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(REVISED)

AS

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

BROADCAST

*Master - 11/36
Commercials - 11/24*

CBS NETWORK
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1944

PROGRAM No. 87
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

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"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

PROGRAM No 87

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 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 FILTER) HELLO, JUNIOR...THIS IS JIMMY.

MOORE: Jimmy Durante, where are you?

DURANTE: I'M AT HOME DOING MY HOUSECLEANING. AND I JUST
ANSWERED THE DOOR IN MY DUST CAP AND APRON.

MOORE: Well, so what?

DURANTE: SO COME AND GET ME. THE GAS MAN IS TRYING TO NECK
ME ON THE BACK PORCH!

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION.....SWELL UP TO FINISH) ¹⁵

BAND: ²⁵ (C A M E L S)

PETRIE: (COLD) Camel Cigarettes present ³⁰ Garry Moore and
Jimmy Durante.

(APPLAUSE)

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

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.⁵⁵

MUSIC: (OUT)

PETRIE: And now for our co-star -- a young man who looks a great deal like Cary Grant, except where Cary Grant has got curly hair and a straight nose, our co-star's got straight hair and a curly nose! And here he is -- Garry Moore!

(APPLAUSE)

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MOORE: Well, thank you...Thank you very much, my friends,
and good evening, ladies and gentlemen...Well sir, here
I am again - radio's handsomest juvenil -- or is that
juvenile?

PETRIE: Really it's unimportant.

MOORE: Thank you...Here I am again -- radio's handsomest
unimportant....what are you trying to make me say? *Don't do that*
But it's nice ^{my friends} to --

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

ELVIA: Oh, there you are, Mr. Moore - YOU UNBELIEVABLE MAN....
(LAUGH)

MOORE: Well, well, if it isn't Mrs. Wurtleburtle, in the flesh.

ELVIA: In the flesh? Mr. Moore, PLEASE don't use that
expression to a lady like myself. It isn't fitting.

MOORE: What? The expression or the flesh?

ELVIA: Mr. Moore, that is terribly unkind of you. ^{Mr. Moore?} I came here
to ask you to go dancing with me tonight...

MOORE: Dancing -- my dear little cookie - and I use the word
"Cookie" in reference to your crummy appearance
~~but I don't dance...~~ I took lessons through the mail
from Arthur Murray once, but he made a mistake...He
sent me the women's steps instead of the men's.

ELVIA: Goodness -- how does that affect your dancing?

MOORE: ^{Mrs. Wurtleburtle} Well, I dunno. ~~But in the entire history of dancing~~
I'm the first wall-flower ^{in history} to use the men's smoking
room...Besides, my dear, I ^{really} can't stay out late at
night - I've just taken on some motion picture work.

d. Really!
You'll be seeing me soon at Grauman's Chinese.

ELVIA: Ohh - inside on the screen, yelling "Gung ho!" Or something?

MOORE: No, outside on the street, yelling "Plenty of seats inside -- immediate seating on the main floor!"

ELVIA: Oh, so you're one of THOSE fellas. ^{Mr. Yoo Sam.} Tell me, Mr. Moore -- why do you ^{doorman} ~~fellas~~ always yell "Plenty of seats inside when you know it's a lie.

MOORE: Well, ~~my dear madame~~, it's not always a lie. There ARE plenty of seats inside if you get to the box-office before the prices change.

ELVIA: And when do the prices change?

MOORE: Ten minutes before they open the box-office.

ELVIA: But Mr. Moore! Don't you feel badly about deceiving the public?

