

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

THE CAMEL PROGRAM - No. 57

FRIDAY, APRIL 21, 1944

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

CUE: {COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM}  
{.....30 seconds.....}

(AS PROGRAM TAKES THE AIR, AUDIENCE AND CAST ARE LAUGHING)

(AFTER THREE....FIVE SECONDS)

SOUND: PHONE RINGS...PHONE UP

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

DURANTE: HELLO JUNIOR....THIS IS JIMMY!

MOORE: Jimmy Durante! Where are you?

DURANTE: I WENT TO THE FLOWER SHOW AND AS SOON AS I GOT THERE I  
WON FIRST PRIZE!

MOORE: You won first prize at the Flower Show?

DURANTE: YEAH! ONE OF THE JUDGES GRABBED HOLD OF MY NOSE AND  
SHOUTED, ~~LADIES AND GENTLEMEN~~ THIS IS AN AMERICAN BEAUTY!  
*Applause*

ORCH: (PYRAMID CHORDS)

70

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

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

APPLAUSE

ORCH: (THEME FULL AND FADE FOR)

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PETRIE: Yes, it's the Friday Night Camel Show....Jimmy Durante,  
Garry Moore, Georgia Gibbs, Roy Bargo and his orchestra  
and yours truly, Howard Petrie...<sup>30</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>10</sup>

MUSIC: OUT

PETRIE: And now we present the co-star of our show; a young man  
who has only been in the spotlight for one year, but  
already every producer in Hollywood is calling him.....  
And you should HEAR what they're CALLING Him!.....  
It's Garry Moore!

(APPLAUSE) /<sup>15</sup>

Moore: Well, thank you... Thank you very much, <sup>my friends</sup> Howard, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen. <sup>And say, thanks Howard for that introduction. Petrie: That's all right</sup> ~~Well, sir, here it is~~ <sup>Garry. You know, I've heard some awfully nice things about you.</sup> Please - it's on the calendar! <sup>It says that</sup> April the 21th. Tomorrow will be April twenty-twoth, and on April twenty-threeth our entire Camel gang leaves for Hollywood.

PETRIE: Oh, boy.

*Moore: Well, thanks old man, I've heard some awfully things about you, too. But leave us not gettin'. You know today is*

MOORE: Yessir - they're calling me back <sup>there</sup> on account of my fine work in "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek."

HOWARD: Garry - I saw the "Miracle of Morgan's Creek" but I didn't see you in it.

MOORE: Yes, I know - during most of the picture I was up the creek.

HOWARD: <sup>say Garry</sup> Well, do you have your tickets and everything?

MOORE: Oh, indood I dee. I've got a ticket as far as Albany and from Albany I get a ticket to Syracuse, and at Syracuse I get a ticket for Buffalo, and at Buffalo I get a ticket for Cleveland.

HOWARD: <sup>listen -</sup> Garry! You're going to California! Why get a new ticket every hundred miles?

MOORE: Howard, you can't plan ahead when you're in one-A..... and furthermore...

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND SHUT

MAN: Excuse me, Folks, <sup>but</sup> I'm looking for Garry Moore.

MOORE: *Well* I'm Garry Moore.

MAN: Oh, how do you do? My name is Shmildwickler Frump.  
*Moore: Shmildwickler Frump—*

*Man: That's right*  
MOORE: You have my sympathy.

MAN: I'm the poet laureate of New York, and Mayor LaGuardia sent me over to read you an official farewell.

MOORE: All right - how does it go?

MAN: Roses are red, violets are blue. Sugar is scarce - why aren't you?

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

MOORE: Now wait a minute -

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

MOORE: Young man - come back here!

MAN: Whaddayuh want?

MOORE: I wanna know why Mayor LaGuardia didn't come over to see me in person.

MAN: What for? You ain't on fire?

MOORE: Possibly not - but <sup>*inasmuch as we'll be broadcasting from Hollywood for a while -*</sup> ~~before you go,~~ we'd just like to offer our little farewell speech to ~~the city.~~ *New York.*

ORCHESTRA: BELL NOTE

MOORE: We're leaving New York in a quandry!

MAN: And why do you leave in a quandry?

PETRIE: We're leaving New York in a quan-dreee-

MOORE: 'Cause they've got all our clothes at the laundry!.....  
Farewell!

MAN: Farewell!

MOORE: Farewell!

MAN: Farewell!!

MOORE: Farewell!

MAN: Farewell!

PETRIE: Farewell!

MOORE: We would have been leaving much faster.

MAN: Then why ain't you left any faster?

PETRIE: We just couldn't leave any fast-errrr -

MOORE: 'Cause we ain't paid our bill at the Astor....Farewell!

MAN: Farewell!

MOORE: So long!

MAN: So Long!

MOORE: Goodbye!

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MAN: Goodbye!

PETRIE: Farewell!

MOORE: The Hollywood scenery is better.

MAN: The Hollywood weather is wetter.

PETRIE: Yes the Hollywood weather is wetterrrrr ...

MOORE: But the things you can see in a sweater .. Farewell!

MAN: Farewell!

MOORE: Ta-ta!

MAN: Ta-ta!

MOORE: Pip - pip!

MAN: Pip - pip!

MOORE: Goodbye!

MAN: Goodbye!

MOORE: Farewell!

MAN: Farewell!

MOORE: GET OUTTA HERE!

ALL THREE: FAREWELL!

(APPLAUSE)

egh

MOORE: And with the farewells <sup>to New York</sup> / to one side -

H/10

ORCHESTRA: SNEAK IN DURANTE'S MUSIC

MOORE: We can bounce right back with a big hello for Camel's  
white-haired boy - that dark horse (in the) presidential  
~~campaign~~ <sup>candidate</sup> -- Jimmie Durante, in person!

DURANTE: YOU GOT TO START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG EVEN WHEN THINGS GO WRONGG.. YOU'LL FEEL BETTER YOU'LL EVEN LOOK BETTER ... JUNIOR, WHAT AN EXPERIENCE I JUST EXPERIENCED.

MOORE: Tell me about the experience you just experienced.

DURANTE: I'D BE GLAD TO .. I WENT TO A DOCTOR AND HE GAVE ME A WONDERFUL EXERCISE TO IMPROVE MY EYES. SO FOR A WEEK/NOW, EVERY MORNING WHEN I GET UP I LOOK AT AN OBJECT FIFTY FEET AWAY. AND EVERY NIGHT BEFORE I GO TO BED I LOOK AT THE SAME OBJECT FIFTY FEET AWAY. BUT THIS MORNING I COULDN'T DO IT!

MOORE: Why not?

DURANTE: SHE PULLED THE SHADES DOWN. ( I WONDER IF IT'S LEGAL )

MOORE: Jimmy, sometimes I think you should have your head examined.

DURANTE: I DID, JUNIOR, BUT THEY FOUND NOTHING .. BUT THAT'S NEITHER CHICKEN NOR ALA KING .. THIS MORNING, NOT HAVING ANY SERVANTS, I HAD MY BREAKFAST IN BED.

MOORE: Oh, hold on, Jimmy .. if you haven't any servants, how could you have breakfast in bed?

DURANTE: I SLEEP IN THE KITCHEN .. (SUNNYSIDE UP) .. JUST AS I WAS WIPING SOME GRAPEFRUIT OUT OF MY EYE, I GOT ANOTHER SUMMONS FROM WASHINGTON.

MOORE: Really?

cgh



DURANTE: YES. THE LAST TIME I WAS THERE I LEFT MY CAR IN FRONT OF  
A HYDRANT!

MOORE: *Oh no!* Jimmy, I can see your presidential campaign work is  
beginning to tell on you ... You must pay more attention  
to your health.

