

AS  
BROADCAST

*Master - May 16, 1944*  
(REVISED) *PA*

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY  
CAMEL CIGARETTES  
THE CAMEL PROGRAM

CBS NETWORK

FRIDAY, MAY 5, 1944

PROGRAM NO. 59

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

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

ELVIA ALLMAN

CHARLIE CANTOR

PATRICK MCGEEHAN

FRED SHIELDS

DIRECTOR.....PHIL COHAN

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

FRIDAY, MAY 5, 1944

NO. 59

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

*Started 5 seconds late.*

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

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

(AFTER THREE....FIVE SECONDS)

SOUND: PHONE RINGS...PHONE UP

MOORE: Hello...this is Garry Moore speaking!

DURANTE: HELLO, JUNIOR...THIS IS JIMMY!

MOORE: Jimmy Durante! Where are you?

DURANTE: I'M IN MY CAR ON VINE STREET AND I CAN'T FIND THE STUDIO!

MOORE: Jimmy! All you have to do is follow your nose.

DURANTE: FOLLOW MY NOSE? ~~THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!~~ I ONLY ~~HAVE~~ <sup>got</sup> AN  
"A" BOOK.

ORCHESTRA: (PYRAMID CHORDS)

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

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

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (THEME FULL AND FADE FOR:)

*15*

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM" -2-  
5/5/44 (REVISED)

PETRIE: Yes, it's the Friday Night Camel Show...Jimmy Durante,  
Garry Moore, Georgia Gibbs, Roy Bargy and his Orchestra  
and yours truly, Howard Petrie...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!

MUSIC: (OUT)

PETRIE: And now we introduce the co-star of our show, a young  
man who came out to Hollywood to make pictures --  
and here he is with his Number Two Brownie -- Garry Moore.  
(APPLAUSE)

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MOORE: Well, ~~thank you...~~ Thank you VERY much, my friends, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen. <sup>it's</sup> nice to be with you -- and if any members of my draft board are listening in <sup>tonight - gentlemen,</sup> -- you'll be glad to know that I'm feeling just fi--(COUGH) Just great.

PETRIE: <sup>Say, Garry, old man</sup> Maybe you need more meat, old man.

MOORE: <sup>Howard</sup> Oh yeah -- especially since they cut out the rationing. Last night for the first time in a year I had all the meat I could eat.

PETRIE: <sup>oh</sup> But, Garry -- steak and beef is still rationed,

MOORE: Yeah, but that lambain't ba-a-a-a-d.....

PETRIE: <sup>Tell me</sup> Where did you go -- to the Brown Derby?

MOORE: Yeah, and that's what I like about Hollywood <sup>Howard</sup> -- everything here is the biggest of its kind. The Hollywood restaurants -- biggest ones in the world...the Hollywood Bowl -- biggest one in the world...the parking lots -- biggest one in the world...And that's why Hollywood hates Germany.

PETRIE: Why?

MOORE: Well, you know what Hitler is?

PETRIE: Yeah?

MOORE: Biggest one in the world!...But then, Hollywood has some small people, too. And tonight we interview Hollywood's leading sandwich designer, Mr. Trellis Crumb...Mr. Crumb not only designs sandwiches named after the stars, he also tests each sandwich himself...Am I right, Mr. Crumb?

CANTOR: (MOUTH FULL OF SANDWICH) You said it, Mr. Moore <sup>M: Now I know what</sup> -- ~~certainly said it!~~... (SWALLOWS) Excuse me -- I'm working <sup>you a headed</sup> <sup>veal cutter</sup> <sup>feels like</sup> overtime tonight.

MOORE: That's quite all right...What is that sandwich you're eating now?

CANTOR: This <sup>here</sup>/is my new Gene Autry sandwich. One sprig of cactus between two slices of bread.

MOORE: What's the cactus for?

CANTOR: That way you can eat a sandwich and pick your teeth at the same time. <sup>its</sup> Good -- ain't it?

MOORE: Oh, wonderful!

