

(REVISED)

AS

BROADCAST

*Master - 5/29 - (P)*

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

CBS NETWORK

FRIDAY, MAY 19, 1944

PROGRAM 61

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

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

ELVIA ALLMAN

CHARLES CANTOR

PATRICK MCGEEHAN

FRED SHIELDS

DIRECTOR.....PHIL COHAN

51454 5255

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

NO. 61

FRIDAY, MAY 19, 1944

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

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

*6 seconds late  
taking air*

(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?~~

*Why aren't you here?*

DURANTE: I CAN'T COME OVER NOW, I'M TEACHING A BEAUTIFUL GIRL  
HOW TO SWIM.

MOORE: But, Jimmy, isn't it cold in the ocean?

DURANTE: WHO'S IN THE OCEAN! -- WE'RE IN THE PARLOR!

ORCHESTRA: (PYRAMID CHORDS)

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

*13*

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

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (THEME FULL AND FADE FOR:)

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. <sup>4</sup> brought to  
you by Camel, the cigarette that's first in the service!  
See if your throat and your taste don't make Camel a  
first with you too! Find out for yourself! <sup>5</sup>

MUSIC: (OUT)

PETRIE: And now here is a young man who's as fit as a fiddle.  
And when I say "fiddle," I mean he's a hollow shell  
with a long neck who makes funny noises when his  
bridge is loose...In other words -- Garry Moore!

(APPLAUSE)

110

MOORE: Well, thank you. ~~Thank~~ you, my friends, and good evening ladies and gentlemen. Greetings from Hollywood, the home of the stars...gee whiz -- to think I'm actually here -- breathing the air, just the same as Garbo does! Smelling the flowers, just the same as Grable does!...Sniffing the trees...just the same as Lassie does!..I tell you, it's divine.

PETRIE: *ah* But Garry, you've been here three weeks now. You should be used to it.

MOORE: Howard, I'll never get used to Hollywood -- it's so different. Do you know ~~last~~ night I read that Hollywood's got a population of one million <sup>people</sup> -- Half men and half women.. and even for Robert Ripley that's a lot of half-men half women.

PETRIE: Well Garry, you must admit that this is a land of opportunity.

MOORE: Oh, now you're <sup>really</sup> levelling. I had that proven to me last night while dining at Tony's Drive-In.

PETRIE: Tony's Drive-In?

MOORE: *ah* Yes...It's a charming spot -- every dish he serves bears the seal of approval of the American Stomach Pump Association...and tonight I present Tony's most valuable employee, Mr. Trilby T. Wilby....Good evening, Mr. Wilby.

CANTOR: H'lo.

MOORE: ~~Isn't he wonderful~~ To look at him you'd almost think he was alive...But Mr. Wilby, will you tell us about your rise to fame and fortune?

CANTOR: *Mr. Moore.* Certainly. When I came to Hollywood I was a nobody,  
*Mr. J. Grade* Junior Grade. *How* I am famous as Hollywood's outstanding  
ketchup-tapper.

MOORE: Ketchup tapper?

CANTOR: Ketchup tapper.

MOORE: Ketchup tapper *C. Yeah -* and just what is a ketchup tapper,  
Mr. Wilby?

CANTOR: Well, the average dope either shakes the ketchup bottle  
too easy and has to eat his meatballs practically nude --

MOORE: Yes?

CANTOR: Or he pounds the bottle, the ketchup gushes all over him,  
and *the* next morning when he brushes his hair he finds he  
has pink hair brush.

MOORE: But not with your system, eh?

CANTOR: Oh, no! I have made a study of ketchup bottles..You order  
ketchup at Tony's Drive-In, I step over to your stool,  
scientifically survey your outlet, poise my bottle, tap  
it smartly -- and plop.

MOORE: Plop what?

CANTOR: Plop, your chop is red on top!

MOORE: And this method has brought you fame?

CANTOR: Oh yeah. Last week the ketchup company took a picture  
for the papers and I was one of the models. The picture  
showed a farmer holding up a luscious red tomato.

