

- EDDIE CANTOR'S CAMEL CARAVAN -

MONDAY, MAY 23, 1938

#C-9

CANTOR	KIRK	P.A. OPERATOR	FILE
FIELDS	KING	GLEE CLUB (12)	COPYRIGHT
KNIGHT	DONOHUE	FAIRCHILD	CARROLL
KURTZMAN	SCHUMANN	HATTIE NOEL	BERT GORDON
RAPP	ESTY (6)	BILL WRIGHT	SPAN
BUNKY	GOODWIN	ELVIA ALLMAN	SCHWEIGER
HOLZMAN		PAULA WINSLOW	QUILLIAN
ROSS		WALTER TETLEY	ELLINSON
		CLYDE WOOD	MAXWELL HAGE

MUSIC ROUTINE

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-----	-----	ORCHESTRA -- OPENING THEME
-----	-----	ORCHESTRA -- "SHADE OF THE NEW APPLE TREE"
-----	-----	ORCHESTRA -- "WHOOPEE"
-----	-----	KING -- "HOME ON THE RANGE" (A CAPELLA)
-----	-----	KING -- "I GOT PLENTY OF NUTTIN'"
-----	-----	ORCHESTRA -- "YOU OUGHT TO BE IN PICTURES"
-----	-----	ORCHESTRA -- CAMEL CHASER
-----	-----	ORCHESTRA -- "TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME"
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-----	-----	ORCHESTRA AND CANTOR -- "SOMETHING OLD" MEDLEY
-----	-----	CANTOR -- "ONE HOUR"

KING:

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

ORCHESTRA: (CANTOR BUILDUP THEME...SCREAMING CHORD...GLISS DOWN TO TREMOLO)

GLEE CLUB:

(SINGING) It's...Eddie Cantor's

(PIANOS)

Camel

(PIANOS)

Caravan!

ORCHESTRA: (TAG)

KING:

Edgar Fairchild's orchestra plays --

GLEE CLUB:

(SING) In the Shade of the New Apple Tree,
hey, nonny oh --

ORCHESTRA: (UP...FADE)

KING:

This half hour of entertainment is made possible by the millions of enthusiastic smokers who prefer CAMEL Cigarettes! Their appreciation of finer, more expensive tobaccos makes CAMEL the largest-selling cigarette in the world.

Remember -- C-A-M-E-L spells true smoking pleasure.

ORCHESTRA: (UP TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

KING:

And here is -- EDDIE CANTOR!

ORCHESTRA: "WHOOPEE"

(APPLAUSE AS CANTOR ENTERS)

(2:10)

CANTOR:

Hello, everybody -- hello, Walter King!

KING:

Well, Eddie, I see you got yourself a new car.

CANTOR:

That's right -- and am I having fun! You know in New York, they drive any old way -- but in Los Angeles, Walter, they obey the rules,..Yessir! they always keep to the right while driving on the sidewalk! -- Isn't that so?

KING:

(LAUGHS) What makes them such bad drivers here?

CANTOR:

It's the fault of City Hall -- when a child is born out here, instead of a birth certificate, they send him a driver's license!..,Walter, the people of California are always getting hit by automobiles -- and they certainly show it. There are more license numbers on the seats of their pants, than on their cars! (2:45)

KING:

(LAUGHS) It's true, Eddie, anybody can drive out here.

CANTOR:

You're telling me! My little daughter, Janet, came in yesterday and told me she got her "junior license" and I said, "What do you mean 'junior license' -- you can only hit children?"

KING:

(LAUGHS) But, Eddie -- there must be some good drivers here --

CANTOR:

Well, I know of one honest driver who walked into the Motor Vehicle Bureau and handed in his license. He said, "It's no use, boys, I need glasses! I've been driving around all day and haven't hit anybody!"

KING:

It must be pretty tough for the traffic cops in Los Angeles --

CANTOR:

No -- not much. They only have to remember three things: to stand in the middle of the street; blow their whistle; and then run for the nearest lamp post.

KING:

(LAUGHS) At that, Eddie, it's not safe crossing the street these days.

CANTOR:

Safe? That's why these people here are sitting in this beautiful studio. You see -- last year two Columbia executives were standing on this corner and they kept trying to cross Sunset Boulevard to get to the old studio. Finally, they figured it would be quicker to just put up this building and broadcast from here.

