

**AS
BROADCAST**

Master - 7/8 - 2/

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

REVISED

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

CBS NETWORK

PROGRAM NUMBER 46

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 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

51454 4798

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM" - No. 46

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 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
Duranter, Georgia Gibbs -- Roy Bargy and his orchestra and
yourstruly, Howard Petrie -²⁰/Brought to you by Camel -- the
cigarette that stays fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning,
because Camels are packed to go around the world! ⁴⁰

(MUSIC OUT)

And now it's my pleasure to give you a man who doesn't let
the grass grow under his feet - but you should see the
moss that grows out of his head -- Garry Moore!!

(APPLAUSE)

55

mjs

51454 4799

MOORE: Thank you very much, my friends, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen - and say, Howard, I don't know about the moss that grows out of my head, but I ^{do} want to thank you for not mentioning the corn that comes out of my mouth ... *that's very sweet of you.*

PETRIE: Oh, Garry, ^{how} don't be so self-conscious. I was just talking to the sponsor about your work on the air.

MOORE: Were you really? What did he say? (PAUSE) Well, that was nice of him ... If he just knew what important friends I have ...

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

MOORE: Oh -- I'll get it.

SOUND: PHONE UP

MOORE: Hello? ... Oh, it's you, Professor Einstein! ... You say you've just made a discovery? ... Oh no! ... Oh, that's terrible! ... ~~Oh, Professor Einstein!~~ ... Oh, I can't stand it!

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

PETRIE: Garry! What has Einstein discovered?

MOORE: *Well, Howard, it seems that*
Mairzy doats and dozy doats - BUT LITTLE LAMBS DON'T EAT IVY
(Does that awful?)
... Why this is ... ; ... colossal, it's
stupendous! It's enormous!

EMERSON: Did someone call me?

MOORE: Well, Toodles Bongsbook, my overstuffed secretary, come on over here, *honey, come on over.*

EMERSON: Thank you, *and* a happy February 4th to you.

MOORE: And a happy February 4th to you! What do you hear from the ground, hog? ... I mean what do you hear from the groundhog?

EMERSON: I don't know what the groundhog says, but this weather is just like spring.

MOORE: Why, of course, it is Toodles I was talking to Mayor La Guardia *just* yesterday, and he told me that in New York it never gets below freezing. And to prove it he pointed to his windowsill and he said "Look, a robin red breast *in February.*" I looked and it wasn't a robin red breast - it was a crow with a chapped stomach ... Some chilly! *It's say* But hot or cold, Toodles, I'm always glad to see you. *Gu whiz-* What's that perfume you're wearing tonight?

EMERSON: Isn't it lovely? It's called "Four Nights in a Glue Factory".

MOORE: Four Nights in a Glue Factory. What did you have to spend to get it?

EMERSON: Four Nights in a Glue Factory.

MOORE: *Just as I thought -* ~~I see~~ ... LePage Number 5.. But so much for this trivia, *Charles,* let's get down to the mail. Anything come in the mail this morning?

51454 4801

EMERSON: Yes sir. Here's one from Dandruff Falls, Vermont. It says - Dear ^{Gary}~~Mr.~~ Moore, I am a young man with a lot of spare time and would like to develop a hobby. Could you help me?

MOORE: Oh! I certainly can. It just so happens that I came from a family of hobbyists. Why twenty years ago, my mother, my father and my uncle went to a County Fair. My mother picked up some old crockery; my father picked up an old coal scuttle - -

EMERSON: What did your uncle pick up?

MOORE: Have you ever seen my aunt. *Never have, eh?*

EMERSON: What about you? Haven't you got a hobby?

MOORE: Yes, my hobby is magic. You know when I was a kid I was terribly afraid ^{to go} ~~of going~~ up to the second floor alone in the dark. Then I took up magic and practiced sawing my mother and father in half.

EMERSON: Did that help you?

MOORE: I should say it did. Now I have parents upstairs and downstairs... But when it comes to hobbies, *Stovels.*

Emerson. *Yes! ---*
ORCH: DURANTE INTRO

335

51454 4802

MOORE: My favorite is a small man with a large heart - Jimmy Durante - in person!!

