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# AS BROADCAST

*Monday - 11/10/44*  
*Commercial Office*  
*11/28*

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

CBS NETWORK  
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1944

PROGRAM NO 86.  
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 5955

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

PROGRAM # 86

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 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 SHOPPING - I'M TRYIN' TO BUY A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR  
A GRASS WIDOW.

MOORE: But why is it taking you so long to buy a present for  
a grass widow?

DURANTE: I CAN'T FIND A LAWN MOWER THAT'LL FIT HER!

*More: Get outta here*  
ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION...SWELL UP TO FINISH)

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

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

(APPLAUSE)

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

PETRIE:

Yes, it's the Friday night Camel show...Garry Moore, Jimmy Durante, Georgia Gibbs, Roy Barge 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>30/</sup>

MUSIC:

(OUT)

PETRIE:

Tonight, ladies and gentlemen, we bring you a man who in last Tuesday's election helped his party make a clean sweep <sup>in</sup> of his district. And here he is -- white coat, broom and all - Garry Moore.

(APPLAUSE)

MOORE: Well, thank you, <sup>very much</sup> my friends, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen - <sup>nice to see you again</sup> Well sir, it's been a great old week hasn't it?

PETRIE: <sup>del. say</sup> What's been so great about it?

MOORE: Well, Howard, after all it isn't every week the Democrats elect a president. It just seems like it. (THANK YOU REPUBLICANS)

PETRIE: Well Garry, how do you feel after the election?

MOORE: Howard, you are looking at a man who has suffered. Yuh ~~know~~ they used my house for a polling place, and this morning I opened the door to my shower bath - and there was a guy, standing ~~there~~ <sup>inside</sup> with all his clothes on, soaking wet. I said, "Hey, bud - what are you doing in there?" And he said, "Listen, when I walked in here and turned the handle I expected to get Dewey, but THIS is ridiculous!" <sup>kind of a drip anyway</sup> But being an amateur political analyst, Howard, I thought I'd take a private poll of my own to find out <sup>just</sup> who voted for whom.

PETRIE: Garry, there's a young lady sitting over there who seems anxious to answer. Ever since she came in here she's been on pins and needles.

MOORE: Well - dress her wounds and send her up...Ah, there you are, young lady...you know, last week we all voted for the man we'd like to have for the next four years.. who did you vote for?

ELVIA: Harry James!

MOORE: Harry James?.....My dear little apple blossom..and I use the word apple in reference to your seedy appearance - Harry James is a <sup>and fell</sup> nice fellow but not for President. I'd hate to hear him try to address Congress.

ELVIA: Oh, yeah? Well I'd hate to hear Mr. Roosevelt play Cheery Beery Bee.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: Now there's a girl with a great mind. I wonder who <sup>on second thought</sup> grated it for her. I guess/I'd better abandon the poll <sup>too</sup>

PETRIE: Oh, no - not yet. <sup>See?</sup> How about yourself? For whom did you vote?

MOORE: Me?...Well, I am only prepared to make one statement and I quote. ~~To quote~~ - there are two sides to every question -- unquote....QUOTE - There's the one side, then there's the other side....UNQUOTE.

PETRIE: A non-committal statement <sup>of I never heard one</sup> - but what were all the quotes for?

MOORE: Howard, on a <sup>wet</sup> cold night like this I hate to send a statement out without a quote on...Oh well I guess this just hasn't been my week.....So...

ORCHESTRA: (SNEAK IN DURANTE'S MUSIC) 3/10

MOORE: I'll bring on a man ~~who is the life of every party~~ -- who has a big week every week - 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..  
( HIGH NOTE) ~~WHAT A NOTE!~~ IF MADAM BUTTERFLY IS LISTENING IN, YOU MAY CRAWL BACK IN YOUR CACoon.

MOORE: James, your voice has the same resonance as Lauritz Mechior, the same peroration, the same euphony, the same quintessence. Don't you agree?

DURANTE: TEMPORARILY.....UNTIL I FIND OUT WHAT IT MEANS..BUT, JUNIOR, IF I SEEM TRAY GAY TONIGHT, I OWE IT ALL TO MY NEW GIRL FRIEND, ELSIE PEPPERPOO.

MOORE: Pepper who?

