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**AS  
BROADCAST**

Master - 20 - 7/28

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

(REVISED)

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

CBS NETWORK

PROGRAM NUMBER 48

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1944

10:00 - 10:30 P.M., EWT

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

HOPE EMERSON

PAUL LUTHER

TED JEWETT

DIRECTOR ..... PHIL COHAN

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COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

THE CAMEL PROGRAM -- No. 48

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1944

10:00 - 10:30 P.M., EWT

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

(AS PROGRAM TAKES AIR, AUDIENCE AND CAST ARE LAUGHING)  
(AFTER THREE-FIVE SECONDS)

ORCH: (PYRAMID CHORDS)

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

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

ORCH: (THEME FULL AND FADE FOR)

PETRIE: Yes, it's the Friday Night Camel Show .. Garry Moore, Jimmy  
Durante, Georgia Gibbs .. Roy Bargy and his orchestra, and  
yours truly, Howard Petrie <sup>21</sup> Brought to you by Camel, the  
cigarette that's first in the service! Camels stay fresh,  
cool smoking, and slow burning, because they're packed to  
go around the world! <sup>70</sup>

(MUSIC OUT)

And now I give you a man who all through college was as  
smart as the next fellow, but there's <sup>was</sup> only one trouble .. the  
next fellow was <sup>an idiot</sup> a ~~moren~~ .. Garry Moore!

(APPLAUSE)

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MOORE: Thank you, Howard and Good Evening ladies and gentlemen - *It's*  
nice to have you with us. And even though I am a few  
days early with it, I *do* want to be the very first to wish  
you all a happy George Washington's Birthday! *Oh dear -* A great  
man, George Washington, he preceded Bing Crosby as the  
father of our country. *It's really* A great distinction.

PETRIE: Say Garry, if George Washington were alive today what do  
you think he would say?

MOORE: Well, he'd say.. "Just think, Martha, this Tuesday I'll  
be two hundred and twelve years old." Ah, the 18th  
Century.. those were the days. When we didn't have  
automobiles, airplanes, the constant hustle and the  
tremendous bustle...

HOPE: *Oh*- Did someone call me?

MOORE: If it isn't my secretary, Toodles Bongshnook in the flesh..  
And so much of it, too... Toodles, I'm glad to see the  
butchers are still turning their fat over to you.

HOPE: Oh, Mr. Moore.. there you go again *f*alking about my weight.  
After all, you must admit I look pretty nice in my new  
finger-tip length jacket.

MOORE: Finger-tip length? Then how come it hangs <sup>all</sup> the way down to your ankles?

HOPE: Long fingernails.

MOORE: But that's enough about us, Toodies, <sup>through</sup> what about my correspondence?

HOPE: I'm glad you asked. I've just been running through the mail.

MOORE: *I know you have.* ~~Yes~~. And I wish you'd take off your shoes. You're getting the letters awfully dirty!!

HOPE: Oh, all right. Here's a letter from a man in Drooling Chin, Idaho, <sup>M: Oh - He passed through there.</sup> who says he's investing all his money in war bonds and is looking forward to the time when he can cash them in ten years from now. He'd like to know from you what he'll be able to spend his money on.

MOORE: *my dear young man -* Oh, there'll be so many wonderful things! Why I have it on good authority that all automobiles over a thousand dollars will be air-conditioned, <sup>H: Yes! M: Yes -</sup> And, for eight dollars extra Henry Ford will personally sit in the back and blow down your neck!

HOPE: My, isn't that wonderful!

MOORE: *why* Oh, that's nothing. I've <sup>already</sup> seen signs of the future ~~already~~. You know, Toodies, how much trouble it is to take care of a little baby <sup>H: Yes -</sup> well only last night I saw a victrola, that'll be a boon to the parents of babies.

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HOPE: A victrola! How can that help in taking care of a baby?