(APPLAUSE)

(3:50)

KING:

(LAUGHS) Eddie -- you seem to be in a very good mood tonight!

CANTOR:

Yes -- I am.

KING:

Er -- maybe tonight is the night for me to er -- sing.

CANTOR:

Walter, we have been through it so many times -- you cannot sing on this program -- you are an announcer!..

And you can't tell what may happen to you. *in this*

KING:

modern studio.

What could happen?

CANTOR:

You can't tell...For instance, here's an Apologetic Microphone for comedians...A comedian tells a bad joke -- and the microphone apologizes to the listeners. (4:10)

KING:

No!

CANTOR:

I'll show you. Come on over! -- Walter, what did the cow say at the barn door?

KING:

I don't know -- what did the cow say at the barn door?

CANTOR:

Is my fodder in there?

VOICE:

(ON OFF-STAGE FILTER) (PAULA WINSLOW)
Excuse it, please. Excuse it, please. Excuse it, please.

KING:

(LAUGHS) Eddie, it really works!

CANTOR:

Only with a bad joke. Now with a real, up-to-date joke, there's no re-action.

KING:

For instance?

CANTOR:

Well, for instance, Edgar Fairchild has an uncle who is an inveterate gambler -- he not only loses his own salary but the pay-checks of his entire family. At the Kentucky Derby he lost his pay, his nephew's pay, his uncle's pay, and if his wife hadn't stopped him, he'd have lost his aunt's pay, see?

VOICE:

(ON FILTER) EXCUSE IT, PLEASE -- EXCUSE IT, PLEASE --
EXCUSE IT, PLEASE! (5:00)

KING:

(LAUGHS) Gosh -- that's a smart microphone! Or maybe it didn't hear you correctly.

CANTOR:

I guess it must have, 'cause the acoustics in this studio are perfect. Listen -- (WHISPERED) This is Eddie Cantor -- the man who comes into your home every Monday night.

VOICE:

(ON FILTER) EXCUSE IT, PLEASE -- EXCUSE IT, PLEASE --
EXCUSE IT, PULEEZE!

KING:

You can't fool a microphone.

CANTOR:

I still claim the acoustics are great here.

KING:

I'll find out --

(SINGS) OH, GIVE ME A HOME

WHERE THE BUFFALO ROAM,

WHERE THE DEER AND THE ANTELOPE PLAY -- (5:25)

CANTOR:

See -- aren't the acoustics swell?

KING:

Yep --

(SINGS) WHERE SELDOM IS HEARD

A DISCOURAGING WORD

AND THE SKIES ARE NOT CLOUDY ALL DAY.

CANTOR:

That's fine -- Walter...We can hear you all right.

KING:

(SINGS) HOME, HOME ON THE RANGE,

WHERE THE DEER AND THE ANTELOPE PLAY --

CANTOR:

What is this?

KING:

(SINGS) WHERE SELDOM IS HEARD

A DISCOURAGING WORD

AND THE SKIES ARE NOT CLOUDY ALL DAY.

(APPLAUSE)

(6:00)

KING:

Oh -- they want an encore!

(SINGS) THANKS FOR THE MEMORY -- OF RAINY AFTERNOONS
SWINGY HARLEM TUNES

CANTOR:

Well, quit -- will you, Walter?...What is this mob
coming in?

GLEE CLUB:

(NOT BABBLE) (ON VELOCITY)

KING:

Oh -- that's a studio guide conducting a guest
tour.

(6:15)

GUIDE:

(WRIGHT) (ON VELOCITY) Now -- right over there is the
control room. As the programs are broadcast, the
engineer in the control room sends it out over the
air-waves...

ELVIA:

Oh -- is that Eddie Cantor? I'd love to meet him!

GUIDE:

I'm sure Cantor would love to meet you, He's not doing
anything --

CANTOR:

Nice going on, Walter --

(6:35)

GUIDE:

Come on over.

CANTOR:

Oh, guide -- just take these people to another studio for a while.

GUIDE:

Okay, Mr. Cantor. (FADE)

FIELDS:

Wait a minute, I paid forty cents!

