

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

*As Broadcast  
Master - 1/3 - (E)*

CBS NETWORK  
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1943

PROGRAM NUMBER 31  
7:00 - 7:30 PM PWT

---

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

ELVIA ALLMAN

FRED SHIELDS

DIRECTOR - PHIL COHAN

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1943

7:00 - 7:30 PM PWT

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

(AFTER THREE-FIVE SECONDS)

ORCHESTRA: (PYRAMID CHORDS)

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

PETRIE: The Camel program -- 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 with the amenities to one side, we make a  
low bow toward center stage where stands a young lad in  
a sack suit and baggy eyes to Match -- GARRY MOORE!

(APPLAUSE)

MOORE: Well, thank you - thank you very much, my friends, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen and culture lovers everywhere... Before doing anything this evening I've got a very important piece of <sup>to get rid of here</sup> business. Our studio janitor, Mr. Davotnichek, is listening in tonight and he wants us to do him a favor. <sup>in their places.</sup> Will everybody in the audience please <sup>rise and</sup> stand <sup>up</sup> (BUSINESS) Thank you... Now <sup>all</sup> you turn around and face the back of the studio, please? (BUSINESS) Now ~~will everybody please lean forward~~ <sup>over just</sup> slightly -- that's fine... Now <sup>stand there and</sup> just let me look <sup>at you</sup> a ~~minute~~... (CALLING) It's OK, Mr. Davotnichek -- the paint on the seats is dry!... You can sit down now.

CUDDLES: Oh, Mr. Moore, aren't you ashamed of yourself, teasing the people that way!

MOORE: <sup>Why,</sup> My dear Cuddles, I'd do anything for my friend Davotnichek -- he's a great man. Do you know he used to make his living sticking his right arm <sup>to</sup> in a lion's mouth.

CUDDLES: My goodness. What do you call a man who used to stick his right arm in a lion's mouth for a living?

MOORE: We call him lefty. <sup>That's right and it - it sure is.</sup> Oh, he's a grand boy.

CUDDLES: Maybe he is - but I'll stick to my boy-friend, Harvey.

MOORE: Harvey?

CUDDLES: <sup>Oh</sup> Yes -- and we have so much fun playing ping-pong <sup>together</sup>. First he hits the ball under the table and we go get it. Then I hit the ball under the table and we go get it.

MOORE: But where does the fun come in?

CUDDLES: Under the table.

MOORE: <sup>That's what I thought</sup>  
~~Oh, I'll betcha~~... Is he a wealthy young man?

CUDDLES: Wealthy? Why, he's already made the first payment on the last installment of the first quarter of this year's income tax.

MOORE: Well, we should all do that... Personally, if I ever got behind on my income tax, I'd see faces in my sleep...  
George Washington - <sup>Abraham</sup> ~~Abe~~ Lincoln - and Al.

CUDDLES: Al who?

MOORE: Catraz... <sup>Oh say</sup> You must know Al Catraz. But enough of this chit-chat - is there no mail tonight, <sup>secretary, dear!</sup>

CUDDLES: Just one <sup>letter</sup>. You've been in Hollywood ten weeks now, Mr. Moore, and the Chamber of Commerce wants to know what you think of our fair city?

MOORE: Welllll, I agree with them; it's a fair city--a fair city... I will say this about Hollywood, though, I have never seen so many people with dark glasses without <sup>that a fact - I mean it.</sup> ~~ten~~ cups... With those glasses on you can't tell one person from another. I was standing on a corner <sup>just</sup> the other day and a girl came up to me and said, "Are you Harry?" And I said, "Just a little -- around the chest..." <sup>really</sup> It's most confusing.

CUDDLES, <sup>Well,</sup> Maybe so, but don'tcha like the <sup>climate</sup> ~~life~~ out here? ~~The things people do?~~

~~MOORE: Well, now there's a question, I've been watching my next door neighbor to see just what California people do do, and finally I've got his schedule figured out.~~

~~CUDDLES: What does he do?~~

MOORE: ~~On cold days he sits on the East side of the house and follows the sun around to the West. ...And on hot days he sits on the West Side of the house and follows the shade around to the east.~~ *Oh well* ..I dunno, I just miss New York, I guess and the cold fall weather.