MOORE: Well this victrola not only plays music for the baby but it also has .. an automatic changer! But ~~Say~~, men, just wait until you're able to live in a pre-fabricated house. *Oh - -*  
Picture you and your family in your little five room bungalow. ~~And just think, when~~ you learn that your mother-in-law is coming to stay with you, ~~all~~ you have to ~~do is~~ phone the store and <sup>you</sup> ask them to send another room. *And - -*  
When your mother-in-law arrives, <sup>you</sup> show her to the room, lock the door and then move your five rooms to another town!....Ah, paradise!

*3 25*

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS

MOORE: *Oh* Excuse me .. *friends -*

SOUND: RECEIVER UP

MOORE: Hello ...

DURANTE: HELLO JUNIOR, THIS IS JIMMY.

MOORE: Jimmy! The Camel program is on the air. Where are you?

DURANTE: I WAS JUST PUT INTO ONE/<sup>A</sup>AND THEN I RAISED MY RIGHT HAND.

MOORE: Well, so what?

DURANTE: SO COME AND GET ME! THE TEACHER WON'T LET ME LEAVE THE ROOM!

*Moore: No!*

ORCH: DURANTE PLAYON

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MOORE: And here he is! The one and only Jimmy Durante, in person!

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG...STOP THE MUSIC! STOP THE MUSIC! I KNOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS BAND -- NOT ENOUGH OBOES AND TOO MANY HOBOS!

MOORE: Careful, James, careful. Don't sprain your sacroiliac!

DURANTE: SACRO-IL-I-AC, THAT'S A WORD THAT FUNK NEVER EVEN TOLD TO WAGNALLS, BUT, JUNIOR, I'M HEARTBROKEN TONIGHT..MY GIRL GOT A JOB IN A WAR PLANT AND NOW SHE DOESN'T WANT TO HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH ME.

MOORE: Your girl is working in a war plant and she won't have anything to do with you.

DURANTE: YES. SHE TOLD ME SHE WANTS TO DO HER DEFENSE WORK WITH A WRENCH ON A JEEP - NOT WITH A JERK ON A SOFA!!

MOORE: You have my <sup>deepest</sup> sympathy, James.

DURANTE: SAVE IT, JUNIOR, FOR EVERY CLOUD HAS ITS SA-SHAY LA FEMME. <sup>M: du glet.</sup> LAST NIGHT I BEGAN A NEW ROMANCE. BOY, WHAT A GIRL SHE IS. WHY, SHE'S GOT A FACE LIKE THE ONE THAT LAUNCHED A THOUSAND SHIPS.

MOORE: You mean she's got a face like Helen of Troy?

DURANTE: NO. LIKE HENRY KAISER!!...BUT THAT IS NEITHER RIMSKY NOR KORSAKOFF. FOR YOU SEE, YESTERDAY I WAS PLAYING WITH MY NEIGHBOR'S RITZY BABY (WE WERE MAKING MUD PIES A LA <sup>(milk)</sup> MODE) WHEN THE MAILMAN ARRIVED.

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MOORE: *The mailman?*  
/What was it this time, Jimmy?

DURANTE: IT WAS A THREATENING LETTER WRITTEN ON KLEENEX!

MOORE: Written on Kleenex! What did it say?

DURANTE: IT SAID DURANTE YOU'D BETTER BLOW OUTTA TOWN! IT SOUNDS  
A-NON-I-MOUS.

MOORE: In other words, another big Washington official wanted  
you to get going again, huh?

DURANTE: YES. IT WAS A REQUEST FROM THE *Adjutant General.*  
~~SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR~~  
ASKING ME TO LOOK INTO THE PROBLEM OF CONSERVING LUMBER.  
SO PACKING MY CANOE IN MY CAN--NAPSACK...I'M OFF FOR  
CANADIAN WOODS.

MOORE: *Jimmy,* Was your trip an interesting one?

DURANTE: VERILY TWAS, *Mr. Du Gled. D. Dudy -*  
ESPECIALLY WHILE I WAS RIDING ALONG THE  
SIDES OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

MOORE: You mean the banks?