CANTOR:

Look, Mister -- this is a radio program, people have to listen to it --

FIELDS:

Have to, huh? You can't force people to listen to you.

CANTOR:

Who's forcing 'em? They can sit here and not listen.

FIELDS:

Oh -- they have to buy cotton to stuff in their ears!

CANTOR:

I wouldn't allow anybody to stuff cotton in their ears!

FIELDS:

I see -- they should just sit there and suffer! You'd like that!

CANTOR:

I would not. I don't want anybody to suffer -- ever!
I'd be very happy if there was no suffering in the world.

FIELDS:

Sure -- my cousin, Leo, the doctor -- he should starve!
You got plenty, everybody else can starve. (7:25)

CANTOR:

That's not true. Nothing would please me more than for everybody to be well-fed -- to be as fat as -- as -- well -- as --

FIELDS:

My wife! Go on, say it -- insult her! It's not bad enough she looks like a horse. You gotta tell the whole world about it!

CANTOR:

Mister, I don't even know your wife. If I saw her walking down the street --

FIELDS:

My poor wife has gotta walk. But you -- you drive a nice new car!

CANTOR:

But I haven't got a new car!

FIELDS:

Oh -- cluttering up the streets with an old car -- a pile of junk! I'll fix you!

CANTOR:

Stop this fighting! I hate fighting -- I don't wanna fight!

FIELDS:

A slacker, eh? Won't fight?

CANTOR:

I don't wanna fight...I want peace -- peace at any price!

FIELDS:

Ha-ha! Underselling -- no wonder business is bad --

(8:15)

KING:

If you'll excuse the interruption --- I think the man's right, Eddie.

FIELDS:

Oh, you do, huh?

KING:

Yes, I think Cantor is wrong.

FIELDS:

Double-crossing your own pal! Cantor pays you and you ruin his chance to make a living!

CANTOR:

But I don't pay him!

FIELDS:

Slavery, hey! Going against the Wagner Act. I'll see my Congressman! (8:35)

CANTOR:

How can you please this fellow? Mister -- I beg of you -- forget what I said -- please -- forget everything!

FIELDS:

For you I should lose my memory! Walk around in a daze! A victim of amnesia! My wife'll give me up for lost -- take all my savings out of the bank...

CANTOR:

Bank? What bank?

FIELDS:

Now he wants to know where my money is -- so he can take that! Here I am, walking the streets for days...my mind, a blank...Nobody knows who I am, I wander around till I'm sixty-five and can't collect my Social Security and why? All because I paid forty cents for this studio tour and all I got was an argument from you -- get me a lawyer, get me a policeman. Where's the President?

(EXIT) (APPLAUSE)

(9:20)

CANTOR:

If that man doesn't stop coming around here, I know I'm going to have myself a break-down --

KING:

Eddie, shall we continue from where we left off?

CANTOR:

Yes -- look! Some more people sneaked away from that guide.

ALLMAN:

Sonny -- that's Eddie Cantor -- look at him -- go on!

CHILD:

(WALTER TETLEY) (SCREAMING AND CRYING) No -- I don't wanna look at him! I wanna go home!

ALLMAN:

Quiet, darling! Now, just stand here and look at Mr. Cantor!

CHILD:

No, Mother -- I'll eat my spinach -- but don't make me look at him.

CANTOR:

What happened to my face? I had one when I came in! (9:50)

CHILD:

Oh! -- he's got a lollipop in his pocket -- I'm going to take it!

CANTOR:

Now, Sonny -- give me back that lollipop -- I'm bringing it to my daughter.

CHILD:

Oh, he took it from me.

ALLMAN:

Is that nice?

CANTOR:

Here's a quarter, Sonny -- you can buy a lot of them.

CHILD:

(SCREAMING) No, no -- give me back that lollipop --

FIELDS:

Ha! Ha! -- now you're taking candy from babies -- huh?

CANTOR:

Get me a lawyer -- I'm going crazy!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

CHILD:

(SCREAMS) I want that lollipop --

CANTOR:

Well -- you're not getting it!

CHILD:

(SCREAMS)

ALLMAN:

If you'll sing a song for him, Mr. Cantor, maybe he'll quiet down.

CHILD:

(CRYING)

CANTOR:

Look, lady -- you can't walk into a broadcasting studio and ask an actor to sing -- that's impossible!

