

"CAMEL COMEDY CARAVAN"

(REVISED FINAL)

STARRING

JACK CARSON

CBS  
7:00 - 7:45 P.M. PWT  
APRIL 2, 1943

MISS LINDA DARNELL  
MR. FRANK MORGAN  
Guests

---

MUSIC: ("PERFIDIA" INTRODUCTION, HOLD LAST NOTE FOR:)

NILES: THE CAMEL COMEDY CARAVAN! -- Starring Jack Carson,  
*q HERB SHRINER*  
Frank Morgan ~~and~~ Linda Darnell! -- and presented by --

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

NILES: Camels! -- the cigarette that's extra mild, slow burning,  
cool smoking, rich tasting -- better! -- because Camels  
are expertly blended of costlier tobaccos! Let your  
throat and your taste decide!

MUSIC: (THEME, HOLD UNDER:)

NILES: Yes, Camels present a new forty-five minute show, with  
Herb Shriner, Billy Gray as little Matilda, the music  
of Freddie Rich and his orchestra, the songs of  
Connie Haines and Dudley Chamber's chorus, tonight's  
special guests, Miss Linda Darnell, and *Metro-Goldwyn Mayer's*  
~~M.G.M.'s~~ star  
of "The Human Comedy," Frank Morgan -- and starring  
Warner Brothers' new comedian -- and here he is --  
JACK CARSON!

MUSIC: (THEME TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

CARSON: (CALLING) Oh, Jerkins! Jerkins!

BLANC: Yes, Mister Carson!

CARSON: Jerkins, it's time for me to start getting ready to go to the studio for my radio program. Did you fix me a little bite to eat?

BLANC: Yes, Mister Carson -- here's a nice steak sandwich, sir.

CARSON: A steak sandwich? Isn't that steak a little thin?

BLANC: Well, to tell the truth sir, the butcher was out of steak, so I fried one of the little red coupons!  
Ha! Ha! Ha!

CARSON: Jerkins, are you trying to lay an egg?

BLANC: Oh, no, sir.

CARSON: Well, don't look now -- you just did!

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

CARSON: I'll get the phone!

SOUND: RECEIVER UP

CARSON: Hello?

VOICE: (FILTER) Hello, is this the City Dump?

CARSON: Dump! This is the Jack Carson Program!

VOICE: ---- CLOSE, WASN'T I?

SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN

CARSON: (LAUGHS WEAKLY) Fine thing -- City Dump! That brings out the scrap in me! Well, I've got to hurry and get dressed. Jerkins -- hand me a shirt!

BLANC: A clean one, sir, or are you going to wear a muffler?

CARSON: Look, Jerkins -- you don't seem to take my new program seriously -- Didn't you see some of the wires and letters that came in after last week's program?

BLANC: No, sir!

CARSON: <sup>from your tone</sup> I thought not. Get a load of this telegram I got from my studio -- "Dear Jack: Your program last week was unforgettable. Even after your program was over -- it still seemed to linger in the air." Isn't that a beautiful thought?

BLANC: If you think so, sir!

Here's another one that came this morning. I'll read it. It says: "Dear Jackass -- this is your second program --

CARSON: Let me see that wire! <sup>You READ IT wrong</sup> "Dear Jackass!" It says: "Dear Jack -- as this is your second program, we will be listening!"-- Never mind the telegrams, get me a clean shirt!

SOUND: TRICK DOOR BELL...DOOR CHIMES...LOUD RATCHET...ELECTRIC GONG AND CHINESE GONG

CARSON: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

NILES: Hello, Jack!

CARSON: Oh, it's Ken Niles.

NILES: I happened to be in the neighborhood, so I thought I'd pick you up. I dropped in to see my old boss Lou Costello down the street.

CARSON: Costello, eh? Is he going to listen to my program tonight

NILES: No. He has to wait till he gets a little stronger.

Ha. Ha. Ha.

CARSON: ~~Now, listen, Niles, you skinny old --~~

*All kidding ASIDE Niles. What did you hear about the show last week? Now about your father? Didn't he like me? Didn't he think I was funny?*

NILES: Now, wait a minute, Carson -- I AM NOT SKINNY!

CARSON: Oh, yeah? You're the only person I know who makes a career of breathing!

NILES: Well, at least I knew how to handle myself on last week's program. I wasn't a nervous wreck like you.

CARSON: What are you talking about? I wasn't a bit nervous!

NILES: You must have been nervous. Your knees were shaking!

CARSON: ~~THEY WERE NOT! THAT'S~~ the way I'm starting the applause this season!..But, all kidding aside, Ken, didn't you get any reports on last Friday's show? How about your folks? Did they like it?

NILES: They just heard the first part of the program!

CARSON: How come they didn't hear the second part?

NILES: My mother's portable radio got down off the table and crawled into the closet!

CARSON: Oh, I see. Well, how about your father? ~~Didn't he like me? Didn't he think I was funny?~~

NILES: Well, yes and no!

CARSON: What do you mean -- Yes and No?

NILES: Yes, he didn't like you and no, he didn't think you were funny!

CARSON: Well, look, Niles. Don't forget one thing. That wife of yours didn't help the show any last week!

NILES: Now, you leave my beautiful wife out of this!

CARSON: Beautiful? Are you kidding? She's got a face like an unmade bed!

SOUND: TRICK DOORBELL...CHIMES...LOUD RATCHET...COW BELLS AND A PEANUT WHISTLE

CARSON: COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ALLMAN: I saw your car out in front, Kenneth!

CARSON: Oh, it's you, Mrs. Niles. Well, let's not beat around the bush -- what do you know that's nasty?

ALLMAN: Oh, so that's the way it is, Mister Carson?

CARSON: Yes, that's the way it is. I'm the kind of a guy who takes the cow by the horns!

ALLMAN: That shows how stupid you are. A cow has no horns!

CARSON: No wonder I always get milk!

NILES: Listen, dear -- Mister Carson was casting aspersions on your performance last week.

CARSON: Well, I just feel that the program is a little cluttered.