MOORE: Oh - and you posed for the farmer?

CANTOR: No, I posed for the tomato!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: And with Mr. Wilby on his way back to Tony's and oblivion,  
let's interview another prominent citizen *-70*

ORCHESTRA: (DURANTE INTRODUCTION) *3*

MOORE: And here he is, folks -- Camel's white-haired boy, that  
dark horse Presidential candidate -- Jimmy Durante - in  
person!

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG....EVEN WHEN THINGS GO WRONG...YOU'LL FEEL BETTER...YOU'LL EVEN LOOK BETTER...*Stop the music!* (MUSIC GOES BAD)..STOP THE MUSIC! /WHAT A BAND!!...  
WHAT A BAND!

MOORE: ~~Hold on~~, Jimmy - you know they say, "Music hath charms to soothe the savage beast!

DURANTE: YEAH - BUT THESE BUMS COULDN'T EVEN CALM DOWN A COCKER SPANIEL!

MOORE: Ah, James, I see you have a gleam in your eye tonight.

DURANTE: AND WHY NOT! ALL LAST NIGHT I DREAMT I HAD A HAREM OF FIVE HUNDRED BEAUTIFUL GIRLS AROUND ME -- FIVE HUNDRED BEAUTIFUL GIRLS - AND DO YOU KNOW WHAT I DID THE FIRST THING THIS MORNING?

MOORE: What?

DURANTE: I CANCELLED MY SUBSCRIPTION TO ESQUIRE! *a multitude of pulpitudes.*

MOORE: *Yes - I knew you weren't yourself tonight, James - and I must admit it's an improvement.* What you need is a Womans Home Companion. That's a thought.

DURANTE: *Thank you, Junior. Now if you'll lend me a sharp knife I'll run right home and cut you out of my will.* I SHALL TRY TO DIGEST THAT

MOORE: *Always been wanting to tell you, Jimmy, I've heard reports that* your new MGM picture "Two Girls And A Sailor" is great.

DURANTE: THANKS, JUNIOR, AND I'LL LET YOU IN ON A SECRET - THE MOTION PICTURE ACADEMY ANNOUNCED THEY'RE GIVING ME AN AWARD.

MOORE: They're giving you an award for your acting?

DURANTE: NO. THEY'RE GIVING ME AN OSCAR FOR MY PROBOSCA,..BUT THAT'S NEITHER HEDDA NOR HOPPER. *M. I see. Well, you know, last night* LAST WEEK I WAS PLAYING GIN RUMMY WITH A MONKEY OF MY ACQUAINTANCE, IT WAS A SMALL GAME (WE WERE PLAYING FOR PEANUTS). WHEN I RECEIVED A MESSAGE FROM THE DURANTE FOR PRESIDENT CLUB THEY WANTED ME IN WASHINGTON AT ONCE.

MOORE: I suppose you left with alacrity.

DURANTE: NO. SHE HAD OTHER PLANS. BUT KNOWING I WAS GOING TO BE AWAY A FORNIT, (MAYBE EVEN A WEEK) -- I PACKED MY SUITCASE. THROWING IN A PAIR OF PAJAMAS, MY TOOTHBRUSH (AND A PRE-WAR HERSHEY BAR) I WAS OFF. WHAT A RELIEF IT WAS TO CRAWL INTO MY UPPER BERTH IN THE OBSERVATION CAR.

MOORE: ~~Hold on, Jimmy~~ -- *Jimmy* the observation car! What is there to observe from an upper berth?

DURANTE: THE BLONDE IN THE LOWER BERTH!!...UNFORTUNATELY SHE GOT OFF AT POMONA.

MOORE: *But* Did you continue your Durante for President campaign while on the train, Jimmy?

DURANTE: INDUBITABLY! EVERY TIME THE TRAIN STOPPED I GOT ON THE REAR PLATFORM AND MADE A SPEECH. AND AT EVERY STOP I GOT A TREMENDOUS OVATION EXCEPT AT ONE PLACE.

MOORE: What happened there?