DURANTE: I MEAN THE SIDES! IT WAS LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY AND THE BANKS  
WERE CLOSED. I GOT A MILLION OF 'EM.

MOORE: Never mind that, *Jimmy* did you notice those remarkable salmon in  
the Columbia River?

DURANTE: YES BUT I WAS PUZZLED. I COULD UNDERSTAND THE SALMON  
SWIMMING UPSTREAM AND I COULD UNDERSTAND THEM LEAPING  
OVER THE FALLS. BUT THERE'S ONE THING *about the salmon* I STILL CAN'T  
UNDERSTAND.

(REVISED)

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MOORE: What's that?

DURANTE: HOW DO THEY EVER LAND IN THAT LITTLE CAN?

MOORE: *Of how - I don't know, Jimmy -*  
I guess the salmon just do it for the halibut..Ha-ha..

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT!...BUT, JUNIOR, I FINALLY LANDED IN A LUMBER CAMP. MISTAKING ME FOR A TENDERFOOT, (I WAS WEARING MY OPEN-TOED SHOES) ONE OF THE LUMBERJACKS STARTED PICKING ON ME.

MOORE: *Say* They're a pretty tough bunch, aren't they?

DURANTE: YES - BUT I SHOWED HIM WHO WAS BOSS. I STOOD FACE TO FACE WITH THAT BIG LUMBERJACK AND SAID "I DARE YOU TO KNOCK THIS CHIP OFF MY SHOULDER" AND FIVE MINUTES LATER THE CHIP WAS STILL THERE.

MOORE: Really?

DURANTE: YES - BUT THE SHOULDER WAS GONE!! IT'S THINGS LIKE THAT - THAT IRRITATE ME!

MOORE: Well, Jimmy, you probably ~~had~~ had a very healthy life up there in the ~~the~~ lumber camp.

DURANTE: YES. AT THE END OF MY FIRST DAY I WENT TO BED AND SLEPT LIKE A LOG AND THAT'S WHEN A TERRIBLE THING HAPPENED!

MOORE: What?

DURANTE: IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, THEY SAWED ME IN HALF AND FLOATED ME DOWN THE RIVER!!

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MOORE: Well, I'm glad you woke up before you reached the saw mill. But ~~tell me~~ <sup>jumping - up there in the woods -</sup> what do the men do for excitement up there?

DURANTE: WELL- ON SATURDAY NIGHT THEY TOOK ME TO A GAMBLING JOINT. AND WHAT DO YOU THINK I SAW, <sup>Junior</sup> I SAW A POKER GAME - UMBRIAGO...A BLACKJACK GAME - UMBRIAGO...A ROULETTE WHEEL AND UMBRIAGO. UMBRIAGO WON 5000 DOLLARS IN A POKER GAME AND HE PUT THE MONEY IN THE BACK POCKET OF HIS TROUSERS.

MOORE: Umbriago must have been overjoyed.

DURANTE: NO. TWO MINUTES LATER HE LOST HIS PANTS IN A CRAP GAME!!

MOORE: <sup>That's</sup> Very interesting. But what did you find out about lumber? In summing up your report for the boys in Washington, what would you say is the most vital use for lumber these days?

DURANTE: WELL, MY COMMENT IS (AND I GET THIS FROM A MOST UNRELIABLE SOURCE) THAT THE AVERAGE MAN ON THE STREET (AND IN THE GUTTER) DOESN'T REALIZE THE VALUE OF LUMBER. JUST THINK, A TREE GROWS FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS - THEN IT'S CHOPPED DOWN - THEN IT'S SHIPPED HUNDREDS OF MILES - THEN IT'S GROUND UP INTO PULP AND FINALLY THE PULP IS MADE INTO PAPER AND JUST THINK, WITHOUT PAPER -----

MOORE: Yes?

DURANTE: HOW WOULD WE KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO FLAT TOP!!

