

AS  
**BROADCAST**

*LMF audio*

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL PROGRAM

CBS NETWORK  
FRIDAY, JUNE 16, 1944

PROGRAM 65  
7:00 - 7:30 P.M. PWT

CAST

GARRY MOORE

JIMMY DURANTE

GEORGIA GIBBS

HOWARD PETRIE

ROY BARGY

ELVIA ALLMAN

PAT MCGEEHAN

FRED SHEILDS

DIRECTOR.....PHIL COHAN

51454 5366

"THE CAMEL PROGRAM"

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

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SOUND: PHONE RINGS...PHONE UP

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

DURANTE: (ON FILTER) HELLO, JUNIOR...THIS IS JIMMY.

MOORE: Jimmy Durante! Where are you?

DURANTE: I'M HOME AND I'M BRINGING OVER A FRIEND OF MINE --  
HE'S AN ELK!

MOORE: Well, what's taking you so long?

DURANTE: HE CAN'T GET HIS ANTLERS THROUGH THE DOOR..

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

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BAND: (C-A-M-E-L-S)

PETRIE: (COLD) Camel cigarettes present Garry Moore and  
Jimmy Durante!  
(APPLAUSE)

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ORCHESTRA: (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 Bargy  
and his Orchestra and yours truly, Howard Petrie...  
brought to you by Camel, the Cigarette that's first  
in the service. See if your throat and your taste  
don't make Camel a first with you too! Find out for  
yourself!

Incidentally we want you to know we will interrupt  
this program to bring you any late news developments --

MUSIC: (OUT)

PETRIE: Well sir, Sunday is Father's Day. <sup>and</sup> ~~So~~ tonight we  
present a young man who is becoming the most popular  
father in Hollywood. <sup>Yes, sir -</sup> The farther he gets from  
Hollywood, the more popular he becomes. <sup>It's</sup> It's our  
co-star -- Garry Moore.

(APPLAUSE)

MOORE: Well, thank you, Howard Petrie, for absolutely,  
nothing, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen --  
happy Friday before Father's Day to you all.

PETRIE: *Oh well*  
Thank you, Garry, I take that as a personal tribute.

MOORE: Well, Howard *after all* every father has his day -- even in the  
animal kingdom. *you know* I tuned in a violin solo on my radio  
the other night, and two old tom-cats were sitting on  
the back-fence listening to it. And as one of the  
fiddle strings hit a beautiful E-flat, one tom-cat  
turned to the other and said, "That's my boy who  
said that!"...Yessir, I'm proud to be a father, and...

SOUND:

*I want you to know that*  
KNOCK ON DOOR

MOORE: Oh, excuse me, Howard....Come in.

SOUND:

DOOR OPEN

ELVIA: Hello, Mr. Moore, I'm from the National Father's Day  
Association. *Mr. you are!* *Elvia. y -*  
...You are credited with being a father,  
I take it?

MOORE: *am*  
I'm a father, and if there's any credit, I take it...  
I have two little boys -- the older is four.

ELVIA: He's only four? *Why* that seems so young.

MOORE: Well, it's the best he could do in the time he's had... *and I really should say it - but you know - is he*  
*But I must admit, Madame, he's a cute little guy...*

*Elvia:*  
*Mora:* Yesterday his mother was dressing him, and all she had on him was his shirt, when the telephone rang... Well, when she came back from the telephone, the youngster was gone -- but the cellar door was open... So his mother went to the top of the cellar steps and called out, "Young man, are you down in that cellar with no pants on?"... And a voice came back saying, "Not, me, lady -- I'm reading the gas-meter!" *Oh Shush!* ... But what brings you here tonight?

ELVIA: Well, Mr. Moore, Sunday is Father's Day, and we wanted to know if you could write us a song about Father.

MOORE: Well, bless your little south forty. It just so happens, Madame, that I have a song for you.

ELVIA: Oooh, a song called "Father?"

MOORE: No -- but a song about what makes Father run.

ELVIA: What's it called?

MOORE: Mother... Perhaps you and Howard and I could try it. *out*  
Roy -- some music, please. *Howard, you first -*

*Petrie:*  
ELVIA: M is for the monkey wrench she uses.

