

(REVISED)

As Broadcast
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WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

CBS NETWORK
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1943

PROGRAM NUMBER 29
7:00 - 7:30 P.M. PWT

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

ELVIA ALLMAN

FRED SHIELDS

DIRECTOR - PHIL COHAN

51454 4266

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

(REVISED)

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1943

7:00 - 7:30 P.M. PWT

(AS PROGRAM TAKES AIR, AUDIENCE AND CAST ARE LAUGHING)

(AFTER THREE-FIVE SECONDS)

ORCHESTRA: (PYRAMID CHORDS)

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

The Camel Program - presenting
PETRIE: ~~Camels present~~ the first of a new series of comedy
programs -- with Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante!

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (THEME FULL AND FADE FOR:)

PETRIE: Yes, it's Jimmy Durante, Garry Moore, Georgia Gibbs...
Roy Bargy and his orchestra and yours truly,
Howard Petrie...brought to you by Camels...the cigarette
that stays fresh -- cool-smoking and slow-burning --
because Camels are packed to go around the world!
And so for the first time on CBS we bring you that
Woman's Home Companion -- with the Country Gentleman
face...the Popular Mechanics Body and an Esquire gleam
in his eye. And here he is -- Garry Moore!

(APPLAUSE)

MOORE: Thank you...thank you very much, ladies and gentlemen.
And, Mr. ^{er}Penry, another crack like that magazine thing *you just did*
and you'll be out of ^{P. Ye. M. If you don't mind -}Vogue! But before we get on with
the show friends, I know you'll forgive me for injecting ^{just}
^{me} a serious note. Would everybody in the studio ^{audience} please
Come everybody - Don't kidding. Everybody up now. That's fine. Now
rise? ~~Thank you.~~ Will the ladies please sit down?
Just the ladies. That's fine. I ^{just} ~~came~~ ^{came} down ^{here} on a
bus and I wanted to see ^{what} ~~how~~ it looks ^{like to see} with the men
^{more than} standing for a change. You're/welcome, ladies...
And Now, let's consult my secretary, Miss Cuddles
Bongshnook, and see what's the business for tonight.

ALLMAN: Well, I've been very busy indeed, Mr. Moore. A group of
us glamour girls just came from a bond tour. *M. You did! A: Yes* We sold
kisses for war bonds.

MOORE: *That's* Wonderful! How did you do?

ALLMAN: Well, the Ziegfeld girls sold 15 million dollars worth
of bonds.

MOORE: Fifteen million dollars? How many bonds did the
Earl Carroll girls sell?

ALLMAN: Oh, they sold ten million dollars worth.

MOORE: *Yes - that's great! And* Wonderful! How did you make out. (PAUSE) Cuddles, I
said how did you make out?

ALLMAN: Well, stamps are important, too, you know.

MOORE: *Oh yes -* Well, they certainly are. *Cuddles* And/just because you're so
patriotic, my dear, I'm going to buy five thousand
dollars worth of bonds from you right now! Pucker up.

ALLMAN: Oh -- youre gonna kiss me?

MOORE: No, now you can whistle the "Stars and Stripes Forever."
Some fun, eh, kid?

MAN: Not for me it ain't. What about my question, Mr. Hawk.

MOORE: I beg your pardon, young man?

MAN: What about my question. Ain't this the "Thanks to the
Yanks" program?

MOORE: ~~Oh~~, I'm very glad you mentioned that. Friends, I'd like you to know that ~~Mr.~~ ^{Got} Hawk has not disappeared from this spot into thin air, but he's merely moved back to his old CBS spot on Saturday nights. ~~You may consult your local racing form as to the time of this excellent quiz program.~~

MAN: *Well,* That don't make no difference to me. I've been here since last Friday and I want to answer a question.

MOORE: Well, ^{all right} if you insist. By the way, what's your name?

MAN: Oh, come now, you can ask me something harder than that.