DURANTE: PEPPERPOO! *Mr. Pepperpo. Is the boy in. Not at all.* HOWSOEVER, YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN ELSIE AND I JITTERBUGGING AT THE PALLADIUM. FIRST I PICKED HER UP AND THREW HER OVER MY SHOULDER. THEN I PICKED HER UP AND THREW HER OVER MY HEAD. AND THEN I PICKED HER UP AND THREW HER ACROSS THE ROOM.

MOORE: Shame on you, James. That's no way to treat your partner.

DURANTE: PARTNER? I THOUGHT SHE WAS MY OPPONENT ! BUT THAT IS NEITHER LEOPOLD STOKOW NOR SKEE...I WAS WALKING PAST CITY HALL IN MY KELLY GREEN SUIT (THE COAT BELONGED TO KELLY: THE PANTS BELONGED TO GREEN) WHEN I WAS TAKEN ABACK.

MOORE: What happened?

DURANTE: COMING DOWN THE CITY HALL STEPS <sup>James</sup> WAS A GUY CARRYING A DESK ON HIS BACK: A LAMP UNDER ONE ARM: A CHAIR UNDER <sup>the</sup> HIS OTHER ARM: AND A FILING CABINET ON HIS HEAD. SO I SAYS TO HIM: "WHAT'S THE MATTER, BUD, LOOSE AN ELECTION BET?" AND HE SAYS, "NOPE, LOST <sup>the</sup> AN ELECTION"! (THAT'S THE CONDITIONS THAT PREVAIL.)

MOORE: James, I suppose that you were in the center of activity on election day?

DURANTE: <sup>My name in an understatement</sup> AN UNDERSTATEMENT, ~~GARY~~. EARLY TUESDAY MORNING, I JOINED A GROUP OF SAILORS WHO WERE MARCHING DOWN VINE STREET CARRYING BIG SIGNS THAT SAID: VOTE FOR HEDY LAMARR.

MOORE: Hedy Lamarr - what was she running for ?

DURANTE: TO KEEP AHEAD OF THE ONE HUNDRED SAILORS. (I LOVE THAT KIND OF CARRYING ON)

MOORE: <sup>sure</sup> With your political activities out of the way for the nonce, <sup>you know</sup> you really ought to think of relaxing?

DURANTE: I HAVE. AND WEDNESDAY NIGHT I DECIDED TO TAKE IN A PICTURE, ~~BUT~~ AT MY NEIGHBORHOOD THEATRE THEY WERE SHOWING "MRS. PARKINGTON", WHICH I HAD ALREADY SEEN. SO I PICKS UP THE PAPER TO SEE WHAT'S PLAYING, AND WHAT DO YOU THINK IT SAYS? AT THE BIJOU, THEY WERE SHOWING "THE THIN MAN" AND "MRS. PARKINGTON". UPTOWN THEY WERE SHOWING "THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER" AND "MRS. PARKINGTON": CROSSTOWN THEY WERE SHOWING "A GUY NAMED JOE" AND "MRS. PARKINGTON": AND ~~TO TOP IT ALL~~ AT THE MIDTOWN THEY WERE SHOWING "MR. SKEFFINGTON AND "MRS. PARKINGTON" - (I'M FERMENTIN' AND SHE'S PLAYING FAST AND LOOSE)

MOORE: Sly little creature, isn't she?

DURANTE: <sup>But</sup> YES, <sup>you know</sup> DECIDING THAT THIS TOWN AIN'T BIG ENOUGH FOR ME AND "MRS. PARKINGTON", I DRIVES OUT TO SAN BERDOO. AND JUNIOR, WHAT DO YOU THINK THE DOUBLE FEATURE IS IN SAN BERDOO?

MOORE: What?



DURANTE: "MRS. PARKINGTON" AND "MRS. PARKINGTON" <sup>*It's spiders*</sup> (THIS COULD LEAD  
<sup>*in the suburbs*</sup>  
TO ULCERS)

MOORE: Well, James, where did you finally go?