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG. EVEN WHEN THINGS GO WRONG.....(HOLDS HIGH NOTE).....IF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY IS LISTENING IN, YOU MAY HAVE THAT NOTE AND DIVIDE IT AMONGST YOU!

MOORE: Ah, you're in fine fettle tonight, Jimmy.

DURANTE: I'M A HAPPY MAN JUNIOR! YOU NO DOUBT HEARD ABOUT THE COMMITTEE THAT PICKS THE MOVIE OF THE YEAR - AND PICKS THE BOOK OF THE MONTH. WELL THIS MORNING THEY LOOKED ME OVER.

MOORE: And what did they pick you?

DURANTE: THE BEAK OF THE WEEK!!

MOORE: I'm not ^{a bit} surprised, Jimmy. ^{You know} You're nose is always news.

DURANTE: THANK YOU, ^{Gerry} JUNIOR, BUT THAT IS NEITHER H.V. NOR KALTENBORN. YOU SEE LAST NIGHT I WAS SITTING AT HOME PLAYING GIN (WITH A RUMMY OF MY ACQUAINTANCE) WHEN MY PRIVATE TELEPHONE RANG. SO I RUSHED DOWNSTAIRS TO THE DELICATESSEN STORE TO ANSWER IT. I PICKED UP THE RECEIVER SAID "HELLO" BUT HEARD NOTHING. THEN I THOUGHT I SMELLED SOMETHING FUNNY AND WHAT DO YOU THINK?

MOORE: What?

51454 4803

DURANTE: I WAS TALKING INTO A SALAMI!!...FINALLY I GOT THE CALL.
 IT WAS HENRY KAISER WANTING ME TO DASH RIGHT OUT TO THE
 COAST TO LOOK OVER THE SHIP BUILDING SITUATION! SO I
 CALLED WASHINGTON AND TOLD THEM I HAD TO FLY TO CALIFORNIA
 AND THEY GAVE ME A NUMBER 72 PRIORITY.

MOORE: A number 72 priority? What does that mean?

DURANTE: SIX MONTHS AFTER THE WAR IS OVER I CAN TAKE A BUS!!
 THAT'S THE CONDITIONS THAT PREVAIL.

MOORE: *I'll believe. You're a*
 /Bus? By the time you get there you'll be old and grey -
 hound. Ha ha ha....

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT!

MOORE: But seriously, *Jimmy* ~~James~~ - what do you know about ships?

DURANTE: WHY I COME FROM A LONG LINE OF NAVIGATORS. *M: You do.* WHY MY GREAT
 GREAT ANCESTOR LANDED IN AMERICA ON OCTOBER TWELFTH 1492
 BUT HE SAILED RIGHT BACK HOME AGAIN BECAUSE ALL THE STORES
 WERE CLOSED!

MOORE: All the stores were closed?

DURANTE: YEAH - IT WAS COLUMBUS DAY!!

51454 4804

MOORE: Jimmy, I'm ~~becoming more and more~~ convinced that you know nothing about the sea or boats. Why, you wouldn't even know where to start to build a ship!

DURANTE: DON'T SAY THAT, ^{Garry} ~~Junior~~ WHY WHENEVER I BUILD A SHIP I START AT THE BOTTOM.

MOORE: At the bottom? Why that's a hull of a ship.

DURANTE: RIGHT! THAT'S THE KIND I BUILD!.....BUT ONE OF THE MOST THRILLING SIGHTS I EVER SAW ABOARD SHIP WAS ONCE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN WHEN I SAW A BIG STORM, UMBRIAGO... A BOLT OF LIGHTNING, UMBRIAGO....A ROUGH SEA AND UMBRIAGO! AND BOY, WAS UMBRIAGO IN BAD SHAPE!

MOORE: You mean Umbriago was seasick?

DURANTE: SEASICK? WHY UMBRIAGO WAS SITTING IN A GREEN DECK CHAIR - AND FOR THREE DAYS NOBODY KNEW HE WAS THERE!!

