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# AS BROADCAST

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

*Master - 4 - 1/2*  
REVISED

CBS NETWORK

FRIDAY, JANUARY 21, 1944

PROGRAM NUMBER #44

10:00 - 10:30 P.M., EWT

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

HOPE EMERSON

PAUL LUTHER

TED JEWETT

DIRECTOR - PHIL COHAN

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COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM" - No. 44

FRIDAY, JANUARY 21, 1944

10:00 - 10:30 P.M., EWT

CUE: (COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM)  
(.....30 seconds.....)

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

(AFTER THREE-FIVE SECONDS)

ORCH: (PYRAMID CHORDS)

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

PETRIE: (COLD) Camel Cigarettes present -- Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore.

(APPLAUSE)

ORCH: (THEME FULL AND FADE FOR:)

PETRIE: Yes, it's the Friday Night Camel Show ... Garry Moore, Jimmy Durante, Georgia Gibbs -- Roy Bargy and his orchestra and yours truly, Howard Petrie --<sup>25</sup>/ Brought to you by Camel ... the cigarette that stays fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning, because Camels are packed to go around the world! <sup>35</sup>/

(MUSIC OUT)

PETRIE: And without further delay, here he is - that affable, laughable young man who leads a double life and is very happy together!..The co-star of our show - Garry Moore.

APPLAUSE

MOORE: Well, thank you...Thank you very much, my friends, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen; <sup>it's</sup> nice to have you with us...First of all tonite, <sup>though</sup> I've got an announcement to make. You've all probably noticed the happy smile in Howard Petrie's voice tonite - and there certainly should be one. For this afternoon at 3:15, another little one arrived at his house!

CROWD: APPLAUSE (*How about that? Wonderful?*)

MOORE: Yes, sir! Another little one arrived!..Now he has two lumps of coal!..Howard, I want you to know we're all very happy for you.

HOWARD: Thanks, old man...Drop up some time and I'll be glad to make it hot for you.

MOORE: That's awfully nice, ~~of you~~.

HOWARD: By the way - what are you doing about the coal shortage at your house?

MOORE: Oh, it's very simple, Howard. We just burn coke.

HOWARD: You burn coke?

MOORE: ~~Certainly~~ <sup>you</sup>...Of course the coke doesn't give off much heat, but we do get a nickle back on every bottle...Oh, that coal situation is really something, isn't it? <sup>you know</sup> I'd just love to get my hands on about five tons.

HOPE: Did some-one call me?

MOORE: Well, ~~well~~, if it isn't my secretary, Toodles Bongshnook!..  
*Oh dear*  
Ah, there's always Oodles of Toodles!..And I must say you  
look very nice tonite, my dear.

HOPE: Do you really think so?

MOORE: Oh, yes...What's that flapping around - your ears?...I MEAN-  
what's that flapping around your ears?

HOPE: THAT, Mr. Moore, is my new snood. Don't you like it?

MOORE: Of course I do, dear. In fact, you're very well turned out  
tonite. Your hat, your gloves, your dress - they're all  
very well turned out?

HOPE: *And* How about my feet?

MOORE: They're turned out, too...Ah, but enough of this  
love-making, *dear* What's in the mail for tonite?

HOPE: Well, there's one letter here from a lady in Kansas who admires our Camel theme song and <sup>she'd like</sup> ~~wants~~ to know where it came from.

MOORE: Where it came from? Well, that is a subject of some dispute. Deems Taylor tells me that our theme song is a modern adaptation of an Old Bulgarian Schmoomf - or Titmouse Trapping Song.. The original version, he says, is sung by the natives each year during the colorful Fiesta de la Hozan de la Keero de la Mancho de la Rondel de light saving time -- which is actually not a festival at all, but a <sup>sort</sup> ~~kind~~ of nine-day hangover with basoon accompaniment... About ~~that~~, I don't know.

But I am happy to announce that a copy of our theme will be sent free of charge to the person who writes the twelve best letters on the fascinating subject of "Who Is The Prettiest Man In Radio Today and Why Do You Think I Am."... But another one of my favorite theme songs goes as follows....

