

"CAMEL COMEDY CARAVAN"

STARRING

JACK CARSON

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

CONSTANCE BENNETT
MAXIE ROSENBLOOM
GUESTS

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

NILES: THE CAMEL COMEDY CARAVAN! -- Starring Jack Carson,
Constance Bennett, Maxie Rosenbloom, 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 -- Constance Bennett and
Maxie Rosenbloom -- and now, here he is, the star of
our show -- JACK CARSON!

MUSIC: (THEME TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: PHONE RINGS, RECEIVER UP

CARSON: Hello...yes, this is Jack Carson...who?
Constance Bennett? Hello, Connie!...What, you want to
come over? Sure, I'll be home. Oh swell - I'll expect
you in a few minutes!

SOUND: PHONE SLAMS

CARSON: Oh Jerkins...Jerkins!

BLANC: Yes, Mr. Carson?

CARSON: Y'know who that was on the phone? - Constance Bennett,
the movie star! She's coming over to see me. C'mon, get
busy! Let's clean up the living room!

BLANC: Very good, sir - I'll start by dusting the piano!

CARSON: Never mind dusting the piano!

BLANC: Why not?

CARSON: I DON'T WANT TO DISTURB THE GOPHER! ...Listen, get up on
a chair and brush those cobwebs out of the corner!

BLANC: I brushed the cobwebs yesterday, but a terrible thing
happened, sir! You'll never forgive me!

CARSON: What happened?

BLANC: I TORE ONE!...Oh ho, oh ho, oh ho!

CARSON: Jerkins, did you ever have your tonsils removed?

BLANC: Yes sir.

CARSON: Have them put back in!...~~We're wasting time, Jerkins.~~
Connie Bennett'll be here in a minute, and I'd better get
dressed.

BLANC: What are you planning to wear, sir?

CARSON: Well, I want to impress Miss Bennett; I want to wear
something that'll make me look influential, wealthy -

~~IMPORTANT! -- hand me that tie with the meat stain on it!~~

SOUND: TRICK DOORBELL

CARSON: Front door - come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MAN: Mr. Carson, I understand you have a date tonight with Constance Bennett?

CARSON: That's right.

MAN: Do you wanna make a hit with her? Do you wanna impress this lovely little lady? Tell ya what I'm gonna do... I am gonna sell you at the new, free, introductory offer price: this extra-large size bottle of gentlemen's cologne, Toujour Lamour Ocean Park. It's not gonna cost you five dollars; it's not gonna cost you three dollars, two dollars or even one dollar!

CARSON: How much is it?

MAN: Ten dollars!

CARSON: TEN DOLLARS! THAT'S A LOT OF MONEY!

MAN: Y'say you're not gettin' enough for your money? - tell ya what I'm gonna do...without extra cost I'm gonna throw in this bottle of imported Barcelona Skin Balm - a skin lotion, so powerful, it's guaranteed to remove wrinkles from a prune.

CARSON: Ohh, all right, I'll take it -- here's your ten dollars! Now when do I rub it on my face?

MAN: Don't bother - it only works on prunes!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

CARSON: How d'ya like that! Here, Jerkins, here's a bottle of face cream; I can't use it.

BLANC: But Mr. Carson, it removes wrinkles from prunes!

CARSON: Yes, but I only go out with tomatoes!

SOUND: TRICK DOOR BELL, ENDS WITH RAZZBERRY

CARSON: Hm, another bird at the door! COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

NILES &
ALLMAN: AD LIBS HELLOS

CARSON: Oh, it's Mr. and Mrs. Niles -- listen, Ken, why do I deserve this. Here I am expecting the gorgeous Connie Bennett, and you bring your wife in!

NILES: Just a minute, Jack - every week you insult my wife to her face!

CARSON: Every week she has the same face!

ALLMAN: Ohh, is that so! What's the matter with my face - it doesn't bother me!

CARSON: That's because your standing behind it!

ALLMAN: Well, let me tell you something, Mr. Carson - I do everything I can to improve my appearance. I'll have you know that each night I take a bath in milk!

CARSON: Some of it must've curdled on your face!

ALLMAN: Kenneth! Are you going to stand there and let this nincompoop insult me??

NILES: I should say not, Pet. Why, if it wasn't for one thing I'd write my Congressman about this!

CARSON: What's the one thing?

NILES: No matter what I write him about he always sends me a package of seeds!

CARSON: Look, Ken, will you and wife please get out of here. I'm expecting Connie Bennett and you'll only be in the way!

ALLMAN: Very well! Come Kenneth! -

CARSON: Before you go, Mrs. Niles, tell ya what I'm gonna do: here's a bottle of Barcelona Skin Balm: guaranteed to remove wrinkles from a prune!

ALLMAN: How dare you! My face isn't wrinkled!

CARSON: Oh no? Have a stick of gum!

ALLMAN: Thank you...why the generosity?

CARSON: I wanted to see which wrinkle would open!

ALLMAN: Humph! Come, Kenneth!

SOUND: DOOR SIAMS

CARSON: Well, Jerkins, I'm glad I got rid of them.
Connie Bennett should be here any minute. I'm so nervous and excited, I don't know what to do. When she comes through that door I don't even know how to greet her. What shall I say, Jerkins?