ORCH: PLAYOFF  
APPLAUSE

*840*

MOORE: *ah* - Thank you, Jimmy. Your little lessons in how to live are informative indeed -- but for lessons in geography - I'll take Howard Petrie.

PETRIE: Hundreds of miles northwest of Whitehorse is Tanana Crossing, way station of the Alcan Highway, the first road to Alaska. To U. S. soldiers in Tanana Crossing, to American bases, camps, and outposts throughout the world go Camel cigarettes, by the million, by the ton, for Camels are first with men in all the services, according to actual sales records. And when Camel cigarettes get to Alaska -- or to you -- they're fresh, cool smoking and slow burning, because Camels are packed to go around the world! Yes, today more people want Camels, both at home and overseas -- because Camel Cigarettes are fresh, because they have more flavor! So remember, if your store was sold out today, try again, ~~tomorrow!~~ Camel cigarettes are worth asking for again!

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

PETRIE: Camel cigarettes! Camel's standard of costlier tobaccos is the same for soldier, for civilian, anywhere in the world!

ORCH: INTRO TO "SAPPHIRE"

*9 1/2*

PETRIE: A gentleman of <sup>gem</sup> ~~gem~~-like talent is our Mr. Roy Baryg  
with a be-jeweled arrangement of a sparkling melody -  
"Sapphire." *Roy Baryg at the piano*

*10<sup>00</sup>*

ORCH: SAPPHIRE

APPLAUSE

*12<sup>10</sup>*

mjs

DURANTE: AND THAT WAS ROY BARGY AND HIS ORCHESTRA PLAYING SAFFIRE!  
! (KNOWN IN OUR SET AS <sup>a</sup>SEMI-PRECIOUS LAPIS LA-ZOOL-EE  
,.....BUT GOING NOW FROM THE SUB-LIME TO THE SUB-LEMON,  
WE AGAIN CREEP INTO THE CULTURE CORNER WITH MR.GARRY  
MOORE.

MOORE: Thank you, James. And tonite I have a rather thrilling  
announcement to make. Y'know, the last time I sang a  
song on this program <sup>some</sup> six weeks ago- John Charles Thomas  
was listening in, and he made me a most attractive offer.

DURANTE: NO KIDDIN!.....WHAT WAS HIS PROPOSITION, JUNIOR?

MOORE: He promises not to come on our program, if I'll promise  
not to <sup>sing</sup> go on his.....

DURANTE: HE DRIVES A DULL BARGAIN.

MOORE: P'raps <sup>he does</sup> But for him alone,  
I sing that old, old favorite - "I'm Forever Blowing  
Bubbles.".....Maestro?

MOORE: I'M FOREVER BLOWING BUBBLES - (First 8 straight, then fade  
to b.g., out of tempo)

m/f

MOORE: Yes, I'm forever blowing bubbles - and in every bubble I blow, I see your face, Carlotta Frumpkin...~~I loved you, do you hear me?..Loved you, did I say?..Why, I loved the very breath you breathed~~ so heavy with passion <sup>romance</sup> and cabbage...I shall never forget how we met, my sweet..I was playing golf and I sliced my ball into a swamp. I waded in, and my foot touched something in a stagnant pool. I reached under the weeds - and there you were, my sweet...Oh, the magic thrill of discovery. Like Stanley discovering Livingstone - like Curie discovering radium - like Bromo discovering Seltzer.

....Tenderly, my blossom, I drew you into my embrace. Your eyes were so terribly close to me - and to each other,...Ah, *darling* for minutes on end - for hours, perhaps - I gazed at your peaches and cream complexion - so yellow and wet...And as I put my arm around your waist - squeezing the little tadpoles out of your dirndl - I noticed the shape of your nose. So cute, so button-like I couldn't resist pushing it with my thumb. And I remember how delighted I was when your <sup>ears</sup> eyes lit up and your teeth dropped out - arranging themselves on the grass to spell out "Tilted."...~~Ah, it was love, Carlotta~~ darling - passionate love from the very moment that I shook my fountain pen and you shook your fountain pen, and we ~~spotted each other...~~"Angel," I whispered, "Cling to me! Cling to me!"..And there we clanged!...Ah, little did we think that anyone could disturb our neck of the woods...But then - it happened.