MOORE: No doubt but do you mind telling me your name?

MAN: *Yes,* Not at all.

MOORE: Not at all...that's a very odd name.

MAN: Oh no, ^{no, no,} my name is W.O. Hamburger. Now go ahead, and grill me.

MOORE: *It's a* ~~very~~ ^{young man, you talk like an old shish jump I used to know one time. But} fine name, my friend, W.O. Hamburger. ^{you've got there}
What does W.O. stand for?

MAN: With Onions.

MOORE: ^{Just} ~~Please~~...don't stand so close to me...you're making me drool. All right, Miss Bongshnook, is there a question left over from the Bob Hawk program?

ALLMAN: Here's one, Mr. Moore.

MOORE: ^{Oh thanks.} ~~Good enough.~~ Now, here's the question, Mr. Hamburger. There was an invasion of Sicily in ancient times as well as the recent one. Can you tell me when the ancient invasion of Sicily took place?

MAN: In 480 B.C. Gelon of Syracuse tried to annex Sicily in the battle of Himera in which battle Hannibal's grandfather was killed. ~~And~~ Hannibal avenged his death by destroying Agrigentum in 406 B.C, please send my Camel cigarettes to Camp Roberts.

MOORE: I certainly will, my friend. I'll send them out right away...Camp Roberts.

MAN: Oh...would you mind holding them up for a day?

MOORE: But, why?

MAN: *Well* They're not sending ~~me~~ ^{out} there until tomorrow. Goodbye.

Moore: *Goodbye*
SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: Miss Bongshnook, wrap up three thousand cigarettes to send to Mr. W.O. Hamburger for answering the question correctly.

ALLMAN: Yes, Mr. Moore. *don't they usually send a check* And ~~we've got to send five dollars~~ to the ^{listener} ~~one~~ who sent in the question.

MOORE: *Oh* By all means, Miss Bongshnook, his name is right ^{here} on the card. *let's see* ~~send the five dollars~~ ^{check} to...well, what do you know...

ALLMAN: What's the name?

MOORE: W.O. Hamburger!

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

MOORE: Excuse me, friends...

SOUND: PHONE OFF HOOK

MOORE: Hello!

DURANTE: HELLO JUNIOR, THIS IS JIMMY.

MOORE: Jimmy Durante! Where are you?

DURANTE: I'M HOME LISTENING TO THE RADIO. WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON THE AIR FRIDAY NIGHT?

MOORE: Jimmy, don't you know that we're broadcasting Thursdays and Fridays now? You'd better hang up and come down here.

DURANTE: OKAY JUNIOR, I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN. I'M PUTTING UP MY MURPHY BED -- (SOUND) NOW I'M SIPPING MY COFFEE -- (SOUND) I'M RUNNING DOWNSTAIRS -- (SOUND) - I'M GETTING INTO MY CAR -- (SOUND) -- NOW I'M PASSING WILSHIRE BOULEVARD -- SANTA MONICA ^{Am nearing} -- SUNSET AND VINE. NOW I'M IN FRONT OF THE CBS STUDIO. I'M PUTTING ON THE BRAKES AND

SOUND: LONG AND LOUD SCREECHING ... CRASH

DURANTE: COME AND GET ME JUNIOR. I'M IN ALBER-KER-KEE.

ORCHESTRA: (START DURANTE INTRODUCTION)

MOORE: From Alberquerque, then, we bring you that prominent traveling man - that definitely Dipsy Doodly Dandy - Jimmy Durante, in person!

DURANTE: "YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG -- "*(Yeah - sing it, boy)*
Stop the music - stop the music -
JUNIOR, EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO ME.) ~~I FEEL LOWER THAN~~
~~THE ST. LOUIS CARDINALS.~~

~~MOORE: Why, what's happened, Jimmy?~~

DURANTE: *That last night*
WHAT A NIGHTMARE! I DREAMT THAT BETTY GRAYBLE WAS MAKING LOVE TO ME. SHE KEPT HUGGING ME AND KISSING ME. WHAT A NIGHTMARE!

