

# RADIO

## WILLIAM ESTY AND COMPANY

INCORPORATED

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

CAMEL CARAVAN-PROGRAM NO. 15

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1936

9:30-10:30 P.M. E.S.T.

MUSIC:

PANFARE AND THEME

ANNOUNCER: (OVER MUSIC) The CAMEL Caravan! An hour of entertainment presented from Hollywood each week by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina, makers of CAMEL Cigarettes! Tonight -- Fred MacKurray, dynamic young Paramount star.....Mary McCormic, brilliant soprano of the Paris Opera.....Frank Forest, of Paramount, who is the CAMEL Caravan's own tenor.....Norman Sper, football authority.....and the orchestras of Georgie Stoll and Benny Goodman. And right now, here's our master of ceremonies, Rupert Hughes!

APPLAUSE: HUGHES ENTERS

HUGHES: That sounds like a rather over-crowded hour as Bill Goodwin announced it...but he didn't even mention that tonight we have with us three orchestras. We shall hear a little later from Andy Iona Long and an Hawaiian group who have become Hollywood's latest excitement. First, however, Georgie Stoll, who is still a little bowed down under the storm of congratulations that came to him after his debut last week. Georgie, show our audience you still have control of all your muscles.

(STOLL DONE....APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: "BORN TO DANCE" MEDLEY

51453 2753

ES:

(OVER MUSIC) To start our Caravan tonight, Georgie Stoll has arranged with the powers of the Metro-Goldwin-Mayer studios to present a medley of Cole Porter's marvellous new songs from the new musical picture starring Eleanor Powell. It is called "Born to Dance". If the picture is as good as Georgie Stoll's arrangement of its songs -- well, they say it is....Georgie.....

BORN TO DANCE MEDLEY STOLL

APPLAUSE

JHFS:

The Caravan has music makers on the shores of both oceans. Benny Goodman and his band are now swinging high on a star-scraping roof in New York but they are wigwagging violently that they have a

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musical retort or two to Georgie Stoll's east-bound greeting.

Come on, Benny, put it on the air and swing it across.

CUE TO SWITCH TO NEW YORK

GOODMAN:

Well, here we are, Rupert. And we'll sound off with two numbers. First -- "I Know That You Know". After that -- "When Buddha Smiles" -- a little Oriental specialty. Come on, boys.

I KNOW THAT YOU KNOW: APPLAUSE

WHEN BUDDHA SMILES: APPLAUSE

GOODMAN:

Thank you. I will now pronounce the magic word that takes you back to Hollywood. The word is -- Rupert!

CUE TO SWITCH TO HOLLYWOOD

GHES:

That's the first time I heard my name used as an incantation -- it seemed to work. It frightens me a little... I'm afraid I'll have to turn this over to Bill Goodwin.

BOUNCER:

If you know Boston, then you know the historic Parker House, one of Boston's favorite gathering places. The Parker House! The very name has been made internationally famous by those delicious rolls -- Parker House rolls, of course. Close to a half a million guests come each year to enjoy the superb dishes of the Parker House. And it is a notable fact that so many of these people combine the pleasure of eating with the pleasure of enjoying the costlier tobaccos in CAMEL cigarettes. CAMELS, between courses, and after the dessert and coffee, add a new note of peace, of contentment, and good digestion to the meal. Mr. Martin Lavin, the banquet manager, has commented on the definite preference for CAMELS among those who dine at his hotel. Here's what he says QUOTE CAMELS are outstandingly popular at the Parker House. They are the first choice at our banquets as well as

at dinner and luncheon END QUOTE. And I have just one thing to add to what Mr. Lavin says. Almost anywhere you find people gathered together to enjoy good food you'll find CAMELS the popular cigarette. For more and more people are realizing that CAMELS are a definite aid to digestion... that they promote a feeling of ease and comfort... that CAMELS set you right. Take up CAMELS, and you'll see!

