

74

AS BROADCAST

Mester - W - 9/26
(REVISED)

*Commercial OK
9/13*

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY
CAMEL CIGARETTES
"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

CBS NETWORK
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1944

PROGRAM #79
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 5766

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

PROGRAM #79

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 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 IN MY CAR AND I'M TAKING A TEST FOR MY
CALIFORNIA DRIVING LICENSE.

SOUND: CRASH

MOORE: Jimmy, what was that?

DURANTE: I JUST PASSED!

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

BAND: (C A M E L S)

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

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (THEME FULL AND FADE FOR:)

51454 5767

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, ⁴⁰ 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. ⁵²

MUSIC: (OUT)

PETRIE: Ladies and gentlemen, the letters U.S.A. stand for the
United States of America! And the United States of America
stands for the people! And to prove that the people will
stand for anything -- here's Garry Moore!

(APPLAUSE)

9/22/44

MOORE:

Well, thank you, ^{very much} and good evening, ladies and gentlemen
a very happy September the Twenty-twoth, to you all...
Well, sir, yesterday was the first day of Fall. Ah,
Autumn - it recalls to me a little poem from my early
days on the farm.

"The frost is on the pumpkin,
The corn is on the shock -
But there's no one in the bathtub,
Cause the bath-room's got no lock"....

Isn't that inspiring? *In a nautical kind of way, I think*
I'll say. And aren't these ^{exciting and most} fall days *invigating, Garry?*

PETRIE:

MOORE:

Oh, you can say that again! What an exciting time I've
had today. Four sets of tennis, eighteen holes of
golf, two hours of rowing, three chukkers of polo --

PETRIE:

Garry - you went through all that today?

MOORE:

Yeah! Aren't those news-reels exciting?...But let me
tell you another thing, ^{forward}...."

ALIMAN:

(FADES IN) Oh, Mr. Moore. There you are -- there you a
are, Mr. Moore! (LAUGH)

MOORE:

My, my, how long the tomatoes are staying green this
year!

ALLMAN: Ohhhh -- you're ^{cute!} ~~so wonderful!~~ I don't care what others say
- but you're my skin-up boy of 1944! Are you glad to
see me?

MOORE: Ah, ~~my~~ pretty bird, and I use the word bird in reference
to the crows feet under your eyes -- I'm ^{truly} delighted to see you! ^{Jan.}

ALLMAN: Well, isn't that sweet ^{the} and I'm here for a purpose. ^{you know} You see ^{M: Really?}
I've been studying phrenology and I came over to read your
head.

MOORE: What's the matter -- didn't they deliver your paper this
morning?

ALLMAN: You don't understand. Phrenology is the study of reading the
bumps on a person's head. Now this bump on your head
Mr. Moore -- tells me ~~that~~ you're an intelligent man. ^{M: Does it?} But
this other bump doesn't tell me anything.

MOORE: ^{that} it tells me something.

ALLMAN: What?

MOORE: Never stand up too quick when you're shooting crap under a
table. But really, ^{then} I don't believe in fortune telling.
Nobody can tell your future.

ALLMAN: Oh, Mr. Moore, don't say that! ^{Play} One of the greatest thrills I ever had was when a fortune teller told me that I would come face to face with a man in uniform -- take a trip and then fall for him. And this morning it came true.

MOORE: It did.

ALLMAN: Yes... I came face to face with a street cleaner, tripped over his broom and fell down a sewer. ^{3¹²}

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: ~~The closest that gal ever got to anything wearing pants was when she ate a lumb Chop... and speaking of a man...~~ ^{That's what I like - high class humor} ^{High humor, my friends}

ORCHESTRA: (SNEAK IN DURANTE INTRODUCTION)

MOORE: Here comes the man of the year ^{guess who -} Jimmy Durante -- in person!

51454 5771

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG...EVEN WHEN THINGS GO WRONG...YOU'LL FEEL BETTER...YOU'LL EVEN LOOK BETTER....)

STOP THE MUSIC! I WON'T WORK ON THE SAME STAGE WITH AN ORCHESTRA THAT LOOKS SO UNIDY.

MOORE: What do you mean, Jimmy? What's wrong?

DURANTE: THERE'S A HAIR ON THAT FIDDLE PLAYER'S BOW THAT ISN'T COMBED.

MOORE: Why, Jimmy, ^{What's unkind.} Roy Bargy's Orchestra is one of the best in the country.

