

"CAMEL COMEDY CARAVAN"

STARRING

JACK CARSON

CBS
7:00 - 7:45 PM, PWT
FRIDAY, MAY 21, 1943

CLAIRE TREVOR
CHARLIE RUGGLES
GUESTS

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

NILES: The CAMEL COMEDY CARAVAN! -- Starring Jack Carson,
Claire Trevor, Charlie Ruggles 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 Heines, tonight's special guests --
Claire Trevor and Charlie Ruggles. And now, here he
is, the star of our show -- JACK CARSON!

MUSIC: (THEME TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

CARSON: (CALLING FRANTICALLY) Jerkins! Jerkins!

BLANC: Yes, Mister Carson -- where are you, sir?

CARSON: Here I am in the bathtub. Help -- me out quickly!
Oh -- thanks, Jerkins! What a horrible experience!
I fell asleep in the tub with the water running and
it came up over my head!

BLANC: That's peculiar, sir. I don't see any water in the
tub.

CARSON: Of course there isn't. I sleep with my mouth open.

~~BLANC: Oh, you're really full of water, sir! I'd better
help you to a chair!~~

~~CARSON: Don't touch me, Jerkins. I don't want to make any
waves.~~

~~BLANC: Do you realize it's getting late, sir. Time to be
getting down to the radio station for your broadcast.~~

CARSON: ~~That's right, Jenkins.~~ By the way, ^{Jerkins} have you heard any
reports on my program?

BLANC: Well, my sister heard your program last week, sir --
and she didn't like your voice. She wishes that you
sounded more like Fred Allen.

CARSON: Wishes I'd sound like Fred Allen?? But Allen has a
nasal twang!

BLANC: I think that's what she meant, sir. She said: "When
you tell your jokes you should be holding your nose."

CARSON: Oh, is that so? Well, the next time I see your sister
I'm going to tell her -- Oh, no -- no, I'm not,
either...I almost forgot!

BLANC: Forgot what, sir?

CARSON: Jerkins, this is going to be a great shock to you -- but
last night I made a final decision! I'm off women!
Last week Jinx Falkenberg and Virginia Bruce gave me the
horse laugh. The week before it was Connie Bennett and *before*
that Paulette Goddard. Now it's my turn. From now on I'm
through chasing after women. You'll see a new
Jack Carson!

BLANC: But, sir, what if the women don't chase you?

CARSON: Then you'll see the old Jack Carson!

SOUND: PHONE RINGS...RECEIVER UP

CARSON: Hello -- Carson speaking!

TUGWELL: Mister Carson -- let me be the first to congratulate you
on your decision about women. Women are nothing but
trouble. Stay away from them. I say -- DOWN WITH WOMEN!

CARSON: Well, thank you for backing me up! I wish I could do
some favor for you!

TUGWELL: Oh, you can. Make them let me out of here. I'm
all right, I tell you -- (MANIACAL LAUGH)

SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN

BLANC: Mister Carson, sir, I wish you wouldn't be so hasty about
giving up women. Maybe your technique has been wrong.
Why, I kissed a girl last night, just five minutes after
I met her.

CARSON: Gee, how did you get away with it?

BLANC: I simply told her that we'd be married the month after
next.

CARSON: July?

BLANC: Of course I did, but she fell for it! Ho-ho. Ho-ho. .
Ho-ho.

CARSON: Jenkins, the next time you go for a glass of beer -- ask the bartender to put a head on you!

SOUND: PHONE RINGS...RECEIVER UP

CARSON: Hello --

NILES: (FILTER) Hello, Jack -- this is Ken Niles. I wonder if you would pick me and my wife up in your sedan and take us down to the broadcast?

CARSON: My sedan? Why I loaned you my roadster this morning.

NILES: Well, you remember that dent you had in the front fender?

CARSON: Yes....

NILES: Well, I had it taken out by a trolley car!

CARSON: What? You wrecked my car and you have the nerve to ask me to come pick you up?

NILES: But, Jack -- you can't ask my beautiful wife to walk down to the studio.

CARSON: Beautiful wife? Tell that old witch to get out her broom and fly down!

SOUND: HANGS UP

CARSON: Oh, Jenkins!

BLANC: Yes, Mister Carson!

CARSON: Get out the sedan. I've got to go over to the Niles apartment and pick them up!

MUSIC: (TRANSITION MUSIC...SNEAK IN ON ABOVE LINE...FADE INTO:)

SOUND: DOOR BUZZER...DOOR OPENS

NILES: Well, Jack -- so you decided to come and get us after all.

CARSON: Yes, and tell that wife of yours to get a move on. I'm not going to wait for her!

ALLMAN: I'll be with you, Jack, as soon as I take the shine off my nose

CARSON: Why don't you take your nose off and leave the shine!

ALLMAN: Jack Carson, are you implying that I have a big nose?

CARSON: You have a nose like a sixty watt bulb. And I'm giving you the benefit of forty watts!

NILES: Look here, Jack, just because you're giving us a lift is no reason for insulting my wife. I'll have you know when I met my wife I found pure gold!

CARSON: You should -- with that pan!

ALLMAN: Go ahead and sneer if you want to, Mister Carson.

CARSON: All right, I will! (SNEERS)

ALLMAN: I've had men cover my fingers with diamonds and they've covered my neck with rubies!

CARSON: They should have covered your face with a sack! Will you please get your make-up on, I'm in a hurry! This is a nice apartment you have here, Ken.