ORCH: OMINOUS CHORD

mjs

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MOORE: So vast were the forests of that great Northwest - so deep the woods where we stood that day - we never guessed we might be close to a lumber camp.

SOUND: SAWING OF BIG TREE - (Sneak in and build slowly)

MOORE: And yet we should have heard the biting drone of the great hand saw as it chewed its way through the trunk of a giant redwood. ~~We should have paid heed to the cry of the birds as they warned us of the danger...~~ Suddenly - not more than 50 yards away - we heard the cry of the woodsman!

PETRIE: TIMMMMMMM-BER!

SOUND: TREE FALLING

MOORE: Timber, he cried! ~~I looked up, Carlotta darling, and that~~ tree - that tall and towering giant was crashing down upon us! RUN, CARLOTTA!..RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!..THE TREE IS FALLING DOWN UPON US! *Look out!*

SOUND: GREAT CRASH

MOORE: (SCREAM)

MOORE: I'M FOREVER BLOWING BUBBLES - (Last 8 full to finish)

APPLAUSE

15 35

DURANTE: JUNIOR, I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY ABOUT THAT SONG!  
WHAT KEY WERE YOU SINGING IN?

MOORE: I sang the whole thing, James, in the key of F.

DURANTE: THE KEY OF F! WHY, THAT'S MARVELOUS! ONE NOTE HIGHER AND  
YOU'D BE A G-MAN!

MOORE: Perhaps you're right.. But it doesn't take a detective  
to ascertain what's coming up next.. The Charm Department  
of the Friday Night Camel Show, Miss Georgia Gibbs.

ORCH: START GIBB'S INTRO

DURANTE: GREETINGS, MISS GIBBS!..AND I SEE BY MY AGENDA THAT YOU  
ARE SCHEDULED TO SING BES--SA-MAY-MOO-CHO. AND I KNOW I  
WILL ENJOY IT JUST AS MOO-CHO.

GEORGIA: Thank you, James. <sup>and</sup> /I'll be thinking of you as I sing.

GIBBS: BESAME MUCHO

(APPLAUSE)

18 55

16 15

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MUSIC: QUICK FANFARE

LUTHER: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Marine Sergeant John T. McAniff, of East Orange, New Jersey, who was pinned down by Japanese machine gun bullets in the storming of Abemama atoll. Knowing that two wounded Marines were lying in a foxhole, Sergeant McAniff discarded his rifle, took a canteen and medical equipment, and ran across ground swept by machine gun fire. He administered first aid to the wounded Marines, and carried one of them back to his gun post. In your honor, Marine Sergeant John T. McAniff, the makers of Camels are sending to our Marines in the Pacific three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

MUSIC: FANFARE

(APPLAUSE)

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

ORCH: PLAY OFF

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MOORE: And now the Friday Night Camel show brings you a play about railroads entitled: "She Got A Job As A Train Conductor Because She Loved To Tell People Where To Get Off" .. or .. "Every Time The Locomotive Went Past Lana Turner's House, The Engineer Remarked:

PETRIE: WOO - - WOO WOO

MOORE: *I don't think he was kidding - - -*  
Now, Jimmy, in this play you and I operate a railroad. I take it you're familiar with railroading.

DURANTE: ME, JUNIOR? WHY, I KNEW PULLMAN WHEN HE WAS JUST A PORTER. BUT THE GREATEST RAILROAD MAN I KNOW IS UMBRIAGO. FOR 15 YEARS HE WAS ENGINEER ON THE SCREWBALL EXPRESS.

MOORE: Jimmy, you mean the CANNONBALL express! A screwball is a dizzy character!

