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BROADCAST

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(REVISED) *Commercial, etc.*
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WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

CBS NETWORK
FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1944

PROGRAM #71
7:00 - 7:30 P.M. PWT

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

ELVIA ALLMAN

PAT MCGEEHAN

FRED SHIELDS

DIRECTOR.....PHIL COHAN

51454 5544

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

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FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1944

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

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

SOUND: PHONE RINGS TWICE...PHONE UP

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

DURANTE: (ON FILTER) HELLO, JUNIOR...THIS IS JIMMY.

MOORE: Jimmy Durante! Where are you?

DURANTE: I'M WITH ^{Peter Larre} BORIS KARLOFF. HE THINKS HE'S A MAD DOCTOR
AND HE'S FOOLING AROUND WITH MY APPENDIX.

MOORE: But Jimmy -- you've had your appendix out.

DURANTE: I KNOW, BUT THIS GUY'S GONNA PUT 'EM BACK IN!

MOORE: Oh, no!

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION...SWELL UP TO FINISH)

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

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...⁴⁵ brought to you by
Camel, the cigarette that's first in the service
according to actual sales records! See if your throat
and your taste don't make Camel a ~~first~~ - with you, too!
Find out for yourself! /⁵³

MUSIC: (SWEAK AND OUT)

PETRIE: As you know, friends, Hollywood is famous for building
its pictures around its stars. They took one look at
Jean Hersholt and called him "Dr. Christian". They took
one look at Gary Cooper and called him "Dr. Wassell."
They took one look at Garry Moore and called a
consultation of the doctors. And here he is --
Garry Moore!

(APPLAUSE)

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very much

MOORE: Well, thank you, my friends, and good evening,
culture-lovers everywhere... And as for you,
Howard Petrie --

PETRIE: Yes, Mr. Moore?

MOORE: How dare you stand there -- your shirt front all full
of stomach -- and speak of my puny physique... Oh,
I'll admit I used to be sluggish... I'll admit it took me
five minutes to complete the Vitalis sixty-second
work-out... I'll admit it took me three weeks to finish
the Palmolive ^{fourteen} ~~ten~~-day beauty plan... But I got tired of
being behind time, and this very afternoon --

ORCHESTRA: (QUICK ONE TRUMPET FANFARE)

MOORE: I developed five o'clock shadow at four forty-five...
So don't kid me.

PETRIE: Why, T. Garrison Moore! You haven't actually been
exercising?

MOORE: Why, Howard Pismo Petrie, I have so, too!.. Why, every
afternoon I play baseball.

PETRIE: Baseball? Do you ever get on base?

MOORE: *Why* Certainly. In fact I am more often on than off. That's
why they call me that.

PETRIE: Call you what?

MOORE: More-on Moore, they call me now... At least, I ~~think~~ ^{thought up until}
~~now~~ /that's why they call me that.

PETRIE: Garry, let's not kid ourselves. Why, I could knock
you flat with one blow of my breath.

MOORE: Ohhh, you could, hah?...Lemme see yuh try it.

PETRIE: Okay...(BLOWS)

SOUND: THUD...CRASH

MOORE: No fair -- you've been eating onions...^{Howard, maybe} Maybe I'd better introduce you to ^{my gym teacher} Miss Aphadistra Snodgrass. ^{Here she is ...}

PETRIE: Hello, Miss Snodgrass.

ELVIA: Hi'yuh, Fatty.

MOORE: Miss Snodgrass! ^{Please} Let's be more polite.

ELVIA: I'm in no mood for small talk, Shorty. All day I've been redecorating my own home. Why, I even put the wallpaper on myself.

MOORE: So I see -- and it looks good on you, too...But, Miss Snodgrass, I want you to tell Mr. Petrie about the Snodgrass Method of Physical Culture.

ELVIA: I don't hafta tell him ^{Shorty} Just listen to this poem I got from a satisfied customer ^{Mr. Oh!} Miss Avis Avordupois of Bulging Bustle, Idaho. ^{Mr. Charming} She says --

"I never liked my corsets --

I had to lace the things.