ORCHESTRA -- "PLAY OFF -- ON"

UGHES:

(OVER MUSIC) That old humorist, Artemus Ward, told of an actor who played "Hamlet" in a town where the theatre band was on strike. The actor had to have music for his big, final scene, and so -- says Artemus, "He died in great agony accompanying himself on the flute". That was exit music -- actors like entrance music, too. Our star tonight could play his own, for Fred MacMurray began his career with an orchestra in Chicago. He was born in Kankakee -- far be it from me to hold this against him for I was raised in Keokuk. Both of us -- the Keokukian and the Kankakeesian -- landed here in Hollywood. Fred MacMurray is playing now in the Paramount production of "Maid of Salem" with Claudette Colbert. They have been good enough to give him a night off to illuminate the Caravan. He is a bit long-haired as an early Puritan, but it won't show on the radio. The vehicle hitched to this star is adapted from the vivacious English comedy, "The Man in Possession". The role of the woman in the case is played by that brilliant radio actress, Margaret Brayton. The role of Claude by that fine radio actor, Carlton Kadell. Miss Brayton and Mr. Kadell, meet part of your audience.

BRAYTON AND KADELL ENTER: APPLAUSE:

51453 2756

HUGHES:

Now, will you come out and show yourself, Mr. Fred MacMurray?

MACMURRAY ENTERS: APPLAUSE

MUSIC - "DRAMATIC CUE"

HUGHES:

(OVER MUSIC) The story: Crystal Fetherby, a charming young adventuress, is about to marry Claude Dabney, a selfish business man. Each one thinks, erroneously, that the other has money and so they are both very eager to go through with their marriage. Complications are introduced when Claude's younger brother, Raymond, appears on the scene. Raymond is Fred MacMurray. Though he is a well educated young man, he has had some trouble with the law, and rather than go away to South America as Claude wishes, he gets work as a process server. His first victim is Crystal Fetherby. He is compelled by law to remain in her house until a judgment is paid, but he obligingly consents to masquerade as the butler when his brother Claude comes to dinner. Crystal takes him into her confidence. She tells Raymond she must marry Claude Dabney, or she is ruined. Raymond agrees to help her. The scene now is Crystal Fetherby's drawing room, the following morning. Raymond, still the butler, has just admitted his brother, who is furious with him.

CLAUDE:

So you're still here, masquerading?

RAYMOND:

That's right, Claude.

CLAUDE:

Haven't you any decent feelings?

RAYMOND:

Well, I don't like to boast.

CLAUDE:

I don't know how you found out about Miss Fetherby; or how you pushed yourself in here. But I can see what you're after. Blackmail. You think if she knew we're brothers she wouldn't marry me.

RAYMOND:

Well, I don't suppose she would.

LAUDE:

Listen, Raymond. I've talked about this to father, we'll raise the ante.... Of course business isn't so good. It's not so easy to get a hold of ready cash just now.

RAYMOND:

Is it ever?

LAUDE:

We'll make it five thousand dollars, payable to you at any bank you choose in South America.

RAYMOND:

Oh, but I've always been so fond of North America!

LAUDE:

Never mind.... You've got to leave within a week. Naturally, you can't come back.

RAYMOND:

But what if I get to be a big shot in my adopted country? They might make me Ambassador to Washington, or something.

LAUDE:

(IGNORING HIM) Of course, you'll have to leave this place at once -- without telling Crystal Ketherby you're my brother.

(ANXIOUSLY) You haven't told her, have you?

RAYMOND:

No -- she doesn't know.

LAUDE:

Good.

RAYMOND:

That would have been spilling the beans!

LAUDE:

Well -- how about it?

RAYMOND:

How much cash do I get now?

LAUDE:

A hundred dollars, beside your ticket.

RAYMOND:

Make it a thousand.

LAUDE:

A thousand! That's ridiculous! What the devil do you need money for?

RAYMOND:

Oh, different things. But I won't use it to hang around here.

After all, you've got to trust me -- not to come back.

LAUDE:

Yes. Well -- that would leave four thousand dollars at the other end.

RAYMOND:

Correct. You chiseller?

LAUDE: Never mind that. Is it a deal?