(BELL-NOTE)

KING:

Don't believe him, lady --

(10:35)

KING:

Oh, I got plenty of nothin'
An' nothin's plenty for me.
I got no car, got no mule,
I got no misery.
The folks wit' plenty o' plenty,
Got a lock on de door,
'Fraid somebody's agoin' to rob 'em
While dey's out amakin' more, what for?
I got no lock on de door, dat's no way to be,
Dey can steal de rug from the floor
Dat's okay wid me,
'Cause the things that I prize
Like the stars in the skies all are free.....

Oh-h-h-h-h-h-h (HELD, AGAINST GLEE CLUB EFFECTS)

I got plenty of nothin'
An' nothin's plenty for me.
I got my gal, got my song,
Got Heb'm the whole day long

(REC: Ha ha, no use complainin'!)

Got my gal

GLEE CLUB:

Got his gal

KING:

Got my Lord

GLEE CLUB:

Got his Lord

KING:

Got my song

GLEE CLUB:

Got his song!

(BAND UP)

(APPLAUSE)

(12:05)

GOODWIN:

Smokers will be interested to hear what the men with real inside information -- the tobacco planters themselves -- have to say on the question of cigarette quality. Mr. William Vandiford, an experienced tobacco grower, speaks as follows:

CLYDE WOOD:

(OFF-STAGE MIKE) Tobacco growers are the real insiders when it comes to tobacco quality. We know tobacco because we grow it, and naturally we are in a position to know what company buys the best tobacco. At the warehouse auctions, my own experience has been that my best baskets of tobacco were bought by CAMEL -- and I've seen that happen over and over again. I smoke CAMELS myself and I expect that's why other tobacco planters smoke 'em, too. I'd say that among the men who know tobacco right from the ground up, CAMELS are the favorite, by heavy odds.

GOODWIN:

Thank you, Mr. Vandiford. Your reason for preferring CAMELS is important to every smoker. Costlier tobaccos do make a difference -- and CAMELS are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS -- Turkish and Domestic.

ORCHESTRA: "YOU OUGHT TO BE" (FADE)

(13:10)

CANTOR:

Walter King, what is the idea of having Bill Goodwin tell the people about Camel Cigarettes?

KING:

Eddie, you don't expect me to do it right after I sing a solo!....When a man with my kind of a voice finishes a song, he should spray his throat, lie down, and get a rest.

CANTOR:

With your voice -- you should cut your throat, fall down and get arrested!

KING:

Yeah? Don't you worry, once they hear my voice, every motion picture producer will be fighting to get me!

CANTOR:

Is that so? I can just see you walking into Samuel Goldwyn's office and hearing him say --

GORDON:

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

CANTOR:

The Mad Russian!

GORDON:

How do you do!

CANTOR:

Well, Russian -- have you taken Hattie Noel to any of the studios since you've been managing her?

GORDON:

He's asking!....Do you know where Paramount is? (13:50)

CANTOR:

Yes --

GORDON:

Do you know where R.K.O. is?

CANTOR:

Sure.

GORDON:

Do you know where M.G.M. is?

CANTOR:

Certainly!

GORDON:

My O My -- you ^{should} ~~could~~ drive a taxi ~~in this town!~~ (14:00)

CANTOR:

Oh, Hattie's wasting her time with you -- you'll never get her a job.

GORDON:

Why not? This is the season for jobs -- April, May, June and August.

CANTOR:

Wait a minute, you left one out -- what's the month between June and August?

GORDON:

You want to know?

CANTOR:

Yes, I want to know.

GORDON:

Hmm -- July tell him?....That's very funny -- very funny.

CANTOR:

What's very funny?

GORDON:

I told you July instead of November! (14:25)

CANTOR:

How can you place Hattie Nowl?...Are you acquainted with any of the producers in Hollywood?

GORDON:

I know David Seiznick, I know Darryl Zanuck, I know the Warner Brothers -- but it's no good.

CANTOR:

Why not? no good... why?

GORDON:

They don't know me!

(14:40)

CANTOR:

Supposing I were to tell you there's a man here from Twentieth Century-Fox ready to make a screen test of Hattie.

GORDON:

She wouldn't listen to him.

CANTOR:

Why not?