MOORE: You call that a nightmare?

DURANTE: YES. BECAUSE ALL THE TIME...I KEPT PUSHING HER AWAY.

MOORE: *Oh-* Such nightmares I should have.

DURANTE: BUT ENOUGH OF THIS CHITTER CHATTER. I JUST RETURNS FROM A TRIP AROUND THE COUNTRY, WHERE I TAKES THE PULSE OF THE NATION, *I was out after data* ~~SOUNDING OUT THE PROS AND CONS, THE B-I-T-T-E-R AND THE T-I-T-T-L-E-R AND THE D-I-S-A AND D-A-T-A.~~

→ AND WHEN I SAY DATA I DON'T MEAN DATA D-A-T-A, I MEAN DATA T-H-A-T-A.

MOORE: (ALA DURANTE) A college man! So you took the pulse of the nation, James?

DURANTE: EMPHATICALLY! MY QUESTION WAS: "WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE SHORT DRESSES COME BACK? AND EVERYONE I ASKED SAYS: "YES - THE SOONER THE BETTER!" (PAUSE) TOMORROW, I'M GONNA ASK THE WOMEN!

MOORE: Oh fine, James -- and what is your personal opinion of shorter dresses for women?

DURANTE: IF IT WAS UP TO ME, I WOULDN'T ALLOW IT. AND HERE'S WHY. WHEN A YOUNG MAN SEES A WOMAN WEARING A SHORT DRESS, HE LOOKS AT HER. THE MORE HE LOOKS AT HER, THE MORE HE STRAINS HIS EYES. THE MORE HE STRAINS HIS EYES, THE WORSE HIS EYES GET. WHEN HIS EYES GET BAD, HE'S TURNED DOWN BY THE DRAFT BOARD. WHEN THE DRAFT BOARD TURNS HIM DOWN, WE GET LESS MEN IN THE ARMY. AND *then* THE LESS MEN WE HAVE IN THE ARMY, THE LESS CHANCES WE HAVE OF WINNING THE WAR. SO, IF YOU THINK THAT I'M GONNA HAVE HITLER RUN THIS COUNTRY BECAUSE THE WOMEN WANT TO WEAR SHORT DRESSES, YOU'RE NUTS!

MOORE: A brilliant observation, Mr. Durante. Your analysis of the predicament shows marked precocity.

DURANTE: A BRILLIANT HUNK OF DIALOGUE, MR. MOORE -- WHO WROTE IT, EUGENE SCHLEMIEL? BUT LET'S CARRY ON, OLD BOY. NEXT I FLIES TO WASHINGTON C.D. AND ON THE PLANE I SEES A HOSTESS, UMBRIAGO, A STEWARD, UMBRIAGO, A PILOT, AND UMBRIAGO.

MOORE: Ah, your old chum, Umbriago! He was on the plane, too?

DURANTE: YES, AND ON ACCOUNT OF HIM WE ALMOST HAD AN ACCIDENT. THERE WE WERE, TWENTY THOUSAND FEET UP IN THE AIR AND UMBRIAGO GETS VERY COLD. AND WHAT DOES HE DO? HE CRAWLS OUT ON THE WING TO SHUT OFF THOSE BIG FANS.

MOORE: *James*, I've heard of people being dumb, but Umbriago makes a career of it.

DURANTE: PRECISELY. AND WHILE I'M IN WASHINGTON, JUNIOR, I VISITS THE SUPREME COURT. I CHALLENGES THEIR LEGAL *city* ~~ACCOMPLISH~~ WITH THE MOST ~~IMPORTANT~~ *notal* QUESTION OF THE DAY.

MOORE: And what was this ~~momentous~~ *notal* query, James?