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ORCH: - - - DURANTE . . . . . PLAYON

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MOORE: A gentlemen whose face is <sup>traced</sup> this week on the cover of Time Magazine, but upon whose face Time has left no trace - Jimmy Durante - in person.

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG....(HOLD NOTE) THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE!

MOORE: Jimmy, with your voice it's no wonder you're on the cover of Time Magazine this week.

DURANTE: YEAH -- WASN'T MY PICTURE A THING OF BEAUTY! <sup>Mr. It was.</sup> MY GIRL SAW IT AND CALLED ME UP SO LAST NIGHT I TOOK HER FOR A RIDE IN MY CAR. BOY, DID WE HAVE A <sup>good</sup> TIME! YOU KNOW THE CAR I MEAN, JUNIOR...THE ONE THAT'S GOT NO WHEELS.

MOORE: A car without wheels can't drive.

DURANTE: I KNOW IT CAN'T DRIVE BUT BROTHER CAN IT PARK!!

MOORE: I'll bet that car sure works well with Ethyl.

DURANTE: YES, AND WITH HELEN, TOO. BUT THAT IS NEITHER TUTTI NOR FRUTTI. AT HOME LAST NIGHT, I WAS SITTING IN THE BATH TUB FIGURING... FIGURING WHETHER OR NOT TO LET THE WATER IN... WHEN THE TELEPHONE TINKLED. BEFORE <sup>I</sup> ~~IF~~ PICKED UP THE RECEIVER I PUT ON A PAPER HAT AND THREW SOME CONFETTI IN THE AIR. (YOU SEE I HAVE A PARTY LINE)

MOORE: <sup>It was</sup> Another official summons from Washington, I presume.

*M: Thank you.*

DURANTE: I ASSUME YOU PRESUME CORRECTLY. MY FIRST DAY I ATTENDED A SESSION OF CONGRESS...IT WAS ENLIGHTENING AND NON-HABIT-FORMING, TOO! LATER ON AT THE EMBASSY, HAROLD ICKIES PREVAILED UPON ME TO SING AN OPERATIC ARIA.

MOORE: Oh, hold the phone, ... I never knew you went in for singing in a serious way.

DURANTE: JUNIOR, I TRUST YOU'RE JESTING, WHY, BESIDES SINGING OPERA, I GAVE LESSONS TO SOME OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST SINGERS... HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF CARUSO?

MOORE: Yes.

DURANTE: YOU HAVE? HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF JOHN MC CORMICK?

MOORE: Yes.

DURANTE: YOU HAVE? HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF JOE PLOTNICK?

MOORE: No.

DURANTE: WELL, HE WAS MY GREATEST PUPIL!!

MOORE: Jimmy, I'm just beginning to realize how cultural you really are.

DURANTE: AND HIGH TIME IT IS, JUNIOR... BECAUSE

ORCH: - - - I'M DURANTE THE PATRON OF THE ARTS.

DURANTE:

SEEKING MY FAVORITE DIVERSION LAST NIGHT, AND FEELING IN THE PINK,  
I STEPS INTO MY PLUSH UP-HOLSTERED HANSON,  
WITH MY TWO FOOTMEN COMMANDING THE POOPDECK,  
AND MY ARABIAN STEEDS GOING AT A GENTLE TROT,  
WE APPROACHES THE THEATRE MARQUEE ... AND WHAT HAPPENS?

THE RED CARPET IS ROLLED OUT ... MY TWO FOOTMEN DESCEND FROM THE  
POOPDECK,

THEY OPEN THE DOOR AND I STEPS OUT ... (CRASH)

(LOOKING UP FROM THE GUTTER, I SAYS ....

WHO TOLD YOU TO REMOVE THE RUINING BOARD?)

PICKING MYSELF UP AND IGNORING THE STARES OF THE HOI-POLOO,

I MAKES MY ENTRANCE GALLANTLY INTO THE DIAMOND HORSE-SHOE.