GORDON:

Because I got her under mine influence!

HATTIE:

(RUSSIAN DIALECT) (ON VELOCITY) Out of mine way! Out of mine way!

CANTOR:

It's Hattie Noel!

HATTIE:

How do you do!

CANTOR:

Russian -- will you allow Hattie to rehearse for the test?

GORDON:

What's the difference to you, it's all the same to me.

CANTOR:

Good....Now, Hattie, we have a simple test for you. Here is the script....We'll do several scenes from "Little Red Riding Hood"....You know the story, don't you?

HATTIE:

Sure, I know -- that's the one where Little Red Riding Hood puts on the glass slipper and turns into a pumpkin!

GORDON:

No, no! You don't know your Geography -- you're thinking of Dracula!

CANTOR:

Quiet, Russian, you'll get your chance later....Hattie, you're little Red Riding Hood...and Russian, you'll play the wolf.

GORDON:

(GROWLS LOUDLY)

CANTOR:

What's that? Why are you making such a horrible noise?

GORDON:

Say, a wolf is no pekingese!

CANTOR:

Oh, stop!....Now, Hattie -- read the first line on page six.

HATTIE:

Say, are you the wolf who tried to eat the Three Little Pigs?

GORDON:

No, that was my brother-in-law!

(16:00)

CANTOR:

Russian, that's the wrong answer!....You're supposed to frighten Red Riding Hood! I'll show you....Now, Hattie, ask me that question.

HATTIE:

All right....Say, are you the wolf who tried to eat the Three Little Pigs?

CANTOR:

Yes -- ha ha ha!....I'm the one who tried to eat the Three Little Pigs.

GORDON:

My O My -- how you've changed!

CANTOR:

Hattie -- go on where you left off.

HATTIE:

Oh, Mister Wolf -- I'm so afraid of the woods.

GORDON:

Little Red Riding Hood, you have nothing to be afraid of in this black forest with the green grass, the yellow flowers, and the blue sky.

CANTOR:

Russian, what are you doing?

GORDON:

I'm giving you the picture in Technicolor!

CANTOR:

Read the script, will you?

GORDON:

What have you got in that basket, Little Red Sliding Puss?

HATTIE:

I is fetchin' some sandwiches to my grandmother. (17:05)

GORDON:

Why don't you bring her some borscht?

HATTIE:

But she don't like borscht.

GORDON:

No? Wait till you find out who winds up as your grandmother.

CANTOR:

Please, Russian -- stick to your lines!

GORDON:

Reds - boots - boots -
Red Riding Boots, aren't you afraid I might have the desire
to eat you up?

HATTIE:

Mr. Wolf, you might have the desire -- but you just ain't
got the capacity!

GORDON:

She
~~You~~ mean it --

CANTOR:

Yes, she means it -- continue.

GORDON:

Let me carry your basket.

HATTIE:

No, I must bring it myself to grandma's house.

GORDON:

Is that grandma's house in back of you?

HATTIE:

No -- that's still me!
(EXITS)

GORDON:

(OMINOUSLY) So she's going to her grandmother's house, eh?
I think I'll take a short-cut -- get there first, and eat
up the old lady!...I'm tired of these thirty-five cent
dinners! (18:35)

CANTOR:

No, no, Russian...the wolf doesn't say that. Don't put in
your own lines, ours are bad enough.

GORDON:

Hokay! I'm going to the grandmother's house and eat her
up...(LAUGHS) That's very funny! Very funny!

CANTOR:

What are you laughing at?

GORDON:

It's the first time I ever heard a wolf with a dialect!

(18:50)

CANTOR:

All right...Now we'll do the scene where the wolf has eaten
the grandmother and has taken her place...Let me show you
how it's done, Hattie. Watch -- I'll be Little Red Riding
Hood.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

GORDON:

Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

CANTOR:

Oh, Grandmother, what big eyes you have.

GORDON:

The better to see you with, mine dear.

CANTOR:

Grandmother, what large ears you have.

GORDON:

The better to hear you with, mine dear.

CANTOR:

And, Grandmother, what large teeth you have...(PAUSE)....
I said, what large teeth you have!....Well, Russian, say
it -- the better to eat me with.

GORDON:

I can't.

CANTOR:

Why not?