But since the day I lost twelve pounds,

It's been Holiday for Strings"...

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: Isn't she wonderful, ^{It's} Howard? No wonder that people everywhere are saying, "To Health With Miss Snodgrass." ^{3 20}
...So with my problems to one side -- let's say hello to

ORCHESTRA: (DURANTE PLAY-ON)

MOORE: -- that man of the people -- the one and only --
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) IF LAWRENCE MEL-KEE-OR IS LISTENING IN, HE MAY CONSIDER THAT A CHALLENGE!

MOORE: Ah, Jimmy, my boy - tonight you're ~~a~~ playful as a young colt.

DURANTE: THANKS AND WHEN I RACE AGAIN YOU MAY PUT TWO DOLLARS ON MY NOSE! BUT THAT IS NEITHER CHOCOLATE NOR A-CLAIR THIS MORNING I WENT DOWN TOWN TO GET AN ALLIGATOR BAG -- UNFORTUNATELY I COULDN'T FIND ONE TO FIT THE ALLIGATOR.. SO I DECIDED TO COME HOME ON THE BUS.

MOORE: So you decided to come home on the bus.

DURANTE: MR. MOORE, THAT BEARS A REMARKABLE RESEMBLANCE TO WHAT I JUST SAID. HOWSOEVER, I GOT ON THE BUS, SAT DOWN AND OPENED MY NEWSPAPER. I WAS PER-RUSING THE FINANCIAL PAGE WHEN THE GUY NEXT TO ME STARTS MOVING CLOSER AND CLOSER WELL, IT GOT SO BAD I FINALLY HAD TO GET OFF THE BUS.

MOORE: Was it that annoying?

DURANTE: ANNYOYING? LISTEN, I DIDN'T MIND WHEN HE READ THE WAR NEWS OVER MY SHOULDER -- I DIDN'T MIND WHEN HE TOOK A PENCIL OUT OF MY POCKET AND WORKED OUT THE CROSSWORD PUZZLE -- BUT WHEN HE TOOK HIS SALAMI SANDWICH FROM UNDER HIS HAT AND WRAPPED IT UP IN MY SOCIETY PAGE THAT'S ^{where} IS WHEN I GOT OFF...I GAVE HIM A LOOK THAT WAS FRAUGHT WITH INSIGNIFICANCE!

MOORE: Jimmy, let's turn to the political front. Dewey and Roosevelt were nominated at their Conventions. Now what I want to know about your party's convention is....

DURANTE: DON'T MENTION CONVENTIONS TO ME! (POLITICS AND ME HAVE SA-VEERED OUR ACQUAINTANCE.)

MOORE: Dark Horse Durante quitting the Presidential race? What happened?

DURANTE: WELL, AT FIRST EVERYTHING SEEMED ROSY. WHEN I ARRIVED AT THE CONVENTION, BEDLAM BROKE LOOSE (THAT'S WHAT THEY GET FOR USING LOOSE BEDLAM) JUST BY LOOKING AROUND I KNEW HOW I STOOD. THE DELEGATE FROM NEBRASKA HAD A BANNER ON HIS CHEST THAT SAID: DURANTE'S OUR MAN!.... THE DELEGATE FROM KANSAS HAD A BANNER AROUND HIS WAIST THAT SAID: "WE WANT DURANTE!" THEN IN CAME THE DELEGATE FROM MONTANA AND HE WAS FOR ME TOO.

MOORE: What did the banner he was wearing say about you?

DURANTE: I COULDN'T TELL. HE WAS SITTING DOWN AT THE TIME! HOW ~~VERY~~ ^{M: Sent it?} EGNOMINIOUS... BUT, JUNIOR, YOU SHOULD HAVE HEARD THOSE WOMEN DELEGATES CHEER FOR ME!