DURANTE: I SPOKE FOR TWO HOURS BEFORE I FOUND OUT WE WERE STUCK IN A TUNNEL....ALL I GOT WAS A SNOOT FULL OF SOOT!

MOORE: Quite an escapade, Jimmy. But, tell me what happened when you arrived in Washington.

DURANTE: NONCHALANTLY SMOKING A CAMEL, I STROLLED DOWN PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, TO PAY A VISIT TO BOTH HOUSES OF CONGRESS. I ENTERED THE MAIN LOBBY AND WHO DO YOU THINK THE ELEVATOR OPERATOR WAS?

MOORE: Who?

DURANTE: UMBRIAGO, HE SAID "DO YOU WISH TO TAKE THE ELEVATOR UP TO THE LOWER HOUSE OR DOWN TO THE UPPER HOUSE? SLIGHTLY PUZZLED I SAID, WOULD YOU MIND REPEATING THAT? SO HE SAYS, DO YOU WISH TO TAKE THE ELEVATOR UP TO THE LOWER HOUSE OR DOWN TO THE UPPER HOUSE...I WAS CORNERED! SO I GOT IN AND UMBRIAGO PULLED THE SWITCH BUT DID THAT ELEVATOR GO UP TO THE LOWER HOUSE? NO, DID IT GO DOWN TO THE UPPER HOUSE?  
NO!

MOORE: *Adl* Where did it go?

DURANTE: IT WENT SIDEWAYS TO UMBRIAGO'S HOUSE! THAT'S THE CONDITIONS THAT PREVAIL.

MOORE: *Oh* That ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> Umbriago, he sure gets around, doesn't he?

DURANTE: DOES HE! WAIT'LL I TELL YOU ABOUT....

ORCHESTRA: ("UMBRIAGO")

*7<sup>00</sup>*



*Mr. Di Lestony*

DURANTE: UMBRIAGO *f* PLAYS THE VIOLIN MUCH BETTER THAN JACK BENNY  
UMBRIAGO -- DUFFY'S TAVERN NEVER CHARGES HIM A PENNY - *that's a fact*

*You know*

BURNS AND ALLEN  
WHEN THEY WANT A GUEST STAR *can* ALWAYS CALL MY PAL IN - *that's also a fact.*

HE CAN MAKE A SHOW  
CAN MAKE OR BREAK A SHOW

AND BREAK YOUR RADIO  
*Believe me when I tell you*  
WHO GETS ALL THE DOUGH  
*Not Bob Hope*  
NOT BOB HOPE, ~~BUT THAT DOPE~~

*But* UMBRIAGO!

UMBRIAGO  
COULD BE MAYOR OF NEW YORK OR *f* CHICAGO,

UMBRIAGO --  
RAISES CAIN FROM PORTLAND, MAINE TO SANTIAGO --  
YOU KNOW, FOLKS, LAST MONTH I SENT MY MANAGER, UMBRIAGO,  
ON A GOOD WILL TOUR OF SOUTH AMERICA. WHEN HE GETS THERE -  
WHAT DOES UMBRIAGO DO -- HE DROPS HIS AUNT AND UNCLE INTO  
A CONCRETE MIXER. SO I GETS HIM ON THE PHONE AND *d* SAYS,  
"UMBRIAGO, WHAT'S THE IDEA OF GOING TO SOUTH AMERICA AND  
DROPPING YOUR AUNT AND UNCLE INTO A CONCRETE MIXER? AND  
UMBRIAGO *says* ~~said~~, "I DID IT TO CEMENT RELATIONS!"

SO WHEN YOU FEEL LOW, *(blue)*  
BETTER SEND  
FOR MY FRIEND  
UMBRIAGO!

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY OFF)  
(APPLAUSE)

*835*

MOORE: *al* James, a bout with you and Umbriago is a baffling thing.  
So let's bounce back to saner subjects and Mr. Howard Petrie.