DURANTE: SHOULD PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA BE ALLOWED TO CARRY A GUN WITHOUT A PURR-MIT. THEY WERE DUMBFOUNDED BY MY OR-A-TREE.

MOORE: Gad! *James* All right thinking citizens will await their decision with ill-concealed dismay.

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM -7-A-
10/8/43 (REVISED)

DURANTE: *Yes.* TO ME THAT IS WHEREAS, THEREFORE, WHEREAS AND TO WIT. *M. Thank you.*
AND WHILE I'M IN WASHINGTON, I TAKES ALL MY CRONIES TO
NEW YORK TO SEE THE WORLD'S SERIES. IN MY PARTY IS
HENRY MORGENTHAU, HAROLD ICKES, SENATOR CHANDLER,
VICE PRESIDENT WALLACE - AND ALSO A COUPLE OF BIG SHOTS.
THROUGH MY CLOSE AF-FIL-A-^{tion} WITH THE SPORTING
SET I WAS ABLE TO OBTAIN MARVELOUS SEATS WITH A
~~BROAD VIEW OF THE PLAYING FIELD.~~
WE'RE WATCHING THE GAME ~~WITH KEEN ENJOYMENT.~~
EVERYTHING IS GOING ALONG FINE UNTIL THE FIFTH
INNING WHEN THE JANITOR COMES UP AND SAYS:
"EVERYBODY OFF THE ROOF." *How humiliating!*

MOORE: Jimmy, I'm surprised at you, taking such dignataries on a roof to watch a ball game. While you were at it, why didn't you let them watch through a knot hole.

DURANTE: WHAT, AND CHASE MAYOR LAGUARDIA AWAY! HOWEVER, TO CONTINUE...

SOUND: PHONE

DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE, GARRY, I'LL TAKE IT. OH, HELLO, UNCLE CHARLIE -- WHAT? AUNT ROSIE? CONGRATULATIONS! WHEN DID IT HAPPEN? AT EIGHT O'CLOCK THIS MORNING? RIGHT ON SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD? MY, MY! HOW MANY? FIVE! HOLD EVERYTHING -- I'LL BE RIGHT OVER.

MOORE: Jimmy, calm down. What happened?

DURANTE: MY AUNT ROSE JUST FOUND A FIVE ROOM APARTMENT ON SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD.

Moore:
ORCHESTRA: *Oh, that's terrible.*

"START EACH DAY WITH A SONG"

(APPLAUSE)

MOORE: Thank you, James. Now stand back as Cuddles Bongshnook opens the doors of the Camel Hall of Fame.

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION)

ALLMAN: There once lived a Royal and Regal cutie
Who was known far and wide as The Sleeping Beauty
Many men sought to wed this delicious heartbreaker--
But went fishing instead 'cause they just couldn't
wake her --

For one hundred years Beauty lay in a swoon
(WITH A SIGH) And me-- I feel guilty if I sleep till
noon..!

It's a widely-known fact that she'd be sleeping yet
If a masculine voice hadn't said, "Cigarette...?"
(ANGRILY) "I'm a Princess," she cried, "yet you wake
me, you mammal!"

"Yes, Princess," he said, "for a cool-smoking Camel."
She tried one and sighed, "You're a clever young pup --
If the world's full of Camels -- I gotta get up..!"

PETRIE: Yes, the world is full of Camels...and what's more,
Camels are packed to go around the world. Packed to stay
fresh, cool smoking, slow burning, with all the original
richness and fragrance and flavor of their costlier
tobaccos month after month after month in every kind
of climate! And here's another important point about
Camels...~~and~~ you can check it in your own T-Zone --
(CONTINUED)

PETRIE: "T," of course, meaning Taste and Throat, everybody's
(Cont'd) proving ground for cigarettes. See if your T-Zone
doesn't say that Camels don't go flat no matter how
many you smoke! How that matchless blend gives you
more flavor, pack after pack!

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

PETRIE: Camels! They stay fresh because they're packed to go
around the world!