DURANTE: YEAH, BUT WHO ASKED 'EM TO COME TO THE CITY. I GOT A MILLION OF 'EM - A MILLION OF 'EM.....^{going from the ridiculous &} BUT ~~JUNIOR~~, ^{this continuity} THIS AFTERNOON I HAD AN EXPERIENCE THAT DEFIES AN EXPLANATION. A BEAUTIFUL BLONDE WHO LIVES NEXT DOOR INVITED ME INTO HER GARDEN FOR A LITTLE TATE A TATE, WHILE SHE WAS TAKING HER SUN BATH. SHE WAS RECLINING IN A TIGHT FITTING BATHING SUIT. (A SIGHT TO BEHOLD) AND AS SOON AS I WALKED IN SHE JUMPS UP AND SAYS, "WAIT RIGHT HERE ^{Well} ~~HERE~~ GO UPSTAIRS AND PUT ON SOME MORE CLOTHES".....

MOORE: And what did you say?

DURANTE: I SAID "MADAM, IS THIS TRIP NECESSARY?" (I LOVE THAT KIND OF CARRYING ON) ^{Well, tell me more.} BUT THAT IS NEITHER SHAM NOR POO. THE OTHER EVENING I WAS IN THE KITCHEN WEARING MY TAILS (YOU SEE I WAS MAKING A DEVILS FOOD CAKE) WHEN THE POSTMAN BROUGHT ME A LETTER.

MOORE: Who was the letter from Jimmy?

DURANTE: IT WAS FROM AN OLD FRIEND, AN OFFICER, AND A GENTLEMEN,..
THREE OF THE NICEST FELLOWS I EVER KNEW. THE
LETTER WAS MAILED FROM PARIS.

MOORE: *From* Paris?

DURANTE: AH, PARIS, WHAT MEMORIES, - WHAT NOSTALGIA! WHAT
POSTCARDS!

MOORE: What was it all about *Jimmy?*
DURANTE: WELL, NOW THAT PARIS IS FREE AGAIN, THEY WANT TO GET IT
BACK TO WHAT IT WAS BEFORE THE WAR. AND WHO DO YOU THINK
GENERAL DE-GAWL ASKED FOR TO GET SOME ADVICE - YOU'RE RIGHT
DURANTE, THE DILETANTE.

MOORE: *Oh Jimmy, hold your horses*
~~You? But Jones~~, I don't believe you ever were in Paris.

DURANTE: JUNIOR, YOU ^{just} HAVE COMMITTED A POO-FAH! WHY ONLY IN 1932 I
GOT A CABLEGRAM FROM MONSIEUR JOCK DU-PRAY, THE BIGGEST
M: What was his name? D: Jock Dupray. M: I like Jocks
THEATRICAL PRODUCER IN FRANCE, IT SAID, "WANT YOU FOR ^{you say}
MY PARIS CAFE AT ONCE. WILL PAY DOUBLE YOUR PRESENT ^{that}
SALARY."
d: Oh my great with them promises. You know, Jr.

MOORE: That sounds like a very generous offer.

DURANTE: VERY GENEROUS (CONSIDERING I WAS OUT OF WORK AT THE TIME)
SO PAYING MY LANDLORD MY RESPECTS, AND AN I.O.U. FOR BACK
RENT, I SAILED ON THE FIRST LUXURY LINER OUT OF NEW YORK.

MOORE: Luxury Liner?

DURANTE: YES... A BANANA BOAT! (THE CROSSING WAS SLIPPERY BUT
that was a quip that was on the tip of my lip.
PLEASANT) / THE DAY I LANDED IN PARIS, MY PRODUCER,
MONSIEUR DU-PRAY MET ME AT THE BOAT.

MOORE: Did he greet you effusively?

DURANTE: BETTER THAN THAT - INDUBITABLY.....FIRST HE PUT BOTH HANDS
ON MY SHOULDERS. THEN HE KISSED ME ON ONE CHEEK, THEN HE
KISSED ME ON THE OTHER CHEEK...AND THEN HE FIRE ME.

MOORE: *He* Fired you? Why?

DURANTE: 'CAUSE ENROUTE FROM CHEEK TO CHEEK HE BUMPED INTO MY NOSE
AND KNOCKED OUT THREE OF HIS TEETH...(I WAS THE LAUGHING
STOCK OF THE RUE-DE-LA-PAY)

MOORE: That must have been quelle embarrassant...