MOORE: ^{Oh no Jimmy} ~~But James~~ if Henry Kaiser was in such a hurry to have you join him on the West Coast, why haven't you left yet?

DURANTE: BECAUSE I MISSED THE TRAIN.

MOORE: Missed the train? How come?

*(9)

REVISED

DURANTE:

I'M ABOUT TO TELL YOU, ^{Garry.} THIS MORNING I STARTS
OUT FOR GRAND CENTRAL STATION. I'M WEARING MY
MINK-LINED GLOVES AND MY PORK-PIE HAT (WITH THE
CRUST OVER ONE EYE) FINALLY REACHING THE CORNER OF
5th AVENUE, I TAKES A DEEP BREATH AND INHALES MY
DAILY QUOTA OF GOOD FRESH SOOT, WHEN UP COMES MY BUS.

I GETS ABOARD AND ~~?~~ STARTS MOVING TO THE REAR
I SQUEEZES PAST A FAT GIRL, A BACHELOR, A WELDER, A
PLUMBER, A DILETANTE, A DEBUTANTE AND A SAINT
BERNARD, WHO IS DRINKING BRANDY.....FINALLY I FINDS
A VACANT SPOT TO STAND AND I ESTABLISHES A BEACHHEAD.
WELL, SO FAR, SO FAR!

THE BUS MOVES FORWARD AT A TERRIFIC SPEED
WHEN- BANG--- WITHOUT WARNING IT STOPS!.....CAUGHT
OFF BALANCE, I'M THROWN PAST THE SAINT BERNARD (WHO
NOW HAS A HANGOVER), PAST THE DEBUTANTE, THE
DILETANTE, THE PLUMBER, THE WELDER THE BACHELOR, AND
LANDS RIGHT INTO THE LAP OF THE FAT GIRL, ^{She blushes seductively and says,} " IS THIS
A PROPOSAL?" CLIMBING OFF HER LAP, I SAID
"MADAM, CONSIDER YOURSELF JILTED!"

SO BACK I GOES, PAST THE BACHELOR, THE WELDER,
THE PLUMBER, THE DILETANTE, THE DEBUTANTE, AND THE
SAINT BERNARD WHO IS NOW TAKING A BROMO SELTZER.....
ONCE MORE I BRACES MYSELF FIRMLY ~~AND~~ AGAIN THE BUS
TAKES OFF AT TERRIFIC SPEED, WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN-
BANG! - IT STOPS! AND WHAT HAPPENS?.....

(MORE)

m/r

51454 4806

DURANTE:
CON'T:

I'M THROWN PAST THE SAINT BERNARD (WHO IS
NOW SLEEPING IT OFF), PAST THE DEBUTANTE, THE
DILETANTE, THE PLUMBER, THE WELDER, THE BACHELOR,
AND AGAIN LANDS IN THE LAP OF THE FAT GIRL!
SHE HUGS ME TIGHT AND SAYS, " I KNEW YOU'D COME BACK
TO ME. MY MOTHER IS A WONDERFUL MATCH MAKER."
I SAYS, "YOUR MOTHER? WHAT HAS SHE GOT TO DO WITH
IT?..... AND THE FAT GIRL SAYS, "WHAT HAS SHE GOT
TO DO WITH IT? SHE'S DRIVIN' THIS BUS!"

ORCHES: PLAYOFF
APPLAUSE

8⁴⁰

MOORE: Ah, James, you're a thing of nonsense and a joy
forever.. *But there's no nonsense & these words from*
~~And for further news of the joys of life~~
Howard Petrie.

PETRIE: Farthest American outpost in the Central Pacific is Midway
Island, once a refueling stop on the China Clipper route,
now a mighty base for U. S. airpower. To Midway Island,
to dozens of other American bases 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 the Camels get to Midway -- or to
you -- they're fresh, cool smoking and slow burning, because
they're packed to go around the world! Freshness is more
important this year than ever, and Camel cigarette's
freshness is one big reason why more people want Camels now,
both at home and overseas. Another reason is flavor --
and Camel cigarettes do have more flavor, the result of
expert blending of costlier tobaccos. Remember, if your
store is 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 tobacco standard is the same for
soldier, for civilian, anywhere in the world!

