

"CAMEL COMEDY CARAVAN"

STARRING

JACK CARSON

CBS
7:00 - 7:45 P.M. PWT
FRIDAY, MAY 28, 1943

LUCILLE BALL
MONTY WOOLLEY
GUESTS

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

NILES: The CAMEL COMEDY CARAVAN! -- Starring Jack Carson,
Lucille Ball and Monty Woolley 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 ~~with~~ ^{the} ~~SMILER~~, Billy Gray as little
Matilda, Freddie Rich and his orchestra, Connie Haines,
tonight's special guests -- Mr. Monty Woolley; and
Miss Lucille Ball, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's star of
"Dubarry Was a Lady". Now, here he is, the star of our
show -- JACK CARSON!

MUSIC: (THEME TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: JIGGLING OF PHONE HOOK

CARSON: Look, Operator -- for the last time I'm trying to tell you that I'm looking for a house to rent. Will you please get me the O'Shaugnessey, Flannagan, Finnegan and O'Brien Real Estate Company.

OPERATOR: All right -- here's your party!

CARSON: Hello -- I'm looking for a house to rent, I'd like to speak to either O'Shaugnessey, Flannagan, Finnegan or O'Brien!

GRAY: *What? Huh*

CARSON: I want O'Shaugnessey, Flannagan, Finnegan or O'Brien!

GRAY: Boy, have you got the wrong number!

SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN

CARSON: Jerkins -- Jerkins -- where are you?

BLANC: I'm right here, sir. You told me to look in the newspaper and find a house for you to live in!

CARSON: Well, did you look?

BLANC: Oh, yes, sir -- and I found something very exciting!

CARSON: What is it?

BLANC: Dick Tracy's in trouble again. Ho-ho-ho-ho-ho!

CARSON: Jerkins, every week you're getting dumber -- and this week, you're acting like next week! Do you realize that this is a serious problem. Do you know how tough it is to find a house to rent nowadays?

BLANC: I saw a moving picture last night, sir, in which Joel McCrea and Charles Coburn moved in with Jean Arthur!

CARSON: That won't do me any good.

BLANC: Why, haven't you got her number, sir?

CARSON: Yes, but I'm afraid she has my number! Look through the papers Jerkins, and see if you can't find some kind of a house to rent!

SOUND: DOOR BELL....CHIMES...RATCHET...GONG AND GUNSHOTS

CARSON: Back door! Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MARR: Mister Carson?

CARSON: Yes...

MARR: You say you're looking for a house? Tell you what I'm gonna do! I represent the Parlor, Bedroom and Parlor Real Estate Company --

CARSON: Parlor, Bedroom and Parlor? What about a bath?

MARR: Take one if you need it. Now I have just the little house for you, friend. With this little Handy Andy, Jim-Dandy Home Building Kit, you can build your own house in a jiffy, out of tar-paper, string and bubblegum.

CARSON: Wait a minute. Whoever heard of building a house out of tar-paper, string and bubblegum?

MARR: You haven't lived in California long have you friend?

CARSON: Oh, get out of here!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

CARSON: (DISGUSTED) Tar-paper, string and bubblegum. Huh! That's ridiculous! Everybody knows there's a shortage of bubblegum.

BIANC: Oh, Mister Carson, sir -- look at this ad in the
Hollywood paper...It says: For rent a lovely --

SOUND: DOOR BELL...CHIMES...RATCHET...GONG AND PEANUT WHISTLE

CARSON: Side door! Come in!

ALLMAN AND NILES: (AD LIB HELLOS)

CARSON: Look, Ken -- and Mrs. Niles -- I haven't got any time
to talk to you now. I'm busy looking for a house.

NILES: Why are you moving, Jack?

CARSON: Well, I want to get a place within walking distance
of everything..

NILES: I don't blame you, Jack...You are getting a bit fat.

CARSON: Fat! You should talk...You're so skinny every time
you scratch your back your stomach ripples!

NILES: Is that so? I'll have you know I've been to the
Red Cross six times.

CARSON: Haven't they found blood yet?

ALLMAN: You leave Kenneth alone...You do need exercise. Look
at your complexion.

CARSON: What's the matter with my complexion?

ALLMAN: I've seen a healthier color than that on the top of
a pool table!

CARSON: Is that any way to talk to me? After all, I've said
that you look like Veronica Lake.

ALLMAN: Really? Veronica Lake?

CARSON: Yes....you wear your nose over one eye.

ALLMAN: Is that so? Kenneth says I have a face like a doll.

CARSON: He's right.