PETRIE: Making the statement that millions and millions of people year after year just aren't interest<sup>ed</sup> in smoking any cigarette besides Camel is sort of like saying "the sky is blue" or "roses are fragrant". Everybody knows it -- by the record! But do you know why that's true about Camels? Well, you just might find the answer to that in the cigarette itself -- and in your own throat! Yes -- that sensitive, particular throat of yours. See if Camels', coolness and smoothness, ~~mildness~~ <sup>and mildness</sup> and mellowness/ doesn't keep your throat happy -- like millions of other smokers. And, as for Camel's taste -- that matchless, can't-be-copied full rich blend of costlier tobaccos...say, what are you waiting for, anyway?

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO "LOUISE")

9<sup>15</sup>

PETRIE: Roy Bargy and the orchestra now, in a Roy Bargy  
arrangement of "Louise."

930

ORCHESTRA: "LOUISE"

(APPLAUSE)

1125

DURANTE: AND THAT WAS ROY BARGY WHO LED HIS ORCHESTRA WITH HIS BATON.  
AND WHAT IS A BATON? A BATON IS A PIECE OF WOOD! AND WHERE  
DOES <sup>the</sup> WOOD GROW THAT MAKES A BATON? IT GROWS ON A TREE.  
AND WHERE DOES <sup>the</sup> TREE GROW THAT MAKES THE WOOD FOR THE  
BATON? THAT TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN AND IF YOU THINK <sup>that</sup> I'M  
GONNA STAND HERE AND TALK ABOUT BROOKLYN -- YOU'RE NUTS!  
BUT NOW WE DIVERT <sup>M: very good. D. Let me refer that, please - next we direct</sup> YOUR ATTENTION TO MR. GARRY MOORE....TELL  
ME, JUNIOR..WHAT CUTE CREATION IS CLUSTERING UP THE  
CAMEL CULTURE CORNER TONIGHT?

MOORE: Well, Jimmy, the one thing that Hollywood has more of than  
anything else is child actors...Everywhere you go some  
mother drags her kid up to you and says, "Go ahead, Stanley  
make like Lionel Barrymore for the man"...Then she says,  
"Isn't he cute?" and you say "He's adorable"...You get  
home, you say "That little wart, if Moses had seen him there  
would have been another commandment"...But every so often,  
one of these youngsters actually has <sup>that's so true -</sup> talent and <sup>a great amount of</sup> becomes  
a star. And it's the story of one such child that I'd like  
to tell you tonight. 12<sup>th</sup>

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

DURANTE: ( I SHALL RUN DOWN TO THE DELICATESSEN AND LISTEN WITH MY  
TONGUE HANGING OUT.

MOORE: <sup>these, my friends,</sup> This is the story of a child star named Twinkletoes Grooch.  
Born in the little town of Head Cold, Vermont --  
(ORCHESTRA: CUT MUSIC) which is just across the river  
from (SNIFFLE) New Hampshire -- Twinkletoes Grooch was  
pre-destined for pictures. In fact, he was born in the  
mezzanine of the Paramount Theatre between coming attractions  
and "Are These Our Children"...And the very first words he  
ever said. were --

CANTOR: Excuse me, lady -- would you mind removing your hat?

MOORE: And he would have been there yet...But one day a Hollywood talent scout came into the theatre, reached under the seat and felt something moist...it was Twinkletoes -- he was eating a popsicle...And the talent scout was so impressed with the youngster that he took him to Hollywood. <sup>Oh -</sup> And it was a proud day for the little fellow when the marquee of his local theatre bore the legend, "Twinkletoes Grooch in 'The Case of the Poisoned Pablum, or Buffalo Bilidus Burps Again...<sup>What a picture</sup> a star at six months! And in that picture, <sup>Twinkletoes</sup> he created a new America catch phrase, when in the final scene with forty cameras grinding and five thousand extras holding their breath, (ORCHESTRA - SUSPENSE CHORD) Twinkletoes Grooch raised himself to his <sup>full</sup> feet, fifteen inches and dramatically shouted -- (CUT CHORD)

CANTOR: Goo!

