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REVISED

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

**AS
BROADCAST**

Master - 3/21 - W

CBS NETWORK

FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 1944

PROGRAM NUMBER 52

10:00 - 10:30 PM, EWT

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

PAUL LUTHER

TED JEWETT

DIRECTOR PHIL COHAN

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COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

THE CAMEL PROGRAM -- No. 52

FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 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 CHORD)

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

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 ..³⁰ Brought to you by Camel, the cigarette that's first in the service! Camels stay fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world!⁴⁰

(MUSIC OUT)

And ~~to get this Friday fun-fest under way,~~ I give you now that ~~follow who is a~~ man about town, ^{that} ~~a gay sport,~~ a big spender who throws his money around and just doesn't give a darn which bank it lands in .. the co-star of our show .. Garry Moore!

(APPLAUSE)

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It always nice to start out with a big bluff ...

MOORE: Well, thank you .. thank you very much, Howard, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen .. Well sir, here it is, March 17th .. the day the income tax bureau starts to return your income tax return. They did mine, at least. And there was a nice note pinned to it, ~~that~~ ^{it} said "Have just added your figures ^{up} and expect to see you soon". Signed, "Your good friends Sam and Al."

PETRIE: Sam and Al?

MOORE: Sam Quentin and Al Catraz .. Two awfully nice fellows. I have friends who have been week end guests of theirs for years.

PETRIE: They were really laying for you, were ^{it} they, Garry?

MOORE: ~~Yeah~~ .. well that's fame for you, Howard .. You know some day soon I'm gonna take a trip to a country where nobody knows me .. a country where the name, Garry Moore, means nothing.

PETRIE: That's what I always say, "See America First!"

MOORE: Ha ha .. ~~Oh~~, don't be ridic, you louse .. I mean don't be ridiculous. *Sorry there -* Besides it's time ~~I got~~ ^{to get} on to my big surprise of the evening.

ORCH: FANFARE

MOORE: Last week at the Academy Award Dinner in Hollywood they saluted their outstanding stars.

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MOORE: This week I'm gonna do something for those little unheard
(CONT) of people who did their bit for motion pictures in 1943 ..
With me tonite is Mr. Farnfinsensdindles Pratt of Humming
Plumbing, Vermont .. Last week at Radio City Music Hall,
Mr. Pratt was the first/ⁱⁿ line at a Dorothy LaMour picture,
after standing for ten hours in a storm of rain, sleet and
snow .. Mr. Pratt, what have you got to say?

MAN: LOUD SNEEZE

MOORE: Thank you and gesundheit, Mr. Pratt. .. But one of the
outstanding motion picture's of the year was the epic "For
Whom The Bell Tolls." Everyone connected with that picture
has received wide acclaim. Except one man, Mr. Paramis
P. Prandle .. the man who tolled the bell! .. Good evening,
Mr. Prandle,

FRANDIE: Hello.

MOORE: Mr. Prandle, the audience is dying to know just one thing.
.. what was it that made the bell ring so beautifully? Did
you give it a strong pull?

FRANDLE: No.

MOORE: Well was it a tremendous tug?

FRANDLE: Oh, no.

MOORE: Well then, what was it?

FRANDLE: Just a little jerk.

MOORE: You certainly are and thank you, Mr. Prandle.

MUSIC: CHORD

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PETRIE: And now we come to the Garry Moore Academy Award Winner
for 1943.

ORCH: FANFARE

MOORE: We salute you .. ^{Chevalier Crub} ~~Tutwiler Tittlefnoonk!~~ Last year ^{Chevalier} ~~Tutwiler~~
^{Crub} ~~Tittlefnoonk~~ sat through four movies a day for 365 days.

VOICE: You said it! I have sat through fourteen-hundred ^{double} / features ..
I have sat through eight-hundred-and-thirty newsreels ..
I have sat through two-hundred-and-sixty cartoons ^{I have sat through} / and
ninety-three travelogues of Quatamala making a total of
twenty-five hundred pictures, I have sat through.

MOORE: That's wonderful, Mr. ^{Crub} ~~Tittlefnoonk~~, and I'm happy to give
you this Oscar.

VOICE: Who wants an Oscar .. gimme a rubber cushion.

ORCH: CHORD

MOORE: Well, all that sitting is good for a man ..it gives him
something solid to fall back on later in life .. and with
that thought in mind ...