BLANC: Why don't you just say "hello," ~~oh~~ *lets see how they react*

CARSON: Gee -- why can't I think of those things? Hello,
Connie -- Hello -- Hello! Say, that sounds good!

SOUND: TRICK DOORBELL...CHIMES...RATCHET...GONG...CRASH

CARSON: Did somebody knock?

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

CARSON: WHY IT'S CONNIE BENNETT!

(APPLAUSE)

CONNIE: Hello, Jack!

CARSON: What did you say?

CONNIE: I said "hello!"

CARSON: How do you like that! -- she stole my line! Gee,
Connie, it was sweet of you to come over! I didn't know you were interested in me. We'll go to dinner, and then dance, and park by the ocean and watch the silvery moon shining on the water, I'll hold your hand and you'll --

CONNIE: Jack! Jack! I didn't come here for that! I'll be busy tonight!

CARSON: Well, gee -- go out with me and we'll both be busy!

CONNIE: Now wait a minute, Hot Lips! I came here on business. I'm putting on a charity boxing bout at my ranch tonight AND I dropped over to ask you to be one of the contestants?

CARSON: What? Me -- fight? Why, gee, Connie -- I -- ah -- I'd like to but I'm not in condition -- I'm weak --

CONNIE: Oh, Jack! A big fellow like you? You're kidding!

CARSON: No, I'm not. I'm really weak. Why I was even rejected at Earl Carroll's!

CONNIE: You mean you're afraid to fight?

CARSON: No -- I'm not afraid. It's my health. I have no strength. Why, this morning when I was feeding my canary he grabbed me and tried to yank me into the cage.

CONNIE: That's a novelty. The bird getting you!

CARSON: But seriously -- I don't want to fight. I just want to be a comedian and tell jokes!

CONNIE: Anyone with your jokes should learn to fight! Look, Jack, this is a charity fight, and if you'll help us out I'll even let you pick your own opponent.

CARSON: Pick my own opponent? WELL!!! I wonder what George Arliss is doing tonight?

CONNIE: Well, you pick the man you want and come out to my Ranch this afternoon. I'll have the training quarters all arranged for you. See you at the Ranch, Jack!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

CARSON: Now let me see -- who can I fight tonight? George Arliss is in England...Lionel Barrymore ^{of his} is busy with his program -- Then there's Zazu Pitts --

BLANC: Oh, Mister Carson, sir -- ?

CARSON: Yes, Jerkins!

BLANC: I'm leaving now to go to the Doctor's. My lumbago's bothering me again. I can hardly raise my arms.

CARSON: LUMBAGO??? You can't raise your arms? Jerkins -- you and I are going to fight tonight!

BLANC: Why, sir? Are my wages due again?

CARSON: No -- No -- Jerkins! Connie Bennett is putting on a Charity Prizefight at her Ranch tonight and we're going to help her out. It's very simple. I'll pretend to hit you in the first round and you fall down and take the count.

BLANC: It sounds like a lot of fun, sir.

CARSON: Okay, Jerkins -- let's practice it now and I'll show you what to do. Are you ready?

BLANC: Ready, sir!

SOUND: TERRIFIC PSECK...AND BODY FALLING

CARSON: (PAUSE) Well, don't stand there, Jerkins. PICK ME UP!

MUSIC: (PLAY-OFF)

NILES: (WILD LAUGHING)

CARSON: Ken! Ken, what's the matter?

NILES: (THROUGH LAUGHTER) I can't help it, Jack, I can't help it! There's the craziest guy out in the hall! He just keeps laughing and laughing! He's coming in here now!

MAN: (FADES IN LAUGHING. HIS LAUGH IS EVEN WILDER THAN NILES', IF POSSIBLE)

CARSON: What's your trouble, brother?

MAN: (STILL LAUGHING. HE AND NILES STAY IN HYSTERICIS THROUGHOUT COMMERCIAL) I'm just looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many I smoke!

NILES: (HE CAN'T STOP) Well, here, here! Have a Camel, the cool, slow burning cigarette! Camels' extra flavor helps 'em hold up, pack after pack!

MAN: I know! I know! I tried one in my T-Zone!

NILES: You mean "T" for taste and throat, your own proving ground for flavor and mildness!

MAN: That's it! That's it!

NILES: Well, how was it?

MAN: Wonderful! Wonderful!

NILES: (STILL KILLING HIMSELF) You mean your throat gave you the last word on Camel's extra mildness -- the result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos?

MAN: Yes! Yes!

NILES: Then how come you're still looking for a cigarette that won't go flat?

MAN: (SCREAMING WITH LAUGHTER) It's on account of my wife! She leaves 'em in the pockets when she presses my pants!

NILES: All right! All right! Hit it, boys!

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

NILES: (ALMOST STRAIGHT) Camels! Get a pack tonight! Let your throat and your taste decide!

MUSIC: ("I'VE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN" -- HOLD UNDER:)

NILES: (OVER MUSIC) Freddie Rich and the Orchestra with a special treatment of an old favorite -- ~~"I've Got You Under My Skin"~~.

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: (CAR PULLING TO STOP) (CAR DOOR SLAMMING)

CARSON: Well, here we are, Jerkins! This is Connie Bennett's ranch. ~~Isn't that a lovely setting with all those people~~ around the swimming pool? Just look at the view!