CANTOR: <sup>Thanks</sup> But the sandwich of which I'm proudest of <sup>that's</sup> my Clark Gable sandwich. Yuh take two thin slices of bread, and in between, tabasco sauce, mustard, horseradish, red pepper and curry powder.

MOORE: Why do you call it the Clark Gable sandwich?

CANTOR: You take a bite, your upper lip sprouts a moustache, your ears stick out at right angles, and your sinuses hum "Nothing Can Stop the Army Air Corps."

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: *That's a lovely sandwich I'm wearing*  
*on*, he's a grand boy...He tried to name a sandwich  
after me last week, but I turned him down.

PETRIE: what was in it?

MOORE: Half-baked ham with lots of crust /... But with that to  
one side --- *I slugged him later*  
*3<sup>20</sup>*

ORCHESTRA: (SNEAK IN DURANTE INTRODUCTION)

MOORE: Here *is* -- Camel's white-haired boy and that dark horse  
Presidential candidate -- Jimmy Durante -- in person!

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG..STOP THE  
MUSIC...STOP THE MUSIC...WHAT A BAND...THE ONLY TIME  
THOSE GUYS FINISH TOGETHER IS WHEN THEY'RE EATING!

MOORE: *Now - now -*  
You look upset, James. What's troubling you?

DURANTE: LAST NIGHT I TOOK MY GIRL TO THE PALLADIUM  
AND BELIEVE ME *Garry* I'M FINISHED. I'LL NEVER SEE HER AGAIN.  
IMAGINE, THE NERVE OF THAT DAME ASKING ME IF I COULD DANCE.

MOORE: what's wrong with that?

DURANTE: WE WERE DANCING AT THE TIME!

*me, who trips the  
light fantastic.*

MOORE: *oh Jimmy*  
~~Ah, James.....~~ I always said, you certainly have a fine  
head on your shoulders!

DURANTE: CAN YOU THINK OF A BETTER PLACE FOR IT!! BUT THAT IS  
NEITHER ARTURO...TOSCA...NOR NINNY....I WAS AT HOME LAST  
NIGHT ~~PLAYING~~ *laughing* ON THE PIANO WITH A BEER MUG. (I WAS PLAYING  
IT THE STEIN WAY) WHEN SUDDENLY ~~I~~ I GOT A CALL FROM THE  
DURANTE-FOR-PRESIDENT CLUB ~~OF AMERICA~~. THEY SUGGESTED THAT  
I TAKE ANOTHER GOOD WILL TOUR OF SOUTH AMERICA.

MOORE: I don't want to be an old nose, Jimmy, but what do you know  
about South America and its people?

DURANTE: WHY I KNEW BESAMAY BEFORE SHE EVEN HAD A MUCHO. ~~WHY~~ ONLY  
LAST YEAR I MADE AN EXTENDED TOUR OF SOUTH AMERICA TO  
STRENGTHEN OUR GOOD NEIGHBOR POLICY.

MOORE: Did you meet with much success?

DURANTE: INDUBITABLY! THE DAY I LANDED THE WHOLE CITY WAS OUT TO  
GREET ME AND I WAS DRESSED LIKE A TRUE SOUTH AMERICAN. I  
HAD A PANAMA HAT (WHICH I HAD FISHED OUT OF THE CANAL) AND  
I WAS WEARING WHITE SHOES, A WHITE SHIRT AND A WHITE SUIT!

MOORE: Did they present you with the keys to the city?

DURANTE: NO -- THEY HANDED ME A BROOM! (A MOST ESSENTIAL OCCUPATION)  
*M: Certainly*  
FROM THERE I WENT TO RIO DE JAN-AIR-O *M: As you want to say that again!* ..WHAT A  
COSMOPOLITAN CITY AND WHAT DELICIOUS FOOD. I ATE ALL MY  
MEALS OUTDOORS.

MOORE: A la carte?

DURANTE: NO, ~~PUSH~~ <sup>Pushcart</sup> CART! I GOT A MILLION OF 'EM ... A MILLION OF 'EM! BUT THE BIGGEST HONOR PAID ME WAS WHEN I WAS SPECIAL GUEST AT A PAGEANT REPRESENTING ALL THE COUNTRIES IN SOUTH AMERICA. ONE MAN REPRESENTED CHILE BECAUSE HE WAS A BIG OIL MAN. ANOTHER MAN REPRESENTED ARGENTINA BECAUSE HE WAS A CATTLE MAN. AND WHO DO YOU THINK REPRESENTED BRAZIL?