MOORE: *Oh yes and -*  
O is for the overalls she wears -- *(with a belt in the back)*  
~~(over her undies)~~

*Elvia:*  
PETRIE: T is for the time-clock that she punches.

MOORE: *hourglass she repairs (this is sad such)*  
H is for the ~~hours she puts in~~ *(with overtime on Sundays)*

ELVIA: E is for Efficiency and Effort.

MOORE: *Oh yes and*  
R is rivet -- she's the one who can.

ALL: Put them all together they spell Mother.

MOORE: She's Henry Kaiser's right-hand man.

(APPLAUSE)

MOORE: *Thank you* -- And now that we've put Father in his place --

ORCHESTRA: (DURANTE PLAY-ON)

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MOORE: Let's introduce Camel's white haired boy -- that dark horse of the Presidential race -- Jimmy Durante -- in person.

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG -- EVEN WHEN THINGS GO WRONG. YOU'LL <sup>feel</sup> LOOK BETTER, YOU'LL EVEN FEEL <sup>look</sup> BETTER -- HOLD ON TO YOUR FEDORA, JUNIOR, I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO TELL YOU THAT'LL KNOCK YOUR CHAPEAU OFF.

MOORE: Well, well, what's <sup>all</sup> the excitement?

DURANTE: I WAS AT THE HOSPITAL THIS MORNING WITH MY UNCLE AND WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT, JUNIOR, HIS WIFE HAD EIGHT BABIES IN ONE HOUR.

MOORE: Eight babies in one hour. Jimmy -- how is that possible?

DURANTE: THE STORK WENT CRAZY -- HE THOUGHT HE WAS A DIVE BOM-ER. YES, SIR -- AMAL-GA-MATED SAFETY PINS WENT UP FIVE POINTS!

MOORE: That's all very intriguing. But with the whole nation shouting, "Durante for President!" How do you have time for anything but your campaign?

DURANTE: AS A MATTER OF FACT, JUNIOR, I HAVEN'T. IT'S GOTTEN SO THAT MY PICTURE IS IN EVERY PAPER IN THE COUNTRY. WHY, ONLY YESTERDAY I WENT INTO A FISH MARKET AND WHAT DO I SEE? I SEE THE BOSS WITH A BIG PICTURE OF ME IN HIS HAND.

MOORE: Was he going to hang it on the wall?

DURANTE: NO. HE WAS GONNA WRAP IT AROUND A HERRING!  
(I WAS BURNED TO A RYE CRISP!)

MOORE: Look, Jimmy -- I don't want to influence you too much but even if they offer you the nomination at the coming convention I'd say, "No".

DURANTE: YOU'D SAY, "NO" -- SHAME ON YOU, JUNIOR. WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF GEORGE WASHINGTON SAID NO...WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF THOMAS JEFFERSON SAID NO... AND WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF HELEN KEE-A-BUSH SAID

MOORE: *NO --*  
*Hold on -- wait a minute --*  
~~Hold on~~ -- who's Helen Keekabush?

DURANTE: MY GIRL FRIEND. AND SHE DID SAY NO! BUT THAT'S NEITHER CREPE NOR SUZETTE. *Mr. Ford* THE OTHER EVENING I WAS AT HOME, WRITING NUMBERS ON A PAL OF MINE (I LIKE A FRIEND YOU CAN COUNT ON), WHEN THE TELEPHONE TINKLED. SO I RUSHED DOWN TO THE DRUG STORE TO ANSWER IT. I SAID "HELLO". THE OPERATOR SAID "I CAN'T HEAR YOU -- YOU'LL HAVE TO STEP CLOSER TO THE PHONE." I STEPPED CLOSER AND AGAIN I SAID "HELLO". AND AGAIN *the operator* SAID "YOU'LL HAVE TO STEP CLOSER TO THE PHONE." SO I SAID, "HOW CAN I STEP ANY CLOSER -- MY NOSE IS BENT DOUBLE ALREADY.

MOORE: I hope you finally got your party.

DURANTE: I DID. AND IT WAS MY CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS CALLING. THEY SUGGESTED I MAKE A TRIP THROUGH THE SOUTHWEST. SO PACKING MY GRIP. I DROPS IN A PAIR OF SPURS AND A PAIR OF CHAPS (NAMED JOE AND HERMAN.) AND I WAS OFF FOR OKLAHOMA.