MOORE: *Oh* As usual the opposite sex was for ^{James} you. Tell me, Schnozz -- were you always so popular with the girls?

DURANTE: IF MODESTY PERMITS -- (AND I JUST GOT PERMISSION)... I MUST SAY, THAT EVEN WHEN I WAS BUT A CHILD IN GRAMMAR SCHOOL, EVERY GIRL IN MY CLASS WHO WAS IN LOVE WITH ME ASKED ME FOR A LOCK OF MY HAIR.

MOORE: Were there many girls in love with you?

DURANTE: I AIN'T SAYING, BUT I WAS THE ONLY KID IN THE THIRD GRADE WITH A BALD HEAD!... (I USED TO STAY AFTER SCHOOL AND CLEAN THE BLACK-BOARDS WITH MY TOO-PAY)

MOORE: Before the business of the convention started I suppose you were besieged by the gentlemen of the press....

DURANTE: YES. AND THE NEWSPAPERMEN, TOO. ^{you know} / I TOLD THEM (AND I QUOTE MYSELF) THAT IF I AM ELECTED I'LL INSIST THAT FOURTEEN HULA-HULA DANCERS SHOULD BE MEMBERS OF MY CONGRESS!

MOORE: Hula dancers? What do they know about politics?

DURANTE: NOTHING! BUT THOSE DAMES ^{you know} COULD SURE PUT A MOTION BEFORE THE HOUSE! DURANTE YOU'RE A CHARACTER! BUT SOON IT WAS TIME TO START THE BALLOTING.

The balloting?
/ Was it close?

MOORE:

DURANTE:

CLOSE? WHY IT WAS POSITIVELY TUCK AND NIP.

BY SUPPER-TIME I WAS SO EXHAUSTED....I WENT TO A RESTAURANT NOT ONLY TO RELAX BUT ALSO TO MUNCH. THE MAY-TRO-DEE GAVE ME MY USUAL TABLE DOWN FRONT NEAR THE MUSIC -- NEXT TO THE DRUMS

MOORE:

Next to the drums?

DURANTE:

YES. YOU SEE I CAN'T STAND THE NOISE OF PEOPLE EATING CLERY...BEING AN IPIICURE I STARTED MY DINNER WITH AN ORDER OF OYSTERS ON THE HALF SHELL. I'D EATEN MOST OF THE SHELL (AND WAS JUST GETTING DOWN TO THE OYSTERS) WHEN WHO DO I SEE AT THE NEXT TABLE BUT A CHARMING WOMAN DELEGATE.

MOORE:

Oh say
Well, there was your chance to swing her vote your way.

DURANTE:

EXACTLY. SO I WALKED OVER TO HER TABLE, BOWED AT THE WAIST AND KISSED HER HAND.

MOORE:

Why did you kiss her hand?

DURANTE:

BECAUSE HER MOUTH WAS FULL OF CHICKEN A LA KING!...YOU SEE IT WAS MEATLESS TUESDAY!.....

MOORE:

Well, I'm all ears to hear about that final balloting.

DURANTE:

WELL, THINGS LOOKED PRETTY ARM-NA-BUS, *M. No! D. I suppose I'm too educated for you!* SO I WENT TO THE ONLY MAN WHO COULD SWING MY NOMINATION.

MOORE: Who ~~is~~ that?

DURANTE: UMBRIAGO!...UMBRIAGO SAID I MUST SPEAK TO THE VOTERS PERSONALLY ON A COAST-TO-COAST HOOK-UP. THIS WAS MY LAST CHANCE SO I PREPARED A BRILLIANT SPEECH. BUT RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF MY SPEECH -- I'M HIT BY A CATASTRASTROPE SOMETHING WENT WRONG AT THE RADIO STATION AND I GOT MIXED UP WITH ANOTHER PROGRAM.

MOORE: What happened?

DURANTE: WHAT HAPPENED? THEY NOMINATED JOHN'S OTHER WIFE;
THAT UMBRIAGO!