MOORE: Well ^{Mr. Munkbuntle} -- yesss.....Yes - I do. Sometimes I hate myself... I look at ^{the people waiting} ~~these long lines~~ - ^{all these} ~~the~~ mothers, ^{those} ~~the~~ babies -- the loving couples who will never get into the balcony, but are just doomed to stand outside, wasting their Sen Sen....Plenty of seats", I say -- then I look at those big, trusting blood-shot eyes - like fried eggs

(CONTINUED)

MOORE:
(Cont'd)

floating in ketchup.....^{Why} Oh, I want to tell them to go home, but "What if I did? The theatre would have to close. Hollywood would be ruined! Famous stars would ^{they would have} be walking the streets, no money for food and shelter! ^{can} I see Lana Turner dragging her poor worn frame down the street - and she comes up to me and says, "Please mister - I must find shelter. My feet won't hold me up another minute!"...And I give her the only advice I know.

ELVIA: What's that?

MOORE: Plenty of seats inside! Immediate seating on the main floor...So go, Mrs. Wurtleburtle. Go, and leave me to my shame. ³⁴⁵

ORCHESTRA: (SNEAK IN DURANTE'S MUSIC)

MOORE: Or could it be that help is at hand?...^{Why} ~~It is!~~ It is! The one and only - JIMMY DURANTE....IN PERSON.

DURANTE: YOU'VE GOT TO START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG... EVEN
WHEN THINGS GO WRONG..YOU'LL FEEL BETTER...YOU'LL EVEN
LOOK BETTER...AHHHHHHH! WHAT A NOTE. THAT NOTE
COMES TO YOU THROUGH THE COURTESY OF MY TWO CO-SIGNERS.

MOORE: Ah, James, it's good to see you ... *What have you been doing all week.*

DURANTE: OH RUNNING AMUCK WITH ROMANCE ^{up} -/CATCHING A FEW
DARTS FROM DAN CUPID? ^{garry} / YOU REMEMBER *my girl friend,*
ELSIE PEPPERPOO?

MOORE: Pepper who?

DURANTE: PEPPERPOO!

MOORE: Pepperpool!

DURANTE: *Yes* - JUST YESTERDAY MORNING,, ,ELSIE AND I WENT HORSE BACK
RIDING. WHAT AN EE-QUESTRIAN DAY WE HAD!
AFTER A SHORT CANTER (THAT'S EDDIE'S YOUNGEST BROTHER)
WE WOUND UP AT THE STABLE AND THERE I PROPOSED TO
HER. I GOT DOWN ON MY KNEES AND SAID; "ELSIE!"
THEN I JUMPED RIGHT UP ...ONCE AGAIN I GOT DOWN
ON MY KNEES AND SAID: "ELSIE"! AND AGAIN I JUMPED
RIGHT UP!

MOORE: Why did you keep jumping up? Were you nervous?

DURANTE: NO, I FORGOT TO TAKE OFF MY SPURS. ^{that humiliating} BUT I'M ~~GLAD I~~ *(afraid)*
DIDN'T PROPOSE TO HER GARRY, BECAUSE I'M AFRAID I AIN'T
IN LOVE WITH ELSIE!

MOORE: Jimmy, such language! "I ain't in love with Elsie.
You mean I am not in love with Elsie...He is not
in love with Elsie. We are not in love with Elsie!

DURANTE: I SURE PICKED A LEMON DIDN'T I?

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You sure do. But
MOORE: Enough of your love life, James, ~~let's hear~~ ^{tell me} now about Durante, the statesman. I suppose your private telephone to Washington has been buzzing busily.

DURANTE: BUZZIN' NOT ONCE ^{all day} DID THE TELEPHONE TINKLE. (IT'S BU-ROC-RACY). ^{m: It's} WHY I WAS SO HIGH FALUTIN' MAD I SAT THERE ALL DAY WITH THE ELECTRIC FAN TURNED ON MY HEAD.

MOORE: Why did you have the electric fan turned on your head?

DURANTE: I WAS BLOWIN' MY TOP!....BUT'S THAT'S NEITHER BASIL..... RATH NOR BONE! WHILE I'M POUTING, THE DOOR BELL RINGS AND THERE STANDS A MESSENGER WITH A TELEGRAM FOR ME! AH, THEY CAN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT DURANTE, ^{m: wait's that} IT'S FROM HENRY KAISER AND HE WANTS ME TO CHRIS-SIN A SHIP UP IN SEATTLE.