GORDON:

I looked at your face and lost mine appetite! (19:30)

CANTOR:

Oh, keep still!

GORDON:

Hattie Camphor, tell me something -- are you the director?

CANTOR:

Yes.

GORDON:

And, Hattie, are you little Red Riding Hood?

HATTIE:

That's right.

GORDON:

Well, what happened to the Mad Russian?

CANTOR:

That's you -- you're the Mad Russian, Hattie's Manager, and
the wolf.

GORDON:

Three people -- I got to have more money!

CANTOR:

You can't have more money!

GORDON:

Then I got to have an assistant grandmother. (20:00)

CANTOR:

All right, we'll make this a big production with three grandmothers, you, me and Fairchild.

FAIRCHILD:

Thanks, Eddie.

GORDON:

Look -- a grandmother with a moustache. (20:10)

CANTOR:

All right -- here we go again with the test...Start, Hattie --

HATTIE:

Grandma -- where are you?.....Grandma -- where are you?

CANTOR, GORDON, FAIRCHILD:

(TOGETHER) HERE I AM!

HATTIE:

My goodness -- looks like I hit the Jackpot!

CANTOR:

Oh, you people are impossible!

(20:30)

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

CANTOR:

I'll take it...(INTO PHONE)...Hello?...Yes, this is
Eddie Cantor...You have? You are?...Fine!...Goodbye.
(HANGS UP).....a Twentieth Century-Fox producer was
listening to this program and he's on his way down with a
contract at a thousand dollars a week!

HATTIE:

Hooray!

(GLEE CLUB REACTION)

GORDON:

I told you mine client would make good!

HATTIE:

Yessah -- with all that money I can buy a new swimming pool.

CANTOR:

What's the matter with your old swimming pool?

HATTIE:

It's too tight around the hips!....And I'm gonna get me a
springboard to go with it. (21:00)

CANTOR:

Didn't you have a springboard with the old pool?

HATTIE:

Yes, but only for one day.

CANTOR:

What happened?

HATTIE:

I sprung it!

GORDON:

Hattie, now that you're a star you can afford to have a File-o-pony.

CANTOR:

File-o-pony, You mean a small horse?

GORDON:

No -- a young fellow who works around the house.....

CANTOR:

Where do you see that File-o-pony, that's Filipino!.....
File-o-pony!

GORDON:

You mean it?

(21:35)

CANTOR:

Yes, I -- stop saying "You mean it"....I don't wanna hear it any more.

GORDON:

All right, then I wouldn't say it any more!

CANTOR:

You mean it?

BOTH:

Yes, I -- SHUT UP!

HATTIE:

Mr. Cantor -- I know if you're here I'll get a square deal.

GORDON:

Haddie Camphor, the man is coming over with the contract -- we need a little money for expenses....Could you lend me two hundred dollars?

CANTOR:

Two hundred dollars? Here -- take five hundred.....One, two, three, four, five -- Here. (22:05)

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

CANTOR:

Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

MAN:

Well, Mr. Cantor -- here I am, and here's the contract.... You certainly have a great piece of talent here!

CANTOR:

I knew it all along -- it was just a matter of getting somebody to listen!.....And here's your new star Hattie Noel.

MAN:

Hattie Noel? This contract is for the singer we heard.... Walter King!

KING: (SINGS) "THANKS FOR THE MEMORY"

CANTOR:

Who would have thought...Ohh -- I'm fainting!....All right, Russian -- give me back my five hundred dollars.

GORDON:

Not me -- (SINGS) "Thanks for the Memory" --

(EXIT)

MUSIC: (CHASER) (22:45)

(SEGUE)

ORCHESTRA: "TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME" (FADE)

KING:

It takes healthy nerves, a good eye, and strength to be a leading big league batter, like Joe DiMaggio, heavy hitting star of the World Champion New York Yankees. Like other stars and champions, Joe is particular about his cigarette, and his smoke is CAMELS. There are sound, common-sense reasons behind Joe's choice of his cigarette, and these reasons are just as important to any other smoker. CAMELS give Joe mildness and taste, of course, but like millions of smokers, he finds a great deal more in CAMEL'S finer, costlier tobaccos. Joe DiMaggio says:

MAXWELL HAGE:

(OFF-STAGE MIKE) CAMELS have a lot extra. I've been a steady CAMEL smoker for five years. When I'm tired and want a "lift", well, CAMEL'S the cigarette for me. CAMELS don't give me a feeling of having jangled, jumpy nerves, either. In so many ways, CAMELS agree with me!