DURANTE: THERE WAS ONLY ONE PLACE LEFT TO GO -- ~~THE NEWSREEL THEATRE~~  
WHAT A CROWD: AFTER STANDING IN LINE THREE HOURS WITH MY  
PLASTIC BUTTON HOOK, (TO HELP ME ON AND OFF WITH MY SHOES)  
A TOOTSIE ROLL (THAT I LOVE TO MUNCH ON) AND MY AIR FOAM  
CUSHION ) THAT MAKES ME TWO INCHES TALLER WHEN I SITS ON IT)  
<sup>*well*</sup> FINALLY I GETS IN, <sup>*and I*</sup> SPOTS AN EMPTY SEAT -- AND WHERE IS IT?  
AS USUAL RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROW, SO FORCING MY WAY  
THROUGH KNEES, BUNDLES, AND TINY TOTS, I SAYS "PARDON ME,  
PARDON ME, PARDON ME, PARDON ME, OOOOPS, MADAM,  
WATCH THAT UMBRELLA!" <sup>*you*</sup> REACHING MY SEAT, I TAKES OFF MY SHOES,  
SHOES, UNWRAPS THE TOOTSIE ROLL, AND BLOWS UP MY AIR FOAM  
CUSHION (THAT MAKES ME TWO INCHES TALLER) <sup>*and*</sup> NOW I'M HAPPY.  
JUST AS THE NEWSREEL GOES ON, WHO SITS DOWN RIGHT IN  
FRONT OF ME BUT A BIG, FAT DOW-A-JER. SHE'S WEARING A HAT  
WITH EVERYTHING ON IT BUT THE KITCHEN SINK. (THE LADY NEXT  
TO HER IS WEARING THE KITCHEN SINK) (FIFTY-FIVE CENTS AND  
WHAT AM I LOOKING AT! A BIG FAT <sup>*damn*</sup> CHAPEAU! I GOTTA CHANGE  
SEATS. SO I MOVES OVER A SEAT. AND ONCE AGAIN I TAKES OFF  
MY SHOES UNWRAPS THE TOOTSIE ROLL AND BLOWS UP MY AIR FOAM  
CUSHION (THAT MAKES ME TWO INCHES TALLER) WHEN ALL OF A  
SUDDEN, A WOMAN TAPS ME ON THE BACK AND SAYS, "PARDON ME,  
<sup>*what*</sup> STRANGER, BUT I CAN'T SEE THE PICTURE". I SAYS, "WHY BOTHER  
ME?" AND SHE SAYS, "BECAUSE YOU'RE SITTING ON MY LAP."  
<sup>*this could lead to ulcers*</sup>  
(FORTUNATELY, SHE DIDN'T GET FRESH WITH ME.)  
(CONTINUED)

DURANTE:  
(CONT'D)

SO ONCE AGAIN I CHANGES I CHANGES SEATS, THIS TIME I  
MOVES OVER FOUR SEATS. AT LAST MY VIEW IS UNOBSTRUCTED  
SO BLOWING UP MY AIR FOAM CUSHION (THAT MAKES ME TWO  
INCHES TALLER), I PLACES IT ON THE SEAT AND SITS DOWN.  
I'M READY TO LOOK AT THE SCREEN, WHEN WHAT HAPPENS!  
I HEARS A SSSS-SSS-SSS - MY CUSHION HAS DEVELOPED A  
SLOW LEAK! JUST THEN A TOUGH USHER GRABS ME BY THE  
COLLAR AND SAYS, "LISTEN WISE GUY - CUT OUT THAT  
HISSING - GET BACK WITH THE STANDEES". (IF HE WASN'T  
BIGGER THAN ME, I'D HAVE GIVEN HIM TWO LASHES.)  
SO PICKING UP MY AIR FOAM CUSHION WITH THE SLOW LEAK  
(THAT USED TO MAKE ME TWO INCHES TALLER), BACK I GOES  
TO THE STANDING ROOM, I TURNS AROUND AND CATCHES MY  
FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE NEWSREEL, AND JUNIOR, AM I  
BURNED UP.

MOORE: Jimmy, What was wrong?

DURANTE: IT WAS THE SAME NEWSREEL I SAW WITH "MRS. PARKINGTON!"

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

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MOORE:

*the* Bravo, Jimmy, *and Mrs. Pickering's* *people* ~~bravo!~~ You are a hard man to follow on any program, but I have a singular confidence in the next man at the mike and what he has to say...

Mr. Howard Petrie.

PETRIE:

*Go's* Do you mind if I get serious for a few seconds? I want to talk about your throat...an intricate instrument that deserves real care and attention. Like your choice of cigarette, for example. That's important! So why don't you try Camel's kind, cool mildness on your own throat? See how your throat feels after a day of smoking Camels. And try Camel's full, rich, fresh flavor on your taste. Because your T-Zone, that's T for Throat and T for Taste, is the right place to find out which cigarette is right for you.