REMOVING MY TOP-HAT, ~~MY IN-VER-NESS CAPE~~, MY NYLON GLOVES, MY SKUNK

MUFFLER, AND MY PATENT

LEATHER GALOSHES WITH THE NEON BUTTONS.

I LOOKS AROUND ... ~~AND~~ MRS. VAN SCHUYLER IS WHISPERING TO MRS. MURRAY

HILL ...

~~AND~~ MRS. MURRAY HILL IS WHISPERING TO MRS. SUSQUEHANNA ... AND WHAT

ARE THEY SAYING? (CHORD)

"IS IT A BIRD? IS IT A PLANE? IS IT SUPERMAN? NO ... IT'S A BUM!"

YOU SEE A VICIOUS RUMOR'S BEEN CIRCULATED, JUST BECAUSE I WORK IN

A SALOON,

THEY SAY I'M NOT FIT TO MINGLE IN ANY OTHER CIRCLE.

THAT'S RIDICULOUS! NIGHTCLUBS IS JUST THE MR. HYDE PART OF ME,

YOU HAVE YET TO MEET THE DOCTOR JERKYL.

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(MORE)



DURANTE (CONT)

CHORUS

YES I'M DURANTE THE PATRON OF THE ARTS,  
AN OPERA CRITIC AND A MAN OF PARTS.

*you know* LAST WEEK I WENT TO THE OPERA .. I LOVED IT .. ALL BUT ONE SCENE,  
THAT'S WHERE THE THREE HUNDRED POUND SOPRANO SINGS TO THE BARITONE - *She sings*  
TAKE ME IN YOUR ARMS AND HOLD ME CLOSE ...

WHY TO HOLD HER CLOSE <sup>*the female*</sup> ~~HE~~ HAVE TO BE CURVED LIKE A BANANA!  
THOSE OPERA LOVERS ALL RAVE AT HANDEL'S LARGO,  
WHY I'VE HEARD BETTER MUSIC WRITTEN BY UMBRIAGO.

NOW WHAT I SAY MAY SOUND ABSURD, BUT BELIEVE ME IT'S TRUE,  
I'VE SEEN EVERY OPERA ... AND I'LL NAME THEM FOR YOU ...

TALES OF THE VIENNA ROLLS ... MADAM BUTTERMILK .. THE SEXTETTE FROM  
LECHEE NUTS

AND THE QUARTETTE FROM RIGOR MORTIS. (I COULD GO ON <sup>*for days*</sup> ~~AD INFINITUM~~)  
I COACH SOPRANOS AND TENORS IN THEIR PARTS,  
CAUSE I'M DURANTE THE PATRON OF THE ARTS.

PATTER

NOW JUST THE OTHER DAY THEY HELD A MEETING AT THE METROPOLITAN ...  
IN THE CELLAR ...

THEY SAYS, "JIMMY WE'RE IN A HOLE YOU GOTTA HELP US OUT."  
STEPPING UP ON A SOAP-BOX (LEFT OVER FROM <sup>*La Boheme*</sup> ~~LIFE BOYHOLE~~)  
I SAID "GNETLEMEN, LET'S ANALYZE THIS ...

NOW TAKE ROMEO AND JULIET, ROMEO HAS TO LEAVE JULIET ...

BUT DOES HE SAY .. SHOO-SHOO BABY? NO .. IN OPERA HE SAYS ...

(OPERATIC CHORD)

(MORE)

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I HAVE BUT A MOMENT TO SPEND WITH YOU.

A MOMENT MY DEAR TO SPEND WITH YOU,

A MOMENT TO SPEND, A MOMENT TO SPEND,

A MOMENT, A MOMENT ... A MOMENT .. A MOMENT .. A MOMENT .. A MOMENT

A MOMENT .. A MOMENT.

HE'S GOT ONE MOMENT TO SPEND AND HE'S TAKING THREE HOURS TO TELL HER  
ABOUT IT.