ALLMAN: I could interpret that to mean that you don't want me around.

CARSON: You could -- but would you? The truth is, Mrs. Niles -- I want women working with me who are close to my own age!

ALLMAN: How old do you think I am?

CARSON: Oh, I'd say about forty.

ALLMAN: I'll take that.

CARSON: Take it? YOU SNAPPED AT IT!

NILES: Look here, Carson. I think my wife's appearance is very youthful. Just look at her profile. Hasn't she got a beautiful chin?

CARSON: Yes, she has. My favorite is the third one from the top!

ALLMAN: It's no use, Kenneth. He wants a girl to make a fool of him like Paulette Goddard did last week. He doesn't realize that I could do him more good.

*Let's take it.*  
CARSON: There's no use arguing, Mrs. Niles. Tonight, I'm doing a love scene with Linda Darnell!

ALLMAN: You doing a love scene! What do you know about love?

CARSON: *What do you know about love?*  
~~Plenty.~~ I drove a taxi for five years. JERKINS!...

JERKINS! Where is my clean shirt --

SOUND: TRICK DOORBELL...DOOR CHIMES...ELECTRIC BELL AND RUBBER

BIRD

CARSON: Side door!

SOUND: DOOR OPENING

CARSON: OH -- it's my clean shirts. What kept you, laundryman?

BLANC: Are you talking on top of me, Senor?

CARSON: Yes, I'm talking on top of you. What took you so long to get here with my shirts?

BLANC: I stopped to kiss my girl friend, Rosita!

CARSON: Oh, you stopped to kiss your girl friend! Didn't you realize that I was waiting for you?

BLANC: Yes, but I'd still rather kiss Rosita!

CARSON: I have a good notion to report you. What's your name?

BLANC: Oh, my name. She is Don Pablo Gonzales Rodriguez Y Porfirio, San Fernando, San Francisco, Nabisco,

CARSON: *Juan Mesquito Acosta Montenegro -- Junior!*  
*on 2nd thought, maybe I won't report you!*  
Well, after this, Pablo -- try to be more prompt with my laundry. I'm Jack Carson -- the Radio Star!

BLANC: Oh, radio -- Si! I had a cousin on the radio. He was a saxophone player but he was so bad he finally become a dentist.

CARSON: That's quite a change -- from a saxophone player to a dentist.

BLANC: I don't know, Senor. He is still making false toots!

CARSON: False toots! Did you ever hear such a horrible gag?

ALLMAN: Then why are you writing it down?

CARSON: Who's writing it down? If you must know, I'm writing a letter to my mother.

ALLMAN: Do you always write them on your cuff?

CARSON: Yes. My mother always does my white shirts -- ~~Sharty~~  
By the way, Pablo, did you hear my program last Friday night?

BLANC: No, Senor -- but maybe my friend Pancho, he hear it.  
I ask him. OH, PANCHO!

TUGWELL: SI!

BLANC: El Senor Carson quiere conocer usted el stinko radio joko el recordo Fridayo noches?

TUGWELL: No, informe el hombre Carson por los mucho gusto radio joke en la hacienda siesta en San Luis Obispo y Avocadoes!

CARSON: What did he say? Did he hear it?

BLANC: No, Senor. He say his grandfather is snoring so loud he couldn't hear the radio.

CARSON: Ask him why he didn't wake his grandfather up?

BLANC: Oh, Pancho!

TUGWELL: Si!

BLANC: Can informe Senor Carson, conocer si usted shako el grandpa en el siesta?

TUGWELL: Informe Senor Carson, no esta aqui porque shako el grandpa siesta.

CARSON: Well, why didn't he wake him up?

BLANC: He say -- that's your job -- you put him to sleep!

CARSON: Oh, ~~is that so?~~ Well, you can get out of here!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

~~CARSON: I put his grandfather to sleep. Huh! Just for that I'll  
send all my shirts to my mother!~~

MUSIC: (PLAY OFF)

ALLMAN: Kenneth.

NILES: Yes, darling.

ALLMAN: I've been an awful wife.

NILES: Oh, no, no honeybunch!

ALLMAN: Other wives help their husbands with their work.

NILES: You don't need to, sweet. I just like to think of you as  
something fragile, something delicate -- something useless.

*ALLMAN: You DEAR Boy*

Kenneth can tell the people about Camels all by himself.

(SHIFTING INTO COMMERCIAL VOICE) Now, folks, the best way  
to prove to yourself that Camels are better is to try 'em  
out in your T-Zone -- "T" for taste and "T" for throat --  
your own proving ground for flavor and mildness.

ALLMAN: Kenneth, I don't think you made that clear.

NILES: Uh -- now, sweet --

ALLMAN: Like this. "T" for Taste -- um -- yum -- yum -- yum. "T"  
for throat -- (SINGS -- AND LET THE FLATS FALL WHERE THEY  
WILL) Do -- me -- so -- do!

*Useless.*  
NILES: Now, the idea is that people will like Camels. Their tastes  
will tell them that Camels have more flavor, the kind that  
helps Camels wear well, pack after pack, no matter how many  
they smoke. And their throats <sup>should</sup> will tell them about Camel's  
extra mildness -- the mildness that goes with slow burning  
and cool smoking.



ALLMAN: Try that again, Kenneth. Sloooooo-oo-oo-ow burning.

NILES: SLOO OO OO -- Look, Pet, we're not talking about all-day suckers. We're talking about Camels -- the cigarette that's expertly blended of costlier tobaccos. Hit it, ~~boys~~ <sup>GANG</sup>

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

NILES: Thanks, <sup>you</sup> fellows. Get a pack tonight. You'll want to buy a carton tomorrow!

MUSIC: ("WEEP NO MORE MY LADY"...HOLD UNDER:)

---

NILES: Freddie Rich's orchestra and Dudley Chambers'  
Camel Chorus with a novel arrangement of the popular  
"Weep No More My Lady"  
(APPLAUSE)

CARSON: (CALLING) Jerkins! Jerkins!

BLANC: Yes, sir!