DURANTE: WHAT DO YOU THINK UMBRIAGO IS .. BRILLIANT?

MOORE: I should have known. But come, James, we're off to the general offices of the Moore and Durante Railroad.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: TELEPHONE BELL.. PHONE UP

MOORE: Hello? Moore and Durante Railroad.

PETRIE: (FILTER) Mr. Moore, how long does it take to get to Miami?

MOORE: Miami? Four hours.

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PETRIE: Four hours? Impossible! Why it's more than a thousand miles as the crow flies!

MOORE: That's right...and the next crow leaves in 10 minutes!

*Petrie:* Oh!

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

MOORE: Now, let ~~me~~ see..I take these baggage checks.. *for Flint, Michigan.*

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

DURANTE: TEAR UP THE TIME-TABLES! TEAR 'EM UP! I'VE NEVER BEEN SO CONTAMINATED *in all my life.*

MOORE: What's the matter, Jimmy..what happened?

DURANTE: WHAT HAPPENED? I GETS WORD FROM THE ENGINEER OF THE BOSTON EXPRESS THAT SOMETHING IS WRONG WITH HIS ENGINE.

MOORE: So?

DURANTE: SO I GOES DOWN TO THE DEPOT AND I SAYS "LET AN EXPERT TAKE OVER!" I CLIMBS INTO THE LOCOMOTIVE AND I STARTS TO SHOVEL COAL. *Mr. Yeah* I SHOVELS ONE TON.. I SHOVELS TWO TONS.. THERE'S PLENTY OF STEAM..BUT STILL THE TRAIN DON'T MOVE!

MOORE: Why not?

DURANTE: IT'S AN ELECTRIC ENGINE.

MOORE: *Shut that* ~~It~~ just goes to show..you can't put a square head into a round house.

DURANTE: I DETECT A NOTE OF SLUR IN YOUR VOICE, MR. MOORE.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

TOODLES: Where's Moore? Where's Durante? This railroad is being run by idiots!

DURANTE: HEAD FOR THE SIGNAL TOWER MEN..THERE'S A CABOOSE ON THE LOOSE!

TOODLES: Pipe down, shil-laylee snoot, <sup>*D. Me?*</sup> I am Mrs. Filmore T. Gilmore, the principal stockholder in this company..and I don't like the way you're running things!

MOORE: Madam, how can you say that? Look at all those trains pulling in and out of our station. Look, here comes our crack passenger train.

SOUND: TRAIN WHISTLE

MOORE: Here comes our mail train!

SOUND: TRAIN WHISTLE (DIFFERENT TONE)

MOORE: Here comes our milk ~~mail~~ train!

SOUND: MILK SQUIRTING INTO PAIL.. COW MOO

MOORE: You'll notice it has four little smokestacks upside down.

DURANTE: WHY, <sup>*Indubitably*</sup> INDUBITABLY, / LADY WE'RE DOING A JOB HERE THAT...

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

PETRIE: Please don't punch me! Don't punch me, I tell you. I beg of you, don't punch me!

MOORE: Who are you?

PETRIE: Oh, just a <sup>little</sup> one way ticket!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

DURANTE: <sup>you know -</sup> THERE'S A GUY WHO'S INVITING DISASTER.

TOODLES: I can see I'm just wasting my time talking to you two.  
Frankly, I doubt if you ever saw a railroad before.

MOORE: My dear lady, and I use the word "deer" with reference to  
your antlers. <sup>My Durante here has been an</sup> ~~We have been~~ executives of some of the largest  
railroads in the <sup>in</sup> country.

DURANTE: Certainly ... Have you ever heard of the New York, New  
Haven and Hartford?

TOODLES: Yes.

DURANTE: OH YOU HAVE. WELL, HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF THE ATCH-I-SON,  
TO-PEEK-A AND SANTA FE.

TOODLES: Yes.

DURANTE: YOU HAVE. WELL, HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF THE HOBOKEN, <sup>&</sup>  
BROOKLYN, TWILIGHT EXPRESS.

