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WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

**AS
BROADCAST**

*Master - 1/10 - W
Commercials 1/10/45*

CBS NETWORK
FRIDAY, JANUARY 5, 1945

PROGRAM NO. 94
7:00 - 7:30 P.M. PWT

CAST

- GARRY MOORE
- JIMMY DURANTE
- HOWARD PETRIE
- ROY BARGY
- ELVIA ALLMAN
- LINDA KING
- PAT MOGEEHAN
- FRED SHIELDS

DIRECTOR.....PHIL COHAN

51454 6187

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

PROGRAM NO #94

FRIDAY, JANUARY 5, 1945

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 TRYING TO BUY MY GIRL AN ENGAGEMENT RING, BUT I
CAN'T AFFORD A DIAMOND.

MOORE: Forget diamonds, Jimmy,. Get her a topaz.

DURANTE: A TOPAZ? I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW HER HAIR IS HER OWN!

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

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

PETRIE: (COLD) Camel Cigarettes present JIMMY DURANTE AND
GARRY MOORE.....
(APPLAUSE)

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

PETRIE: Yes, it's the Friday night Camel Show...Garry Moore, Jimmy Durante, 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:: And now we bring you a young man who on New Year's Eve ~~took~~ took a party of eighteen to Earl Carroll's.....which was all right until he got caught by the mother of the party of eighteen....And here he is....Garry Moore.

(APPLAUSE)

MOORE: Well, thank you,...Thank you VERY much, my friends, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen...And say, Mr. Pewtry..

PETRIE: Yes, Mr. Moron..?

MODRE: *Don't take advantage of our friendship*
I'll thank you *not* to joke about New Year's at Earl Carroll's

It was the nicest masquerade party I've ever been to.

PETRIE: I know it was. I was *at the masquerade* ~~there~~, too.

MOORE: You were? Say-y were you wearing a red velvet evening gown?

PETRIE: Yes.

MOORE: Did you have on a large pearl necklace?

PETRIE: Yes.

MOORE: And did you dance the rhumba with a guy in a clown suit?

PETRIE: Why, yes?

MOORE: Mildred, give me back my eight ~~seven~~ dollars!...How do you like that guy? And I believed him when he said I looked like Cary Grant!

PETRIE: Well, *Garry* you certainly fell for it! My whole party ate dinner off your eighty seven bucks.

MOORE: I don't doubt it- I never saw such prices...Seventy cents for a bottle of Seven-Up.

PETRIE: I don't think Seventy cents is so bad for a bottle of seven up.

MOORE: Yuh don't? Have you figured *that* out? Seven goes into Seventy why, that's ten cents per Up....*(seven)* Seventy cents why I've never been so (HIC) Yuh see, there goes another dime!... Some day they're gonna *find out that I'm* - -

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

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

MOORE: Mrs. Wurtleburtle, when you laugh like that would you mind backing up a little? The undertow sucks the laces right out of my shoes.

ELVIA: Mr. Moore, you just don't appreciate me enough. Do you realize that every time I come to see you I'm playing hookey from my husband?

MOORE: *Playing*
Hookey, huh? Well, you've certainly got the nose to play it with...But what is the purpose of your visit to night.

ELVIA: I came here to wish you continued success with your first sponsor, CAMELS.....

MOORE: First sponsor? Why bless your Burtle, Mrs. Wurtle, I was first sponsored ^{out} in Chicago, by the makers of Carmichael's Catsup. *E: Really?* *M: Yes -* We had the greatest slogan in radio...."Carmichael's Catsup...the only catsup that contains....real cats!"

ELVIA: And did the company prosper?

MOORE: *did it prosper? -*
Yes it did...until one day at the factory, the sponsor got caught in the machinery.... Then we had to change our slogan.

ELVIA: What did you change it to?

MOORE: Carmichael's Catsup.....the only Catsup that contains Carmichael....But I do appreciate your interest in me, Mrs. Wurtleburtle. And ^o just want to say that if there's anything you need, my dear..if there's anything you're lacking that my money can buy for you.....

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ELVIA: Yes?

MOORE: See Mildred - she's got my wallet. So, having got
out of that all right..

ORCHESTRA: (SNEAK IN DURANTE INTRODUCTION)

MOORE: I'll embroil myself in more trouble, by calling
on the one and only JIMMY DURANTE, IN PERSON!

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(What's that?)
DURANTE: UMBRIAGO... COULD BE MAYOR OF NEW YORK OR OF CHICAGO.... *(plus he?)*
UMBRIAGO... RAISES CAIN FROM PORTLAND, MAINE AND SANTIAGO... *(to be raised)*
WHEN YOU WORRY, *(Yes-yes)*
BETTER SEND FOR UMBRIAGO IN A HURRY... *(I'll phone him)*
HE'S GOT LOTS OF TIME..
THAT'S ALL HE SPENDS HIS TIME
HE NEVER SPENDS A DIME *(Cheap skate)*
SO WHEN YOU FEEL LOW *(Then what)*
BETTER SEND FOR MY FRIEND, UMBRIAGO. *Get it!*
UMBRIAGO:
that's lovely - but look at
MOORE: Jimmy, how come you're serenading Umbriago tonight?
DUANTE: THAT'S MY WAY OF SENDING HIM MY CONGRATULATIONS. *you know your* THE
FOURTH GRADE AT NIGHT SCHOOL JUST VOTED *Umbriago* HIM THE MAN MOST
LIKELY TO SUCCEED.
MOORE: Succeed in what?
DURANTE: IN STAYING IN THE FOURTH GRADE AT NIGHT SCHOOL. (AFTER
SCHOOL, THE TEACHER LETS HIM BEAT THE ERASERS.)
MOORE: Ah, Durante, you're a fellow with many facets You're a
man of loyalty, a man of sympathy and a man of integrity.
DURANTE: THINK OF THAT...AND THE THREE OF US HAVE BEEN GETTING ALONG
ON ONLY ONE RATION BOOK.
MOORE: You shouldn't have any trouble supporting all three of
you with the profits from your new picture,
MUSIC FOR MILLIONS. I saw it on a double bill with "WILSON",
you know.

DURANTE: ^{Yes} I SAW THAT PICTURE "WILSON" TOO. WHAT A POPULAR PRESIDENT THAT GUY WAS. I SAW THE PICTURE FIVE TIMES, AND HE WAS ELECTED EVERY TIME! (THE LAST TIME IT WAS KIND OF CLOSE, UNTIL THE VOTES STARTED COMING IN FROM THE SECOND BALCONY)

MOORE: Well, James, now that election year is over I suppose Washington won't bother you as ~~much anymore~~ ^{frequently as before.}

DURANTE: ON THE CONTRARY, JUNIOR, WASHINGTON IS LEANING MORE HEAVILY ON DURANTE THAN EVER.

MOORE: That's what you get for being a genius.

DURANTE: OH I WOULDN'T SAY THAT...BUT I'M GLAD YOU DIDWHY JUST LAST NIGHT ^{Junior} I WAS AT HOME AND THE TELEPHONE TINKLED.. SO I GOES TO MY DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICAN PHONE...

MOORE: ^{you} Democratic - Republican phone?

DURANTE: YES, YOU SEE, IT'S A TWO PARTY LINE. ^{It. Oh no! D. So -} I PICKS UP THE RECEIVER AND IT WAS A LONG DISTANCE CALL FROM WASHINGTON (COLLECT AS USUAL) ^{So} I SAYS "HELLO" AND A VOICE SAYS "HELLO. I SAYS "WHO IS THIS" AND A VOICE SAYS " WHO IS THIS"? I SAYS "I CAN'T HEAR YOU" AND A VOICE SAYS " I CAN'T HEAR YOU". IT'S THREE DOLLARS A MINUTE AND ALL I'M GETTING IS ECHOES!

MOORE: Well, Jimmy did you finally find out who you were talking to.

DURANTE: YES, IT WAS THE SECRETARY OF THE ICKES, MR. INTERIOR,

MOORE: No, Jimmy - you mean secretary of the Interior, Mr. Ickes.

DURANTE: SHOW ~~ME~~ OFF! ^{But} IRREGARDLESS ^{John said} HE SAYS TO ME"... "JIMMY WE'RE ORGANIZING AN EXPEDITION TO OKLAHOMA TO FIND NEW OIL LANDS. WE WANT YOU TO BE THE HEAD GEOLOGIST ^{That's what he said to Jimmy} WITHOUT FURTHER ADO OR A DON'T, I ACCEPTS....

MOORE: You accepted? Oh no, Schnozz you don't know the first thing about Geology.

DURANTE: THAT'S A SLUR, SIR.....THERE ARE VERY FEW QUESTIONS I CAN'T ANSWER ABOUT GEOLOGY.

MOORE: All right, answer this one. What is the difference between the geotectonic structure of the paleontological fossilifers and the Dynamical Epigene of the Metamorphic?

DURANTE: ~~JIM--IN NO MOOD TO DICKER SO~~ I'LL ANSWER THAT ..IN THE AFFIRMATIVE..NAY!...HOWSOEVER TO CONTINUE WITH THE STORY, I PREPARES MYSELF FOR MY TRIP TO OKLAHOMA.FIRST I PUTS ON MY FIVE GALLON HAT.

MOORE: Jimmy, that's supposed to be a ten gallon hat.

DURANTE: HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT .SOMEBODY'S BEEN SIPHONING MY HAT!

more: I think somebody's been siphoning your head.

D. Yes, that too, but GETTING ON WITH MY ~~PREPARATIONS FOR THE~~ TRIP, I TAKES OUT MY MAP AND DISCOVERS THAT OKLAHOMA IS FIFTEEN HUNDRED MILES AS THE CROW FLIES. SO GETTING A RESERVATION ON THE SIX FIFTEEN CROW I WAS IN OKLAHOMA QUICKER THAN YOU COULD SAY..
DE MEE TREE SHO ~~SHA~~ OR KOVA VITCH (AND I SAID THAT WITHOUT AN INTERPRETER)

I wish you'd explain it to me sometime. But
MOORE: /When you got to Oklahoma where did you start to look for the oil lands.

DURANTE: IN THE INDIAN COUNTRY. AS SOON AS I ARRIVES THERE I LOOKS UP MY GOOD FRIEND, CHIEF RUNNING WATER AND HIS TWO SONS (HOT AND COLD).....~~BEING HOSPITABLE THEY GAVE ME A FAST BATH.~~..THEN WE SETTLED DOWN TO A BIG POW WOW.. I HAD EATEN MOST OF THE POW AND WAS GETTING DOWN TO THE WOW WHEN THE CHIEF ^{looked} ~~SURPRISED~~ ME BY ^{giving} ~~MAKING~~ ME AN HONORARY MEMBER OF THE TRIBE AND ~~GAVE ME AN~~ INDIAN NAME.

MOORE: What a beautiful custom. What Indian name did he give you?
Was it "Moonbeam on the Water?"

DURANTE: *I was* NO. ~~CONSTANTLY ON THE BUM!~~ ^{Junior} (AND I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR THAT STRAIGHT LINE) ^{M. That's perfectly all right.} BUT FINALLY, I ^I SAYS TO THE CHIEF....
CHIEFIE (I ADDRESSES HIM IN THE PAST PARTICIPLE)
PALEFACE DURANTE NEEDS OIL. YOU GOTTA HELPUM PALEFACE FIND OIL LANDS?"

MOORE: What was the Chief's reaction to that?

DURANTE: HE SAT DOWN AND HE SAID (GRUNT) THEN HE JUMPED UP ...AND THEN HE SAT DOWN AND SAID)GRUNT)...AND THEN HE JUMPED UP...AND THEN HE SAT DOWN AGAIN AND ^{he says} SAID, "(GRUNT).

MOORE: Jimmy, why did he say, "(GRUNT)" Everytime he sat down?

DURANTE: HE WAS SITTING ON HIS TOMMY HAWK!

MOORE: *That could be pretty uncomfortable*
Oh I see - but did the Chief finally offer to help you find the oil land?

DURANTE: YES, AND HE EVEN TELLS ME HOW TO GET THERE. DURANTE..HE SAYS,
JUST FACE THE WEST AND FOLLOW YOUR NOSE..SO I STARTS
WALKING....~~AND~~ THREE MONTHS LATER I'M IN PO-PO-CAT-APELLO.^{tel}
(IT TOOK ME ONE MONTH TO WALK THERE AND TWO MONTHS TO
PRONOUNCE IT) LOOKING UNDER A NEARBY ROCK I FINDS ^{another} NOTE
THAT SAYS "DURANTE FOLLOW YOUR NOSE". SO AGAIN I STARTS
WALKING AND THREE MONTHS LATER I'M IN A-KA-POLL-KA-~~POLE~~-KO.^{a-ka-}
THIS I KNOW I'LL NEVER PRONOUNCE SO I WALKS TWO MILES
FURTHER TO JONESVILLE.THERE I FINDS ANOTHER NOTE THAT
SAYS "DURANTE, FOLLOW YOUR NOSE". I ^{we} NEVER SEEN SUCH DULL
READING MATTER. SO AGAIN I STARTS WALKING AND AFTER THREE
MORE MONTHS MY PATIENCE WAS REWARDED, I CAME TO IT.

MOORE: You came to the oil?

DURANTE: NO, I CAME TO THE END OF MY NOSE!

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

10⁴⁰

MOORE: And now while ^{the Schmo} Mr. ~~Durante~~ lies down for a brief and well-earned ^{Schnozze-} ~~nap between his numbers~~, Mr. Howard Petrie has a word to say.

PETRIE: Thank you, Garry. I can tell my story not merely in a word, but actually in a single letter. The letter "T". T stands for throat and it stands for taste. In other words, your T-Zone....the one place to find out for yourself which cigarette best agrees with you. Try Camels on your T-Zone. See how your throat reacts to Camel's cool mildness. See how your taste enjoys the full, rich favor of Camel's magnificent blend of costlier tobaccos. Look to the "T" for the Truth!

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

PETRIE: Camels...try them on your own T-Zone. // ²⁰

ORCH: (INTRODUCTION TO "POOR LITTLE RHODE ISLAND")

PETRIE: Roy Bargy and the orchestra now in a Roy Bargy arrangement of ¹¹ "POOR LITTLE RHODE ISLAND" // ³⁰

ORCH: ("POOR LITTLE RHODE ISLAND")

(APPLAUSE)

13 ³⁵

DURANTE: AND THAT WAS ROY BARGY AND HIS ORCHESTRA PLAYING POOR
POOR LITTLE RHODE ISLAND"...I LOST AN OVERCOAT IN A
LITTLE TOWN IN RHODE ISLAND ONCE.

MOORE: Pawtucket?

DURANTE: NO, IT WAS ONE OF THOSE SNEAKY BELL-BOYS (DURANTE, YOU'LL
M: You will too.
SAY ANYTHING) AND TO PROVE I'M NOT ALONE IN THIS
SENTIMENT, LET US NOW CREEP OVER TO THE CULTURE CORNER
AND MR. GARRY MOORE....WHAT'S UP TONIGHT, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Tonight, James, we shall putter about in the poetry
department, with an oderous little ode that I
~~once~~ ^{long ago} concocted, entitled, "Poem in Praise of a Cow."

DURANTE: VERY WELL, JUNIOR..YOU MAY PROCEED. (~~AND I THOUGHT~~ ^{but} THAT
LINE ⁱⁿ ~~UP~~ MYSELF, FOLKS) 1/4/10

ORCHESTRA: (SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME)

MOORE: ~~All hail to you, you noble cow,~~ *All hail to you, you noble cow, is my poem in praise of a cow*
To me, oh cow, you are a wow.
To you, oh cow, I make a bow..
I bow, kow-tow and shout "How now."
I love you, tame and gentle creature.
I'm always very glad to meetcher.
Oh, lift your stately head and toss it
And let me shake your every faucet.
Oh, let me thank you while I can
For all the things you've done for man.
All hail to you on this, your hey-day,
For all that ever-lovin' Grade-A.

(CONTINUED)

MOORE:
(Cont'd)

Oh cow, it's from your skin valise
You give out milk and cottage cheese.
Yes, cottage cheese, the best there is..
Except for Camembert and Swizz.
And cream cheese, too, so mild and mellow ...
Also Limburger, strong and smellow..
You always give, you never slip..
You are the country's biggest drip.
You don't hold out, you give in quickly,
You always gush, you're never trickly.
Oh, tell me cow, how do you do it?
Is there something tricky to it?
You chew up hay as fine as silk,
You shake it up and out comes milk.
Oh cow, the people of this nation
Owe you much appreciation.
From now until the dimmest future
Human beings will salutre.
Everyone adores dear Bossy,
From Toscanini to Tommy Dossy.
Each human being, gay or grim,
Partakes of milk, and sometimes crim.
Why you're charming cow, you have no faults,
And you're behind all chocolate malts.
(CONTINUED)

MOORE:

(Cont'd) Each noon the customers at Liggett's
Pay a tribute to your spigots.
So let me tell you, noble cow,
How I do adore you now.
Let me salute your magic udder..
You're my sister, I'm your brudder.
I greet you with heart and stomach full,
Oh, dairy-cow.....and that's no bull.
But cow, before I let you go,
There's just one thing I'd like to know.
One question I would like to utter.
Lookit honey....where's the butter?

ORCHESTRA:(PLAY OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

1/6⁴⁵

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO PERDIDO)

MOORE: Perdido is the name of the tune you're hearing now...
and in Spanish that means "lost-" which is just the way
we feel ^{wishy} ~~about~~ Her Nibbs, Miss Gibbs....But come
next week she'll be back with us again....Mean while,
~~Ray Bary with~~ Perdido. - *Ray Bary*

ORCHESTRA: (PERDIDO)

(APPLAUSE)

17⁰³

18¹⁵

DURANTE: MR. BARGY YOU DID RIGHT BY THAT SONG....JUST AS WELL AS I WOULD HAVE SUNG IT EXCEPT FOR A BAD BREAK. YOU SEE GARRY, THE DAY I AUDITIONED FOR THE METROPOLITAN I HAPPENED TO HAVE A FROG IN MY THROAT.

MOORE: What happened, James?

DURANTE: THEY TURNED ME DOWN AND HIRED THE FROG. (YOU'VE HEARD HIM IN IL CROAK-A-TORE) BUT IT DON'T STOP ME FROM SINGING...³⁵...LISTEN (SINGS)

C-A-M-E-L-S!

FROM MER-MANSK TO MIN-NA-SOTA

CAMEL'S BEST FOR TASTE AND THROAT-A!

(Don't you think they're delicious?)

PETRIE: *ll* You're not kidding, my bonny baritone. Millions of smokers all over the map agree with you. However, the choice of a cigarette is a very individual thing. Every smoker knows which cigarette is best for him because his T-Zone...that's T for throat and T for taste... will tell him....Why don't you try Camel's cool mildness on your throat? See what pleasure and satisfaction your taste gets from the rich, full flavor of Camel's great blend of costlier tobaccos. Like millions of other Camel smokers you, too, may be saying, "Camels suit my T-Zone to a T!"

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

PETRIE: Camels....the cigarette of costlier tobaccos! *19 25*

ORCH: (PLAY OFF)

19 35

DURANTE: ^{cut now} THE FRIDAY NIGHT CAMEL SHOW BRINGS YOU A DRAMA OF
DEPARTMENT STORES AND THE MEN WHO RUN THEM ENTITLED.

MOORE: They Had a Strike In the Mattress Department." or
"Holiday For Springs."

DURANTE: HOLIDAY FOR SPRINGS! THIS EASTER YOU MAY COLOR THAT AND
ROLL IT DOWN THE WHITE HOUSE LAWN.

MOORE: Thank you, James...Meanwhile let's be off to the department
store hurry skurry.

DURANTE: YOU HURRY, AND I'LL TAKE THE SKURRY WITH THE FRINGE ON TOP.

ORCHESTRA:(MUSICAL BRIDGE)

SOUND: CROWD NOISES

MOORE: Ah, Jimmy isn't this great. Here we are owners of a ^{to work}
department store. And to think when I first came here/I was
nothing but the chief whoopser.

DURANTE: CHIEF WHOOPSER? WHAT'S A WHOOPSER?

MOORE: He's the fella who stands at the foot of the escalator and
when the lady customers start to get off, he takes them by
the arm and says, "Whoops, Whoops, Whoops."

DURANTE: WELL I'M SURE GLAD WE PUT IN THOSE ESCUATORS BECAUSE I'M
NOW USING THE ELEVATORS FOR THE FOOD DEPARTMENT.

MOORE: For the food department...how come?

DURANTE: ^{First} I GETS IN AN ELEVATOR...^{the} TAKES IT UP TO THE TENTH FLOOR, AND
CUTS THE CABLES AND DOWN IT GOES...THEN I GETS IN ANOTHER
ELEVATOR,..TAKES IT UP TO THE TENTH FLOOR,AND CUTS THE
CABLES AND DOWN IT GOES...THEN I....

MOORE: Wait a minute, Jimmy, what's the idea of cutting all our
elevator cables?

DURANTE: DO YOU KNOW A BETTER WAY TO CRACK WALNUTS?

MOORE: *Jimmy* Ah, Jimmy, how can you be such a constant idiot?

DURANTE: I HAVE A CHARGE ACCOUNT...WHAT'S YOUR EXCUSE?

GIRL: Mr. Moore, Mr. Moore.

MOORE: Yes, Miss McGillecuddy?

GIRL: We just got in a new shipment of cuckoo clocks and I can't even wind them. I'm afraid they're a little stiff. Just listen....

MAN: CUCKOO! (HICCUP) CUCKOO! (HICCUP) CUCKOO! (HICCUP)

MOORE: Stiff? That ones not stiff - it's plastered! Oh, well, Jimmy, we've got to start thinking about our income tax. *You know that's really* It's quite a problem. *Mr. Diffenderfer!*

DURANTE: WHY THAT'S AS EASY AS ROLLING A LOG OFF A DUCK'S BACK. FIRST WE TAKE OUR INCOME AND DEDUCT TWENTY PER CENT WITHHOLDING, THEN WE DEDUCT THIRTY PERCENT -WITHOUT HOLDING..... THEN WE DEDUCT FIFTEEN PERCENT FOR OVERHEAD AND THIRTY FIVE PER CENT FOR UNDERHEAD... PLUS THE ACCURED FEDUCIARY WHICH LEAVES US FIVE PER CENT... THEN FROM THE FIVE PER CENT WE DEDUCT TEN PER CENT....

MOORE: Jimmy, if we deduct ten per cent from five per cent, what have we got left?

DURANTE:DO YOU THINK IT'S TOO LATE FOR US TO GET ON THE W.P.A.

MOORE: *Listen* Just let that tax collector show his face around here. I'll throw him right out on his ear. He may be big but -- I'm afraid of neither man--

ALLMAN: Hello, there!

MOORE:Nor Beast!

ALLMAN: Gentlemen, I'm in terrible trouble. I'm Mrs. Diffendurfer and I lost my little daughter while I was dilly-dallying in the drapery department.

DURANTE: YOU'RE MRS. DIFFER-DAUGHTER AND YOU LOST YOUR DURFER WHILE YOUR DAUGHTER WAS DRAPING IN THE DALLY DEPARTMENT?

MOORE: No, No, Jimmy, she's Mrs. Dilly - dropper and she draped her daughter while she was diffen-durfer in the...

ALLMAN: No-no- I'm Mrs. Daughter-Dilly and I dallied my differ in the durfer department.

DURANTE: THIS MIGHT BECOME MORE POPULAR THAN "THE TROLLEY SONG";

MOORE: Tell me, Mrs. Diffen-durfer, is this your very own daughter who is missing?

ALLMAN: (COY) Yes....I know I don't look old enough to be a mother but she's my very own little girl.

DURANTE: HOW OLD IS THE LITTLE TOP?

ALLMAN: She was just forty-seven yesterday.

MOORE: Forty-seven? Have you looked in the Remnant Department?

ALLMAN: Listen, Bristle bean, if my daughter isn't returned to me immediately I will sue you two morons for every cent you own. That's all. Au revoir Aloha...and Adios!...

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT FOR MANNERS, - SHE DIDN'T EVEN SAY GOODBYE....JUNIOR, IF WE DON'T FIND HER DAUGHTER, OUR BUSINESS WILL GO TO THE DOGS.....

MOORE: Yeah, we'll be up the creek without a poodle. "Wait a minute, Jimmy, why couldn't we create an artificial girl?"

DURANTE: COULD WE DO THAT?

MOORE: Why not? After all, the human body is a simple thing. It is made up of nothing, but one-eight iodine....one sixteenth calcium....one fourth carbohydrates....one tenth sodium salicylate and one fifth saline phosphate.

DURANTE: WHAT? NO FLESH?
a minute - wait

MOORE: Or wait/- I have an easier way to create an artificial girl.

DURANTE: HOW, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Just remember that old adage, "Little girls are made of sugar and spice"? We'll get us some sugar and spice and

DURANTE: YOU MEAN?

MOORE: Yes....we'll create a girl that'll make Mrs. Diffendurfer forget that she lost her daughter while dilly-dallying in the drapery department.

DURANTE: PCOR...MRS. DALLY-DUFFEE!....SHE SHOULD NEVER HAVE DILLY-DRAPERED WITH HER DAUGHTER IN THE DOLLY DEPARTMENT.

MOORE: You mean Mrs. Draper-dropper should never have doffed her diff in her dilly daughter's department.

Dr. No, I said she dilly - etc. My: You mean she drapery - etc.

DURANTE: THIS COULD LEAD TO ULCERS!

ORCH: (MUSICAL BRIDGE)

Dr. Yeah.

DURANTE: FIRST JUNIOR, WE NEED SOME SUGAR. / I'LL GO IN THIS RESTAURANT, BUY A CUP OF COFFEE AND SAVE THE SUGAR OR OUR EXPERIMENT.

MOORE: Okay. I'll wait *outside here!*

SOUND: BELL TINKLES AND DOOR SLAM....

MOORE: Oh, look at that beautiful blonde *on the other side of the street -* ~~in the short dress!~~
(SEXY WHISTLE)

PETRIE: All right all right Brillo Head, if I catch you whistling at any more girls on my beat, I'll run you into the station house!

MOORE: Oh, yeah?

PETRIE: Oh, yeah!

MOORE: Listen, flatfoot, do you know what I would do if you didn't have that uniform on?

PETRIE: (TOUGH) And what would you do if I didn't have this uniform on?

MOORE: (MEEK) I'd get you a bathrobe...it's chilly *out here!*

SOUND: DOOR OPENS....BELL TINKLES...DOOR SLAM

MOORE: Ah there you are, Jimmy...^{say} did you get the sugar?

DURANTE: YEAH, BUT THEY WOULD ONLY GIVE ME ONE LUMP WITH EACH CUP. I HAD TO DRINK THIRTY-FIVE CUPS OF COFFEE.

MOORE: Thirty-five cups of coffee? Gee, ^{Jimmy} you look awful...open your mouth and say Ah!

Durante:
SOUND: ^{okay} BUBBLING WATER.

DURANTE: HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? I'M STARTING TO PERCOLATE!

MOORE: ~~Ha...ha...and you call me a drip...~~ Well now all we need is the spice and I'll take care of that.

ORCH: (MUSICAL BRIDGE)

SOUND: SNEAK IN AUTO UNDER MUSIC...UP AND THEN STOP MOTOR

MOORE: Well, ^{Jimmy} here we are in ^{the} front of Lana Turner's house. I'll go in and get the spice!

DURANTE: JUNIOR...WHAT KIND OF SPICE HAS LANA TURNER GOT?

MOORE: (TO AUDIENCE) He's led such a sheltered life!

ORCH: (MUSICAL BRIDGE)

MOORE: *Dear* Jimmy, we're ready for our experiment. Give me the test tubes.

DURANTE: HERE THEY ARE.

MOORE: Now give ^{me} the sugar.

DURANTE: HERE IT IS.

MOORE: Now the spice.

DURANTE: HERE IT IS....

MOORE: Now throw the switch and we'll have a girl just like the daughter that Mrs. Duffendorfer lost while dilly-dallying in the drapery department.

DURANTE: POOR MRS. DROPPY-DRAPER SHE SHOULD NEVER HAVE DILLY-DROOLIED WITH ^{her} HER DAUGHTER WHILE DAILY DRAPING IN THE...)

MOORE: Never mind...throw the switch.

SOUND: MOTOR HUMMING...

DURANTE: JUNIOR, SHE'S STARTING TO MOVE.

MOORE: Yes, her features are beginning to form ^{and} say she looks familiar...Speak, oh, artificial girl. What are the first words you will ^{utter} speak on this earth?

ALLMAN: I'm Mrs. Duffendorfer and I lost my little daughter while I was dilly-dallying in the....

DURANTE: EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET IN THE ACT!

ORCH: (PLAYOFF MUSIC)
(APPLAUSE)

26²⁰

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

MCGEEHAN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Navy Lieutenant John F. Dolan, of St. Alban^s, New York,, dive bomber pilot decorated for heroism in destroying a Japanese hangar and diverting anti-aircraft fire from the bombers which followed him in the attack. In your honor, Lieutenant Dolan, 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.

ORCH: (INTRODUCTION TO "WHO WILL BE WITH YOU")

26⁵⁵

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 note of beauty, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: A NOTE OF WONDER, MR. MOORE..

MOORE: And if I might interject a slight note of caution, James, it might be well to remind our listeners that ten days from now--January fifteenth--is the deadline for paying the last installment on their 1944 income tax. ^{You know} A lot of additional legislation has gone through in the past year concerning farmers and other special groups. So if anyone is in doubt as to how much their tax is and where they should pay it, they ought to inquire right now at their nearest post office or bank. Above all, don't wait til the deadline, January fifteenth, on account of ~~our~~ Uncle Samuel can really use the money.

DURANTE: YES....AND IF ANYBODY HAS ANY LEFT OVER AFTER PAYING UNCLE SAMUEL, YOU MAY SEND IT TO UNCLE JIMMY SO THAT HE CAN PAY UNCLE SAMUEL *in time.*

ORCH: THEME

MOORE: Goodnight, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: GOOD NIGHT MR. MOORE.

BOTH: GOOD NIGHT EVERYBODY (FOLKS)

ORCH: MUSIC UP AND OUT

27⁵³

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 ^{Petrie} ~~Biggs~~, Roy Bargy and
his Orchestra, yours truly, Howard Petrie.

DURANTE: AND JIMMY DURANTE.

MOORE: And Garry Moore.

BOTH: IN PERSON.

(APPLAUSE)

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

2813

51454 6212

29²⁰
SHIELDS: You know, women are funny about pipes. They love the look of a pipe in a man's mouth, but all too often those feminine nostrils wrinkle in distaste at the odor of that self-same pipe. Well, it really isn't so funny, because many a pipe doesn't smell as good as it looks. But if you pack your pet pipe with Prince Albert, that lady in your life will approve a ~~full~~ hundred per cent. That wonderful aged-in-the-wood aroma is just as pleasant to her as it is to you. Besides, Prince Albert's flavor is rich, full-bodied, yet mild. It's crimp cut for firm packing, even burning, and smooth drawing. Prince Albert's gentle to your tongue because it's no-bite treated. And thrifty?---Say! Just about fifty pipefuls in one regular two-ounce Prince Albert package. Switch to P.A. today.

29¹⁵
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 Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore next Friday night at this same time.

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

29³⁰