NILES: Yes, and we have some nice neighbors! There are some beautiful girls living next door!

CARSON: I'm through with girls! There isn't a girl in this town who interests me.

NILES: Look out the window...there goes Claire Trevor!

CARSON: Claire Trevor??? Get out of the way! Oh, baby!

NILES: I thought you weren't interested in girls!

CARSON: Well, I didn't say anything about women! Say -- that's all right!

SOUND: (OFF) WHISTLE

ALLMAN: Jack Carson -- what's the idea of whistling from my window?

CARSON: What do you mean?? I didn't whistle! It must have come from another apartment! I wouldn't dream of doing such a thing. You never see me whistling at girls on Hollywood Boulevard!

NILES: No -- you get better results on Sunset!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

ALLMAN: Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

TREVOR: ~~May I come in?~~ *Need you do.*

NILES: Why, it's MISS CLAIRE TREVOR!

(APPLAUSE)

TREVOR: I'm looking for the wise guy who whistled at me!

ALLMAN: You might speak to me. I'm the lady of the house!

TREVOR: Oh? I see -- you're whistler's mother!

NILES: Just a moment, Miss Trevor! I'm Ken Niles and this is my wife...

CARSON: And I'm Hot Lips Carson!

TREVOR: Oh, then you're the one who stood at the window and whistled!

CARSON: But, Miss Trevor -- how can you accuse me of such a thing? Why, I'm flabbergasted -- I don't know what to say -- to think that I'd be guilty of such a low trick. Why -- I'm an Eagle Scout! I've always been a very clean liver!

ALLMAN: Oh, yeah?? Esquire has an option on your dreams!

CARSON: You keep out of this, Mrs. Niles. Look, Claire -- I mean Miss Trevor -- please believe me. I don't have to get girls by whistling. I've got plenty of girls.

TREVOR: Are you going with anyone now?

ALLMAN: Yes -- anyone!

CARSON: Just a minute, Mrs. Niles. You seem very anxious to pin this on me. Maybe it was your darling Kenneth that whistled.

ALLMAN: Why that's ridiculous. My Kenneth is just a bashful little boy. Why I even had to ask him to marry me -- and then he was too shy to answer, weren't you, dear?

NILES: I couldn't answer, darling. You had your knee on my chest!

TREVOR: This is all very interesting. But I'm here to demand an explanation from Mister Carson!

CARSON: But Claire -- I tell you I'm innocent. Let's forget the whole thing. You know, you and I could be such good friends!

TREVOR: I'm sorry, but we have nothing in common!

CARSON: But we must have something in common! Do you speak Russian?

TREVOR: No.

CARSON: Neither do I. You see -- WE WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER!

TREVOR: Lock, Hot Lips. This may all seem like a gag to you -- but I'm serious. I'm a ^{Pomona} Western gal -- and I don't like mashers.

CARSON: MASHERS?? YOU'RE CALLING ME A MASHER? Listen, Claire, there's only one way to settle this -- we'll go around to every apartment in this building!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

CARSON: Let's go, Claire. We'll start in this corridor.

TREVOR: I don't know if I want to go with you -- it's pretty dark in that hallway!

ALLMAN: (GAILY) I'll go with you, Mr. Carson.

CARSON: Oh no you won't, Mrs. Niles.

ALLMAN: Why not?

CARSON: It's not that dark!

MUSIC: (PLAY-OFF)

NILES: If you want to know what a cigarette means to a man in the front line, ask the men who know -- the front line troops of nineteen-eighteen. Ask them about Camels, too, these men who carried Camels into the Argonne and Chateau Thierry. They haven't forgotten, and that's why these men of the American Legion are sending Camels by the million to the front lines of 'forty-three. Already American Legion posts throughout the country have sent over ~~four~~⁵ million Camels overseas, and more orders are coming in every day. Yes, they're sending Camels, the cigarette that's first in all the services, according to actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens, where today's soldiers, sailors and Marines spend their own money for cigarettes. Remember that when you're thanking that Yank you know, and when you want a better cigarette for yourself! Camels are extra mild, extra-rich-tasting, cool smoking and slow burning -- because Camels are expertly, matchlessly blended of costlier tobaccos.

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

NILES: Camels! Let your throat and your taste decide! Camels!
Smoke a pack and send a carton!

MUSIC: ("THE WAY YOU LOOK TONIGHT"...FADE FOR:)

NILES: Freddie Rich revives a melodic Jerome Kern favorite --
"The Way You Look Tonight!"
(APPLAUSE)

EFFECT: (BOARD FADE IN)

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON MARBLE

TREVOR: (ON CUE) You're certainly wasting a lot of time,
Jack -- we've been to six apartments already.

CARSON: But Claire --

TREVOR: Even if you did whistle at me, I'm willing to forget
about it.

CARSON: Oh no! I don't want you to think I'm a masher --
after all, I like you, Claire...you're different!
You have such round eyes...

TREVOR: Did you ever see square ones??

CARSON: No kidding, Claire -- couldn't you go for a man like
me?

TREVOR: Well, I might go for you, Jack, if you just had the
physique of Robert Taylor, the charm of Ronald Colman,
and the face of -- er -- the face of --

CARSON: The face of who?

TREVOR: That's all -- if you just had a face!..You can't fool
me, Hot Lips! I can read you like a book!

CARSON: Like a book?

TREVOR: Yes.

CARSON: Well don't miss Chapter Eight -- it's a beaut! --
Well, let's try this next door. I'll find that
whistler yet!