LYMOND: O.K. It's a deal.

LAUDE: Good.... Here's the money.

LYMOND: You've got it on you?

LAUDE: Yes -- I thought something like this might happen.

LYMOND: Smart work!

LAUDE: One thousand -- right?

LYMOND: Right.

LAUDE: Now sign this receipt. The terms are in it. All you've got to decide is where you want the balance paid.

LYMOND: All right. (PAUSE) But where can I go? I shouldn't think the foreign officials would be exactly anxious to admit a jailbird into their country.

LAUDE: It's all right if you've got money. I've looked into it. Now, as soon as you've told Miss Wetherby I'm here, you might as well get out.

LYMOND: Are you sure you'd better see her?

LAUDE: Of course!

LYMOND: I wouldn't. You don't want to marry Crystal Wetherby!

LAUDE: I didn't ask for your advice.

LYMOND: No. I'd just thought I'd like to give you a break, that's all. You wouldn't be so anxious to marry her if you knew what I know. And she wouldn't marry you. You think she's rich, don't you?

CLAUDE: (LOFTILY) I've never considered that factor -- but obviously she's well off.

RAYMOND: Suppose she isn't rich -- suppose she's broke -- and owes a lot of money besides?

CLAUDE: Why should I suppose that?

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AYMOND: Look. Did you ever see one of these? (UNFOLDING PAPER)

LAUDE: Why, it's a judgment.

AYMOND: Yeah. A writ of attachment.

LAUDE: Good lord! Four hundred and sixty dollars. I don't understand.

AYMOND: That's only one. There are plenty more to come.

LAUDE: Where did you get this?

AYMOND: I served it on her. And I have to stay on the premises till it's paid.

LAUDE: A process server!

AYMOND: That's my official capacity.

LAUDE: She hasn't the money to pay it?

AYMOND: She hasn't got any money, as far as I can see.

LAUDE: She's lied to me. She -- she's played me for a sucker.

AYMOND: Well, since you're not marrying for money, what difference does it make?

LAUDE: It isn't the money. It's the deception.

AYMOND: Oh, I see. Pardon me.... Do you want to see her, now.

LAUDE: (HASTILY) No. No. Wait a second. I've got to figure this out. Why, she's got me in a trap!

AYMOND: Well, why don't you get out of it?

LAUDE: You don't know what you're talking about. I'm in a box. She might sue me for breach of promise!

AYMOND: That's right. She might.

LAUDE: Oh, what a spot! I didn't know there were such women.

AYMOND: Nuts! What about you?

LAUDE: Me?

AYMOND: Yeah, you're just about as bad. You've made her think you're rich. What do you think she's going to marry you for? It'll be just as much of a shock to her!



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CLAUDE: (SUDDENLY) Good lord! She's got my letters!

RAYMOND: He! Very passionate?

CLAUDE: (ANNOYED) Not at all. But they're very definite.

RAYMOND: (LAUGHS) All right. Now listen. What if I fix this up for you?

CLAUDE: You? What the devil can you do?

RAYMOND: If I talk her into dropping the whole thing, will you make it five thousand instead of four — in Patagonia or wherever it is I go?

CLAUDE: Well — of course I'd want the letters.

RAYMOND: Sure. Look — you scam now. I'll give you a buss later and tell you how I make out.

CLAUDE: When?

RAYMOND: Today.

CLAUDE: Maybe I'd better handle it myself.

RAYMOND: All right.

CLAUDE: (PAUSE) I don't know. Look — tell her you're my brother.

RAYMOND: Don't worry. I'll handle it. But you'd better go now so I can get busy.

CLAUDE: Well — I don't know....

RAYMOND: Go on, for the love of Mike. I'll fix it.

CLAUDE: Well.... Oh, all right. I'll let you try.

RAYMOND: That's the boy. Come on — get going.

CLAUDE: (FADING) All right, all right. Oh, lord — what a jam.

RAYMOND: Yeah — lucky I was around. So long, Claudie boy.

CLAUDE: (OFF) Goodbye — and let me know as soon as you get anything.