MOORE: <sup>yo - my friends - goo -</sup> Overnight he had started a new school of dramatic acting. Greta Garbo in her next picture said --

ELVIA: I'm tired....I tank I goo home.

MOORE: In his next picture, Charles Boyer said --

PETRIE: Come weez, me, Hedy, to the Cos-goo.

MOORE: Katherine Hepburn said --

ELVIA: I love you Chauncy. Rally I goo.

MOORE: And Charles Laughton said -- MR. CHRISTIAN! GOO!

ORCHESTRA: (SONGS MY MOTHER )

MOORE: And Twinkletoes was made!..His bank account began to swell. He wore nylon diapers held up with platinum safety pins -- and although he was still a bottle baby, he was so rich he never even bothered to get his nickel back on the bottle... But when his second picture started -- (ORCHESTRA: OMINOUS CHORD) tragedy struck...On the first day, the director said to Twinkletoes -- Master Grooch, we must find you a new catch phrase. The American public is through with goo! From now on you say "ga!"....Is that clear?

CANTOR: Goo.

MOORE: No, no, Master Grooch -- not goo....Ga....

CANTOR: Goo.

MOORE: Master Grooch -- it's Ga! Why must you always insist on saying goo?

CANTOR: 'Cause when I gotta goo, I gotta goo.

ORCHESTRA: (PAVANNE FOR A MISSED PUTT)

MOORE: And so Twinkletoes Grooch was a has-been -- washed up at the age of eighteen months! For weeks he crawled for from studio to studio, but they'd have none of <sup>him</sup> ~~him~~.... They all said "Grooch - you're through! Get out! And finally Twinkletoes called his mother to his room and said;

ORCHESTRA: (CUT MUSIC)

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CANTOR: It's no use, Mama! I give up! And to show you I mean it,  
today you can cut off my curis.

MOORE: And it was about time -- he was forty-six.

ORCHESTRA: (SOUL SHAKER...SEGUE TO "SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME")

MOORE: And so, my friends, if you have a baby that you want to put  
into pictures, remember the old Latin proverb, "Nunc  
terrare nunc meratus in fraternis residem"... Or as  
Twinkletoes said on his one hundredth birthday --

CANTOR: Goo!  
MOORE: Thank you.  
ORCHESTRA: (PLAY-OFF)

15<sup>55</sup>

CROWD: (APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (SNEAK IN GIBBS' INTRODUCTION)

MOORE: Thank you very much, my friends - you're very kind. So in  
grateful retaliation, I present Her Nibbs, Miss Gibbs.

Hiyah, Georgia!

GOERGIA: Hiyuh, Garry. ~~How would you like a little georgraphy  
lesson in jive?~~

*you know*

MOORE: ~~I'd love it!~~ ~~Georgia:~~ -- Across the Hollywood Hills  
lies a valley called "San Fernando"... <sup>and</sup> In my book it goes like  
this.

GIBBS: ("SAN FERNANDO VALLEY")

(APPLAUSE)

16<sup>15</sup>

19<sup>15</sup>

MOORE: *And* That was Georgia Gibbs, ~~my friends,~~ and at this *particular juncture.*

DURANTE: (AT PIANO...ARPEGGIO)

MOORE: James, James -- your peregrinations at the pianoforte are not only inopportune at this juncture, but raucous to the point of cacophony.

DURANTE: I LOVE YOU, TOO, JUNIOR.

MOORE: Then pray let us proceed....

DURANTE: HUSH-HUSH! IT KEEPS RUNNING THROUGH MY MIND...THE THEME OF MY UNFINISHED SYMPHONY!

(PLAYS WITHOUT SINGING: C A M E L S)

WHAT A HAUNTING MELODY!

MOORE: *Oh* - Wait minute, Jimmy. You are composing a symphony on that melody?

DURANTE: I AM NOT ONLY COMPOSING IT, JUNIOR - I AM MAKING IT UP TOO.

~~-LISTEN~~ -- (SINGS) C A M E L S

WITH MEN WHO WEAR THE KHAKI

IT'S THE FAVORITE TOBACCY.

