

(REVISED)

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

**AS
BROADCAST**

Meets - 2nd - 1945
Commercial 5:11 - 11/6/45

CBS NETWORK
FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1944

PROGRAM NO. 93
7:00 - 7:30 PM. PWT

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

ELVIA ALLMAN

PAT MCCHEEHAN

FRED SHIELDS

DIRECTOR.....PHIL COHAN

51454 6157

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

(REVISED)

PROGRAM NO 93

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1944

7:00 - 7:30 PM. 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 ON MY WAY TO THE STUDIO IN MY NEW STREAMLINED
TRAILER - I'LL BE THERE IN TWO DAYS.

MOORE: Two days? Schnozz, it ^cshouldn't take you that long
by trailer.

DURANTE: I KNOW -- BUT I HAVE NO CAR.

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

PETRIE: Yes, it's the Friday night Camel Show.....
Jimmy Durante, Garry Moore, Roy Bary and his orchestra
and yours truly, Howard Petrie...^B 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, ⁵⁵

MUSIC: (OUT)

PETRIE: Well, friends, it has often been said that certain
men have a poker face. But I bring you now a young man
who is more the parchoesi type ^{You know} That is, even when
he's up to par he looks choesi.....and here he is --
Garry Moore.

(APPLAUSE)

15

MOORE: Well, thank you...Thank you VERY much, my friends, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen. I wish you a very happy last Friday in '44. As Gypsy Rose Lee said to Sally Rand - a happy nude year to you...Ha ha ha.... Oh, bring me a new pair of garters, Mama, I'm really snappin' 'em tonight....But say, Howard.....

PETRIE: Yes, Garry?

MOORE: Before we close another year of working together, I want to give you an official citation....Announcer Petrie, front and center.

PETRIE: Yes sir.

MOORE: My goodness. You're practically ALL front and center, aren't you?...But Howard, as we pass another milestone, I want to say one thing. It is my opinion that we two have worked together better than any comedian and stooge I know.

PETRIE: Thanks, Garry. And I must say that's the prettiest speech I ever heard from a stooge.

MOORE: Hnnnnnnnnnn. *Thank you, very much.*

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ELVIA: Oh, there you are, Mr. Moore, you ^{*by cious*} ~~gilly~~ little man....
(LAUGH)

MOORE: Goodness - aren't the new years horns tinny this year?

ELVIA: Oh ho ho, Mr. Moore, I know you. You're pulling my leg.

MOORE: Uh-huh....well, either skirts are getting a lot shorter, or someone's been pulling BOTH your legs....
But what, Mrs. W. ^{*W. W. W. W.*} brings you here tonight?

ELVIA: Mr. Moore, I am here tonight representing a group of American radio listeners. And we've written a little poem which contains our greeting ^{to you} for the New Year.

MOORE: Well isn't that nauseating? How does it go?

ELVIA: Roses are red. Violets are blue. ^{Butter} Sugar is scarce
Why aren't you?

MOORE: Mrs. Wurtleburtle, I shall sew that sentiment on my winter woollies so it will be near my ~~heart~~ always.

ELVIA: *Oh* Thank you. But what about your New Year's Resolutions - have you made any?

ORCHESTRA: (SNEAK IN MOORE'S INTRODUCTION)

MOORE: *Well,* I was just about to tell you about them. Would you and Howard care to join me in song?

MOORE: In the New Year I won't look at women...

PETRIE: He says that he won't look at women....

ELVIA: Do you swear that you won't look at women...

MOORE: (Wellllll) Except maybe women in swimmin'.....

ELVIA: Hap-py

MOORE: Hap-py

ELVIA: New Year

MOORE: New Year.

ELVIA: Happy

MOORE: New Year.

PETRIE: To you.

ELVIA: My thin figure will be back in fashion.

PETRIE: Her thin figure will be back in fashion.

MOORE: But why will it be back in fashion.

ELVIA: Cause our food's going back on the ration.

MOORE: Hap-py.
ELVIA: Hap-py
MOORE: New Year.
ELVIA: New Year
MOORE: Hap-py
ELVIA: New Year
PETRIE: To you.
MOORE: I expect to be richer than Croesus
ELVIA: Much richer by far than King Croesus.
PETRIE: Why will you be richer than Croesus? *man?*
MOORE: Because Uncle Sam closed up the races.
ELVIA: Hap-py
MOORE: Hap-py
ELVIA: New Year
MOORE: Happy New Year *Elvia: Happy / Moore: New Year*
ALL: (RETARD) To you. *355*
MOORE: *Thank you* -And with that to one side..... *applause*
ORCHESTRA: (SNEAK IN DURANTE MUSIC)
MOORE: Let's welcome a man who's especially happy because of
the rave notices on his new picture "Music For Millions"
....Jimmy Durante, in person.

