

- EDDIE CANTOR'S CAMEL CARAVAN -

C-B #1

MONDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1938

4:30 - 5:00 P.M.  
7:30 - 8:00 P.M.

CANTOR	BUD ABBOTT	ESTY (6)	P.A. OPERATOR	BUNKY
FIELDS	JEN PARKER	MISS BRICE	BETTY JAYNES	GLEE CLUB
KNIGHT	KING	DONOHUE	RAPP	(12)
QUILLAN	KIRK	SCHWEIGER	HOLZMAN	FILE COPY
ELLINSON	GORDON	MARY MILFORD	SCHUMANN	CUTTING
TOM HANLON	FAIRCHILD	SPAN	CARROLL	MAURICE

MUSIC ROUTINE

<u>TIMING:</u>	<u>PAGE:</u>	
_____	<u>2</u>	1. OPENING (GLEE CLUB AND ORCHESTRA)
_____	<u>2</u>	2. "WHOOPEE" (ORCHESTRA)
_____	<u>10 A</u>	3. "POCKETFUL OF DREAMS" CHASER (ORCHESTRA)
_____	<u>11</u>	4. "POCKETFUL OF DREAMS" (CANTOR)
_____	<u>11</u>	5. "POCKETFUL OF DREAMS" (ORCHESTRA REPRISE)
_____	<u>12</u>	6. "LIFT CHASER" (ORCHESTRA)
_____	<u>21</u>	7. <del>"GIANNINA MIA" INTRODUCTION (ORCHESTRA)</del>
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_____	<u>24</u>	9. "MENDELSSOHN'S WEDDING MARCH" (ORCHESTRA)
_____	<u>26</u>	10. "LOHENGRIN" (ORCHESTRA)
_____	<u>33</u>	11. "WEDDING TAG" (ORCHESTRA)
_____	<u>34</u>	12. "ONE HOUR" (CANTOR) (REPRISE)

OPENING:

(TYMPANI)

GLEE CLUB: Let up - and light a Camel

(ECHO)

Light up your face with a smile...for

We want Cantor, Here comes Cantor!

It's.....

Eddie Cantor's (PIANOS)

Camel (PIANOS)

Caravan!

(APPLAUSE...CUED BY HANLON)

ORCHESTRA: (TAG...SEGUE "WHOOPEE"...FADE FOR:)

WALT KING:

(ON CUE) The Camel Caravan, starring Eddie Cantor, and guest-starring Fannie Brice as Baby Snooks, presented as a compliment to the men and women behind the tobacco counters of America! This half-hour is made possible by the millions of Camel smokers who appreciate costlier tobaccos. They have made Camel the largest-selling cigarette in the world. Remember that C-A-M-E-L spells true smoking pleasure! -- And speaking of pleasure, here he comes -- fresh from his European trip -- EDDIE CANTOR!

ORCHESTRA: (SWELLS TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE AS CANTOR ENTERS)

(1:15)

CANTOR:

Hello, everybody! Just a moment, Walter King. The Columbia Network has just handed me this important announcement. "Despite the fact that the four powers have reached an agreement in the European crisis, we guarantee the American public that no one on this program will sing or play "A Tisket A Tasket!"

GLEE CLUB:

Hooray! (1:30)

KING:

Eddie, it's nice to have you back again! How was your trip to Europe?

CANTOR:

Fine, Walter, but the one thing that annoyed me was the business of unpacking suitcases. It's awful. You waste a whole hour trying to take your pants out of the bags -- and then when you do -- you spend the rest of the trip trying to take the bags out of your pants! (1:50)

KING:

Was there anything else you disliked about the trip?

CANTOR:

Yes -- the expense. In the hotel I stopped at in Paris, the tipping alone almost broke me.

KING:

Was it that bad?

CANTOR:

Walter -- those bellboys have a million different ways to make you tip. For instance, if you get a telegram they bring it up to your room one word at a time! Then a midget brings up the periods! Everything calls for a tip -- why, even in the night clubs -- (2:15)

KING:

Night clubs? Where they have those Parisian revues?

CANTOR:

Yes, Ida and I went one night and what a time we had.  
Guess what they gave us for drinks?

KING:

What?

CANTOR:

Vodka...Did-ja ever taste that stuff? It's not a drink,  
it's an internal hotfoot. After we each had three glasses  
I looked around and recognized a guy sitting on the  
stage -- it was me! Oh, was I dizzy -- did I feel  
smooth! All the time I kept winking at the hula  
dancer.

KING:

Didn't Ida object?

CANTOR:

(LAUGHS) She was the hula dancer!

(2:50)

KING:

Tell me, Eddie -- did you try out any of the food there -- any of those French dishes?

CANTOR:

I certainly did. For breakfast I had a special dish called "Omelette au Jambone."

KING:

Why, Eddie -- Omelette au Jambone -- that's eggs with ham.

CANTOR:

Oh -- I knew I should have studied French! (GROANS)

KING:

Well, don't feel bad about it...After all, you ate that ham by mistake.

CANTOR:

I know but -- (GROANS)

KING:

But what?