DURANTE: *That I do.* ~~WHILE~~ I DRINK GALLONS OF MILK .. I TAKE 18 DIFFERENT KINDS  
OF VITAMINS AND LAST WEEK I TOOK ENOUGH ~~OF~~ IRON TO BUILD A  
BATTLESHIP. *In fact* ~~AND~~ THE LAST TIME I SAW HENRY KAISER ...

MOORE: Yes?

DURANTE: HE HIT ME OVER THE STOMACH WITH A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE.  
(I'VE ALREADY NOTIFIED MY BARRISTER) AND THEN *Henry* I DECIDED  
TO BUILD MYSELF UP.

MOORE: How did you go about it?

DURANTE: I DRINK A *rare* ~~SPECIAL~~ WINE WHICH I MAKE MYSELF. YOU SEE I HAVE  
MY OWN VINEYARD IN FLUSHING .. I GROW MY OWN GRAPES AND I  
PERSONALLY TRAMPLE ON EACH GRAPE. BUT I'LL HAVE TO GIVE IT  
UP.

MOORE: Why?

DURANTE: THE LAUNDRY'S COMPLAINING ABOUT MY SOCKS!

MOORE: *Oh dear - in that case* ~~What~~, you should send them a dirty letter.

DURANTE: I DID .. AND WHAT DO YOU THINK? THEY LAUNDERED THAT, TOO!  
THAT'S THE CONDITIONS THAT PREVAIL.

cgh

MOORE: Jimmy, as a future president we're all interested in hearing how you plan to keep fit.

DURANTE: AS A ~~PRESIDENTIAL~~ CANDIDATE, I SAY (WITHOUT FEAR OF CONTRADICTION AND (WITH) MALICE TOWARD NONE) THE MOST IMPORTANT THING OF ALL IS GETTING ENOUGH SLEEP.

MOORE: Sleep?

DURANTE: YES .. EVERY NIGHT I GO TO BED AT EIGHT O'CLOCK AND SLEEP TILL EIGHT THE NEXT MORNING.

MOORE: You mean you really sleep twelve hours on end?

DURANTE: *Yes - but* OCCASSIONALLY I TURN OVER ON MY STOMACH!! (I'M VERSATILE!) *you know*

MOORE: *Yes you are* I'm glad you're taking such good care of your health. But tell me are the multitudes still yelling "Durante for president?"

DURANTE: YES .. AND THE PEOPLE ARE YELLING IT TOO. AND DO YOU KNOW MY MAIL HAS BECOME SO COLLOSAL THAT I HAD TO HIRE A SECRETARY? WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAME. AND BOY CAN SHE TYPE.

MOORE: Touch system?

DURANTE: YES SHE'S GOT A SYSTEM, IF I TOUCH HER SHE SLUGS ME!

MOORE: She must be quite a type. But with all the campaigning you're doing, *Jimmy* you must spend a lot of your time on trains!

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DURANTE: YES! I'VE BEEN TRAVELING FOR YEARS. WHY I KNEW DIESEL WHEN HE DIDN'T HAVE A DO-ZEL. THE OTHER DAY (NONCHALANTLY SMOKING A CAMEL) I WALKED THROUGH THE DINING CAR OF THE CONGRESSIONAL LIMITED. AND WHAT A SIGHT I SAW IN THE KITCHEN. I SAW SOME ONIONS, UMBRIAGO .. SOME SCALLIONS, UMBRIAGO .. SOME GARLIC AND UMBRIAGO. <sup>but</sup> AH/ THAT UMBRIAGO CAN COOK LIKE ALL GET OUT!

MOORE: He can?

DURANTE: YES! WHEN UMBRIAGO STARTS COOKING THEY ALL GET OUT .. ~~BUT~~ <sup>ah</sup> THAT UMBRIAGO IS A GENIUS ...

MOORE: Really?

DURANTE: <sup>Inadvisably -</sup> AFTER I'M PRESIDENT HE'S ARRANGED FOR ME TO HAVE ONLY WOMEN AS MY ADVISORS. IT'S ALL SET .. I'VE GOT THREE WOMEN IN MY CABINET!

MOORE: But, Jimmy, you're supposed to have ten.

DURANTE: I HAVE ~~THREE~~ I GOT IN MY CABINET AND THE OTHER SEVEN I KEEP IN THE CLOSET!

MOORE: Must make it fascinating for the moths. <sup>D: Yes</sup> But tell me, have you had any important interviews this week?

cgh

DURANTE: YES .. I SPENT A WHOLE DAY WITH VICE PRESIDENT WALLACE.  
WE WERE TALKING PRO AND CON AND VISER AND VERSER, WHEN  
SUDDENLY HE ASKED ME, "JIMMY, WHAT ABOUT THE F.H.A. .. THE  
W.P.B. AND THE O.P.A.?" I SAID NEVERMIND ABOUT THE W.P.B.  
.. THE F.H.A. AND THE O.P.A. .. WHAT ABOUT THE A & P? AND  
HE SAID .. JIMMY YOU DON'T KNOW YOUR POLITICS .. I SAID  
MAYBE I DON'T KNOW MY POLITICS BUT I SURE KNOW MY GROCERIES!

*Moore: Oh no!*

ORCH: PLAYOFF

(APPLAUSE)

*900*

GARRY: Thank you, Jimmy, you're a man of parts! Another man of parts, foreign parts, is --Howard Petrie!

PETRIE: New unloading point for U.S. supplies is Sea Eagle Harbor on Los Negros Island in the Admiralties. To Americans on Los Negros, to U.S. bases 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. Fresh Camels in the South Pacific mean fresh Camels around your corner, too. Your Camels, all Camels, stay fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world! Both at home and overseas, more people want Camels, the fresh cigarette, the cigarette with more flavor. So remember, if your store is sold out -- 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 "DON'T SWEETHEART ME"

16<sup>00</sup>

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*Silly*

PETRAIE: In a slightly hill-~~william~~ vein, Roy Bargy produces  
Manhattan magic with "Don't Sweetheart Me".

*10<sup>10</sup>*

ORCH: DON'T SWEETHEART ME

(APPLAUSE)

*12<sup>10</sup>*

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DURANTE: AND THAT WAS "DON'T SWEETHEART ME" .. PLAYED BY ROY BARGY  
AND HIS SPRAY AS YOU BLOW ORCHESTRA .. ALL OF WHICH BRINGS  
US TO THE CAMEL CULTURE CORNER AND MR. GARRY MOORE.

MOORE: Thank you, James Bertram .. and tonite, dear friends, another  
meeting of the Garry Moore Nature Club.

DURANTE: JUNIOR, IS THAT ALL YOU THINK ABOUT .. ANIMALS?

MOORE: Oh, good heavens, no. I'm fond of all / <sup>the</sup> lower forms of life.

DURANTE: *And* I LOVE YOU, TOO, JUNIOR!

MOORE: Thank you, James .. ~~As a matter of fact, I have just  
finished writing a poem, called "Ode To A Piano Pedal."~~

DURANTE: ODE TO A PIANO PEDAL? .. HOW DOES IT GO?

MOORE: (AHEM) Oh, pedal!  
Oh, lit-tul piano pedal!  
How they tromp on you!  
And there's really nothing you can do.  
Tromp, tromp, tromp!  
Tromp, tromp, tromp!  
Tromp, tromp, tromp!  
Oh, pedal!  
Oh, lit-tul piano pedal.

DURANTE: .. AND THAT'S ALL?

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MOORE: That's all!

DURANTE: STEP DOWN!

~~MOORE: Ah, ah, ah .. not yet, James. The poem was merely an  
hions diouvro. For the feature attraction, I'd like to~~  
*And tonight*  
tell you the story of a pigeon I once knew .. named Agnes.

DURANTE: I SHALL LISTEN WITH EARS A-DROOP!