CARSON: Jerkins -- you'd better give me the once over before I leave for the studio. I want to look my best for Linda Darnell. Tell me -- how does my suit look?

BLANC: The trousers are very tight, sir! They look like Russian army pants.

CARSON: Russian army pants?

BLANC: Yes, when you're not looking they're apt to start a new pincer movement. Ho-ho -- Ho-ho --

CARSON: Are you finished, Jerkins?

BLANC: No, one more -- HAH!

SOUND: TRICK DOORBELL...CHIMES...RATCHET...FOG HORN...SHEEP

BAAAA

CARSON: Back door! Now who could that be? COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

CARSON: Well, well, Jerkins -- look who it is -- FRANK MORGAN!  
(APPLAUSE)

MORGAN: Good evening, Jockie -- Jakie -- Jerkie --

CARSON: The name is Jack -- Jack Carson! What are you doing in this neighborhood, Frank?

MORGAN: Well -- er, Jackie, I was whiling away a few hours in a little English tavern down the street...playing a game of darts with a few of my cronies. It was quite an exciting game with plenty of competition.

CARSON: Stiff?

MORGAN: No more than the rest of them -- I was, NO, NO!  
--while we were playing, one of the boys turned on the  
radio and got your program -- by mistake, of course!  
I heard that you were having Linda Darnell as a guest  
star tonight -- so I thought I'd drop over and stroll  
down to the studio with you. You know I haven't seen  
much of you lately, Jackie!

CARSON: Now, don't try to kid me, Frank. You don't want to see  
me. You want to see Linda Darnell.

MORGAN: How can you say such a thing, my boy? What does Darnell  
mean to me. I want to see you --(WOLF) YOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

CARSON: Still a wolf, I see! <sup>WELL</sup> Take off your pelt and sit down!

~~MORGAN: Now, you've got the wrong impression of me, Jackie.  
It so happens that I've always wanted to meet  
Linda Darnell. Even as a boy I used to dream of a girl  
like her. I've always admired her type -- tall, blonde,  
statuesque'~~

CARSON: It so happens that she's short and brunette.

MORGAN: ~~er short and brunette?? er who cares! She's a girl,~~  
~~isn't she?~~ <sup>But</sup> Besides, Jackie, it seems a pity to waste such  
beauty as Miss Darnell's on a mere lad like yourself!

CARSON: Oh, I don't know about that! Some very beautiful girls  
are personal friends of mine --Ann Sheridan, for example.

MORGAN: Really?

CARSON: Certainly! Just this morning, I was walking down the  
street, and Ann passed me in her car. I waved to her!

MORGAN: Yes...?

CARSON: The chauffeur waved back! That's only one instance, Frank I meet a lot of pretty girls -- after all, I'm in pictures, too'

MORGAN: Oh yes, of course. er, didn't I see you in "Mr. Pitt"?

CARSON: No, I wasn't in that'

MORGAN: Oh, I see -- wrong Pitt! I must have been thinking of some other prune.

CARSON: Is that so? Well, I happened to see you in your new picture "THE HUMAN COMEDY" and you were nothing but a drunken telegrapher.

MORGAN: Jackie, my boy, your ignorance of the art of acting is only exceeded by your banality. You have no idea how difficult it is to portray the role of a drunken telegrapher.

CARSON: Yes. I suppose you had to LEARN to be a telegrapher.

MORGAN: That's right. The other part of it was --WHAT AM I SAYING?? I'll have you know, I was very proud of my role as a telegrapher I'd dash in and dash out and DOT's DOT'

*(loses place) CARSON: ANYTHING AT ALL.*

CARSON: Dot is awful'

MORGAN: But seriously, Jack, William Saroyan's Human Comedy is a great story. It's true that I play a drunkard, but I have a great part. You see, a young boy catches me drinking and reforms me. That's where Rooney comes in!

CARSON: Oh, they slipped you a mickey! Frank, I know why you're here, and you're not going to meet Linda Darnell.

MORGAN: What a selfish attitude. That's why I'm in favor of rationing! Furthermore, Jackie -- this is a rare chance for you to watch my technique in love making! Why my experiences in the gentle art of amour have been world-wide in their scope! ~~I've been successful all over~~ -- name any country on the face of the globe!

CARSON: Japan!

MORGAN: M'boy, I said --FACE! For example, Jackie, I conveniently happen to remember the last junket I made to Hindustan. What a lovely country -- as soon as I arrived there and (saw their beautiful women), I decided to make a study of their colorful language!

CARSON: You mean you picked a little Hindu?

MORGAN: Yes, and she was the cutest little number --OH, YOU MEAN THE LANGUAGE! HAHAHA! Yes, and in no time, I -- Frank Morgan -- became a full-fledged Hindu!

CARSON: ~~Fakir, of course?~~

MORGAN: ~~Of course, I've always been a fak~~ --NOW YOU STOP THAT, JACKIE! One night, I was lying on the banks of the Ganges!

CARSON: Lying, as usual?

MORGAN: Yes -- No! Suddenly, in the midst of this quiet, serene and moonlit night, an enchanting Hindu maiden tripped past me, and then stopped in her tracks!

CARSON: Why didn't you let go of her ankle!

MORGAN: <sup>would you</sup> That's beside the point! But before I could take her into my arms, her boy friend came at me waving a huge scimitar! He was a big hulk of a man,

MORGAN:  
(Cont'd)

Sultan At-fay Eli-bay!! But I wasn't worried, Jackie...  
I wasn't afraid of him for an instant, because in my right  
hand I held a club!

CARSON:

Two hearts!

MORGAN:

Three spades!

CARSON:

Four no trump!

MORGAN:

Don't change the subject! ~~I finally convinced~~  
At-fay Eli-bay that we could settle the whole thing with a  
game of chance.

CARSON:

What was the game, Frank?

MORGAN:

Spin the Bottle. We passed the bottle around and soon we  
were all spinning --er --yes! Even though it was a  
small game, I won five hundred of the Sultan's wives --  
but I refused to accept them.