ORCH: INTRO TO "LIZA"

PETRIE: In the musical division - a real block-buster.....Roy Bary
at the piano, with orchestra, and a Bary arrangement of
George Gershwin's "Liza".

ORCH: "LIZA"

APPLAUSE

230

51454 4809

DURANTE: AND THAT WAS ROY BARGY AND HIS ORCHESTRA PLAYING "LIZA".

... A MOST GRATIFYING EXPERIENCE...AND THAT BRINGS US FACE
TO FACE WITH GARRY MOORE...WHICH IS ALSO AN EXPERIENCE...
TELL ME, DEAR JUNIOR, WHAT COOKS IN THE CULTURE CLASS
TONIGHT?

MOORE: Tonight, James, another quick trip to the Poet's Corner...
for a load of odes and iambic pentameter.

DURANTE: IAMBIC PENTAMETERS? IN THAT CASE ... I TAKE MY LEAVE.

MOORE: *I think you better*
~~Thank you~~...And the name of my poetic effort for tonight,
is "Ode To A Cow."

ORCH: CELESTE SHMALTZ

MOORE: All hail to you, you noble cow,
To me, oh cow, you are a wow.
To you, oh cow, I make a bow ..
I bow, kow-tow and shout "How now?"
I love you, tame and gentle creature.
I'm always very glad to meet her.
Oh, lift your stately head and toss it
And let me shake your every faucet.
Oh, let me thank you while I can
For all the things you've done for man.

ogh

MOORE:
(CONT)

All hail to you on this, your hey-day,
For all that ever-lovin' Grade-A.
Oh cow, it's from your skin valise
You give out milk and cottage cheese.
Yes, cottage cheese, the best there is ...
Except for Camembert and Swizz.
And cream cheese, too, so mild and mellow...
Also Limburger, strong and smellow.
You always give, you never slip....
You are the country's biggest drip.
You don't hold out, you give in quickly,
You always gush, you're never trickly.
Oh, tell me cow, how do you do it?
Is theré something tricky to it?
You chew up hay as fine as silk,
You shake it up and out comes milk.
Oh cow, the people of this nation
Owe you much appreciation.
From now until the dimmest future
Human beings will salute.
Everyone adores dear Bossy,
From Toscanini to Tommy Dossy,
Each human being, gay or grim,
Partakes of milk, and sometimes orim.
You're charming cow, you have no faults,
And you're behind all chocolate malts.

MOORE:
(CONT)

Each noon the customers at Liggett's
Pay a tribute to your spigots.
So let me tell you, noble cow,
How I do adore you now.
Let me salute your magic udder....
You're my sister, I'm your brudder.
I greet you with heart and stomach full,
Oh, dairy-cow....and that's no bull.
But cow, before I let you go,
There's just one thing I'd like to know,
One question I would like to utter.
Lookit honey .. where's the butter?

ORCH:

PLAYOFF

APPLAUSE

15-35

ogh

DURANTE: JUNIOR, ACCEPT MY CONGRATULATIONS... THE BEAUTY OF THAT POEM WAS SO GREAT, IT MADE ME WRITE ONE OF MY OWN.

MOORE: Well, isn't that nauseating?... How does it go, James *James Jimmy*

DURANTE: LIKE THIS... SOME BOYS ~~DRINK~~ *flies* AND CARRY ON.

NOT ME!
SOME BOYS LIVE FOR WINE AND SONG.
NOT ME!
SOME BOYS KISS MOST ANYONE -
THAT'S SOMETHING I HAVE NEVER DONE.
SOME BOYS HAVE A LOT OF FUN.
NOT ME!

MOORE: That's very touching, James...
Durante: I leave you in Mrs. Gibbs' hands.

ORCHESTRA: START GIBBS INTRO

MOORE: And for your special pleasure, we'll now bring forth our Charm Department *Miss - if you don't mind -* /Georgia Gibbs.

