

"CAMEL COMEDY CARAVAN"

STARRING

JACK CARSON

CBS  
7:00 - 7:45 P.M. PWT  
APRIL 30, 1943

SUSAN HAYWARD  
PETER LORRE  
GUESTS

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

NILES: THE CAMEL COMEDY CARAVAN! -- Starring Jack Carson,  
Susan Hayward, Peter Lorre, and Herb Shriner...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! Try a pack!  
Let your throat and your taste decide!

MUSIC: (THEME, HOLD UNDER:)

NILES: Yes, Camels present Herb Shriner, Billy Gray as little  
Matilda, Freddie Rich and his orchestra, Connie Haines --  
tonight's special guests -- Miss Susan Hayward and  
Mr. Peter Lorre -- and now, here he is, the star of  
our show -- JACK CARSON!

MUSIC: (THEME TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

CARSON: ...Yes...? Yes, Susan -- you will go with me? Gee, thanks, Susan -- I'll meet you in half an hour. G'bye, Susan.

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

CARSON: JERKINS! Did you hear that?? I got a date with Susan Hayward, the movie star! We're going on a picnic!

BLANC: A picnic, sir? In this weather? It isn't hot enough, sir.

CARSON: Not hot enough? I was just in the kitchen making myself a tongue sandwich and it's so hot the tongue was going -- (PANTS)!...What a day for a picnic -- just look out the window; look at the flowers and their buds; look at the bees and their honey --

BLANC: Yes, and the cats and their honey.

CARSON: Jerkins! A cat doesn't have any honey!

BLANC: Then why does ours stay out every night! OH HO! OH HO! HO!

CARSON: Jerkins, I wish you wouldn't laugh like an idiot!

BLANC: Why -- am I cramping your style!

CARSON: Ch, quiet! (TO HIMSELF) Now I've got to find a good picnic spot, Jerkins -- let me see the paper...

SOUND: PAPER NOISES

CARSON: Ch, here's an ad -- it says: "Come to beautiful Midville Lake, swimming and boating! Enjoy the water. Twenty-five cents for adults -- children thrown in!

SOUND: TRICK DOORBELL

CARSON: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

TUGWELL: Mr. Carson?

CARSON: Yes...?

TUGWELL: I understand that you're driving out to the country on a picnic...(LOW) How would you like to buy some extra gasoline on the Q.T. without any coupons?

CARSON: Of all the nerve! I ought to report you to the Ration Board!

TUGWELL: I am from the RATION BOARD! JUST CHECKING!

SOUND: DOOR SIAM

CARSON: A wise guy! Jerkins -- get busy and start fixing the picnic basket -- ~~and don't forget to put in the bottle of champagne that I made.~~

BLANC: Champagne you made, sir? How could you make champagne?

CARSON: I used three bottles of Seven-Up and a bicycle pump?

BLANC: Am I going on the picnic with you, Mister Carson?

CARSON: Well, you can drive me out there. But I'll handle everything myself. I'm somewhat of a woodsman. Of course I'm not the woodsman that my father was. In fact, no one could hold a candle to my father!

BLANC: Why not?

~~CARSON: They couldn't get him to stand still.~~

SOUND: TRICK DOORBELL...CHIMES...RATCHET...GONG...AND HORSE WHINNY

CARSON: That's probably the man from the meat market. COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

NILES AND ALLMAN: (AD LIB HELLOS)

CARSON: Oh, it's Ken Niles! Who's the girl you've got with you, Ken?

ALLMAN: Why, Mister Carson -- it's me -- Mrs. Niles! I've been working in the shipyards all day!

CARSON: Oh, yes! With that grease on your face I didn't recognize you.

ALLMAN: I'll wipe it off. There -- how's that?

CARSON: PUT IT ON AGAIN!

NILES: I resent that, Jack. After all, my wife doesn't have to paint her face like other girls!

CARSON: No. She uses wallpaper!

ALLMAN: I don't know why I come here to listen to your corny jokes!

CARSON: Well, don't let me keep you. I'm leaving anyway -- I'm going on a picnic -- and with none other than the beautiful Susan Hayward!

ALLMAN: Susan Hayward! Humph! She isn't so much.

CARSON: Yeh -- what has she got that you couldn't have twisted back in shape?

ALLMAN: I'll admit that Susan has nice big white teeth -- but my teeth are big, too.

CARSON: Yes, but you overdid it. With your teeth your nose looks like it's giving a piano concert.

NILES: Don't mind him, dear. What do you say we run home and get into some old clothes and go on the picnic with Jack?

CARSON: Oh, no, you don't! I want to spend the day with Susan Hayward alone!

ALLMAN: That's ridiculous! Why, when Kenneth and I were courting, we were glad to have lots of people around us!

CARSON: Naturally! In those days you needed protection from the Indians! (CALLING) Come on, Jerkins, let's jump in the car and get going!

BLANC: Coming, sir!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES...FOOTSTEPS ON DRIVEWAY

CARSON: All right, Jerkins, throw the picnic basket in the back seat!