MOORE: *jh* Good old Oklahoma! I don't know if you know it, Jimmy -- but that's Indian country.



DURANTE: OF THAT FACT I AM ~~COO-NIB~~-ANT. WHY, I WAS THE GUY THAT MADE SITTING BULL STAND UP.....YOU KNOW <sup>June</sup> IT'S MIGHTY INTERESTING LIVING AMONG <sup>the</sup> THE INDIANS. ESPECIALLY SEEING HOW THE WOMEN CARRIED THEIR BABIES ON THEIR BACKS.

MOORE: Really?

DURANTE: YEAH, <sup>and</sup> EVERY SQUAW HAD A PAPOOSE ON HER CABOOSE! <sup>My. That's good.</sup> (AND WHEN THE BABY'S SLEEPY - THEY PUT HIM IN A TEE-PEE) BUT AFTER SENDING UP SOME SMOKE SIGNALS (WITH MY CAMEL CIGARETTE OF COURSE) I MADE MY POLITICAL SPEECH. QUITE IMPRESSED THEY ASKED ME TO WATCH THEM ELECT A NEW CHIEF FOR THEIR TRIBE.

MOORE: How many Indians were involved in the election?

DURANTE: EIGHTY-SIX BUCKS WERE GOING TO VOTE FOR A CHIEF.

MOORE: <sup>All</sup> - who was elected chief?

DURANTE: THE GUY WITH THE EIGHTY-SIX BUCKS..I GOT A MILLION OF THEM! A MILLION OF THEM!

MOORE: <sup>It's all right about that - but</sup> How was the rest of your trip?

DURANTE: IT WAS AMUCK WITH MILEAGE. MY NEXT STOP WAS GALLUP, NEW MEXICO..IN THE CATTLE COUNTRY; WHERE THE MEN ARE MEN AND THE WOMEN ARE WOMEN. HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? IT COMES OUT EVEN. AGAIN I GOT A BIG RECEPTION FROM THE LOCAL VOTERS. THE SHERIFF WAS DOWN AT THE STATION TO GREET ME <sup>and</sup> HE GAVE ME THE GLAD HAND (THE OTHER HAND HE KEPT ON HIS PISTOL)-- <sup>as</sup> ~~AND~~ I WAS ABOUT TO ADDRESS THE ASSEMBLED VOTERS ~~WHEN~~ I SAW SOMEONE RUNNING ACROSS THE PRAIRIE YELLING FOR HELP. AND WHO DO YOU THINK IT WAS?

MOORE: Who?

DURANTE: UMBRIAGO! I SAID, UMBRIAGO, "WHAT'S THE MATTER?" AND HE SAID, "I'VE BEEN OUT SITTING ON THE RANGE FOR TWO HOURS." SO I SAID, "WHAT ABOUT IT?" AND HE SAID, "SOMEBODY TURNED ON THE PILOT LIGHT"!~~...THAT'S WHAT THEY DID.~~

MOORE:

That's what they did - eh?

DURANTE:

*No - you skip that line, Garry - you go & sit next.*  
~~THAT'S A REASONABLE PRO-SUMMATION OF WHAT I JUST SAID,~~

MOORE:

~~MR. MOORE.~~

*Oh I beg your pardon - I haven't my seeing-eye script with me.*  
But you still haven't told us how you made out politically in Gallup.

DURANTE:

GREAT! I STEPPED UP ON THE PODIUM AND SAID, "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN....AND ASSEMBLED COWS...I KNOW THAT YOU HAVE YOUR PROBLEMS. FIRST THEY TELL YOU A BUCKET OF CREAM IS WORTH FIVE POINTS. THEN THEY TELL YOU A BUCKET OF CREAM IS WORTH TEN POINTS. *Mr. Zerk -* I SAY THEY SHOULD MAKE UP THEIR MINDS ABOUT THE BUCKET OF CREAM, SO THE COWS WILL KNOW WHAT THEY'RE SHOOTING AT."

MOORE: *Oh dear* I'll bet that solved all their problems.