CARSON:

Why not?

MORGAN:

How would you like to get up in the morning and find a  
~~thousand silk stockings hanging in the bathroom?~~

SOUND:

DOOR CHIMES, RATCHET, SOMETHING BREAKS AND FALLS TO FLOOR

CARSON:

(YELLS) Just A MINUTE! WHO'S MONKEYING AROUND WITH MY  
DOORBELL!

SOUND:

DOOR OPENS

GRAY:

I'M ON'Y TREE AND HALF YEARS OLD!!

(APPLAUSE)

CARSON:

Matilda! Why are you hanging around my house?

GRAY:

I wanna go with you to the studio.

CARSON:

I'm leaving in a few minutes.

GRAY:

Uncle Jack, who's the man with the funny moustache?

CARSON:

Now Matilda--!

GRAY: It's the first time I ever saw a face with a built-in toothbrush!

MORGAN: HAAAA! Your face looks familiar, little girl --didn't I meet you in a grease pit out at Lockheed!

CARSON: Matilda, this gentleman happens to be Frank Morgan!

GRAY: Frank Morgan from the Maxwell House Coffee program? Oh, goody! Tell me a lie, Mr. Morgan.

MORGAN: Look here, Carson, who is this Junior Mess?

CARSON: Oh, she's just a little girl on my program. You might call call her a mascot.

MORGAN: That isn't the word I had in mind!

CARSON: Listen, Matilda run along home and wash your ~~dirty~~ face.

GRAY: I don't wanna wash my face!

MORGAN: I always washed my face when I was your age!

GRAY: Yes , and look at it now!

MORGAN: Haha! Dear child -- I wish you were a pipe organ so I could play you with my feet.

CARSON: Frank, you shouldn't say those things!

MORGAN: Let's stop all this banter with <sup>(LOSES PLACE)</sup> this toddling termite, <sup>fit in 16 of the</sup> <sup>SOMEHOW</sup> and go down to your studio. I want to meet Linda Darnell!

GRAY: Linda Darnell is a friend of mine!

MORGAN: I DON'T CARE WHO'S A FRIEND OF -- What? A friend of yours. Well, come here, little tot -- here's a nice lollypop for you.

GRAY: Sucker?

MORGAN: Yes, but take it anyway!

"CAMEL COMEDY CARAVAN" -15-  
4/2/43

CARSON: Never mind, Morgnn, stop trying to bribe Matilda --you're not going to meet Linda Darnell. Anyway, Matilda, how do you know her?

GRAY: I worked in her last picture -- I used to help her dress.

CARSON: That's ridiculous .how could you do that? They only use big dressers'

GRAY: I know, but I'm a small dresser with short drawers.

CARSON: GET OUTTA HERE!

MUSIC: ("LET'S GET LOST", HOLD FOR:)

NILES: Here's Connie Haines to sing the new hit song

"Let's Get Lost"!

(APPLAUSE)



SOUND: STREET NOISES, AUTO HORNS IN BACKGROUND, ETC.

---

CARSON: Now see here, Frank, I'm not going to let you go into the studio with me. This is my broadcast - you have one of your own!

MORGAN: I want to meet Linda Darnell! I never get to talk to any girls on my program.

CARSON: You have Baby Snooks.

MORGAN: Yeah, but her Daddy's always around!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS, CUT STREET NOISES

---

CARSON: Listen, Frank, I'll tell you what -- you wait here in the hall. Let me meet Linda first, and then I'll call you in.

MORGAN: Well-er - all right, Jackie -- but remember, now - no double-crossing!

CARSON: I WON'T DOUBLE CROSS YOU! Wait here!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

---

CARSON: Humph! The old wolf, standing out there, drooling!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

---

MORGAN: That's a lie - it's raining out here!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

---

NILES: Jack Carson! Where have you been! You're late for the broadcast!

ALLMAN: Yes, and I've been waiting to do the big love scene with you.

CARSON: Mrs. Niles! I'm going to play this love scene with Linda Darnell!

ALLMAN: (SCORNFULLY) Linda Darnell! Hmph! Take away her youthful figure, her peaches-and cream complexion, and her million dollar legs - and what've you got???

CARSON: YOU!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS, OFF

MORGAN: (OFF) Jackie, can I meet the lovely lady yet?

ALLMAN: (BUBBLY) OHH, MR. MORGAN, I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS!

MORGAN: Oh-ho-ho! WRONG DOOR!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS!

LINDA: Pardon me, is this the Frank Morgan program?

CARSON: NOW WAIT A MINUTE, THIS IS -- Oh, gosh! I'm sorry. (UP)  
Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like you to meet our guest, the  
charming Twentieth Century-Fox star - MISS LINDA DARNELL!  
(APPLAUSE)

CARSON: Look, Linda, my name is Jack Carson - FROM WARNER BROTHERS!  
What d'ya mean, is this the Frank Morgan program?

LINDA: Well, Mr. Morgan just called me and told me to come right  
down and put myself in his hands!

CARSON: What hands? - you mean CLAWS! .. his ears even come to a  
point! Linda, let's forget Frank - this is my night to  
howl! ... I've written a beautifully tender love scene -  
just for you and me.

LINDA: Let's skip it, Jack -- frankly you're not my type. And  
frankly, I don't think you're the romantic type at all.

CARSON: You don't! Haven't you heard what Paulette Goddard called  
me last week? - Hot Lips Carson!

LINDA: Personally, I'd give you a rating of fifty per cent on  
sex appeal.

CARSON: Only fifty per cent?

LINDA: Yes - you have sex - but no appeal!

CARSON: No, seriously Linda - I can hardly believe that you're here  
with me at last. I feel like I'm dreaming...I know it's  
silly, but I've been standing here pinching myself.

LINDA: For your information, you've been pinching me!

CARSON: Ha! I'm not so silly after all!

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK ... DOOR OPENS

MORGAN: (CALLS, OFF) Say, Jackie - isn't it time yet?

CARSON: No, it isn't time yet!

MORGAN: Well, when will it be time???