BLANC: Why, Mister Carson, sir -- you've got a new set of tires. I've never seen red-wall tires before!

CARSON: RED <sup>side</sup> WALL TIRES? Jerkins -- those are the tubes! Get in!

SOUND: CAR DOOR SLAMS...MOTOR STARTS...CAR PULLS AWAY

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CARSON: I think before we start for the picnic grounds, I'd better get some gas.

BLANC: Oh, is the gas low?

CARSON: Is it low? Look at the gauge -- it's between empty and positively! I'll pull into this station on the corner.

SOUND: CAR COMING TO STOP

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CARSON: All right, boys -- put in some oil, gas and water.

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

CARSON: Why it's my friend Pablo. Pablo, what are you doing working in a gas station?

BLANC: I am replacing a woman who is essential!

CARSON: Well, that's fine, Pablo! Here's an A coupon -- put in four gallons of gas and some water. I'm in a hurry.

BLANC: Si, Senor, four gallons. (COUNTS BELLS, "ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR")

SOUND: GASOLINE PUMP...FOUR PINGS, THEN QUICK EXTRA PING

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BLANC: Whoops! (SLURPS)

CARSON: What's the matter?

BLANC: I had to suction back one gallon! Well, you can go now, Senor.

CARSON: Wait a minute. I didn't see you put in the water.

PABLO: You were in such a hurry, Senor, I put the water in with the gas!

CARSON: Oh, fine! Well, what about the oil -- did you put any oil in?

BLANC: Just one minute -- I ask my partner. OH, PANCHO!

TUGWELL: Si!

BLANC: El Senor Carson quiere conocer engino Tehico Mehico de soto el jallopy cinco gallones marfak.

TUGWELL: Informe el Senor Carson cantabas el jallopy de soto, Mehico, Tehico cinco gallones, oleo margerino, en San Luis Obispo y avacado!

CARSON: Well, did he put the oil in?

BLANC: Si, Senor -- but he is all out of motor oil so he put in some olive oil instead.

CARSON: Olive oil -- I'd better start the car!

SOUND: LOUSY MOTOR...MARBLES BEING SHAKEN IN TIN CAN

CARSON: Hey, Pablo -- what's that awful noise?

BLANC: One moment -- Oh, Pancho!

TUGWELL: Si!

BLANC: El Senor Carson quiere conocer el knocko De Soto?

TUGWELL: Informe Senor Carson el parque el knocko De Soto en San Luis Obispo y:avacado.

CARSON: Well, why does the olive oil make that noise?

BLANC: He say he forgot to take out the olives!

MUSIC: (PLAY-OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

ALLMAN: Oh, Kenneth darling.

NILES: Yes, honey lamb.

ALLMAN: I have a riddle for you. Why am I like Camel  
cigarettes?

NILES: I don't know, dear. Maybe because you're such a lovely  
little package.

ALLMAN: No, dear. I'm like Camels because my kisses are  
slow burning.

NILES: That's very cute, but don't forget that Camels have more  
flavor.

ALLMAN: Kenneth, my kisses have more flavor.

NILES: I know, but I'm looking for kisses that don't go flat.  
You, see, Pet, Camels have extra flavor -- Helps  
'em hold up, keep from going flat no matter how many you  
smoke. Now, dear, I'm going to ask you a riddle. What  
song do Camels remind you of?

ALLMAN: I don't know. What song, dear?

NILES: "Tea for Two" -- "T" for taste and throat, your own  
T-zone proving ground, pet, for flavor and mildness.  
See, Camels have smooth extra mildness -- the result of  
expert blending of costlier tobaccos.

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

NILES: CAMELS! GET A PACK TONIGHT!

MUSIC: ("DANCING IN THE DARK". HOLD FOR:)

NILES: Freddie Rich and the Orchestra bring us a lovely,  
rhythmic arrangement of "Dancing In the Dark!"  
(APPLAUSE)

4/30/43

*Car coming to stop*

SOUND: ~~AUTO FOR BACKGROUND~~

CARSON: ~~I think that's the picnic grounds over there, Jerkins. Miss Hayward's going to meet me... I don't know why she wouldn't drive in this car!~~

*Herb*  
*Susan*  
*You take the car back to the house*

BLANC: I don't blame her, sir -- your brakes aren't very good!

CARSON: MY BRAKES ARE NO GOOD??...WATCH ME STOP!

SOUND: BRAKES SQUEAL, HEAVY THUD!

CARSON: Well, how'd you like that for a quick stop, Jerkins?

BLANC: Not so good, sir.

CARSON: Then what are you doing with your head in the glove compartment?

BLANC: If you must know, I'm looking for my teeth!

CARSON: Oh, quiet! Listen, Jerkins, you take the car to the house and be sure to pick me up before dark!

BLANC: Very good, sir.

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS...AUTO PULLS AWAY AND OUT

CARSON: (TO HIMSELF) Gee, I wonder where Susan is...(CALLS)  
Oh, Susan! SUSAN HAYWARD????

