

AS  
BROADCAST

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

(REVISED)

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

CBS NETWORK

PROGRAM 62

FRIDAY, MAY 26, 1944

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

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

ELVIA ALLMAN

PATRICK MOGEEHAN

FRED SHIELDS

DIRECTOR.....PHIL COHAN

51454 5282

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

NO. 62

FRIDAY, MAY 26, 1944

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

*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 AT THE BURLESQUE THEATRE AND I SAT THROUGH THE  
SHOW SIX TIMES!

MOORE: Jimmy -- I didn't know you were so crazy about girls!

DURANTE: I'M NOT. BUT THERE'S NO <sup>other</sup> PLACE ~~ELSE~~ IN TOWN WHERE YOU  
CAN GET HERSHEY BARS!!

ORCHESTRA: (PYRAMID CHORDS)

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

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

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (THEME FULL AND FADE FOR:)

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PETRIE: Yes, it's the Friday Night Camel Show...Garry Moore,  
Jimmy Durante, Georgia Gibbs, Roy Bary and his Orchestra  
and yours truly, Howard Petrie,<sup>45</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>53</sup>

MUSIC: (OUT)

PETRIE: And now we give you a young man who has been the star of  
many radio shows.

MOORE: Ah, now, Howard -- ~~I haven't been the star of~~<sup>not</sup> many radio  
shows -- only two. ~~Now say it right.~~

PETRIE: Okay. ~~And here he is~~ -- the star of too many radio shows --  
Garry Moore.

(APPLAUSE)

110

MOORE: Well, thank you, thank you very much -- Howard <sup>w</sup>Petrie,  
and good evening, ladies and gentlemen....My, what a  
charming audience we have here tonight. In the  
downstairs seats we have hundreds of gorgeous girls and  
up in the balcony hundreds of young sailors!  
Downstairs we've installed a cooling system -- upstairs  
a drooling system. But fellows <sup>you can</sup> quit worrying about the  
girls, we've taken care of everything. Immediately  
after the program the janitor pulls a switch -- the  
bottom of the balcony drops out, the head usher yells  
"Bombs Away" and from then on it's every man for  
himself!! Happy landing, fellows.

PETRIE: Oh, brother, is that what you spent all week dreaming  
up? *furry?*

MOORE: Why, bless your chummy little tummy, no. <sup>all week.</sup> I've been  
very busy all week. You know there's an extremely  
beautiful blonde living in the house next to mine. And  
every afternoon she takes a sun bath draped in a towel.

PETRIE: *Yeah-* But where have you been all week?

MOORE: waiting for them to pick up the laundry! *Or,* it's an  
interesting neighborhood... *I'll tell you.*

PETRIE: You like it, Huh?

MOORE: Oh, yais. But one thing we are having trouble with;  
we can't find anyone to sit with the kids when we go  
out.

PETRIE:

*Well lookit -*  
/why don't you call an employment agency?

MOORE:

Howard, I did that very thing <sup>this morning</sup>. And any minute now --

SOUND:

KNOCK ON DOOR

MOORE:

Well, whaddayuh know...Come in.

SOUND:

DOOR OPEN

ELVIA:

Oh, hello, hello! <sup>hello</sup> I am Mrs. Tritter of  
Mrs. Tritter's Sitter Service.

MOORE:

Mrs. Tritter's Sitter Service?

ELVIA:

Mrs. Tritter's Sitter Service. Our slogan is, "We  
supply the sitter, if you've got a seat to fit her"...

MOORE:

*See,* Well, Mrs. Tritter -- tell me more about your service.  
What are your rates?

ELVIA:

Well, it depends on how much trouble it is to feed the  
baby. Do you have the baby's formula?

MOORE:

*A* Sure, I got the formula right here in my pocket...Let  
me see now -- two parts rum, two parts ~~cake~~ --  
whoops, wrong formula....Just give the baby milk, *will you?*

ELVIA:

Well, in that case, then, the charge will be fifty  
cents an evening.