SOUND: BUZZER...DOOR OPENS

CARSON: Pardon me, but I'd like to find out something --

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

CARSON: Oh, it's my old friend, Pablo. Pablo, I didn't know
you lived in this building.

BLANC: Si, Senor -- I have a beautiful apartment with three lovely exposures -- North and South.

TREVOR: What's the other exposure?

BLANC: Across the street lives Gypsy Rose Lee!

CARSON: Look, Pablo, I want to ask you something that's very important to this lady -- Miss Claire Trevor.

BLANC: How do you do, Miss Trevor. I think you are most wonderful in pictures.

TREVOR: Thank you, Pablo.

BLANC: I would like very much in your next picture to be your sit-in!

TREVOR: You mean STAND-in!

BLANC: No, I mean sit-in -- I get very tired up to it!

CARSON: Pablo, somebody in this apartment house whistled at Miss Trevor, like this -- (WHISTLES) It sounded like he was whistling through his teeth.

BLANC: I did not do this, Senor, but wait -- I ask Pancho.
OH PANCHO!

TUGWELL: SI!

BLANC: El Senor Carson conocer supuesto uno whistle (WHISTLES) Senorita Trevor el wolfo, (WHISTLES) second flooro el fire escapo muy necko!

TUGWELL: No -- informe el Senor Carson el damo formente mi braccas el cemento Pan Americano muy bueno el wolfo San Luis Obispo y avacado! (WHISTLES)

CARSON: Well, did Pancho do the whistling?

BLANC: He say he was in the living room.

CARSON: But he could have been whistling through his teeth
in the living room.

BLANC: No, Senor.

CARSON: Why not?

BLANC: Because his teeth are in the bathroom!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

TREVOR: Jack, why don't you give up this silly canvass and
confess!

CARSON: Why won't you believe that I'm innocent. I don't get
along with girls -- I've only had one date in my
life and it was a blind date, at that! The girl was
such a mess that when I saw her I broke down and
cried!

TREVOR: Bawled like a baby?

CARSON: SHE HAD NO HAIR AT ALL!..Why don't you let me take
you in my arms and kiss away your suspicion of me!

TREVOR: Oh no!

CARSON: But you like men I gather?

TREVOR: No, I like men I gather!

CARSON: Well, then I'm not giving up. I'll try this door!

TREVOR: I'll handle this one, Jack.

SOUND: BUZZER...DOOR OPENS

TREVOR: I beg your pardon, sir, but I'm looking for a man
with a whistle!

MARR: Y'say you're lookin' for a whistle -- step a little
closer, Madame, tell ya what I'm gonna do!

CARSON: Oh, it's that salesman again!

MARR: Lady, I have here a new device, the Shrillo Whistle.
Upon blowing this whistle it emits a sound which cannot
be heard by the human ear, because it is High C,
above High K! The only thing that can hear it is a dog.
Now, I blow the whistle, like this.

TREVOR: But I didn't hear anything.

MARR: One moment and three dogs will come running up!

SOUND: HORSES HOOFS TO STOMPING STOP AS:

BLANC: (HORSE WHINNY)

CARSON: Oh, great! This happens to be a horse!

MARR: Well, what d'ya know -- I blew TOO HARD!

TREVOR: Jack, let's go -- this fellow's a fake!

MARR: Y'say you're not gettin' enough for your money.

Tell ya what I'm gonna do!

SOUND: SHARP DOOR SLAM, CUTS VOICE

CARSON: How d'ya like that -- I had to slam the door in my own
face!...Say, Claire, look at the name on this last door --
it's Charlie Ruggles! Now I know who the wolf is in
sheep's clothing.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

CARSON: IS ANYBODY HOME? (PAUSE)

SOUND: KNOCKS AGAIN

TREVOR: IS ANYBODY IN THERE?

RUGGLES: (OFF) OH, IT'S A GIRL! OF COURSE I'M IN! (WOLF HOWL)

CARSON: Y'see, I TOLD YOU IT WAS CHARLIE RUGGLES!

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: (ON CUE) DOOR OPENS

RUGGLES: Well, if it isn't my friend Jack Car -- WELL! IF IT
ISN'T CLAIRE TREVOR!

TREVOR: Hello, Charlie.

RUGGLES: Well, well, come right in, Claire darling.

~~CARSON: What about me?~~

RUGGLES: You can come up and see me sometime, too!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS, KNOCKS ON DOOR

CARSON: WAIT A MINUTE! LEMME IN THERE! OPEN UP, RUGGLES!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

RUGGLES: Come in, Carson, but sit in a corner! Well, Claire,
~~I haven't seen you in some time.~~ Let me take you in
my arms and tell you how wonderful I am!

CARSON: Claire, you stay away from Ruggles -- he has a million
girls!

RUGGLES: Why I never fool around with girls -- I'm a
man of regular habits!

CARSON: Then how come I saw you out dancing with a blonde at
five o'clock this morning!

RUGGLES: That's one of my regular habits!

TREVOR: Charlie, I've heard that all you do is go to parties
with young girls! What're you going to do when you
get old?

RUGGLES: I'll go to parties with old girls!

CARSON: Let's stop this fooling around!

TREVOR: That's right, Charlie -- someone whistled at me out
a window of this apartment building, and I think it
was Jack Carson.

CARSON: And I think it was Charlie Ruggles!

RUGGLES: Oh you do, eh? Claire, there's only one thing a law-abiding citizen like you can do -- you must take this juvenile delinquent into court!