SUSAN: (OFF, SLIGHTLY) Here I am, Jack!

*Jack - re -*

(APPLAUSE)

CARSON: Susan, don't move! Stand right where you are! You're a vision of loveliness standing there among all those flowers -- through the courtesy of Paramount Pictures!

BLANC AND TUGWELL: (TOGETHER) We're here, too, Jack!

SUSAN: Who are those fellows?

CARSON: Warner Brothers!..Gosh, Susan, it certainly is a thrill being out here in the country with you -- it's so romantic!



SUSAN: Yes, there's romance in the sky, romance in the clouds,  
romance in the sun --

CARSON: Haven't you got anything within walking distance?

SUSAN: Let's not talk about those things -- I'm hungry.  
It's time we started the picnic -- pitch the tent  
near the stream.

CARSON: Okay.

SOUND: LOUD SPLASH

SUSAN: What happened?

CARSON: I pitched too far!

SUSAN: What a clumsy thing to do! Haven't you ever been  
in the woods before?

CARSON: Of course -- I used to belong to the Girl Scouts.

SUSAN: Girl Scouts? You must mean Boy Scouts!

CARSON: You scout what you like and I'll scout what I  
like!...I'll tell you what, Susan -- I'll spread  
out this blanket on the grass. It's an Indian  
blanket; I got it from a squaw in Alberquerque!

SUSAN: What's that lump in it?

CARSON: She forgot to take out her papoose! *scram, Linda Braver*  
Gee, Susan,  
isn't this a lovely, romantic spot? Here we are, the  
two of us -- alone -- away from everybody! Just you  
and me!

SOUND: SHORT MARCHING FEET, WHISTLE, STEPS STOP AS:

VOICE: COMPANY-Y-Y HALT!

CARSON: -- just you and me, and Camp Haan!

VOICE: (FADES IN) All right, buddy -- you'll have to  
move outta here!

CARSON: Whaddya mean! We're having a picnic!

VOICE: I can't help that! WE'RE HERE FOR MANEUVERS!

CARSON: Well, I didn't come here to play checkers!

SUSAN: Never mind, Jack -- we'll move further up-stream.  
~~Let's take our shoes and stockings off and go~~  
wading in the brook.

CARSON: That's a good idea -- I'll take my shoes off...

SUSAN: (GIGGLES)

CARSON: What're you laughing at?

SUSAN: Jack! Your toes are so long!

CARSON: Yeah -- I catch more fish that way!

SUSAN: ~~You're always angling for something!~~...Oh, look,  
Jack -- there's a cute little rabbit over on the  
bank.

CARSON: Hello, little rabbit...!

BIANC: Uh, what's up, Doc; what's cookin', Doc? -- as  
if I don't know!

CARSON: Well, what d'ya know -- it's BUGS BUNNY!  
(APPLAUSE)

CARSON: Say, Bugs, how did you get out here? I thought you were working at Warner Brothers?

BLANC: Ahh, Leon Schlessinger gave me the day off! Hey, Doc, ~~want a patriotic carrot?~~

CARSON: ~~What d'ya mean, a patriotic carrot?~~

BLANC: ~~I only steal 'em from Victory Gardens!..Hey, who's the classy dame?~~

CARSON: Don't you recognize Susen Hayward?

BLANC: Hmm, and to think of all the time I've wasted looking for carrots!

SUSAN: I think you're very cute, Mr. Bunny. Would you like to come home with me?

BLANC: Why, d'ya wanna pet? -- er -- no offense, Doc. Well, I gotta go home and meet my brothers!

SUSAN: How many brothers have you got?

BLANC: Oh, six, eight, ten, twelve...

CARSON: Six, eight, ten, twelve...? Aren't you sure??

BLANC: Well, you know us rabbits -- I haven't been home since morning! S'long, Doc!

(APPLAUSE)

CARSON: All these interruptions!..Look, Susan, I gotta talk to you about something very serious! Everybody on my program kids me because girls won't go out with me!

SUSAN: But Jack, you're not exactly the romantic type!

CARSON: Not the romantic type! Did you ever see me do my movie kiss -- the one that knocks 'em dead on the screen?

SUSAN: No.

CARSON: I'll show you -- (GRUNTS) Are you ready?

SUSAN: (GRUNTS) Yeah, I'm ready.

SOUND: LONG KISS

CARSON: Y'see? THAT'S WHY THEY CALL ME HOT LIPS CARSON!

SUSAN: You better throw another log on the fire!...Jack, let's stop the mushy stuff and enjoy the picnic. Look, why don't you take off your top-shirt and get a sunburn.

CARSON: (BASHFUL) Oh, I don't wanna -- I still got my winter underwear on!

SUSAN: Oh, go ahead and take your shirt off anyway!

CARSON: Well -- all right!

SUSAN: (GIGGLES IN SURPRISE) Jack!

CARSON: CAN I HELP IT IF THEY MAKE ME PUT CAMEL COMEDY CARAVAN ON EVERYTHING!...Please don't laugh at me, Susan -- I'm sensitive.

