

27

AS  
BROADCAST  
(REVISED)

*Master - 9/19 - 2d*  
*Commercials*  
*see 9/25*

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY  
CAMEL CIGARETTES  
"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

CBS NETWORK  
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1944

PROGRAM #78  
7:00 - 7:30 PM. PWT

CAST

- GARRY MOORE
- JIMMY DURANTE
- GEORGIA GIBBS
- HOWARD PIERRE
- ROY BARGY
- ELVIA ALLMAN
- JOE KEARNS
- PAT MCGEEHAN
- FRED SHIELDS

DIRECTOR.....PHIL COHAN

51454 5737

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

PROGRAM #78

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1944

7:00 - 7:30 PM PWT

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

SOUND: PHONE RINGS TWICE....PHONE UP

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

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

MOORE: Jimmy Durante. Where are you?

DURANTE: I'M AT THE OFFICE AND I JUST FIRED MY BEAUTIFUL SECRETARY.

MOORE: But you just hired her this morning. Why did you fire her?

DURANTE: ~~OH~~ I ASKED HER TO SIT DOWN -- AND SHE LOOKED AROUND FOR  
A CHAIR! 15

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

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

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

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (THEME FULL AND FADE FOR)

PETRIE: Yes, it's the Friday night Camel Show... Jimmy Durante, Garry Moore, Georgia Gibbs, Roy Burgy and his Orchestra and yours truly, Howard Petrie...<sup>40/</sup> 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. <sup>50/</sup>

MUSIC: (OUT)

PETRIE: And now, ladies and gentlemen, we bring you a man who used to be a ninety-eight pound weakling. But since he has taken <sup>Superman's</sup> ~~the Charles Atlas~~ Course in Dynamic Tension, he is no longer a ninety-eight pound weakling, he now weighs ninety-nine pounds -- and here he is -- Garry Moore.

(APPLAUSE)

1/15

MOORE: Well, thank you...Thank you very much, my friends, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen...And say, Mr. Pewtry...

PETRIE: Calling me, Brillo-head?

MOORE: Yes, <sup>Howard</sup> you may kid me all you like <sup>my muscle building courses</sup> about Charles Atlas. But I used to <sup>work with Charles Atlas</sup> ~~be a very important man~~ <sup>strong man</sup> in his act.

You know the part where he lifts a tremendous dumb-bell over his head?

PETRIE: Yes?

MOORE: I'm <sup>the</sup> the one who yells, "Put me down"...So don't kid me... But it is nice to be back in these dignified surroundings, friends, and --

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

ELVIA: Oooooh, I see you, Mr. Moore, yes I do, I do see you!  
(LAUGH)

MOORE: Well, <sup>if it isn't</sup> ~~it's~~ ~~Miss Wurtleburgle!~~ Radio's answer to the old bone drive. <sup>How are you Miss Wurtleburgle?</sup>

ELVIA: Yes, Mr. Moore! And I've got the funniest riddle to ask you...What is it that's the color of mouse-fur, sticks up like a wheat field and is ragged on the edges.

MOORE: I don't know...Tell me -- what is it that's the color of mouse-fur, stands up like a wheat-field and is ragged on the edges?

ELVIA: I don't know, either, but you're wearing it on your head!

SOUND: SLAM DOOR

MOORE: Oh, me and my haircut. You'll have to excuse her, folks. She broke her glasses outside of town tonight and had to come in on the rims.

PETRIE: <sup>You know</sup> ~~Well,~~ I agree with her, Garry. Can't you afford a better haircut than the one you've got?

MOORE: Frankly, Howard, no. <sup>I'm afraid</sup> I just spent my last nickel for an operation on a four-legged friend of mine.

PETRIE: What ~~was~~ the matter with this four-legged friend?

MOORE: It was tilted! <sup>Oh that's a sneaky, isn't it!</sup> Do yuh s'pose you could lend me five? <sup>no, would?</sup>

PETRIE: <sup>no</sup> I'm afraid not. <sup>Garry</sup>...but why don't you call the Friendly Finance Company. They say their representatives are everywhere.