CARSON: I'll let you know when it's time!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

LINDA: What was that?

CARSON: THE MARCH OF TIME! ... Gee, ~~Linda after the program~~  
tonight, will you go out dancing with me? How about a  
little jitterbugging?

LINDA: But Jack - do you know how to jitterbug?

CARSON: Sure - you just close your eyes and pretend you're  
wrestling in the mud! (I've been wrestling with that  
joke all day!)

~~LINDA: I don't think I want to go dancing with you Jack---~~

CARSON: <sup>GEE</sup> Oh Linda, can't you be nice to me? - I'm harmless!

LINDA: I'M SORRY!

CARSON: I'm disgusted!

GRAY: I'M ON'Y TREE AND HALF YEARS OLD!

LINDA: Well, hello Matilda.

GRAY: Hello, Miss Darnell. Uh- Uncle Hot Lips...?

CARSON: STOP THAT!

GRAY: If you're having trouble kissing Linda Darnell, I can give  
you some tips - I had my first kiss a year ago.

LINDA: Matilda - do you mean you were kissed when you were only two and a half years old??

GRAY: Well, it wasn't 'zactly a kiss -- some little boy and me were eating the same licorice stick -- and I ATE PAST MY HALF! (LAUGH)

CARSON: (EVENLY) Matilda - go outside and play with your doll.

GRAY: No - I wanna stay her an' watch you play with your doll!

CARSON: GET OUT OF HERE!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

CARSON: Now we're alone again, Linda - won't you please let me kiss you?

LINDA: Well, I 'don't know, Jack. Last month in New York, Charles Boyer kissed me. He was so suave.

CARSON: I can be suave.

LINDA: He put his arms around me, held me close, and then tenderly kissed me.

CARSON: I'll be glad to do that.

LINDA: THIS OFFER IS NOT GOOD WEST OF THE ROCKIES!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

MORGAN: (OFF, CALLS) Jackie, isn't it time yet?

CARSON: (ANSWERS) No it isn't time!

MORGAN: I'M COMING IN ANYWAY!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS SHARPLY

CARSON: Morgan, I told you to wait till I called you!

MORGAN: Wait till you called me??? - a man can get old that way, haha!

CARSON: Now take it easy, Frank; act like a gentleman - be careful what you say!

MORGAN: Don't tell me how to handle myself with women -- I always use the subtle approach....come on, Linda, let's neck!

CARSON: Morgan, wait'll I introduce you....Linda, may I present Frank Morgan.

MORGAN: The star of The Human Comedy.

CARSON: And don't forget about me!

LINDA: Oh yes - the human tragedy! .....Mr. Morgan, I've heard a great deal about you -- and how well you get along -- with women!

MORGAN: (LAUGHS) You see there, Jackie --- you're right, my dear, ~~I have women in the four corners of the world!~~

CARSON: You have, Frank????

MORGAN: Yes, but I can't get them out of the corner -- HOW'D THAT GET IN HERE!

CARSON: Don't pay any attention to him, Linda - you know his reputatation for lying!

MORGAN: Are you serious, Jackie -- I come from a long line of lovers. Take my uncle, Pucker-Up Morgan...! He can kiss a girl for one solid hour without coming up for air!

LINDA: Oh, Frank!

MORGAN: Of course it's more fun when he takes the gas mask off!  
(LAUGHS) WHATTA KISSER!

CARSON: Listen, you coffee Casanova -- I don't believe you ever had a date with a girl in your life!

MORGAN: What! Do you remember that pretty little blonde girl at the information desk? Well, I had a date with her last night!

CARSON: You don't mean that dumb blonde??? Frank, she's not all there!

~~MORGAN: I know, but there was enough of her to make it worthwhile!~~  
(LAUGHS)

4/1/43

LINDA: I think this all very silly. ~~Why would you two boys fight over me.~~

~~MORGAN: That's right, Jackie - haven't you any place to go?~~

CARSON: Oh no you don't - listen, you kiss Linda Darnell and then I'll kiss, <sup>her</sup> and she'll decide who's the better man. Is that all right with you, Linda?

LINDA: Yes, if it'll stop the argument.

CARSON: Go ahead, Frank, you first -- age before beauty!

MORGAN: <sup>you should say experience</sup> Haha - are you ready, my dear -- here we go ----!

SOUND: LONG KISS

LINDA: Oh Frank -- my head is spinning. <sup>MORGAN: They all do that.</sup> ..your kiss is like a sparkling drink! *Champagne.*

MORGAN: (LAUGHS) It is, eh? -- go ahead, Jackie! It's your turn.

CARSON: Just watch this, Morgan!

SOUND: KISS

CARSON: Well, Linda - was my kiss like a drink?

LINDA: Yes, it was.

CARSON: Champagne?

LINDA: No....pass the pretzels!

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: Listen to this line, and guess where you might hear it, on a bomber, a destroyer, or in a foxhole --

VOICE: He wasn't long out of boot camp, but the way he handled that ~~X~~ Gun, you'd have thought he'd been thrown ash cans all his life.

NILES: The answer's a Destroyer, of course, and translated from Navy lingo, it means that the sailor, fresh out of the training station, was getting handy with depth charges. Another line you might hear on a destroyer is-

VOICE: Sure I'll have a Camel. They're four-0 with me.

NILES: Meaning he likes 'em -- which you might expect, since Camels are the favorite with men in all the services, according to actual sales records in stories where the men spend their own money for cigarettes. So just remember Camels -- Camels -- when you're thanking that Yank with a carton. Send him the cigarette with more flavor, the extra flavor that helps Camels wear well, pack after pack, no matter how many you smoke. Get Camels for yourself, too. You'll like the way they're extra-mild, because Camels are cool smoking and slow burning....because Camels are expertly matchlessly blended of costlier tobaccos.

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

NILES: Camels. Get a pack tonight. Let your throat and your taste decide...And here's news for servicemen: this week the big Camel busses will roll into ten more camps, bringing great free entertainment for your men. Watch for these shows, fellas - we hope you enjoy them!