MOORE: Who?

DURANTE: UMBRIAGO!

MOORE: Why did Umbriago represent Brazil?

DURANTE: CAUSE HE WAS NUTS!!

MOORE: You may be a hot man south of the border, Jimmy, but what's new on the domestic front?

DURANTE: I'M GLAD YOU ASKED <sup>he</sup> CAUSE I'D LIKE TO NARRATE AN EXPERIENCE I HAD TODAY/WHEN I DROVE DOWN TO MY CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS AT THE BILTMORE HOTEL.

MOORE: <sup>Well</sup> Tell me about it, Jimmy.

*I'll make it easier for you - I'd like to tell you about an experience I had today.*



DURANTE: BEING IN THE PUBLIC EYE, I HAVE TO MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION, SO INSTEAD OF TAKING MY 1923 ESSEX WITH THE PETTY POINT UPHOLSTERY, I TOOK THE 1924 CHEVY WITH THE FRINGE ON TOP, PLUS THE CHROMIUM BUMPER, AND THE SHINY FENDERS (THAT I CAN SEE MY FACE IN) <sup>then</sup> I PULLS UP TO THE BILTMORE AND I LOOKS FOR A PLACE TO PARK.

BUT THE TRAFFIC SITUATION IS POSITIVELY AMUCK; THREE TIMES I RIDES AROUND THE BLOCK AND FINALLY I FINDS A DELIGHTFUL SPACE. STANDING ON THE SIDEWALK, THERE'S A BIG ST. BERNARD. I STARTS TO PULL IN WHEN THE DOG STEPS ASIDE AND WHAT DO YOU THINK? ~~WHAT~~ <sup>The dog had</sup> BEEN HIDING A HYDRANT! (THAT'S THE CONDITIONS THAT PREVAIL!)

ONCE AGAIN I GOES AROUND THE BLOCK. AT LAST DAME FORTUNE SMILES AT DURANTE AND (BEING A GENTLEMAN) DURANTE SMILES BACK. THERE IN FRONT OF ME, IS A SPACE RIGHT BETWEEN TWO CARS. THERE'S A STUDEBAKER IN FRONT AND A BUICK BEHIND. IT LOOKS LIKE A SNUG FIT. SO, CAREFUL NOT TO BUMP THE CHROMIUM BUMPERS OR CRUSH THE SHINY FENDERS (THAT I CAN SEE MY FACE IN) I STARTS TO BACK IN. BUT I CAN'T MAKE IT.

I EITHER GOTTA GET A LARGER <sup>Parking</sup> SPACE OR I GOTTA VASELINE MY CAR...HAVING NO VASELINE HANDY I WAS ABOUT TO GIVE UP WHEN A STOUT MAN (WHO IS FAIRLY PLUMP) STEPS UP AND SAYS, "IT'S A CINCH, STRANGER -- JUST CUT HER HARD TO THE RIGHT."

(CONTINUED)

DURANTE: SO I PULLS UP TO THE STUDEBAKER IN FRONT, CUTS HER HARD TO THE RIGHT, AND BACKS UP RIGHT INTO THE BUICK BEHIND. I JUMPS OUT AND LOOKS INTO THE SHINY FENDERS AND SEES MY FACE...BUT THIS TIME MY FACE IS FULL OF WRINKLES. *Then* I TAKE A LOOK AT MY CHROMIUM BUMPER AND IT'S STILL ATTACHED. *g* BUT NOW IT'S ATTACHED TO THE CAR IN FRONT OF ME!!

AGAIN MY FAT FRIEND *steps* ~~STOPPED~~ UP AND SAID... "TRY IT AGAIN. REMEMBER -- NOTHING VENTURED NOTHING GAINED." I'M SWEATING AND HE'S EPIGRAMMING! SO THIS TIME I REALLY CUTS HER HARD TO THE RIGHT. I HEARS A CRASH...AND WHAT HAPPENS MY HEADLIGHTS ARE BLOODSHOT AND MY TAIL LIGHT IS DRAGGING.... BUT AT LAST I'M PARKED. A VICTORY.