MOORE: All right, I'll try it...Friendly! Friendly Finance!

KEARNS: Coming, brother!

MOORE: Ah, there you are!

KEARNS: Yes, here I am and I'm ready to arrange your loan... All I need is a short sketch of your life. Just a thumb-nail description.

MOORE: All right -- Ouch.

KEARNS: What's the matter?

MOORE: Gimme back my thumb-nail...Now what do you wanna know?

KEARNS: Well, about collateral? Have you any livestock? Chickens? Cows?

MOORE: Yes...I have one cow home -- she's a Scotch cow.

KEARNS: How do you know it's a Scotch cow?

MOORE: Underneath -- bag-pipes! Ha ha ha.

KEARNS: Ha ha ha ha ha. Mr. Moore, you're so funny sometimes. But not tonight. Now here's your five dollar loan. There'll be the small matter of interest on the loan, of course -- but on the day you make your last payment we present you with a fur-coat and a pitch-fork.

MOORE: What will I need with a fur coat and a pitch-fork?

KEARNS: When you finish paying us, it'll be a cold day in --

MOORE: And thank you, Mr. Dolender... *very much* --

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: So, with my problems out of the way -- <sup>3<sup>40</sup></sup>

ORCHESTRA: (SNEAK IN DURANTE'S INTRODUCTION)

MOORE: Let's clear a path for a happier individual -- 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)...WHAT A NOTE! IF I'DA HELD THAT NOTE A FEW MINUTES LONGER, I COULDA GOT INTEREST ON IT.

MOORE: Jimmy, what's on your mind tonight?

DURANTE: WELL, I'LL TELL YOU, JUNIOR. I'M UPSET. I'VE BEEN LIVING IN ONE OF THOSE F.H.A HOUSES/~~THE~~ BOY! ARE THOSE GUYS IN WASHINGTON FUSSY!

MOORE: What do you mean?

DURANTE: EVERY TIME IT RAINS MORGENTHAU CALLS ME COLLECT AND TELLS ME TO SHUT THE WINDOWS! (~~THIS ALPHEGARTON ALMOST LED TO AN ARGUMENT!~~)

MOORE: *Joe* - But an important personage such as you/<sup>James</sup> must have suitable living quarters.

DURANTE: QUITE SO. BUT THAT'S ALL WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE TABLE.. LAST NIGHT I WAS IN THE KITCHEN STANDING ON MY HEAD (YOU SEE I WAS MAKING AN UPSIDE DOWN CAKE)...WHEN I GOT A TELEPHONE CALL FROM MY REAL ESTATE AGENT. YOU'RE RIGHT HE SOLD ME A HOUSE AND LOT.

MOORE: You're very fortunate, Jimmy.

DURANTE: YES, BUT THERE WAS ONLY ONE TROUBLE. *with it.*

MOORE: What was that?

DURANTE: THE HOUSE WAS IN GLENDALE, AND THE LOT WAS IN PISMO BEACH. AND THAT'S NOT ALL - SOMEBODY OWNED THE HOUSE ON MY LOT IN PISMO BEACH AND SOMEBODY ELSE OWNED THE LOT UNDER MY HOUSE IN GLENDALE.

MOORE: Jimmy, what did you do?

DURANTE: DETERMINED TO KNOW MY LEGAL RIGHTS, I PERUSED A LAW BOOK AND LOOKED UP MY STATUS QUO. *the only way you can find a status quo is by perusing!* SO ARMED WITH THE PROPER LEGAL DATA I PUT ON A STERN LOOK, A DOUBLE-BREASTED, PIN-STRIPED JACKET, (WITH THE SUMMONS IN THE BUTTON-HOLE) AND I SALLIED FORTH.

MOORE: Then what?

DURANTE: I SALLIED RIGHT BACK AND GOT MY PANTS.

MOORE: Thats an important item. But whatever happened to your house and lot ?

