

**NAME OF SHOW**

THE CAMEL COMEDY CARAVAN  
STARRING XAVIER COUGAT AND  
HIS ORCHESTRA

---

**RANGE OF DATES**

1/43 TO 3/43

---

**SOME WKS. MISSING**

YES — NO

AS  
BROADCAST

WILLIAM ESTY COMPANY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAMEL COMEDY CARAVAN

10:00 - 11:00 PM  
Friday, January 8, 1943

EWT - COLUMBIA

Program # 27

CAST

JIMMY WALLINGTON, ANNOUNCER

LANNY ROSS, MASTER OF CEREMONIES

GROUCHO MARX

~~JOAN BENNETT~~ *Maureen O'Sullivan*

HERB SHRINER

GEORGIA GIBBS

LEW LEHR

XAVIER CUGAT AND HIS ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS

51453 0002

THE CAMEL COMEDY CARAVAN

ROUTINE

JANUARY 8th, 1943

1. OLD GLORY ROSS
2. LEHR
3. *Chin Chin*  
~~TO BE CHOSEN~~ CUGAT

--FIRST COMMERCIAL--

4. MOONLIGHT MOOD GIBBS
- 5 GROUCHO MARX - ~~JOAN BENNETT~~ *Maurice O'Sullivan*

--O. W. I. ANNOUNCEMENT--

--STATION BREAK--

6. *Light Must Fall*  
~~TO BE CHOSEN~~ CUGAT
7. HERB SHRINER SPOT

--SECOND COMMERCIAL--

8. DEARLY BELOVED ROSS
9. OLIO SPOT
10. OLD GLORY ROSS-ENSEMBLE
11. CLOSING

THE CAMEL CARAVAN

JANUARY 8, 1943

10:00 - 10:45 P.M. EWT

PROGRAM 27

AS PROGRAM TAKES THE AIR, AUDIENCE, CHORUS, CAST  
AND ORCHESTRA ARE LAUGHING. AFTER 3-5 SECONDS...

WALLINGTON: (LAUGHING) This is the Camel Comedy Caravan.

PYRAMID CHORDS

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

COMEDY CARAVAN THEME, FULL AND FADE FOR ...

WALLINGTON: The new Camel Comedy Caravan, with Lanny Ross, Groucho Marx, <sup>Maureen O'Sullivan</sup> ~~Jean Bennett~~, Lew Lehr, Herb Shriner, Georgia Gibbs and the music of Xavier Cugat ... Brought to you tonight from New York and Hollywood by Camel, the cigarette that's mild, slow-burning, cool-smoking, rich-tasting - better - because Camels are matchlessly blended of costlier tobaccos. Get a pack tonight! Let your throat and your taste decide. (THEME OUT) As our curtain rises, meet your singing master of ceremonies ... Lanny Ross.

*Applause*  
"OLD GLORY"

ROSS

APPLAUSE

LANNY: Thank you and good evening, everyone. The meeting, having been called to order, will kindly relax and put its feet up on the nearest table. The business before this house tonight can be summed up in two words... laughter and melody. The first of these is laughter -- and our first practitioner <sup>of Jolly</sup> is Movietone's master of monkey-business -- Lew Lehr!

PLAY ON

APPLAUSE

(INSERT LEHR SPOT)

51453 0004

(MUSIC: . . . . PLAY ON . . .)

LEHR: (LAUGH) (TAKE) "No - I ain't gonna say it."

WALL: Lew, you've got to say it. Everybody's waiting --

LEHR: No, I won't say it!

WALL: Lew -- We can't go on till you say it. Please "Monkies  
is --

LEHR: No, I can't say "MONKIES IS THE CWAZIEST PEOPLE."

~~If I say "Monkies is the cwaziest people" it would~~  
*It* reminds me of my wife. And I'm sorry now for all the  
things I said about her. She just left me.

WALL: Your wife left you?

LEHR: Yeah, very sudden. She didn't even say goodbye. She  
went out wearing a nightgown and holding a frying pan.  
I'll never -

WALL: Wait Lew. What do you mean she went out wearing a  
nightgown and holding a frying pan?

LEHR: (LAUGH) She was getting breakfast and the stove  
exploded!

WALL: Don't worry Lew. She'll drop in on you one of these  
days.

LEHR: I hope so. (GRUNT) I don't know which pan I miss the  
most. (LAUGH) You can't get those fryin pans any more.  
Und besides she might like to read this letter I just  
got from her kid brother. He's a private in the Army.  
(AHEM) "Dear Brother-in-Law Lew; Thanks a lot for the  
Christmas present you sent me. It was just what I  
needed. A beautiful Derby Hat. I wore it on parade  
yesterday and today -- I'm the best dressed man in the  
guard house. (MORE)

CAMEL CARAVAN  
1/8/43

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LEW LEHR

LEHR:  
(CONTD)

And before I forget it, tell Mr. Cugat that the Army is a great place for Orchestra Leaders. As soon as they find out you can wave a stick (GRUNT) they put a mop on the end of it!

