

EDDIE CANTOR'S CAMEL CARAVAN

MONDAY, April 18th, 1938

C-4

CANTOR	PROTZMAN	P.A. OPERATOR	FILE
FIELDS	HARDING	ROSS	COPYRIGHT
KNIGHT	KIRK	GLEE CLUB (12)	AUGUSTINE
KURTZMAN	KING	GORDON	CARROLL
RAPP	DONOHUE	FAIRCHILD	FITZ
CONN	SCHUMANN	ESTEY (6)	HATTIE NOEL
BUNKY	KEN DAIGNEAU	MORTON DOWNEY	MARY KELLY
HOLZMAN			DUSTY FLETCHER

MUSIC ROUTINE

TIME	PAGE	
_____	<u>2</u>	OPENING THEME - Segue
_____	<u>2</u>	ORCHESTRA - "How'd Ya Like to Love Me?"
_____	<u>15</u>	ORCHESTRA - "Whoopee Chaser"
_____	<u>15</u>	ORCHESTRA - "It's The Gypsy in My Soul"
_____	<u>16</u>	ORCHESTRA - "Fanfare B"
_____	<u>21</u>	MORTON DOWNEY - "I Can Dream, Can't I?"
_____	<u>30</u>	ORCHESTRA - "Wedding Tag"
_____	<u>31</u>	CANTOR - "Says I To Myself Says I" (into "One Hour")

To Cut - :50

Edgar - No Piano Gliss Going Into "How'd Ya Like"

Cut in "Says I"

Cut Verse Downey's number

Protzie - Off-stage mike for commercials

Lapel mike for experiment.

KING:

(COLD) Tobacco planters say: -
"We know tobacco, because we grow it --
we smoke CAMELS, because we know
Tobacco."

ORCHESTRA:

CANTOR BUILDUP THEME - INTO SCREAMING
CHORD -- GLISS DOWN TO TREMOLO --

GLEE CLUB:

It's Eddie Cantor's (Pianos) CAMEL
(Pianos) CARAVAN!

(ORCHESTRA IN FULL) (No Piano Gliss)

Seque "How'd Ya Like to Love Me" - fade
for

(.55)

KING:

(OVER MUSIC) This half hour of entertainment, starring Eddie Cantor, is made possible by the millions of enthusiastic smokers who prefer CAMEL Cigarettes.-- Men who grow tobacco certainly are qualified to speak with authority on the subject they know best. Tobacco planter John Thomas Caraway says - Quote - Raising tobacco is my business, and I guess any business man can tell you just who pays him and how much. Well, CAMEL paid me more for the best of my last season's crop -- and many a year before too. Better tobacco makes a better smoke. Naturally, I smoke CAMELS. Yes sir, with us tobacco growers CAMELS are the big favorite - End Quote. As a smoker those facts are important to you -- ~~and so is this fact. In the last ten years -- 1928 through 1937, the makers of CAMEL paid an average price of 1/3 more per pound for American-grown tobaccos at auction markets than all other purchasers combined!~~ Remember -- CAMELS are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS... So next time -- say: "CAMELS".

(MUSIC UP TO FINISH) (SCHUMANN CUES
APPLAUSE)

(HARDING MOVES CELESTE MIKE)

(2:10)

KING:

And here is Eddie Cantor!

(APPLAUSE AS CANTOR ENTERS)

CANTOR:

Easter greetings, everybody. Same to you
Walter.....Say - is that your Easter suit?

KING:

Yep, it's from England - ever since I was
a boy I've had my clothes made in
England.

CANTOR:

England?

KING:

Yes, on Bond Street - right off Piccadilly.
Where did you get yours?

CANTOR:

On Grand Street -- right off a push-cart..
That's me - kid!

(2:35)

KING:

Say - before I forget, Eddie - I want to thank you for that lovely Easter egg you sent me. That's the largest egg I ever saw!

CANTOR:

You should see the egg I've got in Great Neck, Long Island -- ten acres, fourteen rooms -- I've been trying to hatch it since 1929!

KING:

(LAUGHS) But Eddie, I'm referring to the Easter egg you sent me.....Did you color any eggs for your children this year?

CANTOR:

Yes, - and then I ate them all like a darn fool -- nine of them -- red, blue, yellow, green --

KING:

Didn't they make you sick?