Say
MOORE: That's quite an honor, Jimmy. Have you ever done anything nautical?

DURANTE: OH, I'VE HAD MY MOMENTS IN A RUMBLE SEAT! (I LOVE THAT KIND OF CARRYINGS ON) BUT GETTIN' BACK TO THE MORE SERIOUS STUFF I PUTS ON MY BUSINESS SUIT WITH THE VENTIAN BLIND VEST (IT WAS COVERING A BAY WINDOW) AND I FLIES ^{let's say} ~~SA SHAY LA FEM~~ UP TO SEATTLE. AND WHEN I ARRIVED AT THE SHIPYARDS, GARRY. THEY WERE LAUNCHING SHIPS TO THE LEFT OF ME, AND SHIPS TO THE RIGHT OF ME!

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MOORE: There must have been many a bottle broken.

DURANTE: MANY A BOTTLE? WHY, JUNIOR, THERE WAS SO MUCH CHAMPAGNE
IN THE RIVER, THE SALMON WERE BURPING UPSTREAM.

MOORE: Oh Schonozzle, after that my faith in your veracity is so
infinitesimal as to practically border upon the
non-existent.

DURANTE: THAT'S JUST WHAT I DID!....I WENT RIGHT TO THE
LAUNCHING PLATFORM -- AND WHAT DO I SEE? I SEE A
PORTHOLE, UMBRIAGO, AN ANCHOR, UMBRIAGO, A BATTLESHIP
AND UMBRIAGO.

MOORE: What was Umbriago doing at the shipyards.

DURANTE: WHY HE'S GOT THE MOST IMPORTANT JOB THERE. YOU KNOW
THOSE BIG SUPER BATTLESHIPS THEY LAUNCH EVERY DAY?

MOORE: Yes?

DURANTE: WELL UMBRIAGO PRESSES THE GRAPES FOR THE CHAMPAGNE?/
(HE'S GOT A SEVERE CASE OF PURPLE TOES). NOW WE'RE
READY FOR THE LAUNCHING AND UMBRIAGO HANDS ME THE BOTTLE
OF CHAMPAGNE? I SMASHES IT AGAINST THE SHIP, ^{and what happens} THERE'S A
TERRIFIC EXPLOSION. (THAT UMBRIAGO MUST HAVE USED SOME
SOUR GRAPES.)

MOORE: *Well Jimmy*
/I'll bet you were plenty mad at Umbriago.

DURANTE: I WAS FROTHING AT THE KNEE CAP. JUST THEN I GET A
PHONE CALL FROM UMBRIAGO. I SAYS, "WHERE ARE YOU"? AND
HE SAYS", "THAT EXPLOSION BLEW ME UP TO THE PLANET MARS".
I SAYS "YOU'RE CRAZY. SUPERMAN IS THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN
GET UP TO MARS". *but* HE SAYS " *Yeah* WELL, WHO DO YOU THINK GAVE ME
THE NICKEL FOR THIS PHONE CALL?" *740*

ORCHESTRA: (SNEAK IN MUSIC)

MOORE: *or not*
/That Umbriago is some guy, Jimmy.

DURANTE: *Yes* - THAT AIN'T NOTHIN' - LISTEN TO ~~THIS~~...

UMBRIAGO - COULD BE MAYOR OF NEW YORK OR OF CHICAGO.

m: Yes UMBRIAGO *Yes* - RAISES CAIN FROM PORTLAND, MAIN TO SANTIAGO

No WHEN YOU WORRY

BETTER SEND FOR UMBRIAGO

IN A HURRY.

Say HE'S GOT LOTS OF TIME

THAT'S ALL HE SPENDS IS TIME

HE NEVER SPENDS A DIME

SO - WHEN YOU FEEL LOW

BETTER SEND

FOR MY FRIEND

UMBRIAGO.

m: Sing it again

m: That's great.