51454 6162

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

SOUND: NOISE MAKERS

DURANTE: HAPPY NEW YEAR, JUNIOR, HAPPY NEW YEAR EVERYBODY.

Just - wait a minute
MOORE: / Hold on, James, aren't you a little premature.

New Year's day isn't until Monday.

DURANTE: MONDAY? I THOUGHT THAT WAS INDEPENDENCE DAY.

MOORE: No, ~~no~~ - Independence Day is the Fourth of July.

DURANTE: I THOUGHT THE FOURTH OF JULY WAS IN NOVEMBER.

MOORE: No, Thanksgiving is in November.

DURANTE: THEN WHAT'S THE HOLIDAY IN DECEMBER?

MOORE: It's Christmas.

DURANTE: IT'S CHRISTMAS? HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT--ANOTHER YEAR'S GONE BY AND ~~AGAIN~~ I HAVEN'T DONE MY CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

Oh dear -
MOORE: / Spoking of Christmas, Jimmy, how did you do in the gift department.

DURANTE: DON'T MENTION GIFTS TO ME...AM I BURNT UP!....THIS YEAR LIKE LAST YEAR I HUNG MY SOCKS OVER THE FIREPLACE AND CHRISTMAS MORNING WHEN I WOKE UP.

MOORE: Yes?

DURANTE: SANTA CLAUS HAD WASHED THEM, IRONED THEM, DARNED THEM, AND ~~PINNED~~ ^{wrote} A NOTE ON THE HEEL THAT SAID "IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU GOT A NEW PAIR." (I'LL GET THAT GUY IF IT TAKES ME TWENTY YEARS . I KNOW WHERE HIS REINDEERS EAT)

MOORE: Well forget Christmas, Jimmy, It's time to make plans now for the coming year.

DURANTE: YES GARRY AND IN 1945 YOU'LL SEE THE NEW DURANTE. NO MORE CHASING AFTER GIRLS. FROM NOW ON I'LL LET THE GIRLS CHASE ME. YES SIR, YOU'RE GONNA SEE THE NEW DURANTE.

MOORE: What if the girls don't chase you?

DURANTE: IN THAT CASE YOU'LL SEE THE OLD DURANTE (I LOVE THAT KIND OF CARRYING ON)

MOORE: Well, Schnozz, everybody's ^{very} busy making their New Year's resolutions, How about you?

DURANTE: NO MORE RESOLUTIONS FOR ME, JUNIOR. I'LL NEVER FORGET WHAT HAPPENED LAST YEAR. ON JANUARY FIRST I MADE A RESOLUTION TO PUT MY NOSE TO THE GRINDSTONE, AND WAS I HUMILIATED.

MOORE: Why?

DURANTE: CAUSE ON JANUARY SECOND THE GRINDSTONE GAVE UP! BUT THAT IS NEITHER DWIGHT, IZEN, NOR HOWER. THE OTHER MORNING I WAS IN MY SWIMMING POOL TAKING SWIMMING LESSONS FROM A BANK PRESIDENT (YOU SEE I WAS GOING TO FLOAT A LOAN) WHEN I GETS AN EMERGENCY CALL FROM WASHINGTON. THE SUPREME COURT IS UP AGAINST SOME TOUGH DECISIONS AND THEY WANT ME TO SIT IN AS AN ASSOCIATE JUDGE.

MOORE: You -- a judge? You've never even passed a bar examination.

DURANTE: DON'T SNEERY ^{Junior} -- I WOULD HAVE PASSED THE BAR EXAMINATION EXCEPT FOR ONE THING.

MOORE: What's that?

DURANTE: I DIDN'T KNOW WHETHER TO PUT AN OLIVE OR A CHERRY IN A MARTINI.....I'VE GOT A MILLION OF 'EM. A MILLION OF 'EM.....BUT IRREVELANT AND CONTRARY TO THE FACTS, *Mr. Yo* YOU KNOW I AM A SECRET MEMBER OF THE INTERNATIONAL COURT OF UNITY.