BLANC: All I can see, sir, is the swimming pool and a lot of girls taking sun baths!

CARSON: Yeah -- just look at the view!...Well, come on, let's find Miss Bennett and see where our dressing rooms are.

BLANC: I can hardly wait until we get in the ring tonight, sir, so we can indulge in a bit of fisticuffs!

CARSON: Now, wait a minute, Jerkins! We've agreed that I'm going to knock you out with the first punch! Remember I'm a screen star and I can't let you injure my face. What if you should accidentally hit me in the mouth?

BLANC: Oh, I wouldn't think of hitting you in the mouth, sir. You're wearing my teeth!

CARSON: Quiet, Jerkins. I don't want people to think we belong to the same set!.. Oh look, there's Miss Bennett coming out of the house. Hello, Connie!

BLANC: *Yes. And here's Miss Bennett now.*

CONNIE: (FADES IN) Well, you finally got here, Jack! You know, you've got a lot of training to do. Follow me -- I'll show you to the dressing rooms.

CARSON: Oh, ~~let the training wait~~, Connie. *I don't HAVE TO TRAIN FOR JERKINS* I'm in pretty good shape. If you don't believe it -- just feel my muscle!

CONNIE: Kind of small, isn't it?

CARSON: No -- No -- that's a freckle. *Here's my muscle*, right here. OOOOPS! It got away again! But who cares. I don't need muscles to fight Jerkins. How about you and me playing a game of table tennis, Connie? I've got a new technique.

CONNIE: A new technique?

CARSON: Yeh, instead of knocking the ball over the net, we knock it under the table. It's lots of fun.

CONNIE: Where does the fun come in?

CARSON: Under the table.

CONNIE: Some other time, Hot Lips. Right now you've got to get busy with your training. Jerkins, you take this room right here.

BLANC: (FADES) Thank you, Miss Bennett!

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES)

CONNIE: And Jack -- you go right in this room here. You'll find a doctor in there ready to examine you. Just yell for him.

CARSON: Okay, *MISS MRS BENNETT* ~~Connie~~.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING)

CARSON: Oh, DOCTOR! DOCTOR -- I'M HERE!

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

CARSON: Why, it's my old friend, Pablo. Pablo, Don't tell me you're a doctor here?

BLANC: Si, Senor. Here -- drink the pot of black coffee. It will help you limber up your muscles for the fight.

CARSON: Black coffee will limber up my muscles?

BLANC: Si, Senor. There is nothing like black coffee when you have been stiff in all the joints!

CARSON: Now, wait a minute, Pablo -- what are you doing with that needle?

BLANC: Don't get excited Mister Carson. I'm just going to take a blood test. Now just be quiet -- and relax.

CARSON: Hey -- wait -- wait! What kind of a blood test are you giving me? You're only supposed to take one drop of blood; why are you taking out a quart??

BLANC: Just one moment, I ask my assistant. OH PANCHO!

TUGWELL: SI!

BLANC: El Senor Carson, quiere conocer how come siphon uno quarto por los hombres en gringo corpuscles?

TUGWELL: No, Informe Senor Carson por los hombres siphon uno quarto en gringo el plasma corpuscles San Luis Obispo y Avocado.

CARSON: Well, if it's just a blood test why did you take a quart?

BLANC: We also work for the Red Cross!

CARSON: Well, it's too late to do anything about it now -- and besides it's for a good cause, *folks*.

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

CARSON: Come in!

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

CARSON: Oh, it's Ken Niles!

NILES: Ha. Ha. Ha. Oh Jack! Ha! Ha! Ha!

CARSON: What are you laughing at, Ken?

NILES: Gee, Jack -- you're the first fighter I've ever seen wearing pink trunks!

CARSON: I haven't got my trunks on yet. This is my girdle!

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

CONNIE: (OFF) Oh, Mister Niles!

NILES: It's Connie Bennett at the door, Jack.

CARSON: Oh, golly! Give me my pants -- I've got to get them on quick! Niles -- where are my pants!

NILES: You haven't time. Quick-jump into that Steam Cabinet!

SOUND: (TIN CABINET DOOR CLOSING) (STEAM ON)

CARSON: Gee, it's hot in here!

SOUND: (DOOR KNOCK REPEATED)

NILES: Keep quiet, Jack! (CALLS) Come in, Connie!

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

CONNIE: Hello, Ken -- what's cooking?

CARSON: I AM!

CONNIE: Oh, -- I didn't see you, Jack. What are you doing in the steam cabinet -- too much weight?

CARSON: Not enough pants!

CONNIE: Ken -- Could I talk to you privately for a moment?

NILES: Okay, Connie -- let's step outside!

CARSON: HEY NILES -- Don't leave me in this steam cabinet. I'll be cooked!

NILES: I'll be right back, Jack.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAMS) (CUT STEAM)

NILES: Now -- what's on your mind, Connie?

CONNIE: Listen, Ken -- I've got to make a lot of money on this fight tonight for charity, but I don't think Jerkins is the proper opponent for Carson. So I've called Maxie Rosenbloom and he's coming over to take Jerkins' place. But don't let Carson know about this till he gets in the ring!

NILES: *Maxie Rosenbloom, the worlds champ.*
Don't worry, the secret is safe with me. Boy, I can hardly wait to see Carson beaten to a pulp! HAAAA!