MUSIC: (SHORT PLAYOFF)

CARSON: The Camel Caravan must pause for a few seconds, ladies and gentlemen -- but don't go 'way! We'll all be back with more music - and I think you'll have a lot of fun listening to our Vaudeville show tonight. Meanwhile, here's Kon Niles with some mighty important information --

NILES: This is the COLUMBIA.....BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

MUSIC: (PENTHOUSE THEME, SUSTAIN THIRTY SECONDS UNDER STATION  
BREAK AND)

NILES: (ON CUE) The Camel Comedy Caravan continues from Hollywood starring Jack Carson, with Frank Morgan and Linda Darnell, <sup>AND HERE'S JACK CARSON</sup> ~~as our guests!...Now, a musical 'first' for~~ the Camel Caravan; we present for the first time on the air, three hit songs from a new Broadway show by Dick Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein, the second. Here's Freddie Rich and Dudley Chambers' Chorus to start with the little song -- "OKLAHOMA!"

MUSIC AND CHORUS: ("OKLAHOMA...MODULATE AT FINISH UNDER)

NILES: (ON CUE) Now, a lovely ballad from the same score -- The Camel Chorus tells us about "Boys and Girls Like You and Me!"

MUSIC AND CHORUS: ("BOYS AND GIRLS LIKE YOU AND ME!" MODULATE AT  
FINISH, UNDER)

NILES: (ON CUE) Here's Connie Haines to sing the old-fashioned rhythmic novelty from "Oklahoma" -  
"The Surrey with the Fringe On Top!"

MUSIC AND CONNIE: ("SURREY WITH THE FRINGE ON TOP" -- END MEDLEY WITH

CHORUS: ("REPRISE LAST PART OF "OKLAHOMA")

(APPLAUSE)



THANKS KEN

CARSON: ~~This is Jack Carson, ladies and gentlemen --~~ and now it's time on the Camel Caravan for our little vaudeville show! Freddie, suppose you and the chorus start off with the theme song....

MUSIC AND CHORUS: (.....Pull up a Camel and light up a chair,  
Jack Carson's Vaudeville show's on the air;  
With Frank Morgan, as our guest,  
And lovely Linda Darnell to add to the zest;  
Also Jack Carson, that gay, debonair  
Host of the Vaudeville show of the Air!--  
Ready to open his Friday night stand,  
(And) He'll break his neck if you give him a hand;  
So ring up the curtain and strike up the band  
For JACK CARSON'S VAUDEVILLE SHOW!

CARSON: Thank you, folks. Tonight we have a real treat for you -- we're going to take you back through the years to your good old school days - with a sketch entitled "PROFESSOR FRANK MORGAN'S SCHOOL HOUSE FROLICS!"  
(And watch for me - I play a little kid, folks!)

MUSIC AND CHORUS: (.....School days, school days,  
Dear old golden-rule days,

MORGAN: Good morning, dear children,  
Be seated, please --  
Frank Morgan will teach you your A,B,C's --

DARNELL: I'm Linda Darnell, the teacher's pet,

CARSON: Frank Morgan, the wolf, will get you yet,

CHORUS: Now that the school-room stage is set,  
Let's all be like troublesome kids...(YELLS)

SOUND: SCHOOL BELL

~~MORGAN: (YELLS) All right, children -- everybody in the school-house this instant, do you hear! QUIET!~~

SOUND: LOUD HAMMERING

MORGAN: Jackie Carson! Stop knocking your head against the wall -- you're making the principal's picture hang lopsided!

CARSON: I'm sorry, teacher. Here, I brought you an orange for a present!

MORGAN: An orange? HAHA, you sweet little rat! -- don't you know that good boys bring their teacher an apple.

CARSON: Not me -- last term I brought my teacher, Miss Garfinkle, an apple.

MORGAN: What happened?

CARSON: ~~The worm got promoted!~~ *Quiet Quiet*

MORGAN: (~~HITS CARSON ON THE HEAD~~) Now be seated, children, and answer the roll call -- Kenneth Niles?

NILES: Here....

MORGAN: Connie Haines.

CONNIE: Here.

MORGAN: Our Glee Club?

CHORUS: (SINGS) C...A...M...E...L present!

MORGAN: ~~Ha ha -- flat, as usual!~~

NILES: ~~No they're not, teacher -- Camels are never flat!~~

~~MORGAN: Kenny Niles! Stick to your character!~~

Linda Darnell -- my sweet little child, are you present?

DARNELL: I'm sitting in my seat.

FRANK: (WRYLY) Jack Carson?

CARSON: Same seat!

MORGAN: That's my sea -- no! No! Get out of there!

~~Fabio Gonzales?~~

~~BLANC: Are you talking on top of me, Senor???~~

MORGAN: Are you present or not???

BLANC: I am sitting in my seat up to it!

MORGAN: Where is little Pancho?

BLANC: Wait, I ask him, Senor -- OH PANCHO-O-O-O!

TUGWELL: (OFF) Si.

BLANC: (CALLS) El senor teacher quantro arrives porsando formando presente amente?

TUGWELL: (OFF) Morfiro los feliz el trosso mi segunda percado  
Coranada la vista bravista la Cienega, ho-o-o-key.

MORGAN: What did he say?

BLANC: Human Comedy, mos' great picture!

MORGAN: He did, eh? -- He knows what side his report card's  
battered on!

NILES AND CARSON: (LOUD ARGUMENTS)

MORGAN: (YELLS) Jackie! Kennie! Stop that noise! What are you  
two fighting about?

CARSON: Kenny Niles wants to dip his pen in my inkwell, and he'd  
better not!

NILES: I will so!

CARSON: Teacher, he's putting his pen in my inkwell all term --  
he'd better not do it today!

NILES: Yes, I will -- there!

SOUND: LOUD EXPLOSION, WATER SPOUTS

MORGAN: Jackie Carson -- what happened!

CARSON: ~~I had my inkwell mined!~~

MORGAN: Stop this foolishness, and let's get to homework. (SOFTLY)  
Linda Darnell, have you prepared your spelling lesson?

