CRASH...CRASH.... CRASH!

MOORE: Jimmy, what kind of a test was that?

DURANTE: CONGRATULATE ME, JUNIOR, I'M A PARKING ATTENDANT!

MUSIC: (NEWSREEL MARCH)

PETRIE: JUSTICE IN THE NEWS!

MUSIC: (UP AND DOWN)

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PETRIE: In Supreme Court, as the Hatchet Murder case reaches a climax, the proceedings are abruptly halted. Jimmy Durante, the defense counsel, jumps up from his chair and say>.....

DURANTE: YOUR HONOR, I DEMAND THE CHARGE TO THE JURY BE POSTPONED. I HAVE JUST UNCOVERED A SURPRISE WITNESS AND IF HE GETS HERE IN TIME HE'LL CRACK THIS CASE WIDE OPEN.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...

DURANTE: HERE HE COMES NOW....GARRY MOORE, MY SURPRISE WITNESS.

PETRIE: All right, Mr. Moore, what have you got to say?

MOORE: Surprise!

MUSIC: (NEWSREEL MARCH FADE FOR)

PETRIE: (ON CUE) LIGHTER MOMENTS IN THE NEWS

MUSIC: (UP AND DOWN)

Plsies

MOORE: In the Hollywood Palladium, a prominent ballroom dancer is giving an exhibition.

MUSIC: (DANCE MUSIC...HOLD UNDER)

ALLMAN: My, but we dance well together. We're a wonderful team.

DURANTE: YEAH, JUST LIKE ARTHUR AND MURRAY.

ALLMAN: James, you've never danced like this before. Why, you're as light as a feather.

DURANTE: YES, MY FEET ARE HARDLY TOUCHING THE FLOOR.

ALLMAN: How come?

DURANTE: I GOT MY NOSE HOOKED ON YOUR SHOULDER!

MUSIC: (NEWSREEL MARCH)

PETRIE: Well, ladies, and gentlemen, the Camel Newsreel has shown you the past and the present, and now in conclusion, we take you to those two famous swamis, Durante and Moore who will predict the future.

MUSIC: (UP AND DOWN)

ALLMAN: Tell me, Swami Durante, what do you charge for predictions?

DURANTE: FOR FIFTY DOLLARS I WILL ANSWER THREE QUESTIONS

ALLMAN: ^{My} Say, isn't that rather expensive?

DURANTE: YES....AND NOW YOU HAVE TWO QUESTIONS LEFT.

MOORE: *Tell me, what are what it is that you wish*
~~What do you want~~ to know? I will gaze into my crystal ball.

ALLMAN: *H* That's a fine looking crystal ball. How come there's a hole in it.

MOORE: On Thursday, I go bowling.

DURANTE: THAT'S THE CONDITIONS THAT PREVAIL.

ALLMAN: Swami Moore, I came to you because you have a wonderful reputation. How do you go about predicting the future?

MOORE: It is ^{all} ^{noise-making} very simple. First I lock myself in my sanctum sanctorum, then I draw the curtains, light my incense, sit down on my exalted pillow, reach my hand out in ^{to} the dark.

ALLMAN: Yes?

MOORE: And tune in H. V. Kaltenborn!....

ALLMAN: Well if you boys are such good swamis .
can you raise ^{atable} ~~things~~ by levitation.

DURANTE: NO SOONER SAID THAN ACCOMPLISHED. EVERYBODY PUT YOUR HANDS ON THE TABLE.

SOUND: HANDS HITTING TABLE.

MOORE: There's my hands.

SOUND: HANDS

ALLMAN: There's mine.

SOUND: HANDS

DURANTE: AND THERE'S MINE...NOW EVERYBODY CONCENTRATE..

ALLMAN: The table ...it's moving...what's moving the table, is it the spirits from above?

DURANTE: NO - UNDERNEATH, THE MAN FROM THE FINANCE COMPANY.

MUSIC: (UP TO FINISH:)

(APPLAUSE)

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51454 5731

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

VOICE: Thanks To the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Second Lieutenant James D. McGeehan, Liberator pilot from East Liverpool, Ohio. After bombing Munich, his crippled plane, lagging behind formation, was attacked by a swarm of German fighter planes. He and his crew shot it out with the Nazis, Downed two Messerschmitts, and with every reason to bail out over Switzerland, they sweated it out and brought, their big bomber back to its Italian base. In your honor, Lieutenant McGeehan, 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 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 ^{more} ~~almost~~ ^{than} four million Yanks with free shows and free Camels.

ORCH: (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: AN ADORABLE NOTE, MR. MOORE.

MOORE: Well Jimmy, you ^{certainly} cut ^{longer} quite a figure ⁱⁿ your swani costume. ^{You}
^{know} It's ^{really} too bad you didn't graduate from college. I'd like to
^{have} seen you wearing the cap and gown.

DURANTE: I DON'T CARE IF I NEVER WEAR THE CAP AND GOWN.

MOORE: Why not?

DURANTE: BECAUSE I SLEEP IN PAJAMAS! *(Duranter - yours a character!)*

MOORE: That's my Jimmy who said that.

ORCHESTRA: (PLAYOFF)

MOORE: Goodnight, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: GOODNIGHT, MR. MOORE.

BOTH: GOODNIGHT, EVERYBODY. (FOLKS)

ORCHESTRA: (UP AND OUT)

(APPLAUSE)

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

27¹⁰

PETRIE: ^{27¹⁵} 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 Bargy and his orchestra, yours truly, Howard Petrie.

MOORE: And Garry Moore.

DURANTE: AND JIMMY DURANTE.

BOTH: IN PERSON

(APPLAUSE)

ORCH: (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!

ORCH: (THEME UP)

(APPLAUSE)

(SWITCH TO STUDIO FIVE FOR HITCH HIKE)

ADDITIONAL CLOSING IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN)

PETRIE: *And friends -*
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.

Over again
This is Howard Petrie saying goodnight for all the gang. *28¹⁵*

(IN STUDIO FIVE)

SHIELDS: Have you treated yourself to that Thrifty Fifty yet? Meaning, of course, those approximately fifty ~~thirty~~ pipefuls of glorious smoking you get in just one regular big red two-ounce package of Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco. Oh, mister! A swell aged-in-the-wood aroma gets a happy okay from every nose in the vicinity-~~including~~ yours. That's what's meant when you hear the statement P.A. stands for Pipe Appeal as well as Prince Albert. And what flavor! Grand, mild, yet mellow-rich. And the way Prince Albert packs and burns and draws, thanks to its crimp cut! And tongue-gentle?...Well, that no-bite treatment simply babies your tongue! Just one pipeful of that Thrifty Fifty will tell you why more pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the whole 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 Old Opry every Saturday night on another network. 29³⁰

ANNCR: This is CBS...the...COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING...SYSTEM!