WHY THE GUY'S MAKING A FEDERAL CASE OUT OF IT .. THEN SHE SAYS

~~STOP THE MUSIC .. THAT'S WHERE I BREATHE! .. THEN HE SAYS ..~~

I WILL GIVE YOU A KISS, MY LOVE, A BURNING KISS UPON THE LIPS,

A BURNING KISS, A KISS, A KISS,

UPON THE LIPS A BURNING KISS.

A KISS .. A KISS .. A KISS .. A KISS.

UPON THE LIPS A BURNING KISS!

~~WHY~~ BY THE TIME HE'S READY TO KISS HER THE FIRE'S OUT!

*Facing the Committee, I said -*  
(~~MAN~~, THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO SAVE THE OPERA)

GET YOURSELF NEW LYRICS THAT HAVE **CLASS** AND RENOWN,

LIKE PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA LAY THAT PISTOL DOWN.

THINK IT OVER, GENTLEMEN, I'LL RETURN IN A FORT-NIT .. POSSIBLY EVEN

A FIFTH-NIT.

(MORE)

cgh

DURANTE: (CONT)

THEY ALL GAVE THANKS FROM THE BOTTOM OF THEIR HEARTS,  
TO DURANTE, THE PATRON OF THE ARTS A CONNOISEWER ...  
DURANTE, THE PATRON OF THE ARTS.

(APPLAUSE)

9<sup>50</sup>

MOORE: Thank you, James..We admired the words, we loved the  
music -- and for more words that we admire, Howard Petrie.

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PETRIE: From behind a tree darts an Army engineer with an armful of TNT. He leaps on top of the jungle pillbox, and plants the explosive that will blow it to pieces. They've got what it takes, these demolition experts, and so has their cigarette -- Camels -- first with men in all the services, according to actual sales records. Yes, Camel cigarettes are going to the jungles, and to the icefields, and when they get there, Camels are fresh, cool smoking and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world! Both at home and overseas more people want Camels now -- so if your store is sold out today -- try tomorrow! Camel cigarettes are worth asking for again because they always have more flavor -- the result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos!

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

PETRIE: Camel cigarettes! Camel's tobacco standard is the same for soldier, for civilian, anywhere in the world!

ORCH: INTRO TO "HOLIDAY FOR STRINGS"

10<sup>32</sup>

egh

PETRIE: Roy Bary, his orchestra, and a Bary arrangement of  
"Holiday For Strings"....

ORCH: \_ \_ \_ \_ HOLIDAY FOR STRINGS

APPLAUSE

*13<sup>25</sup>*

DURANTE: THAT WAS ROY BARGY AND HIS ORCHESTRA PLAYING "HOLIDAY FOR STRINGS" WHICH WAS SUGGESTED BY MY SYMPHONY ENTITLED, "FURLOUGH FOR FLUTES!" AND NOW, JUNIOR, FOR THIS EVENING, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT STASHED AWAY IN THE CULTURE CORNER?

MOORE: Well, James - this evening I shall attempt to correct a delusion which many members of the radio and motion picture audience are laboring under. It concerns the home life of such men as Boris Karloff, Peter Lorre and Bela Lugosi. Many of us believe that these men are as fiendish in real life as they are in the movies, but on the contrary they are as peaceful, as gentle, as home-loving as you or I. Shall we then drop in at the vine-covered cottage of Mr. Karloff, for a rose colored view of a quiet afternoon in Mr. Karloff's home.

ORCH: \_ \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE

SOUND: SHOTS...MACHINE GUNS...POLICE WHISTLE...SCREAMS

MOORE: Cozy, isn't it? As we look in, Mr. Karloff has just finished shaving with Blatzo's Shaving Cream. It is his favorite shaving cream because with Blatzos there is no scraping, no lathering, no foam -- JUST BLOOD!! Mr. Karloff is calling his servant, Bunga.

GARRY: Bunga!

LUTHER: (LONG GRUNT)

MOORE: I'm not feeling too well today.