CHORUS:

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

PETRIE:

Camels! The cigarette of costlier tobaccos. *740*

ORCH:

(INTRODUCTION TO "THERE'LL BE A HOT TIME")

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM -11-  
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PETRIE: Roy Bary and the Orchestra now in a ~~by~~ Roy Bary  
Roy Bary arrangement of "There'll Be A Hot Time In  
The Town of Berlin" *95*

ORCH: (THERE'LL BE A HOT TIME IN THE TOWN OF BERLIN)

(APPLAUSE)

*11/10*

DURANTE:

AND THAT WAS ROY BARGY PLAYING "THERE'LL BE A HOT  
TIME IN THE TOWN OF BERLIN".... (~~HEATING SYSTEM~~  
~~PLANNED~~ FROM THE PICTURE KISMET, WHICH I SAW ON  
THE SAME BILL WITH "MRS. PARKINGTON;"  
BUT GOING FROM THE SUB-LIME TO THE SUB-BASEMENT WE  
FIND OURSELVES FACE TO FACE WITH GARRY MOORE....  
(A PRETTY FRIGHTENING EXPERIENCE.)

MOORE:

Scoff if you will, James...but tonight I'm going to  
do something that will thrill this audience to its  
very marrow...Tonight I am going to sing...an old ~~my~~  
~~favorite~~ of mine...."ON MOONLITE BAY"

DURANTE:

SOUNDS EXCITING...I SHALL HOLD UP YOUR LEFT SOCK AND  
LISTEN.....FOR I'M ONE OF YOUR SUPPORTERS. 12<sup>12</sup>

ORCHESTRA:

(SAILING ALONG ON MOONLIGHT BAY)

MOORE:

I loved you passionately, Madeline Gluckenfudge...  
Loved you, did I say? Why, I shall never forget the  
night we met, my love. I was a cook in a large hotel,  
and I was cleaning out the vegetable bin. I reached  
down for an old tomato...and there you were, my sweet..  
*the you there you were*  
And I looked at you my darling, with a light in my  
eyes, a lump in my throat...a Carter's little liver  
pill in my little liver...and I know *right then* it was love....  
I said to you "Darling -- step out and let me look at  
you." And out you stepped!

(CONTINUED)

MOORE:  
(Cont'd)

Ah, what an abundance of curves you had! Too bad they were all on the same side....But I hardly noticed that, so enraptured was I by your golden hair. I could tell your hair had just been washed...<sup>darling</sup> the laundry tag was still attached to <sup>one of</sup> your bangs.. <sup>all but</sup> And hardly thinking, I smothered you in my embrace....And as I put my cheek beside yours, I looked behind your ears - and what did I see...Two more ears....Yes, you were an eerie sight, my <sup>darling</sup> dear. But I didn't care- for at that moment, you spoke. You spoke, my <sup>angel</sup> darling, your voice just reeking with love, emotion and Dad's Old Fashioned Root Beer! Dad's Old Fashioned Root Beer!...You said, "Garrison, my own! I have never been a lonely woman. But for years my, soul has been hungry for one thing....Do you know how to make meatballs? And I shyly dropped my eyes and said, "I do".... And so we were married, and for three days we ate meat-balls... Meat-balls for breakfast, meat-balls for luncheon, meat-balls for dinner! And I didn't get much sleep, 'cause when my bed time rolled around-so did the meat-balls...Ah, yes, my darling, we could have been so happy but then.

ORCHESTRA: (OMINOUS CHORD)

MOORE: It happened...We were on a vacation out in the country,  
and on our travels we had to cross a flimsy bridge...  
with a sheer drop of a hundred feet on either side...

SOUND: SNEAK IN WIND AND CREAKING OF BRIDGE TIMBERS

---

MOORE: We didn't notice how strong the wind was that day....  
But suddenly we felt the bridge begin to sway beneath  
our feet. As the wind increased in fury, the bridge began  
to turn and twist. Suddenly I heard the <sup>horrible</sup> ~~awful~~ sound of  
splitting timbers...LOOK OUT, MADALINE, I YELLED! THE  
BRIDGE IS FALLING! IT'S FALLING MY DARLING...RUN FOR YOUR  
LIFE. *Look out.*

SOUND: BIG TIMBER CRASH

---

MOORE: (SCREAM) ..(THEN LAST FOUR BARS OF SONG AND OUT)  
(APPLAUSE)

15-35

*And now*  
MOORE: ~~Thank you~~, my friends, ~~but~~ for real singing, let's call  
on her Nibs, Miss Gibbs. What's new, Georgia?