*Just then steps up and*  
/ MY FAT FRIEND/SAYS "I TOLD YOU IT WAS A CINCH." AND THEN WHAT DO YOU THINK HE DOES!

MOORE: What, Jimmy?

DURANTE: HE GETS IN THE CAR RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME AND DRIVES OFF!

*Moore: oh!*  
ORCHESTRA: (PLAY-OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

*855*

5/5/44

MOORE:

Thank you, Jimmy - when you <sup>finish</sup> ~~sing~~, the world <sup>is spinning</sup> ~~just spins~~ around, which makes it handy for a guy like -  
Howard Petrie!

PETRIE:

Almost due south of Pearl Harbor lies Canton Island, central Pacific base hundreds of miles from everything. To Americans on Canton Island, to U.S. bases and outposts 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! Get a fresh Camel on Canton Island, we say - and get a fresh Camel around your corner too. Yes, Camel cigarettes stay fresh cool smoking, and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world ! Both at home and overseas more people want Camels - the fresh cigarette, the cigarette with more flavor! So remember, if your store is sold out-- Camel cigarettes are worth asking for again!

CHORUS:

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

PETRIE:

Camel cigarettes! Camels standard of costlier tobaccos is the same for soldier, for civilian, anywhere in the world!

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO SAN FERNANDO VALLEY)

9<sup>53</sup>

PETRIE: Roy Bargy and the orchestra now, in a Roy Bargy  
arrangement of "San Fernando Valley." *10<sup>05</sup>*

ORCHESTRA: (SAN FERNANDO VALLEY)

(APPLAUSE)

*12<sup>10</sup>*

DURANTE: AND THAT WAS ROY BARGY PLAYING "SAN FERNANDO VALLEY" —

*That's a fine thing for a high class program!*

*more: It sure is*

*Durante:* BUT THAT IS INCONSEQUENTIAL TO THE UTMOST....AT THIS MOMENT  
WE TURN TO MR. GARRY MOORE FOR ANOTHER OF HIS WELL  
KNOWN STORIES OF LITTLE KNOWN PEOPLE...AM I RIGHT, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Indubitably, James...And tonight I'd like to tell you  
about one of the saddest men I have ever known; the story  
of Alphonse A. Abbeldrabb.

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

DURANTE: I SHALL RETIRE TO MY MORRIS CHAIR AND LISTEN...AND I'LL  
ASK MORRIS TO LISTEN, TOO.

MOORE: ~~Fast's nice of you,~~ James....But I thought you ought to  
know about Alphonse A. Abbeldrabb, for he was an unusual  
man....He was born in the little town of Motorcycle,  
Minnesota-

ORCHESTRA: (CUT MUSIC)

MOORE: Which is just across the river from (Biz), Wisconsin ...  
And he would have been living there yet, but while still  
an infant his family moved..They felt that the baby  
needed a change..And my but they were a happy little group.  
Alphonse was his father's only off-spring...I say  
"only off-spring" - he was not only off in the Spring,  
he was pretty wacky in the winter, too.....In fact, if  
you asked anyone about Alphonse A. Abbeldrabb, they'd say  
he didn't know beans..But then he was drafted, and after  
three years in the army - boy, did he know beans!

(CONTINUED)

MOORE:  
(Cont'd)

And so it went - he got out of the army, and still the name Alphonse A. Abbeldrabb meant nothing..But then - things began to happen...His father died at the age of 112 while sliding into third base....(He was playing for the Brooklyn Dodgers)..Well, naturally, the Dodgers were sorry to lose their youngest player - and <sup>with this event</sup> Alphonse became the head of the family....And still his name meant nothing....But when the new phone directory came out that year - a wonderful thing had happened.

ORCHESTRA: (CHORD,....HOLD UNDER)

MOORE: The very first name on the very first page of the new <sup>tele-</sup> phone directory was -

ORCHESTRA: (CHORD)

MOORE: Alphonse A. Abbeldrabb!