DURANTE: NOW FULLY ATTIIRED, I HASTENED TO THE HOUSE I HAD BOUGHT (WHICH WAS THREE MILES <sup>(from)</sup> AS THE ESCROW FLIES) TO TALK TO THE GUY WHO OWNED THE LOT UNDER MY HOUSE. HE WAS A BIG MAN, FULL OF OLD-WORLD CHARM (AND SEVERAL OLD FASHIONEDS)

MOORE: I suppose his courtesy was staggering?

DURANTE: YES, AND SO WAS HE. HOWSOEVER, HE GREETED ME WITH EXTREME POLITENESS. HE BOWED LOW. I BOWED LOW THEN I TOLD HIM WHY I WAS THERE. SO WHAT HAPPENS...HE BLACKENED MY EYES, PUNCHED ME IN THE NOSE, KNOCKED ME DOWN JUMPED <sup>on me</sup> ~~up~~ AND ~~DOWN~~ <sup>jumped</sup> ON MY CHEST, AND SAID "MR. DURANTE I'M SURE WE CAN SETTLE THIS THING PEACEFULLY"....NATURALLY I WAS IN NO MOOD TO BICKER.

MOORE: Naturally. <sup>After all</sup> He was bicker than you <sup>are</sup> ~~were~~.

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT...UNDAUNTED BY HIS BA-LIG-ER-ANCE, I OFFERED HIM TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR HIS LOT. HE WANTED FOUR THOUSAND. I SAID TWO, HE SAID FOUR, AND THEN, SHREWD OPERATOR THAT/AM, I SAID, "LET'S SPLIT THE DIFFERENCE". HE AGREED, SO I GAVE HIM MY CHECK FOR SIX THOUSAND DOLLARS.



*Six thousand -*  
MOORE: /If you had the patience, I'll bet you could have talked h  
down to eight thousand.

DURANTE: INDUBITABLY BUT I DON'T LIKE TO DRIVE TOO HARD A BARGAIN,  
*It's what's right!*  
NOW AFTER BUYING THE LOT UNDER MY HOUSE IN GLENDALE, MY  
NEXT MOVE WAS TO PISMO BEACH (ON THE BLUE PACIFIC) FOR A  
GLIMPSE OF MY LOT. I GOT THERE AND WHAT DO YOU THINK!?  
SOMEONE HAD BUILT A HOUSE ON MY LOT.

MOORE: But where was it, Jimmy?

DURANTE: *It* WAS BEAUTIFULLY LOCATED BETWEEN A HOT DOG STAND AND A  
REGULAR INSPECTED GAS STATION.

MOORE: *I see* A charming <sup>charming</sup> location - what transpired then?

DURANTE: *Well* I WENT RIGHT UP TO THE DOOR AND RANG THE BELL. IT WAS  
OPENED BY A GORGEOUS BLONDE WEARING A TIGHT BATHING SUIT.  
I SAID, "MADAM, I'D LIKE TO BUY YOUR HOUSE". AND SHE  
SAID " THE PRICE IS TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS. WHAT DO YOU THINK  
OF THE FIGURE". ?I TOOK ONE LOOK AT HER AND SAID" MADAM,  
THE PRICE IS RIDICULOUS BUT THE FIGURE IS SENSATIONAL !....  
THE DAME WAS FROUGHT WITH PULCHRITUDE!

MOORE: *Oh hitcha, she was -*  
/But did you get the house? *at all?*

DURANTE: YES...SHE FINALLY SOLD IT TO ME AT MY PRICE ON ACCOUNT  
OF THE SEA AIR.

MOORE: You mean she couldn't stand the ocean breeze?

DURANTE: NO, SHE LOVED IT, BUT HER COCKER SPANIEL HAD SINUS TROUBLE.  
SO PAYING HER A PRINCELY SUM ( AND A BOX OF KLEENEX FOR  
THE COCKER) <sup>spaniel</sup> I TOOK POSSESSION OF THE SECOND HOUSE AND LOT.  
THEN UNSUED A FRENZIED PERIOD OF ACTIVITY.