CONNIE: Remember, Ken -- not a word to Jack!

NILES: Okay, Connie...I'll see you later. I better get back and shut the steam off.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS, STEAM ON,..THEN SHUTS OFF AND CABINET OPENS

NILES: All right, Jack -- you can get out of the steam cabinet now. (PAUSE) JACK! JACK, WHERE ARE YOU?

CARSON: I'M RIGHT HERE IN THE STEAM CABINET!

NILES: But all I see is a puddle of water!

CARSON: Well don't step in it -- IT'S ME!...~~What a favor you did for me, Niles!~~

NILES: ~~Why, are you burned?~~

CARSON: ~~No, I never burn -- I'm just one big healthy even blister!~~

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

CARSON: NOW WHAT!...COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MAN: Mr. Carson, understand you're fightin' tonight. Tell ya what I'm gonna do! I have here a bottle of Fighter's Strengtho Liniment. Put a few drops on your fingers, apply to your shoulder, and rub with a circular motion gently for five minutes! Then, see what happens!

CARSON: What happens?

MAN: I don't know -- I never sell any!

CARSON: NOW LOOK HERE..!

MAN: *ya* Say you're not gettin' enough for you're money? -- tell
ya what I'm gonna do --

CARSON: Will you get outta here!!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

CARSON: Ken, this is driving me nuts! This guy is heckling me,
you turned the steam on --

NILES: I didn't do it, Jack!

CARSON: Well, I didn't do it, CONNIE BENNETT DIDN'T DO IT!
WHO TURNED THE STEAM ON!!

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

CARSON: MATILDA! WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE IN MY DRESSING ROOM?

GRAY: I heard you were gonna fight, Uncle Jack, and I came here
to be your second!

CARSON: My second? But you're too small!

GRAY: Then I'll be a split second!

SOUND: CAT MEOWS

CARSON: MATILDA! Why did you bring that black cat into my
dressing room -- that's bad luck! Get outta here!

GRAY: But this cat is my friend. Don't be mean to her,
Uncle Jack, because she had family responsibilities.

CARSON: I've got responsibilities too!

GRAY: ^{You HAVE} ~~Really?~~ How many kittens are you feeding!

CARSON: Will you please get rid of that cat!

GRAY: She won't go out unless you coax her with something she
likes.

CARSON: What does she like?

GRAY: Have you got a mouse in your pocket!...I feel very sorry
for this cat, Uncle Jack -- she ain't got any tail!

CARSON: What happened to her?

GRAY: She lost it, hitch-hiking on a lawn-mower!

CARSON: Listen, Matilda, I'm very busy. Here's a nickel, go out
to the charity bazaar and buy yourself something -- buys
some cotton candy!

GRAY: I don't like cotton candy -- Connie Haines bought me some
cotton candy last week.

CARSON: So what?

GRAY: I ate an' I ate an' I ate -- before I knew it, half my
underwear was missing!

CARSON: Oh, GET OUTTA HERE!

MUSIC: ("LET'S GET LOST" HOLD UNDER:)

NILES: Connie Haines sings the new rhythmic ballad --
"LET'S GET LOST!"

MUSIC: (UP TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: Good evening, everybody - this is Ken Niles speaking from the ringside at Constance Bennett's big charity fight - and thousands of people are here to witness the struggle! Jack Carson and his butler, Jerkins, are still in the dressing room...Carson is all pepped up and expects to beat Jerkins. (WITH GLEE) Of course he doesn't know that he's not going to fight Jerkins; he doesn't even know that he's going to fight Maxie Rosenbloom, the champ, but we know, don't we? HAHAHA! .. Let's listen....

CARSON: (BOARD FADE) All right, let's get this straight, Jerkins. As the first round starts, I hit you once and you fall down!

BLANC: Yes sir.

CARSON: But just to make it look good, I'll come out bobbing and weaving!

BLANC: And I'll come out knitting and crocheting!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

CARSON: Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MAXIE: Hya, fellas!

CARSON: Say, look who it is ^{Maxie} - MAXIE ROSENBLOOM!
(APPLAUSE)

CARSON: Well, come right in, Champ! Remember me? - I'm Carson!

MAXIE CARSON? Oh yeh - I used to use your little liver pills!

CARSON: No, no - CARSON! You probably saw me in my last picture, The Hard Way.

MAXIE: No, I only go to pitchers in which I can see my favorite star.

CARSON: What's your favorite star doing now?

MAXIE: I ain't doin' nothin'! .. You know, this here Miss Bennett, she asked me to come over and do some fightin' tonight.

CARSON: Gee, that's swell, Maxie -- I'm fighting here tonight, too. Of course, mine won't be much of a fight -- I'm taking on a pushover: my butler, Jerkins!

MAXIE: I'm fightin' a jerk, too!

CARSON: (LAUGHS IT UP) That's great! He's fighting a jerk! Whatta joke!

MAXIE: (LAUGHS WITH CARSON) Great joke, huh? Whatta jerk!

CARSON: Lock, Maxie, after the fights maybe we can get together -- go out and do something.

MAXIE: Well, I doubt it -- but hope springs infernal!

CARSON: Infernal??? Maxie, how can you be so stupid?

MAXIE: Easy -- I got a book!