UMBRIAGO - COULD BE MAYOR OF NEW YORK OR OF CHICAGO

UMBRIAGO..

MOORE: Ah, Jimmy, I love that Umbriago song... And I want you to know I enjoyed the Decca Record ^{just} you made of it.

DURANTE: THANK YOU, JUNIOR. I LIKE IT TOO. IN FACT I BOUGHT TWELVE RECORDS FOR MYSELF.

MOORE: Oh fine -- how do they sound on your phonograph?

DURANTE: HOW DO THEY SOUND?

MOORE: Jimmy, don't tell me you don't know how to play them -- you put those records on a machine, and music comes out.

DURANTE: IS THAT WHAT YOU DO WITH RECORDS? HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? I'VE BEEN SERVING COCKTAILS ON MINE.

~~SO WHEN YOU FEEL LOW~~

BETTER SEND

FOR MY FRIEND
UMBRIAGO!

(APPLAUSE)

910

MOORE: And now, Mr. Durante, that courtly cavalier,
gracefully relinquishes the floor for a moment to our
worthy colleague, Howard Petrie.

PETRIE: ^{9th} I'd like to tell briefly about a picture producer out
here in Hollywood. He's made the statement over and
over again, that the basic story of a really fine
movie can be told in a ten word telegram. Personally, I
think he's got something there -- because I think
that the basic story of a really fine cigarette -- ^{yes} you
guessed it -- Camel -- can also be telegraphed in a quick
ten words: QUOTE: "Try Camels on your T-Zone, "T" for
throat and taste." UNQUOTE: Because your throat is
far and away the best judge of Camels kind, cool mildness.
And your taste can tell you more about Camel's full, rich,
fresh flavor than a volume of words from me.

CHORUS: (C A M E L S)

PETRIE: Camels! Try them on your T-Zone today! ^{10th}

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO "THERE GOES THAT SONG AGAIN")

PETRIE: Roy Bargy and the Orchestra now in a Roy Bargy
arrangement of "There Goes that Song Again".

ORCHESTRA: (THERE GOES THAT SONG AGAIN)

(APPLAUSE)

10¹⁰

12⁰⁵

Oh I love that band, Junior.
DURANTE: WHAT A BAND! WHAT AN ENSEMBLE! IT REMINDS ME OF THE
TIME I PLAYED THE PIANO IN SYMPHONY HALL! WHAT AN
OVATION! ROSE BAMPTON STOOD UP AND THREW ME A ROSE!
LILLY PONS STOOD UP AND THREW ME A LILLY! AND THEN A
TERRIBLE THING HAPPENED.

MOORE: What happened?

DURANTE: ROCH-MONNY-NOTT STOOD UP AND HIT ME ON THE HEAD WITH A
ROCK... (I'M THROUGH WITH MUSIC FOR LIFE)

MOORE: Oh, pish tosh, James -- you mustn't be discouraged, *I know you say pish tosh*
No I mean pish tosh You know success doesn't always come the easy way... For
instance, let me tell you the story of a man who never
gave up. The story of Fungus B. Scrapfaggot.

DURANTE: FUNGUS B. SCRAPFAGGOT? *Oh that's right* ... I SHALL THROW AWAY MY SLOAN'S
LINIMENT AND LISTEN - FOR YOUR STORIES ARE ABSORBIN'
JUNIOR. *1945*

MOORE: Thank you, James - and here is my story.

ORCHESTRA: (POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE)

MOORE: Today, my friends, is November Seventeenth...and today
at high noon in the thriving village of Angry Skunk,
Idaho - which is just across from the little town of
(SNIFF WOW.) Nebraska -- a Pullman train puffed into
the railroad station. And from that train alighted -
Fungus B. Scrapfaggot!..Back home from New York! And
the bands were playing and people were dancing in the
street.