(DOOR OPEN AND SHUT)

(WHISTLES "I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE")

(DOOR OPENS)

CRYSTAL: Who was that, Raymond?

RAYMOND: Mr. Claude Dabney.

CRYSTAL: Oh. Didn't he want to see me?

RAYMOND: Not particularly.

CRYSTAL: What's the matter?

RAYMOND: He knows about this - er - writ.

CRYSTAL: Oh! How did he find out?

RAYMOND: I told him.

CRYSTAL: What! Are you out of your mind? What in the world's the idea....

RAYMOND: Wait a minute.... wait a minute. You think he's a rich guy, don't you?

CRYSTAL: Well....

RAYMOND: Well -- he isn't. But he thought you were.

CRYSTAL: How do you know about it?

RAYMOND: I know him and I know the Dabney Company. It's not much of a business. Just barely gets by.

CRYSTAL: But just a while ago you agreed I'd better marry him. I said it would have to be Dabney and you said yes.

RAYMOND: Well, there might be other Dabneys.

CRYSTAL: Don't be silly!

RAYMOND: For example, my name is Dabney.

CRYSTAL: What do you mean?

RAYMOND: Raymond's my first name. I'm Claude's brother.

CRYSTAL: His brother! Then last night -- at dinner -- those two with him were your father and mother?

RAYMOND: Yeah -- that's right.

CRYSTAL: Oh, then that explains a lot of things.

RAYMOND: (BRISKLY) Well! Claude's out, then, eh? That's fine.

CRYSTAL: But what'll I do now?

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RAYMOND: First pay that judgment that brought me here -- with  
this money. Here!

CRYSTAL: Goodness! Where did you get all that?

RAYMOND: Part of an unexpected legacy.

CRYSTAL: No, no! I can't take money from you.

RAYMOND: I'm sorry, but I take my work very seriously. I came here  
with the job of collecting four hundred and sixty dollars,  
and I'm going to see that the bill is paid!

CRYSTAL: But....

RAYMOND: No buts. Come on. I can't waste my time hanging around  
here. I've got a lot to do -- I've got to sail within a  
week.

CRYSTAL: Where to?

RAYMOND: Well, I'd like to talk to you about that.

CRYSTAL: What difference does it make to me?

RAYMOND: A good deal -- if you come with me.

CRYSTAL: With you!

RAYMOND: Sure.

CRYSTAL: You're crazy.

RAYMOND: Well, now let's get down to business. I've got a thousand  
bucks here. Four sixty for the judgment, two hundred for  
your fare -- I get mine paid -- that leaves us three hundred  
and forty simoleons for odds and ends. Might as well go today,  
if there's a sailing. We can get married on the boat.

CRYSTAL: Married?

RAYMOND: Yeah.

CRYSTAL: You think of everything, don't you?

RAYMOND: Sure. But you haven't heard it all. When we got to wherever  
we're going to, there'll be five thousand snackers waiting for

RAYMOND:

me. Not much. It's nothing sensational — but worth taking a chance on. What'll you do if you stick here? Marry some lug for money and make a terrific mess out of your life?

CRYSTAL:

Why should you want to marry a girl like me?

RAYMOND:

Forget it! I know the Ten Commandments aren't your specialty. You're extravagant — you're kind of flighty — and you're a liar — but you don't tell lies to yourself and that's what counts. And you don't tell them to me when you find out I don't believe them.

CRYSTAL:

Oh, Raymond!

RAYMOND:

Now, about my proposition — come on and try it. I'm not asking you to come and run a girl's school. I'm no rose myself and anyway, to heck with what you've been and done.

CRYSTAL:

But what makes you want to do this?

RAYMOND:

Listen, Crystal, I'm absolutely crazy about you. I have been ever since I first saw you. When I came out of the jug a week ago, I swore that whatever else I did, I'd never get in trouble with the law again. I've only known you about fifteen hours, but if you told me right now to go over to Fifth Avenue and toss a brick through the first jeweller's window I came to — I'd do it. I'd lie for you — I'd steal for you — I'll even work for you — if you give me a break.