MOORE:

Fifty cents? Why, that's practically nothing.

ELVIA:

Well, after all, all we do is sit in one spot for eight  
hours.

MOORE:

I know, but if you sit in one spot for eight hours,  
don't you fall asleep?

ELVIA: Not all over...

MOORE: Oh -- yes...Well, then, I'll see you tomorrow night.

ELVIA: Yes -- and by the way --how many babies do you have?

MOORE: We just have <sup>the</sup> one.

ELVIA: <sup>Only one -</sup> / Oh, that's too bad. Y'see, the price is the same for one or two babies...

MOORE: It is? Well, I guess we could -- oh, but that's just silly...G'bye.

*Sound..*  
*Dear Slam*  
MOORE: And with the child problem out of the way, (SNEAK MUSIC)  
let's face another problem child.

*3 20*

ORCHESTRA: (DURANTE INTRODUCTION)

MOORE: And here he is now -- 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...(HOLDS NOTE)...WHAT A NOTE! I'M A REGULAR NIGHTINGALE. AND I CAN SING IN THE DAYTIME TOO.

MOORE: Ah, I bet you can but, James, tonight you're effervescent.

DURANTE: HAVE YOU KNOWN ME WHEN I ~~EFFER~~ WASN'T?...JUNIOR, I GOTTA TELL YOU. LAST NIGHT I SPENT THE EVENING IN LANA TURNER'S LIVING ROOM -- AND BELIEVE ME -- THAT'S LIVING. I NO SOONER TAKES OFF MY BER-RAY WHEN SHE TURNS THE LIGHTS DOWN LOW AND SAYS, "JIMMY, DARLING, LET'S PLAY POST OFFICE."

MOORE: Jimmy! Lana Turner asked you to play Post Office with her! Gee whiz -- how was it?

DURANTE: NOT SO GOOD. BY THE TIME I GOT BACK FROM THE DRUG STORE WITH THE STAMPS, SHE WAS OUT WITH ANOTHER GUY.

I'M JUST THE TOOL OF A BEAUTIFUL DAME! ... *Just the tool!*

MOORE: *Well,* Don't fret, Jimmy, when the women see you in your new picture, "Two Girls and a Sailor," you'll be the darling of the drawing room.

DURANTE: YES AND ALSO THE CHARLES BOYER OF THE FOYER, BUT GARRY, MY NEXT PICTURE WILL BE EVEN MORE COLLOSIAL. WE WERE ON LOCATION IN THE DESERT THIS WEEK (A HUNDRED AND FORTY DEGREES FAT-EN-HEAT) AND JUNIOR, WAS IT HOT! SO WHAT HAPPENS! -- A LITTLE FELLER ON THE SET KEPT HANGING AROUND ME AND WHEREVER I WENT -- HE WENT TOO! SO I FINALLY SAID, "HEY, WHAT'S THE IDEA? NO MATTER WHICH WAY I TURN YOU'RE ALWAYS UNDER MY NOSE? AND HE SAID, "WHY NOT -- IT'S THE ONLY SHADY SPOT IN THE DESERT". HOW HUMILIATING!

MOORE: You should rent that Schnozz out for a beach umbrella.

DURANTE: YEAH? I SHALL LOOK INTO IT...BUT THAT IS NEITHER TA-RA --  
NOR BOOM-DEE-AY...<sup>you know -</sup> LAST NIGHT I WAS HAVING AN EGG SHAMPOO  
(WITH BACON ON THE SIDE) WHEN THE TELEPHONE TINKLED.  
NONCHALANTLY LIGHTING A CAMEL, I PICKED UP THE RECEIVER AND  
I SAID, HELLO, HOW'S MARTHA FEELING? -- YOU SEE IT WAS  
WASHINGTON CALLING.