~~CARSON: You know, you haven't been fighting for a long time, but you're in perfect condition. How do you do it?~~

~~MAXIE: Jack, when I'm training for a fight, there's no woman, no drinkin' and no stayin' out late!~~

~~CARSON: But what do you do for amusement?~~

~~MAXIE: I break trainin'!~~

CARSON: Listen, Maxie, could you give me some pointers on how to conduct myself in the ring?

MAXIE: There's nothin' to it -- just get in there and start fightin'. I always say, the only way to learn

to swim is to drown! *I always say.*
CARSON: *You CAN BE THE ONLY ONE TO SAY IT.*
But you don't understand. You see, being in pictures, I don't want to have my face out up -- I don't want to have any ugly scars!

MAXIE: Don't be afraid of that! Look at me -- you'd never believe I used to be ugly! I went and got fixed up by a plastered surgeon!

CARSON: You mean plastic surgeon!

MAXIE: No -- he took one look at my face and got plastered!

CARSON: Maxie, can I borrow your I.Q. tonight? -- I got a date with a moron!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

CONNIE: (OFF) Oh, Jack...?

CARSON: Yes, Connie, come in...

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

CONNIE: The fights are going to start now; follow me to the ring!

CARSON: Okay...boy, will I murder that Jerkins!

SOUND: EASE CROWD NOISES TO PEAK, SUSTAIN, THEN LOWER FOR GONGS

NILES: (FIGHT ANNOUNCER) And now, the main bout of the evening...
in this corner, wearing ^{A-jack laugh, 3 piece suit of} chartreuse tights, FROM
WARNER BROTHERS -- HOT LIPS CARSON.

SOUND: CHEERS, AND LOWER FOR:

NILES: And in this corner, the champion of the world -- AND THE WINNER -- MAXIE ROSEMBLOOM!

SOUND: CHEERS, AND LOWER FOR:

CARSON: (YELLS) Maxie Rosenbloom! Connie, I'M NOT GONNA FIGHT HIM! HE'LL KNOCK MY TEETH OUT!

CONNIE: Don't be afraid -- he won't hurt you, Hot Lips!

CARSON: Oh no? I can see it now -- Hot GUMS CARSON!..I'M NOT GOING THROUGH WITH THIS! I'VE BEEN FRAMED!

CONNIE: STOP YELLING AT ME, JACK, OR I'LL TAKE BACK MY TIGHTS!

CARSON: Who cares -- THEY'LL TICKLE ANYHOW!

SOUND: GONGS

BLANC: All right, boys, come to the center of the ring! Now I'm the referee here, and as the referee, there's one thing I insist on -- I WANT A CLEAN FIGHT!

MAXIE: And I want a clean fight!

CARSON: Then why don't you two fight, I get kinda dirty!

BLANC: Now there's one more thing, I'm not interested in either one of you and I'm playin' no favorites -- no favorites! Do you understand that, Carson?

CARSON: Yes, sir.

BLANC: Do you understand that, Maxie?

MAXIE: Yes, Uncle Hymie!

CARSON: UNCLE! That's great! I WONDER WHO THE OTHER OFFICIALS ARE!

BLANC: The timekeeper is Joe Rosenbloom, the judges are Phil Rosenbloom and Herman Rosenbloom, counting for the knockdowns is Jake Rosenbloom -- and, oh, yes, the ticket-taker is Jerkins!

MAXIE: JERKINS! What're ya tryin' to do, Carson -- FIX THE FIGHT!!!!

BLANC: All right, break it up, boys. Now go to your corners and come out fighting!

SOUND: ~~CHEERS UP AND DOWN.~~ HOLD LOW UNDER NILES SPEECH:

NILES: This is Ken Niles again, and it's only a matter of seconds before the fight starts. Both men are getting their final instructions...Carson looks a little nervous; the referee pats him on the back and -- CARSON IS DOWN!

SOUND: CHEERS UP, GONG RINGS

~~CONNIE: Jack! Come on, get up and fight. What are you
a yellow belly?~~

MAXIE: ~~Hey, no fair, Miss Bennett -- you peeked!~~ Carson, put your firsts up -- I'm gonna let you have it!

SOUND: THUD, THUD, THUD!

CONNIE: Jack, don't let Maxie hit you -- FIGHT BACK!

CARSON: I can't!

CONNIE: Why not?

CARSON: I don't want to make enemies!

MAXIE: ~~Hey Carson, you're a coward!~~

CARSON: ~~Oh yeah?? Listen, Maxie, I can lick you with both
hands tied!~~

MAXIE: ~~Well, why don't ya?~~

~~CARSON: Your hands aren't tied!~~

MAXIE: Let's see how you like this one...(THUD) And this one...(THUD)

CARSON: (YELLS "OUCH" AT EACH PUNCH ABOVE)

CONNIE: Hit him back!

CARSON: Not me, I'm going home!

CONNIE: What for?

CARSON: My fudge is burning!

MAXIE: See how you like these, Carson...

SOUND: VOLLEY OF BLOWS

CARSON: (GROANING) Ohhh...ow! Hey, Connie -- now I've got him worried!

CONNIE: What do you mean, you've got him worried?

CARSON: He's afraid he's gonna kill me!...Look out, Rosenbloom, try to stop this one!