DARNELL: No, I haven't teacher.

MORGAN: Have you prepared your geography lesson?

DARNELL: No, Teacher.

MORGAN: Have you prepared your arithmetic lesson?

DARNELL: No, teacher.

MORGAN: I'll have to stop taking you to the Palladium! We'd better  
take up the arithmetic lesson for the day. Well, children,  
are there any questions?

CARSON: Yes, teacher -- if the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of both sides of the triangle, what is trapazoid?

MORGAN: Are there any answers? So much for arithmetic, let's move on to ancient history! Today we'll take up the story of Noah and the Ark, and how it rained for forty days and forty nights, Jackie Carson, do you know when that took place?

CARSON: Yes -- in Fifteen hundred B.C.C.C.

MORGAN: You mean B.C.

CARSON: No, B.C.C.C. -- before California Chamber of Commerce!

MORGAN: That's silly, Jackie -- just listen to me, and I'll tell you the story of Noah --

MUSIC: (PICK UP FOR:)

MORGAN: (SINGS) Ol' Noah, what did he do?  
He built a floatin' zoo,  
For ~~camels~~ mammals, all kinds of animals,  
That's what Noah done!  
*mammals* He rescued two of a kind,  
And had his boat designed  
For muskrats, polecats, bulldogs and alley  
cats,  
That's what Noah done!

CHORUS: Who done that ?

MORGAN: Noah!

CHORUS: Who done that??

MORGAN: Noah!

CHORUS: Who done that?????

MORGAN: Noah! -- that's what Noah done!

MUSIC: (VAMP BEHIND:)

MORGAN: (TALKS, OVER MUSIC) Jackie Carson...

CARSON: Yes, teacher?

MORGAN: Repeat to the class just what Noah did....

MUSIC: (PICK UP FOR:)

CARSON: (SINGS) Ol' Noah, what did he do?  
He built a floatin' zoo,  
For horsemeat, catmeat, dogmeat and cocoanuts -  
That's what Noah done!

MUSIC: (VAMP BEHIND:)

MORGAN: Jackie Carson! Noah was not a hoarder -- ridiculous.  
Linda Darnell, I'm sure you know the lesson -- now, go  
ahead, tell us what Noah did.....

MUSIC: (PICKS UP FOR:)

DARNELL: (SINGS) Ol' Noah, what did he do?  
He built a birch canoe,  
To ride out, hide out, sail when the tide was  
out,  
That's what Noah done!

MUSIC: (VAMPS BEHIND:)

MORGAN: No! No! My dear -- to much Palladium. Now listen to  
me, and make notes --

MUSIC: (PICKS UP FOR:)

MORGAN: (SINGS) Ol' Noah, what did he do?  
He started to ballyhoo  
His peanuts, popcorn, programs, Camels, cold  
drinks, cracker-jack -- No -- that is --  
THAT'S WHAT NOAH DONE!

CHORUS: WHO DONE THAT???

MORGAN: Noah.

CHORUS: WHO DONE THAT?

MORGAN: Er -- Noah!

CARSON: That's what Morgan said!

DARNELL: He's got a big fat head!

MORGAN: (YELPS) Never mind, children, let's get to the civics  
lesson!

CHORUS: (FINISH) THAT'S WHAT NOAH DONE -- ZOOT!

MUSIC: (UP TAG)

(APPLAUSE)

MORGAN: And now, children, we'll take up our lesson civics.  
Instead of giving you the examination I planned for  
today, I've invited an important newspaperman to  
lecture on current events.

MUSIC: (START SHRINER THEME...UNDER)

MORGAN: He happens to be in Hollywood, reporting on what's  
going on for his paper in Indiana. Here he is,  
the Wabash-ful reporter -  
HERB SHRINER!

SHRINER: Hello...Thanks, Mr. Morgan. Well, here I am in my second week out here in the land of infernal sunshine. I intended to have a lot of news scoops for my paper tonight. But I keep thinkin' about the girl I met on the train comin' out here. Well, I didn't exactly meet her, I just happened to glance into her upper berth. I almost lost track of her once on the train...she gave me the slip and went into the dining car. But I caught up with her later out on the observation platform. It was kind of romantic...I had her dead to rights. I was leaning her back in my arms and her hair fell off. It was real pretty the way the moon shone down on her bald head...sorta lit up the whole place. I was tellin' her how pretty she was and I kinda turned her head... I turned it so far she couldn't get it back again. ~~Oh, every time I think of that girl my heart just melts like butter on a hot potato.~~ (She sure was some kisser.... she kissed me twelve times before I could kiss her once. I found out why later...she's a riveter.) But I better get back to the newspaper business. Shucks, you know, thinkin' about that woman, I only got one classified ad for my editor this week? It's for the help wanted column though. "Wanted...several delivery boys. Apply any day after dark at the <sup>ACME</sup> ~~Ac-Hi~~ Butcher Shop. Applicants must be fat and without relatives."

(CONTINUED)

SHRINER:  
(Cont'd)

'Course it don't have nothin' to do with the ad but the big news item out here in California seems to be the meat shortage. After lookin' it over I can explain the meat market situation very simply. Everybody gets two pounds of meat per person, per week...perhaps. ~~\*Course~~ back in New York butter interests folks more. I had some small but unimportant notes on butter this week. I don't think I'll mention 'em though. I don't want to start any rumors about butter...You know how that stuff spreads...or do you remember? Yessir in New York they tell you to make your butter go a long way. I did too....I brought mine to California. I'm glad I did too... 'cause they're sure using some funny substitutes for butter out here. I don't know what they spread on my toast this morning but I found a little label in it ~~that said "Good for unruly hair."~~

Some people don't like it because they have to use up some of their meat rationing coupons for butter, and lard and shortening too. Heck, my girl don't use no meat coupons for cookin' fats...she cooks everything in Vaseline. *'s possible*

Oh, I've been looking this meat situation right in the eye, yesterday it looked right back at me...I was standing too close to the bridle. That reminds me I've got a special communique about horsemeat...direct from hindquarters. Some folks have been saying that

(CONTINUED)



SHRINER:  
(Cont'd)

horsemeat is bad for you. Why that's silly. I know a fella that's been eating horsemeat for weeks and it hasn't affected him at all. He's just as normal as anyone else..as soon as you get his saddle on. But don't feel bad, there's one good thing about the meat shortage...it keeps the butchers from putting their thumbs on the scale with your meat order...they're scared they won't get 'em back.