MOORE: ~~At~~, Since the nation has taken up the cry of "Durante for  
President" you've been as busy as a little bee.

DURANTE: THANK YOU HONEY! YOU SEE - I HAD TO GET ON WITH MY  
CAMPAIGNING SO I WENT DOWN TO THE STATION AND GOT ABOARD THE  
TRAIN. <sup>M: Yeah.</sup> (FEELING HUNGRY I WENT RIGHT INTO THE DINING CAR,  
AND THE WAITER BROUGHT ME THE MOST TREMENDOUS LAMB CHOPS I  
EVER SAW.

MOORE: They were big, eh?

DURANTE: BIG? ...I'VE SEEN PANTIES ON LAMB CHOPS BEFORE -- BUT THIS  
WAS THE FIRST LAMB CHOP I EVER SAW WEARING A GIRDLE! ...  
YOU COULDA KNOCKED ME OVER WITH A SOFT SALAMI!!!

MOORE: James, your penchant for exaggerated hyperbole is exceeded  
only by your fabrication of bromidic truisms. <sup>(excited)</sup>

DURANTE: I LOVE YOU TOO, JUNIOR. <sup>M: Thank you</sup> BUT AFTER A MEAL THAT WAS FIT FOR  
A KING, QUEEN, (JACKS OR BETTER) THE TRAIN PULLED INTO  
JARKIRK. AND WHAT AN EXPERIENCE I HAD -- I GOT OFF THE  
TRAIN WITH MY CAMERA. APPROACHING AN OLD INDIAN I SAID,  
(IN HIS NATIVE TONGUE) -- "ME GIVE YOU DOLLAR TO POSE...  
ME WANT TO SHOW PICTURE TO FRIENDS IN WASHINGTON,"....AND  
WHAT DO YOU THINK THE INDIAN SAID?

MOORE: What?



DURANTE: I'LL GIVE YOU A BUCK AND A HALF TO POSE -- WE COULD USE A  
FEW LAUGHS IN ALBER -- KIRKI .....HE SAYS THAT TO ME --  
ME WHAT SPEAKS INDIAN LIKE A NATIVE OF INDIANAPOLIS!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

MOORE: *Oh excuse me --*  
Come in.

*Sound: / Door open*  
GARD: I'm looking for Jimmy Durante.

DURANTE: A compliment if I never heard one. How do you do, madam.

GARD: Mr. Durante, I represent an organization of women voters.  
And what we want to know is -- what are you going to do for  
the women of America?

DURANTE: THAT, MY DEAR LADY, DEPENDS UPON THE WOMEN OF AMERICA! (AND  
I SAY THAT WITH TONGUE IN MOUTH)

GARD: I shall quote you on that.

DURANTE: GOOD. NOW I HAVE A QUESTION FOR YOU. AS A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE VOTERS, TELL ME, WHAT ARE MY CHANCES OF BECOMING PRESIDENT??

CARD: A very good chance, Mr. Durante. You see, the President in the White House now ... has a stamp collection.

DURANTE: I TOO HAVE A STAMP COLLECTION.

CARD: The President has a yacht.

DURANTE: I TOO HAVE A YACHT.

CARD: And the President has a pet and you've got a pet...

DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE! I HAVEN'T GOT A PET. WHY, I HAVEN'T EVEN GOT A DOG.

CARD: Maybe you haven't got a dog. But, brother, have you got a puss!!!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: THAT'LL BE IN THE HANDS OF MY LAWYERS IN THE MORNING!!

MOORE: ~~But~~ Jimmy, never mind that bargain basement bloomer girl. How did you enjoy the rest of your campaign tour??

DURANTE: *Mr. That's good. D. You know, Garry,* OH CHARACTERISTIC! ~~BUT~~ AFTER PULLING OUT OF ALBU-KIRK I NOTICED THAT THE TRAIN WAS GOING A HUNDRED AND TWENTY MILES AN HOUR SO I RAN THROUGH ALL THE CARS UNTIL I GOT TO THE LOCOMOTIVE. AND WHO DO YOU THINK WAS THE ENGINEER??

