

AS  
BROADCAST

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

CBS NETWORK  
FRIDAY, AUGUST 4, 1944

PROGRAM #72  
7:00 - 7:30 PM. PWT

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PRYOR

ROY BARGY

ELVIA ALLMAN

JOE KEARNS

PAT MOGEEHAN

FRED SHIELDS

DIRECTOR.....PHIL COHAN

51454 5571

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

SOUND: PHONE RINGS TWICE.....PHONE UP

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

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

MOORE: Jimmy Durante! Where are you?

DURANTE: I'M IN THE BALCONY OF THE PARAMOUNT WITH MY GIRL, AND  
ALL SHE WANTS TO DO IS NECK, NECK, NECK!

MOORE: What's wrong with that?

DURANTE: *What's wrong?*  
SHE KEEPS NECKING WITH THAT GUY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF  
HER.

MOORE: Oh, no!

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

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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 Bargo and his Orchestra and yours truly, Howard Patrie...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!

MUSIC: (OUT)

PETRIE: Ladies and gentlemen, there are three different types of comedians: the first type makes you howl, the second makes you laugh, and the third makes you smile -- and here <sup>he</sup> is ~~the co-star of our show~~ -- in fourth place again -- Garry Moore!

(APPLAUSE)

MOORE: Well thank you -- thank you very much, my friends and good evening, ladies and gentlemen, and say Howard, I may be in fourth place on your personal poll but *well, if I say it myself I do* I have my followers. Why, in the latest edition of the Russian newspaper Pravda, it says:

KEARNS: Da Broovnick Poinya Garry Moore ~~phooey!~~ Es nacharnik est cranich phooey! Boli poshia dashnib phooey! Est Phooey! Est Phooey!

MOORE: Ah yes in Russia they love me! And tonight I've arranged a program that's better than anything we've done before. Now when the curtain goes up, *Howard* the scene is Alaska. Five hundred beautiful girls come in - and each girl is covered with nothing but snow. Then the lights go out.

PETRIE: What are you doing all this time?

MOORE: Shoveling off the snow. *I'm right in there, and* In the background we see an Eskimo family huddled about their radio listening to a daytime serial of the Frozen North, entitled "The Rise Of the Icebergs" *Don't scare me like that...* ...And at the point, *I ride in on a horse* Howard, I ride in on a snow white steed, and I shout aloud "Two little hairs"! Two little hairs! Two little hairs!

PETRIE: Two little hairs? What's that?

MOORE: Just something I've been wanting to get off my chest. And following that, an American Indian enters. *Well* He says--

PETRIE: *ok* Now wait a minute -- where are you gonna get an Indian?

MOORE: Get one? Howard I've got one right here - one of the last of the Vanishing Americans. *P. sh!* And here he is, friends, Chief Rapid Water Have Tough Time Freezing. Tell me what have you to say to our audience, oh Vanishing American?

SOUND: WHIZ SIRENS.....DOOR SLAM

MOORE: How do you like that? He vanished again!..Well, I don't care. I'll introduce you instead *frank* to the star of *my* ~~this~~ mammoth production -- Mr. W. M. Frankfurter,

PETRIE: W. M. Frankfurter? What does the W. M. stand for?

MOORE: Without ~~out~~ mustard,...he's a very daring man. *this guy* - *he* makes his living letting people drop cannon balls on his head from a height of fifty feet. *don't* Tell us, Mr. Frankfurter, after having seven thousand cannon balls dropped on your head what have you to say?

KEARNS: (LIP NOISES)

MOORE: And ~~Thank~~ thank you, Mr. Frankfurter.... Well, Howard, that's the show I've planned for tonight. Now ~~have you any~~ criticisms? Any....

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ALLMAN: Oh Mr. Moore, I've just been listening to your plans and I think you're clever. ~~I think you're unique~~, I think you're a genius! I want you to know that you and I agree on what makes a perfect program!

MOORE: We do?

ALLMAN: Yes -- but who are we? The people?

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: Well, that's what my mother always told me, "If at first you don't succeed -- forget it"....But....

ORCHESTRA: (SNEAK IN DURANTE INTRODUCTION)

MOORE: One guy we must not forget is America's fair-haired boy - 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....(HOLD NOTE)...IF JOHN, CHARLES, THOMAS IS LISTENIN' IN THE THREE OF YOUSE CAN SPLIT THAT NOTE UP AMONGST YOUSE.....