MOORE: To wit? <sup>to wit.</sup>

DURANTE: EXACTLY. SO I MOVED MY ORIGINAL HOUSE IN GLENDALE TO MY  
ORIGINAL LOT IN PISMO BEACH. AND I MOVED THE HOUSE THAT HAD  
BEEN BUILT ON MY LOT IN PISMO BEACH TO THE LOT THAT I HAD  
PURCHASED UNDER MY ORIGINAL HOUSE IN GLENDALE.

MOORE: But Jimmy, which house are you going to live in?

DURANTE: LIVE IN? AFTER ALL THAT MOVING I WAS SO TIRED I SWAPPED  
THE WHOLE BUSINESS FOR A ROOM AT THE Y.M.C.A.!!

ORCHESTRA: (PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE)

850

MOORE: *Al* Thank you, Jimmy, thank you. You're a man of many whimsies. But, to be serious for a moment....well, *Al* listen to ~~this~~... *Howard Blue*

8/35  
PETRIE: Picture this...a steel mill going full blast. Orange flames against a black sky. White hot steel...for guns, shells, all manner of munitions. Up in one of the testing rooms, a girl sits at an intricate instrument that searches the steel for flaws. Her name's Helen O'Brien. Her soldier husband's fighting a war -- and she's helping fight it too. She's the girl behind the man behind the gun, and you'll see her in a lot of magazines. In one of the pictures she's smoking a well-earned cigarette, and yes, -- it's a Camel. "Camel's our cigarette", she says, "both his and mine. The flavor is wonderful, and <sup>I find them</sup> ~~they're~~ so easy on <sup>my</sup> ~~the~~ throat." Thank you, Helen O'Brien. But, look, folks, why don't you find out about Camel's full, rich flavor and kind, cool mildness for yourself? Today, try Camels on your own T-Zone -- that's T for Taste and T for Throat -- the true proving ground for any cigarette.

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

PETRIE: Camels! The cigarette of costlier tobaccos. 9/35

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

PETRIE: Roy Bargy and the Orchestra now in a Roy Bargy  
arrangement of "Dance with a Dolly". *10<sup>05</sup>*

ORCHESTRA: ("DANCE WITH A DOLLY")

(APPLAUSE)

*12<sup>20</sup>*

DURANTE: AND THAT WAS ROY BARGY AND HIS ORCHESTRA PLAYING  
"DANCE WITH A DOLLY" OR AS THEY SAY IN BULGARIA<sup>(ad lib)</sup>  
"ISHT NARVIK CON CROVITZ VON BOOBLITZ MOSHNIK/AND  
WHAT HAPPENED TO HITLER?" BUT NOW LET US SHIFT OUR  
ATTENTION TO GARRY MOORE AND HIS WELL-KNOWN STORIES  
OF LITTLE-KNOWN PEOPLE...TELL ME JUNIOR, WHOM ARE  
YOU SALUTING TONIGHT?

MOORE: Tonight, James, I have a story of purest inspiration.  
The story of Mogford Fenwickle.

DURANTE: MOGFORD FENWICKLE?<sup>Yes</sup>.....SOUNDS MOST INTERESTING.....I  
SHALL DRILL A HOLE IN MY HEAD, AND LISTEN WITH AN  
OPEN MIND.

ORCHESTRA: (SOUNDS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME)

MOORE: <sup>13<sup>00</sup></sup> <sup>Thank you</sup> That's fair enough, James....<sup>But</sup> Because I thought you  
ought to know about Mogford Fenwickle....Born in the  
thriving village of Cuspidor, Missouri - which is just  
across from the little town of PFFFFFTF -

SOUND: FIGHT GONG

MOORE: Arkansas - Mogford was an instantaneous delight to  
his parents. The nurse brought him out to his waiting  
father and said, <sup>Mr. Fenwickle,</sup> "You are the father of a bouncing  
baby boy". And Mr. Fenwickle, being an old basketball  
player said "Good!" And dribbled him <sup>up and</sup> down the  
corridor....Little did his father realize that this  
child would one day grow up to disgrace him, by  
becoming that lowest of all creatures - a radio  
announcer ... But become one, he did, and he took his  
work very seriously --

-CONTINUED-

MOORE: (CONT'D) - even after love entered his life. When he was married, the preacher said.....

