

(REVISED)

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

**AS
BROADCAST**

THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1943
NBC NETWORK
10:00-10:30 PM EWT

PROGRAM No. 11

CAST:

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

XAVIER CUGAT

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

HOPE EMERSON

PAUL LUTHER

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NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1943

10:00 - 10:30 PM EWT

(AS PROGRAM TAKES AIR, AUDIENCE AND CAST ARE LAUGHING...
AFTER 3 - 5 SECONDS)

ORCH: PYRAMID CHORDS

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

PETRIE: The Camel Program with Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante!

APPLAUSE

ORCH: THEME FULL AND FADE FOR

PETRIE: Yes, it's Garry Moore, Jimmy Durante, Xavier Cugat and Georgia Gibbs - brought to you by Camel....the cigarette that's extra-mild, slow-burning, cool-smoking, rich-tasting -- Better! *(Music Out)* And now, prepare to say hello to a young man of whom we have all grown very fond in the past ten weeks. A young man of infinite ability, un-ending charm, and a brilliant intellect-- your master of ceremonies, Garry Moore!

APPLAUSE

MOORE: Gee whiz! ~~Thank you~~...Thank you VERY much, my friends, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen - happy Thursday to yuh ... And say, Howard, old man --

PETRIE: Yes, old boy?

MOORE: Gee whiz, what a magnificent introduction you gave me tonite....It was awfully nice of you, but really I don't think I deserve it.

PETRIE: Well, I don't either, but you wrote it.

MOORE: ~~How about that?~~
~~Yes, and I ha ha ha ha ha na...Blabbermouth!...There's an announcer for yuh, every time...Talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk... You go out to his house for lunch, you lift up the bread on the tongue sandwich, and the TONGUE is going BIA, BIA, BIA, BIA, BIA!....And to think - to think that I have to take that from a man whose name sounds like two busses passing in a tunnel.~~

PETRIE: MY name does?....PETRIE?

MOORE: Certainly, ~~Two busses in a tunnel~~. They come along going zzzzzzzzzzzz-PETRIE!....
Now leave me alone, will yuh?

PETRIE: My name, old boy, is an ancient and honorable one...My grandfather, Cyrus Petrie, created the famous Petrie Foundation.

EMERSON: The Petrie Foundation.....Why, I usta WEAR one of those.

MOORE: Well, ~~well~~ ^{will yuh} - look who's here...Two-thirds of We the People...
How are yuh, Toodles.

PETRIE: Fellas - the Petrie Foundation was NOT an undergarment, it was a trust fund to ~~insure the future of love in America.~~ ^{make riding breeches with built in Sloan's Liniment.}

~~MOORE: Of love?~~

PETRIE: Yeah. You know on a roller-coaster, those long dark tunnels you go through before you come to the dip?

MOORE: Yes?

PETRIE: This was a fund to build a roller-coaster with no dips - all tunnel.

MOORE: *Oh anyway I'm glad Toodles came in because -*
~~How wonderful... And it fits right in with what I had in~~
Toodles I've written
~~mind for this evening's program...~~ A love scene, starring *you* ~~Toodles~~ and myself.

EMERSON: A LOVE scene?

MOORE: Yes.

EMERSON: (GOON LAUGH)

MOORE: ~~...Isn't that awful? ...She~~ Sounds like the plumbing in a summer hotelToodles, you and I will just read the lines - we'll let Cugat do the sound effects....

EMERSON: Cugat? Can he do sound effects?

MOORE: Why ~~not?~~ *certainly!* He usta play third straw with Shep Fields. Now when the curtain rises, you and I, Toodles, are standing on a moonlit beach...We can hear the waves pounding on the shore.

CUGAT: Swish-swish-swish-swish.

MOORE: Uhh - Cugic - this isn't off the coast of Swisherland..
This is
~~It's~~ the coast of Lapland.

CUGAT: Very well...Lap, lap, lap, lap.