MOORE: Ah, Jimmy tonight you certainly have a light in your eye.....

DURANTE: WHY NOT? I ALWAYS PAY MY ELECTRIC BILL.....(NOBODY CATCHES DURANTE WITH HIS DIALOGUE DOWN) BUT WHAT AN EXPERIENCE I HAD. I WENT DOWN TOWN TO DO MY CHRISTMAS SHOPPING *and - -*

MOORE: Wait a minute, Jimmy, Christmas is 143 days away.

DURANTE: I KNOW, BUT I LIVE <sup>away</sup> FAR FROM THE STORE....BUT TO CONTINUE....I FINALLY ARRIVED AT THE DEPARTMENT STORE AND WALKED UP TO THE FLOORWALKER ...WHY?....TO GET DIRECTIONS TO THE GIFT DEPARTMENT...HE SAID IF YOU TURN RIGHT YOU'LL FIND YOURSELF IN SHORTS, AND IF YOU TURN LEFT YOU'LL FIND YOURSELF IN SOCKS. SO I SAID, "LISTEN, BUD, IF IT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU I'LL STAY RIGHT HERE WITH MY CLOTHES ON! (I WAS SO MAD I ALMOST RIPPED OFF HIS CARNATION)

MOORE: Aside from that Schnoz <sup>of</sup> what have you been doing now that you have withdrawn from politics?

DURANTE: *Beautiful.* RELAXING THE BODY. ONLY YESTERDAY, <sup>I</sup> I SPENT THE WHOLE DAY IN THE PARK. I WAS <sup>sauntering</sup> SAUNTERING THROUGH THE GREENERY, *Love* WEARING MY COR-A-ROY JACKET, MY PONGEE SHIRT, MY PANAMA HAT AND MY ICE CREAM PANTS.

MOORE: You mean your white pants?

DURANTE: NO, MY GREEN PANTS -- I SAT IN A QUART OF PIST-TACH-EO  
-- (I'M FROZEN FOR THE DURATION!) BUT YOU KNOW, JUNIOR,  
THE MOST INTERESTING PART OF THE PARK IS THE ZOO.

MOORE: Oh, the menagerie.

DURANTE: THAT'S INTERESTING TOO. NOW WISHING TO LEARN MORE ABOUT  
*animal*  
/LIFE I WENT UP TO THE ANT EATER CAGE AND TOOK A GOOD  
LOOK....BUT THAT'S THE LAST TIME I'LL EVER DO THAT!

MOORE: Why, what happened?

DURANTE: AS I WAS POKING MY HEAD INTO THE CAGE A LITTLE KID  
WALKED UP WITH HIS MOTHER, LOOKED AT THE ANT EATER,  
LOOKED AT MY SCHNOZ, AND SAID; HEY MOM, HOW COME THIS  
ONE'S ON THE OUTSIDE? HOW MORTIFYING!

MOORE: Well, James, now that you're out of the presidential  
race, ( by popular *demand* request) are you still the white  
haired boy of Washington?

DURANTE: FOR YOUR INFORMATION MR. M. THE ANSWER IS STILL <sup>an</sup>THE  
AFFIRMATIVE -- NAY! WHY ONLY LAST WEEK HENRY MORGENTHAU  
ASKED ME TO HOP UP TO BRETTON WOODS -- AND STRAIGHTEN  
OUT THE MON-A-TARY CONFERENCE.

MOORE: Henry Morganthau asked you to hop up to Bretton Woods  
and straighten out the mon-a-tary conference.

DURANTE: (MR. MOORE, I SUGGEST YOU GO TO A SPECIALIST AND HAVE  
YOUR ECHO REMOVED)

MOORE: Jimmy, I'm not doubting your statement. But what do you  
know about money?

DURANTE: WHAT DO I KNOW ABOUT MONEY? WHY, YOU'RE TALKING TO A  
MAN WHO ALWAYS CARRIES A CALIFORNIA BANKROLL IN HIS  
POCKET.



MOORE: What's a California bankroll??