MOORE: Oh, I.C.U.?

DURANTE: AND A PEEK-A-BOO TO YOU TOO, JUNIOR. BUT CONTINUING WITH THE NARRATION, *it's what it says and I'll stick to what it says* I WALKS UP TO THE SUPREME COURT BUILDING AND WHAT AN IMPRESSIVE SIGHT. THERE'S A STATUE OF LADY JUSTICE HOLDING THE SCALE AND ON THE SCALE WAS WRITTEN IN LATIN "AD SECURUM VALOREM SIC MUNDIS UNI".

MOORE: What does that mean in English?

DURANTE: IF YOU GUESS YOUR WEIGHT YOUR PENNY WILL BE REFUNDED.

MOORE: *Jimmy, I'm afraid you just* That's the trouble with you, Jimmy. You have no eclat, no sang froid, no savoir faire.

DURANTE: I KNOW, BUT WHERE CAN YOU GET THAT IMPORTED CHEESE THESE DAYS, *right* TO CONTINUE, I ENTERS THE ^{Supreme Court} BUILDING AND WALKS INTO THE MAIN COURTROOM. THE JUDGE IS SITTING ON THE BENCH IN HIS BIG BLACK ROBE. HE LOOKS OUT OVER THE COURTROOM... THEN HE LOOKS UNDER HIS BLACK ROBE, THEN HE LOOKS AT THE WITNESS, THEN HE LOOKS UNDER HIS BLACK ROBE... THEN HE LOOKS AT THE DEFENDANT, THEN HE LOOKS UNDER HIS BLACK ROBE. THEN HE....

MOORE: Wait a minute, why was he always looking under his robe?

DURANTE: IN BETWEEN THE TESTIMONY, HE WAS DEVELOPING PICTURES. *Yuknow,* HE HAD A PLAID ROBE FOR TECHNICOLOR... RETIRING TO MY CHAMBER, I PUTS ON MY ROBE AND SIT'S DOWN ON THE BENCH. IMMEDIATELY I SAYS: HAND ME MY GRAVEL.

MOORE: Jimmy, you mean gavel.

DURANTE: I MEAN GRAVEL. I KEPT SLIDING OFF THE BENCH.
(FORTUNATELY I DON'T BRUISE EASILY)

MOORE: *I guess so,* Jimmy, you still haven't told me the nature of the case you were working on.

DURANTE: I WAS COMING TO THAT. THE SUPREME COURT WAS PONDERING WHETHER IT WAS CONSTITUTIONAL FOR WOMEN TO WEAR SLACKS. *And the decision rested with Durante:*
~~HAVING SEVERAL LAW BOOKS ON THE SUBJECT, I ACCEPTED THE CASE.~~ THE FIRST WITNESS TO TAKE THE STAND WAS THE ^a ~~HEAD~~ *ravishing blonde.* ~~OF THE ANTI-SLACK MOVEMENT~~ WEARING A *beautiful* ~~LOOKING~~ LOW CUT DRESS....AND WHO DO YOU THINK IT WAS?

MOORE: Who?

DURANTE: UMBRIAGO!

MOORE: Umbriago wearing a dress?

DURANTE: *Yes he said* WHY HE SAYS IF THE LAW ALLOWS WOMEN TO WEAR SLACKS THEN HE ^{could} ~~CAN~~ WEAR A DRESS. AND WHEN HE SITS DOWN ON THE WITNESS CHAIR THE FIRST THING THAT UMBRIAGO DOES IS CROSS HIS LEGS.

MOORE: Crossed his legs? *Well* /What happened?

DURANTE: HE'S NOW ENGAGED TO THE FOREMAN OF THE JURY. (I'LL SUE THAT FOREMAN FOR ALIENATION OF AFFECTIONS)

MOORE: Well, how did you finally decide the case?

DURANTE: DECISIVELY. EXHIBIT A, WAS A VERY STOUT ^{women} ~~DOWAGER~~ WEARING SLACKS. SHE PARADED IN FRONT OF THE COURTROOM. *And* IMMEDIATELY I KNEW THIS WAS A CASE THAT WOULD MAKE SUPREME COURT HISTORY. *I stopped right* AS SHE ~~STOOD~~ *stood* IN FRONT OF ME, I STUDIED THE EVIDENCE FROM ALL SIDES. *Just* I LOOKED AT THE VERY STOUT ^{witness} ~~DOWAGER~~, THEN I LOOKED AT HER SLACKS, IT WAS A PLAIN CASE OF MISREPRESENTATION.