TOODLES: No.

DURANTE: <sup>Well</sup> FOR THREE YEARS, I SCRAPED THE CHEWING GUM OFF THEIR SEATS.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

DURANTE: JUNIOR, WE GOTTA RE-ORGANIZE THINGS IN THIS STATION.

MOORE: <sup>we do -</sup> I'll say/we haven't even got a train announcer and look here comes one of our most important passengers.

DURANTE: JUNIOR, YOU'LL HAVE TO ANNOUNCE THE TRAINS FOR HIM.

MOORE: Okay. Now leaving on track nine, train for (IN CONGA RHYTHM WITH DRUM B.G.) ... Boston and Paducah ... Milwaukee and Chicago .. Trenton and Pawtucket ... Fresno and Saint Louis ...

DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE! WHO IS THAT GUY YOU'RE ANNOUNCING FOR?

MOORE: Xavier Cugat!

DURANTE: XAVIER CUGLE! EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT!

TOODLES: This is no way to run a railroad! The train to San Francisco was supposed to arrive there at noon today. What happened to it?

DURANTE: A **SIMPLE** QUESTION THAT CALLS FOR A COMPLICATED ANSWER. LET ME CONSULT THE TIME-TABLE. IT SAYS...THIS TRAIN STOPS IN PHILADELPHIA, TAKES ON WATER AND DISCHARGES MILK. IT ARRIVES IN SCRANTON AT 3:45 AND PULLS OUT AT 2:45. HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT -- IT LEFT SCRANTON AN HOUR BEFORE IT <sup>got</sup> ~~PULLED~~ <sup>there</sup> OUT. NOW FOOTNOTE "B" SAYS SEE FOOTNOTE "T" FOOTNOTE "T" REFERS TO SCHEDULE A -- HERE IT IS -- I GOT THE ANSWER!

TOODLES: Where's the train?

DURANTE: IT'S STILL STANDING HERE IN THE STATION! THAT'S THE CONDITIONS THAT PREVAIL!

TOODLES: There's another thing. I want the New York to Chicago train to make the round trip in ten hours!

MOORE: *Why* That's impossible, Madam. *Listen - it's* True, we are your employees ... but you can't order us around like trained poodles!

TOODLES: Ten hours to Chicago and back..or you're fired!

DURANTE: WELL, WHAT DO YOU SAY, GARRY..ARE WE MEN OR ARE WE POODLES?

MOORE: Jimmy..We'rrrrrrrr-ufffff to Chicago!

*Durante: He's poodles!!!*

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: SPEEDING LOCOMOTIVE..HOLD UNDER

DURANTE: JUNIOR, WE'VE BEEN AVERAGING THREE HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR..  
WHERE DO YOU THINK WE ARE NOW?

MOORE: Well, stick your head out of the window and see!

DURANTE: OKAY.

SOUND: WIND WHISTLE..CLOTH RIP...

MOORE: What happened?

DURANTE: SOMEBODY HUNG A MAILEAG ON MY NOSE.

*It's full of Esquises.*  
~~HOW DEMORALIZING!~~

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: OUT

MOORE: What a trip, Jimmy! We've reached Chicago in exactly  
five hours, and to prove we've been here I'm going to  
mark my initials on this freight car.

TOODLES: (HYSTERICAL LAUGH)

MOORE: Pardon me, Madam..next time I'll use a softer pencil.  
Come on, Jimmy. Back to New York

MUSIC: BRIDGE

DURANTE: JUNIOR, WE'RE PULLING INTO MANHATTAN AND WE'RE FIVE MINUTES  
LATE!

MOORE: *Well, hurry up*  
*Jimmy,* we've got to get <sup>in</sup> there on time!

DURANTE: OKAY, JUNIOR, I'LL TAKE THIS SHORT CUT..THROUGH THE TUNNEL  
UNDER THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY.

MOORE: ~~But~~, Jimmy, there is no tunnel under the public library!