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

JWS

MOORE: Yes sir --- Jimmy Durante --- master of misinformation.
But every now and then we like to be right for a change,
so let's consult Howard Petrie.

PETRIE: Take the grin on a fighting man's face and his deep
appreciative "Ahhh" when he gets a minute off for a
smoke...take a lovely lady with her after-dinner
cigarette, and her comment, "My, but these are mild
and easy on my throat"...Take a busy newspaperman
banging out a story at midnight and smoking his umpteenth
cigarette of the day, and finding that it tastes just as
good as the first one...multiply these three by millions,
and you get a hint of what goes on every day in every
corner of the world with Camel cigarettes. Try the
mildness and full rich flavor of Camel's superb blend
of costlier tobaccos on your own T-Zone -- that's T for
Taste and T for throat. Yes, and T for Truth too --
for your T-Zone provides the true answer to the question
of which cigarette is best for you.

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

PETRIE: Camels, try them today.

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO "DANCING WITH A DOLLY")

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PETRIE: Roy Bargy and the Orchestra now in a Roy Bargy
arrangement of "Dancing With A Dolly." *10¹⁰*

ORCHESTRA: "DANCING WITH A DOLLY"

(APPLAUSE)

12¹⁰

DURANTE: AND THAT WAS "DANCE WITH A DOLLY" PLAYED BY ROY BARGY WHO APPEARS ON THIS PROGRAM THROUGH ^{the} COURTESY OF MRS. BARGY ^(for a slight fee).... BUT ENOUGH OF THIS TRIVIA; LET US HARKEN NOW TO MR. GARRY MOORE, AND HIS WELL KNOWN STORIES OF LITTLE KNOWN PEOPLE.

MOORE: An excellent suggestion, James, because tonight I am going to tell ^{you} the story of a tragic man -- the story of Haversham Cringenasal.

DURANTE: Have-a-ham CRINJE-^{sh}ASAL?.... I SHALL STUFF A BANK BOOK IN MY EARS AND LISTEN WITH COM-POUND INTEREST. ^{1/2⁴⁵}

ORCHESTRA: ("SONG MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME")

MOORE: Well, I thought you ought to know about Haversham Cringenasal... Born in the little town of Wrong Door, Delaware -- which is just three miles from Oops Pardon Me Madame, New Jersey -- Haversham come from a fine old family. On his mother's side there were two dukes and an earl -- and on his father's side there was a beautifully tattooed picture of Sally Rand... And ^{My}, but he was a precocious child. On his first day in the fourth grade he asked his teacher to marry him. ^{She} / Of course she turned him down-- after all, he was so much older than she was... But time marched on, and on his thirty-second birthday he went to his father and ^{he} / said --

KEARNS: ^{Oh} Father --

MOORE: Yes, Haversham?

KEARNS: Father, I'm tired of being a failure. I want to be something. I want to make a name for myself.

MOORE: Son, you HAVE made a name for yourself -- but, please, don't ever mention it in front of your mother... Now here's my advice to you. If you want to get ahead in this world -- YOU MUST GRAB THE BULL BY THE HORNS.

ORCHESTRA: (IDEA CHORD)

KEARNS: (THINKING) Grab a bull by the horns?... Well -- I don't get the point -- but if he says so, I'll GRAB a bull by the horns.

ORCHESTRA: ("FLIGHT OF THE BUMBLE BEE")

MOORE: And so, with determination, Haversham set forth to find a bull and grab it by the horns... His first stop was Obbendorfer's butcher shop.

ORCHESTRA: (CUT MUSIC)

SOUND: DOOR OPENS... BELL TINKLE

KEARNS: Mr. Obbendorfer, have you got a nice fresh bull that I could grab by the horns?

PETRIE: I guess so. But I'll hafta charge you ration points.

KEARNS: How many?

PETRIE: Eighty-seven thousand, four hundred and twenty.

KEARNS: But I've only got nineteen points -- and I MUST grab the bull by the horns.