CUDDLES: Oh, is it cold there ~~already~~ already?

MOORE: Oh, yes. I saw a newsreel of some New York fireman *the other day* Their hoses were all covered with ice, and one of them was knocking the icicles off with *one by one.* ~~his~~ *axe.* And the fella next to him said, "*ah* Careful, Joe - that little one *on the end* is La Guardia."

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

MOORE: Oh, excuse me, folks.

SOUND: PHONE UP

DURANTE: HELLO, JUNIOR, THIS IS JIMMY.

MOORE: Jimmy, everybody's waiting for you. Where are you?

DURANTE: I WAS WATCHING SOME FELLERS MIXING CONCRETE AND I GOT TOO CLOSE TO THE MIXER!

MOORE: *Adel* So what?

DURANTE: SO COME AND GET ME. I'M A DANGEROUS CURVE ON THE LINCOLN HIGHWAY!!

ORCHESTRA: (HIT DURANTE INTRODUCTION FULL...FADE)

MOORE: And here he comes...Jimmy Durante, in person!

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

MOORE: James, I detect a smothered sob in your manly voice tonight.. is all not well?

DURANTE: JUNIOR, YOU READ ME LIKE A BOOK. I'VE BEEN AFFRONTED, INSULTED AND CAST ASIDE LIKE AN OLD DIXIE CUP.

MOORE: *Steel* Tell me <sup>more</sup> ~~all~~ about it, Jimmy.

DURANTE: IT BEGINS THIS MORNING WHEN I HOPS INTO MY CONVERSIBLE COUPE AND STARTS ON MY WAY TO THE STUDIO. I'M RIDING ALONG A COUNTRY ROAD, MERRY AS A LARK, WHEN I PASSES A FIELD OF PET-TEWMIUMS...SO I STICKS MY NOSE OUT THE WINDOW AND TAKES A WHIFF. HOW INVIGORATIN'! SOON I PASSES A FIELD OF CRISS-AN-THEE-MUMMIES, SO I STICKS OUT MY NOSE AND TAKES ANOTHER WHIFF. DE-LIGHTFUL THEN I PASSES A FIELD OF COCK-EYED SUSIES AND AGAIN I STICKS MY NOSE OUT THE WINDOW. FINALLY, THE FELLOW IN THE CAR BEHIND ~~ME~~ PULLS UP ALONGSIDE ME AND SAYS: "LISTEN, WISE GUY, IF YOUR GONNA MAKE A LEFT TURN -- MAKE IT!!"

MOORE: *Oh* I see, he cast aspersions on your proboscis.

DURANTE: YES, AND HE ALSO INSULTED MY NOSE. THAT AROUSES MY ANIMOSITY AND I'M READY TO ENGAGE IN FISTICUFFS. I'M ABOUT TO LET HIM HAVE IT, WHEN <sup>gives into</sup> I ~~HAVE~~ A HEART-TO-HEART CHAT WITH MYSELF. I SAYS: "JAMES, WHENEVER YOU'RE ANGRY, COUNT UP TO TEN." SO I STARTS TO COUNT, AND ~~AS~~ I'M COUNTING...

MOORE: Yes?

DURANTE: HE HITS ME BETWEEN SIX AND SEVEN!!...IT WAS THE OLD STORY ALL OVER AGAIN -- HE CAME, HE SAW, HE CONKED ME!

MOORE: Ah, yes -- <sup>in other words as we would say</sup> ~~as they~~ say in Latin, Veni, Vedi, Vici.

DURANTE: WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE; I HAVE MY SWEETHEART'S PICTURE IN MY POCKET; <sup>M: Excuse me!</sup> BUT ENOUGH OF MY PERSONAL AFFAIRS -- NOW LET'S TALK ABOUT ME. JUST LAST NIGHT, I'M HOME GIVING A SHAMPOO TO MY PET SHAMPOODLE WHEN THE TELEPHONE TINKLES.