CANTOR:

Yes -- and I had to go to a Doctor to get X-rayed. Walter -- would you believe it, - the picture came out in technicolor!

KING:

I'll bet your kids had a swell time!

(3:15)

CANTOR:

Oh yes, but my ten year old Janet - she got me angry.

KING:

Angry, why?

CANTOR:

Well, I didn't mind at Christmas time when she told the kids in the neighborhood I was Santa Claus - but yesterday when she went around telling them I laid her Easter eggs - that's no good!

KING:

Don't excite yourself, Eddie. Remember, it's spring, Easter is here ... the circus is in town -- .. I've got two tickets --

(3:35)

CANTOR:

For the circus? I was there last week. What a show! They have that Gargantua-- you know the biggest gorilla in the world. He's taller than you are, Walter.. weighs four hundred and fifty pounds.... has the strength of twenty-seven men....

KING:

Is he ferocious?

CANTOR:

Yes, - but I went right over and shook hands with him.

KING:

Right away you made friends?

CANTOR:

Yessir - then it took eleven men to break our friendship. ---You know, I was there the night of the strike.

KING:

They had a strike at the circus?

CANTOR:

Yes, the elephants walked out --

KING:

Elephants?

CANTOR:

Yes - they got tired of working for peanuts.

KING:

(LAUGHS)

Oh, oh, Eddie -- Easter is over - here comes the Mad Russian with a chip on his shoulder.

CANTOR:

Oh, that's no chip -- that's his head.(4:15

GORDON: (ON VELOCITY)
Out of mine way! Out of mine way!

CANTOR:
The Mad Russian!

GORDON:
How do you do! ... How do you like mine
lion tamer's uniform?

CANTOR:
You'd be afraid to go in the cage!

GORDON:
Is that so? When I go into the lion's
cage, there's no stick in there, no whip
in there, no gun in there --

CANTOR:
And you're not afraid?

GORDON:
No -- there's no lion there!

(4:50)

CANTOR:

How did you get a job at the circus?

GORDON:

I went there to see the freaks, but the people were looking at me and laughing.

CANTOR:

Why wouldn't they laugh? With those ears you look like a coffee pot with two handles.

GORDON:

No wonder the manager gave me ten dollars.

CANTOR:

(LAUGHS) Ten dollars he gave you!

GORDON:

Don't laugh - he offered me fifty if I bring you!

(5:10)

CANTOR:

Oh, take off that uniform, you don't belong in the circus.

GORDON:

No? Seven o'clock this morning I gave the giraffe supper.

CANTOR:

Supper at seven o'clock in the morning?

GORDON:

Yes -- by the time it reaches his stomach, it's supper time!

CANTOR:

Did you feed the hippopotamus?

GORDON:

What's that all of a sudden?

CANTOR:

A hippopotamus!

GORDON:

A hippo - what? - a mus?

CANTOR:

A hippopotamus is a clumsy old thing with a big mouth.

GORDON:

Leave my wife out of this!

(5:45)

CANTOR:

That's a fine way to talk after the nice things she said yesterday.

GORDON:

Really? Give me a for instance!

CANTOR:

She said she was very happy because she has a husband who is good, a husband who is loyal, a husband who is handsome.

GORDON:

Get me a lawyer! She's got three husbands!

(6:05)

CANTOR:

Russian, you really belong in the circus
but among the animals.

GORDON:

What's wrong with animals? I like to talk
with all the animals except the skunk.

CANTOR:

Why don't you like to talk to the skunk?

GORDON:

Because I don't like the way he answers
back!

(6:20)

CANTOR:

I can't imagine you doing anything in the
circus.

GORDON:

You should see my biggest trick.

CANTOR:

What is it?

GORDON:

The lion puts his head in my mouth!

CANTOR:

The lion puts his head in your mouth?

GORDON:

Yes -- and he's not even afraid! Isn't
that marvellous?

CANTOR:

Wait a minute. A lion's head goes in your mouth -- isn't it too big?

GORDON:

No -- I just pucker up my lips!

(6:50)

CANTOR:

Russian, that settles it. You'll never convince me that anybody as dumb as you could be a lion-tamer.

GORDON:

If I had lions, I could prove to you right here.

CANTOR:

I'll get you one. Fairchild, come here.

FAIRCHILD:

Yes, Eddie.

CANTOR:

Edgar, I want you to be a lion.

GORDON:

With that mustache he looks more like a pekingese! But I'll tame him ... Come on, lion, get up on that stool.