CANTOR:

(SOBS) I liked it! (3:15)

KING:

(LAUGHS) Didn't you go any place outside of France?

CANTOR:

Oh, I went all over. And did I have trouble with those Customs Officials.

KING:

They're strict, huh?

CANTOR:

Walter, they have to be...Only recently they caught a guy who was trying to smuggle Spaniards into Spain!..Nothing gets by those guys -- In England when our boat docked, four Customs Inspectors were lined up waiting for us...A photographer stopped to take my picture, and as I rolled my eyes one of the Inspectors yelled, "Grab that guy -- he's trying to smuggle in two searchlights!"

KING:

I understand you got a big reception when you landed in America.

CANTOR:

Walter, I'll never forget that scene. Banners waving... people cheering...and the band playing the one melody that sends every real American to his feet..."Flat Foot Floogee With The Floy Floy".....But seriously, Walter, I can't tell you how glad I was to set foot once again on the soil of my native land. For after all, "breathes there a man with soul so dead who never to himself hath said...."

GORDON:

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

CANTOR:

The Mad Russian!

GORDON:

How do you do!

(APPLAUSE)

(4:15)

CANTOR:

Flappy-ears, are you going to pester me again?

GORDON:

Haddie Camphor, be careful how you speak to me, or I won't give you the going-away present I bought.

CANTOR:

What present?

GORDON:

To take with you to Europe.

CANTOR:

Look, I've been to Europe and I've come back!

GORDON:

Then you got to go away again -- you can't make a fool of mine present!

(5:05)

CANTOR:

Ohh, why did I ever come back from London?

GORDON:

London? I thought you went to England.

CANTOR:

It's the same thing.

GORDON:

London's in England?

(5:20)

CANTOR:

Certainly, London's in England, Manchester is in England,  
Sheffield is in England, Southampton's in England --

GORDON:

Is Moscow in England?

CANTOR:

No.

GORDON:

Hmm -- small town!

CANTOR:

Oh, quiet!

GORDON:

You know, Haddie Camphor, a trip to England is just what  
I was contemplating.

CANTOR:

You were what?

GORDON:

Who said that?

CANTOR:

You're such a fabricator -- contemplating a trip to England. Where is the present you were contemplating giving me?

GORDON:

What present?

(5:55)

CANTOR:

The present you got me for going away to Europe.

GORDON:

You're going to Europe?

CANTOR:

Yes -- No!...I'm not going to Europe.

GORDON:

Then why do you want me to buy a present?

(6:05)

CANTOR:

Flappy-ears, one of us is crazy.

GORDON:

Well, I wouldn't say it's you --

CANTOR:

That's right.

GORDON:

'Cause I need the job!



CANTOR:

For the last time...is there or is there not a present for me?

GORDON:

Yes, but you got to go to the store personally.

CANTOR:

To pick it out?

GORDON:

No -- to pay for it!

CANTOR:

Oh, forget about the present!

GORDON:

You say that, after what I went through to get it?...I went in the best store in town -- walked up to the most expensive counter --

CANTOR:

Really?

GORDON:

And I demanded service!...I bawled out the clerk, I bawled out the manager, and then the owner.

CANTOR:

What happened?

GORDON:

They threw me out...So I went to Woolworth's. (6:40)

CANTOR:

To buy a gift for me, you went to Woolworth's? Woolworth's?

GORDON:

Shoulda gone to Kresge's, huh?

CANTOR:

Tell me...Did you buy me a present at Woolworth's?

GORDON:

No, they threw me out of there, too!...We couldn't agree.

CANTOR:

On the price?

GORDON:

No, on the down payment!

CANTOR:

Down payment in Woolworth's?...Don't you know if you put down ten cents you can take home anything in the store?

GORDON:

That's why they threw me out.

CANTOR:

Why?

GORDON:

I tried to take home the saleslady! -----

She was lovely, the quintessence of femininity. Say -- that's nice talk -- who's writing the program this season?

(7:40)

CANTOR:

Listen, Russian -- you're not gonna talk me out of my present...Did you buy it -- or didn't you buy it?

GORDON:

Sure, I was only fooling -- here it is...Open it up.

(HANDS WRAPPED GIFT TO CANTOR)

CANTOR:

(UNWRAPPING GIFT) Well -- you're a pretty nice little fellow at that...What is this? Why, this is the worst piece of junk I ever saw!

GORDON:

I paid good money for it!

CANTOR:

Take it back!..The owner of the shop where you bought this is a scoundrel, a chiseler and a cheat!

GORDON:

How do you do!

CANTOR:

From my shop!

(RUSSIAN EXITS)

ORCHESTRA: (CHASER OF "POCKETFUL OF DREAMS")

(APPLAUSE)

(8:10)

KING:

From Bing Crosby's picture "Sing You Sinners,"

Eddie Cantor sings "I've Got A Pocketful of Dreams." (8:15)

ORCHESTRA: (FOUR BAR INTRODUCTION)

CANTOR:

I'm no millionaire, but I'm not the type to care,  
'CAUSE I'VE GOT A POCKETFUL OF DREAMS!  
It's my universe, even with an empty purse,  
'CAUSE I'VE GOT A POCKETFUL OF DREAMS!  
Wouldn't take the wealth on Wall Street  
For a road where nature trods.  
And I calculate I'm worth my weight in golden rods.  
Lucky, lucky me, I can live in luxury,  
'CAUSE I'VE GOT A POCKETFUL OF DREAMS!