MOORE: Who??

DURANTE: UMBRIAGO!! ... SO I SAID, UMBRIAGO, WHAT'S THE IDEA OF DRIVING THIS TRAIN A HUNDRED AND TWENTY MILES AN HOUR?? AND HE SAID, ONE OF THE WHEELS IS LOOSE AND I WANNA GET TO CHICAGO BEFORE IT FALLS OFF!!!!

*Moore's*  
ORCHESTRA: *No!* (PLAY-OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

835

MOORE: Well, thank you, Jimmy, you'll get my vote in the fall.

MUSIC AND CHORUS: (T-H-R-O-A-T!)

MOORE: Hey, wait a minute, fellows...you're a trifle confused...  
It's C-A-M-E-L-S...not T-H-R-O-A-T.

PETRIE: T-h-r-o-a-t...throat, Garry, throat. You know, what  
you've got under that neon-lighted necktie, *Oh: Forgive me - forgive me!* Well, as  
millions of smokers can tell you, C-a-m-e-l-s are mighty  
important to their t-h-r-o-a-t-s. I wish everyone  
listening would try a Camel and see what his or her throat  
has to say about it, because, after all, your throat is  
the best judge of what cigarette is best for you.  
Let your throat decide! And give your taste a chance  
to form its own opinion on Camel's rich, full flavor...  
the result of Camel's matchless blend of costlier  
tobaccos. In war, as in peace, Camel is still Camel.

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO "DON'T SWEETHEART ME")

925

PETRIE: Roy Bargy and the orchestra now, in a Roy Bargy  
arrangement of "Don't Sweetheart Me."

935

ORCHESTRA: "DON'T SWEETHEART ME"

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(APPLAUSE)

1140

DURANTE: AND THAT WAS ROY BARGY PLAYING "DON'T SWEETHEART ME". THE  
NERVE OF THE GUY! WHY <sup>we</sup> ~~I~~ NEVER EVEN <sup>held hands</sup> ~~TIPPED MY CHATEAU!~~...  
BUT THAT BRINGS US TO THE CAMEL CULTURE CORNER AND  
MR. GARRY MOORE.

MOORE: Thank you, James. And tonight <sup>ladies and gentlemen</sup> I have a thrill in store  
for every music loving American...Tonight I am going to  
sing...

DURANTE: YOU'RE GOING TO SING? WHAT KEY DO YOU SING IN?

MOORE: A skeleton key...it fits anything...Ha ha ... I got a  
million of 'em...a million of 'em.

DURANTE: IMITATION OF ME, MR. MOORE, IS A NON-ESSENTIAL OCCUPATION..  
HOWEVER, SING IF YOU MUST. I SHALL LIE ON MY MURPHY BED  
AND LISTEN ... AND I'LL ASK MURPHY TO LISTEN TOO ...

MOORE: Thank you, James. Maestro -- my music, *if you will...*

ORCHESTRA: (BESAME MUCHO)

*Moore: (Sings 4 bars)*

MOORE:

I loved you passionately, Elivra Shmoop. Loved you did I say?? I shall never forget when we met, my love. I had gone down to contribute to the local scrap metal pile..... I accidentally tipped over an old wash-tub and there you were, my sweet...<sup>at</sup> yes, <sup>my darling</sup> there you were, and there we stood.. me with my pot... you with that pan....<sup>darling</sup> ah/you were so cute .....I loved the way you kept one eye on me and the other eye on your other eye. And what a generous mouth you had! You were the first one I'd ever seen who could play a bass tuba from the wrong end....Oh, and when you smiled, my angel, I thought I'd die. Your teeth were like a sparkling beverage...one down and seven up....In short, my <sup>darling</sup> dear, what a girl! What a girl...the last time I saw anything like you was at a children's party....and I pinned a tail on it. Ah, yes, my angel, it was no wonder you fell in love with me, for I was a perfect Adonis of a man! That's what everyone said...I was Adonis looking man they ever saw....And so we went to your house to meet your folks... and your father called me a bum....Oh, I laughed at your father then...But I realize now that no one can judge a bum like another bum...And still, my dove we could have been happy. But then (CHORD) it happened.