SOUND: HEAVY SOCK

CARSON: Look at your ear -- cauliflower!

SOUND: SOCK

MAXIE: Look at yours -- artichoke!

CONNIE: Jack, keep going, keep punching. YOU'RE OUT IN FRONT!

SOUND: SHADE SLIDE

CARSON: I'M OUT IN BACK, TOO!

MAXIE: I'm not gonna fool around with you any more, Carson. I gotta date, so I'm gonna give you my knockout punch!

SOUND: HEAVY SLAM, BODY FALL!"

CARSON: OHHHHH!

SOUND: (AS BODY FALLS) CHEERS UP LOUD AND HOLD FOR:

BLANC: (COUNTING) ONE...TWO...FIVE...SEVEN...TEN! THE WINNER:
MAXIE ROSENBLOOM!

MAXIE: Thanks, Uncle Hymie!

SOUND: CHEERS, FADING UNDER:

CONNIE: (YELLS OVER NOISE, HAPPILY) Oh, Jack, you were wonderful!
YOU PUT UP A GREAT FIGHT!

CARSON: (MISERABLE) Ohh, Connie, you got me into this.
MY HEAD IS SPLITTING! IF I ONLY HAD SOMETHING FOR
MY HEADACHE!

MAN: Y'SAY YA GOT A HEADACHE? -- TELL YA WHAT I'M GONNA DO!
I'M GONNA LET YOU HAVE ---

CARSON: OH, GET ME OUT OF HERE!

MUSIC: (PLAY-OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: Now you can send presents to that fellow in a U.S. camp -- but if you had in mind shipping him a pony, or a pipe organ or the front row of a chorus -- take a tip from me and send him cigarettes instead -- because surveys show it's one of the most preferred gifts. And, of course, send Camels, yes Camels -- first in all the services, according to actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens, where the men spend their own money for cigarettes. Think that over if you're looking for a better cigarette for you, too. Camels have more flavor -- extra flavor that helps 'em wear well, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke. Yes, and Camels are extra mild, slow-burning, and cool smoking, too, because Camels are expertly blended of costlier tobaccos.

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

NILES: Camels! Get a peck tonight! Send a carton to that fellow in the service!

CARSON: Thanks, Ken. And now, the Camel Comedy Caravan must *Emmie Bennett, Mafie Rosenblum and the whole gang will* pause for just a few seconds. ~~will~~ all be back, and *whole gang will* meanwhile light up a Camel while Ken intones the following:

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

MUSIC: (PENTHOUSE THEME, HOLD UNDER FOR THIRTY SECONDS, CUT UNDER:)

CARSON: This is Jack Carson again -- and it's Connie Haines time ~~again~~. Connie sings the swell new rhythm tune -- "I DON'T WANT ANYBODY ELSE BUT YOU!"

MUSIC: ("ANYBODY ELSE BUT YOU")

(APPLAUSE)

5/7/43

CARSON: Most reporters send their scoops in over a leased wire, but Indiana's foreign correspondent sends his in over a borrowed grapevine...

ORCHESTRA:(SNEAK IN "INDIANA")

CARSON: ...and here he comes, harmonica in one hand and notes in the other...Wabashful Herb Shriner!

(APPLAUSE)

SHRINER: Hello...Well, here I am reportin' ~~to my hometown paper~~ again ~~this evening as usual~~. I suppose some of you folks wonder how I ever got a job as reporter...It was just lucky cause I ain't a very smart fella. I thought I never would get out of grammar school...I guess I never would have made it if my father hadn't been so smart. He just put his foot down, he made he gc.out and sleep with the goat one night...and that did it...I went through all eight grades the very next day.

Oh, I always been lucky...when I was a little baby with a size four head...somebody gave me a size three hat. I never would have been able to wear it, but my father had big strong hands. My uncle claimed that I used up all the luck in the family...like the time he was bringin' home a dozen eggs that my aunt wanted to hardboil. On the way home his car blew up and scattered him all over...my aunt felt terrible about it. She hates scrambled eggs. She felt so bad she went out and got herself a job with the circus. Oh, there's lots of women workin' there...you'd be surprised at the changes that have taken place

(CONTINUED)

SHRINER;
(Cont'd)

in the circus since the man shortage. I was out to the Dingling Brothers circus last Sunday and the first thing I noticed was that they got a synthetic rubber man this year. They had to hire him...they couldn't get the old rubber man recapped...his carcass was showin' through. Oh, the shortage of men is affectin' lots of the circus acts...now you take them acrobats that do the livin' statues act, they are almost afraid to go on. Every time five or six of them fellas gets all set in a pyramid... the fella on the bottom gets drafted...Even the bearded lady is gettin' nervous...next season the circus may even have to resort to a bearded man.

Hmmm, you think that's bad...why, the two-headed man quit the circus and got himself a job in a candy factory as a nutcracker. He puts a walnut in each ear and then bangs his heads together. ^{is possible} ~~Yes, there's lots missin' from the circus but they're doing their best to make up for it... why, their cotton candy is ten per cent wool this year.~~

~~(meth)~~

Oh, I had a good time out there but I did make a fool of myself in the menagerie tent...I got to actin' up and I put some itchin' powder on a poor mooses tail. I just did it for a joke, but I guess it was awful mean. That moose went around scratchin' and rubbin' himself up against the wall. Why...before I knew it he'd wore himself off clear up to his neck. It turned out alright though...I got him a job hangin' around the Elks Club.