MOORE: What do you mean, misrepresentation?

DURANTE: JUNIOR, THERE ~~JUST~~ AIN'T NO SLACK IN WOMEN'S SLACKS!

ORCHESTRA: (PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE)

905

MOORE:

Monsieur
While Mr. Durante pauses for a moment to straighten his necktie and comb his curly locks, we will ask Mr. Petrie to take the microphone -- ~~if it's still working.~~

PETRIE:

9¹⁰ Thank you, Garry. I just want to say for the last time this year what I've been saying the whole year through to our audience -- this simple truth: Whenever you want to get a true answer to the question of which cigarette is best -- ~~for you~~ -- just ask your T-Zone, That's T for taste and T for throat. Let your own throat try Camel's cool mildness. Let your own taste judge the rich, full flavor of Camel's unique blend of costlier tobaccos. Like millions of smokers, you may find that Camels suit your T-Zone to a T.

CHORUS:

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

PETRIE:

Camel, the cigarette of costlier tobaccos, wishes you a Happy New Year. *9⁵⁰*

ORCHESTRA:

(INTRODUCTION TO I.M GONNA SEE MY BABY)

PETRIE: Roy Bary and the orchestra now in a Roy Bary
arrangement of "I'm Gonna See My Baby".

ORCHESTRA: ("I'M GONNA SEE MY BABY")

(APPLAUSE)

16⁰⁰

12¹⁰

DURANTE: THAT WAS ROY BARGY AND THE ORCHESTRA PLAYING "I'M GOINA SEE MY BABY" MR. BARGY PLAYED THIS TUNE WITH THE PERMISSION OF MRS. BARGY, WHO WANTS IT UNDERSTOOD THAT IT'S MRS. BARGY WHO IS MR. BARGY'S BABY! (THEY SHOULD'VE ^(that) TOOKEN THAT TO MR. ANTHONY)...AND THAT BRINGS US TO GARRY MOORE AND HIS WELL KNOWN STORIES OF LITTLE KNOWN PEOPLE. TELL ME JUNIOR, WHOSE LIFE STORY ARE YOU RELATING TONIGHT"?

MOORE: Tonight James I am going to unfold a story about one of the most fabulous young men I have ever ^{known}.....a youth named Humperdinck Mizzenfazzle!

DURANTE: HUMPERDINCK MIZZENFAZZLE? SOUNDS VERY INTERESTING. I SHALL STICK A BOTTLE OF SELTZER WATER IN MY EAR AND LISTEN TO THE LITTLE SQUIRT! ^{12⁵⁰}

ORCHESTRA: ("SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME".....FADE FOR)

MOORE: ^{Well} I thought you ought to know about Humperdinck Mizzenfazzle. Born in the little town of Woman Driver, Utah, which is just across the river from the little village of LOOK OUT, NEVADA!....The Mizzenfazzles were the wealthiest family in town. In fact, Mr. Mizzenfazzle had made a fortune in spaghetti, which was all right except he looked kind of messy walking down the street with a pocket full of meat balls..And as a result Humperdinck was a spoiled child. Everytime he walked in the house he was met by three butlers. A tall butler to take off his hat, a middle size butler to take off his coat, and a midget butler in case he was wearing galoshes. Small wonder then, that Humperdinck grew up to be a spendthrift and a Mer-do-well.
(CONTINUED)

MOORE:

(Cont'd)

Why, he had four big address books. One book with a red cover full of girls with red hair. One book with a black cover full of girls with dark hair, a book with a yellow cover for girls with light hair and another book with no covers.....a few of his girls were baldies ^{headed} ... Finally his father called him to his side and said.....

"Humperdinck I hear that you have been spending your money foolishly on wine, women and song? That's wrong.

MAN:

What's wrong about it *paper?*

MOORE: Why, you can't even carry a tune! I want to warn you,
Somebody should have warned me. Warn you Humperdinck.
Humperdinck.....You can't eat your cake and have it
too!

ORCHESTRA: (SOUL SHAKER ... STING AND DROP...)

MOORE: His father should never have made that remark because
it made Humperdinck mad. And he determined then and
there to get a cake and figure out some way to eat
it and have it too...So...