TREVOR: But Charlie, that's silly! All I want to do is drop the whole thing!

RUGGLES: My dear, you can't! This man is a menace to the community! Today he whistled at you, tomorrow he whistles at Ann Sheridan, and the next day who will it be?

TREVOR: Who?

RUGGLES: Wait'll I look in my book and -- No! No!

CARSON: Ruggles, if you take me into court I'll make you the laughing stock of Hollywood.

RUGGLES: You will? Well, I'm laughing already -- heh! heh!

CARSON: and I'm laughing right back! Heh, heh -- HEH!

RUGGLES: Is that so! Well, heh, heh, hoo HEE!

CARSON: Oh yeah? -- heh, heh, heh, hoo HA! HA!

RUGGLES: Oh yeah? -- heh, heh, ha ha, hoo, hee-hoo-hoo!

TREVOR: (YELLS) BOYS! PLEASE! I DON'T WANT TO GO INTO COURT!

CARSON: CLAIRE YOU KEEP OUTTA THIS! RUGGLES, HEH, HEH, HO HO HA, HEE HOO-HOO-HA!

RUGGLES AND CARSON: (CONTINUE TOGETHER UNTIL:)

MUSIC: (ON CUE... "BUT NOT FOR ME," HOLD UNDER:)

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: Connie Haines sings a lovely odd George Gershwin song -- "But Not For Me!"

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: And now, ladies and gentlemen, here we are in the Fourth District Court, Hollywood, California, where we are to witness the trial of Claire Trevor versus Jack Carson -- THE CHARGE -- MASHING!! Ha ha. Ha ha. As everyone knows, the act of whistling at a passing girl is punishable in Hollywood County by life imprisonment -- except, of course, if you're a sailor! We now find Jack Carson talking to his butler, Jerkins, in the hallway outside the courtroom.

BLANC: Mister Carson, sir -- how did you ever get yourself into this mess? I thought you were through with girls!

CARSON: For the last time, Jerkins, I tell you I didn't whistle at Miss Trevor. As long as you've known me, have you ever heard me whistle at a girl?

BLANC: No, sir. You usually just stand on your head and yell "Hi, Babe!"

CARSON: That's a lie! I just do that to shake the lint out of my pocket. Look Jerkins, between you and me I think Charlie Ruggles is back of this whole thing. In fact I'm almost positive that he did the whistling. If I could just get Ruggles to whistle in front of Miss Trevor, I think she'd know right away it was him.

BLANC: Why don't you try it, sir? Here they come!

TREVOR: (FADES IN) Oh, there you are, Jack. I'm terribly sorry this thing has gone so far. I've been trying to get Charlie, here, to call off the trial!

RUGGLES: I won't let you do that, Claire. Carson is nothing but a masher!

CARSON: Don't call me a masher -- you WOLF!

RUGGLES: Wait a minute -- I'M NO WOLF!

CARSON: Oh no? -- EVERY TIME A GIRL PASSES, YOUR EARS SNAP TO ATTENTION!

TREVOR: (INTERRUPTS) BOYS! BOYS! PLEASE! LET'S STOP ALL THIS!

RUGGLES: Very well, Claire -- but don't dodge the issue, Carson. You're guilty...it's written all over your face.

CARSON: YEAH, BUT IT'S IN YOUR HANDWRITING!..Listen, Ruggles, you were at the apartment when this whole thing happened! Did you hear the whistle?

RUGGLES: How could I miss it -- er -- I mean -- yes -- I heard it!

CARSON: What did it sound like? How did it go?

RUGGLES: Why, it went something like -- you know.-- I just remembered -- I haven't been able to whistle for twenty years! Ha hahaha. I used to play the tuba in the Elk's Band.

CARSON: ^{Tuba?} What's that got to do with it?

RUGGLES: One day I tried to hit a high note and I broke my pucker!

VOICE: ALL RIGHT -- EVERYBODY INTO THE COURT -- EVERYBODY INTO THE COURT!

RUGGLES: Come on, Claire.

CARSON: Just a minute, Claire -- do you realize that I might get life?

TREVOR: Don't worry, Jack -- with good behavior you might get five years off. See you in court!

CARSON: Now, what am I going to do? If I only had some legal advice!

MARR: Friend, you say you need some legal advice. Tell you what I'm gonna do. I have here a Writ of Injunction, a Writ of Invectus, a Writ of Delecti, a Writ of Mandamus and a Writ of Habeas Corpus!

CARSON: Hey, what are you doing here?

MARR: I'm puttin' on the WRITS!

CARSON: Oh, will you stop bothering me! What I need is a good lawyer. I'm in plenty of trouble!

MARR: Then tell ya what I'm gonna do -- I have here, for only five dollars, a genuine Hindu, voodoo, Barcelona good luck charm -- guaranteed to make you smarter than the smartest lawyer in the business!

CARSON: That's great -- here's your five dollars!

MARR: And here's your good luck charm!

CARSON: Thanks, and I -- HEY! WAIT A MINUTE! This is just a four-leaf clover -- I can get one anywhere for a nickel!

MARR: Y'see, friend -- you're gettin' smart already. S'long friend!

CARSON: Oh, this is ridiculous! I'll fight that case myself -- I'll trick Charlie Ruggles into whistling and clear myself once and for all.