CRYSTAL:

I guess it's kind of stupid to say "This is so sudden".

RAYMOND:

First shut your eyes and jump, honey. Come on — I've promised to leave the country, just because I hoped you'd come with me. Don't let me down!

CRYSTAL:

Oh, Raymond — I don't want to ever let you down.

RAYMOND:

You darling! We've both been a pair of saps, so far — but now there's going to be a brand new jack-pot, and everything's wild.

CRYSTAL:

Wild?

YMOND:

I'm wild about you, anyway. Come on. Give me a kiss.

(KISS) Darling!

(MUSIC: UP)

GHES:

Now, we've heard music from the Pacific and music from the Atlantic. Now we will take a still wider swing, and present a star of the Paris Opera in a song about Samoa. Mary McCormic's career has a range as great as that of her voice. She was born in Arkansas and taken as a child to Texas, but there was not room enough for her ambitions even in that rosy state. She would a singer be, and she climbed rung by rung till she reached the giddy heights of the Grand Opera in Paris. She came back to her native country with the stamp of European approval and conquered America by way of France. Tonight she will sing for us, with sheer enchantment, "To You, Sweetheart, Aloha" with an authentic Samoan drill supplied by Andy Iona Long and Company.

TO YOU SWEETHEART ALOHA: MARY McCORMIC  
APPLAUSE

GHES:

Marvelous, Mary McCormic, don't go far away! That Hawaiian spirit, incidentally, is having quite a renaissance in the night clubs of Hollywood. At one of them, Andy Iona Long and his Islanders constitute the entertainment. And now you're going to hear Mr. Long and his men do a Hawaiian war dance number, followed by a modern song in the Island tradition, written by Mr. Long himself. I'm sure you all know the song, as it's already a nation-wide success. It's called "South Sea Island Magic". Mr. Long....

WAR DANCE: SOUTH SEA ISLAND MAGIC: ANDY LONG  
APPLAUSE

GHES:

Now -- unless Bill Goodwin's gone native -- a word from him.

GOODWIN:

Well, I'm weakening, Rupert, but I'll try to carry on.

ANNOUNCER:

One of the most thrilling and hazardous jobs in the world is that of a test pilot... the man who puts airplanes through almost unbelievable maneuvers to test their safety. And the most famous test pilot today is Lee Gelbach. Do you know just what a test dive is? Straight down from four miles up.... the motor roaring in your ears.... struts screaming.... while the plane tears earthward like a bullet flashing from a revolver. And this terrific speed is only part of Lee Gelbach's job. After heading for the earth at blinding speed, he must pull his plane out in a right angle swoop at the bottom of the power dive against 9 G's — 9 times the force of gravity! It's almost impossible to imagine the terrific strain this places on his system. You can get some idea by recalling the most terrific jolt you ever got in a sudden stop of an elevator. In scientific language, you were probably feeling the partial effects of 1-G, or only one time the force of gravity. Lee takes it as high as 9-G's — and eats all he wants afterward. Here are Lee's own words on the subject of smoking. QUOTE I am a steady CAMEL smoker, and when I say steady I mean it. I have often smoked one CAMEL after another. CAMELS set me right. Keep my digestion tuned up and running smooth as a modern motor. CAMELS don't frazzle my nerves and believe me that means a lot END QUOTE. Well, Lee's experience certainly points the way. Enjoy CAMELS with your meals — after them — and the whole day through. Remember, too, that mild, fine-tasting CAMELS give you a refreshing lift in energy when you need it most.

ORCHESTRA: THEME

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ORCHESTRA: THEME

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ANNOUNCER:

(OVER TALK) The Camel Caravan will continue in just a moment. This is the Columbia Broadcasting System.

STATION BREAK

ANNOUNCER:

This is the Camel Caravan again, and here is our master of ceremonies — Rupert Hughes!