ORCH: SNEAK IN DURANTE INTRO

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MOORE: We present again that solid citizen ... Jimmy Durante,
in person!

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG..EVEN WHEN THINGS
GO WRONG...(HOLDS NOTE..FOLLOWED BY FLUTE GAG) WAIT A
MINUTE..WAIT A MINUTE..GET RID OF THAT BUM WITH THE
FLUTE..PEOPLE WILL THINK I'M A BALLEET DANCER!

MOORE: I don't know why not. *Jimmy, you've got*
~~you have~~ just the legs for it.

DURANTE: THANKS, JUNIOR..BUT YOU'LL PARDON ME IF I SEEM ALL
A-TWITTER. COMING DOWN IN THE SUBWAY I WAS WORKING OUT
A CROSS WORD PUZZLE WITHOUT A PENCIL (I DO IT THE HARD
WAY) WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN A LITTLE BOY SEATED NEXT TO
ME JUMPED UP, GRABBED A HOLD OF MY NOSE AND TWISTED IT
AND TWISTED IT. BOY! WAS I MAD!

MOORE: Boy, I'll bet you burned up.

DURANTE: /I'LL SAY! WHY THAT KID ALMOST TWISTED IT BACK INTO SHAPE.
HOW NOSE-EE-ATING!

MOORE: *It betcha -*
For a moment there, your entire career was in the hands
of that little boy, *want it!*

DURANTE: INDUBITABLY, ~~MR. MOORE~~, UNQUESTIONABLY..INDUBITABLY..BUT, *Gerry,*
THAT'S NEITHER TOPSY NOR TOY-VEY..WHEN I AWOKE THIS
MORNING (REFRESHED AFTER A SLEEPLESS NIGHT) I DISCOVERED
THAT MY COOK HAD ALREADY SHOVED THE BREAKFAST UNDER MY
DOOR...

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MOORE: How could she possibly shove your breakfast under the door?

DURANTE: MY COOK MAKES VERY THIN PANCAKES! I HAD EATEN HALF WAY THROUGH ONE OF THE PANCAKES WHEN I REALIZED IT WAS A TELEGRAM.

MOORE: *Oh - and* After you scraped off the syrup, what did it say?

DURANTE: IT WAS A PLEA FROM MY FOLLOWERS IN FLATBUSH. IT SAID "WE WANT DURANTE FOR PRESIDENT!"

MOORE: From Flatbush?

Mr. From Flatbush!
DURANTE: YES. *f.* AND EVERYONE KNOWS, "AS FLATBUSH GOES - SO GOES BROOKLYN!"

Oh desi - they're prejudices -
MOORE: / But Jimmy, a presidential candidate has to understand foreign affairs! He has to be familiar with at least two tongues.

DURANTE: FOR YOUR INFORMATION I'M FAMILIAR WITH THREE TONGUES.

MOORE: Really?

DURANTE: YEAH..TONGUE ON WHITE, TONGUE ON RYE AND TONGUE ON PUMPERNICKEL!!!

MOORE: ^{M.D.} ~~Oh, James..~~ the infinitesimal content of gray matter in your cranial cavity is ~~exceeded~~ ^{smaller than} only ~~by~~ the infantile superfluties that exude from your oral cavity.

DURANTE: THAT'S WHAT I TELL THE BOYS IN WASHINGTON. ^{My: Sure} BUT GETTING BACK TO MY CAMPAIGN ACTIVITIES, I LOST NO TIME FINDING OUT HOW I STOOD WITH THE VOTERS --SO I STARTED OUT TO TAKE A NATIONWIDE POLE.

MOORE: Gallup?

DURANTE: NO, I HAD PLENTY OF TIME, I WALKED. GOING FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE, IN PERSON, I RANG THE FIRST DOORBELL I CAME TO. A BEAUTIFUL BLONDE OPENED THE DOOR SO I ASKED HER WHAT SHE THOUGHT OF MY CHANCES.

MOORE: What did she say?

DURANTE: SHE SAID, "NOT SO GOOD, MY HUSBAND'S IN THE LIVING ROOM!" THAT'S THE CONDITIONS THAT PREVAIL!!! ^{Junior} ...BUT WITH MY CAMPAIGN MANAGER I CAN'T LOSE. WHY, HE'S GOT THE GREATEST IDEAS IN THE WORLD!

MOORE: Who's handling your presidential campaign?

DURANTE: UMBRIAGO! THE OTHER DAY HE PLANNED A STUNT THAT HE CLAIMS WOULD MAKE ME AS FAMOUS AS GEORGE WASHINGTON. UMBRIAGO TOOK ME ALL THE WAY DOWN TO VIRGINIA WHERE I THREW A SILVER DOLLAR ACROSS THE POTOMAC!

MOORE: What happened?

DURANTE: MORGENTHAU CAUGHT IT, WITHHELD TWENTY PERCENT
AND THREW IT BACK!

MOORE: *h* Virginia! *that* / Sounds more like it happened deep in
the heart of Texas...ha...ha...

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT!...BUT THE OTHER DAY
UMBRIAGO WANTING TO PROVE TO THE PEOPLE THAT I'M A
MAN OF THE PEOPLE TOOK ME TO DINE IN A CAFETERIA SO
THAT I COULD RUB SHOULDERS WITH THE HOI POLLOO.

MOORE: A cafeteria? That must have been quite a novel
experience for you, Jimmy. What happened?

DURANTE: WELL, WITH UMBRIAGO RIGHT IN BACK OF ME, I GOT IN
LINE WITH MY TRAY IN ONE HAND, THE CHECK JAUNTILY
STUCK IN MY HAT BAND, MY *Oh, your nephew?* NAPKIN/NEATLY STUCK IN
MY COLLAR AND ^a ~~THE~~ BOTTLE OF BICARBONATE WITHIN
EASY REACH. STARTING TO NOODLE AROUND THE SOUP
COUNTER ~~WHEN~~ I SEES A CHOICE - PHILADELPHIA PEPPER
POT OR BOSTON BEAN SOUP. *hell* / HAVING ONCE BEEN ENGAGED
TO A GIRL IN PHILADELPHIA, I NATURALLY ORDERS THE
BOSTON BEAN SOUP...SUDDENLY I FEELS A TAP ON MY
SHOULDER AND UMBRIAGO SAYS "PUT BACK THE BEAN SOUP
AND TAKE THE OTHER".. I AM ANNOYED BUT I AGREES.

A FEW STEPS FURTHER I COMES FACE TO FACE WITH THE
ONTRAYS. YANKEE POT ROAST AND SOUTHERN FRIED
CHICKEN. NOT HAVING ANY CONFEDERATE MONEY ON
ME I CHOOSE THE YANKEE POT ROAST. (MORE)

DURANTE:
(continued)

JUST AS I AM PUTTING IT ON MY TRAY UMBRIAGO AGAIN
TAPS ME ON MY SHOULDER AND SAYS "UH-UH.... PUT BACK
THE POT ROAST AND TAKE THE OTHER...NOT WISHING TO
ENGAGE IN A CONVERSARY/ I BOWS TO HIS INFERIOR
JUDGMENT.

AGAIN I ADVANCES FORWARD AND ^{what do I do} I ESTABLISHES A BEACH
HEAD AT THE PASTRY COUNTER. THERE I SEES A PIECE
OF POUND CAKE AND RIGHT ALONGSIDE OF IT A CREAM
PUFF WITH CHOCOLATE SPRINKLES AND A CHERRY ON TOP.
FOR FIFTEEN YEARS I AIN'T HAD A CREAM PUFF WITH
CHOCOLATE SPRINKLES AND A CHERRY ON TOP SO I MAKES
A GRAB FOR IT. ONCE MORE UMBRIAGO SAYS "UH UH ... PUT
BACK THE CREAM PUFF AND TAKE THE OTHER."

SO I SWINGS AROUND, HANDS UMBRIAGO MY TRAY AND SAYS
HOLD THIS FOR ME...HE SAYS "WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"
I SAID "I'M GOING TO THE MEN'S SMOKING LOUNGE AND
DON'T TELL ME TO TAKE THE OTHER!! "

ORCH: PLAYOFF
(APPLAUSE)

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MOORE: And as Jimmy Durante makes his cheerful exit, this is where Howard Petrie comes in...

PETRIE: Americans of many uniforms meet in Algiers, one of the major bases for Allied attack in the Mediterranean. To Americans in Algiers, to U.S. bases throughout the world go Camel cigarettes, by the million, by the ton, for Camels are first with men in all the services, according to actual sales records. And when the Camel cigarettes get to Algiers --or to you --they're fresh, cool smoking and slow burning, because Camels are packed to go around the world! Today freshness counts, and that's one reason why more people want Camels now, both at home and overseas. More people want Camels - the fresh cigarette, the cigarette with more flavor! Remember, if your store is sold out --Camels are worth asking for again!

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

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

ORCH: INTRO TO "MISSISSIPPI DREAMBOAT"

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PETRIE: With his life preserver in hand, Roy Barge picks up his baton and climbs aboard a Barge arrangement of "Mississippi Dreamboat."

ORCH: "MISSISSIPPI DREAMBOAT"

APPLAUSE

13¹⁵

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DURANTE: AND THAT WAS ROY BARGY, CONDUCTED BY HIS ORCHESTRA,
PLAYING "MISSISSIPPI DREAM-BOAT!".....BUT NEVER
MIND, LET US BE OFF FOR THE CULTURE CORNER AND MR.
GARRY MOORE.

MOORE: Thanks, Giacimo...And I'm proud to say that tonight
I've had a request.

DURANTE: A REQUEST? WELL NEVER MIND WHAT THEY REQUEST, JUNIOR
-- YOU KEEP RIGHT ON BROADCASTING.

MOORE: How do yuh like that?.. This, my friend, was a request
for another of my own magnificent poems. And I am
proud to present the latest of same, entitled "Ode
to an Oyster."

DURANTE: WELL CARRY ON...I'LL BE ALL EARS - EXCEPT FOR MY NOSE.

MOORE: *Thank you,* Maestro? Ode to an Oyster.

ORCHESTRA: SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME

MOORE: All hail the oyster, the noble shell-fish.
To me the oyster is a swell-fish
He is so soft, Ha is so gooey -
And he don't never bite you, do he?
He's got no teeth within his shell -
He's got no nose, so he don't smell
He's got no legs, he's got no knees,
He's got no hair, and thus - no fleas.
He does not walk, he does not choose to.
He's got no feet to fit no shoes to.

MOORE
CONT:

He's got no chest or chest expansion
Or other stuff that I could mention.
He's got no waist, he's got no ribs -
So he ain't shaped like Georgia Gibbs,
He's got no bottom, got no top -
He never knows just which end's up,
And 'cause he has no cerebellum,
There ain't nothin' you can tell 'um.
He's got no thoughts, he does not thinkum.
He's got no tax upon his income.
In fact, I'll bet my bottom button
A oyster ain't got much of nuttin'.

A oyster leads a lonely life.
He's got some kids, but got no wife.
From one year's end until another
He never meets his children's mother.
She waits alone, all cold and quivery,
And has her children - special delivery.
I know to you it must sound queer
To think that he don't want her near
But look at 'em once and you'll see, by heck -
How can they have love when they got no neck?
Ah, yes, a oyster's life is dull -
There is no time when boy meets gull.

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MOORE
CONT:

And yet, with all the things he hasn't
The oyster's life is pretty pleasant
From date of birth until he's dead
He spends his entire life in bed!
He just lies there, beneath the water
And thinks the thoughts a oyster oughter.
He's got no job, he's got no work -
No orders to take from an irksome jer - employer.
He Has no elections - has not votes,
He's never heard of Mairzy Doats.
And he don't need no train priority
To get back home from Miama, Flority.
So hail to you, my little sweet -
I'm sure some day our paths will meet.
And when they do, why bless your heart,
We will never ever part.
I'll be wearing my tails, of course -
And you'll be wearing - HIC - tabasco sauce.

ORCHESTRA: PLAY-OFF

(APPLAUSE)

16⁵⁵

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~~DURANTE: GARRY, ALLOW ME TO FA-LISSY-TATE YOU! YOU WRITE YOUR
 POEMS THE EASY WAY....IN MY POEMS I TAKE A WORD LIKE
 "CASH" AND RHYME IT WITH WORDS LIKE "MEAT AND
 POTATOES."~~

MOORE: Jimmie - Meat and potatoes do not rhyme with cash.

~~DURANTE: THEY DO IF YOU MAKE HASH OUT OF 'EM!....HA HA HA -
 I CAUGHT HIM WITH HIS SARAH-BELLOM DOWN!~~

MOORE: *Thank you very much, my friends.*
~~You did, indeed.~~

ORCHESTRA: SNEAK IN GIBB'S INTRO

MOORE: But look out now - hold^{on}/your hats, it's her Nibs,
 Miss Gibbs, Hi'yuh, Georgia.

GEORGIA: Hi'yuh, Garry...Tonight I've got a new song that's
 right in your precinct. It's the sad lament of a
 girl who works the night-shift - called "Milkman,
 Keep Those Bottles Quiet!"

MOORE: *Keep them - look out - it's*
 Georgia Gibbs.

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GIBBS: MILKMAN KEEP THOSE BOTTLES QUIET
 (APPLAUSE)

19⁰⁰

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MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

LUTHER: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Private First Class Harry H. Harmisch, of Buffalo, New York, one of the Marines who stormed Namur Island, in the Marshalls. Blown twenty feet into the ocean by Japanese explosives, and knocked unconscious, he was pulled in to shore and regained consciousness with enemy bullets whizzing all around him. Private Harmisch refused medical aid, picked up a gun, and joined the attack. In your honor, Private First Class Harry Harmisch, the makers of Camels are sending to our Marines in the Pacific three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)
(APPLAUSE)

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PETRIE: 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: PLAYOFF

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MOORE: And now the Friday night Camel Show brings you a play about detectives, entitled: ^{Centers} ~~(DOG BARK)~~

ORCH: DRUM ROLL

MOORE: ^{Centers} ~~(HEN CACKLE)~~ Or.. "Bulldog Drummond Lays An Egg".
Now, Jimmy, in this play you and I are detectives. Have you ever done any detective work?

DURANTE: WHY IN MY YOUTH I WAS KNOWN AS ~~THE SLEUTH AT~~ THE UNCOUTH SLEUTH WITH THE LOOSE TOOTH! ONLY ^{Today} ~~YESTERDAY~~ A GUY CALLS ME UP AND SAYS, "DURANTE, THERE WAS A BIG BURGLARY DOWNTOWN YESTERDAY. I WON'T ^{feel safe} ~~REST EASY~~ TILL I KNOW YOU'RE ON THE CASE."

MOORE: Who was it that called?

DURANTE: THE BURGLAR!

MOORE: WHAT A DETECTIVE! YOU SHOULD RENT YOUR NOSE OUT TO A BLOOD HOUND. ^{de J will on} COME NOW, LET'S GET TO OUR ~~PRIVATE~~ DETECTIVE AGENCY AT ONCE.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: PHONE RINGS..PHONE UP.

MOORE: Hello..Moore and Durante, Private Detectives.

PETRIE: (FILTER) Mr. Moore, are you working on anything right now?

MOORE: Indeed I am .. I've been called in by the Income Tax Bureau to guard the billions of dollars they have there in Washington. I hear they're going to make a movie about all the money.

PETRIE: What'll they call it?

MOORE: The Miracle of Morganthau's Creek.

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

MOORE: And I'm really up it, too. Now let's see *did get*

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS

DURANTE: PHONE FOR THE POLICE! CALL THE F.B.O.! THERE'S LARCENY AMOK!

MOORE: Calm down, Jimmy! What's wrong?

DURANTE: WHAT'S WRONG? TODAY, I'M TRYING TO SOLVE A MYSTERY, SO I WALK INTO A HOTEL AND I STAND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE LOBBY DISGUISED AS A POTTED PLANT. *Mr. Zuck* I'VE GOT LEAVES IN MY HAIR, MY ARMS ARE PAINTED GREEN, AND IN EACH HAND I'M HOLDING A PE-TUNE-YA.

MOORE: Was it a good disguise?

DURANTE: WAS IT! A BELLBOY CAME UP AND Poured THREE PITCHERS OF WATER INTO MY GALOSHES! WHAT A DAMP EXPERIENCE!

MOORE: Forget it, Jimmy! Let's turn on the police radio and see what's cooking with the crime bulletins.

SOUND: CLICK OF SWITCH

CANTOR: (ON FILTER) Hello men .. (LAUGH) Here's our big crime item for tonight .. Mr. Timothy T. Twillbottom was just found dead in his Park Avenue home. He was poisoned, shot, stabbed and strangled.

MOORE: Poisoned, shot, stabbed and strangled. What do you make of that, Jimmy?

DURNATE: IT SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY WAS ANNOYED WITH HIM.

MOORE: *A great deduction, James. Listen*
~~Come on, Jimmy!~~ We'll solve that case by following my reliable rule. "Cherchez La Femme". Find a Woman!

DURANTE: FIND A WOMAN? DO YOU SOLVE MANY CASES THAT WAY?

MOORE: No .. but I have lots of fun. Let's get going, *shall we?*

MUSIC: BRIDGE

DURANTE: WELL, HERE WE ARE AT TWILLBOTTOM'S MANSION, JUNIOR. I'LL RING THE DOORBELL.

SOUND: TWO GUN SHOTS

DURANTE: OW!

MOORE: Jimmy, Somebody shot at you! Are you wearing your bullet-proof vest?

DURANTE: WHERE THEY SHOT ME .. A VEST WOULDN'T DO ANY GOOD.

MOORE: A bull's eye, eh .. Well, come on in the house.....

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

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GIRL: (SEXY VOICE) What's your hurry, boys. Pull up a sofa and sit down.

DURANTE: DON'T TOUCH THAT DAME, GARRY .. SHE MAY BE A BOOBY-TRAP?

GIRL: Mr. Moore, my husband's just been murdered ~~and~~ I'm all alone. ~~I need some company.~~ What can I do for affection.

MOORE: Well, I could (COUGH) tell you where to get a cocker-spaniel cheap (WOOF, WOOF)

DURANTE: STOP THE SMALL TALK, PARTNER, I'VE JUST UNCLOVERED A CLUE.

MOORE: Oh .. glood!

DURANTE: YOU SEE THAT HORSE STANDING OUT THERE IN THE STREET.

MOORE: What do we need with a horse?

DURANTE: MAYBE THE HORSE SAW THE CRIME COMMITTED AND HE CAN TELL US WHO DID IT!

MOORE: Why, Jimmy, how can a horse possibly tell us anything.

DURANTE: VERY SIMPLE, JUNIOR, ALL HORSES CARRY TALES. I GOT A MILLION OF 'EM! *A million of 'em!*

MOORE: Don't be ridiculous, Jimmy. If we want to solve this mystery we'd better search the house.

DURANTE: OKAY, JUNIOR .. YOU FOLLOW IN FRONT OF ME.

MUSIC: BRIDGE (MYSTERIOSO)

MOORE: ~~Don't~~ walk quietly, Jimmy .. *Walk quietly -* I think there's somebody in this room here. Open the door.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

PETRIE: Oh, don't strike me! .. Don't strike me! .. Please don't strike me!

MOORE: Who are you?

PETRIE: Oh, just a little match!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

DURANTE: *You know, Junior,* THAT GUY SHOULD BE ARRESTED FOR IMPERSONATING A HUMAN BEING. JUNIOR, I GOT AN IDEA. MAYBE WE OUGHT TO ...

SOUND: PHONE RINGS AND RECEIVER UP

DURANTE: HELLO ...

KOHL: (MENACING WHISPER) Durante, this is your last *Chance* warning.

DURANTE: YOU CAN'T SCARE ME.

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VOICE: *Take warning - He knows every move you make*
~~Remember~~ .. no matter where you go we'll get you .. Take
~~warning.~~

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

MOORE: Who was that?

DURANTE: THE MAN FROM THE DRAFT BOARD! EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO
THE ACT!

MOORE: *Quanto*
~~James~~, we've got to crack this case. Look, there's a
secret panel in the wall. I'll open it.

SOUND: WOOD SQUEAK ...

MOORE: *Oh-oh*
There's a flight of stairs leading down. Follow me.

MUSIC: PIZZICATTO WALKING DOWNSTAIRS EFFECT.

DURANTE: HERE'S ANOTHER DOOR.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MOORE: Look there's a flight of stairs going up. Come on.

MUSIC: PIZZICATTO WALKING UPSTAIRS EFFECT.

DURANTE: NOW LET'S SEE WHAT'S BEHIND THIS CLOSED DOOR.

SOUND: WOOD SQUEAK....

DURANTE: GOOD HEAVENS! LOOK!

MOORE: Well, as long as we're here we may as well wash our hands.

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DURANTE: THIS CASE HAS MORE ANGLES TO IT THAN A SKINNY FAN-DANCER!!
LET'S CALL ALL THE SUSPECTS TOGETHER AND FIND THE MURDERER.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

PETRIE: (STRAIGHT, AS ANNOUNCER) Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr. Moore and Mr. Durante will be back in exactly 30 seconds to bring you the solution to this baffling mystery ..But in the meantime, we ask you to match your wits against theirs. Who do you think murdered Timothy Twillbottom? Now .. here are Moore and Durante .. Private Detectives.

MOORE: Thank you, Howard Petrie. Ladies and Gentlemen, what solution have you arrived at? Who was the killer?

1st man
DURANTE: WAS IT THE BUTLER?

Girl
MOORE: Was it the wife?

2nd man
DURANTE: WAS IT THE MAD PROFESSOR?

MOORE: Do you know who committed this fiendish crime? ~~You don't?~~

Durante: You don't?

MOORE:)
DURANTE:) (IN UNISON) WELL, NEITHER DO WE!

MUSIC: PLAY OFF

APPLAUSE

26¹⁰

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PETRIE: Jimmy and Garry will be back in a minute--maybe in the meantime you boys would like to play a little Polly Wolly Doodle with a flat, flat.

ORCH: "Oh, I'm goin' to Louisiana for to see my Susyanna, singing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day!" (LAST FEW NOTES VERY FLAT)

PETRIE: ^{oh} Now that was flat -- and it can be worse in your cigarette! Don't let wartime flatness take the fun out of your smoking-- get Camels for more flavor. If you're looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many you smoke-- get Camels for more flavor! Camel cigarettes are made of costlier tobaccos--expertly blended to give them more flavor--and more flavor's the thing that helps Camels hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke! The best way I know to prove that is to test Camel cigarettes in your T-Zone. Let your taste tell you that Camels do have more flavor -- let your throat give you the last word on Camel cigarettes' smooth extra mildness. And remember, Camel cigarettes 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"

27¹⁵

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 Georgia Gibbs, Roy Bargy and his orchestra, yours truly, Howard Petrie,

MOORE: And Jimmy Durante,

DURANTE: AND GARRY MOORE.

BOTH: IN PERSON!

(APPLAUSE)

28 26

ORCH: THEME UP .. FADE FOR

PETRIE: *28* And remember .. get Camels for more flavor! If you're looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many you smoke, get Camels, for more flavor! *28 40*

ORCH: THEME UP

(APPLAUSE)

BOARD FADE

(SWITCH TO STUDIO SIX FOR HITCH HIKE)

28 45

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(IN STUDIO SIX)

JEWETT: More pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the whole world! Yessir, and when you discover how easy P.A. is on your tongue, I'll bet you'll make your pipe one more pipe to smoke Prince Albert! You see, P.A.'s no-bite treated to give you cool, tongue-happy smoking comfort. Crimp cut, too, to pack and burn and draw just right! The big red two-ounce package of Prince Albert holds around fifty rich-tasting, swell-smoking pipefuls. Get one tomorrow and find out about P.A.'s Pipe Appeal. More pipes smoke Prince Albert! It's the National Joy Smoke!

2/2/50

ANNCR: This is CBS, the COLUMBIA ... BROADCASTING SYSTEM

- fade theme 20 seconds -

WABC...NEW YORK

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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 bewilderment, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: A NOTE OF JOY, MR. MOORE.

MOORE: Well, Jimmy, with the closing of tonight's program, we've
been on the air together for fifty-two weeks.

DURANTE: FIFTY-TWO WEEKS? WHY THAT'S ALMOST A YEAR!

MOORE: *It certainly is - and*
/Next week will be our first anniversary and I think we ought
to do an important dramatic play.

PETRIE: *Say*
/How about "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." I'll be the
hunchback.

DURANTE: WELL, I'LL BE NOTRE ...

MOORE: Well I'll be .. no I won't either.

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO *almost* SAID THAT!

ORCH: "WHO WILL BE WITH YOU" PLAY OFF

MOORE: Good night, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: GOOD NIGHT, MR. MOORE.

BOTH: GOOD NIGHT EVERYBODY (FOLKS)

ORCH: UP AND OUT

(APPLAUSE)

(IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN)

ORCH: (THEME .. BUMPER)

cgh