DURANTE: TWO SINGLES WRAPPED AROUND AN ORANGE! I GOT A MILLION OF 'EM...A MILLION OF 'EM. WHEN I ARRIVED AT THE CONFERENCE THEY WERE MAKING A VERY IMPORTANT DECISION, WHETHER TO STABILIZE THE CURRENCY WITH FORTY BILLION AMERICAN DOLLARS OR STABILIZE IT WITH SEVENTY FIVE BILLION BRITISH POUNDS. THEY ASKED MY ADVICE SO I SAID. "GENTLEMEN, THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO SETTLE THIS....LET'S FLIP A COIN.....!" (BUT IT DIDN'T WORK)

MOORE: Why not?

DURANTE: NOBODY IN THE JOINT HAD A COIN ! BUT THAT'S NEITHER SAN FERNANDO NOR VALLEY, I WAS HOME ~~THIS~~ MORNING PLAYING HOP SCOTCH WITH A NEIGHBOR(ON ACCOUNT OF THE SHORTAGE WE WERE USING BOURBON) WHEN I RECEIVED A CALL FROM DONALD NELSON, HE ASKED ME IF I'D GO OUT TO DETROIT TO STUDY ALL ABOUT AUTOMOBILE RE-CON-VERSION. THIS TIME I ANSWERED HIM IN THE NEGATIVE "YAY"....

MOORE:

*Gay* - - well Jimmy, they certainly keep you on the go, don't they?

DURANTE:

UNDUBITABLY <sup>Yes</sup> AS SOON AS I ARRIVED IN DETROIT I WAS SURROUNDED BY NEWSPAPERMEN. <sup>My: mmmmm</sup> AFTER BUYING TWO OR THREE I WENT TO MY SUITE THAT HAD BEEN RESERVED FOR ME BY THE MOST INFLUENTIAL MAN IN TOWN.

MOORE:

Who is that?

DURANTE:

UMBRIAGO! HE GOT ME A BEAUTIFUL ROOM AT THE HOTEL, MINSKY AND . . . .

MOORE:

Wait a minute. <sup>Gay</sup> Minsky is a burlesque theatre.

DURANTE:

NO WONDER UMBRIAGO WENT TO BED WITH HIS BINOCULARS ON! AT ANY RATE THE TYPOONS IN CHARGE OF THE AUTO INDUSTRY ARRANGED FOR ME TO SEE THE FIRST OF THE NEW POST WAR CARS.

MOORE:

*Gay* That must have been exciting. What was it like?

DURANTE:

*Boy* WHAT AN AUTOMOBILE! <sup>Jimmy</sup> IT WAS COMPLETELY MADE OF SOY BEANS. THE BODY WAS SOY BEANS, THE CHASSIS WAS SOY BEANS, THE TIRES WERE SOY BEANS. IN FACT IT WAS A HUNDRED PERCENT SOY BEANS. . . . THEN THE HEAD MAN SAID: *Jimmy* "MR. DURANTE, I WANT YOU TO BE THE FIRST ONE TO DRIVE IT". AND I SAID, "WHO WANTS TO DRIVE IT!"  
SMEAR SOME MUSTARD ON IT, AND I'LL EAT IT!"

ORCHESTRA:

(PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE)

MOORE:

*Say...*  
~~Any~~ *Jimmy* Durante! When it comes to the future, he's  
in the know. But when it comes to the present -- well,  
Howard Petrie has a question.

PETRIE:

Ever been to a radio rehearsal? Is it hectic!  
Everybody rushing around, working like...well, beavers  
look like loafers in comparison...and smoking a lot of  
cigarettes. For that matter, according to the figures,  
everybody everywhere is smoking a lot of cigarettes  
these high-paced days. <sup>And</sup> That's why I'm asking how your  
throat feels. And if your taste ever gets bored and  
jaded. Because that's the time to try Camels on your  
T-Zone...that's T for Taste and T for Throat. See  
what your taste has to say about Camel's rich, full  
flavor that holds up pack after pack, never goes flat,  
no matter how many you smoke. See how Camel's kind,  
cool mildness agrees with your throat. Today, try....

CHORUS:

(C-A-M-E-L-S.)

PETRIE:

Camels, a magnificent blend of costlier tobaccos.