ALLMAN: You mean I'm really like a doll?
CARSON: Yes...Your hair is pasted on!
ALLMAN: Don't you dare talk like that to me! I'm not old.
Why I've just turned twenty-six!
CARSON: Yes...Sixty-two!!
ALLMAN: Come, Kenneth...I have never been so insulted in my
life.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

CARSON: Jerkins -- what was the ad you started to read to me
before the Niles came in?
BLANC: Here it is, sir. Lovely, furnished home for rent.
Only five minutes from town -- by telephone.
First come -- first served. Ask for landlady next
door -- Miss Lucille Ball!
CARSON: Lucille Ball! WOW! Jerkins -- can you imagine living
in a house with Lucille Ball living on one side of you?
BLANC: I wonder who lives on the other side?
CARSON: Who cares? Get out the car, Jerkins. We're calling
on Lucille Ball! WOW!

SOUND: CAR RUNNING COMES TO STOP...CAR DOOR BANGS...FOOTSTEPS

~~CARSON: well, Jerkins -- this is Lucille Ball's house. Isn't
it lovely? Look at that Ivy creeping up the wall?~~

ALLMAN: (SOUTHERN DIALECT) Hello, Mistuh Cahson!

CARSON: Hello, Ivy! Is Miss Ball here?

~~ALLMAN: Just ring the bell, Hot Lips!~~

SOUND: BELL RINGING...DOOR OPENS

BALL: Well, if it isn't Jack Carson!

CARSON: If it isn't Lucille Ball!

(APPLAUSE)

BALL: Well, Jack, what are you doing out in the daytime?

CARSON: What do you mean?

BALL: I thought you ran with a pack at night, Hot Lips!

CARSON: Oh, come now, Lucille -- I came to see about renting your house next door. We could have a lot of fun living this close together. We could wave to each other every day. And when you run upstairs in your house I'll run upstairs in mine.

BALL: Yes, but I'll always be a shade ahead of you! I don't think this house would appeal to you, Jack. Maybe you should look for a beach home.

CARSON: Who wants a beach home? Take away the ocean and what have you got?

BALL: Take away that old joke and what have you got? Well, Jack -- if you want to lease the house -- just look over this form.

CARSON: Okay -- but what about the lease?

SOUND: DOOR BELL RINGS

BALL: Just sign the lease while I see who's at the door.

SOUND: DOOR OPENING

WOOLLEY: *Well, if it isn't Lucille Ball!*
~~Good afternoon, Miss Ball. I came to see about~~
~~renting your house!~~

BALL: *Well, if it isn't*
~~Why, it's~~ **MONTY WOOLLEY!**
Carson: *Why is everybody so surprised?*
(APPLAUSE)

BALL: Mister Woolley, this is Jack Carson!

CARSON: Yes, Mister Woolley. You've probably heard my radio program.

WOOLLEY: Yes, I have -- on and off!

CARSON: What do you mean?

WOOLLEY: When you come on I turn it off!

CARSON: Now, wait a minute, Woolley...you can't insult me in my own house.

WOOLLEY: Your house??? Miss Ball, do I understand that you've rented this beautiful menage to this over-sized gremlin?

BALL: Well, he was just signing the lease!

WOOLLEY: Well, that's what I came here for. I'm also looking around for a home to rent.

CARSON: Too late, Woolley -- FIRST COME -- FIRST SERVED!
Why don't you rent a pasture you old goat!

WOOLLEY: Miss Ball -- I refuse to believe that you would lease this desirable domicile to this alleged comic, who will not only have difficulty in locating the rent, but will also bring the entire neighborhood into great disrepute.

CARSON: Oh yeah?

WOOLLEY: Now, there's a great ad lib.

BALL: Wait a minute, you two guys -- I've got an idea.
Why don't the two of you move in and see how you like the house -- You can both share a double bed upstairs!

WOOLLEY: My dear lady -- if I had a palace with eight hundred rooms, and I even suspected that this lout was napping in one of my broom closets, I should become violently ill and foam at the beard!

CARSON: Look, Woolley -- I wouldn't sleep in the same bed with you if you were the last man on earth. You probably snore!

WOOLLEY: As it so happens, I do snore -- but it's the only snore in the world that is HAIR CONDITIONED. HO-HO-HO. I'm as crisp as a cracker tonight.

CARSON: And twice as crummy!

BALL: Look, you guys -- make up your mind. Do you want to try the house or not?

CARSON: Well, what do you say, Woolley. I'm game if you are.

WOOLLEY: Very well -- let us toss a coin to see whether you shall sleep in the bed or whether I shall sleep in the bed.

CARSON: Okay -- flip it!

SOUND: COIN TOSSED

BALL: Well, Jack -- how did you come out?

CARSON: *Turn off the faucet and*
Make up the bath-tub.

MUSIC: (PLAY-OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

ALLMAN: Kenneth - Oh Kenneth!

NILES: Yes Pet.

ALLMAN: Did you say "Hello Mrs. Niles" just now?

NILES: Now, sweet - why would I call my own wife "Mrs. Niles"?

ALLMAN: But you did, Kenneth!

SCHNARK: (PLAYED BY NILES, STEPPING BACK A PACE AND PROJECTING)
Pardon me, Mrs. Niles.