SOUND: CRACK OF WHIP.

GORDON:

Come on, make a noise like a lion.

FAIRCHILD:

(EFFEMINATELY) Gu-rowl! Gu-rowl!

CANTOR:

What is that supposed to be?

FAIRCHILD:

Gu-rowl! I'm a lion!

(7:20)

CANTOR:

Yeah - a dandelion!

GORDON:

I got to have a wilder animal than that.

CANTOR:

All right. Come here, Walter King. Go to work!

KING:

(TERRIFIC BELLOW)

GORDON:

Haddie Camphor, how can I tame him? He doesn't even look like a lion -- his hair is too short.

CANTOR:

You're right. A lion should have a mane.

GORDON:

You mane it?

CANTOR:

Yes, I mane it.

GORDON:

(LAUGHS)

CANTOR:

What are you laughing at?

GORDON:

You thought I was going to say, "My, oh, my!"

(7:55)

CANTOR:

How dare you! I was just pretending!

GORDON:

Certainly fooled me!

CANTOR:

Look - let's say I'm a tiger. (GROWLS)
a man-eating tiger!

GORDON:

Let me out of here!

CANTOR:

What are you running away for?

GORDON:

Today - I am a man!

ORCHESTRA: "WHOOPEE CHASER" (APPLAUSE) (9:00)
segue "IT'S THE GYPSY IN MY SOUL" - fade
for

KING: (OVER MUSIC, ON CUE)

Edgar Fairchild's Orchestra, featuring
Fairchild and Carroll at the two pianos,
playing "It's The Gypsy In My Soul".
(MUSIC UP TO FINISH)
(APPLAUSE)

KING: (COLD)

There's a lot of fun in the life of a cowpuncher--but there's a lot of hard, exhausting work too. So most cowpunchers are just naturally particular about their cigarette. It's interesting to know that cowpunchers have a favorite cigarette -- CAMELS. Why? Well, C. W. Curtis says: "Being openminded I tried lots of brands, but I chose CAMELS because when I'm tired, a CAMEL gives me a "life!" And cowgirl Alice Greenough, rodeo star says: "CAMELS mild, delicate flavor never tires my taste, and they don't get on my nerves." Cowpuncher Floyd Stillings has his own reasons for choosing CAMELS. He says:

DAIGNEAU (DRAWLY VOICE) (OFF STAGE MIKE)

I want a sociable cigarette -- one that's good company for a steady smoker like me. CAMELS don't roughen my throat. They sure hit me right -- all the time. Any way you look at it -- and there are lots of angles to smoking-
CAMELS agree with me.

KING:

CAMEL'S costlier tobaccos mean a lot in smoking. One smoker tells another -- "CAMELS agree with me.

ORCHESTRA -- FANFARE "B"

(12:30)

CANTOR:

And now, here's an Easter Gift to you -- a very good egg, MORTON DOWNEY!

(APPLAUSE AS DOWNEY ENTERS)

DOWNEY:

Thank you folks...and thank you, Eddie.

CANTOR:

Don't mention it Mahrton my bye..it's great havin' one of me own countrymen on this program.

DOWNEY:

Are you Irish, Eddie?

CANTOR:

Shure, an' have I kept it a secret? ... Mahrton, what part of Ireland do you come from?

DOWNEY:

From the County Mayo right near Kilkenny -- and you, Eddie?

CANTOR:

Sullivan County right near Kilcatskill! --- Can't you see I have the map of Ireland on my face?

DOWNEY:

Well, your forehead is part of the map of Ireland and so is your mouth, but between the two there's an awful detour!

(13:15)

CANTOR: He knows me!

DOWNEY:

You're not Irish, but at that, Eddie, we have a lot in common. I'm a tenor; you're a tenor.

CANTOR:

That's right.

DOWNEY:

I married my childhood sweetheart; so did you.

CANTOR:

Yep - we're alike all right.

DOWNEY:

I have three boys --

CANTOR:

That's where the resemblance stops! -- You have three boys, Morton, but there'll come a day when your three boys will leave you to get married.

DOWNEY:

I hope they marry some nice girls.

CANTOR:

If you want to make sure -- talk to me after the program is over --- Three boys (KISSES HIM)

DOWNEY:

Yessir, I've got three boys and a girl.

CANTOR:

Four Downey and one to go -- What a family!