DURANTE:

I THOUGHT SO, TOO, JUNIOR. BUT ONE OM-BRAY GETS UP AND SAID, "MR. CANDIDATE, OUR BIG PROBLEM IS THE HIGH COST OF HAY, IT'S GETTING SO *that* WE CAN'T AFFORD TO FEED OUR COWS." AND I SAID, "MR. CATTLEMAN, BY TOMORROW MORNING YOUR PROBLEM WILL BE SOLVED." SO NEXT MORNING I TAKES EVERY COW IN THE COUNTY AND INSTEAD OF FEEDING THEM HAY. I FED THEM EXCELSIOR. BUT, JUNIOR, THEY'LL NEVER LET ME INTO THAT TOWN AGAIN.

MOORE:

Why not?

DURANTE:

THEY'RE STILL PICKING THE SPLINTERS OUT OF THE MILK!

ORCHESTRA:

(PLAY OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

MOORE:

*Oh Jimmy*  
~~James~~ you and Umbriago are an inspiration to every ambitious young idiot but for further information on men of great fame let's listen to... *Harold Petrie* -

PETRIE:

It has been said that the great Caruso used to smoke a cigarette just before he went on the stage to sing. And one thing you can bet on...the cigarette he smoked was a cigarette that agreed with his throat. Well, <sup>you</sup> maybe your own vocalizing is in your bathtub, <sup>say</sup> but isn't your throat important to you? And how it is! So try Camels on your throat...try that coolness, mildness, kindness. And let your taste try that full, rich, can't-be-copied flavor of Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos. Because your own T-Zone - T for Taste and T for Throat -- is the best proving ground for cigarettes.

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO "IT HAD TO BE YOU")

PETRIE: Roy Bargy and the Orchestra now, in a Roy Bargy  
arrangement of "It Had To Be You".

ORCHESTRA: ("IT HAD TO BE YOU")

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(APPLAUSE)

DURANTE: AND THAT WAS "IT HAD TO BE YOU" AS CONDUCTED BY ROY BARGY, WHAT A CONDUCTOR -- ALREADY HE'S HAD TWELVE OFFERS FROM THE LOS ANGELES TROLLEY COMPANY, BUT COME, WE DIGRESS....LET US SHIFT ATTENTION TO MR. GARRY MOORE AND HIS WELL KNOWN STORIES OF LITTLE KNOWN PEOPLE....TELL ME, DEAR JUNIOR, WHOM ARE WE SALUTING TONIGHT?

MOORE: Tonight, James, the story of one of the most courageous men I have ever known. The story of Renfrew Snirk.

DURANTE: RENE~~REW~~ SNIRK?....I SHALL RETIRE TO MY TWIN BEDS AND LISTEN. AND I'LL ASK THE TWINS TO LISTEN TOO.

ORCHESTRA: ("SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME")

MOORE: I thought you ought to know about Renfrew Snirk... Born in the little town of Noodle Soup, Neoraska.... which is just across the border from (SLURP) South Dakota -- Renfrew was a happy child. He would have grown into useful manhood, but for one thing. His parents were ~~very~~ <sup>just filthy</sup> with money. They had a huge mansion with more servants than they knew what to do with. Why, they even had two gardeners who did nothing but water each other....

(CONTINUED)

MOORE:  
(Cont'd) And as a result, Renfrew grew into a worthless wastrel  
...And one day his father called the boy to his study  
and said.

PETRIE: "Renfrew -- for twenty years now you've been running  
through my money. What have you to say for yourself?"

MOORE: And Renfrew said --

CANTOR: My feet are tired.

PETRIE: Well son, "I've tried everything to get you started  
in business. I bought you a bakery and what did you  
do? You sat around all day with a bun on....

CANTOR: Yeah -- I'm a goofy guy ain't I?

PETRIE: Renfrew, I'm through. I'm finally convinced ..  
you can lead a horse to water but you can't make him  
drink".