*Moore: Do that.*

ORCH: (SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME .. (SNEAK IN))

MOORE: Well, sir ... once upon a church steeple there was a pigeon named Agnes. And Agnes was a homing pigeon. Or at least that's what her parents told her .. but just let Agnes get two blocks away from home and she'd have to ask a policeman the way back .. No matter how many road-maps she carried with her, Agnes was always lost .. Practically any day you could find her at the Traveler's Aid Bureau, saying "Pardon me .. could you direct me to the other side of the street?" And the man would point his finger and say, <sup>*Why - it's*</sup> "Right over there." .. "Why that's funny," Agnes would say .. "I was just over there and they told me it was over here." .. and her parents were very ashamed.

Her Uncle Harvey Pigeon for instance; could be found any time doing figure eights over the Empire State and her Aunt Bertha Pigeon just loved to do barrel rolls over the Bronx; but not Agnes .. she spent all of her time curled up in a little chair <sup>*you see*</sup> .. she was more of a stool pigeon.

(MORE)

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MOORE:  
(CONT)

And as for trusting her with messages .. well! That was just silly. They'd send her off to Jacksonville with a message for a Mr. Peters, and three weeks later they'd find her in Petersburg looking for a Mr. Jackson .. The only message she ever did deliver safely was to Douglas Corrigan .. and he was going the wrong way at the time.

*Oh* But one day, a lovely thing happened. It was Spring in New York .. the snap-dragons were snapping .. the petunias were petuning .. the Belgin lillies were Belg .. were blooming .. and Agnes said to her Mother Pigeon. "It's such a lovely day, Ma-ma. May I fly up to Central Park for lunch?" .. And her Mother said, "You can go to the park, Agnes, but don't try to fly, you'll just get lost again .. Take the subway." ... So Agnes got on the subway at 42nd street and started for the park .. But by the time the train reached her station .. eight blocks away .. Agnes was sound asleep on the top of a man's bald head .. She had mistaken it for an ostrich egg and had settled down on it to see what she could do .. And as for the man, why he was delighted! Since the day he lost his hair it was the first time his bald-spot had been warm .. And when he got Agnes home and waked her up, he said, "Stay with me, Agnes .. I'm a travelling salesman and I'll take you everywhere .. and *I'll* always get you back home." ...

(MORE)

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MOORE:  
(CONT)

And so she did, and to this day is very contented. She rides all over the country on the salesman's bald-spot, and always gets back home .. And whenever she misses her pigeon friends, the salesman takes her to Times Square and lets her fly .. And you know, whenever a pigeon flies over Times Square, he can always spot somebody he knows.

ORCH:      PLAYOFF

(APPLAUSE)

15-35

*M: Thank you*

DURANTE: JUNIOR, THAT WAS A MOST TOUCHIN' NARRATATION. / Y'KNOW BIRDS ARE SOME OF MY FAVORITE PEOPLE.

MOORE: You like 'em, huh?

DURANTE: WHY I USED TO HAVE TWO LOVE-BIRDS, AND ALL DAY THEY'D BILL AND COO .. BILL AND COO / *and bill and coo* IT ALMOST DROVE ME CRAZY.

MOORE: Then why didn't you stop 'em?

DURANTE: WELL, YOU KNOW HOW IT IS .. WHEN YOU GOTTA COO, YOU GOTTA <sup>C</sup>COO.

MOORE: That's true enough. *O: Thank you. M: Not at all*

ORCH: SNEAK IN GIBBS INTRO.

MOORE: But in the song-bird division, I'll pick her nibbs, Miss Gibbs .. Hi'yuh, Georgia.

GIBBS: Hi'yuh, Garry .. How wouldja like to hear a new song from a new picture.

MOORE: What's the name of the picture?

GIBBS: "Cover Girl" .. and the name of the song, "Long Ago and Far Away."

MOORE: *Oh that's a goody - Georgia Gibbs, my friends. 16 20*

GIBBS: LONG AGO AND FAR AWAY

(APPLAUSE)

*18 50*

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MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

LUTHER: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Colonel James A. Stuart, of Annapolis, Maryland, executive officer of a marine regiment on Bougainville. When the marines were preparing to cross the Piva river, Colonel Stuart wanted to find the best spots to locate bridges. Leaving his guard and his weapons on the river bank, he plunged in alone, floating and swimming up and down the river past Japanese positions, obtaining valuable information without once being detected by enemy snipers. In your honor, Colonel James A. Stuart, 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 presents a story of a beauty shoppe, a story dripping with drama .. with Mr. Durante and myself playing two of the drips <sup>W: -Yes - yes.</sup> / . Jimmy, do you know anything about beauty shops?

DURANTE: THAT'S A MOOT QUESTION, JUNIOR, AND YOU TOOK THE WORDS RIGHT OUT OF MY MOOT <sup>M: Give me.</sup> / . I USED TO WORK <sup>FOR</sup> / A COMPANY THAT MADE THE MOST GLORIOUS PERFUME IN THE WORLD.

MOORE: Oh, Matchabelli?

DURANTE: NO, BUT IT'LL MATCH YOUR FACE ...

MOORE: James, your humor tonight is abdominal. — *abominable!*

DURANTE: YES, BUT LET'S BE OFF TO OUR BEAUTY SHOP, WE HAVE TO LIFT SOME FACES.

MOORE: All right, and while we're <sup>at</sup> ~~about~~ it we'll hook some noses too.

*Durante: Yes*

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

MOORE: *Hello -* / Moore and Durante Beauty sShop. Faces called for and delivered!

PIOUS: Mr. Moore. You put a mud pack on my face two weeks ago. When are you gonna take it off?

MOORE: *Oh* Don't worry, you've only got one more week to go.

cgh

PIOUS: I've got to keep this mud on my face for three weeks. Won't it be awfully uncomfortable?

MOORE: Only when I run the lawn mower over it to cut the grass.

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

MOORE: A fine bunch of customers. Jimmy, we've had this beauty shop for two years and we haven't made a dime.

DURANTE: DON'T WORRY, JUNIOR. ONE OF OUR BEAUTY OPERATORS HAS A SOLUTION.

MOORE: A solution? Where is she?

DURANTE: SHE'S SOAKING HER HEAD IN IT. I GOT A MILLION OF 'EM!

MOORE: Well, I've got a solution <sup>Jimmy</sup> too. Why don't we concentrate on beautifying mothers. You know statistics show that graduates of Vassar have an average of five children while graduates of Yale only have two children.

DURANTE: WHAT DOES THAT PROVE?

MOORE: That women have more children than men.

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT!

MOORE: <sup>New mind that</sup> ~~But~~ what about our mail, James? Did the postman leave anything today?

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DURANTE: JUST A FLOCK OF BILLS, JUNIOR. BUT I DON'T MIND BILLS. BILLS SHOW THAT I'M BUYING MERCHANDISE. AND WHEN I BUY MERCHANDISE I CREATE WORK. AND BY CREATING WORK I BRING PROSPERITY. SO MY BILLS PROVE JUST ONE THING.

MOORE: What's that?

DURANTE: EVERYTHING I AM TODAY, I OWE.

MOORE: *People from the top department here - nice to have you*  
That's a lovely sentiment, *too, James!*

DURANTE: YEAH, BUT IT DOESN'T HELP BUSINESS. IF WE DON'T GET SOME MONEY SOON, WE'LL HAVE TO GO BACK TO BORING HOLES IN DOUGHNUTS.

MOORE: *Well-* So what? Nelson Eddy made a fortune from shortening bread.

DURANTE: YOU TURN A PRETTY PHRASE, JUNIOR .. IF I'M NOT BEING TO PSYCHOPATHIC.

*Moore:* *And you're not*

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

PETRIE: Mr. Moore! Mr. Durante! Don't keep me in! You gotta let me out! Please let me out!

MOORE: Who are you?

PETRIE: Oh, just an old girdle.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

GIBBS: (VERY SEXY) I beg your pardon, gentlemen.

MOORE: Jimmy look, a female of the opposite sex.

GIBBS: Do you boys need a masseuse. I help people lose weight.

DURANTE: WELL, WE'D LIKE TO DO A LITTLE REDUCIN' IF YOU'LL DO <sup>some</sup> ~~THE~~ MASSEUSIN'.

GIBBS: Oh, but you appear to be in good shape.

MOORE: The one you're in ain't bad either .. I'm afraid you won't be able to help Mr. Durante, though. He's already on a diet.

DURANTE: THAT'S RIGHT. AT 7 IN THE MORNING I GET TOAST AND COFFEE AND AT ONE IN THE AFTERNOON I GET BACON AND EGGS.

GIBBS: And what do you get at 10 in the evening?

DURANTE: ABBOTT AND COSTELLO.

GIBBS: (MAD) Oh .. goodbye ...

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

MOORE: Now there's a girl I'd like for my sister. Oh but that's just silly. Let my sister get her own girls.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

*Oh - there you are*  
PIOUS: ~~Hew do you do~~, gentlemen. I'm Mrs. Drizzle. I just trotted over from the Horse Show.

ogh



MOORE: Yes, so I notice. Your feed bag is dragging.

DURANTE: WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU MADAM.

PIOUS: Well I want to take a beauty treatment. Do you think you can make me look like Betty Grable?

DURANTE: LADY, WE MAKE BEAUTY CREAM, NOT MIRACLE WHIP.

MOORE: Now don't you worry, Mrs. Drizzle. There's absolutely nothing wrong with your looks that a face can't cure.

DURANTE: RIGHT.

MOORE: You know what you need is our famous beauty lotion. It's guaranteed to remove wrinkles from prunes.

WOMAN: What a wonderful lotion!

MOORE: Yes, but don't try it on your face .. it only works on prunes.

DURANTE: YES .. AND FOR YOUR PARTICULAR TYPE OF FACE, MRS. DRIZZLE, I WOULD SUGGEST OUR NEW FRENCH CREATION ..TOJOUR LAMOUR PATOUR. LAMOUR TOJOUR LAMOUR PATOUR.

WOMAN: What's that?

DURANTE: AXLE GREASE.

MOORE: Ah <sup>indeed</sup> yes .. <sup>Very good too -</sup> we use it only on our <sup>very</sup> best customers. Did you ever hear of Mrs. Potts of the Pottstown Potts?

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WOMAN: *oh* Yes?

MOORE: Well, you should see what we did to Mrs. Potts' pan.

DURANTE: A THING OF BEAUTY.

MOORE: *New - new -*  
Just lean back, Mrs. Drizzle, and Mr. Durante will demonstrate his new cosmetic which uses only natural ingredients from Mother Earth. In ten seconds you'll be a glamorous woman. Proceed Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: VERY WELL. FIRST I SMOOTH A HANDFUL OF THESE BOILED LEAVES OVER HER FACE. NOW I PAT IN A FEW DROPS OF CLOVER JUICE AND FINALLY I WIPE IT ALL OFF WITH THIS PIECE OF GREEN SHRUBBERY. THERE YOU ARE, MADAM. JUST LOOK IN THIS MIRROR.

WOMAN: (SCREAMS)

MOORE: Jimmy, what have you done? Mrs. Drizzle's face is swollen to twice its size!

DURANTE: EUREKA, WE DID IT, JUNIOR, WE'LL BE RICH.

MOORE: What do you mean?

DURANTE: I JUST DISCOVERED A NEW WAY TO MAKE POISON IVY.

*Moore: Back up!*  
ORCH: PLAYOFF

(APPLAUSE)

*25<sup>00</sup>*

cgh

PETRIE Jimmy and Garry will be back --- just as soon as the boys play us something sweet, and low---- and flat!

ORCHESTRA: (PLAYS) "Sweet and low, sweet and low, wind of the western sea! (LAST FEW NOTES VERY FLAT)

PETRIE: Yes, flat as a flounder with fallen arches -- and it can be worse in your cigarette! Don't let war-time flatness spoil your smoking --- get Camels for more flavor! Your own T-Zone, your taste and throat will tell you that Camel Cigarettes do have more flavor, and smooth extra mildness to go with it--- and I'll tell you why. Camels are made of costlier tobaccos, expertly blended with Camel's master touch --- costlier tobaccos blended to give more flavor, to help Camels hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke! And remember Camel cigarettes 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!

ORCHESTRA: INTRO TO WHO WILL BE WITH YOU.

26<sup>05</sup>

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 FINALITY, MR. MOORE!

MOORE: Well, James, next week we'll be broadcasting from  
Hollywood. In a few hours we'll be leaving New York.

DURANTE: WHAT? YOU MEAN THERE'S NO DEPUTATION FROM THE CHAMBER  
OF COMMERCE TO SEE US OFF?

MAN: Precisely why I am here!

MOORE: Well, whaddayuh know! It's Shmilledwickler Frump!

ORCH: ARPEGGIO

MOORE: I'm sorry, my friend, but we're going.

MAN: Oh, really now, must you be going?

MOORE: There's no doubt that we must be go -inggggg -

DURANTE: YES, ME AND MY NOSE MUST BE BLOWING!

MAN: Farewell!

ALL: Farewell!

MAN: Farewell!

ALL: Farewell!

MAN: Farewell!

51454 5160

ALL: Farewell!

MAN: Farewell!...Are you going out west to get glamor?

DURANTE: DURANTE DON'T NEED ANY GLAMOR.

MAN: Mr. Moore, do you think he needs glamōrrrr?

MOORE: I've seen better heads on a hammer!

MAN: Farewell!

ALL: Farewell!

MAN: Farewell!

ALL: Farewell!

MAN: Farewell!

ALL: Farewell!

MAN: Farewell!

MOORE: We're changing our trains in Chicago.

DURANTE: WE'RE CHANGING OUR TRAINS IN CHICAGO.

MAN: But why change your train at Chicago?

DURANTE: WE'RE TRYING TO LOSE UMBRIAGO!

MAN: Farewell!

ALL: Farewell!

MAN: Goodbye!

ALL: Goodbye!

MAN: So long!

ALL: So long!

MAN: Ta-ta!

ALL: Ta-ta!

MAN: Pip-pip!

ALL: Pip-pip!

MAN: Bye-bye!

ALL: Bye-bye!

MAN: Farewell!

ALL: Farewell!

MAN: Goodnite!

ALL: Goodnite!....FAREWELL!  
(APPLAUSE)

27<sup>30</sup>

DURANTE: WHO WILL BE WITH YOU

MOORE: You'll be hearing us next week from Hollywood, folks.  
Good night, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: GOOD NIGHT, MR. MOORE.

BOTH: Good night, everybody (FOLKS) (*M: Hollywood next week*)

ORCH: UP & OUT  
APPLAUSE

27<sup>30</sup>

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT.

ORCH: PLAY OFF

MOORE Good night, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: GOOD NIGHT, MR. MOORE.

BOTH GOOD NIGHT EVERYBODY (FOLKS)

ORCH: UP AND OUT

APPLAUSE IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN

ORCH THEME .....BUMPER.

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 Abott and Costello; and next Friday 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>00</sup>*

ORCH: THEME UP....FADE FOR.

m/r

PETRIE: <sup>28 22</sup> And remember.... get Camels for more flavor. If you're looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many you smoke. - get Camels, for more flavor!

ORCHL      THEME UP

APPLAUSE

BOARD FADE

(SWITCH TO STUDIO SIX FOR HITCH HIKE)

(ADDITIONAL CLOSING IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN)

PETRIE: we hope you'll listen next Friday night at this time for another Camel program with Jimmy Durante, Garry Moore, Georgia Gibbs, and Roy Bargy, and his orchestra. This is Howard Petrie saying good night for all the gang.

51454 5164

m/f



(IN STUDIO SIX)

JEWETT: Mister Pipesmoker, do people fidget when you light up? Don't let them do that, man ----- get Pipe Appeal with Prince Albert! Why, girls smile sweetly at the guy whose pipe gives out Prince Albert's mellow aged-in-the-wood aroma! And you'll smile, too, when you discover that Prince Albert's no-bite treated to give you cool, tongue-happy smoking comfort, and crimp out too, *to* pack and burn and draw just right! Yessir, every big red two-ounce package of Prince Albert gives you around fifty rich-tasting, swell-smoking pipefuls! You'll see why more pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the whole world!

*29/30*

ANNCR: This is CBS.... the COLUMBIA....BROADCASTING SYSTEM  
-fade theme 20 seconds -  
WABC.....NEW YORK.

m/f

51454 5165

(REVISED)

**AS  
BROADCAST**

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

Master - MAY 5 1944

*RR.*

CBS NETWORK

PROGRAM NO. 58

FRIDAY, APRIL 28, 1944

7:00 - 7:30 P.M. PWT

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

ELVIA ALLMAN

CHARLIE CANTOR

PATRICK MCGEEHAN

FRED SHIELDS

DIRECTOR.....PHIL COHAN

51454 5166

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

FRIDAY, APRIL 28, 1944

7:00 - 7:30 P.M. PWT

CUE: (COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM)  
(.....30 Seconds.....)  
(AS PROGRAM TAKES THE AIR, AUDIENCE AND CAST ARE LAUGHING)  
(AFTER THREE.....FIVE SECONDS)

SOUND: PHONE RINGS....PHONE UP

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

DURANTE: HELLO, JUNIOR...THIS IS JIMMY!

MOORE: Jimmy Durante! Where are you?

DURANTE: ~~WELL,~~ THERE WAS A BIG CROWD WAITING FOR ME AT THE  
LOS ANGELES STATION AND THEY STARTED YELLING "WELCOME  
HOME DURANTE!" WHILE MY TRAIN WAS STILL IN POMONA!

MOORE: How come they started yelling for you in Los Angeles  
while you were still in Pomona?

DURANTE: 'CAUSE I STUCK MY HEAD OUT OF THE WINDOW AND MY NOSE GOT  
IN TWENTY MINUTES AHEAD OF THE TRAIN!

~~(APPLAUSE)~~

ORCHESTRA: (PYRAMID CHORDS)

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...Garry Moore,  
Jimmy Durante, Georgia Gibbs, Roy Bargy and his  
orchestra and yours truly, Howard Petrie...<sup>60</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>12</sup>

MUSIC: (OUT)

PETRIE: And now, from Hollywood, we present the co-star of our  
show; a young man whose face is his fortune - and who  
is fortunate that you can't see his face!...<sup>He is</sup>  
~~Here's~~ Garry Moore!

(APPLAUSE)

/<sup>15</sup>

MOORE: Well, thank you -- thank you VERY much, my friends, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen / <sup>its</sup> nice to see you again. And on behalf of the entire Camel ~~Friday night~~ Tripe --er, troupe - I want to say how good it is to be back in Hollywood, where the men are man, and the women are -- and the women are....And wouldja believe it, Howard, I've already gotten a letter of welcome from the Brown Derby.

PETRIE: No kidding?

MOORE: No kiddin'....It says / <sup>here</sup> "Dear Mr. Moore, on the walls of our restaurant we paste up pictures of all the stars, and we can hardly wait to paste you"....Isn't that charming. <sup>in a</sup>

PETRIE: <sup>nauseating kind of way</sup> I think It's lovely... To bad Mayor LaGuardia can't be here to see the reception you're getting.

MOORE: Oh, the Mayor wouldn't like Hollywood, Howard <sup>you know</sup> the fire department is too small. <sup>That's a fact - out here in Hollywood</sup> They only have one hose, one wagon and four dogs.

PETRIE: Four dogs? Do they pull the wagon?

MOORE: ~~No~~ --- They locate the hydrant..... They're water spaniels, y'see.

PETRIE: Well what are YOUR plans for Hollywood, Garry?

MOORE: Well yuh know / <sup>Howard</sup> I came out here to do some screen work and tomorrow I go out for fittings.

PETRIE: Yuh do?

MOORE: Yes. And you know that's hard work, fitting screens....  
~~I could sprain something - or something~~  
~~You've no doubt heard of that best-selling book called~~  
~~"Chicken Every Sunday."~~

PETRIE: ~~Yes?~~

MOORE: ~~I'm making the sequel to it, "Meatballs Every Monday"...~~  
~~It should be great.~~

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

ELVIA: (GUSHY) Pardon me, gentlemen -- I'm looking for  
Garry Moore.

MOORE: I'm Garry Moore!

ELVIA: Oh, how do you do - my name is Rosemary Bunacrunt.

MOORE: Your name is Crunabunt?

ELVIA: No, I'm sorry - my name is Bunacrunt.

MOORE: Well I'm sorry it's Bunacrunt, too...What can I do for  
yuh?

ELVIA: The Hollywood Chamber of Commerce sent me over to read  
an official welcome?

MOORE: Oh, really? How does it go?

ELVIA: (AHEM) ...A soldier can go to meet the foe,  
A baker can go to roll his dough.  
A sexton can go to ring his bell,  
But you my friend -- hello, hello.

MOORE: *Indeed, very*  
~~Oh, that's~~ lovely...But before you go, I'd just like  
to offer my greeting to Hollywood -- We're glad to be  
here and say hello.

ALLMAN: Out west here the weather's so mellow.

PETRIE: We know that the weather is mellow.

MOORE: But I'm glad that I brought my umbrella. Hello.

ALLMAN: Hello.

MOORE: Hello.

ALLMAN: Hello.

MOORE: Hello.

ALLMAN: Hello.

PETRIE: Hello.

MOORE: On the train I went days without supper.

PETRIE: Not once did he have any supper.

ALLMAN: Why didn't you have any supper?

MOORE: 'Cause my lowers got lost in my upper. Hello.

ALLMAN: Hello.

MOORE: Hello.

ALLMAN: Hello.

MOORE: Hello.

ALLMAN: Hello.

PETRIE: Hello.

MOORE: For some place to live I've been lookin'.

PETRIE: For some place to live he's been lookin'.

ALLMAN: And why have you done so much lookin'?

MOORE: 'Cause I ain't got a patio to cook in. Hello.

ALLMAN: Hello.

MOORE: Hello.

ALLMAN: Hello.

MOORE: Hello.

ALLMAN: Hello.

MOORE: *Awwww!*

ALL: Hello.....

(APPLAUSE)

MOORE: *Thank you.* And with my personal greetings to one side.....

ORCHESTRA: (SNEAK IN DURANTE MUSIC) *40's*

let's say a further hello to Camel's white haired boy --  
that dark horse Presidential candidate -- 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 HIGH NOTE) WHAT A NOTE -- FOR TEN YEARS I'VE BEEN CULTIVATING MY VOICE -- MAYBE I SHOULD A PLOWED IT UNDER!

MOORE: It's good to see you, Jimmy, and you sure <sup>do</sup> look great.

DURANTE: AND WHY SHOULDN'T I. A MAN RUNNING FOR PRESIDENT HAS GOT TO EXERCISE EVERY DAY -- AND BOY, AM I RUGGED. <sup>m: Yeah.</sup> WHY ONLY YESTERDAY A BIG FELLER BUMPS INTO ME AND SAYS, "WHY DON'T YOU LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING!" SO I SAYS, "DON'T TRIFLE WITH ME, STRANGER, I WANT YOU TO KNOW I'M AS HARD AS NAILS!" AND WHAT DO YOU THINK?

MOORE: What?

DURANTE: HE HIT ME ON THE HEAD WITH A HAMMER!..I'LL SUE HIM FOR EVERY PENNY I'VE GOT!

MOORE: What an intellect! Jimmy, when you were a child did you ever fall down a flight of stairs?

DURANTE: NO. MY GOVERNESS PUSHED ME...BUT THAT'S NEITHER BESS-A-MAY NOR MOOCHO!..THE OTHER NIGHT I WAS INVITED TO SPEAK AT A CONVENTION SO I STARTED POLISHING MY ANTLERS -- (YOU SEE IT WAS AN ELKS CONVENTION) I WAS NONCHALANTLY SMOKING <sup>flipping the camel</sup> A CAMEL, WHEN I GOT A LETTER BY <sup>m: of course</sup> CARRIER PIGEON FROM WASHINGTON.

MOORE: You mean the pigeon flew all the way from Washington?

DURANTE: NO. HE COULDN'T GET A PRIORITY SO HE WALKED!..THAT'S THE CONDITIONS THAT PREVAIL!

MOORE: I suppose they wanted you down in Washington immediately.

DURANTE: THAT'S RIGHT, JUNIOR -- EVERYBODY AT THE NATION'S CAPITOL IS SHOUTING DURANTE FOR PRESIDENT SO I JUMPED ABOARD THE FIRST TRAIN OUT.

MOORE: As the ~~campaign~~ <sup>elections</sup> draws near you've no doubt got ~~your~~ <sup>the voters</sup> ~~campaign~~ on your mind night and day.

DURANTE: YOU SAID IT. WHY EVEN ON THE TRAIN I LOST NO TIME. I WENT THROUGH EACH CAR AND PERSONALLY SPOKE TO EACH PASSENGER.

MOORE: Did you get many votes?

DURANTE: NO BUT I SOLD SIX BOXES OF CRACKERJACKS AND THREE TOOTSIE ROLLS!

MOORE: It's a lucky thing you weren't selling Hershey bars ~~if~~ they would have thought you were nuts....Ha-ha-ha....

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT!

MOORE: <sup>Yeah all right -</sup> But tell me, James -- with all these sudden trips to Washington don't you have a hard time getting a hotel room?

DURANTE: <sup>you know</sup> INDUBITABLY, UNQUESTIONABLY ~~INDUBITABLY~~....WHEN I GOT THERE I HAD TO SHARE A ROOM WITH A VAUDEVILLE ACTOR AND HIS TRAINED SEAL. WHAT AN EXPERIENCE. I DIDN'T MIND WHEN THAT SEAL PUT ON MY PAJAMAS, I DI N'T MIND WHEN HE SLEPT IN MY BED, BUT WHEN HE ATE MY BREAKFAST AND THREW ME A FISH - THAT WAS TOO MUCH.

MOORE: A most unique experience.

*M: I betcha*

DURANTE: IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN YOU-NEEK-ER...I HAD JUST ABOUT  
FINISHED EATING THE FISH *M: Very good* WHEN GENERAL MARSHALL ASKED  
ME TO MAKE AN INSPECTION TOUR OF THE AIRPORT.  
AND WHO DO YOU THINK I SAW TAKING HIS PILOT'S TEST?

MOORE: Who?

DURANTE: UMBRIAGO.

MOORE: Umbriago! Was he any good?

DURANTE: WAS HE GOOD! HE COULD KEEP HIS PROPELLOR REVOLVING,  
HE COULD KEEP HIS WINGS ~~ON~~ LEVEL BUT HE COULDN'T KEEP  
HIS TAIL IN THE AIR!

MOORE: Why not?

DURANTE: BECAUSE HE WAS STRAPPED TO THE SEAT.

MOORE: A most amazing guy, this Umbriago. Some day you'll  
have to tell me all about him, Jimmy.

DURANTE: WITH PLEASURE, JUNIOR, AND TODAY IS AS GOOD AS ANY...  
JUST LISTEN:

ORCHESTRA: "UMBRIAGO"  
(APPLAUSE)

740

UMBRIAGO

(Oom-Bri-Ago)

By Jimmy Durante  
and  
Irving Caesar

VERSE

I know a fellow,  
He's a fellow who will make your life so mellow,  
There's one like him in ev'ry town,  
He's half a man and half a clown --

CHORUS #1

QUARTET: Umbriago --  
Could be Mayor of New York or of Chicago,  
QUARTET: Umbriago --  
Raises cain from Portland Maine to Santiago,  
When you worry,  
Better send for Umbriago in a hurry,  
He's got lots of time,  
That's all he spends is time,  
But never spends a dime,  
So when you feel low,  
Better send  
For my friend  
QUARTET: UMBRIAGO!

CHORUS #2

QUARTET: Umbriago --  
Anytime you try to find him he is eating,  
QUARTET: Umbriago --  
In his hands a menu takes an awful beating,  
He is gifted,  
He'll eat anything provided he can lift it,  
He don't need a wife,  
He says he's set for life,  
He's got a fork and knife,  
What a guy to know,  
QUARTET: Who-oo-oo?  
QUARTET: Who-oo-oo?  
QUARTET: UMBRIAGO.

CHORUS #3

EVERYBODY: Umbriago --  
QUARTET: Could be Mayor of New York or of Chicago,  
EVERYBODY: Umbriago --  
QUARTET: Raises cain from Portland Maine to Santiago,  
DURANTE: When you worry,  
Better send for Umbriago in a hurry,  
He's got lots of time,  
That's all he spends is time,  
But never spends a dime,  
QUARTET: So when you feel low,  
EVERYBODY: Better send  
EVERYBODY: For my friend  
EVERYBODY: UMBRIAGO!

10<sup>10</sup>

MOORE: Thank you, Jimmy, that was right down our alley --  
and for those who'd like to go farther afield, here's  
- Howard Petrie!

PETRIE: East of the Ivory Coast, west of <sup>Nigeria</sup> ~~Nigeria~~, is the  
Gold Coast, British West African colony guarding the  
South Atlantic. To Americans on the Gold Coast, to U.S.  
bases 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. At the ends of the earth, or at your store  
down the street, Camels are fresh, cool smoking, and  
slow burning, because they're packed to go around the  
world. Both at home and overseas, more people want  
Camels, the fresh cigarette, the cigarette with more  
flavor. So remember, if your store is sold out --  
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.

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO "IS MY BABY BLUE TONIGHT.")

PETRIE: It's Roy Bergy and the orchestra now with a Bergy  
arrangement of "Is My Baby Blue Tonight." *//15*

ORCHESTRA: "IS MY BABY BLUE TONIGHT"

(APPLAUSE)

*13<sup>00</sup>*

DURANTE: AND THAT WAS ROY BARGY AND HIS "RENT A BATON AND DRIVE IT YOURSELF ORCHESTRA" PLAYING "IS MY BABY BLUE TONIGHT" FROM THE TATTOOED LADY OF THE SAME DESCRIPTION...AND THAT BRINGS US TO THE CAMEL CULTURE CORNER AND MR. GARRY MOORE.

MOORE: Thank you, James...Y'know when I was here last summer I decided to plant a California flower garden.

DURANTE: WHAT DID YOU GET IN YOUR GARDEN? MARIGOLDS?

MOORE: *D: I see. M: Mice - and lots of them -*  
No - mice...And in memory of that experience  
*a small*  
I wrote ~~an~~ epic poem called "Ode to California"...And  
I should like to read *it for you* now.

ORCHESTRA: (SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME.....)(SNEAK IN)

DURANTE: I SHALL LISTEN WITH BOTH EARS ASKEW.

*Moore: Thank you.*

ORCHESTRA: (SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME - FADE TO BACKGROUND)

MOORE: To me there's nothing quite as nice as  
Little brown and furry mices;  
Mices, with their twinkling noses,  
Chewing up my garden hoses -  
Chewing up my nicest posies --  
Chewing dese, and dem and doses.  
Oh I'd rather be you, oh little mices,  
Than rich as the dickens, or even twice as.  
I'd rather be you than an oil burner -  
I'd rather be you than Lana Turner.  
And everyone knows there's nothing better  
Than Lana Turner in a - overcoat.  
I'd rather be you, oh little mices  
Than be a dog without no lices  
I'd rather be you than the guvnor of Florida  
Or Boris Karloff, or someone horrider  
Or the daring young man on the flying trapeze  
Or the guy who invented the first chemise.  
I'd rather be you than Spring's first harbinger,  
Or the man who comes and collects our garbinger.

(CONTINUED)



MOORE:  
(Cont'd)

Now I know, dear mice, you're wondering why  
I'd so much rather be you than I.  
Well, if I was a mouse and you was human  
I'd wait till each one of your flowers was bloomin'  
I'd wait till one flower came up through the mud  
And turned to another and said, "HI'yuh, bud"  
Then I'd eat your begonias - I'd chew up your jonquils  
And not only yours, but your aunt's and your onquill's  
I'd gnaw on your roses - then quick as a wink -  
I'd eat up your favorite Hyastink.  
I'd quickly cometh, and quickly goeth-  
And lots of times I'd doeth boeth.  
Then maybe at last you mice would know  
Why human beings hate you so.  
And thus ends my poem to California -  
It could've been shorter - but not much cornia.

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

15-30

MOORE: Thank you, my friends, you're very kind. But the moral of my poem is, if you've got mice in your marigolds ~~or ants in your plants~~ it's your own fault, because this year you should be raising food -- not flowers. This year there's a greater need for Victory gardens than ever before -- because civilians will get an even smaller share of the canned vegetable crop than they did last year. ~~All families with sunny space and fertile ground are urged to plant gardens.~~ If you have no garden space of your own, see if your community has an area set aside for victory gardens. Talk to somebody who had a successful garden last year -- ~~there were millions~~ -- or write for information to your State Agricultural College, or to Victory Gardens, Washington 25, D.C. ~~That's Victory Gardens, Washington 25, D.C.~~

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO GIBBS)

16<sup>05</sup>

MOORE: Meanwhile, it's her Nibbs, Miss Gibbs...Hiyah,  
Georgia.

GEORGIA: Hiyuh, Garry! Do yah recognize the bounce in the  
background?

MOORE: Why, shore -- it's another patriotic appeal.

GEORGIA: Called "Milkman, Keep Those Bottles Quiet."

MOORE: *Lookout my friends, it's*  
Georgia Gibbs.

*16<sup>25</sup>*

GIBBS: "MILKMAN KEEP THOSE BOTTLES QUIET"

---

(APPLAUSE)

*18<sup>40</sup>*

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

MOGEEHAN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week. Tonight we salute Infantry Second Lieutenant Ernest Childers, of Broken Arrow, Oklahoma, whose blood is a fighting mixture of Irish and American Indian. Though receiving treatment for a fractured bone in his foot, he learned that his battalion was pinned down by German machine-gun and mortar fire. He rushed to the area with a patrol of eight men, and in one of the war's greatest exhibitions of rifle marksmanship, personally killed seventeen Germans, and won the second Congressional Medal of Honor to be awarded in the Italian campaign. In your honor, Lieutenant Ernest Childers, the makers of Camels are sending to our soldiers overseas 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.

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY OFF)

1935

2000

PETRIE: Ladies and gentlemen, instead of our usual Friday night drama, Jimmy and Garry would like to give you a bird's eye view of their trip from New York to California. It all started a week ago in their New York hotel room when...(FADE)

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

MOORE: Jimmy, tomorrow we leave for California. And that good old California sunshine. You know what that California sun is, James.

DURANTE: YEAH, IT'S A GREAT BIG BALL OF FIRE UP IN THE SKY, THAT RISES IN THE EAST, COMES WEST OVER THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, MAKES A DETOUR AROUND LOS ANGELES, AND SETTLES IN FLORIDA FOR THE WINTER!

MOORE: Just the same we'll be in Hollywood again. I remember some pleasant little things about Hollywood...~~Gee~~ *Gee* I hope I haven't lost their phone numbers...But enough of small talk, ~~James~~ *Jimmy. You know*. We've got a lot of packing to do and you haven't even started.

DURANTE: DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME. ALL I HAVE TO DO IS CLOSE MY EYES AND MY BAGS ARE PACKED. (AND THAT'S NOT A PRO-VAR-RI-CATION)

MOORE: *You said it*  
~~Well, then if you're all set, why don't you help me get dressed?~~

~~DURANTE: THAT I WILL. WHICH SUIT DO YOU WANT THE SACK SUIT MARKED IDAHO, OR THE HERRING BONE MARKED BROWN DERBY?~~

MOORE: You better give me the striped suit marked Alcatraz. That's a boy. Gee, I hope all the gang will be on time.

51454 5185

MOORE: Say, Jimmy, will it cost me extra to take my golf bag  
on the train??

DURANTE: CERTAINLY NOT.

MOORE: *Yes* You mean I can put anything I want to in the bag??

DURANTE: *Anything you want -*  
THAT'S RIGHT.

MOORE: Oh, good! Then I might take my wife after all.

DURANTE: *It's a good idea, Jr.*  
COME ON, JUNIOR. LET'S GO TO THE STATION.

*Moore:* *Well all right.*  
ORCHESTRA: (BRIDGE....SEGUE TO:)

SOUND: STATION NOISES

MOORE: *Oh* Gosh, Jimmy, it's certainly crowded at this depot.  
Do you think there might be any pickpockets here?

DURANTE: I DON'T THINK SO. LET ME LOOK .. NO .. NONE OF MY  
MOUSETRAPS WENT OFF YET.

MOORE: Well, *then* let's go over to the ticket window. Pardon me,  
we'd like a couple of tickets, Mister.

ALLMAN: Where do you get that Mister stuff! For your information  
you're talking to a woman.

MOORE: You wanna bet!

ALLMAN: Now wait a minute....You two characters...

MOORE: My dear young lady, we're Moore and Durante. We're  
comedians.

ALLMAN: Ya wanna bet?

MOORE: I shoulda quit when I was even.

DURANTE: MY DEAR MADAM, WE'VE HAD OUR PICTURES IN A NATIONAL  
MAGAZINE.

ALLMAN: What magazine?

DURANTE: DID YOU EVER HEAR OF LOOK, PIC, SEE AND PEEK?

ALLMAN: Yes. Which one were you in?

DURANTE: TWITCH. I GOT A MILLION OF 'EM.

MOORE: *I know but*  
Now young lady...about those tickets.

ALLMAN: Well, let me see. I can give you a sixty dollar ticket  
for a seat or a fifty dollar ticket for standing up.

MOORE: we've only got thirty dollars. Give us a couple ~~knocking~~  
~~down~~ *quitting*.

ALLMAN: The best I can do is thirty-five dollars, and that's  
our ceiling price.

DURANTE: WE'LL TAKE IT.

ALLMAN: Okay. Here you are - two tickets on the ceiling.

MOORE: Well, it'll be nice having a roof under our feet.

CANTOR: All aboard - train leaving for Buffalo, Cleveland,  
Chicago, Albuquerque, Los Angeles, *and* You better hurry.  
The engineer's in 1-A..

MUSIC: (BRIDGE, AND SEGUE INTO MOVING TRAIN WITH "CALIFORNIA

HERE I COME")

DURANTE: *Junior*  
~~Here~~, JUNIOR. IT'S MORNING. WAKE UP.

MOORE: Huh? Oh, good morning, Jimmy. Say, you know, it wasn't  
bad sleeping here in the cattle car. *For* dinner last  
night I had four bales of hay and all the milk I could  
milk.

DURANTE: *g*, DID YOU REALLY SLEEP IN THIS CATTLE CAR ALL NIGHT?

MOORE: Yeah <sup>boy</sup> you shoulda seen me. There were fifty cows at one end of the car and sixty cows at the other.

DURANTE: WHERE WERE YOU?

MOORE: I was the little squirt in the middle.

DURANTE: HOW HOM-MARGE-A-NIZING. I SURE AM GLAD I FOUND A ROOM TO SLEEP IN.

MOORE: Oh - what room did you sleep in, Jimmy?

DURANTE: I AIN'T SAYING. BUT FOR A PILLOW I USED A PILE OF PAPER TOWELS. ME WHO USUALLY SLEEPS IN THE BRIDAL SUITE.

MOORE: Boy, we sure are traveling in style. Have you seen Roy Bargy this morning?

DURANTE: ROY IS REHEARSING WITH GEORGIA GIBBS. AND HOWARD PETRIE. ANY TIME I WANT HIM, I JUST PULL THIS CORD.

MOORE: Why does he come when you pull the cord?

DURANTE: HE'S GOT TO. THE OTHER END IS TIED AROUND HIS NECK.

MOORE: ~~Oh~~ - That was clever of you. *indeed.*

PORTER: 'Xcuse me, gentlemen, I'm the man in charge of this <sup>here</sup> car.

DURANTE: ARE YOU THE PORTER?

PORTER: No, sir, I'm the stable boy... (HORSES NEIGH) ..get back there, son... This telegram just came for you, *sir.*

DURANTE: THANK YOU. JUNIOR, GIVE THE MAN A TIP.

MOORE: Okay. Can you break a ten, Porter?

PORTER: No, sir.

MOORE: Well, never mind, ~~you can~~ keep the whole dime..

PORTER: Thank you, Mr. Benny.

DURANTE: <sup>boy</sup> JUNIOR. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS WIRE WE JUST GOT. THEY HEARD WE'RE ARRIVING IN HOLLYWOOD TODAY AND LUX WANTS US.



MOORE: They want us to act on the Lux <sup>Radio</sup> Show?

DURANTE: NO, THEY WANT US TO RINSE OUT A FEW THINGS! (THAT'S  
THE HOLLYWOOD CONDITIONS THAT PREVAIL.)

PETRIE: Gentlemen...gentlemen...I don't know what it is about  
me, but everyone I meet wants to squeeze me. Just  
everyone I meet wants to squeeze me.

MOORE: Who are you?

PETRIE: Oh, just a little orange!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

DURANTE: I'LL GET ~~HIM~~ <sup>that guy</sup> IF IT TAKES <sup>me</sup> A MATERNITY.

CANTOR: (CALLING OUT) Los Angeles -- Los Angeles -- Union Depot!  
Last stop!

MOORE: Come on, Jimmy, we're there! Let's get out on the  
platform.

DURANTE: COME ON.

SOUND: BAND PLAYING "HOT TIME IN OLD TOWN"...PEOPLE CHEER

MOORE: *gee* Look at that, Jimmy! ~~Just~~ *look* at the crowd that's  
here to greet us. Isn't it wonderful!!

DURANTE: WHAT AN OVATION! TEN THOUSAND PEOPLE JUST TO SEE US.

MOORE: Yes, Jimmy -- <sup>and</sup> let's not disappoint that crowd. Get  
out there on that platform and make the speech of  
your life.

DURANTE: OKAY -- LADIES AND....

MAN: (BRITISH ACCENT) I say, gentlemen -- would you  
mind stepping to one side while I get out on the  
platform?

MOORE: Wait a second -- who are you?

MAN: I am Winston Churchill!

DURANTE: HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT! EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO  
THE ACT!

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY-OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

25-25-

PETRIE: Jimmy and Garry will be back just as soon as I tell you how she was comin' 'round the mountain --

ORCHESTRA: (PLAYS, A BIT SOFTLY... "SHE'LL BE COMIN' 'ROUND THE MOUNTAIN WHEN SHE COMES!)

PETRIE: Yessir, driving six flat-footed horses --

ORCHESTRA: (PLAYS, UP... "SHE'LL BE COMIN' 'ROUND THE MOUNTAIN WHEN SHE COMES!"...LAST FEW NOTES VERY FLAT)

PETRIE: Yessir, flat as soup without salt -- and it can be worse in your cigarettes. If war-time flatness is squashing the flavor in your cigarette - get Camels for more flavor! If you're looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many you smoke, get Camels for more flavor. Costlier tobaccos, blended with that Camel master touch, give Camels more flavor, help them hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke. Double check that in your T-Zone, your taste and throat - everybody's own personal proving ground for flavor and mildness. And remember, Camel cigarettes 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 services!  
They've got what it takes!

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO "WHO WILL BE WITH YOU")

26/23

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 notable note, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: A NOTE OF ASTONISHMENT, MR. MOORE.

MOORE: And so ends our first evening in Hollywood, James.

DURANTE: YES, BUT THE EVENING IS STILL YOUNG, JUNIOR. WE'VE GOT  
PLACES TO GO AND PEOPLE TO DO.

MOORE: Well, that's all very well, but who's gonna show us  
around.

DURANTE: WHO'S GONNA SHOW US AROUND! (HA HA) *Why its*

UMBRIAGO *M. Umbriago?*  
HE KNOWS HOLLYWOOD LIKE NEW YORK AND CHICAGO

MOORE: *oh yeah - but does*  
UMBRIAGO  
(DOES) HE KNOW TURNER, GRABLE, ALICE FAYE AND GARBO??

DURANTE: LISTEN JUNIOR *M: I'm with you.*  
STAY AWAY FROM UMBRIAGO OR HE'LL RUIN YA

MOORE: *Yeah, but Jimmy, what I don't understand - you know why*  
~~OH JAMES,~~ NOW I'M STUCK  
I WON'T MEET MICKEY MOUSE  
I WON'T MEET DONALD DUCK

DURANTE: *Junior - don't forget - just*  
KEEP THIS SECRET LOW  
ON MY OATH  
THEY ARE BOTH  
UMBRIAGO!!

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (THEME)

*27<sup>35</sup>*

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.

DURANTE: ~~AND~~ JIMMY DURANTE.

MOORE: And Garry Moore. And listen, folks, don't forget to start digging that Victory Garden right away. Food is vital to winning the war, and winning the war is our responsibility.

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT.

MOORE: Good night, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: GOOD NIGHT, MR. MOORE.

BOTH: GOOD NIGHT, EVERYBODY (FOLKS)

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP...FADE FOR)

PETRIE: <sup>28</sup>And remember...get Camels for more flavor. If you're looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many you smoke...get Camels, for more flavor. <sup>28<sup>25</sup></sup>

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP)

(APPLAUSE)

(BOARD FADE)

(SWITCH TO STUDIO FIVE FOR HITCH HIKE)

(ADDITIONAL CLOSING IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN)

(IN STUDIO FIVE)

SHIELDS: Mister Pipesmoker, does your girl hold her breath till your pipe goes out? Don't let her do that, man -- get Pipe Appeal with Prince Albert! Ah, yes, girls flock around the man whose pipe gives off the pleasant, aged-in-the-wood aroma of Prince Albert! And you'll really go for Prince Albert yourself, too -- it's no-bite treated to give you cool, tongue-happy smoking comfort, and crimp cut to pack and burn and draw just right. Get the big red two-ounce package of Prince Albert! It holds around fifty swell-smoking, better-tasting pipefuls. That's why more pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the whole world.

29<sup>3d</sup>

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

REVISED

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

CBS NETWORK

PROGRAM NO. 57

FRIDAY, APRIL 21, 1944

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

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

PAUL LUTHER

TED JEWETT

DIRECTOR.....PHIL COHAN

**AS  
BROADCAST**

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