The Army would be a good place for you too, Brother-in-law, You'd be right at home in a pup tent (LAUGH) You've spent so much of your life in the dog-house!

Sincerely your brother-in-law-

GREGARY GREMLIN!

WALL:

He sounds like a fine boy, Lew.

LEHR:

He is, I visited him at Fort Dix last week and while I was there, I tried to enlist. First I took my physical.

WALL:

And what was the doctor's report?

LEHR:

He said, what my body needs is Vitamin Extract-er- Potassium-er--Sulphanilimide-er-sulphanilimide-(LAUGH)  
A CORSET!

WALL:

And how did you do with your I.Q.?

LEHR:

Oh fine. They asked me a lot of questions, examined my brain very carefully-and then all the Doctors got together and they unanimously awarded me the Army and Navy "E".

WALL:

Oh --- "E" for Excellence?

LEHR:

No (LAUGH) "E" for Empty! You know, Mr. Wallington, I don't think I'm normal. I was walking past a leading depot yesterday, and a big 3 ton tank dropped off the derrick and landed right on my head.

WALL:

So what makes you think you're not normal?

LEHR:

(LAUGH) It hurt!!

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CAMEL CARAVAN  
1/8/43

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LEW LEHR

WALL: Well, Lew, it's quite obvious that you weren't taken into the regular army.

LEHR: No, not quite. The General took one look at my shape and decided to save me.

WALL: If it isn't a military secret, what did he decide to save you for?

LEHR: (LAUGH) A Beachhead!

WALL: For the short time you spent in the army, Lew, how did you like it?

LEHR: Great. I had lots of fun. One morning I got up at 3:30, while everyone was sleeping, and I blew the bugle.

WALL: That must have been fun.

LEHR: YEAH (LAUGH) It took three doctors to pull the bugle out of my throat.

WALL: Well, tell us, Lew, did you run across any of those tough army Sergeants?

LEHR: Did I -- I went out drillin with the rookies. They had the meanest Sergeant I ever seen. Was he bossy. He kept yellin' at me, "Pull in your stomach, Throw out your chest. Pull in your stomach, Throw out your chest."

WALL: And did you do it?

LEHR: How could I? (LAUGH) It's all in one piece.

~~WALL: Well, knowing you, Lew, I suppose you found time for romance while you were at the Camp?~~

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CAMEL CARAVAN  
1/8/43

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LEW LEHR

LEHR: ~~(GUTE) Oh, Mr. Wallington, how you know me. I certainly did. One night, I was out with the most beautiful Blonde. She looked into my eyes, her lips was trembling. I looked into her eyes -- my lips was quiverin'. Und then -- my nose gave her a black eye, and her chin knocked my teeth out... -- And from all dat I learned a lesson.~~

WALL:

~~What lesson, Lew?~~ *Have you a poem for us tonight, Lew?*

LEHR:

~~(LAUGH) Never try to kiss a girl in a Jeep + ---~~ *th sure.* And before I go, Mr. Wallington, I'd like to dedicate a poem to one of the bravest outfits in the service -- the ~~Marines.~~ *Commandos*

(COUGH)

"I want to be a *Commando* ~~fightin' Marine~~  
Who fears no storm nor strife,  
I want to learn to slug it out,

(LAUGH) So I'll stand a chance with my wife."

APPLAUSE ----- PLAYOFF

CAMEL CARAVAN

1/8/43

ORCHESTRA INTO FIRST CUGAT NUMBER INTRO, FULL AND FADE.....

LANNY: Warm as a well-flavored helping of enchiladas ...  
solid as hemisphere solidarity ... good as a good  
neighbor can be ... that's Cugat. (MUSIC OUT FOR  
SECOND) He plays ... (MARIMBA FLOURISH) "~~Hijos de~~  
~~Buda~~" *Chiu Chiu*

HIJOS DE BUDA

CUGAT

APPLAUSE

CAMEL CARAVAN  
1/8/43

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WALL: Say, Cugat!

CUGAT: Yes, Senor Wallington!

WALL: Suppose I give you a big five-hundred-pound bomb, and --

CUGAT: I don't want it!

WALL: You don't get to keep it! Your job is to hammer it hard -- make something out of it!

CUGAT: You make something out of it! I like it the way it is!

WALL: Cugat! What if Jerry Lorigan talked like that! Why his job is to lambast away on five-hundred-pound bombs hour after hour -- and that's no cinch, even if they haven't got the T.M.T. in 'em yet: Jerry's a steel forger, and like plenty of other defense workers, he's one of our steady customers. He's said, QUOTE --

LORIGAN VOICE: There's nothing like a Camel for steady pleasure! No matter how often I smoke 'em, they never tire my taste or wear out their welcome. And Camels go easy on my throat.