GEORGIA: Thanks, Garry.... This is going to be a pleasure for me, too - because I'm well * armed tonite with the top tune from the new hit, "Mexican Hayride".... Cole Porter's, "I Love You." *16²⁵*

GIBBS: "I Love You"

APPLAUSE

18²⁵

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

LUTHER: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Colonel Neel Kearby, a Thunderbolt pilot in the South Pacific. Leading a flight of only four P-47's, he met a formation of twelve Japanese bombers escorted by thirty-six fighters. Though he had already accomplished his mission, and had very little gasoline left, he engaged the enemy and personally shot down six of them. In honor of you and your men, Colonel Neel Kearby, 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.

ORCH: PLAYOFF

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MOORE: And now the Friday night Camel show brings you a play about a Winter Resort, entitled, "She Slept on the Front Porch, during a blizzard" .. or "She Woke Up With Snow In Her Hair and Icicles on ^{you're so much fun & worth while.} her Veranda." Now, Jimmy, in this play you and I own a Winter Hotel high in the Snow-capped Adirondacks. Do you go in for Winter Sports?

DURANTE: WHAT A QUESTION TO ASK DURANTE! WHY, JUNIOR, I TAKE TO SNOW LIKE A DUCK TAKES TO ANOTHER DUCK. ^{M. O. you do.} BUT IF YOU WANT TO SEE A REAL WINTER SPORTSMAN YOU SHOULD GET A LOAD OF UMBRIAGO IN HIS NEW SKIING OUTFIT...GREEN HAT, BLUE PANTS AND A MORON SWEATER.

MOORE: Jimmy, you mean maroon sweater. A moron is a half-wit.

DURANTE: WHAT DO YOU THINK UMBRIAGO IS....A GENIUS?

MOORE: I see what you mean, ^{my friend} ~~to see~~...But come along...let's get to our Winter Hotel. ^{Here we go.}

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: DESK BELL

TOODLES: Service! Service!

MOORE: Ah madam, welcome to Durante and Moore's Hodge Podge Lodge. No cover charge if you sleep in the garage....in the Hodge Podge Lodge.

egh

TOODLES: Thank you. I want a room for two dollars a week. The room must be airy, and have running water.

MOORE: Two Dollars a Week...I've got just the thing for you... Airy ... with Running Water.

TOODLES: You have?

MOORE: Yes. Here's a tent...Go jump in the lake...Two dollars a week...what kind of a mouse trap does she think this rat trap is..

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: GET ME OUT OF THIS ENVIRONMENT! I'M GOING BACK TO THE TROPICS!

MOORE: Jimmy ... what's wrong?

DURANTE: WHAT'S WRONG. I TAKES THE AFTERNOON OFF TO GO SKIING. SO I CLIMBS TO THE TOP OF THE SKI JUMP, SPREADS OUT MY ARMS AND TAKES OFF. I GOES FLYING THROUGH THE AIR .. 200 FEET .. 300 FEET .. 400 FEET AND .. I'D/GONE EVEN FURTHER EXCEPT FOR ONE THING.

MOORE: What's that?

ogh

DURANTE: NO SNOW! IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE A STRONG MAN WEEP
WITH FRUSTRATION.

MOORE: Well, Jimmy, I'm glad you got back. *you know* The ladies
in our hotel have been complaining. A peeping Tom
has been looking over the transoms.

DURANTE: *A peeping Tom?*
HOW DID HE GET AWAY?

MOORE: I sneaked down the back ~~stairs~~ *steps*.

DURANTE: OH!

TOODLES: Listen you two..... Do I get a room or don't I?

DURANTE: RUN FOR THE HILLS MEN..... A BULL MOOSE HAS LOST
HIS MATE!

TOODLES: *You* Pipe down, snow-shoe beak.....Mr. Moore, I want a
room but it must be the last word in luxury.

MOORE: Luxury? My dear little meat-ball,.... and I use
the word meat-ball in the unrationed sense.
Our Chateau is the rendezvous of the Who's Who.

DURANTE: TO SAY NOTHING OF THE WHOM'S WHOM. INTERROGATE HER,
MR. MOORE.

MOORE *Surg and*, Do you know Mrs. Vanderbilt?

TOODLES: Yes I do.

MOORE: Oh, you do. Do you know Mrs. Astor?

TOODLES: Yes I do.

MOORE: Oh, you know her too. Well, ^{then} do you know Mrs. Minnie
Slobodka?

TOODLES: No.

MOORE: She's been living here for 27 years. But come now if
you really want a fine room, just step down this hall.
I don't think you'll *have any trouble* - - -

PETRIE: Get me out of here! Get me out of here! ^{I tell you} I can't stand
the heat in this hotel! This terrible heat is making
a wreck out of me!

DURANTE: WHO ARE YOU?

PETRIE: Oh, just a little snow-man.

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS.

A swoman!
DURANTE: EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT.

Well, madam, here - right
MOORE: Here's your room, ~~Madam~~.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS.

DURANTE: MADAM, YOU'RE GOING TO LOVE THIS ROOM AND YOU'LL SLEEP LIKE A LOG! THIS MATTRESS IS STUFFED WITH GOOSE-FEATHERS.

TOODLES: I want to see how soft it is..... let me sit down.

PETRIE: QUACKING.

DURANTE: HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT. THEY FORGOT TO TAKE OUT THE GOOSE!

TOODLES: Oh, this is ridiculous. What exposure is this room?

MOORE: I'll tell you after I look out of the window. Oh, of course, there's that girl from Alabama taking a ... sunbath.

TOODLES: What does that mean?

MOORE: SOUTHERN EXPOSURE.

TOODLES: Alright, I'll take the room... but remember you advertised ~~that you feature~~ a winter carnival and a venison dinner every Sunday. If you've misrepresented I'll complain to the Chamber of Commerce!

51454 4819

MOORE: Madame, you shall have winter sports and venison!

DURANTE: YES, AND DEER-MEAT TOO.

MUSIC: BRIDGE.

MOORE: Ladies and gentlemen, the Durante and Moore winter sports carnival is about to begin!

m/f

MOORE: First, Mr. Durante will give an exhibition of figure skating.

TOODLES: I didn't know you knew how to skate, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: YOU DIDN'T? WHO TAUGHT LANA TURNER HOW TO SKATE? DURANTE! I TAUGHT HER HOW TO MAKE A FIGURE EIGHT THE HARD WAY.

TOODLES: The hard way?

DURANTE: YEAH..TWO THREES.

MOORE: Jimmy, three and three are six,

DURANTE: WHEN YOU'RE WATCHING LANA TURNER..WHO WORRIES ABOUT ARITHMETIC.

TOODLES: This sports carnival is a mess.

DURANTE: THAT'S WHAT I SUGGEST.

TOODLES: I'm going back to the hotel and if I don't get a venison dinner..I'll have this hotel closed!

DURANTE: DON'T WORRY, LADY, WE'LL SHOOT A FRESH DEER FOR YOU. JUNIOR, LEND ME YOUR BOW AND ARROW.

MOORE: I'm sorry, I'm going to use it, Jimmy. But I can let you have my brother's bow.

DURANTE: I BUSTED THAT YESTERDAY. HOW ABOUT YOUR SISTER'S BEAU?

MOORE: She gave him up..he was married. *Oh! Oh! see.* Come on, James, we're off to the deer hunt.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

mjs

MOORE: A fine deer hunt this is. It's getting dark and I've just lost the only arrow we had. Help me find it, *Jimmy*

DURANTE: LATER, JUNIOR! FIRST I WANT TO ATTRACT A DEER. I'LL GIVE THE DEER-MATING CALL. (HOWLS) NOW LISTEN...

SOUND: (OFF) SIMILAR CALL..ENDING IN RAZZBERRY

DURANTE: SHE LOVES ME.

MOORE: Jimmy, we've got to find that arrow. Here, *now I'll tell you what will do.* I'll dig around under this big boulder.

TOODLES: (HYSTERICAL LAUGH)

MOORE: Pardon me, Madame. (My, such a big girl scout) Jimmy, have you found the arrow?