(CONTINUED)

SHRINER:
(Cont'd)

The worst part was wasting all that meat...The people in the circus didn't like that. Some of the lion tamers there are so desperate for a taste of meat that they're puttin' the lions' heads in their mouths.

I'm always takin' advantage of opportunities as soon as I heard about the man shortage in the circus I stepped right in...got my dog a job and he's just a puppy...he's playin' the part of Jo Jo the boy-faced dog. That reminds me I got a letter from my other dog this week...he's the one that joined the Woofs...that's the dog army...He was complaining about the camp...he said when they got there the barracks weren't finished yet and them poor pups had to sleep in man tents.

I was expectin' him to be home this week...he could have got a leave...but he decided to wait till next week and see if he can get a whole tree. Well, it's time to sign off with my harmonica already. I want you to notice that I'm playin' with a full orchestra tonight...I hope you appreciate it...it cost me twelve dollars to get 'em full.

Here we go.

SHRINER AND ORCHESTRA:

"ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND"

(APPLAUSE)

CARSON: Thank, you Herb Shriner. And now, back to our----

CONNIE: Oh, Pardon me, Jack!

CARSON: What is it, Connie?

CONNIE: You know, Jack--all over town I hear people talking about the humorous travesties you do each week, satirizing the most popular radio shows.

CARSON: But tell me, Connie--just what is your favorite program? Name it--and we'll do it!

CONNIE: Well, I get a big kick out of those little one-minute programs that come between the big ones.

CARSON: I know just what you mean, Connie. So if you and Maxie and our singer Connie Haines will help me out, we'll show you just how it's done!

SOUND: GONG

BLANC: This is station F-F-F-F-4F to you! - bringing you the correct time. When you hear the tone it will be exactly-- (HICCUP) exact--(HIC) it will be (HIC) OH, GO LOOK AT YOUR WATCH! And now an electrical transcription:

MUSIC: (PIANO PICK UP)

ALL TOGETHER: (TO LITTLE BROWN JUG)

Joey likes me, Frankie, too.

Tommy phones me, Jimmy, too.

The reason they all think I'm sweet,

I use-(TACIT) SCHMETNICK & PLOTNICKS

CORN PLASTERS WITH THE NEW IMPROVED

LABORATORY TESTED STICKING QUALITIES,

Schmetnick and Plotnick
~~on my feet!~~

SOUND: BELL TINKLES - DOOR OPENS

CONNIE: Oh, Pharmacist -- give me a carton of Schmetnicks and Plotnicks Corn Plasters, sir.

MAXIE: You mean the new improved corn plasters with the new improved laboratory-tested sticking qualities?

CONNIE: Yes, I'd like a half a dozen, please!

MAXIE: I'm sorry, Madam--but they only come five in a box!

CONNIE: Only five in a box??? What'll I Do?? I HAVE SIX TOES!

MUSIC:

~~If your feet are killing you~~

Do what other people do,

See your druggist twice a year,

Your crop of corns will disappear.

(TO TUNE OF "GOOD EVENING FRIENDS")

~~Schmetnick and Plotnick!~~

BLANC:

(Tong) When you hear the tone, the time will be--(HICCUPS)

The time will be (HICCUP) What's the use--it's later than that now!

(APPLAUSE)

MAXIE:

Gee, that was lots of fun, Jack. But my favorite program comes on early in the morning and talks about nature.

I like to commute with nature. It appeals to my agriculting sense.

CARSON:

All right, my washed-up Webster--I believe I know the program you refer to. Give us a little music, Freddy!

5/7/43

MUSIC:

~~(TRIPS)~~ "Country Gardens"

CARSON:

And a goody-goody good morning to you all, neighbors.

This is the GARDNER'S FRIEND, Egbert Huckle!

(CONFIDENTIALLY) My dear nature lovers -- DO YOUR

THICKETS HAVE RICKETS? ARE YOUR SPUDS - DUDS?

DOES YOUR UMBRELLA TREE NEED A NEW HANDLE? ARE YOU

SUFFERING FROM DROOPING PANSIES? HAVE YOUR PITS

GONE TO POT?

CONNIE:

Yes, friends, every day we bring you Egbert Huckle,

through the courtesy of the GROW TALL SEED COMPANY....

THE SEED THAT GROWS LIKE A WEED! Listen to what one of

our satisfied users has to say: *Miss Connie Haines*

MAXIE:

~~The other day I planted an indoor victory garden in my~~~~living room. I put fifty pounds of dirt on the floor,~~~~put some GROW TALL seeds in the dirt, and then poured~~~~water on them twelve times a day.~~

CONNIE:

And what came up?

MAXIE:

The landlady!

CONNIE:

And now, another satisfied user of Grow-Tall Seeds --

~~Miss Connie Haines:~~

HAINES:

I like to spend my time with a Grow Tall Seed. It's

romantic -- just like being alone. First you're alone

with a seed -- you plant the seed -- then you're alone

with a bud -- the bud blossoms and you're alone with

an onion. You eat the onion -- and BOY -- ARE YOU ALONE!

CONNIE:

And now, back to our good friend and nature lover,

EGBERT HUCKLE!