PETRIE: Ah, now there you're got something, Jimmy -- CAMELS are first with men in all the services, according to actual sales records! You know to U.S. bases and outposts throughout the world go CAMEL cigarettes, by the million, by the ton.

DURANTE: BY THE TON? WHAT A BULGE THAT WOULD PUT IN YOUR POCKET!



PETRIE: Sure - get a CAMEL cigarette in New Guinea, and it's  
fresh. Get a CAMEL around your corner, and it's fresh  
too. Or Guadalcanal, Dutch Harbor, Anzio...

DURANTE: AND BROOKLYN, TOO!

PETRIE:

*Yes - right you are, James*  
Today more people want the fresh cigarette.

DURANTE:

YEAH?

PETRIE:

More people want CAMELS -- both at home and overseas.

DURANTE:

EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE PACK!

PETRIE:

*That's so true*  
So remember, if your store is sold out -- CAMEL  
cigarettes are worth asking for again!

DURANTE:

INDUBITABLY!

ORCHESTRA: (SHORT THEME PLAY-OFF)

*2040*

DURANTE: AND NOW THE FRIDAY NIGHT CAMEL SHOW BRINGS YOU A DRAMA  
OF REAL ESTATE AND PROPERTY ENTITLED:

MOORE: "There Was An Old Lady Who Lived In A Shoe," or --  
"Madam, Where Did You Find Such A Lovely Apartment"?  
Now, Jimmy, in tonight's play we own a real estate and  
construction company.

DURANTE: A FORTUNATE HAPPENTANCE, JUNIOR. *you know* IN MY YOUTH, I WAS A  
CONSTRUCTION GENIUS. I HAD THE BIGGEST STEAM SHOVEL WEST  
OF SUEZ.

MOORE: A steam shovel?

DURANTE: YEAH, BUT I HAD TO SELL IT.

MOORE: why'd you sell it, Jimmy?

DURANTE: I COULDN'T FIND ANY STEAM TO SHOVEL! (AN EVAPORATING  
SITUATION)

MOORE: Well, times' a wastin'. *Jimmy* Let's mosey over to the office.

DURANTE: *you* YOU MOSEY, AND I'LL NOSEY.

~~MUSIC:~~ (BRIDGE)

~~SOUND:~~ (ON CUE) PHONE RINGS...PHONE UP

MOORE: Hello, Durante-Moore Real Estate and Construction  
Company... We built Boulder Dam, Coulee Dam and  
Shasta Dam... *Garry* Moore, the dam builder, speaking..

ALLMAN: (FILTER) Mr. Moore, I have an apartment I'd like you to  
rent for me. The tenant must be very quiet. No drinking,  
no gambling, no musical instrument, no children, no pets, and  
no parties.

MOORE: Well, I think I have just the man for you, but then again  
he may be too noisy.

ALLMAN: What do you mean?

MOORE: He shaves against the grain.

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

MOORE: There's a dame with a vacant apartment and <sup>a</sup>head to match.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

DURANTE: HOLD EVERYTHING, JUNIOR. <sup>Sold everything -</sup> WE ALMOST HAD A CATASTASOKE.

MOORE: Yes?

DURANTE: <sup>Yeah -</sup> OUR HOUSE CAUGHT ON FIRE, BUT I SAVED IT.

MOORE: <sup>oh</sup> You saved the house, huh?

DURANTE: YEAH...HERE <sup>is</sup> ARE THE ASHES IN THIS BOX.

(FORTUNATELY, I WAS TAKING A SHOWER AT THE TIME.)

MOORE: Fortunately nothing - now we have no place to live....

DURANTE: I GOT AN IDEA. WHEN THE NEXT RENTAL COMES IN, WE'LL GRAB IT FOR OURSELVES.

MOORE: But, Jimmy, that's not ethical. Have you no scruples?

DURANTE: WHY, JUNIOR, YOU KNOW I NEVER CARRY ANY RUSSIAN MONEY.

MOORE: Well if worse comes to worse, we can always build our own house, out of tar paper, bubble gum and string.