ALLMAN: Now there you go again, Kenneth.

NILES: I didn't say a word!

SCHNARK: Mrs. Niles - is this Mr. Niles?

ALLMAN: Yes, who are you?

SCHNARK: My name is Schnark - gee, Mr. Niles - you're my idol.
I hear you every Friday night; week after week I've
practiced so I could talk just exactly like you.

ALLMAN: Well, you certainly do.

SCHNARK: I do everything you do. I try Camels in my T-zone -
"T" for Taste and Throat - everybody's own proving ground
for Camels rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness.

NILES: Look, brother, if you're trying to mooch into this show,
imitate Carson. I gotta make my living by radio.

SCHNARK: (GREAT CONTEMPT) Carson - what can he do - can he say
"Camels have more flavor - the extra flavor that helps
'em hold up, keep from going flat no matter how many you
smoke. Can he --

NILES: (FEELING HIS OATS) That's right! What has Carson got!
Could he say "Camels are Cool-smoking and slow-burning, the
result of expert matchless blending of costlier tobaccos?
Could Carson say that?

CARSON: (FADING IN) What couldn't I say, Ken?

NILES: Why, Jack, I was just saying that even Jack Carson couldn't sing in harmony like this!

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

NILES: Camels - get a pack tonight. Let your throat and your taste decide!

MUSIC: (BEGIN THE BEGUINE -- FADE FOR)

NILES: Freddie Rich and the orchestra -- the song: Cole Porter's "Begin the Beguine."

(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: LOUD POUNDING ON DOOR

WOOLEY: CARSON! CARSON! Will you please get out of that bathroom?

CARSON: Take it easy, Wooley -- *Put up your beard and sit down*
~~don't get your beard in an~~
uproar. I'll be out of here as soon as I finish shaving!

WOOLEY: You've been in there four hours already. Does it take you that long to shave?

CARSON: Sometimes longer. I have no blade in my razor! Ha.Ha.Ha.

WOOLEY: Look here Carson. For the past twenty-four hours I have been referring to you as an ~~idiot, moron,~~ *apprentice moron*

Carson: ~~mouthed~~ idiot. I realize now that I was in error. *Thank you*
You have all the makings of ~~an apprentice moron!~~ *an expert, genuine, meaty mouthed idiot*

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

CARSON: Why don't you stop talking, Wooley -- my nose is tired! To begin with I didn't ask you to move in here with me.

WOOLEY: I didn't ask to move in here with you, either! I'm much prefer living in the Los Angeles Zoo -- if I could get in!

CARSON: I can fix it. I know one of the monkeys!

WOOLEY: You're not fooling anyone, Carson. The only reason you want to get me out of this house is so that you can live here alone -- next door to Lucille Ball!

CARSON: That's a lie, Wooley. I've hardly noticed Miss Ball.

WOOLEY: Then why did you dip your finger in mayonnaise and write "I LOVE YOU" on all the windows!

CARSON: You're just jealous because all the girls call me Hot Lips Carson.

WOOLEY: For your information, Carson, among the necking fraternity at Griffith Park, I am known as Cuddly-Puss Wooley!

CARSON: They meant Curdle Puss. The last time I saw a face like yours -- I was looking through the bottom of the glass boat at Catalina Island.

WOOLEY: Are you implying that I look like a barracuda?

CARSON: Not exactly. A barracuda has teeth.

WOOLEY: That doesn't make sense. I've got teeth.

CARSON: ~~But~~ A Barracuda keeps it's teeth in water.

WOOLEY: So what? I keep min in -- WHAT AM I SAYING! I might expect such gross humor from a doltish oaf. Ah, the shame of it all, to think that I, a Wooley, should be reduced to sharing my quarters with riffraff.

CARSON: RIFFRAFF? Let me tell you something, Wooley. I come from fine stock. My great grandfather came to this country on the Mayflower. He was a mess boy!

WOOLEY: And he certainly left some messy grandchildren. And furthermore, Mister Carson, speaking of ancestry, it is an established fact that the Wooleys, in 1776, were the first Americans to wear three-cornered hats.

CARSON: It must have been a perfect fit for their heads.
(CALLING) Oh, Jerkins, Jerkins --

BLANC: Yes, Mister Carson.

CARSON: Where is the morning paper?

BLANC: Mister Wooley took it, sir, and pasted it on the bathroom ceiling!

CARSON: Pasted the paper on the bathroom ceiling? What's the idea, Wooley?

WOOLEY: If you must know, I like to read when I'm gargling!
Jerkins!

BLANC: Yes, Mister Wooley --

WOOLEY: Get busy and fix me some lunch!

CARSON: Oh, no you don't Wooley. Jerkins is working only for
me, He's my gentleman's gentleman!

WOOLEY: If he's working for you -- he's a bum's bum!

BLANC: Mister Carson, sir -- why don't you hang one on his
bristles?