5/7/43

CARSON: Friends, send for your Grow Tall Seeds today. Simply open the package of seeds and scatter them all over the house. What gay fun it is! You too, will soon have an indoor victory garden. Why I've got vines growing in my kitchen. One big vine got in the plumbing and when I turned on the kitchen faucet I got tomato juice. This morning I opened my bureau drawer and found a pair of bloomers. In closing, remember - take care of your plants, or you won't have a pair of plants to your name!

MUSIC: (FEW BARS OF "TREES")

CARSON: Well, Connie and Maxie, now that we've done your favorite programs, I'd like to do my favorite. It goes something like this. All right, Freddie, let's have the theme song.

MUSIC: (ORGAN SWEEPS UP AND HOLDS - THEN CUTS FOR)

CARSON: WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM? -- The program that is presented by the makers of THE CLASSY CHASSIS GIRDL COMPANY.

BENNETT: Ladies, do you suffer from overweight ankles? Does your two-way stretch stretch three ways? Then jump into a Classy Chassis Girdle. Remember - what this country needs is more hustle and LESS BUSTLE! And now, "WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM" presents its host, Doctor Fixit!

CARSON: The first case is that of Mister A. K. Good evening, sir - now what is your problem? ~~Go ahead, speak up, sir~~ here to help you, my friend. Just be calm.

MAXIE: Well - er - that is - well -

CARSON: ~~Now, go ahead, please --~~

MAXIE: When I was born I was left in a basket on a ~~doorstep~~.
The people opened the door, kept the basket and threw
me away.

CARSON: ~~Please be definite, young man. What is your problem?~~

MAXIE: *I'm not sure*
I think my wife doesn't love me!

CARSON: ~~Ah, I see. My friend, have you cause to believe your~~
~~wife doesn't love you? What makes you think~~ *your wife doesn't*
love you?

MAXIE: She hasn't been home in seven years. Her name is --

CARSON: Don't give the name, please. Where do you live --
you poor soul?

MAXIE: You know where Joe's saloon is?

CARSON: I'm afraid not.

MAXIE: You know where Butch's poolroom is?

CARSON: No.

MAXIE: You don't get around much, do you?

CARSON: My friend, my advice to you is to try to find a new
interest in life -- remember, your wife has been gone
for seven years.

MAXIE: I can't help it. No matter where my wife is I keep
praying some day she'll come back.

CARSON: You must have a heartful of love?

MAXIE: No, I have a sinkful of dishes!

MUSIC: (ORGAN UP AND DOWN)

BENNETT: Go to your nearest "Snuggie" shop and ask for a
Classy CHASSIE Girdle,

CARSON: And don't forget -- we also make a special Classy
Chassis Girdle for men -- easy to slip on -- + easy
to remove. Listen to one of our satisfied customers
slipping out of his girdle.

BLANC: First I unhook the special non-rolling band -- then pull
down the zipper and --000000000000OUCH -- IT'S KILLING
ME -- (CRIES)

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (PLAY-OFF)

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 Captain Sydney Stenson, a former fireman of East Elmhurst, New York, who was lowered into the blazing hold of a munitions ship anchored at a Hawaiian port. Though the fire was dangerously close to explosives that might have blown the entire ship sky high, Captain Stenson remained in the burning hold until he had extinguished the fire. We salute you, Captain Stenson, and in your honor the makers of Camels are sending to our men in the Pacific area 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 Caravans, which since 1941 have 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, with Jack Carson, Virginia Bruce, and *Herb Sherman*

51458 4533

~~Bert Gordon, the Mad Russian,~~
~~"Tennessee Haystack~~
MUSIC: ("LET'S DO IT," FADE OUT FOR:)

5/7/43

-35-

CARSON: (OVER MUSIC) Well, it's time to ring down the curtain on another Camel Caravan for tonight, and we hope you'll listen in next week when ~~the Mad Russian gets me in lots of trouble with~~ Virginia Bruce, ^{Pays us a visit} ~~Sounds like fun for everybody else but me.~~ And Maxie Rosenbloom and Connie Bennett, thanks very much for being with us tonight.

MAXIE AND
CONNIE: Goodnight Jack!

CARSON: Goodnight folks!

MUSIC: THEME - HOLD UNDER

NILES: Are you looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many you smoke? Well, stop looking and get Camels - the cigarette with more flavor -- extra flavor that helps 'em hold up pack after pack! Let your throat and your taste decide! And remember, next Friday night, another swell show starring Jack Carson. Until then, this is Ken Niles wishing you all a very pleasant goodnight -- from Hollywood.

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME UP TO FINISH

ENGINEER: CUT FOR HITCH HIKE.

ANNCR: You know, Mr. Pipesmoker, I never did find a word that would really say how much better Prince Albert tastes. Only way I know to prove that, without pouring you out a pipeful of good, mellow P.A. is to tell you that more men smoke Prince Albert -- more by far -- than any other brand -- and have for years. You can see for yourself in a minute by getting a handy pocket package of Prince Albert -- mild and rich-tasting -- yes sir, and no-bite treated for real smoking comfort -- and crimp cut to pack and burn and draw (just right. I think you'll agree that P.A. stands for Pipe Appeal!

It's the National Joy Smoke!

This is the COLUMBIA....BROADCASTING SYSTEM.