ORCHESTRA: (MORNING ...FIRST CHORD BIG)

MOORE: Now - at long last - the name Alphonse A. Abbeldrabb was important...Whenever Alphonse would walk down the street people would say -

CANTOR: There goes Alphonse A. Abbeldrabb - he's the first man in the phone book!

ORCHESTRA: (CHORD)

ELVIA: That's him! Alphonse A. Abbeldrabb!

PETRIE: He's first in the phone book!

ORCHESTRA: (CHORD)

ELVIA: First in the phone book!

ORCHESTRA: (CHORD)

PETRIE: First in the phone book!"

ORCHESTRA. (CHORD)

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CANTOR: He's first!

ORCHESTRA: (CHORD)

ELVIA: He's first!

ORCHESTRA: (CHORD)

PETRIE: He's first!

ORCHESTRA: (CHORD)

CANTOR: He's first!

ORCHESTRA: (CHORD)

MOORE: ALPHONSE A. ABBELDRABB! FIRST IN THE PHONE BOOK!

ORCHESTRA: (POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE ... (FADE ON CUE))

MOORE: Yes, Alphonse was a happy man to be first in the phone book...At last his name was important...But one day, a moving van pulled up to the house next door, and a strange new neighbor appeared ... Alphonse, wishing to make known his importance, walked up to the stranger and said.

CANTOR: Welcome, stranger. My name is Alphonse A. Abbeldrabb.

PETRIE: *Well* Glad to know you, old man. My name is Abercrombie A. Aabenbaben.

ORCHESTRA: (LOW TRAGIC CHORD)

CANTOR: What was that name again, please?

PETRIE: Abercrombie A. Aabenbaben.

CANTOR: How do yuh spell Aabenbaben? One A or two? *4's r*

PETRIE: Three..

CANTOR: (SCREAM)

ORCHESTRA: (SOUL SHAKER WITH CANTOR'S SCREAM)

ORCHESTRA:(SEA BURIAL (HOLD LOW)

MOORE: Not first in the phone book any more!...Again  
Alphonse A. Abbeldrabb was unknown - completely overshadowed  
by Abercrombie A. Aabenbaben.

CANTOR: (SOBBING IN BACKGROUND)

MOORE: He would sit by the hour, crying into his telephone book;  
a broken man....And one day there came a knock at his door -

ORCHESTRA:(CUT MUSIC)

CANTOR: Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

MOORE: I'm looking for Alphonse A. Abbeldrabb.

CANTOR: I'm Abbeldrabb.



MOORE: Mr. Abbeldrabb, I'm from the law firm of Habeas, Corpus, Corpus and Pussle..A distant cousin of yours has just died and left you nine hundred billion dollars.

CANTOR: I don't want no nine hundred billion dollars.

MOORE: Well, according to your late cousin's will, you have to do one thing before you can get the money. You have to change your name to the same as your cousin who died.

CANTOR: That's just silly...What's his name?

MOORE: Zybyisko <sup>K.</sup> Zizz.

ORCHESTRA: (SUSPENSE CHORD)

CANTOR: Zybyisko K. Zizz?...How many Z's in Zybyisko Z. Zizz?

MOORE: There are fourteen Z's in Zybyisko Z. Zizz.

CANTOR: FOURTEEN Z'S IN ZYBYSKO Z. ZIZZ.. <sup>Now</sup> (HA HA HA HA AH) I'M THE LAST MAN IN THE TELEPHONE BOOK!

ORCHESTRA: (HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN)

MOORE: And so my friends Alphonse A. Abbeldrabb - or Zybsysko Z. Zizz as we know him now -- was happy once again; and ~~is until this day~~...And the moral of our story is -- He who laughs last - don't catch on very quickly - does he?

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY-OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

16<sup>45</sup>

ORCHESTRA: (SNEAK IN GIBBS' INTRODUCTION)

MOORE: Thank you, my friends - thanks a lot...And I don't know who's first in the phone book, but first in my book last and always - is her Nibs, Miss Gibbs..Hi'yuh, Georgia.