LUTHER: (LONG GRUNT)

MOORE: Have you seen my bicarbonate of soda?

LUTHER: (LONG GRUNT)

MOORE: ~~Seen it?~~ You sound like you've taken it...  
Well, never mind.

SOUND: 2 PISTOL SHOTS... <sup>Clank</sup> ~~LUTHER GROANS~~

MOORE: <sup>oh</sup> There goes that telephone again.

SOUND: RECEIVER UP

MOORE: Hello...

PETRIE: (FILTER) Hello, is this the Mad Doctor?

MOORE: Yes. Oh, it's you, Dr. Corpus...I was hoping you'd call. I was hoping for a game of bridge tonight but I couldn't dig up three hands...that's the last time I ever bury them in cement...and you, my abnormal friend. How are you getting on with your hideous experiments?

PETRIE: (SINISTER) Amazingly...amazingly...You remember last Friday night I took out that man's appendix?

MOORE: Yes...

PETRIE: And Monday night I took out his heart, Wednesday night I took out his brain and tonight --

MOORE: Yes.

PETRIE: I'm taking out his sister!! (MAD LAUGH)

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

MOORE: Ah, what a man. He has a fine head on his shoulders...  
and the one growing under his arm isn't bad either!

EMERSON: THREE SCREAMS.

MOORE: *Heel*  
*yes, three o'clock.*  
~~At~~ -- three o'clock! Time is fleeting, I must make  
ready; I'm going to a masquerade ball tonight.  
I shall wear my zoot suit with the loud shroud. And in  
my lapel I shall wear a bachelor button...ah, but why  
should I kill a bachelor just for his button!... *Oh but* All  
eyes will be focused on me at the masquerade ball tonight.  
My girl and I will make a gruesome two-some.  
At eleven o'clock I shall take off her wrap -- at twelve  
o'clock I'll take off her masque -- and at one o'clock,  
I'll take off her head! Then at last I can be taller  
than she! Ah, if I only had someone to chauffeur us to  
to the ball. I have it! My unfinished MONSTER! I  
shall finish ~~it~~ *him* NOW! With this electronic dynamic  
dynamo I shall put the spark of life into the hideous  
creature.

SOUND: SPARK JUMPING GAP.



GARRY: Ah, I have not worked in vain. His eyes are opening.  
He is breathing! He is alive! Alive! My monster lives!  
And ~~Now~~ oh, hideous monster I bid you speak! What are  
the first words you shall utter. Speak! Speak!

PETRIE: Mairzie doats and dozie doats, and little lamsie tivie.

ORCH: - - - PLAY OFF

APPLAUSE

17<sup>10</sup>

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ORCH: START GIBBS INTRO.

DURNATE: GOING NOW FROM THE SUB-BLOOMER TO THE SUBLIMER, WE FIND OURSELVES IN THE RADIANT PRESENCE OF MISS GEORGIA GIBBS, CHANTOOSE PAR EXCELLANCE...OR AS WE SAY IN ENGLISH, "STRICTLY A DOWN-TOWN KID."

GOORGIA: I hope that's complimentary, Jimmie...Tonight I've picked *that I always love to sing - George Gershwin's* a song about which I have a great deal...~~I've composed~~ called it "Embraceable You" ....~~I just call it terrific..~~

~~DURANTE: PRAY ELUCIDATE.~~

GIBBS: EMBRACEABLE YOU

APPLAUSE

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MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

LUTHER: Thanksto the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute twenty-one year old Private Billy Miller of Peoria, Illinois, who, in his first action, was ordered to lead two wounded men back behind the lines. Ambushed and surrounded by fifty Germans, he was forced to surrender, and was taken back toward German lines. While in no-man's land, far from American forces, Private Miller talked fast, convinced the Germans they were surrounded, took the officer's pistol -- and marched nineteen Germans back across six-hundred yards of no-man's land, as his prisoners! In your honor, Private Billy Miller, the makers of Camels are sending to our soldiers overseas three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

*20/40*

APPLAUSE

ANNCR: Each of the four Camel shows honors a Yank of the Week, sends three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes overseas...a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week. In this country, the traveling Camel Caravans have thanked audiences of more than three and a half million Yanks with free shows and free Camels.