ORCHESTRA: (SONGS MY MOTHER -----)

MOORE: And yet, my friends, life was not always so happy for Fungus B. Scrapfagot. From the very instant he was born, he seemed to be a failure...While other little babies crawled up to their mommies and said goo or ga-ga -- Fungus just laid in his crib making a drip of himself....Why, even in school *the lab* he was a failure. Every day he would bring his teacher a shiny red apple. But at the end of the year did he pass any subjects?...No, he just got an "A" in apples....

~~ORCH: (SONGS - MY MOTHER)~~ *terrible*
Oh, his family was awfully discouraged, so they took Fungus out of school and put him to work on a farm. And he got along fine, until one day he was sent out to the barn to milk the cow. But Fungus *from boy* was a little near-sighted, and by mistake he hooked the milking machine up to his own leg? And what did he get? One quart of short-hairs. *terrible thing*...Well, they sent him home from the farm - a failure again. But did he give up? Not Fungus. He next took a course in home dentistry, and inside of two months he installed a whole new set of teeth in his grandfather's mouth. But alas, he put the teeth in upside down, and before he realized what he'd done, Grandpa had chewed up half his head.....

Again he was a failure, and every one knew it-- but Fungus. Next he tried his hand at chemistry, and eventually devised a sleeping pill more effective than any on the market. He tried it out on his grandmother, and it worked. She didn't sleep *for* just eight hours - she didn't sleep just twelve hours. She slept much, much longer - the autopsy revealed.....

But this time, my friends, failure had its reward. For in his grandmother's will, Fungus was designated sole heir to the Scrapfagot fortune - three million dollars in cold cash and a small fortune in negotiable passes to the Burlesque show...
(CONTINUED)

MOORE: At last Fungus had the money to do as he wished,.. he was
(Cont'd) determined to be a failure no longer, and to run his three
million dollars into the largest fortune ever amassed.
So he went to New York, looked over the market and finally
invested every penny of his three million dollars in a
company that manufactured radio sets with no tubes in 'em
for people who'd rather go to the movies.

And --

ORCHESTRA: (CHORD)

MOORE: That my friends was just one month ago...And...

ORCHESTRA: (CHORD)

MOORE: Today, November seventeenth in the year 1944...He...

ORCHESTRA: (CHORD)

MOORE: Packed his bags and returned to his native town --

ORCHESTRA: (FANFARE)

MOORE: Flat broke...And that ^{my friends} is the story of Fungus B. Scrapfaggot.

DURANTE: HRY - WAIT A MINUTE - WAIT A MINUTE, IF THE GUY IS STILL A
BUM, THEN HOW COME WHEN HE GOT OFF THE TRAIN THE BANDS WERE
PLAYING AND PEOPLE WERE DANCING IN THE STREETS.

MOORE: Well that's perfectly obvious.

DURANTE: WHY?

MOORE: The dance hall burned down the night before.

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

16⁰⁵

ORCHESTRA; (INTRODUCTION TO NUMBER) GIBBS

MOORE: And so, my friends, going from the darkest of failures to a scintillating success, ^{we} ~~and~~ call on Her Nibs, Miss Gibbs.. Georgia, to whom are you dedicating your song tonight?

GIBBS: Well Garry, I might very well dedicate it to Dr. Scholl and his Zino Pads. Here's a song that's sung by all the girls who dance with the boys at the Stage Door Canteen. It's called "I'M Getting Corns For My Country."

more!
GIBBS: *Georgia Gibbs*
(CORNS FOR MY COUNTRY)

(APPLAUSE)

16³⁵

19¹⁵

11/17/44

DURANTE: GEORGIA, THAT WAS LOVELY. YOU KNOW, ^{Umbrigo} ~~MY UNCLE~~ IS QUITE A SINGER. HE STUDIED TWC YEARS IN A CONTROVERSY.

GIBBS: Jimmy, you mean a conservatory.