WALL: UNQUOTE: Yes, and men in all the services go for Camels, too. Actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens show that with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard, Camel is the favorite. If you haven't tried a Camel recently, try a pack tomorrow, and chances are they'll be your favorite, too. You'll like the extra flavor that helps Camels to hold up, pack after pack, without going flat, no matter how many you smoke. You'll like Camel's smooth extra mildness, too -- the mildness that goes with slow burning and cool smoking.

(MORE)

map

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CAMEL CARAVAN

1/8/43

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WALL: CONTINUED: Yes, you'll find that expert blending of  
costlier tobaccos makes Camel a better cigarette!  
Your throat and your taste will tell you!

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

WALL: Camels! Get a pack tonight! Send a carton to that  
fellow in the service!

map

51453 0011

CAMEL CARAVAN  
1/8/43

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ORCHESTRA INTO INTRO TO "MOONLIGHT MOOD" FULL AND FADE ....

LANNY: (OVER MUSIC) It started as just a trickle of letters  
*to our Camel Comedy Caravan*  
from army camps as far apart as Iceland and Oahu, it  
has grown into a young flood of mail from all over  
the map of war - the letters say: "Please send us  
Georgia Gibbs at once." Gentlemen, we give you the  
sweetheart of all your regiments ... Miss Georgia.  
Her song ... "Moonlight Mood."

MOONLIGHT MOOD

GIBBS

APPLAUSE

51453 0012

ROSS: Shifting the mood from moonlight to moonshine, and we are ready for Groucho Marx in Hollywood. With Maureen O'Sullivan as his leading lady, Groucho tonight essays an emotional role of tremendous depth <sup>length and all around reworks</sup> ~~and not a little downright depravity.~~ MISS O'Sullivan, are you prepared to brave the perils that are certain to be part of your task tonight.

(SWITCH OVER TO HOLLYWOOD), (CUE NUMBER ONE)

O'SULLIVAN: (IN HOLLYWOOD), I hope so, Lenny. You may fire when ready, Groucho.

GROUCHO: Miss O'Sullivan, considering my dramatic talents, I must ask you, hereafter, to refer to me as

"J. Thorndyke" Marx.

O'SULLIVAN: J. Thorndyke! What does that stand for?

GROUCHO: Well, the J stands for G -- the G stands for my girl -- and she stands for plenty.

O'SULLIVAN: Maybe I'd better get out of this play, before it's too late. So long, Groucho.

GROUCHO: Miss O'Sullivan, wait. I plead with you. I appeal to you as a woman.

O'SULLIVAN: Hmmmm. You hardly appeal to me as a man.

GROUCHO: Touche, Miss O'Sullivan, touche. I don't know what that means but it gives a nice fancy touch to things. Anyhow -- let's get going, Johnny, before she gets going.

MUSIC: (ORGAN PLAYING "HOME SWEET HOME" UP AND QUIETLY UNDER FOLLOWING:)

ANNCR: Very well, Groucho. (DRAMATIC) Groucho Marx and Maureen O'Sullivan! Tonight, they are John and Mary Thorndyke. Ah -- what a pair...what a PEACH of a pair, John, the vibrant and vivacious, in the cloak of Groucho Marx...and Mary, his splendid spouse, in the shoes of Maureen O'Sullivan. A stranger, gazing at their quiet stucco home by the waterfall, could hardly have guessed the furies and passions beating within, and yet -- all day long a heated argument has been raging. (MUSIC OUT) And now, as evening falls, we find John and Mary cooling off in their hammock on the porch. John speaks.

JOHN: It's no use, Mary, it's no use. We can't keep this up.

MARY: You mean...

JOHN: Yes, I do. I'm through -- through rocking on this hammock...back and forth -- back and forth...it gets monotonous.

MARY: Well, how else could you rock?

JOHN: To and fro is a good way...Really, Mary, sometimes I wish you'd gone to school.

MARY: John, you haven't given me your decision yet about the money for Olive.

JOHN: Olive? Who's Olive?

MARY: John, Olive is that daughter of ours.

JOHN: Which daughter?

MARY: We have only one daughter, John.

JOHN: Hm. That simplifies it. That must be the one, then.

MARY: Please, John, I want to speak to you about her.

JOHN: Is it about money again?

MARY: Yes, John,

JOHN: What did you say?

MARY: I said "Yes, John."

JOHN: John? Who's John?

MARY: You're John, dear,

JOHN: That's right -- so I am. I must remember that.  
What were we talking about?

MARY: About Olive?

JOHN: Olive? Who's Olive?

MARY: Our daughter, John.

JOHN: Oh, yes, That girl thinks I'm made of money. She's  
too extravagant. Not one cent, Mary, not one red cent.

MARY: Oh, John, she's young -- she's beautiful, You know,  
John, you're only young and beautiful once.