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO "SURRY WITH THE FRINGE ON TOP")

MOORE: This will serve to introduce to our new Friday listeners a gentleman of considerable skill and no little charm -- our genial conductor, ROY BARGY. Roy and the orchestra offer you "The Surrey with the Fringe on Top," from "Oklahoma."

ORCHESTRA: "SURREY WITH THE FRINGE ON TOP"

(APPLAUSE)

DURANTE: AND THAT WAS ROY BARGY AND HIS ORCHESTRA OF SEVENTY-FIVE,
SOME OF WHOM ARE YOUNGER...AND NOW MR. GARRY MOORE,
REPRESENTING THE CULTURAL SIDE OF LIFE, WILL BEAT YOU
TO DEATH WITH EDUCATION.

MOORE: Not education, tonight, James, poetry -- beautiful
poetry.

DURANTE: YOU MEAN LIKE "THE MIDNIGHT RIDE OF PAUL McNUTT?"

MOORE: Well, something equally pleasant.

DURANTE: I SHALL LISTEN WITH MY EARS ~~AGAIN~~ *Akinsbo. M: You do that.*

MOORE: *You know James,* I'm very fond of this poem *principally* because I wrote it myself
and I call it "Ode to a Kangaroo."

ORCHESTRA: ("SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME")

MOORE: All hail to you, you kangaroo --
To you and to your loved ones, too,
For you alone, my dear marsupial,
I sing a song poo-poo-pa-doopial.
I love you, chum from far Australia --
Please rest assured I'll never fail yuh.
I'll sing your praises, full of radiance,
To Americans and Canadiance.
I'll praise you to the far Bahamas.
I think you are the cat's pajamas.

Oh, do you wonder, kangaroo,
Why I so deeply envy you?
Then here's the reason -- and please don't mock it --
It's all because of your built-in pocket.
It's all because of the fur-lined crib
That dangles 'neath your floating rib.

Why everyone, even the dumbest lummox,
Should like to have one on their stummox.
My Imagine having a thing so neat
As a personal, private front-rumble seat.
A place to keep your little nippers
Safe and snug, without no zippers --
Isn't it fine that your abdomen
Is the place they're most at home in?
(CONTINUED)

MOORE:
(Cont'd)

Snuggled 'neath your epidermis
Where nary a microbe or a germ is?
~~And even your wildest leaps don't hinder~~
~~Your children's view from your bay window.~~
Your kiddies have a happy lot --
The day they're born they go to pot.

But still that's not why I prefer
To have your pocket lined with fur.
Let me ask you just one query.
Let me ask you something, dearie --
Have you ever taken a girl

To the season's gayest whirl --
To a dinner or a dance
And had her cram stuff in your pants?
Stuff like powder, rouge and paint
^{Vo}
~~That~~ makes her look like what she ain't?

Chewing gum and wads of Kleenex --
It drives some guy nuts, and I think it's me-nex.

^{Dr}
You're all dressed up in ~~your~~ ^{my} fish and soup --

Does it look like English Drape? -- no! Brooklyn Droop!
And while she gaily jives and jumps,
^I
You stand -- a symphony in lumps!

(CONTINUED)

MOORE:
(Cont'd)

So now you know, you lucky animal,
Why you are my favorite maminal.
And why, if I could have my pick
Of any special gift or trick,
I'd gladly take my soul and hock it,
If only I could pick your pocket.

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY-OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

DURANTE: JUNIOR, THAT WAS A MOST HEART-WARMING HUNK OF POETIC STUFF...IN FACT, I LIKED IT SO MUCH, THAT I JUST WROTE ONE MYSELF.

MOORE: Well, isn't that nauseating? How does this poem of yours go? *James!*

DURANTE: I SHALL READ IT. *M: All right.* QUOTE: "L'AMOUR, L'AMOUR,

TOUJOURS L'AMOUR,

LAY DONS LA FEE

SAY TRON-DON, WEE.