DURANTE: WHEN THAT GUY SINGS, IT'S A ^{com} A/CONTROVERSY!.....BUT ENOUGH OF MY RE⁴⁰PLITIONS, GET A LOAD OF MY INTONATIONS!... ^{near come miffing the word - but call equal & get it} ^{later}
(SINGS)

C A M E L S

NOW ACCORDING TO ALL DATA

CAMEL'S FLAVOR DON'T GO FLAT-A

PETRIE: That's what smokers say, Jimmy, and very happily....the full, rich flavor of Camel's blend of costlier tobaccos doesn't go "flat-a" It holds up pack after pack, no matter how much you smoke. Yet, with all that flavor, Camels are mild. So, try Camel's mildness and flavor on your own T-Zone.....that's T for Throat and T for Taste the true proving ground for a cigarette.

MOORE:

^{little more cause a contro - vera - sary}
Incontrovertible.

DURANTE:

YOU CAN'T ARGUE ABOUT IT, EITHER. ^{M: not}

PETRIE:

So folks, let your T-Zone tell you which cigarette is best for you. Could be that the answer is

CHORUS:

C A M E L S!

PETRIE:

Camels.....the cigarette of costlier tobaccos! ^{20 30}

ORCHESTRA:

(PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE)

^{20 30}

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

MOORE: If You're A Baker And Feeling Sleepy, Go Take A Nap In
Your Oven"....or "You've Made Your Bread...Now Lie In
It".

DURANTE: IT'S REMARKS LIKE THAT THAT'LL KEEP US OUT OF

MOORE: ^{"WHO'S WHO"}
^{and indefinitely}
/Now, Jimmy, in tonight's play, you and I are bakers.
I presume you know all about the baking business?

DURANTE: WHY JUNIOR....YOU'RE TALKING TO A MAN WHO'S KNOWN IN
THE TRADE AS THE PRINCE OF PUMPERNICKEL. ^{Oh. Is that right!} I KNOW JUST
WHEN TO PUT IN THE SHORTININ', I KNOW JUST WHEN TO PUT
IN THE EGGS, ^{and} /I KNOW JUST WHEN TO PUT IN THE FLOUR.

MOORE: How about the yeast?

DURANTE: HAVEN'T BEEN BACK THERE IN YEARS...I'M A WESTERNER
MYSELF.

MOORE: Come, James, we must be off to the bakers. Let us
leave in a hustle and bustle.

DURANTE: YOU LEAVE IN A HUSTLE....I'LL WAIT FOR THE UPTOWN
BUSTLE. ^{And we go}

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS.....PHONE UP

MOORE: Hello....Durante-Moore Bakery...Moore speaking.

ALLMAN: (ON FILTER) Mr. Moore....I represent the Baker's
Year Book. I'd like some information on your
professional background. Have you been in the baking
business long?

MOORE: Why bless your little pie tin, Madam, my father was a pioneer in this business. Why he made his living picking the leaves off strawberries to make strawberry shortcakes.

ALLMAN: Your father did that? Well what do you call a man who makes his living picking the leaves off strawberries to make strawberry shortcake?

MOORE: We called him Papa.

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

MOORE: Some people ask the ~~stupidest~~ ^{stupidest} questions.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: DROP EVERYTHING, JUNIOR! WE'RE GRAPPLIN' WITH DESTINY!

MOORE: What's the matter?

DURANTE: THIS MORNING I GOES TO THE OVEN AND I PUTS IN THE FRENCH BREAD, I PUTS IN THE ENGLISH MUFFINS, ^{and} I PUTS IN THE RUSSIAN RYE! THEY'VE BEEN THERE FOR FOUR HOURS AND THEY WON'T COME OUT.

MOORE: Why?

DURANTE: THEY'RE DEMANDIN' UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER FROM THE GERMAN STROO-DEL (RAISINS AND ALL)

MOORE: Well I hope they get it. Jimmy.

DURANTE: YEAH -- BUT NEVERMIND THIS FOL-DE-ROL. WE'VE GOT A REAL PROBLEM. WE'VE GOT TO FURNISH THE PASTRIES FOR THE POLICEMEN'S BALL AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT KIND TO MAKE FOR THEM.