DURANTE: YES, AND EMBARRASSING TOO... BUT THIS WAS THE TURNING POINT IN MY CAREER AS A BUM-~~VE~~-VANT. ALTHOUGH I WAS SHORT OF CASH AT THE TIME, DETERMINED TO SEE THE SIGHTS OF GAY PAREE.

MOORE: What was your first stop, Jimmy?

DURANTE: THE SAME RIVER. FIRST I WENT TO THE RIGHT BANK... THEN I WENT TO THE LEFT BANK.

MOORE: How was it ?

DURANTE: NEITHER ONE WOULD LEND ME A QUARTER. (BUT THAT'S THE VA-SIS-ATUDES OF LIFE) BUT I FORGOT MY TROUBLES WHEN I STARTED GOING STEADY WITH A GORGEOUS FRENCH GIRL. WHAT A GIRL -- OO-LA-LA-- A TYPICAL FRENCH VILLA!

MOORE: Villa? Jimmy, a French villa is a great big house.

DURANTE: MR. MOORE, IT IS NO CONCERN OF YOURS HOW I LIKE MY WOMEN BUILT. *I love that kind of carrying on.* IN ANY EVENT, MY NEXT STOP WAS A SIDEWALK CAFE.

MOORE: You mean where the tables are right out in the open air?

DURANTE: YES, AND IT CERTAINLY IS CONVENIENT FOR THE MAN IN THE STREET.

MOORE: How do you mean, Jimmy?

DURANTE: AFTER A NIGHT OF CELEBRATING, ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS GET UP OUT OF THE GUTTER AND HAVE BREAKFAST...THE FIRST THING I NOTICED IN THE SIDEWALK CAFE WAS A SIGN THAT SAID, "WATCH YOUR OVERCOAT". SO I WATCHED IT AND I WATCHED IT.

MOORE: What happened?

DURANTE: THREE PIGEONS STOLE MY CRUMB CAKE... BUT, JUNIOR, THE HIGH SPOT OF PARIS IS THE FRENCH FOOD. HOW I LOVED IT! *Mr. Al. yeah.* ONE NIGHT I WENT TO A FRENCH RESTAURANT AND ATE TWO PORTIONS OF FROG'S LEGS, THREE PLATES OF SNAILS, AND AN ORDER OF DUCK.

MOORE: Frog's legs, snails, ^{and} /duck? What happened?

DURANTE: *What happened?* I HOPPED THROUGH THE WINDOW, CRAWLED INTO THE BATHROOM, TUCKED MY HEAD UNDER MY WING AND WENT TO SLEEP IN THE TUB.

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY OFF)
(APPLAUSE)

900

MOORE:

Jimmy
James, a session with you is a revelation on the amazing ability of the English language to take punishment...and now, perhaps, it may be well to hear what it really sounds like. So, Howard Petrie.

PETRIE:

Go
Thank you, Garry. But even English, the richest of languages, is hard put to describe the kind, cool mildness and the rich, full flavor of Camel's unique blend of costlier tobaccos. You just can't print that mildness and flavor; you can't send it out on the air over a microphone. It's something that every smoker must experience for himself. So why don't you try Camels on your own T-Zone...that's T for Throat and T for Taste... the true proving ground for a cigarette. Try that mildness on your throat, that rich, full flavor on your taste. And, like millions of other smokers, you may say "Camels suit my T-Zone to a T!" If your dealer happens to be out of Camels, remember that the mildness and flavor make Camels worth asking for again -- and again.

CHORUS:

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

PETRIE:

Camels! The cigarette of costlier tobaccos. *10⁰⁰* Oh ~~and~~ by the way that top star comedy team, Abbott and Costello return to the air for Camels every Thursday evening starting October Fifth on another network. When you hear *(bell-announcer's fluff)* Icu Costello yell "He-e-y Abbott" get ready for the laughs of a lifetime. A great new show -- don't miss it.

ORCHESTRA:

(TEN DAYS WITH BABY)

PETRIE: Roy Bargy and the Orchestra now in a Roy Bargy
arrangement of "Ten Days With Baby".

ORCHESTRA: ("TEN DAYS WITH BABY")

(APPLAUSE)

18²⁵

12²⁵

DURANTE: AND THAT WAS ROY BARGY AND, HIS ORCHESTRA PLAYING
"TEN DAYS WITH BABY" FROM A DELIGHTFUL EXPERIENCE OF THE
SAME NAME BUT THIS IS NO TIME FOR IDLE FLATTERY.: LET US CALL
ON MR. GARRY MOORE, CUSTODIAN OF THE CULTURE CORNER.