ORCHESTRA: (OMINOUS CHORD)

MOORE: His father should never have made that statement.  
For then and there, Renfrew determined to lead a horse  
to water and MAKE IT DRINK....So he got himself a  
horse and he called him Irving and every day he would  
lead Irving to water...but Irving wouldn't drink...It  
was most exasperating. He'd lead the horse to root  
beer and the horse would drink,....He would lead the  
horse to Seven-Up, and the horse would not only drink,  
he'd get a nickel back on the bottle and spend it for  
Pepsi-Cola...But when he lead the horse to water --  
all the horse would say was --

CANTOR: NEIGH

6/16/44 (REVISED)

MOORE: Inside of two years <sup>Renfrew</sup> he had lead Irving to every body of water in the United States -- from the mighty Hudson River to Veronica Lake....And then --

ORCHESTRA: (GALLOP MUSIC...INCREASE IN TEMPO)

SOUND: HOOF BEATS...(WITH MUSIC)

MOORE: He lead him to the At-lan-tic, he lead him to the Pa-cif-ic, the Carribbean, Indian Ocean, A-ma-~~zon~~, the Nile and Volga,  
Arctic Ocean, Mediterranean, Dead Sea, Red Sea, English Channel, North Sea, South Sea,  
(CUT MUSIC AND HOOF BEATS)

And a wash-basin at the Palladium...But all Irving ever said was --

CANTOR: NEIGH

ORCHESTRA: (PAVANNE FOR A MISSED PUTT)

MOORE: A broken man, Renfrew Snirk gave up his crusade to lead a horse to water and make it drink...Old and worn, he and his horse Irving settled down in California to live out their lives and enjoy, if they could, the typically lovely California weather.

SOUND: SUDDEN SHOWER

MOORE: The California weather man said --

PETRIE: (FILTER) Another lovely sunny day.

MOORE: And he was right. As a matter of fact, the streets were flooded with sun...and for a whole week the sunshine continued...only harder!  
(CONTINUED)

MOORE: And in two weeks the water was up to the horses' nose.  
(Con't.) The only way he could save himself from drowning was to  
drink up the water as fast as it rose. Would he drink,...

SOUND: CLAP OF THUNDER

ORCHESTRA: (OMINOUS CHORD)

MOORE: Or drown...Renfrew waited with baited breath...Would the  
horse drink?...Would the horse drink?...Would the horse  
drink?

*Centov*  
SOUND: LOUD SLURP

MOORE: HE DID! RENFREW SNIRK HAD LEAD A HORSE TO WATER...AND  
MADE HIM DRINK!

ORCHESTRA: (POMP AND GIN RUMMY)

MOORE: Triumphant and vain glorious, Renfrew Snirk was the man  
of the hour...From New York came photographers to take a  
picture of Renfrew and Irving for the cover of Time  
Magazine...But, alas -- Renfrew's glory was destined to  
be short lived. He and the horse were posing for the  
picture, side-by-side. And just as the camera clicked --  
the horse turned around...so when the picture appeared on  
the cover of Time -- no one could tell which was Renfrew.

ORCHESTRA: (PLAY OFF)

(APPLAUSE)



ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION TO GIBBS' NUMBER)

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MOORE: Thank you, my friends...Well, so much for Renfrew Snirk.

*and* Let's take advantage of more charming company --

Her Nibbs, Miss Gibbs. Hi yuh, Georgia.

GEORGIA: Hi yuh, Garry...Y'know, this is an unpredictable world  
we're living in -- a world of changing values. But in  
the old game of romance the story is still the same.  
You'll see what I mean in the lyrics of "Don't Take Your  
Love From Me."

GIBBS: ("DON'T TAKE YOUR LOVE FROM ME")

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(APPLAUSE)

MOORE: *Thank you*  
~~Thank~~ you, Georgia, as always your musicianship was  
exemplary.

DURANTE: YES, AND EXCELLENT TOO. JUST LIKE MINE SINCE I  
STARTED STUDYING BRAMS, BEETHOVEN, AND BOCK.

MOORE: You studying Brahms, Beethoven and Bach! *Jimmy*  
Are you making  
any progress?

DURANTE: WELL, I'M PRETTY SHARP ON MY BRAMS, ~~AND~~ I'M PRETTY  
SHARP ON MY BEETHOVEN, BUT AS USUAL I'M FLAT ON MY BOCK.

MOORE: That I can see. But have you learned anything from  
these great immortals?