WOOLEY: Jerkins -- that's no way for a butler to speak to his
betters!

BLANC: Have you ever been a butler, sir?

WOOLEY: No.

BLANC: THEN SHUT UP!

CARSON: Jerkins -- I'm astonished!

WOOLEY: I'm flabbergasted!

GRAY: I'M ONLY THREE AND A HALF YEARS OLD!
(APPLAUSE)

CARSON: Oh, it's little Matilda.

GRAY: Hello, Uncle Jack and Mister Wooley. What's cookin'?

WOOLEY: For your information you little grinning gargoyle --
NOTHING IS COOKING! You brought that ^{odor} ~~smell~~ in with you!

GRAY: Would you mind repeating that again, Mister Wooley?

WOOLEY: What's the matter -- can't you hear?

GRAY: Yes, but I'm awfully hot from running, and when you
talk your whiskers fan me!

WOOLEY: Are you making fun of my beard?

GRAY: Oh, no -- Mister Wooley -- I wish your beard was even
longer.

WOOLEY: Longer -- what for?

GRAY: So I could climb up ~~the~~ hand over hand and kick you right in the teeth!

CARSON: Matilda -- don't be too fresh!

WOOLEY: I'll overlook your childish prattle, Matilda, if you'll just do me a favor. I'd like to have you take a pair of shoes out in the backyard and drop them in the well.

GRAY: All right, Mister Wooley -- where are they?

WOOLEY: On your feet!

CARSON: Look, Wooley, leave Matilda alone. She doesn't mean any harm. Come here Matilda and give Mister Wooley a kiss!

GRAY: I don't wanna!

CARSON: Why not? What's wrong with kissing Mister Wooley?

GRAY: It's like sticking your face in a bowl of shredded wheat!

CARSON: But I thought you were crazy about movie stars?

GRAY: Gee, Uncle Jack, is Mister Wooley really a movie star?

CARSON: Certainly, Matilda. He was the man who came to dinner.

GRAY: It must have been a Chinese dinner -- the noodles are still hanging from his chin!

WOOLEY: I've heard enough. This child needs a good spanking.

GRAY: You'll have to catch me, first --

SOUND: (RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

WOOLEY: COME BACK HERE!

CARSON: Watch out Matilda -- you'll break something.

SOUND: (GLASS CRASH)

GRAY: Look what Mister Wooley made me do, Uncle Jack -- I broke Miss Ball's BING VASE!

CARSON: No, Matilda -- not Bing Vase -- it's Ming Vase!

GRAY: Well, Ming, Bing -- it's BANG now!

CARSON: Leave the vase alone, Wooley -- there's no use trying to put it together.

WOOLEY: I'm not trying to put it together. There's a piece of paper in it. It looks like a map of some kind. Hmmm take six steps to the East -- then seven paces to the West -- this looks like a layout of the back yard.

CARSON: Why, that looks like a treasure map. Give it to me!

WOOLEY: Take your filthy hands off this paper! I found it -- and if there's any treasure it belongs to me!

SOUND: (RIP OF PAPER)

CARSON: There -- now it belongs to both of us!

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

BALL: What's going on here??? You can hear you two arguing all over the neighborhood. You've caused nothing but trouble since you moved in here. And another thing -- who wrote "I LOVE YOU" on my driveway with ketchup?

CARSON: It must have been, Wooley. I use Mayonnaise!

WOOLEY: Miss Ball, a problem has arisen. A few moments ago I found this map in that broken vase on the floor --

BALL: What? My vase is broken. Who broke it?

CARSON: Little Matilda!

BALL: That vase is seven hundred years old.

CARSON: Thank heavens. I was afraid it was a new one!

WOOLEY: Never mind the vase -- I found this map in it -- a map which leads me to suspect that there is buried treasure in your back yard.

BALL: The only buried treasure in my backyard is a gopher with a gold tooth.

CARSON: Now, wait a minute Lucille. Don't treat this thing lightly. I knew a fellow once who dug up a Dinosaur egg -- it was five hundred years old.

BALL: So what -- you've dug them up older than that. *Especially tonight!*

WOOLEY: Miss Ball, the least we can do is to investigate the possibilities of this map. I once had a great aunt who buried her money in a tin can behind a shed.

BALL: Well, I keep all my ~~money~~ *money (ad. let)* in my stockings.

CARSON: The Bank of America never had branches like that!

BALL: Listen -- this whole thing is ridiculous. I don't want to catch either one of you dimwits as much as putting a shovel in my back yard. GOOD NIGHT.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

WOOLEY: Well, Carson -- what are we waiting for? Let's go after that treasure.

CARSON: But you heard what Lucille said. She said she didn't want to catch us with a shovel.

WOOLEY: We don't need a shovel!

CARSON: But what are we going to dig with?

WOOLEY: What a naive character. Look in the mirror.

CARSON: Why?