PETRIE: Nineteen points? Why for nineteen points I couldn't even let you grab a lamb chop by the PANTIES!

ORCHESTRA: ("FLIGHT OF THE BUMBLE BEE")

MOORE: Frustrated but still determined, Haversham started for the open country - and there lying in the shadow of a nearby tree, Haversham saw a bull. His heart all a-flutter, he tip-toed toward it...
(CHORD) Once he grabbed the horns!..(CHORD) Twice he grabbed the horns!..(CHORD) Three times he grabbed the horns and he was triumphant...(SOUL SHAKER) Until he realized the bull's name was Matilda, and all he had for his trouble was a sleeve full of milk.....And not even homogenized.

ORCHESTRA: (PAVANNE FOR A MISSED PUTT)

MOORE: Haversham Cringenensd was a sad man after that. But he said to himself --

KEARNS: I still don't get the point, but I WILL succeed.

MOORE: And years later he found himself in Mexico, where a distant uncle of his had died and left him two tickets to a ^{deal} full-fight.. He dashed to the arena, and being an illiterate sort of creep, he meant to go through the front door, but by mistake, he went through the one marked Toreador...and before he knew it --

ORCHESTRA: (OMINOUS CHORD)

MOORE: He was in the bull-ring, facing the bull!

SOUND: BULL MOO

MOORE: Slowly the bull began to paw the ground. And Haversham thought --

KEARNS: I still don't get the point. But this is my
chance to grab the bull by the horns.

MOORE: And with that, the bull charged..(CHORD)..there
was blood in his eye and his horns were three feet
long!..The crowd began to shriek in terror!
But did Haversham run? Did Haversham run?...DID
Haver-sham -- RUN? ... Yes, he did,..He --

ORCHESTRA: ("FLIGHT OF THE BUMBLE BEE")

MOORE: -- turned his back on the bull and dashed for the
safety of the grand-stands. But he had taken only
three steps when --

SOUND: FLUTTER BELL

KEARNS: BOOOOOOOOOOOO.

MOORE: ...And as they carried him out on a stretcher,
Haversham smiled to himself and said --

KEARNS: well, I didn't grab a bull by the horns -- but at
last I got the point!

ORCHESTRA: (PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE)

16¹⁵

MUSIC: (INTRODUCTION "AMOR")

MOORE: Thank you, my friends -- you're very kind.
And I'll return your favors by presenting Her Nibbs,
Miss Gibbs. How are you, Georgia?

GIBBS: Well, I've got a problem, Mr. Anthony....I've got a song
all about love, in fact the whole ^{thing} ~~title~~ is nothin'
but....Now what can you say about a love song, except
that it goes -- like this.

GIBBS: "AMOR"

(APPLAUSE)

16⁴⁰

19³⁰

Yes sir - her nibs, Miss Gibbs, my friends. Speaking of matters musical,
MOORE: Well, Schnozz, how's the great musical genius getting on?

DURANTE: WELL, GARRY, I'M HAVING A TOUGH TIME AT THE PIANO WITH
MY COMPOSING I WISH I COULD PLAY BY EAR.

MOORE: Well, why can't you?

DURANTE: BECAUSE MY NOSE KEEPS GETTING IN THE WAY! *19⁴⁵* BUT SEE IF YOU
LIKE THESE NEW ^{*words for*} WRODS ~~TO~~ MY SYMPHONY...LISTEN (SINGS)
C-A-M-E-L-S (HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT! I SPELLED IT WRONG

M. That's pretty! D. Don't that marvellous!
PETRIE: ~~Well,~~ THANKS JIMMY FOR THAT MUSICAL GEM - and for helping me to

make the point that the same music comes out differently
from different throatsand that all throats are
different.....even to their preferences in cigarettes.

DURANTE: EVERY DAY I LEARN SOMETHING NEW?

PETRIE: *Sure.* So that's why we suggest to folks that they try Camels on
their own throats and find out for themselves if
Camel's mildness and coolness make it their best cigarette.