MOORE: That's very simple. Why not make them policeman cookies.

DURANTE: POLICEMAN COOKIES? WHAT ARE THEY?

MOORE: Cop cakes? (Ha Ha) Don't you get that, Jimmy?
Policeman cookies -- cop cakes!

DURANTE: MY BOY'S BEEN EATING TOO MUCH CORN BREAD.

MOORE: Come on, Jimmy let's ^{just the kidding and get down} get to work. Come ^{help} me mix
the batter, will you?

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

PETRIE: Don't throw me into the batter! Please don't throw me
into the batter. You just can't throw me into the
batter.

MOORE: Who are you?

PETRIE: Oh, just a little baseball.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: ^{guk} THAT GUY WOULDN'T TALK LIKE THAT IF I HAD MY
EGG BEATER WITH ME.

SOUND: DOOR KNOCKS

Excuse me
MOORE: /Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ALLMAN: Ah bon jour gentlemen, bon jour bon jour. Comment allez vous."

DURANTE: THANKS ~~YOU~~ AND A CHARLOTTE RUSSE TO YOU, *too.*

MOORE: *That's perfectly right you may*
/ Sit right down and have a cinnamon bun. *(cinnamon bun)*

ALLMAN: Oh thank you. I'd like to buy some pastry. What would you suggest?

DURANTE: WELL, THIS WEEK WE'RE PUSHING UPSIDE DOWN CAKE.

ALLMAN: (LAUGHING) Upside-down cake? And I suppose if I bought one, I'd have to eat it standing upside down.

MOORE: *Believe me*
~~I AM INCLINED TO THINK~~ THAT WOULD BE AN IMPROVEMENT.

ALLMAN: Now you look here.... *Don't get...*

MUSIC: (PIANO PLAYING "NOIA")

ALLMAN: O.....what was that?

MOORE: Darn it I knew I shouldn't have left those lady fingers on the piano.

ALLMAN: *gentlemen*
Well, the most important thing I came here for was to order ten thousand doughnuts. *My, yes* And you must fly them to New York in time for the Thanksgiving Banquet at the Old Ladies Home.

DURANTE: ON THANKSGIVING YOU'RE FEEDING THOSE POOR OLD LADIES DOUGHNUTS? WHAT'S THE MATTER...NO TURKEY?

ALLMAN: No teeth."

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: *No (act)* / Well that's certainly gonna be a gummy party, but what are we going to do Jimmy. We've got to deliver ten thousand doughnuts to the airport and we've only got enough dough to bake five thousand.

DURANTE: DON'T WORRY, JUNIOR. I'VE GOT THE SOLUTION.

MOORE: What ^{is that} ~~is it?~~ *(it)*

DURANTE: WE'LL MAKE *(it)* BIGGER HOLES.

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

SOUND: PROPELLERS OFF MIKE...FADE

MOORE: Well, Jimmy, the doughnuts are loaded in ^{air} the plane. Let's take off.

DURANTE: UP WE GO.

SOUND: PLANE MOTOR..PLANE TAKING OFF...KEEP UNDER

DURANTE: JUNIOR..THAT WAS A PERFECT TAKE OFF. GEE, IT MUST BE WONDERFUL TO KNOW HOW TO FLY A PLANE.

MOORE: *Say* - I'll bet it is...I'll have to learn some day.

DURANTE: JUNIOR, AREN'T YOU FLYING THIS PLANE?

MOORE: Me?...I thought you were!

DURANTE: THIS COULD LEAD TO ULCERS!

MOORE: *ah* - Don't worry, Jimmy...I've had four hundred hours air experience.

DURANTE: FOUR HUNDRED HOURS OF AIR EXPERIENCE.
WERE YOU A FLYER?

MOORE: No...I used to check tires in a filling station. (*Yucky yucky*)

DURANTE: ^{13th} I SHOULD NEVER'VE VENTURED OUT TONIGHT.