DURANTE: THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE, ~~GARRY~~, WHOEVER HEARD OF BUILDING A HOUSE OUT OF TAR PAPER, BUBBLE GUM AND STRING.

MOORE: You haven't lived in California long, have you, James?

DURANTE: RIDI-CULE, MR. MOORE, IS THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY.

<sup>Moore:</sup> SOUND: DOOR OPENS <sup>Thank you.</sup>

PETRIE: DON'T LET THEM SEND ME UP THE RIVER. THEY CAN'T SEND ME UP THE RIVER. PLEASE DON'T LET THEM SEND ME UP THE RIVER.

MOORE: Who are you?

PETRIE: Oh, just a little salmon!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: That guy must have voted in the primaries as a registered moron.

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

MOORE: Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ALLMAN: Good afternoon, gentlemen. Roll out the red carpet, sound the trumpets, I am Mrs. Abucrombie Zombie.

MOORE: Zombie? Now I know why they only serve <sup>one</sup> me to a customer.

ALLMAN: That's no way to talk to a woman. After <sup>first, last and always</sup> all, I am a woman.

MOORE: Ladies and gentlemen, the message you've just heard was a paid political announcement and does not reflect the views of this program

DURANTE: INDUBITABLY--MADAM, YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE MY ASSOCIATE'S BON MOT. PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF. I AM ~~MR.~~ JAMES G. DURANTE.

ALLMAN: James G. Durante? What does the "G" stand for?

DURANTE: IT STANDS FOR JUNIOR!

MOORE: Jimmy, I didn't know your name was the same as your father's.

DURANTE: IT ISN'T. PATER'S NAME IS JAMES C. DURANTE.

MOORE: "C?" What does the "C" stand for??

DURANTE: SENIOR; EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT.

ALLMAN: Gentlemen, I've come to you as a last resort. I've tried every real estate agent in town and no one can rent my house for me.

MOORE: Madam, you have come to the right people. What is the name of your estate, Mrs. Zombie?

ALLMAN: I call it "Gruesome Acres." (LAUGH)

DURANTE: GRUESOME ACRES? *Where is it?*

ALLMAN: *The address is 1823 North*  
~~Yes, the house is between Eighteenth and Nineteenth on~~  
(SHRIEK) Boulevard.....

MOORE: What a dame! ~~It's~~ *That's* the first time I ever saw a swing shift body with a graveyard face.

DURANTE: INDUBITABLY

ALLMAN: Well, I must go now. I have an appointment for a beauty treatment at the morgue. (LAUGH)

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: ~~Well,~~ *At last* ~~Hallow'een~~ *Come* ~~come a little~~ early this year.

DURANTE: YEAH, BUT JUNIOR WE'LL RENT HER HOUSE OR MY NAME ISN'T JAMES O. DURANTE.

MOORE: "O" Durante? Now, Jimmy, what does the "O" stand for?

DURANTE: MY PARENTS ALWAYS WANTED AN OLDSMOBILE.

MOORE: Well, at any rate, ~~Jimmy,~~ our living problem is solved. We're taking over Mrs. Zombie's house as of right now.

DURANTE: GOOD. WE'LL MOVE INTO OUR NEW CHAPEAU *right now* TONIGHT.

MUSIC: (EERIE BRIDGE)

SOUND: CRICKETS...OWLS...WIND

MOORE: Gee, this house looks spooky. The walls are all crumbly and covered with ivy. And there's an inscription on the wall in Egyptian.

DURANTE: WHAT DOES IT SAY, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Enrob sameen elbarnoon y veeshenarm nos haben geel.

DURANTE: WHAT DOES THAT MEAN IN ENGLISH?

MOORE: No handball playing allowed.

DURANTE: I'M GLAD IT DIDN'T SAY BADMINTON.

MOORE: Well, let's go in.

SOUND: CREAKY DOOR OPENS

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DURANTE: (SCREAMS)

MOORE: What was that, Jimmy?

DURANTE: I JUST SAW A GHOST.