DURANTE: HAVE I! LISTEN...C-A-M-E-L-S -- FROM BALBOA TO  
SHEN-AN-DOAH THEY'RE ~~SMOKING~~ *trying* CAMELS MOE-A AND MOE-A.

PETRIE: *Oh* That they are, Jimmy. *You see -* Trying Camels on the T-Zone --  
that's T for Taste and T for Throat -- the true proving  
ground for cigarettes.

MOORE: Unquestionably.

DURANTE: IN THAT I CONCUR.

PETRIE: *y* The human throat is an intricate instrument -- choosy  
about cigarettes. So everyone ought to try Camels on  
his own throat and find out for himself about that  
cool, kind mildness.

DURANTE: UMBRIAGO SMOKES 'EM TOO.

MOORE: Indubitably.

PETRIE: *Yes* everyone ought to try Camels on the taste. Let  
your taste tell the story of that full, rich, mellow  
flavor of Camel's superb blend of costlier tobaccos.

ORCHESTRA: (C-A-M-E-L-S)

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*That voice - every man is a Lily Pans -*  
~~It's amazing. They sing it the same way every week.~~

DURANTE:

PETRIE:

Yes, Camel cigarettes! War or peace, Camel is still  
Camel!

ORCHESTRA:

(PLAYOFF)

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DURANTE: AND NOW THE FRIDAY NIGHT CAMEL SHOW BRINGS YOU A DRAMA OF  
CAMERAS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS...ENTITLED....

MOORE: "Who Turned Out The Light In the Dark Room"? or...

SOUND: LOUD SIAP

GIRL: Herman, pul-eeeeeeese!

MOORE: Now Jimmy, in tonight's play you and I are photographers.  
Have you had any experience with cameras??

DURANTE: WHY, IN MY YOUTH I WAS AN EXPERT WITH THE FLASH BULB, A  
GENIUS WITH THE SHUTTER, AND A WIZARD WITH THE LENS.

MOORE: How were you with the film??

DURANTE: THERE WASN'T A BETTER MAN WORKING FOR PEPSA-DENT.

MOORE: You said a mouthful, but let's not waste any time. <sup>Jimmy</sup> We're  
bound for the office, holter-skelter.

DURANTE: YOU <sup>the</sup> HELPER...AND I'LL <sup>be</sup> SKELTER.  
*Moore: Very well...*

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

SOUND: PHONE RINGS...PHONE UP

MOORE: Hello, Durante-Moore Photographers...Pictures taken from  
eight to four thirty, so come on in and we'll give you the  
birdie...Moore speaking....

GIBBS: Mr. Moore, my boy friend wants me to take a picture -- and  
I don't know what to pose in?

MOORE: *Hal* - Just exactly what is your problem?

GIBBS: Well, I don't know whether to be romantic or sedate. Now  
if you were a woman, what would you be?

MOORE: Offhand -- I'd say repulsive.

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

MOORE: Although I do look pretty good in a sweater.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

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DURANTE: DROP EVERYTHING, JUNIOR. <sup>Drop everything -</sup> WHAT A CATASTROPE! I WAS STROLLING ALONG THE BOULEVARD SINGING IN MY FALSETTO VOICE (NOTE) WHEN I PASSED SOME TOUGH GUYS IN FRONT OF A POOL ROOM. AND WHAT DO YOU THINK HAPPENED!

MOORE: What?

DURANTE: THEY STRAIGHTENED OUT MY VOICE AND MY NOSE AT THE SAME TIME. (FORTUNATELY, THEY DIDN'T SEE THE CURL ON MY FOREHEAD)

MOORE: <sup>Yeah - well</sup> That wouldn't happen if you were here attending to business. While you were out I took a portrait of Mrs. Van Smearcase sitting on a bicycle.

DURANTE: MRS. VAN SMEARCASE SITTING ON A BICYCLE? <sup>Mr. Moore</sup> LET ME SEE IT... GARRY, HOW COME SHE'S GOT SUCH A SURPRISED LOOK ON HER FACE?

MOORE: Cold bicycle seat!...But before I forget <sup>it Jimmy,</sup> there's a lady here to see us. She's standing in the sitting room, her name is Knight and she's been there all day because she's not positive about the negative and she's negative about the positive.