MOORE: Well, James, in the past I have given many lectures of a
musical nature, such as "The Tale of the Midget Who Played
the Bass Tuba, and How He Got Sucked In", and I've also
spoken about prominent people who have glorified various
musical instruments - like Harry James and his Trumpet,
Bennie Goodman and his Clarinet, Tom Swift and his Musical
Meatball - but so far NOBODY has ever said anything nice
about the bass drum. So tonight I should like to give a
lecture on this instrument entitled, "The Bass Drum Looks
Better When It's All Lit Up, and A Lot of People are That
Way, Too."

DURANTE: SOUNDS EDUCATIONAL...I SHALL RETIRE TO MY CARD ROOM LISTEN
WITH A ^{Joker} PAPER FACE.

MOORE: ~~Thank you, James.~~ Well, to find the origin of the bass
drum, friends, we must go back two hundred years to the
thriving village of Tight Pants, Massachusetts -- which is
just across from the little town of....

SOUND: (RIP)

MOORE: New Hampshire....Ah, those were gay days in old
Massachusetts with the Pilgrims throwing horse-shoes in the
back of the village, and the Indians throwing tomahawks in
the backs of the Pilgrims. And everyone was happy, except
one young man named McMeechin Motzitz.

(CONTINUED)

9/22/44

Poor (no) musical instrument

MOORE:
(Cont'd)

And he was bored with the music the Pilgrims

were playing. They played nothing but old English ballads like "After the Brawl is Over" from Semtna's Opera, "The Battered Bride," - and little folk dances like "She Slugged Me With An Onion When I Trod' Upon Her Bunion." So little Motztrotz decided that what this country needed was a new musical instrument with some pomph in it. Soo --

ORCHESTRA: (SUSPENSE CHORD)

MOORE: He locked himself into his father's wine cellar and went to work.

ORCHESTRA: (PROGRESSIVE CHORD)

MOORE: For thirteen days he stayed in the wine cellar without coming out.

ORCHESTRA: (PROGRESSIVE CHORD:)

MOORE: But on the fourteenth hour of the fourteenth day, he threw open the door ~~from~~ the wine cellar and to a waiting world he said --

MAN: HIC!

MOORE: ~~It seems he'd been trying to blow a tune on a jug, but by the time he got it empty enough to blow in it, he was no longer interested...~~ But, two days and twelve stomach-pumps later, he went back into the cellar - this time to concentrate. And as he entered the pitch-black place.

SOUND: CRASH OF METAL

MOORE: He slipped on a piece of lemon left over from the
Boston Tea Party -- and --

ORCHESTRA: (IDEA CHORD)

SOUND: BOP ON GOURD--(WITH FIRST BEAT OF ORCHESTRA FIGURE)

MAN: OWWWWW O --(WITH SOUND OF BEAT OF ORCHESTRAL FIGURE)

MOORE: Hit his head right on one of the empty wine-kegs!--
What a bump! But also, what a pleasant sound it made... *and*
with a wild gleam in his eye, the lad ran out of the
dark cellar and came in again.

ORCHESTRA: (DRUM ROLL... ~~INTO IDEA CHORD~~)

SOUND: CRASH...BOP.

MAN: OWWWWW.

MOORE: It was beautiful!...So without hesitation, he put in a
hurry call for the leader of the local jazz band --
Miles Standish and His Plymouth Rock Red Hots...
Within the hour they had organized a public
concert starring *Mr. Recker* Motzitzotz and the first bass drum... As
the music started, Motzitzotz would rush down a runway,
take a dive, and his head would hit the wine-keg right
on the beat...In other words, it went like this.

ORCHESTRA: (PIZZICATO POLKA...SNARE DRUM ROLL THROUGHOUT)

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS RUNNING, TWO TUB THUMPS ON LAST TWO BEATS...

MAN: OWWW!...OWW!...(WITH TUB THUMPS)

MOORE: Our hero ^{my friends} was a sensation. But after one year of concerts, someone asked him --

SECOND MAN: Now that you have played in thousands of concerts, doing nothing but hitting your head against a wine keg what have you to say?

MAN: Dooooo --

MOORE: And when last seen ^{poor man} he was standing on the corner of Boston Common, dropping nickles into the mail-box, then looking up at the clock on Trinity church to see how much he weighed..