MOORE: Washington again, no doubt?

DURANTE: NO, IT WAS THE ASSOCIATED PRESS. THEY WANT ME TO COVER THE BIG CONFERENCE IN MOSCOW.

MOORE: You a foreign correspondent? Jimmy, that's ridiculous.

DURANTE: THAT'S A SLUR, SIR. AMONG FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS I'M KNOWN AS QUININE REYNOLDS...THE SHORT REPORTER WITH THE LONG SNORTER...WHY, I'M IN TOUCH WITH ALL THE BIG SHOTS. I EVEN GOT JOE STALIN'S PRIVATE TELEPHONE NUMBER.

MOORE: You have Stalin's <sup>private</sup> telephone number?

DURANTE: RIGHT HERE IN MY LITTLE BOOK...NEXT TO LANA TURNER -- NOTHING IS TOO GOOD FOR MY PAL, JOEY.

MOORE: And that's his telephone number, eh?

DURANTE: IT'S NOT HIS NUMBER...IT'S <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ CANDY STORE BUT THEY CALL HIM.

MOORE: Maybe you could use an assistant in your new work,  
Jimmy <sup>you know</sup> I'd come in very handy. I speak several  
languages.

DURANTE: DO YOU SPEAK FRENCH??

MOORE: Oh, James. When I speak French, I even look like a  
Frenchman.

DURANTE: DO YOU SPEAK SPANISH??

MOORE: When I speak Spanish, I look like a Spaniard.

DURANTE: DO YOU SPEAK PIG LATIN? WORK YOUR WAY OUT OF THAT ONE,  
<sup>Sonny Boy.</sup>  
~~WISE GUY~~ LISTEN GARRY, I DON'T NEED ANY ASSISTANTS.

MOORE: But how are you going to send your cables from those  
foreign countries...Can you spell Casablanca? <sup>(Pause)</sup> Can you  
spell Kuibyshev? (PAUSE) Can you spell Colombangara??

DURANTE: WHEN YOU COME TO 'CAT' WILL I MAKE A SUCKER OUT OF YOU!!

MOORE: That's not the point, Jimmy. Education is a primary  
factor in every successful career.

DURANTE: THAT'S WHAT I SAY. WHETHER YOU'RE DUMB OR WHETHER YOU'RE  
<sup>Mr. Sure.</sup>  
SMART IT'S GOOD TO HAVE KNOWLEDGE.../...WHY I REMEMBER  
GARRY, WHEN I WAS IN THE SECOND GRADE, I WAS IN THE BACK  
OF THE CLASS, BUT I WASN'T DISCOURAGED. SIX YEARS LATER  
I WAS AT THE HEAD OF THE CLASS. BUT THAT DISCOURAGED ME.

MOORE: Why?

DURANTE: SAME CLASS.

MOORE: I still claim, Jimmy, that you know too little about the  
conditions of modern warfare to make a good correspondent.

DURANTE: ON THE CONTRARY, JUNIOR, ON THE CONTRARY. YOU ARE NOW  
GAZING AT THE INVENTOR OF A NEW METHOD OF ATTACK THAT  
WILL WIN THE WAR AND SOLVE THE FOOD PROBLEM AT ONE AND  
THE SAME TIME.

*Moore's elucidate, James, elucidate*



*Very well.*  
DURANTE: VERY WELL. / I BEGINS BY COLLECTING FAT FROM HOUSEWIVES. AS YOU KNOW, FAT COMES FROM PORK CHOPS AND FROM THE FAT WE GET GLYCERINE, AND FROM THE GLYCERINE WE GET GUN POWDER, AND FROM THE GUN POWDER WE GET A TORPEDO. SO FAR IT'S ELEMENTAL. SO I WITHDRAWS INTO MY LAB-OR-A-TORY, *I love that word.* / TAKES A TORPEDO, AND FROM THE TORPEDO I TAKES THE GLYCERINE, AND FROM THE GLYCERINE, I TAKES THE FAT, AND FROM THE FAT I GETS...WHAT D'YA THINK??