SUSAN: I'm sorry.

GRAY: I'm on'y tree and half years old!

(APPLAUSE)

CARSON: Matilda! Why did you follow me and Susan Hayward out here? You're interrupting our picnic!

GRAY: I'm on an outing, Uncle Jack -- I'm with the Campfire Girls!

SUSAN: Matilda, aren't you too small to be with those girls?

GRAY: I'm just a junior Campfire Girl -- I'm a pilot light!

CARSON: Well, let's see how much you know about camping, Matilda. -- how do you light a fire without matches?

GRAY: That's easy -- you just rub two Esquires together, and --

CARSON: MATILDA! I'm surprised at you!

SUSAN: By the way, Matilda, if you want to be an excellent Campfire Girl, you must do a good deed every day!

GRAY: I did a good deed this morning; I found a little bird with a broken leg -- so I bandaged it!

CARSON: That's very sweet, Matilda -- would you do the same thing for me?

GRAY: Uh-huh! -- go break a leg!

CARSON: Matilda -- will you please go away and leave us alone! Why don't you go wading in the stream?

GRAY: (FADING) All right, Uncle Jack -- goodbye, Miss Miss Hayward...

SUSAN: Jack -- that stream is over four feet deep!

CARSON: That's the idea -- she's only three and a half feet tall!

SOUND: CRACK OF THUNDER

CARSON: Say, looks like a storm's coming up!

SOUND: CRACK OF THUNDER

SUSAN: Did you see that flash of lightning! I wonder how close it was.

CARSON: I dunno, but my cigarette wasn't lit a second ago!

SOUND: RAIN, POURING

SUSAN: It's starting to pour! C'mon, we'd better run for the car!

CARSON: Yeah...gee, what pretty anklets you're wearing, Susan!

SUSAN: Those aren't anklets! -- I just stepped in a mud puddle!... Wait a minute! Jack, we can't leave Matilda here in the woods. What about the wolves?

CARSON: Let the <sup>other</sup> wolves take care of themselves!

SUSAN: (CALLS) MATILDA! MATILDA!

CARSON: Oh boy! Whatta picnic! Whatta romance! Whatta storm! Darn that kid! *Matilda! Chlor! Neatcliff!*

SOUND: CIAP OF THUNDER

MUSIC: (HITS SHARPLY... "DON'T BELIEVE IN RUMORS", HOLD UNDER:)

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: (OVER MUSIC) Here's Connie Haines to sing <sup>her arrangements</sup> ~~the lovely~~ *of the popular new* ~~new rhythmic~~-ballad -- "I Don't Believe in Rumors."

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: THUNDER AND RAIN, HOLD UNDER LIGHTLY AND FADE UNDER:

CARSON: Gee, Susan, it doesn't look as if the rain is going to let up.

SUSAN: I know, Jack...I hope we find little Matilda soon. The poor kid must be drenched by now.

CARSON: Drenched...? What about me? Before the rain I had curly hair and straight shoulders.

SUSAN: Yes.

CARSON: Now I have straight hair and curly shoulders!

SUSAN: Jack! Do you see what I see? There's a house right up ahead. Gee, it looks sort of deserted -- maybe it's haunted, Jack!

CARSON: Haunted? Ha! That's silly! Wait'll I read this sign! "ANYONE FOUND AROUND HERE AT NIGHT, WILL BE FOUND AROUND HERE IN THE MORNING!" HEY!

SUSAN: I don't like this place, Jack. Let's get out of here.

CARSON: We can't, Susan. Matilda might be in there. ~~Besides~~ *I'm going to ring the doorbell.*  
~~it's raining cats and dogs.~~

SOUND: FALLING OF HEAVY BODIES

CARSON: Ouch!

SUSAN: What happened?

CARSON: I just got hit by a Great Dane.

SOUND: OWL HOOTING

CARSON: And there are owls here, too. Oh, well, what's the difference. We are two grown-ups. Let's go up the steps.

~~SOUND: FEET UP CREAKING STAIRS.~~

~~CARSON: Here's the door, Susan. I'll ring the bell.~~

SUSAN: Wait, Jack. There's a note on the doorknock. It says "OUT OF THIS WORLD. WILL BE BACK IN TEN MINUTES!"

CARSON: Gosh, Susan, what do you make of that?

SUSAN: I don't know, but I'm scared. ~~It's so dark here.~~  
Hold my hand.

CARSON: All right...Gee you have such long nails...and your hands...they're so rough...and, Susan, you only have three fingers!

SUSAN: You're ~~not~~ holding my hand.

~~SOUND: OWL HOOTS~~

~~CARSON: Oh, it's that darn owl again. Scat!~~

~~SUSAN: Shh! The door's opening!~~

~~SOUND: DOOR CREAKS OPEN~~

LORRE: How do you do, my friends? Won't you come in?

CARSON: Why, it's Peter Lorre!

~~EFFECT: APPLAUSE~~

LORRE: Who are you, young man?

CARSON: Oh, just somebody.

LORRE: Well, whose body? We have several bodies around here...  
Won't you two please come in out of the rain?