'Course I'm pretty farsighted...I bought me a rabbit. When I first got him home I thought he only had three legs, but come to find out he was afraid I was goin' to eat him. He was keepin' his left hind foot in his hip pocket for good luck.

Now I'm not goin' to leave bad enough alone, I'm goin' to play my harmonica. It's a little song called "She Was Only A Cattle Rustler's Daughter, But She Had the Prettiest Calves in Town." Here we go....

MUSIC AND SHRINER:

"MARY"

(APPLAUSE)

GRAY: Oh teacher...teacher....?

MORGAN: Do I see someone with her hand up?

GRAY: Yes - I'M ON'Y TREE AND HALF YEARS OLD!...I wanna recite  
some nursery rhymes!

MORGAN: Ohh, that's a cute idea -- suppose we all do that - I used  
to make them up down at the pub --er - the public  
library! Are you ready for recitations, children...?

ALL: YELLS "YES", ETC

MUSIC: (PICK UP FOR NURSERY RHYMES AND VAMP UNDER:)

CARSON: I know one, teacher --

MORGAN: Go ahead, Jackie --

CARSON: (RECITES "Little Jack Horner, sat in a corner,  
Eating his Christmas pie;  
He stuck in his thumb - but got no plum...  
He didn't have eight points!

MUSIC: (VAMPS)

MORGAN: Very funny, Jackie - let me pat you on the head.

SOUND: CLUNK

MORGAN: I lose more students that way!

GRAY: It's my turn, teacher --- (RECITES)

"Mary had a little lamb,  
But now the lamb is dead;  
She carries it to school each day -  
BETWEEN TWO HUNKS OF BREAD!

MUSIC: (VAMPS)

NILES: I know a quick one, teacher .....

"Jack Be nimble, Jack be quick,  
Jack jumped over the candlestick! - LA!

MORGAN: Say! That's very smart, Kenny. I know one myself - (RECITES)

"Old Mother Hubbard, went to the cupboard,  
To get her poor dog a bone;  
When she got there, the bone was there -  
SO SHE ATE IT!

MUSIC: (PICK UP FOR:)

CHORUS: (SINGS) It's all getting very confusing,  
These rhymes that everyone's using;  
If the school-bell would ring,  
We could stop this and sing-g-g-...

SCHOOL DAYS, SCHOOL DAYS,  
Dear old golden rule days,

MORGAN: (SINGS) Now school is over, the class dismissed,

ALL: We love our teacher, we all insist;

MORGAN: What is this power, this charm I hold?

CARSON: It's Linda Darnell, if the truth were told --

GRAY: Ah! I'm ON'Y TREE AND HALF YEARS OLD!

CARSON AND MORGAN: AND WE'RE JUST A COUPLE OF JERKS!

~~MUSIC: (TAG OFF FOR:)~~

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC AND CHORUS: Every show must end, with a curtain call,  
So all the cast can share the spotlight;  
It's time for us to thank you one and all,  
For your kind attention tonight;  
  
It's been a privilege, to be here  
We thank you for your very kind applause,  
And now a word or two or three here,  
From the guests who rallied to our cause....

MUSIC: (VAMPS UNDER:)

CARSON: Well, this is Jack Carson, ringing down the curtain on  
another Camel Comedy Caravan show...Linda Darnell, before  
you go, tell me something -- how can I really make myself  
popular.

LINDA: Well, if you just had something that made you stand out  
above the crowd. If you just had something that --

CARSON: Yes, yes...?

LINDA: That's all - IF YOU JUST HAD SOMETHING!

MORGAN: Come on, Linda, let's get going. We're going to be late.

CARSON: Wait a minute, Frank. Where are you taking  
Linda Darnell?

MORGAN: We have a date tonight. Linda and I are going to the  
Hollywood Bowl.

CARSON: Hollywood Bowl! There's nothing going on there.

MORGAN: (LAUGHS) Naive character! Good night, Jack.

CARSON: Well -- I always have my yo-yo!

MUSIC: (PICKS UP FOR:)

CARSON: So thanks again -- this is your host, Jack Carson  
We hope to see you all again next week.

CHORUS: It's the same time in the same place  
On the same day you know.  
Make your reservations,  
Through your local stations,  
For Jack Carson's vaudeville show!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (THEME....HOLD UNDER:)

NILES: (OVER MUSIC) Don't miss the Camel Comedy Caravan next week, starring Jack Carson -- with his special guests -- Mickey Rooney and Diana Barrymore! Until then, remember, when you think of Camels, think of more flavor -- because Camel's full, rich extra flavor helps 'em hold up pack after pack, keep from going flat. For flavor, get Camels!

Linda Darnell is soon to be seen in the 20th Century Fox picture "The Girls He Left Behind."

And don't forget to hear Camels' other great shows, the Blendie program on Mondays, Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante on Thursday nights, and "Thanks to the Yanks" every Saturday night. And now, this is Ken Niles, wishing you all a very pleasant goodnight-- from Hollywood!

MUSIC: (THEME UP TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SHIELDS: Mister Pipe-Smoker, I'd like to pass on a tip from the biggest group of pipe-smokers in America -- the men who smoke Prince Albert, America's largest-selling pipe tobacco. They say -- "Try Prince Albert -- you'll like it." And I'll tell you why. Prince Albert's no-bite treated, to keep your tongue cool and comfortable -- crimp cut to pack firm and easy -- and mild, mellow, and rich-tasting to give you a real taste treat. Get P.A. for pipe appeal. It's the National Joy Smoke.

Cut for Time