ORCHESTRA:

(INTRODUCTION TO "TICO TICO")

PETRIE: Roy Bargy and the Orchestra now in a Roy Bargy  
arrangement of "Tico Tico" *from Saludos Amigos.*

ORCHESTRA: ("TICO TICO")

(APPLAUSE)

DURANTE: AND THAT WAS ROY BARGY AND HIS ORCHESTRA PLAYING  
"TICO TICO" WHICH IN FRENCH IS PRONOUNCED "EE'L FAY  
*(ed lets ending in "wee wee")*  
COM JE PROND ON VALL-TURE APPAY MEDE" WHICH TRANSLATED  
MEANS "TICO TICO" HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT, IT COMES OUT  
EVEN! BUT GOING FROM THE SUB-LIME TO THE SUB-NORMAL,  
LETS CREEP INTO THE CULTURE CORNER WITH MR. GARRY MOORE..

MOORE: *The topic*  
Well, James, this week we got a letter from one of our  
listeners, Miss Ahphadistra Diastwista of Busted Tube,  
Wyoming. She says she's never seen a radio broadcast  
in person, and she wants to know if we really have an  
audience in the studio, or is that sound she hears after  
every joke merely the back-fire from a passing bus...  
So, tonight, I thought I'd take our own audience  
apart and *kind of* explain it to the lady.

DURANTE: SOUNDS IN TREHGING...I SHALL TIE MY HEAD UP IN <sup>△</sup>  
PACKAGE AND LISTEN WITH WRAPPED ATTENTION.

MOORE: Thank you, *James*...Well, to begin with, *friends.* a studio audience is  
usually made up of some five hundred individuals - most  
of whom are people...*Do say that* Oh, every now and then a dog or two  
will wander in - but that's only on programs like

"The Listening Post", or "John's Other Fire Hydrant".  
*You think Jim getting* Last week a cow who had just been milked wandered into  
Bob Hawk's program - she wanted to give Thanks for the  
*(don't shout it!)* Yanks, ..But, generally speaking, *friends* audiences ARE mostly  
people, and no two people re-act in the same way...*How*  
Tonight, for instance, in about the fourth row, *out there* we have  
a lady who must be wearing a new girdle...*can* You tell it  
tickles her, because every time she laughs she goes like  
this -she goes (LAUGH) ....It's ~~really~~ wonderful...  
(CONTINUED)

MOORE:  
(CONT'D)

And further back in the house is another lady who has  
 what we call the Dangling Denture or Loose-bridge-work,  
*laugh ... that's no joke*  
 When she laughs she's afraid to open her mouth, for  
 fear she'll bite somebody twelve rows ahead of her by  
*means of* sheer jet propulsion, *you see - going out* so she keeps her teeth together,  
 and when she laughs she goes (LAUGH)...And that's all  
 right -- except if you get enough of these *people* in one  
 audience going (LAUGH) it doesn't sound like  
 laughter, it sounds like *you've got bed* plumbing in the  
 basement...and then again, up in the balcony, we have  
*what we call the* a Vagrant or Any-Old-Port-In-A-Storm Laughter. They're  
 the ones who can't find a house to live in, *and here in Hollywood* so they  
 come in *our studio* here to get their rest. *you see.* Something strikes  
 them funny and they go (HA HA - SNORE) *That's a fact*  
 from there... *those* He's a guy who *don't* didn't really *come in here* WANT to  
 see the *program. They come here because they have* show, but he HAD TO. It seems we have  
 refrigerated air and he keeps *their* his butter here... *That's the*  
*main reason.*  
 BUT, the best laughers in any audience are the  
*Oh* sailors. Believe me, they are really a wonderful  
 audience, they'll laugh at any joke you tell - so  
 long as it's got a girl in it...You tell the joke,  
 and as soon as you come to the part about the girl  
*Sailor* they go (LAUGH).... It's a combination wolf-call and  
 gastritis.

MOORE:  
(Cont'd)

AND, that just about washes up the subject of  
laughter. NOW we come to the different types of  
applause. And just to help me out, I want all of  
*in the studio audience* you here to give me ~~the biggest~~ *one terrific, busting* round of applause  
*just to help me out with you, all together - big - lets*  
*you can possibly give me.* Ready - GO!... (BUSINESS)  
*That's better than I'm gonna get when I'm through with*  
*... Say - wait a minute. I won't do that at the*  
*this thing*  
end of this act - so I'm gonna quit right now....

Thank you *very much*.

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY-OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (GIBB'S INTRODUCTION)

MOORE: Well/<sup>oh</sup> - now it's the Romance Department. And with whom,  
of course? Her Nibbs, Miss Gibbs. What've yuh got  
tonight, my love?

GIBBS: A song, my chum, that adds up to atrocious grammer but  
a mighty hep question...now tell me, boy - Is You Is

*More:*  
GIBBS: *Look out - Jorgia!*  
or Is You Ain't My Baby? *Hub?*  
("IS YOU IS OR IS YOU AIN'T MY BABY")

(APPLAUSE)

8/4/44

*Jimmy come here I'm sure*

MOORE: *Oh magnificent Gorge, and I'm not just flopping my claps. But*  
Are you making any progress with your new symphony?

J-Lenny?

DURANT:E AM I? WHY I STAYED UP UNTIL THREE O'CLOCK LAST NIGHT  
LOOKING AT FIFTY HULA HULA DANCERS.

MOORE: Well how is that helping you with your symphony?

DURANTE: I WAS CONCENTRATING ON THE FIRST THREE MOVEMENTS. THE  
FIRST OF WHICH GOES AS FOLLOWS AND TO WIT. LISTEN  
(SINGS C-A-M-E-L-S. FROM SHEBOYGAN TO RACINE IT'S

*Moore: Partially recalling James ... it is*  
THE SMOKE THE BOYS CALL KEEN.) *Isn't that voluminous?*

PETRIE: Yes, Jimmy, and C-A-M-E-L-S remind me of the old saying--  
"Suits me to a T". Well, today that has a new and very  
special meaning. Important to you. T stands for throat,  
T also stands for taste.

DURANTE: THAT'S FUNNY -- I ALWAYS THOUGHT T STOOD FOR TEA.

PETRIE: Your throat and your taste give you the truest answer  
to the question "What cigarette is best for you"? Try  
the coolness, mildness and kindness of Camels on your  
throat. Try the full, rich flavor of that superb blend  
of costlier tobaccos on your taste,

MOORE: ~~I think I see what he's driving at.~~

PETRIE: *See* See what your own T-Zone - T - for taste and throat -  
has to say about Camels.

ORCHESTRA: (C-A-M-E-L-S.)

PETRIE: Camels! The cigarette of costlier tobaccos!

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY-OFF)



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

MOORE: "Grandpa Lost His Sweet Tooth", or "You Should Have  
Seen His Gum Drop". Now, Jimmy, in tonight's play :  
you and I are confectioners. Jimmy, what can you tell  
me about candy?

DURANTE: WHAT CAN I TELL YOU! LET ME ASK YOU A QUESTION --  
WHAT IS CANDY? CANDY IS A BUNCH OF CHOCOLATE FULL OF  
NUTS AND WHERE DO YOU GET NUTS? YOU GET NUTS FROM  
A NUT FARM, AND WHO PICKS THE NUTS. THE NUT-PICKERS  
PICK NUTS, AND WHAT'S A NUT-PICKER DOING WHEN HE'S  
PICKING NUTS. NUTTIN! AND IF YOU THINK I'M GONNA  
STAND HERE AND TALK ABOUT NUTTIN! - YOU'RE NUTS!

MOORE: Well, let's give it a whirl anyhow.. We're off to the  
factory, harem-soarem.

DURANTE: YOU SCAREM...I'LL TAKE THE HAREM.

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

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SOUND: PHONE RINGS - PHONE UP

MOORE: Hello, Durante-Moore Candy Factory.....Moore speaking.

KEARNS: Mr. Moore - this is the Pure Candy Commission. You  
promised to send me a written report on your new  
rum-filled chocolates. We haven't received the report

MOORE: I'm sorry about that. But our whole staff tested  
those rum-filled chocolates, and we just couldn't send  
a report.

KEARNS: Why not ?

MOORE: We didn't know how to spell HIC!

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

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MOORE: Trouble, trouble, trouble.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: DROP EVERYTHING, JUNIOR. WHAT A CATASTRASTROKE *Mr. What happened?* I  
WAS FILLING THE PRIZE PACKAGES AND BY ACCIDENT I  
SWALLOWED ONE OF THEM POLICE WHISTLES. THE DOCTOR  
X-RAYED MY STOMACH AND GUESS WHAT?

MOORE: What?

DURANTE: MY LIVER IS NOW DIRECTING TRAFFIC...

MOORE: Jimmy, *Don't worry about it --* ever since we introduced that new candy sensation  
lady fingers with marshmallow cuticles - our business  
has *positively* tripled. *Not you* Take a look at that sales chart *up there* on the  
wall. *Oh, Jim lookin' Mr. Steel* Every one of those pins represents a new sales  
area. Here now, I stick this pin here - thats Boston...  
I stick this pin in here -- thats Cape Cod....I stick  
this pin in Martha's Vineyard.....

ALLMAN: SCREAM

DURANTE: WHAT WAS THAT?

MOORE: Martha.

DURANTE: SOMETIMES I THINK YOUR BRAIN HAS A LIQUID CENTER.

HOWEVER, JUNIOR, IT'S TIME TO MAKE OUR MILK CHOCOLATE.

MOORE: Okay, I'll hoist the cow over the vat -- like this and *the*  
you milk her.

SOUND: SQUIRT - SQUIRT

DURANTE: JUNIOR, IT'S NO USE. WE CAN'T MAKE CHOCOLATE THIS WAY.

MOORE: What's wrong?

DURANTE: WELL, NO MATTER WHICH ONE I SQUEEZE, IT ~~ALWAYS~~ COMES  
OUT VANILLA.

MOORE: Well never mind that. The holiday season will be here soon and it's time to think of our Halloween specialty.

*Durante: That's true. M: Now let me see ...*  
Last year we made a chocolate covered pumpkin. How about this year making a chocolate covered witch?

ALLMAN: How do you do, gentlemen,

DURANTE: WARM UP THE CHOCOLATE, JUNIOR, I JUST FOUND THE FRAMEWORK;

MOORE: Jimmy, that's our biggest customer. How do you do, Mrs. Claversham. My but you're charming. Every night I dream about a girl like you.

ALLMAN: *Oh* You really do?

MOORE: Yes,, (PAUSE) Do you think I can sue ovaltine?

DURANTE: EXCUSE MY ASSOCIATES' PARTY DE FWA GRA. BUT TO WHAT DO WE OWE THE HONOR OF THIS VISIT, *Mrs. Claversham!*

ALLMAN: It's about your lollipops. The last shipment came with paper sticks instead of mahogany. ~~Did~~ you expect me to serve them that way? I've got scruples.

DURANTE; DON'T STAND TOO CLOSE TO ME. IT MIGHT BE CONTAGIOUS.

ALLMAN: That's the last straw. *Gentlemen,* Good day, and may all your children grow up to be peppermint filled.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

---

MOORE: Jimmy, we've got a problem. We've just got to fill Mrs. Clavverhsam's order and the only place we can find mahogany is in the tropics....

DURANTE: YOU MEAN?

MOORE: Yes, we're off to the jungles of South America.

MUSIC: (BIRGE)

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SOUND: BOP GOURD

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MOORE: Ow-w! My what loose cocoanuts they have here.

MOORE: *In glad we come to this Aztec country*  
But ~~we're in luck~~, Jimmy, There's a mahogany tree <sup>right</sup> ahead,

DURANTE: WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S CUT IT DOWN?

SOUND: SAWING

~~To wait a minute~~  
PETRIE: / You're cutting down my totem pole... You can't cut down my totem pole... Please don't cut down my totem pole!

MOORE: Say, who are you?

PETRIE: Oh, just a silly Aztec.

DURANTE: NOW I KNOW WHAT THEY MEAN BY BRAZILIAN NUTS.

MOORE: Jimmy, it looks like we can't find any mahogany here. There's only one other place in the world where it might be.

DURANTE: YOU MEAN?

MOORE: Yes, we're off to darkest Africa.

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

MOORE: *here we are*  
Jimmy, ~~we're~~ in the heart of Africa. If we don't find a mahogany tree here we'll never find one. Say, is that pack too heavy for you?