MOORE: The answer is apparent.

DURANGE: AND TRANSPARENT TOO! *M. Certainly.*

PETRIE: *Why sure!* See if that matchless blend of costlier tobaccos doesn't
give your taste the greatest enjoyment. For it's the
T-Zone -- T for Taste and T for Throat - that
serves as the best proving ground for cigarettes.

ORCHESTRA: (C A M E L S)

PETRIE: Camels! Try Camels on your T Zone today. *20⁴⁵*

ORCHESTRA: (PLAYOFF)

DURANTE: AND NOW THE FRIDAY NIGHT CAMEL SHOW BRINGS YOU A DRAMA OF
THE INSURANCE BUSINESS....ENTITLED:

MOORE: "The Fat Lady Insured Her Figure For A Million Dollars"..
or.."No Matter How You Look At It, That's Quite A
Lump". Now, Jimmy, in tonight's play you and I are in the
insurance business. Have you had any experience?

DURANTE: EXPERIENCE? WHY IN MY YOUTH I SOLD ALL KINDS OF POLICIES.
I WAS A DEMON WITH AUTO INSURANCE; AN EXPERT WITH FIRE
INSURANCE AND A WIZARD WITH ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

MOORE: How were you with life?

DURANTE: I SOLD SO MANY COPIES, THEY GAVE ME A FREE BICYCLE.

MOORE: Well, ^{then} in that case, we're off to the office, willy-nilly.

DURANTE: I'LL NILLY.....WILLY CAN TAKE A STREET CAR.

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

SOUND: PHONE RINGS...PHONE UP

MOORE: Hello....^{this is the} "You Should Live So Long Life Insurance Company"
Moore speaking.

GIBBS: (FILTER) Mr. Moore, that policy you sold me has thirteen
clauses, ^{Can't} you increase it to fourteen so I'll have
better luck.

MOORE: Madam those good luck signs don't mean anything. I once
wrapped on wood for good luck.

GIBBS: And what happened?

MOORE: It turned out to be Betty Grable's door and Harry James
hit me over the head with ^{his} trumpet.

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

MOORE: Touble, trouble, touble.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: ^{Jimmy} WRITE ME OUT SOME FIRE INSURANCE, JUNIOR, AM I BURNED UP.

MOORE: Jimmy, what's cooking?

DURANTE: WELL, LAST NIGHT I GOES TO A NIGHT CLUB, AND WHAT AN EXPERIENCE, ^{They get} A GIRL ^{here who does} COMES ~~OUT TO DO~~ THE DANCE OF THE SEVEN VEILS....SHE, ^{& dance} STARTS/AT MIDNIGHT. AND EVERY HOUR SHE TAKES OFF ANOTHER ONE OF HER SEVEN VEILS. IT WAS AWFUL.

MOORE: What was awful about it?

DURANTE: THE JOINT CLOSED AT SIX.....DID ANYTHING HAPPEN WHILE I WAS OUT.

MOORE: Well, while you were out I sold three small policies. *D. G. m.*
Lana Turner took out sweater insurance; Dorothy Lamour took ^{out} wrong insurance....and Gypsy Rose Lee took out some insurance too.

DURANTE: GYPSY ROSE LEE? WHAT DID SHE HAVE INSURED?

MOORE: He's led such a sheltered life. But Jimmy, let's stop kidding. ^{will you.} I looked over the account books, and I'm afraid we're going to have to take another cut in salary.

DURANTE: A FINE PARTNER YOU ARE. SINCE WE MOVED INTO THESE SWANKY OFFICES, YOU'VE CUT MY SALARY THREE TIMES.

MOORE: Well, what about it?

DURANTE: WHEN YOU START CHARGING ME ADMISSION, WE'RE THROUGH.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

PETRIE: *Oh* YOU MUST HELP ME GO STRAIGHT....YOU GOTTA HELP ME GO STRAIGHT.PLEASE, YOU ~~JUST~~ GOTTA HELP ME GO STRAIGHT.