MAN: (SCREAMS)

MOORE: What was that?

DURANTE: THE GHOST JUST SAW ME.

MOORE: *Don't afraid*  
~~any~~ he got the better of the deal. Now don't be  
frightened, Jimmy. I'll go first....you follow in front  
of me.

CANTOR: (Who...Who...)

DURANTE: JUNIOR, WHAT WAS THAT?

MOORE: *I was* Just an owl.

CANTOR: (Who....Who...Who...Who.....(SINGS JAZZY) Who stole my  
heart away, et cetera)

DURANTE: EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT.

*Moore:* *This place is getting spookier every minute.*  
SOUND: FALLING WOOD

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DURANTE: LOOK OUT, JUNIOR. THERE ARE BATS FLYING AROUND.

MOORE: There's nothing to worry about, Jimmy. Bats can't hurt  
you.

DURANTE: I KNOW BUT THESE ARE THE KIND JOE DEMAGGIO USES.

~~MOORE: Oh...oh...I'm getting a little jittery.~~

SOUND: BRICK THROUGH GLASS

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MOORE: Jimmy, look a rock came through the window and there's  
a note attached to it.

DURANTE: WHAT DOES IT SAY?

MOORE: It says, "Anyone found around here at night will be found around here in the morning. Are you scared Jimmy?"

DURANTE: YEAH ... MY MORTIS IS POSITIVELY RIGOR, <sup>Junior -</sup> LET'S LEAVE THIS JOINT.

MOORE: Jimmy, we can't leave. What would Sherlock Holmes do? What would Nero Wolfe do?

DURANTE: I DON'T KNOW, BUT I KNOW WHAT JAMES I. DURANTE IS GONNA DO.

MOORE: Now it's James I. Durante. What does the "I" stand for?

DURANTE: "I" AM GETTIN' OUTTA HERE!!

MUSIC: (PLAY-OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

27<sup>05</sup>



MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

MOGEEHAN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week. Tonight our Yank is a lady. A brave and gallant lady -- an Army nurse -- who wears the Air Medal with two Oak Leaf clusters. Tonight we salute Lieutenant Ann Ganzbuhl, of Joliet, Illinois, <sup>the</sup> first white woman ever to set foot on the Green Islands near Bougainville, <sup>a</sup> veteran of Guadalcanal, the New Hebrides, New Caledonia, New Georgia, and the Russell Islands. Her hours in the air exceed eight hundred; In your honor, Lieutenant Ann Ganzbuhl, the makers of Camels are sending to our soldiers overseas three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes.

MUSIC: (FANFARE)  
(APPLAUSE)

27<sup>30</sup>

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.

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO "WHO WILL BE WITH YOU")

*Theme*

28<sup>05</sup>

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM" -28-  
5/19/44

*Cut on air - later*  
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: IN PERSON!

(APPLAUSE)

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

PETRIE: *28<sup>20</sup>* And remember -- try Camels on your throat and your  
taste. See for yourself how Camels' mildness, coolness,  
and flavor, click with you! *(for) 28<sup>20</sup>*

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP)

(APPLAUSE)

(BOARD FADE)

(SWITCH TO STUDIO FIVE FOR HITCH HIKE)

(ADDITIONAL CLOSING IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN)

(IN STUDIO FIVE)

SHIELDS: When you light up that pet pipe of yours, do the people around you sniff and go (TO BE DONE WITH GREAT DISTASTE) "mmph" ... or do they sniff and say (LOTS OF FEELING HERE) Ahhh! If it's Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco in your pipe, there's only one answer ... that appreciative "ahh," because P.A. stands not only for Prince Albert but for Pipe Appeal, too! Yessir, people like it... and especially the fellow who's smoking it! Fragrant? ... sure ...but plenty more than just that. Cool ~~and clean~~ on your tongue, and bite-free because it's no-bite treated. Crimp cut to pack and draw and burn just right. And a value to make your pocketbook cheer..... fifty rich pipefuls in every big red two-ounce package! Yessir, fifty! Just one more reason why more pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the world!

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

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