(13:55)

DOWNEY:

Eddie, I'm having trouble finding a house big enough for my flock.

CANTOR:

You should have a house with about fourteen rooms and ten acres for your kids to play on. I think I might get you a place in Great Neck.

DOWNEY:

Oh, I'm not interested in that place.

CANTOR:

This house has a five car garage with servant quarters over it.

DOWNEY:

No, Eddie, nothing doing.

CANTOR:

But Listen--it has the most gorgeous landscaping, beautiful trees and right across from the Lakeville Golf and Country Club.

DOWNEY:

Eddie, why do you keep describing it? You know I can't afford it.

CANTOR:

I know, but somebody, somewhere listening in must make me an offer! They could have it at a great sacrifice.

DOWNEY:

Eddie, I don't think you'll ever sell that property.

CANTOR:

Morton, I can dream, can't I? Say if I'm not mistaken - that's the title of your song.

DOWNEY:

So it is - I can dream can't I?

CANTOR:

Was that clever, the way I got around that - sing Morton - while I go out and rehearse my salary.

(14:55)

ORCHESTRA - INTRO

DOWNEY:

I can see, no matter how near you'll be
You'll never belong to me,
But I can dream, can't I?
Can't I pretend that I'm locked in the bend
of your embrace,
For dreams are just like wine,
And I am drunk with mine. (BAND SWELLS)
I'm aware, my heart is a sad affair,
There's much disillusion there,
But I can dream, Can't I?
Can't I adore you
Although we are oceans apart,
I can't make you open your heart,
But I can dream, Can't I?

(Strings swell)

I'm a dreamer, aren't we all, (BRASS)
Just a dreamer, aren't we all, (BRASS)
She's ideal - but then she isn't real
And I'm a fool.....

Still I can dream, even tho,

I'm aware, my heart is a sad affair,
There's much disillusion there,
But I can dream, Can't I?
Can't I adore you,
Although we are oceans apart,
I can't make you open your heart,
But I can dream.....can't I?

(MUSIC SWELLS)

(APPLAUSE)

(18:00)

FAIRCHILD:

Eddie, talk about your Easter style and class - here it is! Your sweepstakes winner, in person.

CANTOR:

Hattie Noel! Come in!

(APPLAUSE AS HATTIE ENTERS)

CANTOR:

Hattie, if you're going for such fancy clothes, You won't have your money very long.

HATTIE:

Oh, my money's in the bank ... But every day I goes to the bank takes it out, and puts it back again.

CANTOR:

What do you do that for?

HATTIE:

Oh, I just loves to pet it!

CANTOR:

So you're spending all your time petting your money, eh?

HATTIE:

No, sir', I does better than that - I found me a boy-friend and we's gonna get married!

CANTOR: Hattie Noel -- you finally met love!

HATTIE: I didn't meet it -- it was a head-on collision!

CANTOR:

You fell for him, eh?

HATTIE:

When that boy smiled, he won my heart.

CANTOR:

He must have a wonderful smile.

HATTIE:

It wasn't the smile so much -- but the gold
in his teeth just dazzled me!

(19:05)

CANTOR:

(LAUGHS)

He had a lot of it, eh?

HATTIE:

Mr. Cantor, he's got more gold in his mouth
than the Government has in Kentucky!

CANTOR:

But the Government's got their money in a
big vault.

HATTIE:

That thing he eats with ain't no crevice!

CANTOR:

What's his name, Hattie?

HATTIE:

His name is Spencer Tracy Robert Clark
Taylor --but I just calls him Spongy!

(19:40)

CANTOR:

What does he look like?

HATTIE:

Well, he ain't very tall.

CANTOR:

Does he come up to your shoulder?

HATTIE:

No, he just comes up to my pocketbook!

CANTOR:

Is he that short?

HATTIE:

He's so short -- he comes up there three times a day!

CANTOR:

Hattie, would you mind telling us how he proposed to you?

HATTIE:

Well... He was at my house for dinner. I said, "Spongy, you want some more chicken?" And he said, "Yes."

CANTOR:

Then?

HATTIE:

Then I asked him does he want more sweet potatoes. And he said, "Yes."

CANTOR:

Go on.

HATTIE:

Then I asked him if he wanted chicken and sweet potatoes for the rest of his life--and when he said, "Yes." I knew I had him!