~~SOUND: DOOR CLOSES~~



LORRE: Here is a nice sofa you can sit down on!

CARSON: A fine sofa...BLACK VELVET WITH SIX SILVER HANDLES!

LORRE: , Yes, I picked it up dirt cheap! The fellow was in a hole.

SUSAN: Mr. Lorre, have you seen anything of a little three and a half year old girl?

LORRE: Oh no. I haven't had a visiter here since 1922 when a travelling salesman dropped by.

SUSAN: That's a long time not to see anybody.

LORRE: ~~Quite the contrary.~~ I still see him.

CARSON: You do?

LORRE: Every time I open my ice-box!

SUSAN: (UP) Jack, why don't you do something! Why are you standing there with your hands in your pockets?

CARSON: If I take them out they keep folding across my chest.

CARSON: Mr. Lorre, this is the first time I've seen you in person. You look much healthier than you do on the screen.

LORRE: Thank you. I've been getting more exercise lately. Today I played Golf with my <sup>little</sup> good frield, Boris Karloff.

CARSON: That's a gruesome twosome.

LORRE: Yes, it was a delightful game. He made a hole in one then I buried him in it!!

SUSAN: Jack, let's get out of here! This place gives me the creeps!

CARSON: There's nothing to be afraid of, Susan! Look at me. I'm as clam as a calm. Why, I'm not nervous at all.

SUSAN: Then how come your adam's apple<sup>'s</sup> is playing Yo-Yo?

~~LORRE: Perhaps you'd like a stiff drink to soothe your nerves...a nice tall human-being cocktail.~~

CARSON: A Human-being cocktail! ~~What's that?~~

~~LORRE: That's what the Zombies drink.~~

SUSAN: This house is so strange, Jack. When are we going to get out of here?

~~LORRE: What do you want to know...the time or the odds?~~

SUSAN: (STARTLED) Jack, look over there...on the floor!

CARSON: Why, it's a hat...It's Matilda's Campfire hat...Then she is here!

LORRE: Let's not make snap decisions...That happens to be my hat. I am a member of the Campfire Girls.

CARSON: You don't expect me to believe that...Why would a man like you join the Campfire Girls...?

LORRE: I get cold sometimes!

CARSON: Don't kid me, Lorre...I'm more sure than ever now that Matilda is in this house and Susan and I are going to find her.

LORRE: Wait! This is my home...my sanctum...and no one dares invade it.

CARSON: (STRONG) Lorre, you better change your attitude or you'll get into trouble...Look at these muscles.

LORRE: I don't see any muscles.

CARSON: Not on me...ON HER!

SUSAN: C'mon, Jack, there's a door...let's go in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

CARSON: SCREAMS

SUSAN: What was that...??

CARSON: I just saw a dead body.

VOICE: SCREAM

SUSAN: And what was that..??

LORRE: The dead body just saw Mr. Carson.

CARSON: Hey, what's going on in here? There are dead bodies all over!

LORRE: Why not? The room is done in Early Americans!

CARSON: Hey Lorre! Look over in the corner! There's a ghost!!

LORRE: That's no ghost, Mr. Carson.

CARSON: If it isn't then there's a loose sheet doing the Boogie Woogie.

LORRE: Yes. I have more trouble with those Zoot Ghosts!

SUSAN: Well, it's the first time I've ever seen a reat sheet with a scare flare and a loud shroud!

LORRE: I hope you're convinced by this time that there's nothing in this house that even resembles a little girl.

JACK: You're right....I' guess we'd better go, Susan!

LORRE: That is a wise decision. You may go right out this door.

SOUND: DOOR OPENING AND BANGING QUICKLY *Carson: So long you here*

LORRE: (LAUGHS FIENDISHLY)

SUSAN: It's a Trick, Jack! He locked us in this room! We're alone in the dark!

CARSON: Yes, just the two of us - alone in the dark! This is horrible --- some fool wrote here.

SUSAN: Jack. Stop the foolishness and see if you can find a door!

CARSON: Start pounding on the wall and see if you can find an opening!

SUSAN: Okay!

SOUND: RAPPING ON SOLID SUBSTANCE

SUSAN: That's solid there.

CARSON: I'll try it here!

SOUND: SOLID NOISE AGAIN

CARSON: It's solid here!

SOUND: HOLLOW SOUND

SUSAN: It's hollow here!

CARSON: That's my head! Wait a minute! I'll feel around down here on the floor. Maybe there's a trap door! SUSAN --- I found something!

SUSAN: What is it?

CARSON: There's a damp opening here in the floor!

GRAY: TAKE YOUR HAND OUT OF MY MOUTH!

SUSAN & CARSON: MATILDA!!!

CARSON: Thank heaven's we found you! Take hold of my hand, Matilda I'm going to get us out of here!

MATILDA: But I don't want to get out. Mister Lorre asked me to stay here.

CARSON: Never mind Mister Lorre. You listen to me. After all, I have brains haven't I?

MATILDA: Mister Lorre told me not to speak of your brain!