MOORE: Pork chops??

DURANTE: NO .. INDIGESTION. BUT I DON'T STOP THERE. I TAKES A DOSE OF BICARBONATE OF SODA, RUSHES DOWN TO THE BEACH, PLUNGES INTO THE SURF, AND FLOATS ON MY STOMMICK...FACE UP, OF COURSE. *then* / SEA WATER SEEPS INTO MY SYSTEM, A CHEMICAL REACTION BEGINS, THE PORK CHOP TURNS INTO FAT, THE FAT TURNS INTO GLYCERINE, THE GLYCERINE TURNS INTO GUNPOWDER, THE GUNPOWDER TURNS INTO A TORPEDO, I HICCUPS THREE TIMES AND WHAT HAPPENS? I BLOWS UP A JAPANESE CRUISER!! WHAT AN EXPERIENCE!!

ORCHESTRA: (PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (LONG CHORD, HOLD UNDER FIRST FEW SECONDS OF ANNOUNCEMENT)

---

PETRIE: Hidden in a clump of trees, the American Long Tom whams the heavy shells over miles of battlefield at an enemy battery far out of sight. Finally word comes that the eighty-eights are silenced, and for a few moments the men can sit back and pull out their cigarettes. Notice how many are Camels -- the cigarette that's first with men in all the services, Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, according to actual sales records. The men know that wherever they are, their Camels will be fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world! Camel's tremendous popularity with service men may mean that from time to time your store may be sold out, in spite of the fact that we've pushed Camel's production to new peaks. But remember, when you do get Camels, you get the same full rich flavor that comes from Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos -- for Camel's tobacco standard is the same for soldier, for civilian, anywhere in the world!

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

PETRIE: Camels! When you buy cigarettes, get Camels! You'll see why more people want them!

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO "THEY'RE EITHER TOO YOUNG OR TOO OLD")

---

MOORE: (OVER MUSIC) We go into executive session now with  
Ray Bary and the boys. <sup>the</sup> ~~to~~ business before the house...  
"They're Either Too Young or Too Old".

ORCHESTRA: ("TOO YOUNG OR TWO OLD")

(APPLAUSE)

51454 4382

DURANTE: AND THAT WAS "THEY'RE EITHER TOO YOUNG OR TOO OLD"  
AS PLAYED BY MR. ROY BARGY, WHO WROTE DINAH AND SWEET SUE:  
NEITHER OF WHOM BOTHERED TO ANSWER ;, AND AT THIS  
JOCULAR JUNC-A-TURE, WE AGAIN GO CULTURAL WITH  
MR. GARRY MOORE.

MOORE: Oh, indood we dee, James -- indood we dee. Tonight  
we have another meeting of the Garry Moore Nature Club.  
I presume, James, that you are a lover of animals.

DURANTE: ABOUT ANIMALS I ONLY KNOW ONE KIND - MULES!..AND ABOUT  
MULES I ONLY KNOW ONE THING - AS FOLLOWS :.

THE MULE, WE FIND,  
HAS TWO LEGS BEHIND  
AND ALSO TWO BEFORE.

WE GO BEHIND  
BEFORE WE FIND  
<sup>ohat</sup>  
(WHAT) THE TWO BEHIND  
BE FOR ... UNQUOTE,

MOORE: Well, that's a lovely poem, James, but it has none of the  
mystery of nature.

DURANTE: LIKE WHAT, FOR INSTANCE.

MOORE: Well - like this ... All hail the worm, so soft and gooey,  
He don't never worry, do he?

Only one thing does he wail at -

He don't know which end's his tail at.

He's got two ends and just one middle

Ain't the worm a awful riddle?

*James*  
~~Now~~ THERE is a poem that carries a message.

DURANTE: I'M GONNA GO CHECK WITH THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE - I DIDN'T  
GET THE MESSAGE.