WOOLEY: Your head comes to a point!

MUSIC: (PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE)

Mus: *Connie Harries sings the new ballad
"It Can't Be Wrong"*

Music: *"It Can't Be Wrong"*

5/28/43

SOUND: (CLOCK STRIKING THREE)

CARSON: Ah - good - it's three a.m., and by this time Woolley is asleep. Now is my chance to sneak out in the yard and find that treasure. *Come on Jerkins.*

BLANC: (SNORING)

CARSON: Oh, Jerkins! Jerkins! Come on, wake up!

BLANC: (SHORT SNORE) What time is it, ^{*wake up dear*} sweetheart?

CARSON: ^{*wake up dear*} ~~Sweetheart?~~ It's me! Look, Jerkins, there's buried treasure out in the back yard waiting for us.

BLANC: Why don't you go back to bed, sir?

CARSON: Go back to bed? And let that guy Woolley find the treasure? For all we know, he may have found it by this time and is on his way out of town.

BLANC: I don't think Mister Woolley would be that mean!

CARSON: He isn't mean! Look - he's so mean that he gets up everyday at four a.m., leans out the window and whistles just to wake up the birds! Here, Jerkins - take this flashlight and follow me. But don't turn it on until we get outside.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENING)

BLANC: Be quiet, sir. If Mister Woolley's asleep you don't want to wake him.

CARSON: You're right, Jerkins! We'd better not walk past his door or he'll hear our footsteps. I'm going to crawl on my stomach. You do the same.

BLANC: Okay, sir!

CARSON: (GRUNTS) Jerkins, what are you doing?

BLANC: You said to crawl on your stomach.

CARSON: Get off! Alright--come on now--follow me! Wait a minute--something just crawled past me---was it you?

BLANC: No, sir. I think it was a cat. Yes--it was I've got hold of it's tail.

WOOLEY: (LOUDLY) TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF MY WHISKERS!

CARSON: Turn on your flashlight Jerkins! Ohhh-he---so it's you Mister Wooley? Where do you think you're going?

WOOLEY: (STARTLED) Why, I.....I was going down to the kitchen to get a drink of water!

CARSON: Oh, you were? Do you always carry a pick with you?

WOOLEY: Yes, the water gets in my teeth! Ha. Ha. Ha.
What are you doing with that shovel?

CARSON: Jerkins and I were going to play bridge, but we were short one spade. Ha. Ha. Ha. Look, Wooley--don't think you can kid me. You were going out there to dig for the treasure.

WOOLEY: Why, that's ridiculous. What do I want with it? I've plenty of money. Why, I've spent as much as Fifty Thousand Dollars in one day!

CARSON: I don't believe it. How could you spend Fifty Thousand Dollars in one day?

WOOLEY: I was hungry. *Carson: Oh well.*
Now, if you'll step aside young man, I'm going out to get some fresh air!

CARSON: And I'm going right along with you!

WOOLEY: I said I wanted FRESH air!

SOUND: (DOOR OPENING)

CARSON: Come on Jerkins--and bring the shovel.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSING - FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL)

CARSON: Now everybody be quiet. We're very close to Miss Ball's bedroom and we don't want her to hear us.

BLANC: Mister Carson - watch out for that clothes line stretched across the path.

SOUND: (LOUD TWANG)

BLANC: Did you hit it, sir?

CARSON: No, Jerkins. I always wear my nose above my eyes!

WOOLLEY: You idiots would have to raise your voices. Look - a light just went on in Lucille's bedroom.

CARSON: Turn out your flashlights. We've got to hide. Hey, Woolley - squat down behind this hedge.

WOOLLEY: I can't squat down.

CARSON: Are you out of practice?

WOOLLEY: No -- I'm in the cactus.

BALL: (OFF MIKE CALLING) Who's out there in the back yard?
-- (PAUSE) ANSWER ME -- WHO'S OUT THERE?

CARSON: I'll fool her. MEEEEEOOOOOWWW!

BALL: (CALLING) Here kitty -- here Kitty-kitty. Come to mama!

CARSON: Gee, I wish I was a cat! She'd be so nice to run home to.

SOUND: TERRIFIC DOG BARKING

WOOLLEY: You'd better start running now - you've got company!

SOUND: DOG BARKS AGAIN

CARSON: Get away, dog! Get away!

SOUND: ANGRY GROWL -- THEN LOUD LONG RIP OF CLOTH

CARSON: OUCH!

BLANC: That' was a big Doberman, sir!

CARSON: I know -- I just got caught in his pincher movement!

BALL: Well, gentlemen -- isn't this a little late to be having
a lawn party?

WOOLLEY: Well, well -- if it isn't ^{Lucille} ~~Miss Ball~~ ^{Carson: If it isn't Lucille}
~~Ball: Let's not start that again~~ ^{Bacc}

CARSON: ~~Yes~~, imagine meeting you here, Lucille. Remember me --
I'm Jackie!