JOHN: Oh, Mary, I'm not so young,

MARY: I don't think I can stand it much longer, the way you  
two act. We sit at dinner -- Olive staring at you,  
you staring at Olive. You don't speak, Why? Don't  
you like Olive?

JOHN: I like pickles...I'll have to cultivate a taste for  
Olive.

MARY: John, it's terrible. The very atmosphere is charged.

JOHN: I meant to speak to you about that, Mary -- everything  
around here is charged....

MARY: But I'm not asking for myself John -- it's Olive.

JOHN: Olive? Who's Olive?

MARY: Please -- she's our daughter.

JOHN: Hm. We have a lot of children, haven't we?

MARY: No, just one -- and she must have nice things. John, dear, you can't refuse to give her the money.

JOHN: Oh, yes, I can. Don't forget, I worked hard for my money.

MARY: Until you married me.

JOHN: Remember, dear, I am a Thorndyke. I gave you my name in exchange for your money. Now, I have your money and you have my name. And I have my name and your money. Oh, it's all so confused -- and complicated -- and confused -- and complicated -- and confused -- and complicated...How do I get out of this?

MARY: John, I just can't have my daughter staying behind, while her friends enjoy the pleasures and niceties of life. She's a Thorndyke, John.

JOHN: Who's a Thorndyke?

MARY: Olive -- our daughter.

JOHN: Naturally.

MARY: Well, what do you say, John -- yes or no?

JOHN: Yes, I say "No"...Don't you see, Mary? We've got to be careful of money now, now -- of all times. Have I -- have I told you how things are down at the office?

MARY: No..

JOHN: Well.....

MARY: You mean?

JOHN: Yes..

MARY: Oh, <sup>Schmiser?</sup> I didn't know. Then, John, maybe we shouldn't.  
JOHN: No, Mary -- because I love you I'll call the bank and see if they can do something.  
MARY: Oh, you're fair, John -- and square!  
JOHN: I'm a Thorndyke...give me that phone.  
SOUND: RECEIVER UP...DIALING

JOHN: Hello, operator -- get me the Last National Bank....  
Hello, Bank? Give me the receiving teller. Hello, Receiving? How are you?...How's my balance?...What do you care who this is? I'm asking you a civil question and I expect a civil answer...All right, this is Thorndyke. Now, how do I stand?...Hm, I'm a bit surprised, myself. Is it really that bad?...It is?....  
Oh, then, I guess it is. Goodbye, Receiving.

SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN

MARY: What did he say, John?  
JOHN: He didn't say. It was after three o'clock and the bank was closed.  
MARY: Well, John, I know you'll do the right thing, as you see it. Perhaps it was wrong of me to ask you to spend the money. It was just that I felt so sorry for Olive.  
JOHN: Olive? Who's Olive?  
MARY: John! Olive is our daughter.  
JOHN: How nice. Well, if you put it that way, Mary, I can't resist. Tell ~~her~~ <sup>-- what did you say her name was? Mary - Olive</sup> she can have the money. <sup>John - Tell Olive</sup>  
MARY: Oh, John, you're wonderful -- you're fine! Olive will be so proud and happy. Oh, John, kiss me -- kiss me -- kiss me!

JOHN: Oh, stop your nagging...Can't you see I'm busy?....  
Always kissing!

MARY: But you do mean it, John -- you will give Olive the  
money?

JOHN: Yes, I'll give it to her, although it takes the last  
penny I've got. How much does she want?

MARY: Three dollars.

JOHN: Three dollars! (WHISTLES)

MARY: She wants to buy some alligator shoes.

JOHN: She'll spoil the beast...Never heard of an alligator  
wearing shoes, but I'll give her the money, Mary.

MARY: Oh, John, you're doing a noble thing!

JOHN: I'm a Thorndyke...Ah, it's nothing. Nothing's too  
good for Olive.

MARY: Olive? Who's Olive?

JOHN: Who?

MARY: Olive. Who's she?

JOHN: I don't know, but I've seen YOU some place before.

MUSIC: (ORGAN...CHORD...PLAY-OFF)  
(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA INTO "OLD GLORY" INTRO FULL AND FADE FOR...

ANNCR: Did you get a letter from a fellow in the service?  
Did you talk to somebody in a war plant? Well, there  
couldn't be any harm in making a little conversation  
with the fellow next door. He's not a spy. You might  
tell him----(MUSIC OUT)

MAN: Got a letter <sup>Today</sup> from my boy in camp. Said he might be  
able to visit Mary soon. That'll be the first time  
he's seen his sister since she moved to Boston.