SOUND: BASE IN CROWD NOISE, HOLD UNDER:

TUGWELL (LOUD AND INDISTINCT) Oyez! Oyez! The Fourth District Court in Hollywood, California is now in session, Judge Hardly presiding -- (DISTINCT) AND PARKING TICKETS FIXED!

SOUND: RAPS OF GAVEL

BLANC: This Court is now in session -- first case, Hot Lips Carso the Whistling Boy! Who is representing you, Mr. Carson?

CARSON: I'll try my own case, Judge Hardly.

BLANC: Do you know anything about law?

CARSON: Do I know anything about law! Why, I made history in the case of Jones versus Jones. I was the lawyer for both sides!

BLANC: Well, who won?

~~CARSON: Versus!~~

SOUND: RAPS OF GAVEL

BLANC: ~~Quiet!~~ Now who is making this silly complaint about a man whistling? Who's wasting the time of this Court?

RUGGLES: I'm Charlie Ruggles, your honor -- my client is making this complaint -- CLAIRE TREVOR!

BLANC: Claire Trevor! Well! -- Hello, Poopsie!

TREVOR: Hello, Judgie-Wudgie!

BLANC: Ahhh, that's cute! Have you met the jury, Claire?

MUSIC: (BAND, TOGETHER) Hello, Claire!

CARSON: Oh, fine! Ruggles, I'll give you three to one that I lose this case!

RUGGLES: That's silly -- you can get twelve to one from the jury!

BLANC: (SMALL DOG BARKS)

TREVOR: Charlie! Quick! My dog's running away!

CARSON: Yeh, go ahead, Ruggles -- WHISTLE FOR HIM!

RUGGLES: All right, I -- NO! YOU'RE TRYING TO TRAP ME! I TOLD YOU I CAN'T WHISTLE!

CARSON: THEN HOW DO YOU ATTRACT GIRLS!

RUGGLES: (YELLS) I DROOL!

SOUND: GAVEL RAP

BLANC: Order in the Court! The defendant will take the stand, Mr. Ruggles, your witness!

RUGGLES: Kindly tell the court your name, young man.

CARSON: Jack Carson.

RUGGLES: (QUICKLY) Your honor, you've heard the facts. I demand a verdict of guilty!

CARSON: WAIT A MINUTE! I DIDN'T OPEN MY MOUTH!

RUGGLES: en, withholding evidence, eh?? Mr. Carson, tell the jury just what your occupation is.

CARSON: I'm a comedian -- I tell jokes!

TREVOR: Judge Hardly, I object!

CARSON: Now look, Claire, wait a second -- I have a very funny radio program!

TREVOR: Then I move we dismiss the whole case!

BLANC: On what grounds?

TREVOR: INSANITY!

RUGGLES: Judge, why don't we get down to cases! Jack Carson leaned out of a window and whistled at Claire Trevor. He's a masher! All he has in the back of his mind is girls!

CARSON: Is that so! Listen, Ruggles, I have other things in the back of my mind!

RUGGLES: What, for instance?

CARSON: Well, right now I don't know -- the girls are back there again!

RUGGLES: Your honor, I submit that Jack Carson is just girl crazy!

CARSON: (YELLS) BUT I'M INNOCENT! (SOFTLY) I appeal to the women on the jury. ladies --

TREVOR: I object! I object to Jack Carson trying to sway the women on the jury!

CARSON: CLAIRE! I'M NOT TRYING TO SWAY THE WOMEN!

TREVOR: THEN ROLL DOWN YOUR PANTS LEG!

CARSON: I ALWAYS WEAR MY PANTS THIS WAY -- I OWN A BICYCLE!...
Look, Your Honor, I'd like to present a character witness in my behalf!

BLANC: Bailiff, swear in the witness!

TUGWELL: Yes, sir. The witness will raise the right hand and swear. (PAUSE) Well, why don't you swear?

GRAY: I can't, I'M ON'Y TREE AND HALF YEARS OLD!
(APPLAUSE)

CARSON: Your Honor, this little girl is my niece Matilda. Listen, Matilda, have you ever been on a witness stand before?

GRAY: Huh?

CARSON: I mean have you ever been sworn in?

GRAY: No, but I've been cussed out!

CARSON: (WHISPERS) Quiet, Matilda! You've got to make a good impression on the Judge!

GRAY: Shall I cross my knees???

RUGGLES: I'd like to ask the little girl a question about Jack Carson. Matilda, will you tell the truth?

GRAY: What?

RUGGLES: THE TRUTH!

GRAY: Oh, that old thing!

RUGGLES: Now Matilda, tell me --- how does your Uncle Jack act when he's with a girl?

GRAY: Well...first they sit on the couch, then he puts his arm around the girl --

RUGGLES: Yes...?

GRAY: And then he gives me a nickel to get out!

RUGGLES: He only gives you a nickel??

GRAY: Oh, I make money on the side -- I charge my friends a quarter to look in the window!

CARSON: MATILDA! THAT ISN'T TRUE!

GRAY: Yes it is -- last night you were sittin' with a girl and the lights went out!

RUGGLES: What did your Uncle Jack do?

GRAY: He went downstairs and fixed the lights!

RUGGLES: Oh, an electrician.

GRAY: No, a jerk!

RUGGLES: Your Honor, there is no question in my mind that this man Carson is the culprit, and I demand a verdict of GUILTY!

BIANC: Very well, councillor -- who is the foreman of the jury?

HAINES: I am, Your Honor; Miss Connie Haines.