BALL: I remember you -- and you're jerky! You two should be
ashamed of yourselves -- two grown men running around
in the back yard at this time of the night.

~~Woolley: ^{Carson's Western Union Boys -- we're messengers}
And especially you, Jack, in that silly nightgown.~~

~~Bacc: Do you always go to work in your pajamas?
CARSON: What's silly about it? I like a nightgown. It rolls~~

~~Carson: Sure we deliver night letters.
up around my neck and keeps my chest warm.~~

~~BALL: But look at the length of it. You look like a June bride
with that long train.~~

CARSON: That's not a train. The bedspread got caught in my
zipper!

BALL: What are you two doing out here with a pick and shovel?

WOOLLEY: Well, ah -- we're going fishing tomorrow...

CARSON: That's right -- fishing -- we're looking for worms!

~~BALL: You'd better try another angle --~~

CARSON: Look, Lucille -- why don't you let us dig around a little.
Who knows -- there might really be treasure here.
Here -- you take the map and read me the directions.

BALL: Okay -- take one step to the right -- one step to the
left -- two steps backward and two steps forward!

CARSON: Will that lead me to the treasure?

BALL: No -- that's how you do the Conga. Ha, Ha. Why don't
you give up and go to bed?

WOOLLEY: Wait a minute, Lucille. If we find anything we'll split three ways.

CARSON: Yeh, Lucille -- I can use the money. It costs me ten thousand a year to live.

BALL: It isn't worth it! ^{Believe me} Well, go ahead -- make a fool of yourself.

CARSON: Give me that pick, Jerkins! Stand back everybody!

SOUND: HEAVY IRON CLANK... THEN A SPURT OF STEAM

BALL: Why -- Jack -- look -- you were right -- it's oil!

WOOLLEY: It's a miracle... We'll be rich!

CARSON: I can hardly believe it. I must be dreaming -- I must pinch myself to make sure it's real. This is great!

BALL: Jack -- you're pinching me!

CARSON: That's great, too! Stand back everybody -- let me bathe in the stuff; -- I'M RICH! RICH -- I TELL YOU!

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

CARSON: Why, it's my old friend Pablo---what are you doing here?

BALL: Pablo is working here for me.

~~BLANC: Si, senor! I work in her garden. I stand in the garden all day to scare the birds away.~~

~~CARSON: Why don't you get a scarecrow?~~

~~BLANC: We had one--but he was drafted. He was healthier than me!~~

CARSON: Well, Pablo---you can go to work for me now. I'm rich! I've just struck oil! Just look at it--shooting up out of the ground! How much oil do you think I'll get, Pablo?

BLANC: Just one moment---I ask Pancho! (CALLING) OH PANCHO!

TUGWELL: SI!

BLANC: Can informe, Senor Carson quiere conocer en gallionies wild cat lubricatione el boom town el grande el fako stocko ~~boomtown~~ marfak?

TUGWELL: Informe Senor Carson estrada por los gallionies wild cat lubrication el boom town el fako stooko en lo grande marfak en San Luis Obispo y Avocado!

CARSON: Well, how many barrels of oil did he say I'd get?

BLANC: One!

CARSON: ONE?????????

BLANC: Si, Senor. He say that's all he put in the ^{is oil burner} oil heater this morning!

BALL: Well, Jack---you made a fine mess of things. You're wrecked my house----dug up my yard and dented my boiler. Wash up---get your shirt and get out of here!

now

CARSON: But what about, Woolley?

BALL: ^{*Cradley Pass*}
I'm renting the house to him.

CARSON: But Lucille, you don't mean you prefer Woolley to me?

BALL: Why not? He's very charming!

CARSON: But I'm charming.

BALL: He's intelligent!

CARSON: I'm intelligent!

BALL: And he's handsome!

CARSON: Handsome, -- how can you tell? How does anybody know what Woolley looks like?

WOOLLEY: It's very simple, Carson -- I look like you!

CARSON: You look like me?

WOOLLEY: Yes -- why do you think I grew this beard! ~~Some Lucille,~~
~~we must discuss the good neighborhood policy!~~

BALL: So long, Hot Lips!

WOOLLEY &
BALL: (LAUGH AS THEY FADE OFF)

CARSON: This is a fine kettle of fish -- ~~and I think I got the~~
~~herring.~~ I lost the house -- I lost my girl -- everything
is gone! Nobody cares anything about me. If I had a
gun I'd end it all!

MARR: You say you want a gun, friend -- tell you what I'm gonna
do --- I have here a handy-dandy ---

CARSON: GET OUT OF HERE!