MOORE: Say, who are you?

PETRIE: Oh, just a little pretzel.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: I'D LIKE TO DUNK THAT GUY IN A BARREL OF BEER. HE MIGHT
GET A HEAD THAT WAY.

Moore. He might as well.
SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ALLMAN: Good afternoon, gentlemen. I'm Mrs. Van. de Pool, of the
Van De Pool Library.

MOORE: Oh, yes. For a minute I didn't recognize you.

ALLMAN: You didn't?

MOORE: No....and believe me, I never spent a more enjoyable
minute.

DURANTE: EXCUSE MY ASSOCIATE'S BON MOP, BUT I ^{recognized} ~~KNEW~~ WHO YOU WERE
IMMEDIATELY. YOUR RED HAIR GAVE YOU AWAY.

ALLMAN: Yes, red hair runs in my family. I got mine from my
mother.

DURANTE: *You ought to return it -*
SHE MUST BE AWFULLY CHILLY WITHOUT IT.

MOORE: Mrs. Van De Pool, to what do we owe the honor of this
visit?

ALLMAN: *Gentlemen -*
Well, I want to register a claim. Some theives broke into
the library and stole a first edition of "A Tree Grows in
Brooklyn". It was the envy of all book collectors.

DURANTE: AND TERMITES TOO....BUT DON'T WORRY, MRS. VAN DE POOL,
I SOLD YOU INSURANCE ON THAT BOOK, AND I'LL PAY THROUGH
THE NOSE.

MOORE: Careful James....there isn't that much money in the world.

DURANTE: TOO SHAY, MR. MOORE, TOO SHAY. (BUT THIS WAS HARDLY THE TIME TO SHAY IT)

ALLMAN: Well, good day gentlemen, and I shall expect a check by mail. If you can't get the check ^{just} send the male anyway.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: Jimmy, we're hooked but before we pay her claim on that book, let's investigate. We're off to the library...

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

DURANTE: WELL, JUNIOR, ANY LUCK? HAVE YOU COME ACROSS ANY CLUES?

MOORE: Nothing yet, Jimmy. Wait a minute. Look what I just found a cigarette butt.

DURANTE: WELL, WHAT ABOUT IT?

MOORE: Got a match?

DURANTE: JUNIOR, ^{Look at} THAT MEXICAN FELLOW OVER THERE ^{De's} HAS BEEN SPYING ON US SINCE WE CAME IN. I BETTER ASK HIM A FEW QUESTIONS

MOORE: A good idea.

DURANTE: HEY, PANCHO....DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE ROBBERY?

PETRIE: Si, si.

DURANTE: WERE YOU HERE WHEN THE BOOK WAS STOLEN.

PETRIE: Si, si...

DURANTE: DID YOU SEE THE MAN WHO TOOK IT?

PETRIE: Si, si.

DURANTE: ^{It's obvious this guy don't know nuthin' about the robbery.} WELL, YOU CAN GO. YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING. BUT I SURE

WISH I ~~W~~ KNEW WHAT THAT SI, SI MEANT.

MOORE: Jimmy, we ^{we got to} ~~must~~ solve this case, and I know a way we can do it. There's a old theory that says the criminal always returns to the scene of his crime.

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DURANTE:

YOU MEAN?

*D: He should go back to that. I love it.
M: All right - let's go back. (Repeat from "things and old theory")*

MOORE:

Yes. We're going to stay in this library until the criminal returns.....even if it takes months.

DURANTE:

MONTHS...WHY THAT'S ALMOST A FORT NIT.

MUSIC:

("MORNING"..PEER GYNT)

DURANTE:

JUNIOR WE'VE BEEN IN THIS LIBRARY TWENTY FOUR HOURS NOW. HOW DID YOU LIKE SLEEPING IN THE BOOKSHELF LAST NIGHT?