ORCH: PLAY OFF

*2/100*

MOORE: And now, the Friday Night Camel Show brings you a play about the book business called, "The Author Carried His Manuscript in His Back Pocket" ... OR... "He Slipped on the Ice and Bruised His Last Chapter." Now, James, in this play you and I are a couple of rare book dealers. Do you ever delve into ancient literary works?

DURANTE: DO I EVER <sup>w</sup>DELVE? I SHOULD HOPE TO BREW A POT OF LITERARY TEA! WHY, THIS PAST MONTH I READ KIPLING, HEMINGWAY AND BALZAC...AND LAST NIGHT I READ ONE OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS ... "AS YOU LIKE IT."

MOORE: Well.?

DURANTE: I DIDN'T LIKE IT.

MOORE: No pictures, eh? But come.. Let's not dally, we must get to our book-shop.

MUSIC: -- BRIDGE

SOUND: PHONE BELL...PHONEUP

MOORE: Hello.. Durante and Moore..dealers in rare books.

EMERSON: Mr. Moore, do you have any books in your store about architecture?

MOORE: Yes, madam, it was written by my uncle -- Mexico's most outstanding architect. Why he even married a patio!

EMERSON: But a patio is a big back yard.

MOORE: Well, that's the way my uncle likes 'em built.

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

MOORE: Good old uncle Pismo!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

DURANTE: (EXPLOSIVELY) LOCK THE DOORS,...PULL DOWN THE SHADES...  
BAR THE WINDOWS. I JUST PURCHASED A RARE VOLUME, *Jimmy*.

MOORE: Good for you, Jimmy...Where'd did you get it?

DURANTE: AT A BOOK AUCTION. WHAT BIDDING! VANDERBILT BOUGHT A  
FIRST EDITION OF CHAW-SER FOR FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS,  
ASTOR BOUGHT A COPY OF LONGFELLOW FOR SEVENTY THOUSAND  
DOLLARS, AND ROCKEFELLER BOUGHT A VOLUME OF DICKENS FOR  
EIGHTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

MOORE: And what'd you buy?

DURANTE: THE "G STRING MURDERS" FOR 49 CENTS.

MOORE: And you wonder why we're broke...that's not a rare book, *Jimmy*  
it was written by Gypsy Rose Lee.

DURANTE: GYPSY ROSE LEE! NO WONDER THE COVER IS COMING OFF!

MOORE: Jimmy, why don't you go to night school and study to be  
an imbecile.

DURANTE: THAT'S AN IDEA!

MOORE: *You do that.*  
/ Now, I bought a really rare book today. It's a very ancient book about the mixing of rare wines and liquors, entitled -- "Das Freundgrusser Viedersholl Zattsflogen Gesellschaft."

DURANTE: WHAT DOES THAT MEAN IN ENGLISH?

MOORE: Hic!

DURANTE: A DELIGHTFUL BOOK FOR THE KIDDIES.

SOUND: DOOR KNOCKS LOUDLY AND OPENS

PETRIE: Ah, gentlemen, perhaps you'd like to buy this book I wrote; it's a love story called, "Clam Chowder...Clam Chowder...Clam Chowder."

MOORE: That's a love story?

PETRIE: Yes; I just love clam chowder.

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

MOORE: Well, he certainly had the pot for it.

TOODLES: Well, slice me in half and call me a pair of book-ends.  
Hy yuh, boys.

DURANTE: HEAD FOR THE FOXHOLES, MEN...THEY'VE OPENED UP <sup>a</sup> ~~THE~~ SECOND FRONT!

TOODLES: Pipe down, satchel-snoot. I'm a book collector and I'm looking for a very rare book, "The Life of Samson S. Snodgrass."