CARSON: Why not?

MATILDA: He said you were a nice fellow but you didn't have any brain to speak of!

CARSON: Oh, he did, eh?

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

LORRE: Well, you people may come out, now!

CARSON: Lorre -- I demand an explanation!

SUSAN: Yes. Mister Lorre. What's the idea of locking us up in a room and turning off all the lights?

LORRE: I'm sorry, but I was only obeying the command of the Master Mind. I am but a minion -- a humble servant of the Mighty Brain. If you wish, you may speak to the brain -- but be careful what you say!

CARSON: Oh, yeh! Listen Brain -- wherever you are! What's the idea of locking us up in this house in the dark?

BLANC: (BUGS BUNNY) Blackout, Doc! I'M AN AIR RAID WARDEN!

CARSON: *Bugs Bunny*  
~~Oh!~~ Let's get out of here!

MUSIC: (PLAYOFF)

NILES: No gift you can send to that fellow in a U.S. camp is more welcome than cigarettes -- especially if you send Camels -- the cigarette more men buy with their own money than any other, according to actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens. Remember that, too, if you're looking for a better cigarette for yourself. Camels do have more flavor -- that's what helps 'em wear well, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke. Yes, and Camels are extra mild, too, mild because they're slow burning and cool smoking, mild because Camels are expertly, matchlessly blended of costlier tobaccos.

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

NILES: Camels! Get a pack tonight! Send a carton to that fellow in the service! *Now we pause for just a few seconds.*

~~CARSON: Thank you, Ken -- and now it's time for the Camel Comedy Caravan to pause for just a few seconds. Meanwhile, light up a Camel and listen while Ken tells us that ---~~

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

MUSIC: (PENTHOUSE THEME, HOLD THIRTY SECONDS AND FADE UNDER:)

CARSON: (ON CUE) This is Jack Carson again, continuing the Camel Caravan from Hollywood, with our special guests: Susan Hayward and Peter Lorre and Herb Shriner. And now it's time for more music -- here's little Connie Haines to sing a new song from the picture, Stage Door Canteen. It's called, "She's a Bombshell from Brooklyn" -- Okay, Connie... bomb-bay doors open -- fire away!

MUSIC: ("BOMBSHELL FROM BROOKLYN")  
(APPLAUSE)

CARSON: Well, New York has the Empire State Building, Arizona has the Grand Canyon, and Chicago has the Stockyards, but Indiana is stuck with their own Foreign Correspondent.....

MUSIC: ("INDIANA" PLAY ON STARTS)

And here he comes, that Rural reporter who gets his news through a knothole instead of a keyhole...

Wabashful Herb Shriner!

(APPLAUSE)

SHRINER: Hello...I don't know how much longer Mr. Carson is going to be able to call me a reporter, I may not be one much longer. I see where the government has stabilized all jobs. I don't like that. I don't know nuthin about horses. All I know about that kind of work is you can't lay down on your job... you gotta pitch right in.

I'd hate to leave this reportin business, it's so interesting. Like this afternoon I was interviewin some of them Lady Marines. They tell me they're havin trouble findin a name for themselves. Heck, why don't a Lady Marine call herself a Marine? That's an eyeful. Incidentally, they had some of them Lady Marines out on maneuvers this week to toughen em up. One of their toughest problems is when they march em all right through a hat store without lettin' em stop to try one on. Anyhow, havin' all these ladies in the different branches of service is almost a positive guarantee the war won't last another year. You know how the women are...ain't none of em goin' to wear the same hat two Easters in a row.

(CONTINUED)

SHRINER:  
(Cont'd)

Of course my girl didn't wear no new hat this Easter anyhow...she wore one of them new fascinators. It was very striking on her...she looked something like a dead fish caught in a net. It's kinda late to brag about it, but I wish you coulda seen me on Easter...I was all dressed up in a new suit. This is it...got it at a Fire Sale. It's a herringbone...smoked herring bone. To tell you the truth, you can't smell no smoke on it though. I thought that was kinda funny, I asked the salesman about it and he says, "Oh, well, we ain't had the fire yet, we're havin' the sale now, cause after the fire this place will be such a mess we won't be able to sell nuthin."

My girl wanted me to wear a Tuxedo all day Easter Sunday, but heck, I only had one tuxedo in my life. That was back home. My father hated it, too. He finally took my tuxedo and through it out back of the barn for the hogs to sleep on. That wasn't fair. Everytime I went to a dress up party them poor hogs had to sit up til I got home.

But here I am talkin' about romance again. Course I can't help it with a fella like Hot Lips Carson talkin' about the girls all the time. But if you want to know, it's my face the girls really go for around here, that's what they call me, "Gopher Face" Shriner. <sup>is possible</sup> Like this afternoon...

It was me that Peter Lorre introduced his girl to. Oh she was real elegant...all dressed up in a mink straight jacket. Had on some beautiful smelling perfume...I think she called it Formaldehyde Number five.