MUSIC: (PLAY OFF)

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: From every foreign battle field where Americans have fought men have returned to join the ranks of the veterans of foreign wars, hundreds of thousands of them, men who fought in France in nineteen-eighteen. These men know well what United States cigarettes and especially Camels mean to American fighting men abroad. That's why the veterans of foreign wars have already sent millions of Camels to our service men overseas. Yes, the V.F.W. chose Camels, the cigarette that is first in the service. Camels are first choice with men in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard according to actual sales records in post exchanges and canteens. Remember that for yourself, for that fellow in the Service, get Camels - the cigarette that's extra mild, rich tasting, slow burning and cool smoking. Because Camels are expertly blended of costlier tobacco!

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

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

CARSON: Thanks, Ken, and how the Camel Comedy Caravan must pause for a few seconds -- we'll all be back, and meantime,

light up a Camel and listen to Ken tell us --
listen in at the end of the program for the big news
NILES: THIS IS THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM. *About next week's Camel Comedy Caravan*

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

CARSON: (ON CUE) This is Jack Carson again, with Lucille Ball and Monty Woolley, 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)

51458 4634

MUSIC: (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.

BALL: Oh, Jack --

CARSON: Yes, Lucille?

BALL: Is this the part of the program where you do those
satires of daytime serials?

CARSON: Yes, it is, Lucille. And if you and Monty Woolley will
just name your favorite daytime program, we'll try to
give you our version of it. What is your favorite
program, Mister Woolley?

WOOLLEY: Well, my favorite program is The Jack Carson Show.

CARSON: Well, gee -- Mister Woolley. It's nice of you to tell
me that. I'd say you were a very intelligent man!

WOOLLEY: Everybody else says I'm nuts!

CARSON: I should have known better than to ask you. How about
you, Lucille?

BALL: Well, Jack, my favorite daytime program comes on early
every morning. It's the story about a poor working
gail and her struggles against the world and her
boy friends. Oh, it's so sad I'm tellin' ya --
every time I listen ~~my nose runs and~~ I just sob and
sob until I bust my ~~goldie~~ *twoy stretch burys*.

CARSON: I know just the daytime serial you're talking about,
Lucille, and if you and Monty will give me a helping hand --
we'll soittinly try to work it out! Freddie -- give us the
poor working gail theme song....

MUSIC: (ORGAN THEME... "MY MAN")

WOOLLEY: The makers of PAT YOUR FAT AWAY REDUCING CREAM bring you another heart-warming chapter in the life story of BRENDA SLUMP -- GIRL CANDY MAKER! But first a word from our sponsor!

CARSON: Attention, ^{all} women over FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS!..Are you fat? When you walk by the corner drug store does the scale outside jump inside? When you stand up do your rubber heels spread out like pancake batter? When you get in an elevator and say "up" do you automatically land in the basement? Can you lose your last dollar at poker and still walk away with a pot? Then get yourself a jar of PAT YOUR FAT AWAY REDUCING CREAM tonight.

And now a word from a satisfied user -- Mrs. Bertha Bagle!

BALL: I used to weigh three hundred eighty-five pounds. ~~I was so fat that when I sat on a stool I had a hangover.~~ But since using your reducing cream I am now down to only seventy-three pounds. Men notice me now. I am the only girl in my block who ~~wears her skin in a "sleeve"~~ ^{hands her loose skin around in a trailer}

CARSON: Thank you, Mrs. Bagle. And now to BRENDA SLUMP, GIRL CANDY MAKER! Here is the summary of the story thus far: Twenty-five years ago, Brenda Slump came to work for the CHEW-CHEW-FRESH-TO YOU CANDY COMPANY. Brenda has made rapid strides. In only twenty-five years she has risen from the lowly position of wrapping peanut clusters to the head floorlady in charge of taffy pulling! Mr. Newton P. Figg, wealthy owner of the Candy Company is madly in love with Brenda. It all happened the day Brenda invented a new candy treat -- Lady Fingers with Marshmallow Cuticles. As we look in on Brenda today - it is quitting time and Brenda is cleaning out her taffy machine. Newton Figg approaches her and speaks;

WOOLEY: BRENDA, my love -- you are working late tonight!

BALL: Yes, Mister Figg. This is my last day in the employ of the CHEW-CHEW-FRESH-TO-YOU CANDY COMPANY.

WOOLEY: Why, Brenda -- you don't know what you're saying. Why, girl you been with me for years. You can't leave me -- you wrapped my first peanut cluster!

BALL: It's useless to argue, Mister Figg. A New York PEPPERMINT STICK Factory has sent for me. They've offered me the job as head striper!

WOOLEY: Ye, Gad, girl. Hasn't our years of association meant anything to you? Why I've loved you from the first day I kissed your chocolate-coated fingertips!

BALL: You can't sway me, Mister Figg. I've colored my last gumdrop for you.

WOOLEY: Zounds, woman! Can't you see -- if you stay with me we'll conquer new horizons together!

BALL: New horizons -- pooh and piffle! Your mind is ~~stagnant~~ ^{stagnant} Mister Figg. You haven't done anything progressive since 1922 when you brought out your pre-shrunk cotton candy.