MOORE:

Well, Jimmy, I didn't mind resting my head on "Little women", I didn't mind covering myself with "The Last of the Mohicans", but when it came to warming my feet on "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" that was embarrassing.

DURANTE:

A POINT TO BE CONJURED WITH!

M: Don't it?

MUSIC:

(JINGLE BELLS)

DURANTE:

JUNIOR, WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR THE GUY WHO STOLE THAT BOOK FOR SIX MONTHS NOW...EVERY DAY I'VE BEEN STANDING AT THIS DOOR WATCHING PEOPLE COMING IN AND GOING OUT. COMING AND GOING.

MOORE:

Well, James, have you pinched anybody byet?

DURANTE:

WELL, NOT IN THE LINE OF DUTY.

MOORE:

Jimmy, we've just got to keep waiting. *oh wait a minute* what was that *noise?*
Jimmy, there's someone in that closet.

DURANTE: *that* GRAB YOUR GUN. I'LL OPEN THE DOOR!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

PETRIE: *Don't don't don't.* Don't shoot! I just had to have that book, I tell you --
I just had to have that book...I just had to have a
"Tree Grows in Brooklyn."

MOORE: Why, who are you?

PETRIE: Oh just a little cocker spaniel!

DURANTE: EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT!

ORCHESTRA: (PLAYOFF)
(APPLAUSE)

27⁰⁰

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

MCGIBBEN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Private Delbert Cochran, of Marionville, Pennsylvania -- and the Army Medical Corps -- who has been cited three times for his heroism in evacuating the wounded on the Normandy Front. He also wears the Silver Star medal. In your honor, Private Delbert Cochran, the makers of Camels are sending to our fighters overseas four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes.

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

PETRIE: (APPLAUSE)

PETRIE: Each of the three Camel shows honors a Yank of the Week, sends four 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 almost four million Yanks with free shows and free Camels.

ORCH: INTRODUCTION... "WHO WILL BE WITH YOU!" *Theme*

27³⁰

PETRIE:

27 Camel broadcasts go out to the United States three times a week, are sent and shortwaved to our men overseas, and to South America. Listen Monday to Bob Hawk in "Thanks To The Yanks", Thursday, to Harry Savoy: and next Friday listen to Georgia Gibbs, Roy Bargy and his Orchestra, yours truly, Howard Petrie.....

DURANTE:

AND JIMMY DURANTE.

MOORE:

And Garry Moore.

BOTH:

as you mean!
IN PERSON.

(APPLAUSE)

28¹⁵

ORCHESTRA:

(THEME UP.....FADE FOR)

PETRIE:

28²⁰ And remember...try Camels on your throat and your taste. See for yourself how Camel's mildness, coolness, and flavor click with you.

28³⁰

ORCHESTRA:

(THEME UP)

(APPLAUSE)

(BOARD FADE)

(SWITCH TO STUDIO FIVE FOR HITCH HIKE)

(ADDITIONAL CLOSING IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN)

28³⁵

SHIELDS:

(IN STUDIO FIVE)

Fifty is Thrifty! You bet!.....Fifty is thrifty!
Meaning those approximately fifty pipefuls of
smoking pleasure in that big, red, two-ounce Prince
Albert package. And those initials "P.A." don't only
stand for Prince Albert -- they stand for Pipe Appeal
too! Yep, P.A. appeals to the nostrils of those
around you as well as to your own smoking taste. That
aged-in-the-wood aroma is great! And so is the rich,
mild flavor -- and the no-bite treatment that is so
gentle to your tongue; and the crimp cut that gives
perfect packing, drawing, and burning. No wonder
more pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other
tobacco in the whole world!

Tomorrow - Saturday night - be sure to listen to
Prince Albert's Grand Ole Opry -- for nearly
nineteen years bringing the real, authoritative
American folk music and fun to Southern radio audiences...
And now broadcast coast to coast. Remember Grand
Ole Opry every Saturday night on another network.

ANNCR:

This is CBS.....the...COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING...SYSTEM!

29/30