ORCHESTRA: (SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME)

MOORE: ^{what was the difference for after all} But the bass drum was born. And it grew and grew in popularity, until it became the bass drum we know today. And it no longer goes Bop -- ^{and if you don't believe it goes boom} it goes boom, I can only refer you to the drummer of our own orchestra, who everyone says is the biggest boom in radio.

ORCHESTRA: (PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE)

17⁰⁰

ORCH: INTRODUCTION TO GIBBS

MOORE: With a graceful walk, and a tilt to her chin, enter now
her Nibs, Miss Gibbs. How ya, Georgia.

GEORGIA: How ya, Garry. ^{say} Could you give me a spotlight tonight, with
moonlight and magic in it? ^{you know} ~~Because~~ the song I'm singing
is very much that way.

^{called} It's "The Very Thought Of You."

MOORE: You may consider it done.....Her Nibs, Miss Gibbs.

GEORGIA: ("THE VERY THOUGHT OF YOU)

(APPLAUSE)

17²⁰

19²⁵

MOORE: Our fondest felicitations, Miss Gibbs--yuh done good,
yuh done good, And what musicianship!

DURANTE: I KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT MUSIC TOO -- FOR THREE YEARS
I PLAYED UNDER TOSCANINI...BUT THEN HE COMPLAINED TO THE
LANDLORD AND THEY MADE ME MOVE .

MOORE: Very interesting/^{James}-- and I trust you haven't been neglectin
your musical chores, ~~James~~ ^{James} Satily.

DURANTE: PERISH THE THOUGHT. GET A LOAD OF MY LATEST RON-DE-LAY...
LISTEN..(SINGS) ^{30¹⁰}

C A M E L S!

FROM MILWAUKEE TO MA-LAK-A

RATES THAT COSTLIER TOBACCA...

*What rhymes? I'm making a bum out of that George Bernard
Schwartz.*
(~~WHILE I'M MAKING A BUM OUT OF BEETHOVEN~~)

MOORE: And you're a help to Howard Petrie, too.

PETRIE: That you are, James, those silvery tones of yours proclaim
a great truth..Camels do click with smokers the world
around. And why? Well, folks, your own T-Zone --
that's T for Taste and T for Throat -- will tell you all
about that. Let your taste try that rich, full, mellow
flavor of Camel's unique blend of costlier tobaccos.

MOORE: That sounds sensible.

DURANTE: AND INTELLECTUAL TOO.

PETRIE: Yes, and let your own throat find out about Camel's cool,
kind mildness. Especially if you're smoking a lot these
days. Naturally, your own taste and your own throat
give you the best answer to the question of which
cigarette is best for you. And the answer may be...

CHORUS: C A M E L S.

PETRIE: Camels!...They may suit your T-Zone to a T! ⁵

ORCHESTRA: (PLAYOFF)

DURANTE: AND NOW THE FRIDAY NIGHT CAMEL SHOW BRINGS YOU A PLAY
ABOUT LIEFGUARDS - ENTITLED:

MOORE: "Gypsy Rose Lee Got A Severe Case of Sunburn", or
D: That's my boy who said that!
"Brother How That Girl Peels." / Jimmy, tonight you and
I are lifeguards. So come on.....we're off to the
beach P.D.Q.

DURANTE: P.D.Q. THAT'S A FINE WAY TO SPELL BEACH.

MUSIC: (ON CUE BRIDGE)

SOUND: PHONE RINGS....PHONE UP

MOORE: Hello, Durante-Moore Lifeguard Station Moore speaking...

MAHER: (FILTER) Mr. Moore, this is the head life guard. I'm
thinking of transferring you to another station.

Have you ever done any fresh water swimming?

MOORE: Only once - and that's the last time I'll ever swim in
fresh water.

MAHER: Why? What happened?

MOORE: Every time I took a stroke, my head hit the faucet.

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

MOORE: *snick*
/Well, now to get down to work.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: JUNIOR, PULL UP A CHAISE AND PARK YOUR LOUNGE. WHAT AN
But I hate to tell you - M: Oh tell me about it. D: all right, I'll
EMBARRASSING THING JUST HAPPENED... I WAS TAKING A DIP *swallow*
IN THE SURF WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN A SWORDFISH SWAM UP *my pride.*
TO ME.

MOORE: Jimmy, did he attack you?