GEORGIA: Oh lots of things are new, Garry. But tonight I'm  
singing an old song <sup>it</sup> Cole Porter's "Night and Day."

*Thank you, Georgia Gibbs, my friends ...*  
GIBBS: (NIGHT AND DAY)

(APPLAUSE)

*16<sup>00</sup>*

*18<sup>45</sup>*



*Oh Georgia*  
11/10/44

DURANTE: (SINGING GIBB'S TUNE) *Oh, AM I IN VOICE TONIGHT,*  
GEORGIA: REMINDS ME OF THE LAST TIME I SANG AT THE  
METROPOLITAN.

GIBBS: I didn't know you sang at the Metropolitan, Jimmy. How  
did the audience receive your efforts?

DURANTE: I AIN'T SAYING GEORGIA, BUT THAT WAS WHEN I LEARNED  
THAT FOOD IS AMMUNITION. BUT I'VE COME A LONG WAY. *since then*  
LISTEN *(SINGS)*

C-A-M-E-L-S

FROM LAKE ERIE TO THE RHONE

PETRIE: *Oh it's lovely, Jimmy and say -*  
CAMELS CLICK WITH EACH T-ZONE *(Don't that pretty, Petrie)*  
Speaking of the Metropolitan, Jimmie, and T-Zones, did  
you ever hear what the golden-throated Caruso used to  
do before he went on stage to sing? He always smoked a  
cigarette. And you can make a bet that he chose a brand  
that agreed with his precious throat. Well, your throat  
is just as important to you as Caruso's was to him,  
and so is your choice of a cigarette. So why don't  
you try Camel's kind, cool, mildness on your throat.  
And try Camel's rich, full, fresh flavor on your taste.  
Try Camels on your T-Zone--T for Taste and T for Throat  
the best place to find out which cigarette is  
best for you. Perhaps like these millions of smokers  
Jimmy sang of in his symphony, Camels may suit your  
T-Zone to a T.

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

PETRIE: Camels -The cigarette of costlier tobaccos;

ORCHESTRA: (PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE)

*2010*

DURANTE: AND NOW THE FRIDAY NIGHT CAMEL SHOW BRINGS YOU A DRAMA OF  
RARE FLOWERS AND PLANT LIFE ENTITLED:

MOORE: "Always Put Suspenders On Your Geraniums" or "How Else Are  
You Gonna Keep Your Plants Up".

DURANTE: REMARKS LIKE THAT, AND WE'LL TAKE OUR PLACE AMONGST THE *other*  
GREAT UNKNOWNNS.

MOORE: *Don't like that word "other".*  
Jimmy, in tonight's play, we're rare flower experts.

Let's be off to the flower shop and join the flora and  
fauna.

DURANTE: YOU JOIN FAW-NA AND I'LL JOIN FLORA...I GO FOR THEM BIG  
BLONDES!

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

SOUND: PHONE RINGS...PHONE UP

MOORE: Hello, Durante-Moore Flower Shop. Moore speaking.

GIBBS: (FILTER) I'd like to price your roses.

MOORE: Very well, madame. The short stems are ten dollars a  
dozen and the long stems are a dollar a dozen.

GIBBS: Why are the short stems more expensive?

MOORE: They've got flowers on 'em!

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

MOORE: I knew I shouldn't have bought that carload of old stems. *Shaw*

SOUND: DOOR SIAM

DURANTE: JUNIOR, DROP EVERYTHING! DISASTER HAS OVERTAKEN ME:

MOORE: What's the matter, Jimmy?

DURANTE: I'M OUT IN THE HOT HOUSE ADMIRING THE PLANT LIFE. AND  
IT SMELLED SO NICE THAT I BURIED MY NOSE IN THE FLOWERS...  
AND THEN A TERRIBLE THING HAPPENED.

MOORE: What was that?

DURANTE: I FORGOT WHICH FLOWER I BURIED IT IN!

MOORE: I thought your face had a vacant look.