ANNCR: Now that sounds innocent, doesn't it? So innocent  
that the fellow next door won't worry about repeating  
that so-and-so's boy will soon be in Boston. Somebody  
overhears, puts it together with other information  
that adds up to a troop-movement, and the result may  
be a torpedoed transport. Of course you'd never  
deliberately help the enemy. But you may without  
knowing it. Remember this rule. If you hear it,  
from someone, or read it in a letter -- don't repeat  
it. If you see it yourself, don't repeat it. Don't  
repeat anything unless you read it in a paper or  
magazine, or hear it on the radio. Loose talk costs  
lives!

CAMEL COMEDY CARAVAN THEME FULL AND FADE FOR...

WALL: The Camel Comedy Caravan will continue in just a few  
seconds with Lanny Ross, Lew Lehr, Groucho Marx, <sup>O'Sullivan</sup> ~~Maureen~~  
~~Jean-Bennett~~, Herb Shriner, Georgia Gibbs and Xavier  
Cugat.

(MORE)

map

CAMEL CARAVAN 1/8/43

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WALL: CONTINUED: Do not miss the grand free afterpiece and olio  
which will conclude Act Two, now coming up.

This is the COLUMBIA ... BROADCASTING SYSTEM

STATION BREAK

ORCHESTRA: SWELLS CARAVAN THEME, AND FADES FOR ...

LANNY: The Camel Comedy Caravan ... Act the Second . (MUSIC  
OUT) This is your good man Friday, Lanny Ross ...  
who suggests that events now slide gracefully into  
a good neighbor groove with ... (MARIMBA) Cugat!

NIGHT MUST FALL

CUGAT

APPLAUSE

map

51453 0020

CAMEL CARAVAN  
1/8/43

LANNY:           That was "Night Must Fall" ... an excellent sunset,  
Xavier,    We arrive now at tall, blond, homely  
Herb Shriner....Indiana's foreign correspondent in  
Manhattan. (START PLAYON)   Herb enters tooting his  
own harmonica, as usual.

PLAY ON           APPLAUSE

INSERT SHRINER SPOT

map

HERB SHRINER SPOT

HELLO....WELL, THIS IS THE BIGGEST WEEK I'VE SEEN THIS YEAR. LOTS OF CHANGES ARE GOIN ON...BUT AFTER ALL, THIS YEAR IS JUST A LITTLE BABY YET...YOU GOTTA EXPECT SOME CHANGES. I'LL TELL YOU ONE THING YOU'DL HAVE TO CHANGE...YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE YOUR TEMPER ANYMORE...FROM NOW ON IF YOU HIT THE CEILING YOU HAVE TO REPORT IT TO THE GOVERNMENT.

CHANGES ARE HAPPENING FAST IN THE NEWS TOO...THE OTHER DAY THE RUSSIANS TOOK NALCHIK...PROKHLADNAYA....AND TSIMLYNSSK AND IT'S HARD TO SAY WHAT TOWNS THEY'LL TAKE NEXT...IN FACT IT'S DARN NEAR IMPOSSIBLE TO SAY THE ONES THEY ALREADY TOOK.

COME TO THINK OF IT I WANTED TO PLAY A LITTLE RUSSIAN SONG FOR YOU...I HOPE YOU ENJOY IT...I LEFT A SPAGHETTI DINNER TO COME HERE TONIGHT. DON'T FEEL BAD THO, I WAS ALMOST FINISHED WITH MY SPAGHETTI.....ONLY HAD A FEW FEET TO GO.

(PLAYS RUSSIAN --- OR MAYBE SLOWER)

SAY, I THINK I FORGOT THE REST OF THE NUMBER...AIN'T THAT HARD LUCK. TCH, I'M THE KIND OF A GUY THAT WOULD EVEN GET A BUM STEER ON A MEATLESS TUESDAY. LIKE LAST NITE...I TOOK MY GIRL OUT TO CELEBRATE NEW YEARS EVE...WELL, I KNOW IT'S A LITTLE LATE...BUT IT WAS A LOT CHEAPER LAST NITE THEN IT WAS LAST WEEK.

YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN ME, I WAS ALL DRESSED UP FORMAL...HAD A SOFT COLLAR AND A STIFF NECK. I WORE A SUIT THAT WAS ALMOST BRAND NEW....I'VE ONLY HAD IT ABOUT THREE PAYMENTS AND CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

I TOOK HER TO A NIGHT CLUB TOO...WELL, I DIDN'T EXACTLY TAKE HER IN...WE FELL IN...SOMEBODY LEFT THE MANHOLE COVER OFF.

WELL, IT WASN'T MUCH OF A NITE CLUB BUT IT WAS ALL I COULD AFFORD ON MY SMALL BUT EXORBITANT SALARY. ONLY REASON I TOOK HERE THERE WAS BECAUSE I HEARD THEY WERE SERVIN THEM NEW HORSE MEAT STEAKS. WHEN IT COMES TO FOOD I JUST SPEND MY MONEY LIKE A MAN WITH NO INCOME TAX.