(CONTINUED)

MOORE: we were out west walking the plains in search of a  
(Cont'd) place to build our <sup>little</sup> home...so free it seemed, so far  
from danger. It was I who first noticed the faint rumbling  
sound as of distant thunder...

SOUND: BUFFALO STAMPEDE SNEAK IN BUILD UNDER FOLLOWING...

MOORE: On the horizon a cloud of dust appeared...closer and closer  
it came to us. Suddenly I shouted aloud  
"Buffalo...thousands of buffalo stampeding in our  
direction! Run Elvira...run, my darling. ~~No, not~~  
~~that way.~~ Elvira, look out, the buffalo are upon us.  
(SCREAM)

*more* ✓ ORCHESTRA: ("BESAME MUCHO"...LAST FOUR BARS)

(APPLAUSE)

15-10

ORCHESTRA:

(GIBBS' INTRODUCTION:)

5/26/44 (REVISED)

MOORE:

Thank you, <sup>very much</sup> my friends, <sup>quite very kind</sup> - but let's leave the singing to someone who knows how to handle it, and that, of course, is her nibbs, Miss Gibbs. Howya, Georgia?

GIBBS:

Hiya Garry. You know, generally speaking, all songs are written about the same thing. Kids call it 'pitching woo'...grown-ups call it 'love'... and the Spanish they call it "amor".

GIBBS:

("AMOR ")

(APPLAUSE)

1540

1825



MOORE: Ah, thank you, Georgia. That is one of the loveliest compositions I've ever heard...

DURANTE: I DON'T WANT TO TAKE ISSUE WITH YOU.,BUT HAVE YOU EVER HEARD <sup>7</sup>RIMSKY KOR-SA-KOV'S MARSEY DOATS.... *and* ~~OR~~ WHAT'S MORE TO THE POINT -- HAVE YOU HEARD THE WORDS TO MY UNFINISHED SYMPHONY?

MOORE: James, I'm simply agog.

DURANTE: YOU'LL BE EVEN A GOG-GER. LISTEN -- "C A M E L S" FROM MAINE TO NAGASKI, IT'S THE FAVORITE TOBACCY,

PETRIE: *yo* - And if anyone wants to know why Camels are such favorites, Jimmy, *It tell you you* ~~all they~~ have to do is smoke a Camel and let *your* ~~their~~ own throat provide the answer.

DURANTE: ~~IS THAT RIGHT?~~ *I wouldn't be surprised.*

PETRIE: That mildness, that coolness! After all, any smoker knows the best judge of a cigarette is his own throat.

MOORE: Indubitably.

PETRIE: Yes, his own throat.....and taste, too, when he's judging which cigarette delivers the most smoking pleasure. That rich, mellow, can't-be-copied flavor that doesn't tire the taste.

DURANTE: HE MEANS IT HELPS 'EM/HOLD UP.

MOORE: Yes, keeps 'em from going flat no matter how many you smoke.

PETRIE: Yes, give Camels a real test...on your throat and your taste. In war, as in peace -- Camel is still Camel.

CHORUS: (C A M E L S!)

DURANTE: DON'T TELL ME! *Don't tell me!* / LET ME GUESS. IT SPELLS CAMELS.

PETRIE: Right! And when you ask for them sometimes and find that your dealer is temporarily out, well, remember that Camel is worth asking for again! *1955*

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DURANTE: AND NOW THE FRIDAY NIGHT CAMEL SHOW BRINGS YOU A DRAMA  
OF FIRES AND THE COURAGEOUS MEN WHO FIGHT THEM...