MOORE:

~~Was~~ - <sup>No</sup> matter, James... For, tonight I am going to tell you a story about three little rabbits, who were very nice <sup>little</sup> rabbits, indeed. And the first little rabbit was a fast little rabbit - and his mother named him Pffffffft... Spelled P-f-f-f-f-t.....And the second little rabbit was an even faster rabbit, and his name was Pfffffft-Pfffffft... Spelled P-f-f-f-f-t HYPHON Pfffffft! And the third little rabbit was fastest of all, and his name was Pfffffft-Pfffffft-Pfffffft. Spelled just like the other two, only one Pfffffft more-so... Oh, they were nice little chaps and they loved each other <sup>very</sup> dearly... But one fine day, Pfffffft-pfffffft turned to pfffffft-pfffffft-pfffffft and said, "I say there, Pfffffft-pfffffft-pfffffft - don't you think Brother Pfffffft looks poorly today?... And Pfffffft-pfffffft-pfffffft looked at Pfffffft, then he looked at Pfffffft-pfffffft and he said "You're right, Pfffffft-pfffffft -- Pfffffft DOES look poorly today". And Pfffffft-pfffffft and Pfffffft-pfffffft-pfffffft were right. Pfffffft did look poorly that day. And the day after that, and the day after that, and the day after that one, too... And on the fourth day, the Mother rabbit came to Pfffffft-pfffffft and Pfffffft-pfffffft-pfffffft, and said; "Pfffffft-pfffffft and Pfffffft-pfffffft-pfffffft, I have sad news for you. Little brother Pfffffft has passed away."... Ah, but time is the great healer and before long little Pfffffft-pfffffft and <sup>little</sup> Pfffffft-pfffffft-pfffffft were happy again and playing their usual games... Two months went by, and then one day, little Pfffffft-pfffffft looked at

(CONTINUED)

MOORE:  
(Cont'd)

Pffffffft-Pffffffft-pfffffft, and <sup>he</sup> said,  
Pffffffft-Pffffffft-pfffffft, you are looking  
poorly today.".... And taking no chances, he  
put little Pffffffft-pfffffft-pfffffft to bed and called  
the doctor.

ORCHESTRA: (SNEAK IN "SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME")

MOORE: And when the doctor arrived, little Pfffffft-Pfffffft went  
to him and said "Please, Mr. Doctor, sir - 'don't  
let anything happen to little Pfffffft-pffff-pfffft.  
And the doctor looked at little Pfffft-pfffft and <sup>he</sup>  
said, "Why, my boy? Does it matter so much?"...  
And little Pfffft-pfffft said, <sup>yes</sup> "It matters a great  
deal, Mr. Doctor, sir - for, after all...

ORCHESTRA: (CUT MUSIC:)

MOORE: We all ready have one Pfffffft in the grave... Thank you *very much.*

ORCHESTRA: (PLAYOFF)

CROWD: (APPLAUSE)

DURANTE: *You know*  
/ JUNIOR, I HAVE NEVER HEARD SUCH A SAD STORY IN ALL MY  
LIFE.

MOORE: Thank you, *James Jimmy*.

DURANTE: AND I JUST WANT TO ASK YOU ONE FAVOR. DO YOU SPEAK  
THE LANGUAGE OF THE BIRDS AND THE BEASTS?

MOORE: I certainly do.

DURANTE: THEN THE NEXT TIME YOU SEE A SKUNK, ASK HIM WHAT'S  
THE BIG IDEA!

MOORE: I shall carry out your commission, James, at my  
earliest convenience. (START GIBBS MUSIC UNDER:)  
Right now we abandon all these ~~cross actions~~ *cross actions* and  
roll out the old red carpet for Miss Georgia Gibbs,  
who approaches on wings of song... swaying slightly  
as is her ~~want~~ *want*. The song, "My Heart Tells Me".

ORCHESTRA AND GIBBS: ("MY HEART TELLS ME")

(APPLAUSE)

PETRIE: Your second pack of Camels will taste better than the first! Your third pack of Camels will taste better than the second! No matter how much or how little you smoke, Camel's extra flavor will help them to hold up, keep from going flat, pack after pack! Test that out for yourself, in your T-Zone -- "T" for taste and throat! Your taste will tell you that Camels do have more flavor, and your throat will give you the last word on Camel's extra mildness. Camels are slow burning and cool smoking, too, and what's more, they stay that way! Camels stay fresh because they're packed to go around the world!