MOORE: Sorry, madame, we don't ~~happen to~~ have that in stock. But perhaps you care for this old volume of poetry. Let me read you one of the poems. Entitled Chewing Gum..

TOODLES: Chewing gum?

MOORE: Chewing gum.....

Hurray, hurray for chewing gum

How I wish that I had some

Chewing gum is very chewy

Chewing gum is also gooey....foeey.

Doesn't that make you want to cry?

TOODLES: No!

MOORE: It should, it's written on onion skin.

TOODLES: Listen, I want a copy of "The Life of Samson S. Snodgrass."

DURANTE: LADY, FORGET THAT CORNY CHARACTER. NOW HERE'S A BOOK OF SHORT STORIES BY MY FRIEND UMBRIAGO. WHAT A WRITER! PERSONALLY, I THINK HE'S AS GOOD AS PISTACHIO.

MOORE: Jimmy, you mean he's as good as Boccaccio...Pistachio is a nut.

DURANTE: WHAT DO YOU THINK UMBRIAGO IS...INTELLIGENT?

TOODLES: *Aw* Listen you two. I want that book about Mr. Snodgrass, and I'll go as high as ten thousand dollars for it!

*duvents: Ten G's!*

MOORE: Ten thousand dollars! <sup>*To you*</sup> Young lady..and I use the word "Young" in the past tense..you shall have it within 24 hours. (ASIDE) Jimmy, there are only two copies of that book in existence...one is in the Public Library.

DURANTE: THE LIBRARY? MY FAVORITE HAUNT ON A RAINY DAY. LET US BE OFF.

ORCH: \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

DURANTE: (SHOUTING) HEY, THERE, LIBRARIAN..COULD YOU TELL ME...

MOORE: (WHISPERING) Shh, Jimmy...This is a library...not so loud.

DURANTE: (WHISPERING) I'M SORRY, JUNIOR.

MOORE: (WHISPERING) We mustn't disturb those who are trying to read and study.

DURANTE: (WHISPERING) I WOULDN'T DREAM OF IT.

MOORE: (WHISPERING) If you want help from the librarian, <sup>*you need*</sup> <sub>*just*</sub> say...(YELLS)...Hey, Babe...Where are the books?

DURANTE: LOOK, JUNIOR. HERE'S THE BOOK WE'RE LOOKING FOR...THE LIFE OF SAMSON S. SNODGRASS. THEY SHOULDN'T LEAVE A VALUABLE BOOK LIKE THIS LYING AROUND LOOSE. NO ONE'S LOOKING..I'LL JUST REACH OVER AND TAKE IT...

SOUND: ALARM BELL..MACHINE GUNS...CRASH

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DURANTE: THAT J. EDGAR HOOVER! EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE  
ACT!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE

MOORE: Jimmy, the only other copy of the life of Samson Snodgrass  
*right here*  
is in this house...the home of the millionaire John T.  
Frimferger.

DURANTE: OKAY, CLIMB IN THE WINDOW, JUNIOR.

MOORE: *Okay,* Gee...it's dark in here.

DURANTE: YEAH...NOW CRAWL QUIETLY ACROSS THE FLOOR.

MOORE: Okay..I'm crawling.

WOMAN: (HYSTERICAL LAUGH)

DURANTE: JUNIOR, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

MOORE: Somebody left the upstairs maid downstairs. But wait a minute, Jimmy, I've found the bookcase. There's only one book on it. It must be "The Life of Samson S. Snodgrass."

SOUND: POLICE WHISTLE

DURANTE: THE COPS! THE COPS!

MOORE: Here. Jimmy - take the book and run. I'll meet you back at the office in an hour!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

DURANTE: JUNIOR, IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU GOT HERE.

MOORE: *Jimmy,* Have you got "The Life of Samson Snodgrass"?

DURANTE: No, Junior, it was the wrong book. But don't worry, we'll make a fortune with it. WHILE WAITING FOR YOU, I CALLED UP M-G-M IN HOLLYWOOD...THEY BOUGHT THE SCREEN RIGHTS FOR \$75,000, AND THEY'RE GOING TO STAR ME IN IT.