PETRIE: Do you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?

ELVIA: I do.

PETRIE: And do you, Mogford Fenwickle, take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife?

MOORE: I do! spelled D-O-, do!....And you, <sup>friends</sup> too, should try marriage. No family should be without one...and so,

ORCHESTRA: ("HOME SWEET HOME"....SNEAK IN, STRINGS ONLY)

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MOORE: They were married and <sup>they</sup> were <sup>very</sup> happy. Mogford advanced in his chosen work, and their typical day started like this.

ELVIA AND MOORE SNORING

SOUND: ALARM CLOCK

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MOORE: (SNORT) .... Well, well, well - another glad new day! Everybody up! Everybody up-up-up-up-up-!

ELVIA: (SLEEPY) Oh, I'm so tired. What time is it?

MOORE: (SINGS).....It's eight o'clock (WHISTLES)

ELVIA: All right, all right....I suppose it's time for me to <sup>get</sup> ~~make~~ breakfast.

MOORE: And when you say breakfast, <sup>friends</sup> you mean wacky-snackies - the silent cereal for sleepy people. Unlike most cereals, wackie-snackies neither crackle, pop, snap nor snip. Pour some into a bowl of milk and it just lies there and gets soggy.

MOORE: Well, sir, all went well in the Fenwickle household. Until one day while Mogford was at work.....

ORCHESTRA: (OMINOUS CHORD)

SOUND: PHONE RING....(RIGHT WITH CHORD)

MOORE: The telephone rang. It was Mrs. Fenwickle.

ELVIA: (FILTER) Mogford.....You must come home! A terrible thing has happened to our little boy. Oswald, he just swallowed a whole tube of tooth-paste!

MOORE: Swallowed a tube of toothpaste? Why, that's wonderful-  
*that's* Marvelous!

ELVIA: What do you mean, it's marvelous?

MOORE: We now have the only child in the United States who contains IRIUM!.....But that, my friends, was the undoing of Mogford Fenwickle.

ORCHESTRA: (DARK PLOT MUSIC.....SAME AS IN STORY OF SUSANNAH SALMON)

MOORE: His wife could no longer stand him and his commercial announcements. Mrs. Fenwickle was fed up - she was through. And one day while Mogford was practising diction in front of the mirror, she sneaked up behind him and....

SOUND: BOP ON GOURD

MOORE: <sup>Slugged</sup> ~~hit~~ him right on the skull with a pop-bottle...And as Mogford lay dying, he said to his wife - "Darling! Darling, why did you do it? Why did you hit me over the head with a pop-bottle?"

ELVIA: I had to use a pop-bottle.

MOORE: Why?

ELVIA: Because -- (SINGS) Pepsi-Cola hits the spot - - - -

ORCHESTRA: (PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE)

15-55



ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO GIBBS' NUMBER)

MOORE: Thank you, my friends, and continuing in my role of a happy announcer, I'm more than happy now to announce the arrival of Her Nibbs, Miss Gibbs. Hi yuh, Georgia.

GEORGIA: How do you do, Mr. Moore.

MOORE: Well, aren't you a little aloof tonight?

GEORGIA: Just getting in character for my song, little ~~friend,~~ <sup>friend,</sup>

It's called "I'll Walk Alone".

*Moore:*  
GIBBS: *Georgia Gibbs - - -*  
("I'LL WALK ALONE")

16<sup>20</sup>

(APPLAUSE)

1910

DURANTE: AH, GEORGIA, THAT WAS BEAUTIFUL. WHEN YOU SING LIKE THAT,  
I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE MY EARS.

MOORE: That's a coincidence, James. <sup>From where I'm standing,</sup> I can't believe your ears  
either.