SOUND: LOCOMOTIVE WHISTLE..BIG CRASH..RIPPING EFFECT..GLASS  
SPLINTERING...

DURANTE: THERE IS ONE NOW!

ORCH. PLAY-OFF  
APPLAUSE

*26<sup>25</sup>*



PETRIE: Jimmy and Garry will be back with us in just about *one* minute flat --and speaking of flat--that's what happened to the old oaken bucket when Toodles Bongschnook sat on it. *Like this!*

ORCHESTRA: The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket!  
(LAST THREE OR FOUR NOTES VERY FLAT)

PETRIE: Yes, <sup>*is*</sup> that's flat --and it can be worse in your cigarette! If your cigarette has developed a case of wartime flatness --then you're looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many you smoke! What you want is Camels! Camel cigarettes do have more flavor, because they're blended so expertly of costlier tobaccos. More flavor, is the thing that helps Camels hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke! Just ask your own taste and throat about that! Your T-Zone will give you all the answers on Camel cigarettes' rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness! And remember, Camels stay fresh, cool smoking and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world!

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

PETRIE: Camel cigarettes! They're first in the service!  
They've got what it takes!

ORCH: INTRO TO "WHO WILL BE WITH YOU"

27<sup>25</sup>

-26- REVISED.

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 magnificent note, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: AN ADORABLE NOTE, MR. MOORE.

MOORE: *Yes*. Well, Jimmy -- where to now?

DURANTE: I'M GOING TO MY GIRL FRIENDS HOUSE-- IT'S HER BIRTHDAY  
AND I WANNA BUY HER SOME PERFUME-- WHAT WOULD YOU SUGGEST?

MOORE: *Yes*- How about "My Sin".

DURANTE: PLEASE! LEAVE YOUR PERSONAL LIFE OUT OF THIS

MOORE: All right, *Jimmy - you go ahead and* ~~James~~ *you* have a nice time with your girl, *Personally,*  
I hafta duck right home.

DURANTE: WHAT FOR?

MOORE: We're all out of cheese at my house and I have to go  
sit in the mouse-trap!

DURANTE : THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT!  
*None. That I had!*

ORCHESTRA: "WHO WILL BE WITH YOU" PLAYOFF.

MOORE: Good night, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: GOOD NIGHT, MR. MOORE.

BOTH: GOOD NIGHT EVERYBODY (FOLKS)

ORCHESTRA: UP AND OUT.

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

*28/15*

51454 4884

m/f

27 + 28

PETRIE: Camel broadcasts go out to the United States four times a week, are shortwaved to our men overseas, and to South America. Listen tomorrow to Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks"; Monday to "Blondie"; Thursday to Abbott and Costello; and next Friday to Georgia Gibbs, Roy Bargy and his orchestra, yours truly, Howard Petrie

MOORE: And Jimmy Durante

DURANTE: AND GARRY MOORE

BOTH: IN PERSON!

*28 35*

APPLAUSE

ORCH: THEME UP...FADE FOR

PETRIE: *28 40* And remember, Camel cigarettes are first in the service! Camels stay fresh because they're packed to go around the world!

*28 50*

ORCH: THEME UP

APPIAUSE

(BOARD FADE)

(SWITCH TO STUDIO SIX FOR HITCH HIKE)

51454 4885

(IN STUDIO SIX)

JEWETT: (More) pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the whole world! Yessir, for years P.A. has been proving its Pipe Appeal --over the counter! Get a package of Prince Albert and prove it to yourself! P.A.'s no-bite treated, and that means cool, tongue-happy smoking comfort! It's crimp cut, too, to pack and burn and draw just right! And remember, you get around fifty rich-tasting, swell-smoking pipefuls in every big red two ounce package of Prince Albert! More pipes smoke Prince Albert! It's the National Joy Smoke!

ANNCR: This is CBS, THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

-fade theme....20 seconds-

WABC....NEW YORK

vf

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