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

PETRIE: Camels!

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY OFF)



MOORE: All of which brings us to our weekly treat for drama lovers...a slice of life carved by genius from the great, beating heart of humanity and served up raw and palpitating ...~~off the cuff, so to speak.~~ Our offering tonight is a love story, ~~a red-blooded romance~~ entitled "She Was Only The Dentist's Daughter But She Ran Around With The Worst Set In Town."

ELVIA: Oh, mush! Who wants to hear a love story these days?

MOORE: Ah, we have a cynic in our midst. If you don't like love stories, Cuddles, what do you like?

ELVIA: Mr. Moore, I love a good mystery. Why ~~didn't~~ <sup>don't</sup> you ever do a ~~good~~ detective story?

MOORE: Cuddles, my dear, <sup>is it possible you</sup> ~~didn't~~ you hear how Durante and Moore solved the famous case of the alphabet Soup man?

ELVIA: Frankly, no.

MOORE: Good! Ladies, gentlemen, and Cuddles, in place of the drama originally scheduled for tonight we shall present our thrilling murder mystery <sup>entitled</sup> ~~called~~... "Tom, I didn't raise my Harry to be a Dick..." or (SCREAMS) <sup>now</sup> The story involves the adventures of Durante and Moore, Private Detectives....

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: *Forget it.*  
~~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.

PETRIE: Ding-a-ling. Ding-a-ling. Ding-a-ling.

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 *by*.

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: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT. WELL, PULL UP A DICK TRACY BADGE 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 in Beverly Hills. 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 BEVERLY HILLS -- THAT'S MY TERRITORY.

MOORE: Never mind that, <sup>James</sup> 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: <sup>Great</sup> 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 <sup>the</sup> 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 SAY!

MOORE: Yes, I do say!

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.

ORCHESTRA: (MYSTERIOSO...FADE AND KEEP BACKGROUND)

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 spookey place. Look, <sup>Junior</sup> there's a skull on the porch and there's a note in it.

DURANTE: WHAT DOES IT SAY?

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

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

SOUND: WIND OUT...DOOR OPENS ON SQUEAKY HINGE

DURANTE: OOH -- OOH.

MOORE: What's the matter, <sup>Junior</sup>.

DURANTE: MY CANDLE JUST WENT OUT.

MOORE: <sup>That</sup> So what? The wind blew it out.

DURANTE: SINCE WHEN DOES A WIND EAT GARLIC.

MOORE: Just keep quiet <sup>now</sup> 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.

ALLMAN: (FADES ON SCREAMING)

MUSIC: (OUT)

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

ALLMAN: I'm Mrs. Van Pillbeam.

DURANTE: WELL WHAT ARE YOU SCREAMING FOR?

ALLMAN: Oh, you know how these mystery stories are -- (SCREAMS)

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

PETRIE: Oh, I can tell you that.

DURANTE: WHO ARE YOU?

PETRIE: I'm the corpse.

DURANTE: EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE /CT. 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.

DURANTE: I TOTALLY AGREE. ARE YOU GOOD AT DEDUCTION?

MOORE: Better than Morgenthau. *D. Joe Joe. M. That are you laughing at. That ain't funny!* The first thing we must do is find some clues.

DURANTE: YES.

MOORE: *Look* Here, I found a fingerprint.

ALLMAN: Are you sure it's a fingerprint.

MOORE: Certainly. The finger is still on it. *See why* I wonder who it's attached to.

DURANTE: WHY IT'S ATTACHED TO THE GUY I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR. PUT ON THOSE CUFFS, PUT ON THOSE CUFFS.

MOORE: Is he the killer?

DURANTE: NO...MY LAUNDRY MAN.

MOORE: Come, come, James, we must solve this murder.