MOORE: ~~That's~~ *much* better. ~~But~~ there I stand, Toodles - there I stand on the beach - with the wind and your hair in my eyes..The moon shines on your rosy complexion, and your lips remind me of petals..Bicycle pedals..You smile at me with your Pullman teeth--one upper and one lower and I say to you.. "Ah, Greta, my lawffed wan. I know dat you vill not marry me - but where can I find a woman who is yust my type?

EMERSON: You mean without digging?

MOORE: Do not laugh at me, Greta...I am a simple country boy...
You are a girl who knows all the answers.

EMERSON: Yah...But nobody effer asks me der qvestions.

MOORE: But I haff asked you der qvestion, Greta...I haff even
given you gifts...I gave to you once a bridge-lamp.

EMERSON: Yah - but the cop made me put it back on der bridge.

MOORE: Very well - I shall not ask you agayne...But before we part
for effer and effer, one thing I MUST ask you.

EMERSON: And vaht ~~is~~ dat?

MOORE: Can I haff back my Willkie button - he ^{might run} ~~looks not~~ again
ⁱⁿ ~~for~~ '44.

ORCHESTRA: TA-DA!

CROWD: APPLAUSE

MOORE: And there you have it - our love drama for tonite...How
about it, Cugie - didja like it?

CUGIE: ~~Mr. Moore, in our country we would say "~~
~~will~~
~~" which means in THIS country, "Some people~~
grow up to be morons - other people go on the radio."

MOORE: Well, I think you're pretty, too...

ORCH: START DURANTE'S INTRO

MOORE: So now let's clear the decks for a TRULY dramatic character--
a large profile with a small man attached - Jimmy Durante,
in person.

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY, ETC

applause

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG...

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS - PHONE UP

DURANTE: ~~WAIT A MINUTE...~~ *I better answer the phone* STOP THE MUSIC/....HELLO...YES DEAR...
OF COURSE DARLING...OF COURSE I LOVE YOU...BELIEVE ME,
THERE'S NO OTHER GIRL....YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE IN MY LIFE...
HERE'S A KISS (KISS).....YOU YOU WANT ANOTHER ONE (KIS -
KIS - KISS) GOODBYE DARLING.

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

MOORE: Jimmy, who was that?

DURANTE: WRONG NUMBER!

MOORE: Jimmy, for a minute you seemed as happy as a mosquito on
a fat man's stomach.

DURANTE: GARRY, I ^{*in hilarious*} ~~AM HAPPY~~. LAST WEEK, I GETS A CALL FROM JIMMY
BURNS, THE NEW BOSS OF THE HOME FRONT. HE WANTS ME TO BE
HIS ASSISTANT.

MOORE: Really?

DURANTE: YEAH. AND THE FIRST THING I KNOW, I'M IN WASHINGTON. I
WALKS INTO HIS OFFICE. THERE IS MR. BURNS IN HIS CHAIR
BEING SHAVED BY HIS BARBER. A HOT TOWEL IS OVER HIS FACE.
SO I TIPTOES OVER, DAINITLY LIPTS A CORNER OF THE TOWEL
AND I WHISPERS THREE WORDS THAT MADE HIM LEAP TO HIS
FEET!

MOORE: Three words? What were they?

DURANTE: PEEK-A-BOO!

MOORE: He must have found your idiosyncracies both irregular and
nondescript.

DURANTE: PARDON ME, JUNIOR, BUT WAS YOUR MOTHER EVER FRIGHTENED BY
A DICTIONARY? ^{*no-*} NOW I'LL CONTINUE.

MOORE? Do.

DURANTE: FIRST MR. BURNS PUT ME IN THE WPB...AND THE NEXT THING I KNOW I'M JERKED OUT OF ~~that~~. THEN HE PUTS ME IN THE OPA ...HE JERKS ME OUT OF THAT....THEN HE PUTS ME IN THE OWI....AND I'M JERKED OUT OF THAT. JUNIOR...I WAS THE BIGGEST JERK IN WASHINGTON.