(CONTINUED)



SHRINER:  
(Cont'd)

I didn't know whether I should talk to her or not...I saw Mr. Lorre had given her an engagement ring. She was wearing it...through her nose. She told me how romantic it was goin' with Peter Lorre. They go walking through the woods and sit under a tree and he takes out his knife and carves their initials....on her <sup>forehead</sup> ~~arm~~. Course they go dancin' sometimes, she's a wonderful dancer, too. Why she can kick one foot way up in the air. She can catch it before it comes down too, Oh I was talkin' with her all afternoon. Huh, you talk about Hot Lips Carson gettin' the girls...why just a few minutes ago, Peter Lorre called me over and said he wanted to whisper something to me. He said if I wanted to double date with him tonight, he'd call up Dracula and see if he could dig me up a girl fiend. He had to whisper to me...his girl has got such sharp ears. Fact is, he sharpened em. Gee, here my time is all gone and it's time to sign off with my harmonica. I'm goin' to play "Oh You Beautiful Doll" and dedicate it to Peter Lorre's girl. I am. I tell you that girl has a beautiful figure. Of course it would look better if it had skin on it. Here we go.....

MUSIC  
AND

SHRINER: ("OH YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL")

(APPLAUSE)

CARSON: Thank you, Herb Shriner. And now comes the time...

SUSAN: Oh, Jack..

CARSON: Yes, Susan...

SUSAN: I've been listening to your program every week and I've certainly enjoyed your satirical interpretations of radio programs.

CARSON: Well, thank you, Susan. You know, these satires have become a regular feature of our show.

SUSAN: I wonder if you'd do your version of my favorite <sup>daytime</sup> ~~dramatic~~ serial. It's the story of a poor girl who is the victim of circumstance.

CARSON: Don't go any further, Susan. If you and Peter Lorre will help me out, we'll do it right now. Okay. Freddy, let's have the theme song...

MUSIC: (ORGAN THEME FADING OUT UNDER)

CARSON: The makers of Flako-Bako-Cako-Baking Powder presents another heart stirring chapter in the life and loves of "PAMELA STUMPF, GIRL PAPERHANGER."

Housewives, when you're having your Flako-Bako-Cako for dessert tonight, try this new discovery -- just add a few slices of ordinary soap to the frosting on your cake and eat it. You'll be amazed to find how it helps wash down your food. And now, to PAMELA STUMPF - GIRL

PAPERHANGER! <sup>(Music)</sup> (LOW AND CONFIDENTIAL)

As we left Pamela yesterday, she was high on a scaffold busily engaged in papering the Orchid Room of Lefty Grogan's Pool Hall. Pamela's heart is heavy today because the evil-eyed Grogan has been making amorous advances -- but our brave Pamela fights on -- Back and  
(CONTINUED)

CARSON:  
(Cont'd)

forth she runs -- hanging paper and pasting Grogan.

~~But little did she know that on the sly, Lofly Grogan had~~  
slipped a Mickey into her paste bucket. As we stop in the  
Pool Hall this morning Grogan is still trying to force  
~~his attentions on Pamela.~~ In his wild frenzy to hold  
her in his arms, Grogan has seized a pool cue and is  
about to pole vault to the top of the scaffold.

PAMELA <sup>trump</sup> SPEAKS!

SUSAN: Grogan, I warn you -- if you don't stay down there where  
you belong -- ~~I'll -- I'll do something desperate!~~

LORRE: Pamela -- why must you torment me? My love for you has  
made a nervous wreck out of me. Why, every time I walk  
by the pin-ball machine, it tilts! Pamela-- I must have  
you. I'm coming up after you.

SUSAN: Stay away from this scaffold. If you take another step  
~~I'll jump. I warn you, Grogan~~ -- I'll dive from the top  
of this scaffold into the corner pocket of your pool  
table!

LORRE: I'm coming up, Pamela!

SUSAN: I'm coming down -- (SCREAMS)

SOUND: SLIDE WHISTLE

CARSON: TUNE IN TOMORROW! Will Pamela land in the corner pocket,  
or will she do it the hard way and bank herself into the  
side pocket!

And now, a word from one of the satisfied users of  
Flako-Bako-Cako Baking Powder -- Miss Connie Haines.

CONNIE: I followed the directions in your Flako-Bako-Cako- Recipe  
Book and baked a cake for my father. My father ate the  
cake and sat down in a rocking chair and smiled. Come  
over any day -- he's still sitting there smiling!

MUSIC: (FINISH ORGAN THEME)

SUSAN: Gee, that was fun Jack!

CARSON: I'm glad you like it, Susan.

LORRE: I enjoy these daytime serials too, Jack -- but my favorite shows are the all-night record broadcasts. -- I like to sit back and listen to the music on those swing-shift programs.

CARSON: Then what are we waiting for? - let's listen to the music!

MUSIC: ("DON'T GET AROUND MUCH ANYMORE", FADE OUT UNDER:)

CARSON: Good evening, record fans everywhere - this is Happy Jackie bringing you the oldest all-night record program on the air - broadcasting since 1896 - twenty-four years before radio! Now, we start off the uninterrupted dance music with a recording of Tea For Two, played by Andre Farfel and his makes-you-wanna-sit-this-one-out dance orchestra. Okay - *ANDRE* Tea For Two!