DURANTE: NO, HE TOOK ONE LOOK AT MY SCHNOZZ AND SAID, "I QUIT,
YOU'VE GOT A SUPERIOR WEAPON." (MY NOSE HAS TAKEN ITS
LAST BLOW)

MOORE: Jimmy, just look at you, ^{standing there.} Where did you get that ridiculous
outfit?

DURANTE: MR. MOORE, IF YOU'RE REFERRING TO MY BATHING SUIT, PERMIT
ME TO INFORM YOU THAT THIS IS THE LATEST STYLE -- IT HAS
PEARL BUTTONS ON THE SLEEVES,

MOORE: Jimmy, for your information, that's not a bathing suit.
That's a suit of long underwear.

DURANTE: LONG UNDERWEAR? AND ALL THE TIME I THOUGHT THAT WAS A
BACK POCKET.....JUNIOR, WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING WHILE I
WAS AWAY?

MOORE: Well, things were pretty quiet, ^{Jimmy} so I decided to pick up
some extra change by selling balloons. I ^{got the biggest} ~~sold them for a~~
^{balloon I could find} ~~dime-a-piece~~ and filled each ^{one} ~~balloon~~ with five hundred
pounds of helium.

DURANTE: FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS OF HELIUM? WHY THAT'S ENOUGH TO LIFT
A MAN OFF THE GROUND.

MOORE: I know.....I lose more darn customers that way.

DURANTE: I SEE.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

PETRIE: I'm caught on the hook. I tell you I'm caught on the hook...
Do you hear me, I'm caught on the hook.

MOORE: Who are you?

PETRIE: Just a telephone receiver.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: I WISH THAT GUY WAS AN ORGAN, SO I COULD PLAY HIM WITH MY
FEET.

MOORE: Ah this lifeguard job is the berries. Did you know, Jimmy, that I've been swimming since I was a mere infant.

DURANTE: YOU HAVE, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Yes. I was one of two twins, and when I was born, my father took a look at us and said, "Let's drown the ugly one"...and that's how I learned to swim.

DURANTE: WELL JUNIOR, IT'S TIME WE WENT TO WORK. WE HAVE TO CLEAN THE BEACH. DID YOU SEE THE STRANGE FISH THAT WASHED ASHORE THIS MORNING? IT HAD LONG TEETH, BULGING EYES AND WAS COVERED WITH SCALES, SO I THREW IT BACK.

ALLMAN: Good afternoon, gentlemen.

MOORE: Jimmy, you didn't throw it ^{back}/~~out~~ far enough.

DURANTE: JUNIOR, THIS IS OUR NEW BOSS, MISS ABALONE, THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF BEACHES.

ALLMAN: ^{My gas} / Don't you recognize me? I used to be Miss America... Why look at me - I still have ^{an}/~~my~~ hour glass figure.

DURANTE: TOO BAD THE BOTTOM HALF'S ON ROCKY MOUNTAIN TIME.

ALLMAN: ~~Oh~~, ^{Must} must you talk like that? Why can't we be friends? Mr. Durante, you're just my type.

DURANTE: OH, MISS ABALONE, YOU'RE TOYING WITH MY AFFECTIONS.
YOU'RE PLAYING WITH ME LIKE A CAT PLAYS WITH A MOUSE,
LIKE A DOG PLAYS WITH A TIN CAN, LIKE AN OCTOPUS
PLAYS WITH A....SAY, JUNIOR, WHAT DOES AN OCTOPUS
PLAY WITH?

MOORE: Another octopus.

DURANTE: VERY EDUCATIONAL.

Note!
ALLMAN:

Just it!
Well, gentlemen, I must run along.

But before I go, I want to caution you about your
conduct.

MAN: (PITCHMAN) Here y'are, get your balloons....I got Red balloons, I got yellow balloons,...I got red balloons... I got yellow balloons...

SOUND: POP

MAN: Here y'are. I got yellow balloons.

Mmm!
DURANTE: THAT'S WHAT HE GETS FOR STEPPING SO CLOSE TO MY NOSE.

ALLMAN: That's another thing. Peddlers on the beach. *Durante's* *You boys* ~~And only~~
just don't keep your eye on things -
~~last week I heard that a man almost drowned and you didn't even dive in after him.~~

MOORE: ~~No, but it was my warning that saved him.~~

ALLMAN: ~~Your warning? What do you mean?~~

MOORE: ~~Well, after he went down twice, I yelled to him. Don't~~
~~go down for the third time, bud, you'll drown~~

DURANTE: *you must be*
MISS ABALONE, ~~MY PARTNER IS ONLY~~ JOKING. WE PATROL THE BEACHES EVERY DAY. WHY, ONLY THIS MORNING WHILE WALKING ALONG THE BEACH, A LOBSTER GRABBED HOLD OF MY TOE.

ALLMAN: Oh, my goodness, did you lose your toe?

DURANTE: NO, I GOT IT RIGHT HERE IN MY FIRST AID KIT.

ALLMAN: That does it. I'm leaving, and unless you rescue someone either a man, woman or child, I shall have to ask you to turn in your water wings. Good day.

MOORE: Well, Jimmy, it looks like we're in a spot.

MAN: Here y'are, get your frankfurters... *here* jumbo hot dogs....
Here y'are, get your frankfurters.

MOORE: I'll take one. Hey, wait a minute. You're the same fellow who was just selling balloons. What did you do with your balloons?

MAN: Wait till you taste that frankfurter! So long, friend.

MOORE: Jimmy, we're in bad with the Commissioner. We'd better get in our patrol boat and go to work.

DURANTE: YEAH, MAYBE WE CAN SAVE SOMEONE FROM DROWNING, AND SAVE OUR JOBS, TOO.

Moore:
MUSIC: *Tell him to try it.*
(BRIDGE)

SOUND: OARS IN WATER.

DURANTE: JUNIOR, WE'VE BEEN ROWING FOR HOURS AND THIS ROUGH, CHOPPY WATER IS MAKING ME SICK.

MOORE: Me too, Jimmy. I'm suffering from mal de mer.

DURANTE: MAL DE MARE? WHAT'S THAT?

MOORE: That's French for "You Can't Take It With You".

It's still confused
DURANTE: LOOK - LOOK - A BOTTLE JUST WASHED UP AGAINST THE BOAT.

MOORE: Yes, and there's a note inside *of it.*

DURANTE: QUICK - READ IT -- WHAT DOES IT SAY?

MOORE: Abbott and Costello will return to the air for Camel Cigarettes on Thursday, October ^{the} Fifth.

DURANTE: HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT. EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT....JUNIOR, DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE? *It's what?* SOMEONE'S WAVING FOR HELP.

MOORE: *To Jimmy,* This is our chance. You dive in ~~Jimmy~~...and I'll stand by.

DURANTE: OKAY, HERE GOES.

SOUND: SPLASH.....STROKES

Moore: Good luck, boy.

DURANTE: JUNIOR, I MADE THE RESCUE. NOW HELP US INTO THE
BOAT.

MOORE: Well, Jimmy, don't keep me in suspense. Who'd you
rescue...a man, woman or child?

DURANTE: NEITHER..IT'S UMBRIAGO!

More. *Get outta here - - -*
MUSIC: (PLAY OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

26⁵⁸

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

MCGEEHAN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Army Air Force Lieutenant Richard J. McHugh, of Oak Park, Illinois, awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal for bravery in an attack during which three German ships in Piombino harbor, Italy were bombed to the bottom. In your honor, Lieutenant McHugh, the makers of Camels are sending to our fighters overseas four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

(APPLAUSE)

27²⁰

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 than four million Yanks with free shows and free Camels.

Theme 27³⁵

ORCH: ~~INTRODUCTION TO "WHO WILL BE WITH YOU!!"~~

51454 5792

PETRIE: 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.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP...FADE FOR)

PETRIE: And don't forget the big news...the new Abbott and Costello
show hot from Hollywood starting on Thursday October 5th
on another network. A great comedy team with a great new
show for a great cigarette. Thursday, October 5th,
Abbott and Costello for Camels.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND 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

ANNCR: Fifty is Thrifty. You bet that's true...Fifty is thrifty...and we mean those just about fifty pipefuls ~~ye~~ you get out of one regular, big, red, two-ounce package of Prince Albert smoking Tobacco. But even if it costs a fortune, you'd still want to smoke Prince Albert for its grand rich, mild flavor...its aged-in-the-wood aroma...its wonderful freedom from tongue-bite. And, for the way it packs, and burns, and draws right down to the last shred, thanks to Prince Albert's crimp *cut*. ~~out~~. Yes, Mister, your tongue, your taste, and your pocketbook will all join in the cheering for P.A. And it won't take fifty pipefuls to tell you 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 Old Opry every Saturday night on another network.

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

29³⁰