JUNIOR...WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING. WE'RE GOT TO
FIND OUT WHICH WAY THE... (HOW DO YOU DO)...WE'VE GOT TO
FIND OUT WHICH WAY... (HOW DO YOU DO) WE'VE GOT TO
FIND OUT WHICH (HOW DO YOU DO)

MOORE: James, who are you tipping your hat to?

DURANTE: A COUPLE OF SWALLOWS ON THE WAY BACK TO CAPISTRANO.

MOORE: Never mind the swallows, we've got to find
out which way the airport is.

DURANTE: IT'S TOO LATE NOW, JUNIOR, WE'RE GOING INTO A DIVE. ^{Dr. D. - ol -}
WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN YOU GO INTO A DIVE?

MOORE: I don't know. Order me a short beer.

SOUND: WHISTLING OF WIND

DURANTE: ^{Start & minimal} IT'S NO TIME FOR JOKES, JUNIOR. WE'RE CRASHING.

SOUND: ^{M. Lash out, Junior} CRASH...SPLINTERING OF WOOD.

DURANTE: HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? HERE WE ARE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE
WILDERNESS WITH TEN THOUSAND DOUGHNUTS,

ALLMAN: } (OFF MIKE) Yoo...hoo! Yoo! Hoo!

GIBBS: } (TOGETHER)

MOORE: Jimmy, look! Two women are coming out of that house.

ALLMAN: Doughnuts.....doughnuts! I just can't believe it!

GIBBS: Oh, we're so glad you came. We haven't seen a doughnut
in months. Will you take five hundred dollars for these
doughnuts?

MOORE: You ^{mean you} want to buy 'em?

ALLMAN: Sure.....we can't live without doughnuts.

DURANTE: WHO ARE YOU?

BOTH: The Duncan Sister.

DURANTE: EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT!

ORCHESTRA: (PLAYOFF)

26³⁰

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

MC GEEHAN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Private Clarence Schumacher, of Chicago, Illinois, one of the very first Americans to hit the beach at Leyte in the Philippine invasion. In your honor, Private Schumacher, the makers of Camels are sending to our fighters overseas four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)
(APPLAUSE.)

96/55

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.

ORCH: (~~INTRODUCTION TO WHO WILL BE~~) *Clarence*

27⁵

~~SECRET~~
-d-

PETRIE: ^{27²⁰} Camel broadcasts go out to the United States three times a week, are rebroadcast 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 Bergy and his orchestra, yours truly, Howard Petrie.

DURANTE: AND JIMMY DURANTE.

MOORE: And Garry Moore.

BOTH: IN PERSON. *Good night folks.*
(APPLAUSE)

27⁴⁰

ORCH: (THEME UP....FADE FOR

PETRIE: ^{27⁴⁵} And remember.....try Camels on your throat and your taste. See for yourself how Camel's mildness, coolness, and flavor click with you!

27⁵⁵

ORCH: (THEME UP AND FADE FOR)

SHIELDS: ^{28¹⁰} Funny, isn't it, how a man will send a woman flowers and candy, and do a thousand thoughtful things to please her...and yet be completely thoughtless about smoking a pipe. But, mister, you can get an appreciative "Mmmmmmm, that smells good," if you'll only pack your pet pipe with Prince Albert. That aged-in-the-wood aroma not only will delight you, but folks around you too. And you'll like Prince Albert's rich, full-bodied, yet mild flavor. You'll like the way it packs, draws, and burns. You'll like the economy, too....just about fifty pipefuls in every big, red, two-ounce package. For the sake of your lady, your taste, and your pocketbook, switch to Prince Albert today. ^{28⁴⁰}

ORCHESTRA: (SNEAK THEME)

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.

ORCH: (THEME UP:AND DOWN) ^{29¹⁰}

PETRIE: ^{29¹⁰} And remember, Camel Cigarettes again present Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore next Friday night at this same time. ^{29¹⁵}

This is CBS....the COLUMBIA....BROADCASTING...SYSTEM! ^{29³⁰}