AVECK TRAY MAL

DO SAY SHE-VAL,

L'AMOUR, TOUJOURS, L'AMOUR....

UNQUOTE....

MOORE: Why, Jimmy, that's beautiful! *It's* And all in French!

DURANTE: INDUBITABLY.

MOORE: *Sure* But *Jimmy* why don't you translate it for the folks?

DURANTE: I WOULDN'T DARE. I COPIED IT OFF THE WALL OF A SUBWAY!

MOORE: ~~It's~~ -- *that I think* well/that's another matter.

ORCHESTRA: (START GIBBS' INTRODUCTION)

MOORE: But in the realm of lyrics set to music, it happens every so often that an ultra-fine singer and an ultra-fine song get together and make an ultra-special impression. That happened on our show four weeks ago when Georgia Gibbs first sang "Shoo-Shoo Baby." A treat which she redispenses tonight.

GEORGIA: "SHOO SHOO BABY"

(APPLAUSE)

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PETRIE: Remember -- this is the week before Christmas -- if you know an Army man overseas. Packages for soldiers overseas must be mailed by October fifteenth, for men overseas with the Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, by November first. Get a carton of Camels for him tomorrow -- yes, Camels because they're the favorite with men in all the services, according to actual sales records. When you send Camels you can be sure they'll be fresh when he gets them, no matter where he is. Camels stay fresh, cool smoking and slow burning, anywhere -- because they're packed to go around the world! Mark your carton of Camels -- "Ohristmas Package" -- and don't include matches!

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

PETRIE: Camels! If there's ever a time when your store is temporarily out of Camels, remember we ^{we} ~~have~~ pushed Camel's production to new peaks -- but Camels are first in the service -- and the service comes first!

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY-OFF)

MOORE: As followers of our Thursday evening frolics are aware, we endeavor, each week to serve the cause of culture by offering our public a hunk of stark drama. Tonight's opus is a powerful glimpse of wild animal life entitled "The Call of the Wolf" or (FLIRTATIOUS WHISTLE) And you know....that's so true! ^{you} In this play, Jimmy, we are two grounded Frank Bucks running a pet shop.....Do you know anything about animals??

DURANTE: ^{Are you kidding?} ~~DO-IT?~~ JUNIOR, I ONCE ~~WAS A JOB~~ ^{worked} IN A CIRCUS. AS I WALKS IN TO THE ELEPHANT'S CAGE....A BABY ELEPHANT COMES RUSHING UP TO ME. HE TAKES ONE LOOK AT MY NOSE, AND SAYS, "PAPA, WHERE'VE YOU BEEN -- MAMA AND THE KIDS HAVE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU!!"

MOORE: A very touching narrative. But come now ^{Jimmy}...on with the drama.

ORCH: ("HOLD THAT TIGER"...FADE FOR:)

DURANTE: I'LL SHOW YOU WHO'S MASTER! GET OVER THERE, TIGERS!
(CRACK OF WHIP) BACK UP YOU LIONS...(CRACK OF WHIP) ROLL OVER YOU LEOPARDS. (CRACK OF WHIP)

MOORE: Jimmy, will you get away from that box of animal crackers.. my goodness....

SOUND: PHONE RINGS...RECEIVER OFF HOOK

MOORE: Hello, Durante and Moore's Pet Shop.

ALLMAN: (FILTER) Do you have any giraffes there??

MOORE: ^{Hy} Certainly we have girrafes.

ALLMAN: Well, send one over...I'm in the mood for a long neck!

SOUND: HANG UP PHONE

MOORE: ~~Hum~~ *these* probably a very tall girl, Jimmy, have you taken inventory yet?

DURANTE: NOT YET, JUNIOR.

MOORE: Then here's the adding machine...get busy.

DURANTE: OKAY...(SOUND OF FOUR CLICKS) FOUR DOGS....(THREE CLICKS)
THREE CATS...(RAPID CLICKING...FOLLOWED BY RATCHET AND PING)

DURANTE: RABBITS!