DURANTE: TOU SHAY, MR. MOORE. TOU SHAY ALL OVER YOU MR. MOORE.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

PETRIE: *Oh Lord*  
/ Don't let them put me in a pot. You can't let them  
put me in a pot... Please don't let them put me in a  
pot.

MOORE: Say, who are you?

PETRIE: Oh, just a little baked bean!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: I MUST INVITE THAT GUY OVER TO PLAY WITH MY POISON IVY.

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

MOORE: Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

ALLMAN: Good afternoon, gentlemen. I'm Miss Hortense Hinkle.  
I'm just wild about flowers. Just being here makes  
me feel like a flower.

MOORE: Don't look now, but your cowslip is showing.

ALLMAN: *Indeed*  
And oh... what a lovely garden you have outside. I  
couldn't help noticing those zinnias coming up the  
walk.

DURANTE: ARE THOSE ZINNIAS COMING UP THE WALK AGAIN? I'VE  
TOLD THEM A MILLION TIMES TO USE THE REAR ENTRANCE!

ALLMAN: Well, gentlemen, I came here for...

PETRIE &  
BURKE: CRYING

ALLMAN: My goodness, what ~~was~~<sup>is</sup> that?

MOORE: Oh, it's those Weeping Willows again! I should never  
have taken them to see "Since You Went Away."

ALLMAN: Gentlemen, I'm a collector of rare plants and I'm  
interested in finding a *Fragaria Nobilis Thallophyta*.

DURANTE: ~~FRA-GARIA-NOBILIS-TELL-A-FIGHTER.~~ EVERYBODY WANTS  
TO GET INTO THE ACT.

ALLMAN: It's obvious you gentlemen know nothing about  
horticulture.

MOORE: Why my dear madam, there is no horthy more cultural than I.

DURANTE: NOR I TOO.

MOORE: Why just recently I conducted an experiment where I <sup>match</sup> a Bachelor Button with a Black Eyed Susan...And do you know that just yesterday they had a little sun-flower?

ALLMAN: My, I bet they were happy with their little sun-flower.

MOORE: No, they wanted a girl flower.

DURANTE: A LIKELY STORY. *more: In a painful way.*

ALLMAN: Well, gentlemen, this plant that I want you to get for me only grows in the jungles. It's the only flower that opens its petals and catches flies.

DURANTE: CATCHES FLIES.

ALLMAN: Yes, and I'm prepared to pay you ten thousand dollars for it.

DURANTE: MADAME, EFOR TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS I'LL OPEN MY PETALS AND CATCH THEM FLIES MYSELF"!

ALLMAN: Now listen -I don't want a small plant. This Floral Trap  
I want must be at least ten feet high.

MOORE: Why, that's big enough to trap a man.

ALLMAN: (GIGGLES) That's the idea.

SOUND: DOOR SIAM

MOORE: Jimmy - you heard what she said - ten thousand dollars  
we're off to the jungles.

DURANTE: YES, JUNIOR. WE'VE JUST GOT TO FIND THAT FRAGARIA  
NOBILIS THALLOPHYTA.

MOORE: Stop wrestling with those words, Jimmy, or you'll be too  
weak to make the trip! *no gonna*

MUSIC: (BRIDGE SEGUE TO JUNGLE DRUMS)

SOUND: TRAMPING THROUGH UNDERBRUSH..JUNGLE DRUMS

DURANTE: JUNIOR, LISTEN TO THEM JUNGLE DRUMS.

MOORE: Jungle drums...nothin'..that's my stomach, we haven't eaten  
in three days...but courage, James.we're almost there.  
Look there's a fork in the road.

DURANTE: I WISH THERE WAS A HUNK OF MEAT ON IT.

MOORE: Come on, Jimmy. ...we've got to find that man-eating flower  
flower.

MAN: (CALLS) Ump-i...Ung-i.

MOORE: ~~Look~~ Jimmy...*for heavens sakes* it's a native he wants to tell us something.

MAN: "Ung gobey alla bo gazzi lunga banga tuba yu vum gazzi.

MOORE: No kidding - you mean there's a chance yet?

DURANTE: JUNIOR, WHAT DID HE SAY?

MOORE: He says there are still a few more precincts to be heard  
from.

DURANTE: AND THAT'S IMPORTANT -THE MONKEY VOTE COULD SWING POMONA!