KING:

Yes, folks, CAMEL'S costlier tobaccos do mean a lot in smoking. One smoker tells another: "CAMELS agree with me." (23:45)

ORCHESTRA: FANFARE "B"

CANTOR:

My friends -- in answer to your many letters -- here is

(SING) Something old -- something new (HARP ARPEGGIO)
Something borrowed and something blue --

(23:55)

That's what Eddie Cantor sings...for you....
First -- something old!

CANTOR:

Yes sir, that's my baby, no sir, don't mean maybe
Yes sir, that's my baby now.

Yes ma'am, we've decided, no ma'am, we won't hide it
Yes ma'am, you're invited now.

By the way, by the way, when we reach the preacher I'll
say
(WITH FEELING) Yes sir that's my baby, no sir, don't
mean maybe
Yes sir, that's my baby now!

GLEE CLUB:

And here's something new for you....

CANTOR:

Dressed up in a gown that trails on the floor,
In a picture hat that your mommy wore,
Living in a world that you never saw
MY LITTLE LADY MAKE BELIEVE.
What a pair of shoes for two tiny feet,
What a pair of gloves, the fingers don't meet,
Posing in a glass, your joy is complete,
MY LITTLE LADY MAKE BELIEVE.
In your little arms the doll you enfold
Means the world and all to you,
But you could never love the doll that you hold
Half as much as I love you, dear,
Dream your little dreams and may they come true,
May the coming years bring happiness, too,
All my future dreams are wrapped up in you
MY LITTLE LADY MAKE BELIEVE.

GLEE CLUB:

(RECITATIVE) First, something old,
Then something new,
And now, something borrowed -- from

(SING) Eddie Cantor tells you who!

CANTOR:

It's not Al Jolson,
It's not Joe Penner,
But it's a certain Metropolitan operatic tenor!

ORCHESTRA: (TWO BARS...BUT BIG)

CANTOR:

Ri di Pagliaccio sul tuo ah ray-on franto
Ri di del dwol

(TALK) Oh, don't make me go through with it! I'll get
sick again!

GLEE CLUB:

(AFTER AUDIENCE REACTION)

Something old, something new,
Something borrowed and here's something blue

CANTOR:

I'm gonna sit right down and write myself a letter,
And make believe it came from you:
I'm gonna write words oh so sweet,
They're gonna knock me off my feet,
A lot of kisses on the bottom,
I'll be glad I got 'em.
The letter's gonna state we have a date
To dance Ravel's Bolero
At the Trocadero
Though I know it's only make be--
lieve, for dear I know we're through
So there is one thing left to do,
I'll sit right down and write myself a --
letter today close it this way:

Heaps of love to only you (LICK)
A million hugs and kisses, too (LICK)

GLEE CLUB:

And make believe it came from you!

(BAND UP)

(APPLAUSE)

(28:35)

CANTOR:

I don't know of any picture personality through the country who has a larger following or who is better liked than today's number one cowboy -- our guest star for next week -- Gene Autry!

(APPLAUSE)

During the next few weeks, our guest list includes -- (besides Gene Autry) -- Bobby Breen -- John Barrymore -- and a host of others. Gee, are we extravagant! --

And speaking of spending -- (29:00)

(HARP ARPEGGIO)

SING:

"I 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
I'm here to state 'twill be my delight
To sing again, bring again,
The things you want me to.
I love to spend each Monday with you." (Good night!)

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (REPRISE)

("ONE HOUR".....FADE ON CUE FROM CONTROL ROOM) (29:50)

KING:

(ON CUE) Listen again for Eddie Cantor's Camel Caravan next Monday -- and remember to tune in tomorrow night at 9:30 P.M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time over these same stations for Benny Goodman, King of Swing.

Walter King speaking.

MUSIC: (SWELLS)

(CAST OUT FOR BOWS)

BILL GOODWIN:

This is the COLUMBIA....BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

(FADE THEME TWENTY SECONDS)

(30:10)