MOORE: *James that's all right but*
You overlooked that little rabbit over there.

DURANTE: WHEN I WAS COUNTING HE WASN'T THERE YET.

MOORE: Well that's rabbits for you. They'll do it every time.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

PETRIE: Oh, those elephants - those elephants - keep them away from me - keep those elephants away from me!

MOORE: Who're you?

PETRIE: Oh, just a little bag of peanuts.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT! (SOUND: DOG YIPPING)
HEY, JUNIOR, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS FRENCH POODLE?

MOORE: French Poodle?

DURANTE: YEAH...HE KEEPS SCRATCHING HIMSELF ALL OVER.

MOORE: Well - He must be an OCCUPIED French Poodle.

DURANTE: AND TO THINK I WASTED MY TIME TRAINING THAT DOG.

MOORE: You trained that dog?

DURANTE: YEAH...AND HE'S THE SMARTEST DOG IN THE WORLD. HE CAN STAND ON HIS HEAD IF HE WANTS TO. HE CAN STAND ON HIS TAIL IF HE WANTS TO. HE CAN COUNT UP TO TWELVE IF HE WANTS TO.

MOORE: Then why doesn't he?

DURANTE: HE DON'T WANT TO! A PERPLEXING POODIE!

MOORE: *He is isn't he!* He has a mind of his own, ~~on~~ *I say off hand.*

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

DURANTE: HELLOO. FOR WHOM DOES ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL TOLL?

MOORE: I'll take it, Jimmy. *Hullo.*

ELVIA: (FILTER) (RITZY) Hello...this is Mrs. Frohisher Pilbeam.... My husband just returned from a big game hunt and brought a pet gorilla home with him.

MOORE: Well, that's one way to get an extra ration book. And what's ^{slows} ~~the~~ your trouble, Mrs. Pilbeam?

ELVIA: *Oh-* The gorilla ran away this morning, and I must get him back before my husband finds out.

MOORE: But finding a lost gorilla is such an unusual job.... To coin a phrase, it's out of our neighborhood.

ELVIA: Out of your neighborhood? But I'll give you five thousand dollars.

MOORE: *Well-* Howdy, neighbor! Come on, Jimmy, the gorilla hunt is on.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC BRIDGE....FADE FOR:)

DURANTE: WHAT A JOB TRYING TO FIND A GORILLA IN A CITY.

MOORE: Jimmy, I think we're on the right trail to find that gorilla. Look at those horrible tracks -- fourteen toes.

DURANTE: JUNIOR, WILL YOU PLEASE STOP FOLLOWING IN MY FOOTPRINTS,
(THERE ARE SOME SECRETS & GENTLEMAN TREASURES.)

MOORE: *du comp* Jimmy, look there is the gorilla.

SOUND: GROWL

MOORE: Let's toss to see who goes for him.

DURANTE: WE DON'T HAVE TO TOSS -- YOU MAY GO FOR HIM.

MOORE: No, *Jimmy* -- you go for him.

DURANTE: I CAN'T GO FOR HIM.

MOORE: Why not?

DURANTE: HE'S NOT MY TYPE.

MOORE: All right, *then* I'll go get him myself.

SOUND: GROWL

DURANTE: CAREFUL, JUNIOR.

MOORE: *huh* Don't worry about me... I never felt more like Tarzan in my life.

SOUND: TERRIFIC GROWL

MOORE: I never felt more like Shirley Temple in my life.

DURANTE: WELL, IF YOU'RE AFRAID TO GO AFTER HIM, I WILL.

MOORE: *Don't* Watch yourself, Jimmy, he'll tear the clothes off your back.

DURANTE: OH NO HE WON'T. WATCH!

SOUND: GROWL, FOLLOWED BY RIP

DURANTE: SAY JUNIOR...HE TORE MY COAT.