ORCHESTRA: THREE

HUGHES:

Eighty years ago, while the solemnly American composers were toiling over European imitations of sonatas and symphonies long since forgotten, there was one American writer of popular songs whom only the despised public took to its heart. Stephen Foster. He wrote dozens of beautiful songs, any of them as melodious, as crystalline and irresistible as the classics of Mozart or Schubert. Listen now to his song, "Beautiful Dreamer" and see if you don't discover unsuspected perfections in it. Of course it will have the supreme advantage of the fine art and lofty voice of Frank Forest, but the great song is worthy of the great singer. Forest's name, by the way, is a perfect anagram of Foster's. They make an ideal combination. Frank Forest, give us Stephen Foster's "Beautiful Dreamer".

BEAUTIFUL DREAMER: FOREST: APPLAUSE

HUGHES:

Bravo, Frank! And now a triple treat — the gorgeous soprano of Mary McCormic linked with the heroic tenor of Frank Forest in a duet from "Madam Butterfly". The duet represents the joyous honeymoon of the ill fated lovers, the American naval officer, Pinkerton, and the little Japanese wife, pro-ten, "Madame Butterfly".

MADAME BUTTERFLY: FOREST AND MCCORMIC:  
APPLAUSE

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IES:

Last week Norman Sper made his debut on our Caravan as a football prophet. He predicted the results of twenty games, and he was correct as to the winner of fifteen of them. Of the remaining five games, two were tied, and on the other three he was just wrong. All in all, this was a good deal better than Georgie Stoll, Bill Goodwin or I managed to do, and - for that matter - better than most of the professional prophets; but we hope this week he'll be still better. He will be cross-examined by your own District Attorney, Bill Goodwin. I'm sorry to say, however, that once again he's to be welcomed with a kind of musical clambake. Let's have it, Georgie....

Mr. Norman Sper!

SPER BLAMBAKE SONG: STOLL

SPER ENTERS:

APPLAUSE:

WIN:

Well, are you ready for us this week Norman?

:

I'm ready, Bill.

WIN:

All right, let's go. We'll start with the Pacific Coast. What about the U.C.L.A. - Washington game?

:

Washington! The Huskies have too much experience now, but later in the season I'd pick U.C.L.A.

WIN:

St. Mary's - Loyola of California?

:

St. Mary's! Loyola will be battling every inch of the way.

WIN:

Oregon-Stanford.

:

Stanford!

WIN:

Out in the Rocky Mountain Conference, Norman, Denver plays Colorado State. Call that one, Norman.

:

Denver! The Pioneers have the best material in 10 years.

WIN:

Well, in the Mid-west. The University of Southern California travels to Illinois. Predict it.

PER: Illinois! Southern California has no ground game. Illinois better in aerial attack and defense.

DODWIN: Minnesota-Nebraska.

PER: Minnesota! But a tough afternoon for both teams.

DODWIN: Ohio State--Pittsburgh.

PER: Ohio State! Ohio State has the better backfield.

DODWIN: Wisconsin-Purdue.

PER: Purdue! This will be a close one.

DODWIN: Kansas State -- Missouri.

PER: Kansas State!

DODWIN: Well, let's take in the East. The Dartmouth-Holy Cross game, Norman?

PER: Holy Cross! The Crusaders have a powerful line.

DODWIN: Fordham -- Southern Methodist.

PER: Fordham! The Mustangs from Dallas must have more experience before they can overtake the Rams.

DODWIN: Brown -- Harvard.

PER: Harvard!

DODWIN: Army -- Columbia.

PER: Army!

DODWIN: Pennsylvania -- Yale.

PER: Yale! Pennsylvania's passing attack and pass defence below par. Yale too tricky.

DODWIN: Norman, let's go South. Maryland takes on North Carolina. What's your choice?

PER: North Carolina! They have a better line and better reserves.

DODWIN: Texas A & M -- Rice.

PER: Texas A & M! The Aggies have one of the strongest teams in the Southwest.

DWIN: Arkansas — Baylor.

R: Arkansas! An afternoon of aerial fireworks.

DWIN: Well, how about Duke and Clemson, Norman?

R: Duke!