I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'VE TRIED EM YET OR NOT BUT WHEN YOU'RE ORDERIN HORSE MEAT STEAKS YOU DON'T HAVE TO ORDER THE WHOLE DINNER. YOU CAN ORDER EM ALACARTE OR YOU CAN EVEN GET ONE WITHOUT THE CART.

I'LL TELL YOU ONE THING...IF YOU HAVEN'T EATEN HORSE MEAT, YOU'RE MISSING A GOOD BET. YOU SEE THE WAITERS ARE ALL EX JOCKEYS AND THEY'LL GIVE YOU TWO TO ONE WHICH STEAK WILL GET TO THE TABLE FIRST.

LIKE THE WAITER WHEN HE ORDERED MINE HE SAYS "ONE HORSEMEAT STEAK...ACROSS THE BOARD." WASN'T NO TIME AT ALL TILL HE TROTTED IT RIGHT OUT. IT WAS THE TENDEREST STEAK I EVER SAW...I ATE IT WITH A KNIFE AND WHIP. ATE IT RIGHT UP TO THE SADDLE.

BUT MY GIRL DIDN'T LIKE HERS. OF COURSE SHE'S BEEN GETTIN KINDA HOITYTOITY LATELY ANYHOW. SHE'S BEEN STUCK UP EVER SINCE SHE USED BUBBLE GUM INSTEAD OF BUBBLE BATH.

THE ONLY TROUBLE WITH THE WHOLE EVENING WAS THAT NEITHER ONE OF US ENJOYED THE FLOOR SHOW. THE DARN ACTORS TALKED AND SANG AND MADE SO MUCH NOISE MY GIRL COULD HARDLY HEAR ME PLAY MY HARMONICA.

BUT THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD CHANCE FOR ME TO PLAY RIGHT NOW. I'M GONNA PLAY FOR A BUNCH OF MARINE FRIENDS OF MINE AT CAMP ELLIOT, CALIF. THE ORCHESTRA IS GONNA JOIN ME AND AND MAY THE WORST MAN WIN. AND I HOPE I DO. HERE WE GO...

"MARINE MIMMITYNNNNNNNNNN"

CAMEL CARAVAN  
1/8/43

WALL: Part of the tradition of America, like Main Street and ham and eggs and Paul Bunyan, is that most famous advertising slogan of them all -- "I'd walk a mile for a Camel." It caught on and held because it was true then and it's true now, we believe, that a Camel smoker is more loyal to his brand, would go farther out of his way to get it if necessary, than any other smoker. We say the answer to that kind of loyalty is character -- the character in richer flavor, the extra flavor that helps Camels to hold up without going flat, pack after pack, no matter how many you smoke -- yes, and the character in mildness, too, the extra mildness that goes with slow burning and cool smoking. Test Camels in your T-Zone -- "T" for taste and "T" for throat -- your own proving ground for flavor and mildness. Then, for steady smoking you'll stick to Camels -- the cigarette that's expertly blended of costlier tobaccos. Your throat and your taste will tell you!

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

WALL: Camels! Get a pack tonight -- you'll want to buy a carton tomorrow!

*Wall:*  
 DEARLY BELOVED *Lanny Ross sings "Dearly Beloved"* ROSS  
 (NO ANNOUNCEMENT)

(APPLAUSE)

"CAMEL CARAVAN" -1-  
(SPOT NUMBER TWO)  
1/8/43

ROSS: The Camel Comedy Caravan presents now an extremely stark murder mystery entitled "The Jive Kid Murder Case" or "He Died With His Zoots On"...As our scene opens we find Herb Shriner, the jive kid himself, rendering a solo.....

MUSIC: (SHRINER PLAYS "TURKEY IN THE STRAW")

SOUND: SHOT

ROSS: Who shot Herb Shriner? Was it someone who heard him playing? Undoubtedly. But who?

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

SOUND: SIREN

VOICE: (FILTER) Calling all cars, calling all cars. Murder reported in a night club. Proceed at once and lose no time. Hurry, hurry -- cover charge goes on at eleven.... That is all.

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

SOUND: DOOR KNOCKING

WALLINGTON: Open in the name of the law. Open in the name of the law...Open in -- Aw come on, fellas -- let us in -- it's cold out here...

CUGAT: Who are you?

WALLINGTON: I'm Police Detective Wallington...How long has this man been dead?

CUGAT: This is Lanny Ross, he ain't dead. There's the body -- Herb Shriner.

WALLINGTON: Hmmm. Shot, huh...Where were you during the murder?

CUGAT: I was leading my band.

51453 0025

WALLINGTON: What were you playing?

CUGAT: "La Clavelittos De La Ranchos El Compagnero De La  
Boiero Adio Mucho."

WALLINGTON: Oh, so you won't talk, eh?...You murdered him yourself.

CUGAT: I? Little Cugy?...Oh, no, no, no. I wouldn't murder  
a musician.