DURANTE: YOU MEAN, MISS DAY, HAS BEEN SITTING ON HER POSITIVE ALL NIGHT BECAUSE SHE'S NEGATIVE ABOUT HER STANDING ROOM?

MOORE: No, Jimmy -- Miss Knight has been here all day standing in the sitting room because she's not positive about the negative and she's negative about the positive.

SOUND: CASH REGISTER

DURANTE: ONCE AGAIN INFORMATION PLEASE PAYS OUT FIFTY-SEVEN DOLLARS AND A SET OF THE ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITAN-NICA. <sup>Pat</sup> <sup>me</sup> (Mr. Repeato name)

MOORE: Well -- I'll try to explain it <sup>to you</sup> again... *Junior*

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

PETRIE: *No* Don't <sup>open</sup> let them blow my head off! You can't let them blow my head off! Please, don't let them blow my head off!

MOORE: Say, who are you?

PETRIE: Oh, just a short beer!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT!...NOW, JUNIOR, WHAT WERE YOU SAYING ABOUT MISS KNIGHT ON THE DAY SHIFT?

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

*Thorn*  
GIRL: *Hell!* Gentlemen, I'm Miss Knight. How much longer must I wait -- those pictures you took of me were positively revolting. I demand you take a new set immediately

MOORE: My dear little cauliflower -- and I use the word cauliflower in reference to your ears. I'll have you know I've been taking pictures for years. Look at this one. I took <sup>it</sup> of myself when I was a baby.

GIRL: Lemme see it -- my what a nice broad smile you had.

MOORE: Broad smile? I wasn't smiling. I was eating a banana -- sideways.

DURANTE: YES, AND WITH THE SKIN ON TOO. *Mr. Sure*

GIRL: Enough of this chit-chat. Why don't you take my picture?

DURANTE: IT'S A PLEASURE. I'D BE DELUTED. NOW TELL ME, MISS KNIGHT, ARE YOU PHOTOGENIC?

GIRL: What did you say?

DURANTE: *I said -* ARE YOU PHOTOGENIC?

GIRL: Take that!

SOUND: LOUD SLAP

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DURANTE: I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT MEANS EITHER.

GIRL: *Oh* This is the last straw. Good day, and may all your children grow up to be out of focus.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

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DURANTE: THAT DAME MAKES ME SO MAD. I'M FROTHING AT THE KNEE CAPS.

MOORE: Jimmy, forget that pre-shrunk sweater girl. She's just tempermental because she used to be an advertising model.

DURANTE: A MODEL? WHAT ADVERTISEMENT DID SHE POSE FOR?

MOORE: Don't let this happen to your canary!

SOUND: PHONE RINGS...PHONE UP

---

MOORE: *Yes - she* Hello, Durante-Moore Photographers....

CANTOR: (ON FILTER) This is J. Barclay Beegle, editor of Peek-A-Boo Magazine.

MOORE: Oh-ho-Peek-A-Boo, Mr. Beegle.

CANTOR:

*Look*  
I want you to take off in an airplane in  
twenty minutes to take pictures of a ship-launching.

Can you do it?

DURANTE:

*Junior*  
TELL HIM .. NO. I FLEW A PLANE ONCE, AND WHAT AN  
EXPERIENCE! I TOOK OFF AT TEN O'CLOCK SHARP, CAME DOWN  
AT TEN ONE...UP AGAIN AT TEN TWO, DOWN AT TEN THREE..  
UP AGAIN AT TEN FOUR, AND DOWN AGAIN AT TEN FIVE.

MOORE:

How come, Jimmy?

DURANTE:

MY SUSPENDERS WERE CAUGHT ON THE HANG-ER. HOW ABOUT YOU,  
JUNIOR, HAVE YOU EVER FLOWN?

MOORE:

Well, I tried to learn how to fly once, but I gave it  
up.

DURANTE:

WHAT FOR?

MOORE:

*D. O. yes -*  
My arms got tired. I'd better tell him *no*. Mr. Beagle..

CANTOR:

Mr. Moore if you are successful in this venture I  
will give you the Peek-a-Boo account...which is worth a  
million dollars annually.