DURANTE: YES, TOO BAD I COULDN'T GET A PAIR THAT MATCHED. BUT IT  
DOESN'T AFFECT MY EAR FOR MUSIC. <sup>James</sup> <sup>f<sup>23</sup></sup>...HERE'S WHAT I'VE DONE  
WITH MY SYMPHONY, LISTEN.... (SINGS)

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

FROM SLEEPY HOLLA TO WALLA-WALLA

CAMELS LEAD AND OTHERS FOLLA!

THAT PLEASES MY FANCY.

MOORE: Yes, and your throat too, <sup>James</sup>.

PETRIE: Well, let me say something about your throat - that  
intricate instrument that really deserves your care and  
attention. The cigarette you smoke is important to your  
throat: - so try Camels and let your throat find out for  
itself about that wonderful mildness.

MOORE: <sup>friends</sup> Yes, try them at once.

DURANTE: AND IMMEDIATELY TOO!

PETRIE: And let your taste try the rich, full flavor of Camel's  
great blend of costlier tobaccos. Try Camels on your own.  
T-Zone-that's T for Taste and T for Throat. You know,  
like millions and millions of other smokers, you may find  
that Camels suit you to a T.

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

PETRIE: Ah, sweet music to every smokers! <sup>20<sup>15</sup></sup>

ORCHESTRA: (PLAYOFF) <sup>20<sup>20</sup></sup>

DURANTE: AND NOW THE FRIDAY NIGHT CAMEL SHOW BRINGS YOU A  
DRAMA OF OUR POSTAL SYSTEM, ENTITLED:

MOORE: "The Postman Tore a Hole in his Mail Bag," or  
"The Mail Must Go Through".

DURANTE: THIS GUY IS FLIRTING WITH OBLIVION.

MOORE: Now, Jimmy, in tonight's play you and I are mailmen.  
Our new job awaits us. So we're off to the post  
office, by golly.

DURANTE: YOU GO BY GOLLY, I'LL GO BY TROLLEY.

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

SOUND: PHONE RINGS.....PHONE UP

MOORE: Hello, Durante - Moore Post Office, .... Moore speaking

ALLMAN: I want to buy some stamps to match my stationery...  
Now what colors do you have?

MOORE: *Well* - Let's see....we have red, green, purple and brown.

ALLMAN: *No* - That's still not the color I wanted. Do you have  
flesh?

MOORE: Madam, what do you think holds me together?

SOUND: PHONE UP

MOORE: Some people ask the *stupidest* ~~stupidest~~ questions,

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

9/15/44

*Where are you? Oh - there you are -*

DURANTE: ~~DROP EVERYTHING~~, JUNIOR! WHAT AN EXPERIENCE! I JUST CAME FROM THE CIRCUS AND I WATCHED A UBANGI MAIL A LETTER.

MOORE: Wait a minute, Jimmy - what's so unusual about a Ubangi mailing a letter?

DURANTE: IT'S THE FIRST TIME I EVER SAW ANYONE SEAL A LETTER AFTER IT WAS IN THE MAILBOX. THAT'S THE UBANGI CONDITIONS THAT PREVAIL.

MOORE: *Really*  
~~Now~~ true. But Jimmy, I see you're wearing my postman's uniform again without my permission. Now take off my coat. Take off my shirt. And take off those pants. They're too tight for you.

DURANTE: THEY'RE NOT TOO TIGHT. LOOK, I'LL BEND DOWN.

SOUND: RIP

MOORE: And who gave you permission to wear my shorts?

DURANTE: THE TRUTH WILL ~~WALK~~ OUT! BUT NEVER MIND THAT - I GOTTA WRAP UP THIS POST OFFICE PEN. I'M SENDING IT TO MY GIRL FRIEND.

MOORE: *Why* I'm surprised at you, James. An old worn-out, useless thing like that.

DURANTE: I KNOW, BUT SO IS THE PEN.

MOORE: Oh, *no beginning to* I see.

SOUND: DOOR SIAM

PETRIE: This is National Dog Week. Do you hear me, this is National Dog Week. I tell you it's National Dog Week!