ORCHESTRA: (OMINOUS CHORD...SUSTAINED UNDER:)

MOORE: He ran down to the corner bakery ...bought
a cake, brought it home , ate every last
crum of it, and when he looked down at his plate....

ORCHESTRA: (CUT MUSIC)

MOORE: What do you know? It was gone!...Undaunted, (ORCHESTRA:
CHORD) He ran to the next bakery and there he bought
a marble cake! And when he ate it, not only was the
marble cake gone, but half his teeth too...
Someone had rung in some real marbles. Then he sat
down and ^{he} really went to work. He ate --

ORCHESTRA: (PYRAMIDING CHORDS)

MOORE: Layer cake! Cheese cake! Spice cake! Short cake!
Fruit cake! Cream cake! Pound cake! Sponge cake!
White cake! Dark cake! Berry cake! Cherry cake!
Peach cake! Plum cake! Yeast cake! Patty cake!

ORCHESTRA: (CUT MUSIC)

MOORE: And fourteen bottles of bicarbonate of soda! Thousands of cakes he had eaten, and had nothing to show for it -- except twelve extra holes in his belt and a large gap in his shirt-front. Discouraged and beaten, Humperdinck was on his way home to admit defeat, when he passed a bakery window and there....

ORCHESTRA: (OMINOUS CHORD)

MOORE:big as life was an oven-fresh cup cake! Humperdinck had never tried his experiment on a cup cake before. Hardly able to contain himself, he rushed inside...

ORCHESTRA: (CHORD)

MOORE: grabbed up the cup cake!

ORCHESTRA: (CHORD)

MOORE: Swallowed it with one bite...

ORCHESTRA: (CHORD)

MOORE: And waited..(SHORT CHORD)...could he eat this cake and have it too.....(PIZZ UNDER FOLLOWING)
Could he? Could he? Could he?

PETRIE: (LOUD HICCUP)

MOORE: He could! Humperdinck Mizzenfrazzle had eaten his cake and had it too!

ORCHESTRA: (POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE)

MOORE: Yes, Humperdinck ate his cup cake and had it too ... and no wonder it was a hic-cup cake! And so, my friends the moral of my story is: DON'T KISS A DUCK AND YOU'LL NEVER FEEL DOWN IN THE MOUTH! *Thank you.*

ORCHESTRA: (PLAYOFF MUSIC:)

(APPLAUSE)

16¹⁵

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO "IT HAD TO BE YOU")

MOORE: Again it's time for Her Nibs, Miss Gibbs, but again this week -- no Georgia. ~~But~~ She's recuperating nicely ^{though} and should be back in a couple of weeks. So especially for you, Georgia, Roy Barge ^{plays} ~~the melody of~~ "It Had To Be You".

ORCHESTRA: ("IT HAD TO BE YOU")

(APPLAUSE)

16³⁰

17⁴⁵

DURANTE: MR. BARGY THAT WAS GRANDIOSE, VERY GRANDIOS^u!

BARGY: Thanks, Jimmy, but I wonder whether you really know anything about music.

DURANTE: DO I KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT MUSIC? WHY I KN^lW RIMSKY BEFORE HE MET KORSAKOFF! I KNEW BORIS BEFORE HE WAS GOOD ENOUGH. AND I KNEW THE BARBER OF SEVILLE BEFORE HE EVEN OWNED AN ELECTRIC RAZOR! WHICH ACCOUNTS ^{Dr. Bary} FOR MY OWN SUCCESS AS A COMPOSER. ^{Dr. Bary} LISTEN.....

(SINGS)

C-A-M-E-L-S

IN PINSK, ^(es) OR IN POMONA

CAMELS CLICK WITH EACH T-ZONE A.....

(ISN'T THAT GEE-O-GRAF-ICKLE)

PETRIE: ^{Oh, shooie} No argument about that, Jimmy. The fact that Camel is such a globe-trotter these days is one of the reasons why occasionally your dealer regretfully tells you, "Sorry sir, no Camels today!". But do remember this...when you do get Camels you still get the rich, full flavor of costlier tobaccos that made Camel famous. And that wonderfully cool mildness. Yes, war or peace, Camel is still Camel.....and worth asking for again the very next time you are buying cigarettes. Keep on asking for....

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

PETRIE: Camels! The cigarette of costlier tobaccos!