MOORE: *Oh* Good for you, Jimmy!

DURANTE: BOY WHAT A BOOK! WAIT TILL YOU SEE THE TITLE IN LIGHTS AT RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL.

MOORE: What's it called?

DURANTE: JIMMY DURANTE AND GREER GARSON IN..."THE SEARS ROEBUCK CATALOG!"

MUSIC: PLAY OFF

(APPLAUSE)

26<sup>35</sup>

mjs

PETRIE: Garry and Jimmy will be back in just a moment...  
You know, more people want Camel cigarettes now, both  
at home and overseas -- and I think you'll find that  
one big reason for that is more flavor. Yes, if you  
want a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many  
you smoke -- get Camels. Test them out in your taste  
and throat, or, as we say, in your T-Zone. Your  
taste will tell you that Camel cigarettes do have  
more flavor, the result of expert blending of costlier  
tobaccos. Your throat will give you the last word on  
Camel cigarettes' smooth extra mildness. And of course,  
Camels stay fresh, cool-smoking and slow burning,  
because they're packed to go around the world!

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

PETRIE: Camel cigarettes! They're first in the service!  
They've got what it takes!

ORCH: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ INTRO TO "WHO WILL BE WITH YOU"

27<sup>20</sup>

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 magnificent note, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: AN ADORABLE NOTE, MR. MOORE.

MOORE: *Well, James, if you haven't anything to do this evening, I think I can arrange a date for you.*

DURANTE: *Are you kidding, Junior? Why did I get a million I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT THAT, JUNIOR? TELL ME, ARE THERE ANY NICE GIRLS IN THIS TOWN?*

MOORE: *You here? Yep, every one of them?*

DURANTE: *Yeah - and I sure wish I could get one to stand up!* ~~WELL, THEN, HOW FAR IS IT TO THE NEXT TOWN?~~

MOORE: Ah, James. I admire ~~you~~ your flair for frivolous frolicking with the fantastically fanciful feminine gender makes me agog, aghast, aquiver, atremble and a goodly crowd was there.

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT!

ORCH: \_ \_ \_ \_ "WHO WILL BE WITH YOU" PLAYOFF

MOORE: Good night, Mr. Durante

DURANTE: GOOD NIGHT, MR. MOORE.

BOTH: GOOD NIGHT, EVERYBODY (FOLKS)

*2810*

ORCH: \_ \_ \_ \_ UP AND OUT

APPLAUSE

(IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN)

ORCH: \_ \_ \_ \_ (THEME...BUMPER)

PETRIE: Camel broadcasts go out to the United States four times a week, are shortwaved to our men overseas, and to South America. Listen tomorrow to Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks"; Monday to "Blondie"; Thursday to Abbott and Costello; and next Friday to Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore with Georgia Gibbs, Roy Bargy and his orchestra and yours truly, Howard Petrie. *28<sup>25</sup>*

ORCH: - - - - THEME UP - FADE FOR

PETRIE: *28<sup>30</sup>* And remember, Camel cigarettes are packed to go around the world! Camels stay fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world! *28<sup>40</sup>*

ORCH: - - - - THEME UP

APPLAUSE

(BOARD FADE) *28<sup>30</sup>*

(SWITCH TO STUDIO SIX FOR HITCH HIKE)

(IN STUDIO 6)

JEWETT: More pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the whole world! Mister, take the advice of the world's largest group of pipe smokers, and get a big red two-ounce package of Prince Albert. Bet you'll say too, that P.A.'s got Pipe Appeal! You'll like the way Prince Albert's no-bite treated to give you cool, tongue-happy smoking pleasure, and crimp out to pack and burn and draw just right! You'll like P. A.'s swell, rich, nut-sweet flavor, too! More pipes smoke Prince Albert! It's the national Joy Smoke!

29 30

A.NNCR: This is the COLUMBIA... BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

-fade theme 20 seconds-

WABC.....NEW YORK