DURANTE: NOT YET, JUNIOR, I'M LOOKING.

MOORE: *Hed* Hurry up, *will you* here comes a deer!.. If we miss it, we're in trouble.

DURANTE: IT'S NO USE, JUNIOR.. I'M EXHAUSTED. I'VE JUST GOT TO SIT DOWN. OW! (SCREAMS)

MOORE: Jimmy, what happened?

DURANTE: GIVE ME THE BOW, GARRY,..I JUST FOUND THE ARROW!

MUSIC: PLAY-OFF

APPLAUSE

25-42

PETRIE: Garry and Jimmy will be back in just a moment ... Now listen
.....

FLUTE: (A FEW TRILLS)

PETRIE: Ahhhh! Listen to the mocking bird!

FLUTE: "Listen to the mocking bird." (THE LAST TWO NOTES VERY
FLAT)

PETRIE: Sounds flat, doesn't he? Well, it can be worse in your
cigarette! If you want a cigarette that won't go flat
no matter how many you smoke, just get Camels! Camel
cigarettes are expertly blended of costlier tobaccos, *to*
blended to give them more flavor -- and it's more flavor
that helps Camels hold up, keep from going flat, pack
after pack! Let your own taste and throat, your T-Zone,
give you the last word 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?"

26⁵⁵

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DURANTE: WHO WILL BE WITH YOU WHEN WE'RE FAR AWAY ... WHEN WE'RE FAR AWAY ... LET ME HEAR THAT HIGH NOTE, MAESTRO! WHAT A NOTE!

MOORE: A note of wonder, Mr. Durante!

DURANTE: A NOTABLE NOTE, MR. MOORE. THAT REMINDS ME, JUNIOR. I WANT TO SEND A NOTE TO THE FOLKS AT HOME.

MOORE: What are you going to say, James?

DURANTE: WELL, HOW'S THIS?

"DEAR FOLKS:

HAVE YOU BOUGHT THAT EXTRA WAR BOND YET?"

MOORE: *Yeh* - And I'd like to suggest, Jimmy, that we make that an extra \$100 bond! The newspapers tonight are hailing the fact that in the Marshalls the casualties are light. But let's think about that phrase - "light casualties." ... Let's suppose that only one man ^{out} of all those brave thousands meets his death tonight. For him the world has ended. To the man who dies, the cost of even the cheapest victory is total ... Now, our country is not asking us at home to give our lives. Just to invest in a war bond; a bond that pays cash dividends ... There is no dividend in death ... Think it over ^{and yeh} - dig down deep - and let's all back the attack.

DURANTE: THAT'S MY BOY WHO SAID THAT.

ORCH: THEME

MOORE: Good night, ~~Mr. Durante~~ *Jimmy*.

DURANTE: GOOD NIGHT, MR. MOORE.

BOTH: GOOD NIGHT EVERYBODY (FOLKS)

mjs

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PETRIE: ^{28³⁵} 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 Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore with Georgia Gibbs, Roy Bargy and his orchestra, and yours truly, Howard Petrie. ^{28²⁵}

APPLAUSE

ORCH: THEME UP ... FADE FOR

PETRIE: ^{28³⁵} And remember, Camel cigarettes are first in the service! Camels stay fresh because they're packed to go around the world! ^{28⁵⁰}

ORCH: THEME UP

APPLAUSE

(BOARD FADE)

(SWITCH TO STUDIO SIX FOR HITCH HIKE) ^{28⁵⁰}

(IN STUDIO SIX)

JEWETT: More pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the whole world! Yessir, year after year P.A. proves over the counter that it's got Pipe Appeal! Find out for yourself by getting a big red two ounce package of Prince Albert. Holds around fifty rich-tasting swell-smoking pipefuls, every one of 'em no-bite treated for cool, tongue-happy smoking comfort, and crimp cut to pack and burn and draw just right! More pipes smoke Prince Albert! It's the National Joy Smoke!

ANNCR: This is the COLUMBIA ... BROADCASTING SYSTEM

- fade theme 20 seconds -

WABC...NEW YORK

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