WALLINGTON: Why not?

CUGAT: They got a very strong union.

WALLINGTON: Hey, you, sweet face. What's your version of the  
murder?

ROSS: Well, we were all standing around when suddenly a  
terrible scream was heard.

WALLINGTON: What did everybody do?

ROSS: Nothing. They thought it was me singing.

WALLINGTON: Oh, what's the use? There's only one man who can solve  
this case and that's the great <sup>CRIMINALIST</sup> Groucho Marx.  
Unfortunately, he's in Hollywood.

SOUND: PHONE RING, OFF HOOK (FROM NEW YORK)

WALLINGTON: Hello.

(SWITCH)

MARX: Hello, this is Detective Groucho Marx speaking. I'm  
the Western Agency for Scotland Rathbone Yard...How  
did I know you needed me? Why, that's elementary!  
I had my ear to the ground. In fact, I've been on the  
ground since New Year's Eve...Yes, Wallington, I've  
been giving your case very, very careful attention.  
Miss O'Sullivan, get off my lap.

O'SULLIVAN: I wasn't sitting on your lap.

MARX: No? Then get on...Now, Wallington, in order to help you with this case, do you mind if I skim over a book that I've just written entitled "Crime Does Not Pay -- Especially With the Twenty-Five Thousand Dollar Ceiling".....I would particularly like to call your attention to Chapter Seven entitled "Autopsy and Eva".... In this chapter, I cover a similar case which I once handled. A man was found dead. We knew it wasn't suicide because the man had everything to live for. A home, a wife, a child, and six unused coupons in his ration book...But wait -- I think I could solve this quicker from New York. I'll hop the Chief and come east. Hey, Chief, drop that papoose -- you're carrying me to New York.

SOUND: PHONE HANGS UP (IN HOLLYWOOD)

WALLINGTON: Great. Marx is taking the case.

BETTY: Oh-oh!

WALLINGTON: Who are you?

BETTY: I'm the poor harmonica player's wife. My poor husband -- we were such a happy couple.

WALLINGTON: Calm yourself, Madam. What is that in your hand?

BETTY: His life insurance policies.

WALLINGTON: Is that all you can think of at a time like this?  
His life insurance policies?

BETTY: Oh, no -- I got his will, too.

WALLINGTON: Madam, I'm sorry I have to ask you this, but do you have an alibi for the murder?

BETTY: Of course. At nine fifteen, I was in the beauty parlor.

WALLINGTON: No jury will believe that.

BETTY: But I can prove it. Here's my receipt -- fifty cents to beautify my face.

WALLINGTON: It's a double mystery. Her husband got murdered and she got robbed...Oh, where oh, where is the Great Groucho Marx?

SOUND: PHONE RING, HOOK UP (IN NEW YORK)

WALLINGTON: Hello.

(SWITCH)

MARX: Hello, this is Marx. I'm in Chicago now...Got here from California in two minutes -- Henry Kaiser arranged it for me...Right now I'm watching a suspect from my hotel window. I'm watching very carefully. Oh-oh -- she just pulled the shade down...I'll have to look for another prospect -- er -- suspect...Don't worry, I haven't forgotten your case. I'll be in New York in five minutes. Oh-oh -- the shade went up again...It may take me a little longer...Maureen, hand me my glasses.

O'SULLIVAN: I'll have to get off your lap to get them.

MARX: Then don't bother. Just give me your glasses...By the way, Wallington, I could handle this case much better if I got an advance. How about some filthy lucre?...Just send it along -- I'll wash it myself...Well, I've got to have an advance!

(CONTINUED)

MARX:  
(Cont'd)

I can't work for nothing! I have to pay the butcher,  
~~the~~ Baker and the candlestick maker... I just got a  
big bill from the candlestick maker -- the electric  
company shut off my lights... Well, don't worry --  
I'll be there in a jiffy -- my fee is two fifty.

SOUND: PHONE HANGS UP (FROM HOLLYWOOD)

WALLINGTON: Hmmmm -- hope Marx gets here soon. I'll have another  
look at the corpse.

LEHR: Just a second, everybody -- I'm from the morgue.

WALLINGTON: From where?

LEHR: From the morgue.

WALLINGTON: Who let you out?

LEHR: No, no, I'm the coroner. Lew Lehr, M.D.

WALLINGTON: You got an M.D. from a college?

LEHR: No, from my patients. M.D. -- "Majority Die."

WALLINGTON: Well, Dr. Lehr, there's the victim. I haven't touched  
a thing.

LEHR: Yes, I can see that. The harmonica's still in his  
mouth... First, we gotta test him to see if he's still  
alive.

WALLINGTON: What do we do?

LEHR: We give him a shot of sulfa -- er, we inject digita --  
er -- we administer adrena -- adrena -- we throw water  
in his puss... But first, I make out my report. How  
was he shot?