(20.30)

CANTOR:

You mean to say you're gonna feed him from now on? Hasn't Spongy got a job?

HATTIE:

No, sir. He gets money from me.

CANTOR:

Then he doesn't work?

HATTIE:

You're mighty wrong if you think gettin' money out of me ain't a job!

CANTOR:

Hattie, did Spongy ever work?

HATTIE:

Well, when I first met him, he was out of a job.

CANTOR:

Before that?

HATTIE:

Before that, he was unemployed!

CANTOR:

And before that?

HATTIE:

He was layin' off!

CANTOR:

But previous to that--

HATTIE:

He was a real go-getter.

CANTOR:

Just what do you mean by that?

HATTIE:

When his wife was workin' -- every night at
six o'clock he'd go-getter!

(21:10)

CANTOR:

So he was married before. What became of his
first wife?

HATTIE:

She divorced him -- and sued the poolroom!

CANTOR:

What did she sue the poolroom for?

HATTIE:

Alienation of affections!

CANTOR:

Hattie, I'm surprised you're marrying a man
who's already had a wife.

HATTIE:

Say, with my money I don't have to put up
with no amateur!

(21:50)

CANTOR:

HATTIE, who's that little fellow in the doorway waving at you? Is it your chauffeur?

HATTIE:

No -- that's him! That's my man! Come in, Spongy!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

CANTOR:

Why, Hattie, I know him. Spongy, weren't you my stable-boy at Santa Anita Race Track?

SPONGY:

That's right, Mr. Cantor.

CANTOR:

And now you're marrying Hattie, the sweepstakes winner.

SPONGY: Yes, sir ... seems like I just can't keep away from the horses.

HATTIE:

Spongy, you ain't signifyin' I am a horse?

CANTOR:

Well, Hattie, you're certainly no shetland pony!

SPONGY:

Shucks! Why can't I think of nice things
like that to say?
(22:40)

HATTIE:

Mr. Cantor, ain't he the honey-lamb?

SPONGY:

Oh, Hattie -- you're making me blush!

CANTOR: (LAUGHS)

... , Spongy, how long have you known Hattie?

HATTIE:

We lived in the same boarding house for six
years.

SPONGY:

Yes, for six years. I used to say "goodbye"
to her every morning when she went to work.

HATTIE:

And then one day I won that money on the
Sweepstakes.

SPONGY:

Yassuh --- it was love at first sight.
(23:15)

CANTOR:

Hattie, when are you thinking of getting married?

HATTIE:

Constantly!

CANTOR:

I mean have you set the date?

SPONGY:

Mr. Cantor we is plannin' on next Monday night.

CANTOR:

Monday night - okay and we'll have the wedding right on this program.

SPONGY:

And the entertainment will be furnished by the best man.

HATTIE:

Mr. Eddie Cantor!

CANTOR:

ME?

SPONGY:

You the best man we can get for nothin'!
(23:45)

CANTOR:

Tell me - have you got your home picked out yet?

HATTIE:

No, but we're lookin' for somethin' nice.

CANTOR:

Hattie, I know a place on Long Island with 14 rooms - (LAUGHS) - I'm only kidding -- you won't need a place that big for a while yet.

HATTIE:

We better go Spongy - I got to try on my wedding dress.

(24:05)

CANTOR:

Okay - what about you Spongy?

SPONGY:

Mr. Cantor..you oughta see my weddin' suit -- it's green and got six pockets.

CANTOR:

A green suit with six pockets? Where did you get it?

HATTIE:

Mr. Cantor, something tells me there's a Billiard Hall in Harlem with a naked pool table!

ORCHESTRA: "WEDDING TAG" (EXIT - APPLAUSE) (24:35)

CANTOR:

Ladies and gentlemen, again we
introduce a brand new song.
With Edgar Fairchild and
Adam Carrol at the twin pianos -
Cantor goes to work.

(24:45)

ORCHESTRA - 4-BAR INTRO.