MOORE: *Well I can only say - it*
~~Jimmy that~~ couldn't happen to a nicer fellow!

DURANTE: REMIND ME TO IGNORE YOU JUNIOR. AND WHEN YOU'RE BEING IGNORED BY ME, YOU'RE BEING IGNORED BY AN IGNORAMUS.

MOORE: *all right*
Well, all right, ~~Jimmy~~, but what was the subject you discussed with Mr. Byrnes?

DURANTE: WE TALKED ABOUT THE HOUSING SITUATION. I SHOWED HIM THE PICTURES OF A NEW HOUSE I JUST BUILT IN CALIFORNIA. I CALLS IT THE WONDER HOUSE.

MOORE: The wonder house?

DURANTE: YES, EVERY DAY, THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE GAZE AT IT IN ADMIRATION AND WONDER WHAT IT IS.

MOORE: Well, what is it?

DURANTE: THAT'S WHAT'S GOT ME BAFFLED! IT'S UNIQUE AND THE UPKEEP IS PRACTICALLY NIL AND VOID. FOR INSTANCE...NO ELECTRIC BILLS -- BECAUSE I BUILT THE LIVING ROOM AROUND A CORNER IAMP POST ~~--- shed ---~~ NO WATER TAXES -- BECAUSE I BUILT THE KITCHEN AROUND A FIRE HYDRANT. NO PRIVACY -- BECAUSE THE STREET RUNS THROUGH MY DINING ROOM, AND EVERY TIME THE TRAFFIC LIGHT TURNS RED -- I GOTTA STOP EATING!

MOORE: Keep going Jimmy, will you, I'm curious.

(REVISED)

a puzzled fellow like Junior
-7-

DURANTE: MY GARAGE IS SITUATED BETWEEN THE BEDROOM AND THE KITCHEN. THAT SAVES TIME. FOR INSTANCE - IN THE MORNING I GETS OUT OF BED - GETS DRESSED - TAKES A SHOWER - DRIES MY CLOTHES - JUMPS IN THE CAR - DRIVES THROUGH THE KITCHEN - GRABS A SANDWICH -- AND IN TWO MINUTES I'M BACK IN BED AGAIN!

MOORE: And that's your idea of a perfect house?

DURANTE: CERTAINLY. I GOT A MIND OF MY OWN.

MOORE: On you it don't show.

DURANTE: THANK YOU. (TAKE) WAIT A MINUTE, JUNIOR. YOU KNOW, I DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS FOR A LIVING. I OWN A POTATO - OUTRIGHT!

MOORE: Oh, a Potato. *A wealthy fellow, eh?* ~~You must be wealthy.~~ You must be travelling with the upper set.

DURANTE: IF I HAD MY UPPER SET, I WOULD BE EATING THAT POTATO.

MOORE: ~~Well~~ *anyhow* I'm sure Mr. Byrnes was impressed with your ideas, James.

DURANTE: JUNIOR, HE WAS SO THRILLED ~~BY MY IDEAS~~, HE GAVE ME A MOTORCYCLE ESCORT TO THE STATION. AND WHEN I GOT THERE WAS I TIRED?

MOORE: Tired?

DURANTE: YES. YOU'D FEEL TIRED TOO, IF YOU RAN TWENTY MILES BETWEEN TWO MOTORCYCLES.

MOORE: Yeah, I suppose after ~~this~~ *that* ordeal, you were happy to get into your berth and go to sleep.

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DURANTE: GARRY, THE TRAIN WAS SO CROWDED, I HAD TO SHARE MY UPPER BERTH WITH A GUY NAMED JOE. IT WAS TOO CROWDED ^{in that berth} ~~UP THERE~~ FOR US TO GET UNDRESSED AT THE SAME TIME. SO - I COMES DOWN - JOE STAYS UP - HE TAKES OFF HIS COAT. THEN JOE COMES DOWN - I GOES UP - I TAKES OFF MY SHOES. I COMES DOWN - JOE GOES UP - HE TAKES OFF HIS SHIRT. JOE COMES DOWN - I GOES UP - I TAKES OFF MY PANTS. I COMES DOWN - JOE GOES UP - HE PUTS ON HIS PAJAMAS - JOE COMES DOWN - I GOES UP - I PUTS ON MY PAJAMAS. ^{now} WE'RE READY TO LIE DOWN AND GO TO SLEEP.

MOORE: Yes.

DURANTE: IT'S MORNING. WE GOTTA START ALL OVER AGAIN! I COMES DOWN - JOE STAYS UP. HE TAKES OFF HIS PAJAMAS. ^{He puts on my pants} JOE COMES DOWN - I GOES UP. I TAKES OFF MY PAJAMAS. ^{I puts on his shirt} ~~COMES DOWN - JOE GOES UP - HE PUTS ON MY PANTS. JOE COMES DOWN - I GOES UP - I PUTS ON HIS SHIRT. I COMES DOWN - JOE ^{gets} COMES UP - HE PUTS ON MY SHOES. JOE COMES DOWN - I GOES UP - I PUTS ON HIS COAT. NOW I DON'T KNOW WHETHER I'M JOE, OR JOE IS ME. ~~WE'RE BOTH CONFUSED.~~ HE GETS OFF AT MY STATION AND I GETS OFF AT HIS STATION. HIS WIFE RUNS OVER TO ME - THROWS HER ARMS AROUND MY NECK - GIVES ME A KISS AND SAYS: "CONGRATULATIONS, JOE. YOU'RE THE FATHER OF A NINE POUND BABY BOY!" WHAT AN EXPERIENCE.....~~

ORCHESTRA: PLAYOFF
APPLAUSE

MOORE: And as Mr. Durante creeps temporarily back into his ^{upper berth} ~~apple~~,
we turn again to the Camel Hall of Fame, where tonite
Toodles Bongshnook presents -

SOUND: CHINESE GONG

MOORE: "THE ~~TALE~~ ^{Story} OF A GIRL NAMED MIN"

ORCH: INTRO

EMERSON: Now here is the ~~story~~ ^{Story} of a girl named Min,
The left hand side of a Siamese twin.
She carried the torch for a guy called Shannon,
Who's famous for getting shot out of a cannon.

PETRIE: And while Shannon wasn't being used as ammunition, he'd try
out Camels in his T-Zone -- "T" for taste and throat,
everybody's own personal proving ground for Camel's rich
extra flavor, and smooth extra mildness.

EMERSON: Now Shannon went for Min, and he always said,
"If it wasn't for your sister, we'd be happily wed!
I'm certainly not a fussy man -- but, Min, I'd walk a mile
Just to find a single item that would make that baby
smile!"

PETRIE: Well, brother, you've heard the one about walking a mile
for a Camel. You know, C-A-M-E-L -- the cool, slow-burning
cigarette that's expertly blended of costlier tobaccos.

EMERSON: "Why, Shannon," said our Minnie, "your wish is my command!"
And she offered Sis a Camel -- the extra-flavored brand.
Well, they married. You can see them still, beneath a
spreading oak,
With Shannon, and the cannon, and the sisters -- puffing
smoke!

Applaud

PETRIE: And of course that could go on indefinitely, because
Camel's extra flavor helps 'em hold up, keep from going
flat, no matter how many you smoke!

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

PETRIE: Camels! Get a pack tonight! Let your throat and your taste
decide!

ORCH: *Intro & Para Tigo Tu Vay*

ORCH: INTRO TO "PARA VEGO ME VOY"

MOORE: Turning softly to our Intra-Hemisphere Good-Will
Department - we find Xavier Cugat and a thing called
"Para Vigo Me Voy"

CUGAT: And what a thing it is, li'l Junior. I play it twelve
times every night, ^{at the Waldorf} and still I like it!....Say! I must
have a pretty good ^{band} orchestra!

Maure:
Yeah!
ORCH: PARA VIGO ME VOY

APPLAUSE

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DURANTE: THANK YOU, MY DEAR X-AVER....YOU HAVE BROUGHT US MOST ABLY TO THE CULTURAL HIGH-SPOT OF THE EVENING - IN WHICH WE SAY FAREWELL TO GARRY MOORE, THE CLOWN - AND SAY HELLO TO GARRY MOORE, POET OF THE PEOPLE.....HELLO, GARRY MOORE, POET OF THE PEOPLE.

MOORE: Hullo.

DURANTE: BORN OF RICH BUT HONEST PARENTS, MR. MOORE WAS A POET FROM BIRTH....AT THE AGE OF THREE DAYS HE WAS RHYMING "STEAM KUL-I-OPEE" WITH "BABY'S DIOPE."^{Just over that one really}....SO IT IS WITH EXQUISITE REVULSION, THAT I INTRODUCE HIS POEM FOR TONITE - "A LOVE SONG".

MOORE: Thank you.

DURANTE: Forget it.

MOORE. I will.

DURANTE: ME TOO.

ORCHESTRA: FIDDLE SCHMALTZ

MOORE: 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 Demons' love for Pythias -
Love, like the poor, is always withias.
But one great love has been neglected -
With fame this love has ne'er connected.
So here's a thought I've often think -
Oh, how I'd love to be a Skunk.

(MORE)

MOORE: 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-e'm.
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.

(MORE)

MOORE: But what's the use of wasting time -
For you are you, and I am I'm.
So little shunk, if you adore me,
Won't you go and do it for me?
Go fix the people whom I detest -
Fix Adolf Hitler, and the rest.
And as you go, you'll hear me say.
^{come}
~~dearly~~ dear friend, and let us spray.

ORCH: PLAYOFF

APPLAUSE

DURANTE; JUNIOR, ALLOW ME TO COMPLIMENT YOU ON A MOST INSTRUCTIVE LITTLE LECTURE. WITH YOUR BRAINS AND MY BEAUTY WE COULD MAKE ~~A~~ LOTS OF MONEY.

MOORE; Well, with all the war work going on, there's a lot of money around, *Jimmy*

DURANTE; I KNOW,,, I SAW A FELLA BUY A BOTTLE OF PERFUME THE OTHER DAY FOR EIGHTY DOLLARS, WHEN I TOLD HIM HE WAS BEING A SPENDTHRIFT HE SAID "THAT'S ALL RIGHT - I GET A NICKLE BACK ON THE BOTTLE"!

MOORE; Well, ^{*now you see*} that's where the War Bond Payroll Savings Plan comes in. If people would put their extra money into War Bonds, they'd be making a ^{*mighty*} sound investment.

DURANTE; SURE. FIGURE IT OUT FOR YOURSELF, FRIENDS. FIGURE YOUR INCOME, FIGURE YOUR RUNNING EXPENSES, THEN STICK THAT EXTRA CASH INTO WAR BONDS.

Moore: THAT'S ALL YOU GOT TO DO, ^{*Durante*} FIGURE IT OUT FOR YOURSELF.

ORCH: START GIBBS' INTRO

MOORE; And we ~~have~~ figured out for ourselves that what's needed right now is a song from Georgia Gibbs. It's a new one too called "I Never Mention Your Name." ^{*okay Georgia*} ~~You think we're wrong?~~
^{*that's your cue.*}
~~listen...then figure it out for yourselves.~~

GIBBS: I NEVER MENTION YOUR NAME

APPLAUSE

PETRIE: Ask a man who's waited in a shell hole if you want to find out how much cigarettes mean to a soldier in the front line. Ask the Veterans of Foreign Wars, Americans who've fought on dozens of foreign battlefields, many of them in France in nineteen eighteen. These men of the V.F.W. are sending Camels, yes Camels by the million as gifts to our men overseas. They're sending Camels -- the cigarette that's first in all the services, according to actual sales records in the stores where today's soldiers, sailors, marines, and coast guardsmen spend their own money for cigarettes. Remember that, when you're thanking that Yank with a carton. Camels have more flavor -- helps 'em to hold up, pack after pack. Yes, and Camels are extra mild, slow burning, and cool smoking, because they're expertly blended of costlier tobaccos!

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

PETRIE: Camels! Let your throat and your taste decide! Camels!
Smoke a pack and send a carton!

Arch: Playoff

MOORE: And now the Thursday Night False Wig and Bustle Club brings you a detective story called - "Tom, I didn't raise my Harry to be a Dick...or (SCREAMS). Our story involves the adventures of Durante and Moore, Private Detectives...

If you see my notes on this - send them back up to me. will you?

DURANTE: DETECTIVE DURANTE. AN F.O.B. MAN! YOU KNOW, GARRY, I'M A NATURAL BORN BLOODHOUND, I'VE ALWAYS GOT MY NOSE TO THE GROUND SNIFFING FOR CLUES.

MOORE: Jimmy, when you put your nose to the ground, you're no bloodhound - you're a vacuum cleaner.

DURANTE: I ACCEPT YOUR APOLOGY.

MOORE: Precisely. But come, James ^{now} on with the play. As the story opens, we find Detective Durante is alone in the office. The phone rings.

SOUND: FRENCH BULB TAXI HORN

MOORE: *Priorities - we can't get phones.*
He picks it up...

SOUND: PHONE UP

DURANTE: HELLO....DURANTE ON MY END.

GIBBS: (FILTER) (EXCITED) OH MR. DURANTE. YOU MUST COME RIGHT OVER! THERE'S BEEN A MURDER AT THE CIRCUS.

DURANTE: WHO ARE YOU?

GIBBS: I'm a hula hula dancer.

DURANTE: DON'T MOVE ANYTHING TILL I GET THERE.

SOUND: PHONE UP

DURANTE: THAT SOLVES THAT CASE.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MOORE: (CALLS) Come on ^{now} Fido....come on.

DURANTE: DETECTIVE MOORE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

MOORE: I'm bringing my bloodhound into the office. Here, Fido.

PETRIE: Woof woof - tick tock - woof woof - tick tock.

DURANTE: WHAT'S THE TICK TOCK FOR?

MOORE: He's also a watch-dog.

DURANTE: YOU ~~ARE~~ ^{sound very} TIRED, PARTNER. PULL UP DICK TRACY AND SIT DOWN.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

MOORE: ~~wait a minute...~~ /I'll get it. Hello....Durante and Moore, the gruesome twosome...we find your teeth if you happen to lose 'em.

PETRIE: (FILTER) Say, there's a Peeping Tom at work up in Westchester. He's looking in everybody's windows.

MOORE: A peeping Tom, eh?

PETRIE: Yes, and I won't feel safe until you boys are on the job.

MOORE: Who is this?

PETRIE: Tom!

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

DURANTE: HE OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF HIMSELF - PEEPING INTO WINDOWS UP IN WESTCHESTER -- THAT'S MY TERRITORY.

MOORE: ~~never mind that Durante~~ /Did anything happen while I was away.

DURANTE: YEAH. I FOLLOWED A KILLER ALL DAY. HE GOES INTO THE SUBWAY AND I FOLLOWS HIM. HE GOES INTO THE BARBER SHOP AND I FOLLOWS HIM. THEN HE GOES INTO THE MOVIES.

MOORE: And did you follow him?

DURANTE: NO I ALREADY SAW THE PICTURE.

MOORE: Oh James...a fine detective you are. You couldn't find your way out of a phone booth.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

MOORE: Come in.

PETRIE: I'm from Postal Union. I have a singing telegram for Detectives Moore and Durante. It's from Mrs. Pillbeam.

DURANTE: WHAT DOES IT SAY?

PETRIE: My husband has been killed
My husband has been killed
Please come over to my house
My husband has been killed.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: *Egad Pismo Pillbeam - murdered!* *Durante: You don't pay!*

moore: yes, I do pay!
DURANTE: COME ON, JUNIOR!

MOORE: I'm ready - you got your guns?

DURANTE: LET ME SEE. THIS BELT AROUND MY NECK....THAT'S FOR MY THIRTY EIGHTER. THIS BELT AROUND MY CHEST THAT'S FOR MY FORTY-FIVER.

MOORE: What's that belt around your waist?

DURANTE: THAT'S TO KEEP MY PANTS UP.

ORCH: MYSTERIOSO - FADE AND KEEP B.G.

SOUND: WIND HOWL....THUNDER...FADE OUT

Durante: why it's not fit for man or beast to be out in this weather

MOORE: Gee this dame lives in a spooky place. Look there's a skull on the porch and there's a note in it.

DURANTE: WHAT DOES IT SAY?

MOORE: Gone for the weekend -- leave no bodies till Monday.

DURANTE: LOOK JUNIOR, SOMEBODY'S OPENING THE DOOR.

SOUND: WIND OUT - DOOR OPENS ON SQUEAKY HINGE

DURANTE: OOH - OOOH.

MOORE: What's the matter?

DURANTE: MY CANDLE JUST WENT OUT.

MOORE: So what? The wind blew it out.

DURANTE: SINCE WHEN DOES A WIND EAT GARLIC.

MOORE: *Just* Keep quiet and follow me down this hall....Careful ^{now} it's dark.

DURANTE: (FRIGHTENED) JUNIOR, I FEEL A DAMP OPENING IN THE WALL.

MOORE: Take your fingers out of my mouth. *now come on.*

EMERSON: (FADES ON SCREAMING)

(MUSIC.....OUT)

MOORE: Wait a minute, wait a minute - Who are you?

EMERSON: I'm Mrs. Van Pillbeam.

DURANTE: WELL WHAT ARE YOU SCREAMING FOR?

EMERSON: Oh, you know ^{how} these mystery stories ^{are} (SCREAMS)

DURANTE: MADAM YOUR WORRIES ARE OVER. DURANTE AND MOORE ARE ON THE JOB. ~~HOW~~ WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS WHO KILLED WHO?

CUGAT: Oh, I can tell you that.

DURANTE: WHO ARE YOU?

CUGAT: I'm the corpse.

DURANTE: EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT. LIE DOWN AND RIGOR YOUR MORTIS.

MOORE: Absolutely. Now Jimmy to solve this case we must proceed according to the best precepts of scientific criminology. ^{D: That's my deduction} The first thing we must do is find some ^{M: Absolutely} clues. ^{D: Yes.} Here, I found a fingerprint.

EMERSON: Are you sure it's a fingerprint.

MOORE: Certainly. The finger is still on it.

DURANTE: YEAH AND LOOK OVER HERE. HERE'S A REVOLVER AND IT'S SMOKING.

PETRIE: And if it's smoking....for real pleasure, smoke -

ALL: C-A-M-E-L-S.

DURANTE: WHAT A HAUNTING MELODY! I MUST WRITE A SYMPHONY ABOUT THAT SOME DAY.

MOORE: Come, come, ^{James}~~Jimmy~~, we must solve this murder.

DURANTE: OKAY -- MADAM, WHERE WERE YOU ON THE NIGHT OF JUNE ~~the~~ SECOND?

EMERSON: Why - I was home.