RUGGLES: WOW! WHATTA BABE! (WHISTLES)

TREVOR: (QUICKLY) JACK! DID YOU HEAR THAT! IT'S THE SAME WHISTLE I HEARD FROM THE WINDOW!

CARSON: I GET IT ALL NOW! SO YOU TRIED TO PIN IT ON ME, RUGGLES, WHEN YOU WERE THE GUY ALL THE TIME!

RUGGLES: (STUTTERS) Well, no -- er -- that is, I -- er -- !

BIANC: CHARLIE RUGGLES GUILTY! THIRTY DAYS!

SOUND: RAPS OF GAVEL

TREVOR: Gee, Jack, I'm terribly sorry this mistake was made!
Isn't there something I can do to make up for it??

CARSON: Well, would you -- er -- give me a little kiss?

TREVOR: I'd be glad to!

SOUND: LOUD KISS

CARSON: Oh boy, whatta kiss! (WHISTLES)

SOUND: TWO RAPS OF GAVEL

BLANC: JACK CARSON GUILTY OF WASHING! THIRTY DAYS!

RUGGLES: (GLEEFULLY) That's great! You got it too, Carson,
heh, heh!

CARSON: Well, don't you get so smart -- heh, heh, ha hoo!

TREVOR: Oh, this is all getting silly, heh, heh, hoo, ha, hee ho!

SOUND: RAPS OF GAVEL

BLANC: NINETY DAYS FOR THE THREE OF YOU, HEH, HEH, HOO, HA --
(GOES NUTS)

CARSON: OH, LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!

MUSIC: (PLAY-OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: Say, Pablo...?

BLANC: Yes, Senor Niles?

NILES: I want to know what you're doing with that guitar.

BLANC: Wait, I ask my friend Pancho. OH PANCHO!

TUGWELL: Si!

NILES: Let's not get into that again! Maybe you could just show me!

BLANC: Si! I tell you a little story!

MUSIC: (GUITAR AD LIBS WITH:)

BLANC: (SINGS) Here is a story of a little muchacha
Who meet a big hombre she like very much-a.
He won't give her a tumble. She's sad as can be!
You b'lieve me? Ask Pancho. HEY PANCHO!

TUGWELL: Si! SI!

NILES: And have you tried a Camel in your si-si-Zone -- I mean,
T-Zone-- "T" for taste and throat, your own proving ground,
for Camels' extra flavor and mildness?

MUSIC: (GUITAR FOR:)

BLANC: She make enchilladas, she make him tortillas,
She wear her best dress and her mama's mantillas!
*But the hombre dnt care if she rich and
What happens? I tell you, this hombre is a fool!
She yearn. He make like a Camel - cool & slow
He stays like a Camel - slow burning and cool! burn*

NILES: Well, maybe that's not good in a hombre, but, oh boy, it's
terrific in a Camel! You'll go for that cool, slow way of
burning -- the result of Camels' expert blending of
costlier tobaccos!

MUSIC: (GUITAR FOR:)

BLANC: Her girl friend said, "Ho-ho! You're silly to fret!
Just give him a Camel -- the mild cigarette!"
Well, she did, and they married, and here's her reward --
Ten little muchachas all over the yard!

NILES: I don't know if you're looking for ten little muchachas,
but you probably are looking for a cigarette that won't
go flat no matter how many you smoke! If you are, get
Camels, because Camels' rich extra flavor helps em to hold
up, pack after pack!

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

NILES: Camels! Get a pack tonight!

CARSON: Thanks, fellas -- and now the Camel Comedy Caravan must
pause for a few seconds -- we'll all be back, and
meanwhile light up a Camel and listen to Ken tell us --

NILES: THIS IS THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

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

CARSON: (ON CUE) This is Jack Carson again, with Claire Trevor,
Charlie Ruggles and Herb Shriner, continuing the
Caravan. ~~Comes now Connie Haines time -- and
Connie sings the popular new rhythm tune --~~

~~"IT'S MURDER, HE SAYS!"~~

MUSIC: "IT'S MURDER HE SAYS!!"

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: TRUMPET CALL

CARSON: It's time once again for our regular weekly feature --
RADIO AS WE LIKE IT, in which we bring you our
impressions of the popular radio programs you hear
every day.

TREVOR: Oh, Jack --

CARSON: Yes, Claire?

TREVOR: I've been waiting for this part of your program, because
I really enjoy your satires of those daytime serials.
What have you planned for tonight, Jack?

CARSON: I always leave that up to the guests, Claire. You and
Charlie Ruggles select your favorite program and we'll
be glad to do it.

RUGGLES: Well, Jack, my favorite program comes on every morning.
It's the one about that young girl and her problems.
Jack, this show is so sad that I lean on my radio set
and the tears roll down my face in streams. Every time
I listen to that program now I have to wear a bib!

TREVOR: I know the daytime serial Charlie is talking about and
it's my favorite, too, Jack.

CARSON: Say no more, Claire -- if you and Charlie will help out,
we'll give the audience our version of that show. Okay,
Freddie, let's have the theme song!

MUSIC: (ORGAN THEME, FADE OUT UNDER:)

RUGGLES: The makers of Gro-Fuzz Hair Tonic, presents another episode in the true life story of BLOSSOM FINK, CHILD BRIDE. But first -- a word from our sponsor.