SOUND: PING WHIZZ WHISTLE

MOORE: Jimmy, what's the idea of snatching the hat off my head  
DURANTE: I DIDN'T DO NOTHING. IT WAS THAT BIG FLOWER BEHIND  
YOU THAT REACHED OUT AND GRABBED <sup>the</sup> YOUR HAT RIGHT OFF  
YOUR HEAD.

MOORE: Jimmy, that <sup>must be</sup> the man-eating flower. <sup>New location</sup> Jimmy - you  
attract it's attention from the front and <sup>run around and</sup> I'll grab  
it from behind...

DURANTE: NOW, JUNIOR HOW AM I GONNA ATTRACT A FLOWERS ATTENTION?

MOORE: <sup>That's easy, just run around, flapping your wings and make a</sup>  
<sup>noise</sup> Not like a bee.

DURANTE: OKAY....BIZ-BIZ-BIZZZZZZ -----THIS IS WHAT I CALL  
A NON-ESSENTIAL OCCUPATION.

MOORE: <sup>movement that</sup> Come on, Jimmy...let's rush it!

SOUND: STRUGGLING IN UNDERBRUSH ENDING IN CRASH

MOORE: I've got it.

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR .....DOOR OPEN

ALLMAN: Why, Mr. Moore, you're back from the jungle.

MOORE: Yes, Miss Hinkle.. and I've brought you your <sup>own</sup> a  
man-eating plant ...and I'll thank you/for the  
ten thousand dollars.

ALLMAN: Wait a minute - this is a hoax. That flower couldn't  
swallow a man.

DURANTE: (ECHO) OH, NO? WHO DO YOU THINK IS IN HERE NOW,  
MRS. PARKINGTON?

ORCHESTRA: (PLAYOFF)  
(APPLAUSE)

26/05

MUSIC: ( QUICK FANFARE)

MCGEEHAN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Lieutenant Paul W. Nichol, of Denver, Colorado. Half the instruments of his Liberator <sup>Bombier</sup> were shot out, the flap, gear and brake controls were wrecked. The ship was perforated with bullet and shell holes--yet he flew it back to its Pacific base. In your honor, Lieutenant Nichol, 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 FAR...LET ME HEAR THAT HIGH NOTE, MAESTRO. (DISCORD) WHAT A NOTE! IT HAS ALL THE CHARM OF A BUNION ON A POSTMAN'S INSTEP.

MOORE: Right you are, James. <sup>27<sup>15</sup> you know</sup> A postman's life is not a jolly one - especially around Christmas time. And this year <sup>my friends</sup> it's more important than ever that we do our Christmas packages early. It's a problem of keeping our overtaxed postal system clear for mail essential to the war. <sup>Now</sup> If you want to be sure that your package arrives by Christmas day you must get <sup>it</sup> ~~them~~ in the mail by December first. And furthermore, keep these packages as small as possible. And folks, the best small present of all that I can advise you to send is a U.S. war bond - the present with a future.

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: (THEME UP)

27<sup>50</sup>

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 Abbott and Costello, and next Friday listen to Georgia Gibbs, Roy Bargey and his orchestra, yours truly, Howard Petrie.

MOORE: And Garry Moore.

DURANTE: AND JIMMY DURANTE.

BOTH: IN PERSON  
(APPLAUSE)

*28<sup>10</sup>*

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

PETRIE: *28<sup>15</sup>* 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 AND FADE FOR)

*28<sup>25</sup>*

SHIELDS: Can't you just see the pleasant domestic picture of a wife laying out her husband's slippers, and dressing gown, and pipe; so he can relax after a hard day on the job. But the wise wife, however, will go a step further. She'll include a package of Prince Albert Tobacco for that pipe. Not only because her husband's sure to like Prince Albert, but she'll like its fragrance too. Prince Albert's wonderful fragrance, its aged-in-the-wood aroma make a hit with folks around you. The flavor is a pipe smoker's dream rich, full bodied, yet mild. And Prince Albert is no-bite treated, too, so that it's gentle to your tongue. It's crimp cut for firm, tidy packing, smooth drawing, and even burning. More pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the whole wide world.

ORCHESTRA: (SNEAK THEME) *29<sup>10</sup>*

SHIELDS: Tomorrow - Saturday night - be sure to listen to Prince Albert's Grand Old 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.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND DOWN) *29<sup>25</sup>*

PETRIE: And remember, Camel Cigarettes again present Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore next Friday night at this same time.

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