DURANTE: WELL YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN WITH US -- ~~WE HAD~~ ^{what} A HECK OF A TIME ^{we had!}

MOORE: Aw Jimmy, cut it out. Now, Mrs. Pillbeam, tell us -- what was the dead man's occupation?

EMERSON: He was an acrobat - they called him the alphabet soup man. His job was to crawl into a bowl of soup and contort his body into the shape of the letters of the alphabet.

MOORE: Yes, look! He's lying there right now in the shape of an R.

DURANTE: THEN YOU, MRS. PILLBEAM, ARE THE KILLER.

EMERSON: I?

MOORE: Mrs. Pillbeam? How do you know?

DURANTE: ELOCUTIONARY, MY DEAR ^{Mr.}MOORE, ELOCUTIONARY. ^{You know} HER HUSBAND WAS REHEARSIN' HIS ACT ^{here} IN THE PARLOR - FIRST HE CONTORTED HIS BODY INTO THE SHAPE OF THE LETTER A, THEN INTO THE LETTER B, THEN INTO THE LETTER C, UNTIL HE REACHED THE LETTER R. THEN SHE SHOT HIM.

MOORE: What for?

DURANTE: SHE'S HIS WIFE! SHE DIDN'T WANNA SEE HIM MAKE AN S
OF HIMSELF.

ORCH: PLAYOFF

APPLAUSE

ORCH: MARCH

ORCH: MARCH

PETRIE: Tonight again we send our thanks to the Yanks of the Week - Americans who have distinguished themselves for heroism in the battle area.

MUSIC: FANFARE

LUTHER: To twenty-two-year-old Marine Private John Murphy, Jr., of Yonkers, New York, who has just been awarded the Navy Cross for extraordinary heroism in action aboard ship near Tulagi Island in the Solomons. With his ship illuminated by the enemy and hostile gunfire causing violent explosions of shells inside the magazine directly below his battle station, Private Murphy helped repair damage, and though injured helped evacuate wounded shipmates to a dressing station. In your honor, Private Murphy, the makers of Camels are sending to our men in the South Pacific three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes. We salute you, Marine Private John Murphy, Jr.!

APPLAUSE

MUSIC: FANFARE

PETRIE: On each of the four Camel shows we'll salute another Yank of the Week, and on each of them send three hundred thousand Camels to men in his battle area...a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week. In this country, Camels thank sixteen more camps full of Yanks with the three traveling Camel Caravans, which since nineteen forty-one have given free Camels and over nineteen hundred free performances to ^{audiences of} nearly three million service men. Listen to each of the four Camel shows - ^{up & down} tomorrow ^{night} a special edition of the Camel Comedy Caravan, with Bob Hope, Jerry Colonna, Frances Langford, Vera Vague, and Xavier Cugat; Saturday, Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks"; Monday, "Blondie", and next Thursday, Xavier Cugat, Georgia Gibbs.

MOORE: And Jimmy Durante.

DURANTE: AND GARRY MOORE.

MOORE: Thank you, James.

DURANTE: ~~THANK YOU, JUNIOR.~~ *Forget it*

MOORE: Forget it. *I will*

DURANTE: ~~I WILL.~~

MOORE: Me, too Goodnight ~~all~~. *everybody*

ORCH: THEME

APPLAUSE

(SWITCH TO 8B FOR HITCH HIKE)

ANNCR: Mister Pipe-Smoker, I don't know what brand of tobacco you're using now, but it's a pretty safe bet you'll wind up with good Prince Albert as your standby -- because P.A. is by far the largest-selling pipe tobacco in America-- has been for years. Yessir, you'll like the way Prince Albert is gentle and cool on your tongue, because P.A.'s no-bite treated. Crimp cut, too, to pack and burn and draw just right. And remember -- you get around fifty mild, mellow, better-tasting pipefuls in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert! Get P.A. for Pipe Appeal! It's the National Joy Smoke!

/nc
6/1/43 pm

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