WALLINGTON: He was shot while playing "Turkey in the Straw."

LEHR: Where was he shot -- in the beginning, the middle or the end?

WALLINGTON: You're the doctor -- you find out.

SOUND: PHONE RING, HOOK UP (IN NEW YORK)

WALLINGTON: Hello.

(SWITCH)

MARX: Hello, this is Marx. I'm back in Hollywood. It's too windy in Chicago -- and the way this is going, I'm a little too windy in Hollywood... Say, Wallington, I picked up a suspect. Uh-uh, not what you think. This guy's a man... Maureen, take notes while I question this man. <sup>O'SULLIVAN: Yes sir?</sup> Wonderful secretary, O'Sullivan. Never lets her typewriter know what her shorthand is doing.... She's pretty, though....

O'SULLIVAN: I'll have to get off your lap to get my notebook.

MARX: Still on my lap, eh?... Well, Eddie Bergen may get bigger laughs than I do, but he doesn't have as much fun... ~~He and that dummy corporation.~~ Now, Maureen, I want you to be a witness while I question this man. Come over here, you rat... Where were you on the night of January sixteenth?

MAN: In Joe's Cafe.

MARX: Okay. Wanna try for the two dollar question?

MAN: I don't mind.

MARX: Before I ask you the two dollar question, I want you to tell me one thing. (VERY SWEETLY) What did you receive when you came up here?

"CAMEL CARAVAN" -7-  
(SPOT NUMBER TWO)  
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MAN: A crack on the skull with a rubber hose.

MARX: Right! And that rubber hose is guaranteed,  
~~gentlemen~~ -- not for a year -- not for a lifetime --  
but forever!...Now for the two dollar question.  
Did you know Herb Shriner?

MAN: Yes.

MARX: Well, honestly, do you think that's worth two dollars?...  
Well, Okay, for two dollars. Now for four dollars, do you  
know me?

MAN: Yes.

MARX: For eight dollars do you think I'm handsome? (PAUSE)  
No prompting from the audience, please!..Come, now,  
do you think I'm handsome?

MAN: No.

MARX: That was a pretty easy question -- I let you look at  
me...This is extremely dull -- let's skip to the  
thirty-two dollar question. Do you think that  
Dorothy Lamour would look prettier if she wore her  
sarong over one eye?

MAN: I would say...

MARX: You bet you would --. and so would I...Now for the  
sixty-four dollar question. This is a tricky one --  
who killed Herb Shriner?

MAN: I did.

MARX: Good for you. You get sixty-four dollars and the  
electric chair...Wellington, your case is solved.  
Goodbye.

SOUND: PHONE HANGS UP (IN HOLLYWOOD)

51453 0031

BETTY: Oh, goody. The murder is solved.

LEHR: Wait a minute, what do you mean the murder is solved --  
the corpse is breathing.

SHRINER: (PLAYS HARMONICA)

SOUND: TWO SHOTS

WALLINGTON: Dr. Lehr, why did you shoot Shriner?

LEHR: I'm from the morgue. Every time I bring a body back  
I get a buck.

WALLINGTON: You mean you shot him for a paltry dollar!

LEHR: Oh, no -- for harmonica players I get time and a half.

MUSIC:

(APPLAUSE)

CAMEL CARAVAN  
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OLD GLORY REPRISE (NO ANNOUNCEMENT) ENSEMBLE

LANNY: Next week, another Camel Comedy Caravan with Jack Haley, Lew Lehr, Herb Shriner, Georgia Gibbs, Xavier Cugat ...

WALL: And your good man Friday, Lanny Ross. Until then, remember that if you haven't tried a Camel recently get a pack tomorrow! Test them out with your taste and your throat. You'll see why costlier tobaccos, expertly blended, make a better cigarette. Tomorrow night, The Camel Quiz show "Thanks To The Yanks," with Bob Hawk. On Monday, "Blondie" On Thursday, "Abbott and Costello."

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

WALL: Camels! First in the service. Tomorrow night on these stations Bob Hawk in "Thanks To The Yanks."

THEME UP AND FADE FOR PRINCE ALBERT ANNOUNCEMENT IN OTHER STUDIO

map

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CAMEL CARAVAN  
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ANNCR: Mister Pipe-Smoker, you don't need an asbestos cover for your tongue! Just switch over to Prince Albert, the pipe tobacco that's no-bite treated for cool, tongue-happy smoking comfort. P.A.'s crimp out, too, and that means easy packing and drawing, and one-match stay-lit burning. You get around fifty mild, rich-tasting pipefuls in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert. Try P.A. for Pipe Appeal! It's the National Joy Smoke!

This is the COLUMBIA ... BROADCASTING SYSTEM

-fade theme 20 seconds-

11:00 PM B-U-L-O-V-A Bulova Watch Time

WABC .... NEW YORK

880 ON YOUR DIAL

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