CARSON: ATTENTION HOUSEWIVES! Do you have a baldheaded husband? Is there a shiny dome in your tiny home? Does your husband's head look like it was caught in a hair raid? Are you ever tempted to stick your finger in his ear and go bowling? When your husband gets up in the morning does he have to put a string across his forehead to know how far up to wash his face? Then get him a bottle of "GRO-FUZZ." Here is what a satisfied user, Mrs. Esmerelda Pugh, has to say --

TREVOR: The other day I bought a bottle of GRO-FUZZ for my husband, and is that stuff powerful. He accidentally dropped some Gro-Fuzz on his arm and now he has to part the hair to look at his wristwatch!

CARSON: And now, listen to another customer, Mr. Ulysses S. Shnook!

RUGGLES: My wife was disappointed in me because I didn't have any hair on my chest so I bought a bottle of GRO-FUZZ. And now, after only one application, you should see the hair on my chest. I don't wear a shirt any more -- I wear a fascinator!

CARSON: And now to BLOSSOM FINK -- CHILD BRIDE! Just a year ago, our heroine, Blossom Fink, aged six, met Hymie Twigbent aged seven. After a quick romance they decided to get married, but on account of their extreme youth their parents objected and advised them to wait a year.

(CONTINUED)

CARSON:
(Cont'd) But they spurned their parents' advice and were married anyway, with the truant officer as their best man. For a wedding gift Hymie gave Blossom an almond-studded Good Humor bar, and Blossom gave Hymie a tricycle with a "C" card. They've been married a year now. Blossom is seven and Hymie is eight, and as we look in upon them this afternoon, Hymie is seated on the floor playing with his Tinker Toy set, while Blossom has invited her friends in to play hopscotch. Hymie suddenly looks up at Blossom and speaks:

RUGGLES: Blossom, I want my freedom. I want a divorce. It's spring and I want to be out with the boys flying kites and spinning my top.

TREVOR: Hymie -- stop it now -- you don't know what you're saying.

RUGGLES: It's no use talking Blossom. I'm a poor provider. Why, every other girl has a pair of skates and jacks. All I've ever given you is my collection of match covers.

TREVOR: All right, Hymie, If that's the way you want it -- I'll give you your divorce, but I want custody of our YO-YO!

RUGGLES: That you shall never have...

TREVOR: Hymie, I shall have it!

RUGGLES: You won't.

TREVOR: I will, I tell you, I will -- (CRIES)

CARSON: TUNE IN TOMORROW! WILL BLOSSOM GET HYMIE'S YO-YO --
OR WILL SHE SETTLE FOR HIS TINKER TOY! *set*
And remember friends -- go to your nearest drug store
and get a bottle of Gro-Fuzz Hair Tonic. Try it
tonight. If you are not completely satisfied, PLEASE
DON'T COMPLAIN! -- You've only got one bottle -- WE'VE
GOT A MILLION OF THEM!

MUSIC: (PLAY-OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

CARSON: Thank you -- For more than a year and a half, a young fellow has been on the air for Camel Cigarettes reporting all the news to his home town paper back in Indiana. Before that, he was a member of the traveling Camel Caravans, appearing at more than two hundred camps and entertaining over half a million servicemen in every corner of the United States. Tomorrow, he takes up a new job -- for a new sponsor: UNCLE SAM! So now, let's give him a big send-off on this, his last program for Camels for awhile.

MUSIC: (SNEAK IN "INDIANA" THEME)

CARSON: Here he is, the Wabashful Reporter -- PRIVATE HERB SHRINER!
(APPLAUSE)

SHRINER: Hello...Yessir Jack is right...I'm in the army now. I joined up for three reasons. First, they need men... second, I'm patriotic....third, they came and got me! It all started this way...I got this letter the other day tellin' me to come down and get inducted. Only thing had me worried, it said in the letter to bring along enough clothes to last for three days. That's bad...Now I got to go out and buy some clothes.

Of course I expected to go for a long time...I thought I was gonna go on March Fifteenth ^{June} Tax day...That would have been nice too...I could have been inducted and deducted on the same day. My draft board called me in for blood tests time and time again. In fact, I was called in for blood so many times I was beginning to think Dracula was on my draft board.

They took so much blood out of that I finally had to go to the Red Cross for a transfusion so I'd have enough strength to get down for my physical. Personally I think I'm really gonna like army life...I'm all ready for it. I've already tasted G.I. coffee. Some soldiers dared me to try it so I did....I was gonna have them tonsils removed anyway.

I didn't even know I had tonsils till I got down to that induction station. That's some place...there's a big crowd of fellas standin' around waitin' to get examined. The only trouble is they won't let you chew gum while your there...I really didn't see no sign tellin' you not to chew but I figgered it out for myself. I saw that fella hangin' on the wall with a wad of gum in his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

SHRINER:
(Cont'd)

You meet some interestin' fellas there while your waitin' for the doctors to look you over. There was a fella next to me that told me he had been there for three days. The first day he came they told him to get undressed and wait till they could examine him. At six they told him that they couldn't get to him and to go home and come back the next day. He came back and sat around all day with no clothes on and they sent him home again tellin' him to come back the next day when they could get to him. This was the third day when I met him and say's to me. You know I don't mind sittin' around here naked like this for three days...but when I go home on the street car at night people are beginning to talk about me. (Think he's been to the races)

The next thing I knew the line was movin' and I was next.. the doctor asked me if I had any defects...and I started to tell him about havin' flat relatives. You see most of the fellas in line have somethin' wrong with 'em. The fella in front of me had sore feet...the fella behind me had a sprained back and another one said he had athletes foot. To tell the truth I had a sore throat but I was afraid to mention it for fear they'd have me arrested for impersonating an officer.