DURANTE: NO, I ALWAYS WALK WITH MY NOSE SLIDING ALONG THE GROUND. *Says*  
I WONDER WHAT TIME IT IS.

MOORE: *What time it is?*  
I don't know but here comes an African native, I speak his language. I'll ask him what time it is,  
Say oogie bloogie trellip giub misch pom pom darka stut.

PETRIE: (SINGS) It's twelve o'clock (WHISTLE) *Says: Get outta here*

*Durante: In vain see him come out our nose*  
MOORE: If a head hunter comes around, he's got nothing to worry about,

DURANTE: CAREFUL, JUNIOR, THERE'S A LION BEHIND THAT BUSH AND WE HAVEN'T EVEN GOT A GUN.

MOORE: Don't worry, Jimmy, I'll take care of him single-handed

GOULD: GROWL AND SCUFFLE

---

DURANTE: WELL, JUNIOR, HOW DID YOU COME OUT?

MOORE: Single-handed! . . . . Well, <sup>never mind that</sup> we just got to keep on searching.

DURANTE: JUNIOR, DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE? THERE'S A MAHOGANY TREE UP AHEAD.

MOORE: Yes, and <sup>gee</sup> look at the size of it. . . . four hundred feet tall. Well, I'll take the saw and saw it down - you stand over there and catch it.

DURANTE: STAND OVER THERE AND CATCH IT? MY BOY'S A WONDERFUL ORGANIZER.

SOUND: SAWING

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MOORE: <sup>What we go now --</sup> Get ready to catch it, Jimmy. Here it comes. <sup>Get ready</sup>

SOUND: TREE FALLING...CRASH

---

MOORE: Jimmy, we're rich. We've got our mahogany.

DURANTE: IT'S TOO LATE, JUNIOR. I'M LEAVING THE CANDY BUSINESS FOR MORE IMPORTANT WORK.

MOORE: What do you mean?

DURANTE: I'VE JUST BECOME PART OF THE UNDERGROUND.

ORCHESTRA: (PLAYOFF)

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(APPLAUSE)

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MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

MOGEEHAN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week. Tonight we salute Lieutenant Gwynne Skelton, of Syracuse, New York, who flew on to his target after two of his Flying Fortress engines were dead and the entire nose section blown off. After the bomb run his plane came down over the English Channel where it sank in forty seconds. Lieutenant Skelton, hearing the cries of the wounded ball turret gunner, paddled to him, jerked the release lever of his life preserver and brought him to the surface. In your honor, Lieutenant Skelton, the makers of Camels are sending to our fighters overseas four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes.

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

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.

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO "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 exquisite note, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: A BEAUTIFUL NOTE, MR. MOORE.

MOORE: And I hope you're not too exhausted from your  
vocal efforts to join me in a birthday celebration.

DURANTE: YOU MEAN...?

MOORE: No, James <sup>no</sup> not my birthday..the birthday of the  
United States Coast Guard -- organized one hundred  
and fifty four years ago by Alexander Hamilton...  
Hamilton was a defender of our rights. The Coast Guard  
is the defender of our shores ...and in wartime, first  
in the offense of foreign shores...Wherever our men may  
go in battle, there, too, goes the Coast Guard. <sup>To</sup>  
this oldest branch of the American service, <sup>we say a</sup> all American's  
<sup>million</sup> raise their hats, and say "Happy Birthday" --and a <sup>million</sup>  
thanks for everything.

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT.

ORCHESTRA: (PLAYOFF) 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)



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

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP)

(APPLAUSE)

(BOARD FADE:)

(SWITCH TO STUDIO FIVE FOR HITCH HIKE)

(ADDITIONAL CLOSING IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN)

SHIELDS: (IN STUDIO FIVE)

Fifty is thrifty. You bet..Fifty is thrifty...those just about fifty, rich, mellow, pleasure-loaded pipefuls of Prince Albert you get out of one regular two-ounce package. But it isn't only your purse that will be pleased...your tongue will just up and say -- "Thank you boss!"....when it savors that flavor, rich and mild without a bit of bite. And wait till you -- and folks around you - get a fragrant whiff of that aged-in-the-wood aroma. Notice how Prince Albert's crimp cut makes it pack firm, draw easy, burn so nice and even. And you won't need fifty pipefuls to tell you why more pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the 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.