CANTOR: (TALK) When someone's talking to himself
You'd think there's something wrong.
(SING) Something's wacky-cracky in the head!
(TALK) I started talking to myself
The moment you came along.
(SING) Tho I'm not wacky, this is what I said:

Says I to myself says I, says I to myself says I
Now there's a girl you really ought to know.
If I were you the thing to do is try to
catch her eye
Says I to myself says I to myself says I. (SWELL)
Then all of a sudden we - were chummy as
we could be
I will admit that Cupid wasn't slow.
"Go pat yourself upon the back 'cause you're
a lucky guy"
Says I to myself says I to myself says I.
Boy likes the girl - and girl likes the boy
Now what'll we do? - I'll leave it to you! (SWELL)
Boy should romance her - you've got the answer
too! (SWELL)
Says I to myself says I, says I to myself says I.
So far so good I know she won't say "no".
And on the day the knot is tied
Then you'll be ridin' high (HOLD)
Says I to myself says I to myself says I.

(ORCHESTRA 4-bar Vamp)

KING: (TALK) Says I to myself says I, there must
be a reason why
This Cantor never lets a fellow sing.

CANTOR: (SING) Why Walter King - go on and sing
At least I'll let you try!
Says I to myself says I to myself
says I.

KING: (VAMP) -- Thanks, Eddie, Vamp Till ready,
ON.....(holds over 4-bar orchestra vamp)
The Road to Mandalay, Think of all the
dough I pay
When I take my singing lesson from my
teacher every day!

CANTOR: (TALK) Stop! Stop! Walter!

KING: (TALK) What's the matter, Eddie? Are you
afraid of my voice?

CANTOR: (TALK) No. - I'm afraid of my job. (G.C.)
(SING) Says I to myself says I to myself
says I.

GLEE CLUB: We are the Glee Club,
Sweet Harmony Club,
Whatta we do?
Cantor - we leave it to you!

CANTOR: Keep standing by - till I find a note
too high - high!

GLEE CLUB: High, Mister Cantor! (STOP)

GORDON: (ON VELOCITY) Out of mine way! Out of
mine way!

Says I to myself says I,
That Cantor's a dopey guy,
And I don't care if he never talks to me.
I like to talk to myself you see.
For I'm such lovely company!

CANTOR:

You mean it?

RUSSIAN: Yes, I mean it!

BOTH: My oh my! (G.C.)

GLEE CLUB: (VAMP) - Says I to myself says I
- Says I to myself says I -

CANTOR: (SING)
 And so our program ends,
 Good night..and thank you, friends
 And don't forget what cigarette to buy!
 'Cause Ida needs a new Spring coat
 And prices are aw'fly high,
 Says I to myself says I to myself says I.

(TALK)
 You have been loyal
 To Toothpaste and oil -
 PEBECO! (BAND)
 TEXACO! (BAND)
 Your treatment's been royal,
 According to Hoyle,
 I want you to know - I'm grateful - so

(SING)
 Says I to myself says I
 I promise I'll always try
 To do the things I think you want me to.
 As long as you keep tuning in
 I'll be one Happy Guy! (HOLD)
 Says I to myself says I to myself
 says I! (HOLD "I")

GLEE CLUB:
 To myself
 Says I to myself
 Says I to myself
 Says I to myself Says.....I

CANTOR:
 Love to spend each Monday with you.
 As friend to friend, I'm sorry it's through.
 I'm telling you just how I feel,
 I hope you feel that way too.
 Let's make a date for next Monday night ---
 Good night!

(APPLAUSE)

(29:15)

ORCHESTRA - SWELL MUSIC - FADE

KING: (ON CUE) (OFF-STAGE MIKE)

Now, here's a message for you pipe-smokers. It's about PRINCE ALBERT -- that double-rich and extra-mellow smoking tobacco. PRINCE ALBERT is "crimp cut" to pack right, draw easy, and smoke cool and slow. PRINCE ALBERT is "no-bite" treated to make your smoking mellow, milder, and smoother. PRINCE ALBERT cakes right, too, and on top of that, pipe-smokers report getting around fifty fragrant pipefuls chock-full of downright tasty goodness from every big two-ounce tin of PRINCE ALBERT. Remember -- me, there is only one National Joy Smoke -- PRINCE ALBERT.

(MUSIC SWELLS) (29:55)

KING: (ON CUE)

Listen again for Eddie Cantor's Camel Caravan next Monday ~~and~~ ^{FEATURING HATTIE & SPONCY'S WEDDING} and remember to tune in tomorrow night over these same stations for Benny Goodman, King of Swing. See your newspaper for time. Walter King speaking.

(MUSIC SWELLS - CAST OUT FOR BOWS)

LARRY HARDING: This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM

(Fade theme 20 seconds)

(30:20)

WABC.....NEW YORK

LG
GM

51458 2458