MOORE: What are you so excited about?

PETRIE: Cause I'm a flea.

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SOUND: DOOR SIAM

DURANTE: NOW THERE'S GUY WHO'LL MAKE AN UGLY SKELETON... JUNIOR, DID YOU PICK UP TODAY'S SHIPMENT OF MAIL FROM THE RAILROAD STATION?

9/15/44

*But - well - it was making*

MOORE: *Jimmy* Yes, and there was a package for me. / ~~I heard~~ a ticking sound so I threw it in a pail of water...But I think *maybe* I was a little hasty.

DURANTE: WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

MOORE: I now have the only clock in the world where the cuckoo comes out everyhour and gargles.

DURANTE: *A. m. m. m. m. m. Don't it though.* WAS THERE ANYTHING ELSE, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Yes, Jimmy, and I'm afraid it's bad news. We got a letter from the Postmaster General in Washington. He says we can't be official postmen until we fulfill the postman's creed.

DURANTE: POSTMAN'S CREED? WHAT'S THAT?

MOORE: Here it is -- read it.

DURANTE: OKAY. QUOTE: "NEITHER RAIN, NOR SNOW, NOR HEAT, NOR GLOOM OF NIGHT CAN STAY THOSE COURIERS FROM THE SWIFT COMPLETION OF THEIR APPOINTED ROUNDS." ~~UNQUOTE:~~ NO WONDER FARLEY LOST HIS HAIR."

MOORE: ~~well~~ James, if we're gonna be real postmen there's only one thing we can do.

DURANTE: YOU MEAN?

MOORE: Yes, we must go through rain, snow, heat and gloom of night. Come on, first we'll go through rain.

DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE, JUNIOR, WHERE ARE ~~WE~~ *you* GOING TO FIND RAIN?

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

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

MOORE:

look, Jimmy - look we've made it ... snow! snow! look - see  
- down there - oh boy!

DUNN:

YOU'VE REACHED THE PEAK. AND IT'S ... LOOK DOWN, JUNIOR,  
WE'RE TWENTY THOUSAND FEET ABOVE THE GROUND ... TWENTY THOUSAND  
FEET WITH NOTHING BELOW. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT, JUNIOR?

MOORE:

See while, what a spot for a go-yol (Never thought you'd make it.)

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MOORE: Jimmy, we've been standing on the corner of Hollywood and Vine for two hours now, and no sign of rain.

DURANTE: YEAH, JUNIOR, WE BETTER GIVE UP, IF IT RAINS HERE, I'LL EAT MY HAT.

SOUND: LOUD THUNDER AND HEAVY DOWNPOUR.

---

DURANTE: WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE....PASS THE KETCHUP!

MOORE: And now for the snow. We can find that on the top of Mount Whitney. *It's go*

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

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MOORE: Jimmy we've been climbing this mountain for days. I hope we reach the top soon.

DURANTE: PATIENCE, JUNIOR, PATIENCE. I'LL NEVER FORGET THE FIRST TIME I SCALED THE ALPS. HAND OVER HAND I CLIMBED, FOR TWO WEEKS....HAND OVER HAND....  
HAND OVER HAND!!

MOORE: What happend after two weeks?

DURANTE: MY HANDS REACHED THE TOP, BUT I WAS STILL AT THE BOTTOM

MOORE: Jimmy. Look -- we've made it...snow! snow!  
We've reached the peak. And it's sub zero! Why look at this two cent stamp?

DURANTE: WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH IT?

MOORE: George Washington just looked up at me and said  
"Must we go through Valley Forge again?"

DURANTE: WELL, WE'VE GONE THROUGH RAIN AND SNOW, NOW FOR THE HEAT. I KNOW THE HOTTEST PLACE IN THE WORLD.

MUSIC: (BRIDGE...ORIENTAL)

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MOORE: Well, Jimmy, we've traveled a long way to get here, I hope you're right.

DURANTE: DON'T WORRY, JUNIOR. THIS IS THE HOTTEST SPOT ANY MAN HAS EVER BEEN TO. I KNOW.