Orde *Playoff*

19⁰⁰

19⁰⁵

MOORE: Well, friends, here we are at the last part of our last program for 1944.

DURANTE: THAT'S ^{Correct} ~~RIGHT~~, JUNIOR.

MOORE: James, I can hardly believe it. Just think, twelve months have passed!

DURANTE: TWELVE MONTHS?...WHY THAT'S ALMOST A YEAR...YOU KNOW JUNIOR, IT'S GOING TO BE WONDERFUL STARTING THE NEW YEAR.

MOORE: *Yeah* - It sort of makes me feel very young again. *Jimmy* In fact, right now, I feel like a two year old.

DURANTE: A TWO YEAR OLD.

MOORE: Yes. (PAUSE) Ouch!

DURANTE: WHAT'S THE MATTER?

MOORE: It must ^{have} been an open safety pin! *O: I presume so!* But Jimmy somehow I just hate to see the old year go.

DURANTE: YES, JUNIOR, A LOT OF FLOAT-SOME HAS FLOATED UNDER THE JETSAM IN 1944.

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM" 19-20
12/29/44 (REVISED)

MOORE: How right you are. Let's look back over the old year *January*
together and revive some of these memories...Ladies and
gentlemen, a Cavalcade of --

DURANTE: DURANTE.

MOORE: And Moore.

DURANTE AND MOORE: IN 1944.

NEWSREEL: (NEWSREEL MARCH...FADE)

PETRIE: March fourteenth, 1944...official Washington being in
a dither about the new income tax forms calls on the
one man who knows the answers to all problems...Durante,
the well-informed man.

VOICE: Mr. Durante, we're in terrible trouble, we've printed
up the new income tax forms but nobody can figure them
out.

DURANTE: DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, MR..MORGANTHAU. I'VE INVENTED AN
AUTOMATIC ADDING, SUBTRACTING, AND MULTIPLYING MACHINE
THAT FIGURES OUT YOUR INCOME TAX IN THREE SECONDS.

First
~~ALL YOU DO IS~~ ^{you} PRESS THIS BUTTON. *(Sound)* *then you pull the lever*
(Sound) then you let 'er go.

SOUND: SERIES OF NOISES ENDING IN GLASS CRASH

VOICE: Well?

DURANTE: ANYBODY GOT A PENCIL?

MUSIC: (FANFARE...MENDELSSOHN'S "SPRING SONG"...FADE UNDER:)

PETRIE: April, 1944. It was spring. And as it must to all men --
love came to Garry Moore. We find Garry now sitting on
a porch swing talking to his new love -- Betty Lou.

GARRY: Gee, Betty Lou, that's sure a pretty blue evening dress
you're wearing. Blue is my favorite color.

GIRL: I like blue, too...but don't you prefer beige in the
evening.

MOORE: What?

GIRL: Beige in the evening?
MOORE: No, I ~~show~~er in the evening...I beige in the morning.
(PAUSE) But Betty Lou.
GIRL: Yes, Garry.
MOORE: Move a little closer.
GIRL: (COYLY) Like this?
MOORE: Yes...Now put your head on my shoulder.
GIRL: Like this?
MOORE: Yes...Now close your eyes.
GIRL: Like this?
MOORE: (THRILLED) Ooooooh...Now pucker up.
GIRL: (EXPECTANTLY) I'm puckered. Now what do I do?
MOORE: Would you mind blowing up my football.
MUSIC: (FANFARE...MUSIC..."FORTY SECOND STREET"...FADE UNDER:)

PETRIE: May, 1944. Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore paid their annual visit to New York.
DURANTE: AH -- JUNIOR, IT'S GREAT TO BE BACK. IT'S THE SAME OLD NEW YORK.
MOORE: Yeah...~~same~~ old New York. I ^{still} can't find a place to sleep.

My bay
DURANTE: JUNIOR, YOU DON'T KNOW THE RIGHT PEOPLE. YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE ROOM I GOT LAST NIGHT. WHAT A BEAUTIFUL ROOM! IT HAD A GORGEOUS QUEEN ANNE DRESSING TABLE....A ~~SUMPTUOUS~~ GOVERNOR WINTHROP DESK, AN ~~EXOTIC~~ DUNCAN FIFE COFFEE TABLE AND A ~~LOVELY~~ *gorgeous* CHIPPEYDALE DRESSER...BUT I COULDN'T SLEEP A WINK ALL NIGHT.

MOORE: Why *not*?

DURANTE: NO BED.

SOUND: FANFARE... (MUSIC.... "LAZY BONES")

PETRIE: October, 1944. In the middle of the winter Southern California has its hottest day of the year. Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante are suffering from this terrific heat.

Moore: Gee whiz - it sure is hot Jimmy, isn't it?
DURANTE: ~~IT'S SO HOT, GARRY, I CAN'T BREATHE.~~

Moore: Why the thermometer must be 150 degrees above Fahrenheit.
MOORE: ~~(TYPED) Me too.~~ I'm suffocating.

SOUND: *You said it, Bay*
DOOR OPEN

PETRIE: I've got to have air. I've just got to have air, I tell you. I've just got to have air.

MOORE: Who are you?

PETRIE: Oh, just a little flat tire.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MUSIC: (SAY IT WITH MUSIC -- FADE UNDER)

PETRIE: November 1944. The ban was lifted on the manufacture of phonograph records. Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante discuss what this will mean to music lovers all over the world.

DURANTE: JUST THINK, JUNIOR, AT LAST WE'LL BE ABLE TO LISTEN TO PHONOGRAPH RECORDS AGAIN. AH, HOW I LOVE THE CLASSICS. LAST NIGHT I LISTENED TO BEETHOVEN ON THE VICTROLA. THEN I LISTENED TO MCGILLICUDDY. THEN I LISTENED TO SCHUBERT. THEN I LISTENED TO MCGILLICUDDY...THEN I LISTENED TO BRAHMS AND THEN I LISTENED TO MCGILLICUDDY AGAIN.

MOORE: How did McGilllicuddy get in there with all those composers?

DURANTE: IT WAS HIS VICTROLA AND HE WANTED IT BACK. *(McGilllicuddy!)*

MOORE: You can have the classics, James. I go for the popular tunes. In fact, my favorite record is the "Trolley Song". *See* I like it so much that I played it two hundred times last night.

DURANTE: JUNIOR, YOU LISTENED TO THE TROLLEY SONG TWO HUNDRED TIMES AND IT DIDN'T BOTHER YOU?

MOORE: That's right, Jimmy. Listening to the Trolley Song *didn't*
-- YELLING) Clang! Clang! Didn't bother me ~~me~~
(YELLING) Clang! Clang! *didn't bother me (Clang - Clang)* -- bit!

ORCHESTRA: (NEWSREEL PLAY OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

24²⁰

Moore:
PETRIE: Well, *Jimmy* gentlemen, so much for your experiences in the old year.

DURANTE: YES, AND A GREAT OLD YEAR IT WAS IN HOLLYWOOD.

MOORE: And you know, Jimmy, before this town gets one year older, I'd like to go see the sights again.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ELVIA: Oh, there you are, you wonderful boys. (LAUGH)

DURANTE: TOO LATE, JUNIOR, ONE OF THE SIGHTS JUST CAME TO SEE US.

ELVIA: Gentlemen, I've heard about you ^{things in} the past year but there's one thing I'd like to know, what are your predictions for 1945?

ORCHESTRA: (SNEAK IN MUSIC:)

MOORE: *Well,* I'll tell you Mrs. Wurtleburtle ~~it's like this:~~

MOOR I refuse to make any predictions.

DURANTE: MY BOY SAYS HE WON'T MAKE PREDICTIONS.

ELVIA: Why won't you make any predictions?

MOORE: Cause I've lost on the last four elections,

ELVIA: Hap-py

MOORE: Hap-py

ELVIA: New Year

DURANTE: NEW YEAR

ELVIA: Hap-py

MOORE: New Year

ALL: To you.

DURANTE: WE BOTH EXPECT TO WIN OSCARS

MOORE: We'll win us a couple of Oscars.

ELVIA: But why should you win any Oscars?

DURANTE: 'CAUSE WE'VE BOTH GOT OUTSTANDING PROBOSCARS.

ELVIA: Hap-py

MOORE: Hap-py

ELVIA: New Year

DURANTE: NEW YEAR

ELVIA: Hap-py

MOORE: New Year

ALL: To you.

ELVIA: Say, what jokes will you tell after New Years?

DURANTE: WHAT JOKES WILL WE TELL AFTER NEW YEARS?

MOORE: ~~Schnozz~~, ^WWhat jokes will we tell after New Years?

DURANTE: THE SAME JOKES WE'VE TOLD THE PAST FEW YEARS

ELVIA: Hap-py

MOORE: Hap-py

ELVIA: New Year

DURANTE: NEW YEAR

ELVIA: Hap-py

MOORE: Hap-py

all: ELVIA: New Year

DURANTE: NEW YEAR

ELVIA: Hap-py

MOORE: Hap-py

ELVIA: New Year.

DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE - THIS IS WHERE I BREATHE!

ALL: Happy New Year to you!

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC:UP AND OUT) (APPLAUSE)

25 55

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

MCGEEHAN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Lieutenant Alex Sabo, of Buffalo, New York, who won the Distinguished Service Cross in Italy. He attacked a German Tiger Tank, armed only with a rifle, killing the tank commander and two of the crew. In your honor, Lieutenant Sabo, 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 than four million Yanks with free shows and free Camels.

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO WHO WILL BE)

DURANTE: WHO WILL BE WITH YOU WHEN WE'RE FAR AWAY... WHEN WE'RE FAR ... LET ME HEAR THAT HIGH NOTE, MAESTRO. WHAT A NOTE!

MOORE: A refreshing note, Mr. Durante!

DURANTE: A NEW YEAR'S NOTE, MR. MOORE!

MOORE: *Pretty nearly caught you, with your continuity down, didn't they?*
And James this marks the second New Year that you and

I were seen together. And before the old year goes I want you to know that in my opinion you are a veritable fountain of sophisticated drollery.

DURANTE: THANKS, JUNIOR. YOU'RE GOOD, TOO.

MOORE: Ah, but you are the utter quintessence of the comic spirit, embodying the best of buffoonery in all its many facts and ramifications.

DURANTE: THANKS, JUNIOR. I LIKE YOUR STUFF, TOO.

MOORE: Ah, but in the final analysis it is you who are the epitome of humor wedded to pathos, the acme of slap-sticking ^{try} tempered with whimsy, the master in satirical revelation of our human foibles and the very pinnacle of farcical histrionics ^{learned} ~~learned~~ with poignancy, warmth and sincerity.

DURANTE: OKAY! YOU WIN BY AN EDUCATION!

MOORE: Thank ^{Sally} you. And ^{friends} in parting until next ^(year - that's also next year) ~~week, friends~~, it is our hope that the New Year will bring us a larger and ^{bigger} share of happiness, brought about by complete victory on our many fronts.

DURANTE: AND IT CAN, FOLKS, IF WE ALL DO OUR PART ON THE HOME-FRONT!

ORCHESTRA: (PLAYOFF)

MOORE: Happy New Year, Mr. Durante.
DURANTE: HAPPY NEW YEAR, MR. MOORE.
BOTH: HAPPY NEW YEAR EVERYBODY. (FOLKS)
ORCHESTRA: (UP AND OUT:)

38⁰⁰

51454 6184

PETRIE: And remember...try Camels on your throat and your taste. See for yourself how Camels' mildness, coolness and flavor click with you!

Camel broadcasts go out to the United States three times a week, are rebroadcast to our men overseas, and to South America. Listen Monday to Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks."....Thursday, to Abbott and Costello, and next Friday listen to Georgia Gibbs, Roy Barge and his Orchestra, yours truly, Howard Petrie.

MOORE: And Garry Moore.

DURANTE: AND JIMMY DURANTE.

BOTH: IN PERSON.

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP ...FADE FOR:)

28³⁰

SHIELDS: *2935*

If you're a pipe-smoker, why don't you make these New Year Resolutions? Resolve to treat your tongue gently. Resolve to give your taste rich full flavor -- yet mildness too. Resolve to smoke a tobacco with an aroma that's as pleasing to the folks around you as it is to you. In other words -- resolve to pack your pet pipe with Prince Albert. More pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the world. Give yourself a real Happy New Year with firm-packing, smooth-drawing, even burning Prince Albert in your pipe. It's thrifty too-- just about fifty pipefuls in one regular two-ounce package. *2905*

ORCHESTRA: (SNEAK THEME)

SHIELDS: Tomorrow, Saturday night be sure to listen to Prince Albert's Grand Old 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. *2920*

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND DOWN)

PETRIE: And remember, Camel Cigarettes again present Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante next Friday night at this same time.

This is CBS....THE COLUMBIA.....BROADCASTING SYSTEM. *2930*