MUSIC: (TEA FOR TWO, FOUR BARS AND CUT)

*LORRE*  
CARSON: This number is being dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. Krausmire on their seventy-third wedding anniversary -- good luck, kids; also dedicated to Allan and Leo on their birthday; congratulations to Harry and Julia on their new C Book; and also didicated to the salad man at Hymie's Delicatessen! And now, back to the dancing and the music --

MUSIC: (TWO BARS AND CUT)

SUSAN: Ladies, when you wear a pair of open-toe shoes - and paint your toe-nails red - do your feet look like a bunch of radishes? If so, be sure to visit the Dainty Footsie-Wootsie Shoe *Salon* Salon.

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN: With the purchase of each pair of shoes we are giving  
(Cont'd) away, absolutely free, a family-size bottle of  
foot-shrinking solution - which makes little toes out  
of big toes, and removes little toes altogether! The  
Dainty Footsie Wootsie Shoe Salon can be reached by  
automobile, bus, trolley or Superman!....

MUSIC: (TWO BARS AND CUT)

~~Carson~~  
CARSON: I want to interrupt the music for just a moment to tell  
you that you're listening to a recording of Tea For Two.

MUSIC: (TWO BARS AND CUT)

~~Carson~~  
~~Carson~~: Attention -- all men over eighty-five! Are you taking  
care of your tooth? Do you use pink toothpaste and suffer  
from white toothbrush? Are you at the age when you merely  
bite a path in your food? When you smile does your  
tooth stand out like a lima bean in a barrel of tar?  
Try Doctor Fangbuster's Toothpaste -- the only  
toothpaste containing grit, sand and gravel. To  
receive a tube of this Toothpaste -- do not send in an  
empty tube -- simply send in your tooth. Remember,  
Fangbuster's Toothpaste for sparkling gums!..

MUSIC: (LAST FOUR BARS QUICKLY)

CARSON: You have just been dancing to "Tea For Two."  
(APPLAUSE)

NILES: Tonight again we send our thanks to the Yanks of the Week -- Americans who have distinguished themselves for heroism in the battle area.

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

VOICE: To the gun crew of the Liberty ship Virginia Dare, and to their twenty-two year old commanding officer, Lieutenant, J. J., John Laird, of Minneapolis, who won Navy citations for shooting down seven German bombers, the war's best record for any merchant ship. Meeting a whole series of attacks the young and inexperienced crew sent the bombers crashing in flames, and got their cargo of munitions safely to port. We salute you and your crew, Lieutenant Laird, and in your honor the makers of Camels are sending to Navy men in the Atlantic three hundred thousand Camel Cigarettes.

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

NILES: On each of the four Camel shows we'll salute another Yank of the Week, and on each of them send three hundred thousand Camels to men in his battle area...a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week. Camels thank the Yanks in this country with the traveling Camel Caravan, which, since nineteen forty-one, has given free shows and free Camels to nearly three million service men. Listen to each of the four Camel shows --tomorrow, Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks"; Monday, "Blondie"; Thursday, Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante, and next Friday, the Camel Comedy Caravan, starring Jack Carson  
with his special guests Constance Bennett, Maxie Rosenbloom and Herb Shriner.

MUSIC: ("LET'S DO IT" -- FADE OUT FOR:)

CARSON: Folks, before we ring down the curtain tonight, I want to leave this very important thought with you -- even though the greatest war bond drive in the world, thirteen billion dollars, has just been subscribed by this country, please remember there is no such thing as over subscription. When you buy your war bonds regularly, be sure to buy an extra bond. It's your loan to your Government for your future. Goodnight everybody.

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (THEME, FADE UNDER:)

NILES: (OVER MUSIC) Susan Hayward, who appeared with us tonight can be seen in the Paramount Picture, "Reap the Wild Wind." The part of Bugs Bunny was portrayed by Mel Blanc. And remember, if you're looking for a cigarette that won't go flat, no matter how many you smoke, try Camels - the cigarette with more flavor, extra flavor! Let your throat and your taste decide. And now, this is Ken Niles, wishing you all a very pleasant goodnight from - Hollywood!

MUSIC: THEME UP TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

ENGINEER: CUT FOR HITCH HIKE



SHIELDS:

Now I suppose most folks know that Prince Albert is by far the largest selling pipe tobacco in America -- and has been for years -- but maybe you don't know why. The way to find out is to fill your pipe with good Prince Albert and light up. Just see how fragrant and mild and mellow P.A. is, and when you've smoked the last puff in your pipe, notice how fresh and fine your tongue feels. That's because Prince Albert's no-bite treated for smoking comfort. Crimp-cut, too, to pack just right for easy drawing and stay-lit burning. Get P.A. for pipe appeal! It's the National Joy Smoke!  
This is the COLUMBIA....BROADCASTING SYSTEM.