MOORE: How can you be so sure?

DURANTE: I'VE SEEN THIS BURLESQUE SHOW BEFORE.

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

PETRIE: Jimmy and Garry have gone off in search of gloomy night. They have become separated somewhere in a dismal swamp in Africa.

MUSIC: (CHLOE)

MOORE: .....Durante!

DURANTE: .....JUNIOR!

MOORE: Jimmy, we'd better stick close together. It's so dark here you can hardly see the nose in front of your face.

DURANTE: MR. MOORE, IT WILL NEVER GET THAT DARK, GARRY, LOOK OUT, THERE'S A CROCODILE CRAWLING UP BEHIND YOU.

MOORE: There's nothing to worry about - crocodiles don't eat people.

SOUND: PEACH BOX CRUSHING

DURANTE: JUNIOR, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

MOORE: Yes! - but <sup>in all right</sup> next time you buy an alligator, <sup>will you - I think I'll</sup> boy, open it carefully. <sup>I may be inside.</sup>

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

MOORE: Well, Jimmy, our mission's completed - We've travelled all around the world to fulfill the postman's creed.

DURANTE: YEAH - WE SHOULD BE RECEIVING OUR APPOINTMENT ANY MINUTE NOW.



PETRIE: Telegram! Telegram for Moore and Durante.  
MOORE: *Sig.* That must be our appointment from Washington.  
DURANTE: I'LL OPEN IT.  
SOUND: TELEGRAM BEING OPENED  
DURANTE: JUNIOR THE TELEGRAM IS FROM THE O.P.A.  
MOORE: Well, what does it say?  
DURANTE: WAS THAT TRIP REALLY NECESSARY?  
(APPLAUSE)  
MUSIC: (PLAYOFF)

*26/15*

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

MCQUEEN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week: Tonight we salute Sergeant Rodney Cloutman, of Athol, Massachusetts, who single-handedly and armed only with a rifle, rounded up and brought in four hundred German prisoners in the battle of France. In your honor, Sergeant Cloutman, the makers of Camels are sending to our fighters overseas four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

(APPLAUSE)

PETRIE: Each of the three Camel shows honors a Yank of the Week by sending, FREE, four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes overseas.....a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week. In this country, the Camel Caravans - traveling from camp to camp - have thanked audiences of more than 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: A note of distinction, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: A NOTE OF GOOD CHEER, MR. MOORE.

MOORE: And there are many notes of good cheer coming in from  
overseas nowadays, my friends. Our boys have carried  
the fight to the enemy. Just as you and I, my  
friends, must continue to carry on at home. Our job  
isn't done and it won't be done until every American  
soldier is back on American soil.....So keep your dander  
up - keep production up - keep your blood donations,  
scrap salvage, and other home efforts up until the  
boys come back when it's over over there.

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT. *2745*

ORCHESTRA: (THEME)

MOORE: Goodnight, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: GOODNIGHT, MR. MOORE.

BOTH: GOODNIGHT, EVERYBODY (FOLKS)

ORCHESTRA: (UP AND OUT) *2750*

(APPLAUSE)

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

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.

DURANTE: AND JIMMY DURANTE.

MOORE: And Garry Moore.

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)

(SWITCH TO STUDIO WIFE FOR HUGH HILL)

ADDITIONAL CLOSING IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN

(IN STUDIO FIVE)

ANNCR:

Fifty is Thrifty. And you, too, will be saying, "Fifty is Thrifty!" when you count up the pipefuls you get out of just one regular big red two-ounce package of Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco. But thrift is on ~~one~~ ~~one~~ reason to load up your pipe with P.A. That flavor: - wonderful! Rich, full-bodied, yet so mild. And the no-bite treatment gets cheers from your tongue. The aroma is something to write poetry about. And the way P.A. is crimp cut makes it pack neatly and firmly, burn evenly, and draw smoothly. On every count, Prince Albert is a winner - and just a few puffs will start 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 Old Opry every Saturday night on another network.

ANNCR:

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

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