GEORGIA: Hi'yuh, Garry....<sup>Know sometimes it likes people a</sup>  
~~You got me so worked up over~~  
~~long time to discover the obvious. Seven years ago~~  
~~Alphonse A. Abbeldrabb, that I think maybe a slow ballad~~  
~~a beautiful song was written... But not until~~  
~~should be in order...How'juh like to hear "I'll Be~~  
~~Seeing You?"~~ <sup>did people start to sing</sup>

MOORE: ~~I'll be hearin' you~~.....Georgia Gibbs, my friends.

GIBBS: I'LL BE SEEING YOU

(APPLAUSE)

17<sup>10</sup>

1940

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MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

McGEEHAN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Sergeant Jacob L. Peterson, of Central Islip, New York, waist gunner in a Liberator bomber on a raid over Truk. Attacked by thirty to forty Zeros, the bomber was riddled with machine-gun and cannon fire. One explosive shell burst near Sergeant Peterson's position, breaking his leg and wounding his arm. In spite of his wounds, he crawled back to his gun... and, firing it with one hand, shot down a Zero before another crew member took over his position. In your honor, Sergeant Jacob Peterson, the makers of Camels are sending to our soldiers overseas, three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

(APPLAUSE)

MCWIRLE: 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.

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY-OFF)

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DURANTE: AND NOW THE FRIDAY NIGHT CAMEL SHOW BRINGS YOU ANOTHER STIRRING DRAMA.

MOORE: Yes, James, and this week it's a drama of Art and Painting, entitled: "The Story of the Slow Artist," OR "No Matter How Hard He Tried He Couldn't Get the Lead out of His Paints." Now Jimmy, in this play you and I are the owners of a museum. Do you know anything about art??

DURANTE: I'M FAMILIAR WITH EVERY ARTERY THERE IS! <sup>M. Good.</sup> ...IN MY YOUTH, I WAS A MICHAEL ANGELO WITH THE COLORS! A VAN GO WITH THE EASEL AND A REMBRANDT WITH THE CANVAS.

MOORE: How were you with the brushes??

DURANTE: THERE NEVER WAS A BETTER MAN WORKING FOR FULLER!

MOORE: Well, <sup>in that case</sup> then let us ~~hit~~ to the museum.

*Durante: Let us lie.*

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

SOUND: TELEPHONE RING...RECEIVER UP

MOORE: Hello, Durante-Moore Museum...If it walks, we have it; if it flies, we have it; ... if it swims, we have it; and if it smells, we've had it too long.

ALLMAN: (FILTER) Mr. Moore, I'd like to know what you're featuring at your museum this week.

MOORE: This week madam. Our special exhibit is Napoleon's twin beds.

ALLMAN: (FILTER) <sup>oh</sup> No...no, Mr. Moore...not twin beds...you're forgetting history.

MOORE: Uh-uh...you're forgetting Josephine.

SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN

MOORE: Cagey old girl...

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS

DURANTE: GREETINGS AND SATURATIONS, JUNIOR.

MOORE: Jimmy, you're late. What are you carrying in that basket??

DURANTE: SOME NEW ADDITIONS FOR THE MUSEUM. IN THE BASKET IS A BOY RABBIT, A GIRL RABBIT, A BOY RABBIT, A GIRL RABBIT, A BOY RABBIT, A GIRL RABBIT, AND A HOOT OWL.

MOORE: A hoot owl? What is a hoot owl doing in among all these rabbits??

DURANTE: SHE'S THE CHAPERONE!...DURANTE THINKS OF EVERYTHING.

MOORE: Well, Jimmy, I've got some good news for you. While you were out, we received an invitation to join the Explorers Club.

DURANTE: NOT THE EXCLUSIVE EXCLORERS CLUB.

MOORE: Explorers<sup>Club</sup>?? Ex~~actly~~actly!

DURANTE: A STROKE OF GOOD FORTUNE, BUT PRAY TELL, GARRY, WHAT ARE THE QUALIFICATIONS??

MOORE: Well, they're very difficult, Jimmy. You have to shoot five sabre-toothed tigers to become a junior member.

DURANTE: WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SHOOT TO BECOME A SENIOR MEMBER????

MOORE: Five junior members!!

DURANTE: A VICIOUS CIRCLE.

*Moore: Don't it?*  
SOUND: DOOR OPENS

PETRIE: *ah* They're gonna give me the chair! They're gonna give me the chair! *Don't* Don't let them give me the chair!

MOORE: Who are you?

PETRIE: Whistler's Mother.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: *You know* There goes the world's champion idiot.

DURANTE: YES, BUT HE WON IT FROM ME ON A FOUL.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

MOORE: Come in.

ALLMAN: How do you do, gentlemen. I'm Mrs. J. Aspodistra Sagmore,  
The Third.

DURANTE: JUNIOR SAY HELLO TO MRS. J. ASPODISTRA SAGMORE, THE THIRD.

MOORE: The third?

ALLMAN: Yes.

MOORE: You mean there are two more like you?

ALLMAN: Gentlemen, I have come with an ultimatum. Unless you bring  
in a unique exhibit to the museum, I shall be forced to  
withdraw my financial support.

MOORE: My dear little cabbage, and I use the word cabbage in  
reference to your head. You can't threaten us. *you know.*

DURANTE: INDUBITABLY... *you know* WE DON'T NEED YOUR MONEY. I WORKED OUT A  
SYSTEM HOW A MAN CAN LIVE WITHOUT MONEY.

ALLMAN: How does it work??

DURANTE: THAT'S THE ONLY LOOPHOLE IN MY SYSTEM.

ALLMAN: I'm leaving now, *gentleman* and remember ....no new exhibit; no money.  
Good day.

MOORE: Farewell, Mrs. J. Aspodistra Sagmore.

DURANTE: THE THIRD!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: WHAT A DOWAGER CHARACTER!

*I was about to say it.*

MOORE: / Jimmy, I've got an idea. Every museum has a penguin wearing a tuxedo, but if we can find one wearing a sport coat, we're made.

DURANTE: A PENGUIN WITH A SPORT COAT! THAT MEANS WE GOTTA GO TO THE NORTH POLE.

MOORE: The North Pole it is, but we must bear in mind what Professor Newton said about the polar regions. He's the only man who knows what he's talking about...

DURANTE: WELL, GARRY, WHAT DID THE PROFESSOR SAY??

MOORE: I don't know...he's the only man who knows what he's talking about.....How about you, Jimmy. Can you speak Eskimo??

DURANTE: I SPEAK IT LIKE AN IGLOO, *M. Good* AND WHY NOT, I TOOK A TRIP UP THAR ONCE.

MOORE: Oh, did you go up the Yukon to Sitka?

DURANTE: TO WHATKA?????

MOORE: To Sitka.

DURANTE: YOU BETKA.

MOORE: Waiter, some Vodka. We're off to the Frozen Northka.

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

SOUND: WIND HOWLING

DURANTE: ~~NO, I ALWAYS WALK WITH MY NOSE SLIDING ALONG THE SNOW!!!!~~

MOORE: *Well, Jimmy,*  
We've spent six days searching for a penguin with a sport coat, but no luck.

DURANTE: THERE'S BEEN NOTHING BUT SNOW...

MOORE: And the wind howling.

DURANTE: ~~THERE'S BEEN NOTHING BUT COLD...~~

MOORE: And the wind howling.

DURANTE: ~~THERE'S BEEN NOTHING BUT BEAUTIFUL ESKIMO GIRLS..~~

MOORE: And us howling.....

DURANTE: *That's my boy who said that.*  
BUT DON'T GIVE UP, GARRY. LOOK WHAT'S UP AHEAD!

MOORE: Gee whiz...A used-dog sled lot.

DURANTE: YEAH, AND LOOK WHO OWNS IT....THE SMILING ESKIMO!

MOORE: *Well* Hello, there, Smiling Eskimo. How come your business is way up here, miles from civilization??

CANTOR: *Can't you tell?*  
It's out of the high rent district. What can I do for you?? *gentlemen?*

MOORE: We'd like to buy that dog team and sled over there.

DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE, PARTNER. THE FIRST DOG LOOKS LIKE AN ORNERY CRITTER TO ME.

CANTOR: Why mister, that little dog wouldn't hurt a flea. Come here, Poopsy, ~~and~~ shake hands with this man...(PAUSE)....  
No, no, your front paw!!!



MOORE: Well, now that we have a dog team, let's continue our search for the penguin wearing a sport coat.

DURANTE: MUSH! MUSH! MUSH!

SOUND: DOGS BARKING INTO MUSICAL BRIDGE

MOORE: *Jimmy* We've been out five days, and no success.

DURANTE: YEAH, AND LOOK AT THE THERMOMETER. IT'S DOWN TO FORTY DEGREES BELOW CENTIPEDE.

MOORE: Look, Jimmy, there's a polar bear up ahead. Maybe we can bring him back to the museum.

DURANTE: A GOOD IDEA, JUNIOR. WALK OVER AND WAVE YOUR HAND AT HIM AND SEE IF HE'S FRIENDLY.

MOORE: All right.

SOUND: BEAR ROAR

DURANTE: WELL, JUNIOR, IS HE FRIENDLY??

MOORE: (OFF MIKE) HE MUST BE, HE'S WAVING MY HAND RIGHT BACK AT ME!

*don't stand there James.*  
Well, whip up the dogs, We must go on.

DURANTE: I'M SORRY, JUNIOR - I CAN'T GO ON! I'M GONNA SIT DOWN ON THIS CAKE OF ICE AND NOT MOVE ANOTHER STEP!

MOORE: Jimmie, you can't sit down. How will we find our penguin? How will we save the museum? All America is waiting for the story of the penguin with the sport coat!

DURANTE: I DON'T CARE ABOUT THE STORY! I'M SITTING ON THIS CAKE OF ICE, AND AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED --

MOORE: Yes?

DURANTE: MY TALE IS TOLD!

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

*26/50*

PETRIE: Jimmy and Garry will be right back. Meantime, will you boys hand me down my walkin' cane??

ORCHESTRA: (PLAYS...SOFTLY) ("HAND ME DOWN MY WALKIN' CANE!")

PETRIE: Not that one... I mean the flat one!

ORCHESTRA: (UP..."HAND ME DOWN MY WALKIN' CANE!"...VERY FLAT)

PETRIE: Yessir, flat as a penny on the car tracks, and it can be worse in your cigarette! Is war-time flatness spoiling your smoking?? Are you looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many you smoke? Well then... get Camels for more flavor! Yes, the Camel folks buy costlier tobaccos, blend them with that famous, long-perfected master touch to give Camels more flavor, help them hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke! Just take your own word for that...the word of your own taste and throat....your T-Zone proving ground for Camel Cigarettes' rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness! And remember, 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!

ORCHESTRA: (~~INTRO TO "WHO WILL BE WITH YOU"~~) *Theme*

27<sup>50</sup>

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 Garry Moore.

DURANTE: AND JIMMY DURANTE.

*Both:*

*28<sup>15</sup>*  
*In Person! - Good night, everybody (folks)*  
(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP....FADE FOR)

*28<sup>25</sup>*  
PETRIE: 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.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP)

(APPLAUSE)

(BOARD FADE)

(SWITCH TO STUDIO FIVE FOR HITCH HIKE)

(ADDITIONAL CLOSING IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN)

*28<sup>45</sup>*

(IN STUDIO FIVE)

SHIELDS: Mister Pipesmoker, do people start talking about burning hay when you light up?? Don't let them do that, man! Get Pipe Appeal with Prince Albert! Just wait'll the pleasant aged-in-the-wood aroma of Prince Albert starts to drift off your pipe ... and watch the girls gather 'round! Your tongue will be happy too ... because Prince Albert's no-bite treated ... yes, and it's crimp cut, to pack and burn and draw just right! You'll find that every big red two-ounce package of Prince Albert holds around fifty rich-tasting, swell-smoking pipefuls. No wonder more pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the whole world!

This is CBS... The COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

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