WOOLEY: I haven't told you, girl -- but next week I'm starting to put rounded corners on nougat bars.

BALL: It'll never work -- the customers won't know where to start chewing. OUT OF MY WAY MISTER FIGG ---I'M LEAVING FOR THE BIG CITY!

WOOLEY: OH, NO YOU WON'T --- YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY FROM ME!

BALL: TAKE YOU'RE HANDS OFF OF ME, MISTER FIGG -- YOU'RE DRUNK -- YOU'VE BEEN EATING TOO MUCH RUM TOFFEE!

WOOLEY: Aha--so you would spurn me, wench. I've heard enough! If I can't have you no one else will. Brenda Slump -- I'm going to throw you in the taffy vat!

BALL: PUT ME DOWN! PUT ME DOWN!

SOUND: SLIDE WHISTLE AND SPLASH

BALL: HELP! HELP! GLUB! GLUB! GLUB! SAVE ME! GLUB!

WOOLEY: Oh, Miss Slump -- Miss Slump -- what have I done?

CARSON: Tune in tomorrow -- will Mister Figg rescue Brenda from the candy vat or will the morning find a SLUMP in the taffy market? And now a final word from our sponsor.

Don't forget to buy a jar of PAT YOUR FAT AWAY REDUCING CREAM tonight! Make this simple experiment. Rub a little pinch on your paunch...and a trifle more so on your torso. When you look in the mirror in the morning -- your paunch will be gone. But don't forget to phone us about that lump on your back!

MUSIC: (PLAY OFF)

(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: (PANFARE)

VOICE: To Staff Sergeant Don Tetley of Fort Sam, Houston, Texas, who risked his life in an attempt to rescue airmen from a flying fortress that had crashed on the snow bound West Coast of Greenland. Setting out on a motor sled, he kept going alone after his only companion was lost down a crevasse, reached the stranded airmen and started back carrying the most seriously injured flier on his sled. When the sled broke down, he stayed with the injured man until they were rescued by a navy flying boat. We salute you, Staff Sergeant Don Tetley, and in your honor, the makers of Camels are sending to our men in Greenland three hundred thousand Camel Cigarettes!

MUSIC: (PANFARE)

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 three traveling Camel Caravans which add fifteen more camps this week to a two-year total of more than nineteen hundred free performances, given with free Camels to nearly three million service men. Listen to each of the four Camel shows. Tomorrow night - Bob Hawk in Thanks to the Yanks - Monday Blondie, Thursday Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore, and next Friday, the Camel Comedy Caravan with *Bob Hope*.

MUSIC: (BUMPER SELECTION - FADE OUT ON CUE FOR:)

CARSON:

Well, it's time to ring down the curtain on another
Friday night show. Thanks to Lucille Ball and Monty
Woolley for being with us tonight. Good-night, folks!

MILPS:

And now I'd like to say a word to the millions of American women who are saving fats and grease -- but are not turning it in. That may sound funny, but there are millions. For every woman who saves fat and does turn it in, there is another who saves it and just forgets to sell it to her meat dealer! Well, you women know why we need fats and greases. We use 'em to make explosives, and there aren't enough to go around. The government doesn't want any fat or grease you can still use -- just the old burned or smelly kind that you would normally throw away. Put it in a clean can -- any kind of can at all -- keep in a cool place, and bring it to your meat dealer. He'll pay you for it -- and within as little as three weeks time, it may be gunpowder! That's how badly we need it! Don't let us down, will you?

NEWS:

Listen next Friday when the Camel ^{Comedy} Caravan begins a series of five tremendous salutes to the Armed Services. Next Friday night our guests will be Bob Hope, Jerry Colonna, and Xavier Cugat and his orchestra. In the following weeks you will hear Jack Benny, Bing Crosby, and Fred Allen. Listen every Friday night at this time - while the Camel Comedy Caravan makes radio history.

And say, are you looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many you smoke? Well, just get a pack of Camels and see how that extra flavor helps 'em hold up pack after pack. Let your throat and your taste decide. Now, this is Ken Miles wishing you all goodnight - from Hollywood!

MUSIC:

(THEME UP)

(APPLAUSE)

ENGINEER:

OUT FOR HITCHHIK:

5/28/43

CAMELS - HITCH-HIKE

ANNCR:

Say, if you're going to the country for the holiday week end, why not bring along a pipe and plenty of good Prince Albert tobacco. There's nothing like it for a long lazy day outdoors. You'll like the way Prince Albert is cool and comfortable on your tongue because P.A.'s no-bite treated. Yes, and it packs just right for easy drawing and stay-lit burning, too. Because Prince Albert is crimp-cut. Smoke one handy pocket package. That's around fifty mild, mellow, better-tasting pipefuls. And you'll see why Prince Albert is by far the largest-selling pipe tobacco in America.

It's the National Joy Smoke!

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.