DWIN: Georgia — Louisiana State.

R: Louisiana State! Too powerful in line and backfield.

DWIN: Well, here's the last one, Norman. Auburn — Tennessee.

R: Auburn! They are still the team to beat in the South. Watch Auburn!

DWIN: Thanks, Norman.

ORCHESTRA: FOOTBALL CHASER: STOLL

JUNCER: If there's any experience more spectacular and exciting and exhausting than going to one of the big football games, I don't know what it is. But sometimes we pay for the thrills and the drama in more ways than one. The digestive mechanism is delicately balanced — easily upset. Excitement and strain tend to slow up the flow of the digestive fluids, thus interfering with good digestion and general well-being. So be sure you are well supplied with CAMELS next Saturday when you go to the game. They don't get on your nerves. And — smoking CAMELS promotes an abundant flow of digestive fluids — increases alkalinity. Smoke CAMELS at mealtimes — between courses and afterwards. You will find them a definite aid to digestion. CAMELS set you right.

MES: Last week Georgie Stoll came aboard the Caravan and conquered all his listeners both as a conductor of his own orchestra and as a soloist on his own violin. It is hard to say in which field he shines the more brightly — with his orchestra hanging on his flaming baton or performing alone on his practically nude violin. You can make your own choice now as to which of the two Stolls you

prefer; for he is about to extract from his waledious fiddle a beautiful arrangement of "The Waters of Minnetonka".

MINNETONKA: STOLL  
APPLAUSE:

HUGHES:

The long-faced musical scholars of the year 2036 will probably speak of our swing music with as much reverence as they reveal now at the mention of a minuet of Stephen Foster's eighty year old tunes. But who can say? Why should we care? It is folly to wait till folly is out of date. Let us swing with the swing of the night, and rejoice in the genius of Benny Goodman and his fellow geniuses at improvising. They can take the simplest tunes and make the most fascinating cross-word puzzles out of them. It is an intellectual treat to try to solve them. Benny, what musical riddles have you to offer tonight?

(CUE TO SWITCH TO NEW YORK)

GOODMAN:

Well, the first one is tough enough even without the music. It's the old tongue twister, "Peter Piper", and Helen Ward will do her best with the vocal. All ready, Helen?

WARD:

Yes, Benny.

GOODMAN:

Well, don't go away.

"PETER PIPER": GOODMAN  
APPLAUSE:

GOODMAN:

And now the trio, with Gene Krupa, Teddy Wilson and yours truly. And the tune is "China Boy".

"CHINA BOY: GOODMAN TRIO:  
APPLAUSE

GOODMAN:

That's all for now, Rupert

(CUE TO SWITCH TO HOLLYWOOD)

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HUGHES:

All right, Benny -- here's Billy.

ANNOUNCER:

R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company are the makers of CAMEL cigarettes and Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco. I want to ask you pipe smokers to do a favor -- for yourself. Get a tin of Prince Albert. Just swing back the lid and take a whiff of that delicate fragrance! Then tamp the golden brown particles in your pipe bowl, and light up! Do you like a pipe tobacco to smoke mellow, too. Then Prince Albert is your smoke! It's made for choosy pipe smokers. Crimp cut for easy packing and slower burning. And a special process removes the "bite". Get a big 2-ounce handy tin tonight and learn for yourself why men fondly refer to Prince Albert as "The National Joy Smoke".

ORCHESTRA: THEME

HUGHES:

That's Georgie Stoll you hear now... and Bill Goodwin will tell you what to expect in next week's Caravan before we say good night. Until next Tuesday, then...

APPLAUSE:

GOODWIN:

Tune in the Camel Caravan next Tuesday and hear Charles Boyer, Joan Bennett, the Don Cossack choir, Frank Forest and the two Camel orchestras, led by Benny Goodman and Georgie Stoll -- with Rupert Hughes as master of ceremonies. Bill Goodwin speaking for R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, makers of Camel Cigarettes and Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco. This is the Columbia Broadcasting System!

ORCHESTRA: UP AND OUT:  
APPLAUSE

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY