

(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...⁶⁰ 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! /¹²

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!...^{He is}
~~Here's~~ Garry Moore!

(APPLAUSE)

/¹⁵

MOORE: Well, thank you -- thank you VERY much, my friends, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen / ^{its} 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 / ^{here} "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. ^{in a}

PETRIE: ^{nauseating kind of way} 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 ^{you know} the fire department is too small. ^{That's a fact - out here in Hollywood} 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 / ^{Howard} 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)

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 ^{do} look great.

DURANTE: AND WHY SHOULDN'T I. A MAN RUNNING FOR PRESIDENT HAS GOT TO EXERCISE EVERY DAY -- AND BOY, AM I RUGGED. ^{m: Yeah.} 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 ^{flipping the camel} A CAMEL, WHEN I GOT A LETTER BY ^{m: of course} 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~~ ^{elections} draws near you've no doubt got ~~your~~ ^{the voters} ~~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: ^{Yeah all right -} But tell me, James -- with all these sudden trips to Washington don't you have a hard time getting a hotel room?

DURANTE: ^{you know} 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.

DURANTE: IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN YOU-NEEK-ER...I HAD JUST ABOUT
FINISHED EATING THE FISH ^{M: I betcha} 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!

10¹⁰

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 ^{Nigeria} ~~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)

13⁰⁰

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

16⁰⁵

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.

16²⁵

GIBBS: "MILKMAN KEEP THOSE BOTTLES QUIET"

(APPLAUSE)

18⁴⁰

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

~~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 ^{boy} 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 ^{here} 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: ^{boy} 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 ^{Radio} 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~~ ^{that guy} IF IT TAKES ^{me} 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 ~~and~~ 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)

27³⁵

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 Barge 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: ²⁸And 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. ^{28²⁵}

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^{3d}