SOUND: RIP ...GROWL

DURANTE: HE TORE MY SHIRT.

SOUND: RIP...GROWL

DURANTE: HE TORE MY UNDERWEAR.

SOUND: VERY LONG RIP

DURANTE: NOW HE'S GOING TOO FAR.

MOORE: What happened?

DURANTE: HE TORE MY SNUGGIES!"

MOORE: Don't worry, Jimmy, Enough of this monkey business....
in there and
let's go/get him.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...SCUFFLING...GROWLING...SUSTAINED

MOORE: Quick, hand me the rope. (*Ad lib struggle*)

SOUND: MORE SCUFFLING AND GROWLING

ELVIA: (COMING UP) Oh there you are, you two! I've been looking all over for you.

DURANTE: YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, MADAM, WE'VE CAUGHT YOUR GORILLA.

MOORE: *Yeh,* Just give us your check and take him home with you, Madam. Your husband will never know he escaped.

ALLMAN: You fools! Untie him immediately.

DURANTE: UNTIE THE GORILLA?

ALLMAN: Gorilla nothing! That's my husband!

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY-OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRAL: (MARCH...FADE UNDER:)

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)

VOICE: To Sergeant David Woody of Memphis, Tennessee, credited with killing two hundred Nazis during two hours of fighting in Tunisia. Wave after wave of enemy infantry attacked his position. He stayed at his post until all his machine-gun and rifle ammunition were exhausted, and then made his escape. For this exploit he has been awarded the Silver Star. In your honor, Sergeant Woody, the makers of Camels are sending three hundred thousand Camel Cigarettes to our soldiers overseas. May we, too, salute you...Sergeant Woody.

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

(APPLAUSE)

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 our men overseas...a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week. Camels thank the Yanks in this country with the traveling Camel Caravans, which since Nineteen Forty-One have given over two thousand free shows and free Camels to audiences of more than three million service men in more than five hundred different camps.

ORCHESTRA: Theme "WHO WILL BE WITH YOU"

PETRIE: Listen to each of the four Camel shows. Tomorrow night, there's Bob Hawk and his "Thanks to the Yanks" -- back in his old Saturday night spot.

VOICE: Also tomorrow -- Saturday...

PETRIE: The Grand Ole Opry makes its debut on a coast to coast network.

VOICE: Monday night...

PETRIE: "Blondie," that famous comic strip family.

VOICE: Thursday night...

PETRIE: Garry Moore, Jimmy Durante, Georgia Gibbs and all the gang on another network.

VOICE: Friday night...

PETRIE: Again Jimmy and Garry in a completely different show with Georgia, Roy Bargy and his orchestra and yours truly, Howard Petrie over these same CBS stations.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND DOWN)

PETRIE: And remember -- this is the last week for sending your Christmas carton of Camels to that overseas soldier! Be sure you send Camels -- they stay fresh because they're packed to go around the world!

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP)

(APPLAUSE)

(BOARD FADE)

(SWITCH TO STUDIO FOUR FOR HITCH-HIKE)

(ADDITIONAL CLOSING...IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN)

PETRIE: We hope you'll listen next Friday at this time for another Camel program with Jimmy Durante, Garry Moore, Georgia Gibbs, and Roy Bargy and his Orchestra. This is Howard Petrie saying good night for all the gang.

(IN STUDIO FOUR)

SHIELDS: More pipes smoke Prince Albert! Last year, and for years before that, more pipes smoked Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the world! Try good P.A. for Pipe Appeal yourself! It's no-bite treated to give you the coolest, tongue-happiest smoke you ever enjoyed! Notice how easy Prince Albert is to pack, how smooth it draws, and how steady it burns. That's because good P.A. is expertly crimp cut! Remember, you get around fifty fragrant, sweet-smoking pipefuls in every big red two-ounce package. More pipes smoke Prince Albert! It's the National Joy Smoke!