ENTITLED:

MOORE: "Once a Criminal, Always a Criminal", or.. "No Matter  
How Hard the Fire Chief Tried to go Straight, He was  
Always Hookin' Ladders."

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT.

MOORE: Now Jimmy, in tonight's play we run a fire company.  
Have you had any experience fighting fires?

DURANTE: WHY JUNIOR, IN MY YOUTH, I WAS A MASTER WITH  
THE SCALING LADDER: A DEMON WITH THE LIFE NET, AND  
A GENIUS WITH THE AXE.

MOORE: How were you with the hose?

DURANTE: THERE WASN'T A BETTER MAN WORKING FOR NYLON!

MOORE: Well, then we're all set. Let us retire to the  
fire house.

DURANTE: LET US RETIRE...I'LL BRING THE MATTRESS.

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

SOUND: PHONE RINGS...PHONE UP

MOORE: Hello, Durante -- Moore's Hotsy Totsy Firehouse. You  
light 'em, we fight 'em...Moore speaking...

ALLMAN: (FILTER) Mr. Moore, you must come right over. My girl's  
school is on fire.

MOORE: Girl's school? How old are the girls?

ALLMAN: Their ages run from nine to twelve.

MOORE: From nine to twelve?

ALLMAN: Yes...now how soon will you be over?

MOORE: In ten years!

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

MOORE: Well, so much for flaming youth.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

DURANTE: *Drop everything -* DROP EVERYTHING, JUNIOR, I JUST CAME FROM A FIRE IN THE LIQUOR STORE! WHAT A BLAZE!

MOORE: What happened?

DURANTE: WELL, HAVING NO APPARATUS ON MY PERSON, I PICKS UP A SELTZER BOTTLE AND STARTS SQUIRTIN' AWAY AT THE BURNING LIQUOR STORE.

MOORE: *Well,* Did the seltzer put out the fire?

DURANTE: No....BUT I MADE THE BIGGEST HIGHBALL YOU EVER SAW, *(I GOT FIVE CENTS BACK ON THE BOTTLE - (TO BOOT))*

MOORE: *So far as I'm concerned -* This fireman's life is getting me down; we've been here two weeks and there's no pole for us to slide down.

DURANTE: WELL, HOW DID THE FIREMEN BEFORE US SLIDE DOWN?

MOORE: *They were lucky*  
~~Oh, it was a cinch.~~ They had a tall, thin Chief.

DURANTE: HOW VERY GLO-COAT.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

PETRIE: You gotta take me to your next fire! You just got to take  
me to your next fire! Please, take me to your next fire!

MOORE: Who are you?

PETRIE: Oh, just a little marshmallow!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: THAT GUY'D DO ANYTHING TO GET ACQUAINTED.

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

MOORE: Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ALLMAN: Good afternoon, gentlemen, I am Miss Abigale Crump.

MOORE: Pardon me, did you say...Miss??

ALLMAN: Why, yes. (SILLY LAUGH) I'm quite footloose.

MOORE: And the rest of you could stand some tightening too.

DURANTE: A TOO-SHAY OBSERVATION.

ALLMAN: I am the new fire commissioner. Some very bad reports have come in about your conduct, and unless your work improves I shall be forced to replace you.

DURANTE: BUT MISS CRUMP, THAT'S NOT TRUE. REMEMBER THE NIGHT THE BURLESQUE THEATRE CAUGHT ON FIRE??? WELL, I RESCUED THE FAN DANCER.

ALLMAN: You rescued the fan dancer???

DURANTE: YEAH... THIRTY SIX TIMES! (MY COM-BUST-SHUN WAS POSITIVELY -  
*Positively - they will give me those big words! M: Goulencous.*  
SPONTANEOUS)

*Durante: Yo -*  
MOORE: *All this program needs is a nice neon typewriter.*  
~~Yes~~, it was a delightful fire.