DURANTE:

A MILLION DOLLARS!..WHY THAT RUNS INTO <sup>the</sup> THOUSANDS,

MOORE:

You <sup>id</sup> got <sup>yourself</sup> a deal, Mr. Beagle...we're off to the airport at  
once.

MUSIC:

(BRIDGE)

SOUND:

MOTOR UP

MOORE:

well, we should be over the ship in a little while, Jimmy.  
Now are you sure you know how to use the aerial camera?

DURANTE:

INDUBITABLY. WHY, I'VE USED ALL KINDS OF CAMERAS.  
THE GRAFLEX, THE *F*OLLI-FLEX, THE DUPLEX, THE REFLEX,  
AND THE SY-LEX.

MOORE:

WAIT A MINUTE, James. *Jimmy*  
The *S*illex is something you make  
coffee with.

DURANTE:

HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT??? I CAN COOK TOO!



MOORE: *Oh-oh* Look down below, Jimmy -- we're over the ship now. Hurry *up*  
grab your camera and snap the picture.

SOUND: CLICK OF CAMERA

DURANTE: THERE, JUNIOR, I GOT IT. WHAT A PICTURE.

SOUND: MOTOR SPUTTERING

MOORE: *yah - wait a minute*  
Uh uh...something's gone wrong with the engine, we're nosing over

DURANTE: PULL BACK ON THE STICK! GARRY - PULL BACK ON THE STICK!

MOORE: I'm pulling back on the stick as hard as I can.

We'll -- gee whiz...

DURANTE: WHAT HAPPENED?

MOORE: My lollipop came apart. Jimmy, make sure the film

doesn't get wet -- we're going to have to jump. *here we go -*

*Durante:* *Oh right - here we go*  
SOUND: DESCENDING SLIDE WHISTLE...TWO SPLASHES

DURANTE: WELL, WE MADE IT. HOW *are* YOU FEELING, JUNIOR?

MOORE: Oh, I feel just fine and dandy - ooh, that swordfish.

Jimmy, is the film okay? Did it get wet?

DURANTE: DON'T WORRY. THE FILM'S DRY AS A BONE. I'M SURE.

MOORE: How can you be sure?

DURANTE: I LEFT IT UP IN THE PLANE!

MUSIC: (PLAY-OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

MCGEEHAN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week. Tonight we salute Captain Frank Lillyman, of Syracuse, New York, the first Allied soldier to land on the soil of France in the invasion. First soldier to jump from the lead plane of the first flight. In your honor, Captain Lillyman, 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 almost four million Yanks with free shows and free Camels.

ORCHESTRA: <sup>Theme</sup> ~~(INTO "WHO WILL BE WITH YOU")~~

"THE CAMEL SHOW" -27<sup>th</sup> 28 -  
6/16/44

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 Harry Savoy; and next Friday listen to Georgia Gibbs, Roy Barge and his Orchestra, yours truly, Howard Petrie.

MOORE: And Garry Moore.

DURANTE: AND JIMMY DURANTE.

BOTH: IN PERSON.

(APPLAUSE)

*Good night, Garry - Good night, Jimmy -  
And don't forget to see - - -*

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP ... FADE FOR:)

*Overlapped by Durante ad lib.*

PETRIE: (And remember...try Camels on your throat and your taste.)

See for yourself how Camel's mildness, coolness and flavor click with you!

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP)

(APPLAUSE)

(BOARD FADE)

(SWITCH TO STUDIO FIVE FOR HITCH-HIKE)

(ADDITIONAL CLOSING IF CUED BY PHIL COHAN)

51454 5392

SHIELDS: (IN STUDIO FIVE)

Every pipesmoker usually has his pet pipe -- including that dad of yours. And to him, it's more than a bowl fitted to a stem...it's a friend, a companion in work and play. Nothing's too good for such a pipe -- and its owner -- and that's why we suggest a big red pound or half pound package of Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco as a Father's Day present. Mild, rich flavor and aroma. No-bite treated. And crimp cut to pack perfectly, draw freely, and burn clean. An ideal gift for Father's Day next Sunday, June eighteenth.

ANNCR: This is CBS...the COLUMBIA....BROADCASTING SYSTEM.