DURANTE: OK/Y -- MADAM, WHERE WERE YOU ON THE NIGHT OF JUNE  
THE SECOND?

ALLMAN: Why -- I was at home.

DURANTE: WELL YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN WITH US -- 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?

ALLMAN: He was an acrobat -- they called him the alphabet soup  
man.

MOORE: Quick, Watson, the noodle.

ALLMAN: His job was to crawl into a bowl of soup and contort his  
body in the shape of the letters of the alphabet.

MOORE: *Why* Yes, look, he's lying there right now in the shape of  
an R.

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

ALLMAN: I?

MOORE: Mrs. Pillbeam? *Jimmy* 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.

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY-OFF) (APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (MARCH.....FADE UNDER.....)

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

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

VOICE: To twenty-seven-year-old Navy Lieutenant Mayo Hadden, of Holland, Michigan. Having recovered from a bullet wound received while piloting a fighter plane over North Africa, Lieutenant Hadden was in the air again in a Hellcat during the recent bombing and shelling of Wake Island. While strafing the island he was attacked by Zeros, shot down one of them, and though he was wounded again, and though his plane was riddled with a hundred and fifty bullet holes he brought it back to his carrier and made a safe landing. We salute you, Lieutenant Mayo Hadden! In your honor, and in honor of all Navy men during this week before Navy Day, the makers of Camels are sending to our Navy men in the Pacific three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

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. For more than two years, Camels have thanked the Yanks in this country with the traveling Camel Caravans, which have given over two thousand free shows and free Camels to audiences of more than three million service men.

ORCHESTRA: (WHO WILL BE WITH YOU)

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

MOORE: A note of wonder, Mr. <sup>Moore</sup> Durante.

DURANTE: <sup>A note of wonder -</sup>  
A NOTABLE NOTE, ~~MR. MOORE.~~

MOORE: And as far as I'm concerned the whole cast did a notable  
job tonight, <sup>Would you kids care to join me at my half acre</sup>  
~~And kids, I want all of you to come out to my~~  
~~ranch in the valley and feed your alleged faces~~  
~~house for a celebration feast.~~

PETRIE: Oh, swell! I'll bring a can of caviar.

ALLMAN: And I'll bring a can of paté-de foie gras.

MOORE: And I'll bring a can of lobster newburg, ~~what'll you bring,~~  
~~Jimmy.~~

DURANTE: ~~And~~ I'LL BRING A CAN OPENER.

MOORE: <sup>Jimmy, your generosity is exceeded only by your personal beauty.</sup>  
~~That's more than some~~

Durante: <sup>That's my boy who said that.</sup>

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY OFF)

MOORE: Goodnight, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: GOODNIGHT, MR. MOORE.

BOTH: GOOD NIGHT, ~~ALL~~ <sup>everybody.</sup>

(APPLAUSE)

(IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN)

ORCHESTRA: (THEME...BUMPER)



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 on Saturday nights.....

PETRIE: The Grand Ole Opry.

VOICE: Monday night...

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

VOICE: Thursday night....

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

VOICE: Friday night... *at this time*

PETRIE: Again Jimmy and Garry in a completely <sup>new</sup> ~~different~~ show with Georgia, Roy Bargy and his Orchestra and yours truly, Howard Petrie.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND DOWN)

PETRIE: Remember, Camel cigarettes are first in the service -- and the service comes first! When you buy cigarettes, get Camels! You'll see why more people want them!

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.

SHIELDS:

More pipes smoke Prince Albert! Make your pipe ~~gone~~ more pipe, and you'll see why more pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the whole world! Yes sir, good P.A. stands for Pipe Appeal, and one reason is that it's no-bite treated, specially processed to be friendly to your tongue, specially treated to give you cool, bite-free smoking pleasure. And Prince Albert's crimp cut, to pack and draw and burn just right! Lots for your money, too -- around fifty mild, rich-tasting, nut-sweet pipefuls in every big red two-ounce package! More pipes smoke Prince Albert! It's the National Joy Smoke!

51454 4397