This doctor I was standin' in front of was an eye examiner...he told me to read some letters on a chart.... I could see 'em all right, but I couldn't pronounce it. He says I was okay....so I went to the next doctor...He told me he was gonna check my heart. He say's to

(CONTINUED)

SHRINER;
(Cont'd)

jump up and down on one foot. So I jumped on his left one. After that things happened fast, I went through that line in a hurry...went through so fast I didn't even get a chance to tell 'em about my headache. When I got to the end of the line two fellas took hold of my arms to hold me up and then they told me I passed and I was marked 1A. That's swell, except I don't know whether the A stands for Asia, Africa or Australia. Then the next step was when they swore us in (you never heard such language) and right then was when I realized that the army has some pretty smart fellas in there. This Sergeant in charge was a real judge of human nature.. he says all right now fellas your in the army. But startin' today you are gonna get a seven day furlough... that give you time enough to go home and insult your draft board. As far as I know now the next step is tomorrow when they send me down to Fort MacArthur to get misfitted. I got a letter from a friend of mine named Joe Twerp and told me how it was with him down there. They got off the train and the Sergeant started walkin' them and they kept walkin' for hours. He said they walked so far that he finally asked the Sergeant are you walkin' us to the MacArthur in California....or the one in Australia. But you know I ain't gonna be as green as that when I go tomorrow. I went out to a camp last week and stayed a day and a night just to get used to it. It was swell too...I didn't mind when they stuck the needles in my arm...and didn't even mind the twenty mile hike.

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SHRINER:
(Cont'd)

But when I woke up in the middle of the night and found a mosquito turning over my dog tag to see what type blood I had....that's goin' too far.

And besides bein' kinda smart on this army life I'm sure glad that when they gave me my choice that they put me in the army. I could have got in the marines but I'm not sure how it is there I got a letter from a friend in the marines, he was tellin' me how they train 'em by makin' 'em swim across a stream with a full pack and a rifle on their backs. He says he's doin' swell...though he can make it fine with the full pack and the rifle but it is kinda tough swimmin' the stream with that Lieutenant on his back.

Well, I guess that's about all I know about now but I do have some good news for the fellas in the service. I don't think the war can last much longer...I hear some Jap generals are committing Hari-Kari. And even some of the German Generals are committing what they call Smorgasbord, They drown themselves in a tub of sauerkraut.

I guess my time is about up...just as soon as I play my harmonica on the show tonight I'm gonna take off my

(CONTINUED)

SHRINER:
(Cont'd)

civvies and put on my woolen army pants....gonna start from scratch. But before I wind up here I want to thank all you folks that have been so nice about listening to me for the past year and also want to say how much I enjoyed the many letters I got from you folks at home. When the war is over I hope to be back with you old friends and make some more new ones.

And now for my first number played as a soldier I want to dedicate it to the fellas in the ordinance outfit at Camp Santa Anita and all other listeners in the service. I'm gonna play my new sponsors theme song. "The Caissons Go Rolling Along". Let 'er go, Mr. Rich.

MUSIC: ("CAISSONS")

(APPLAUSE)

Thank you and good luck Herb.
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 Private George Thompson of Mc Cormick, South Carolina, member of a fighting American Negro engineering unit in New Guinea. When his base was strafed by Japanese zero planes, Pvt. Thompson grabbed a heavy machine gun, and though bullets were ripping up the sand bags all around him, he stuck to his gun until the zero crashed in flames. We salute you, Pvt. George Thompson, and in your honor the makers of Camels are sending to our men in New Guinea 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 the battle area.....a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week. Camels thank the Yanks in this country with the three traveling Camel Caravans, which since 1941 have given free Camels and over 1900 free performances to nearly three million service men in more than 500 different camps. Listen to each of the four Camel shows - tomorrow, Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks," Monday, "Blondie," Thursday, Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore, and next Friday, the "Camel Comedy Caravan with Jack Carson, Lucille Ball, and Monte Wooley.

MUSIC: BUMPER SELECTION - FADE OUT ON CUE FOR:

CARSON: Well, it's time to ring down the curtain on another Camel Comedy Caravan. Next week we ~~will have~~ Monte Woolley and Lucille Ball with us, and I think we should have a lot of fun. (Claire Trevor and Charlie Ruggles, many thanks for being with us tonight. You were both perfectly swell.

TREVOR &

RUGGLES: Goodnight Jack!

CARSON: Goodnight, folks!

MUSIC: (THEME, HOLD UNDER:)

~~NILES: And say, here's a tip for everyone who is looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many he smokes. Try a pack of Camels. Camels' rich, extra flavor helps 'em wear well pack after pack! 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)

ENGINEER: CUT FOR HITCH HIKE

"CAMEL COMEDY CARAVAN"
5/21/43

(HITCH-HIKE)

ANNCR:

One of my pipe-smoking friends who can't get pipe cleaners is using goose feathers, and another one just pokes a little cleansing tissues through with a wire. But they both agree on good Prince Albert, the pipe tobacco that's cool and comfortable and extra easy on your tongue because it's no-bite treated. Try a handy pocket package of Prince Albert yourself. You'll find around fifty of the richest tasting, mellowest pipefuls you ever tasted - and you'll like the way Prince Albert is crimp-cut to pack and draw and burn just right. Get P.A. for pipe appeal! It's the National Joy Smoke!

This is the COLUMBIA.....BROADCASTING SYSTEM.