ALLMAN: That's what I object to. The only time you go to a fire is when there are pretty girls. Don't you realise that pretty girls are a dime a dozen??

MOORE: Girls are a dime a dozen??

ALLMAN: Yes.

MOORE: Gee whiz ... and all this time I've been buying jelly beans.

DURANTE: MY BOY IS GROWING UP!

ALLMAN: Well, gentlemen, I'll be leaving now, and remember, unless you do a good job at your next fire, I shall have to ask you to turn in your hydrant. Now good day.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: Now there's a fire commissioner who should really go to blazes. But she's right, Jimmy, *She's right -* we've got to brush up on our technique. In a burning building who would you rescue first .... a beautiful girl or a cocker spaniel?

DURANTE: (BUSINESS WITH LIP)

MOORE: Now <sup>What</sup> what kind of an answer is that??

DURANTE: IT'S AS GOOD AS YOUR QUESTION!!

MOORE: I guess it is at that.

SOUND: THREE BELLS RING FOLLOWED BY ONE LIGHT TINKLE

~~DURANTE:~~ → WHAT DO YOU KNOW ... A THREE AND A HALF ALARM FIRE.

MOORE: Jimmy, this is the chance we've been waiting for. If we put out the fire, our jobs will be saved.

DURANTE: WELL, LET'S GO....TEMPUS FIDGETS, <sup>is yes</sup> JUNIOR, I'LL BACK THE FIRE TRUCK OUT OF THE STATION.

MOORE: Okay, ~~and~~, I'll steer from the back. Start 'er up, Jimmy.

SOUND: AUTO STARTER GRINDING...MOTOR EXPLODES...MACHINE GUN FIRE...

LOUD CRASH ... MOTOR STARTS

DURANTE: I GOTTA GET THAT SQUEAK TAKEN OUT OF THE CLUTCH.

MUSIC: (ON CUE) ..(BRIDGE.."HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN TONIGHT" GAG

FINISH WITH)

SOUND: REVOLVER SHOT

MOORE: Jimmy, we've been riding around <sup>here</sup> for three hours, looking for the fire, and I haven't even smelled smoke. Stick your nose in the air and sniff.

DURANTE: OKAY. (SNIFF)

MOORE: What did you get?

DURANTE: <sup>was</sup> ~~WAS~~ PIGEONS AND A HUMMING BIRD. JUNIOR, IT'S YOUR FAULT WE'RE LOST. WHERE DID YOU EVER LEARN TO STEER?

MOORE: I'll have you know I went to the Whitley Driving School.

DURANTE: WHITLEY DRIVING SCHOOL? WHY, THAT'S A SCHOOL FOR WOMEN DRIVERS!

MOORE: I know. There's nothing like learning the enemy's tricks.

DURANTE: ~~HEY~~, LOOK, JUNIOR...THERE'S THE FIRE, UP AHEAD. AND IT'S COMING FROM THE LIBRARY.

MOORE: How can you tell it's coming from the library?

DURANTE: 'CAUSE THE SMOKE IS POURING OUT IN VOLUMES...I GOTTA MILLION OF 'EM...I GOTTA MILLION OF 'EM.

MOORE: Jimmy, <sup>just</sup> I/hope we don't get here too late./ <sup>When we do - I'll tell you what -</sup> First I'll break the door down. Then you smash the windows and then I'll chop the furniture ~~up~~ while you tear up the books.

DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE, GARRY. AREN'T WE GONNA PUT THE FIRE OUT FIRST?

MOORE: You haven't been a fireman long, have you, James? Well, here's the library.

SOUND: MOTOR STOPS...SCREECH OF BRAKES

DURANTE: <sup>Just</sup> ~~AND~~ LOOK AT IT. WE'RE TOO LATE. THE LIBRARY'S BURNED TO THE GROUND.

MOORE: <sup>Hell</sup> There go our jobs. Jimmy, that conflagration has ostracized us from the ranks of the employed. We are impoverished;

<sup>destitute; derelict. Do you know what that means?</sup>

DURANTE: <sup>No - And I never know. Moore: Why not?</sup> ~~NO~~...THE DICTIONARY BURNED DOWN WITH THE LIBRARY!

MUSIC: <sup>no!</sup> (PLAY OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

26<sup>15</sup>

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

MOGEEHAN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week. Tonight we salute  
First Lieutenant Carl J. Luksic, of Joliet, Illinois, winner  
of the Distinguished Flying Cross and Air Medal with three  
Oak Leaf Clusters. In ~~one day...one day!~~...He shot down  
~~five~~ German fighters in a raid over Brunswick, Germany.  
Then, on his way home, "just for fun," as he described it,  
he shot up an enemy locomotive and four tank cars full of  
gasoline for the Luftwaffe. In your honor,  
Lieutenant Luksic, the makers of Camels are sending to our  
soldiers overseas three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes.

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

(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.

ORCHESTRA: (INTO "WHO WILL BE WITH YOU")



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

MOORE: An elfin note, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: A CHARMING NOTE, MR. MOORE....AND THIS, JUNIOR, ENDS ANOTHER  
BROADCAST FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES.

MOORE: Yes, James, but we aren't the only broadcast on the air  
nowadays.

DURANTE: NO?  
*No sir -*

MOORE: /Every night there's a broadcast from Berlin, Germany, which  
gives tips to Americans on how they can beat the American  
ration laws. And it's a smart idea...because Mr. Hitler  
knows that every gallon of gasoline bought on the  
Black Market, is a gallon taken away from the coming invasion.  
Mr. Hitler knows that lots of us are using illegal gas...are  
using coupons to which we're not entitled. And Mr. Hitler  
loves it! So think it over my friends. The next time you  
buy illegal gas for an extra mile in America, measure it in  
terms of an extra mile into Occupied Territory...

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

ORCHESTRA: THEME

MOORE: Good night, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: GOOD NIGHT, MR. MOORE.

BOTH: GOOD NIGHT, EVERYBODY. (FOLKS)

ORCHESTRA: (UP AND OUT)

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (THEME...BUMPER...IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN)

PETRIE: <sup>2810</sup> 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 Bargey and his Orchestra, yours truly, Howard Petrie.

DURANTE: AND JIMMY DURANTE.

MOORE: And Garry Moore.

BOTH: IN PERSON!

(APPLAUSE)

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

PETRIE: <sup>2830</sup> And remember...try Camels on your throat and your taste. See for yourself how Camel's mildness, coolness and flavor, click with you! <sup>2842</sup>

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP)

(APPLAUSE)

(BOARD FADE)

(SWITCH TO STUDIO FIVE FOR HITCH-HIKE)

(ADDITIONAL CLOSING IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN)

*2830*  
*Cut in error by P.A. Announcer - However heard in main studio.*

(IN STUDIO FIVE)

SHIELDS: <sup>28 55</sup> You know how we all give nicknames to our good, ole friends. Well, lots of men who look on Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco as a real pal, affectionately refer to it as P.A. Good old P.A. And those initials P.A. also stand for something else. Pipe Appeal. Yessir, P.A. sure "appeals"...to everybody... when that mellow, appetizing, aged-in-the-wood fragrance comes curling blue and mellow out of the bowl. Nobody's likely to object to your pipe when Prince Albert's giving it pipe appeal. And the taste...boy!...rich, full, yet so mild and bite-free, your tongue'll say, "Thanks"! P.A., you see, is no-bite treated. And it's crimp cut to pack pretty, burn even, and draw just right! That big, red two-ounce package holds around fifty...yes, I said fifty!... pipefuls of smoking joy. D'you wonder more pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the whole world!

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

29<sup>30</sup>