(SLIGHT SWELL OF ORCHESTRA)

Lucky, lucky me,  
I can live in luxury,  
Long as you've got a pocketful of CAMELS. (ORCHESTRA  
ANSWER)

GLEE CLUB:

And I'VE GOT A POCKETFUL OF DREAMS!

(BAND CHORD)

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (REPRISE... "DREAMS"... FADE FOR:)

(10:00)  
(10:05)

KING:

This week has been set aside as National Air Travel Week -- celebrating ten years of successful commercial air transportation. Many, many fliers are Camel fans, as you can tell from a roll call. Listen to some of their statements. Pilot Maurice Marrs of United Airlines!

JEN PARKER:

I smoke steadily -- whether I'm in the air or on the ground. I like the mildness of Camels.

KING:

Miss Lolly Sisson, hostess with T.W.A., the Lindbergh Line.

MARY MILFORD:

When I feel tired, I get a "lift" in energy with a Camel.

KING:

Walter J. Hunter, American Airlines pilot, who has flown one million, eight hundred thousand miles!

TOM HANLON:

I give my nerves frequent relief from nervous tension. I let up -- light up a Camel. Camels are soothing to my nerves.

KING: Yes, that's right. As you say, "Let up...light up a Camel. Camels are soothing to the nerves." **And so,** Camels are widely favored among aviation people. That's a mighty good reason for you to try Camels. You should avoid nerve strain, too -- let up, light up a Camel.

CANTOR:

Gentlemen of the Camel Sales Organization....It is indeed a privilege --

KING:

Eddie, what are you doing?

CANTOR:

I'm practicing a speech I've gotta make over the long distance phone in a few minutes to the Camel people. I'm waiting for their call now.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

CANTOR:

Here's the call! Walter -- (INTO PHONE)....Hello -- Winston-Salem?

MAN:

(FIELDS) (THROUGH FILTER) (OFF-STAGE) No -- this is Mr. Higgins. Baby Snooks' father.

CANTOR:

Oh -- Baby Snooks' father! What's on your mind, Mr. Higgins?

MAN:

Mind? I have no mind! Snooks has put me in bed.

CANTOR:

She's a little rascal -- but don't let her worry you. (LAUGHS)

MAN:

She won't for the next hour --

CANTOR:

No? (LAUGHS)

MAN:

No -- I just sent her over to you! (11:50)  
(HANGS UP)

CANTOR:

Hey -- wait a minute!...He hung up!...That's all I need  
now -- Baby Snooks!

KING:

Don't worry, Eddie -- you rehearse your speech and I'll  
go out and prevent her from getting in.

CANTOR:

Okay, Walter...."Gentlemen of the Camel Organization,  
it is indeed a privilege -- "

BRICE:

(OFF-STAGE MIKE) Hello.

CANTOR:

Baby Snooks!

(APPLAUSE AS MISS BRICE ENTERS)

(12:10)

BRICE:

(EIGHT BALL MIKE) What you doing?

CANTOR:

I'm rehearsing a speech -- run along like a good little  
girl and play.

BRICE:

Awright!

(12:20)



CANTOR:

"Gentlemen of the Camel Organization, it is indeed a  
privilege --

BRICE:

Mr. Cantor.

CANTOR:

What is it?

BRICE:

Could I play with your little boy?

CANTOR:

I haven't got a little boy.

BRICE:

Why?

CANTOR:

Me she's asking why!...Leave me alone.

BRICE:

Then tell me why you ain't got a little boy.

CANTOR:

(YELLS) Because I never had a little boy!...Now that  
ought to satisfy you!

BRICE:

Are you satisfied?

(13:00)

CANTOR:

Please leave me alone! I have important things to do...  
Gentlemen of the Camel Organization, it is indeed a  
privilege --

BRICE:

Mr. Cantor.

CANTOR:

What do you want now?

BRICE:

Who you talking to?

CANTOR:

(SHOUTS) NOBODY!

BRICE:

Do you feel all right?

CANTOR:

I feel fine!...Will you please leave this room? I'm  
expecting an important telephone call.

BRICE:

Who's gonna call?

CANTOR:

Winston-Salem.

BRICE:

Who's them?

CANTOR:

Camels! They're gonna call me on the telephone. (13:40)

BRICE:

Camels is gonna call you on the telephone?

CANTOR:

Yes.

BRICE:

Are you sure you feel all right?

CANTOR:

(SHOUTS) I feel terrible!...(HOARSELY)....Gentlemen of the Camel Cigarette Organization, it is indeed a privilege --

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

CANTOR:

Oh, there's the call!....(INTO PHONE) Hello?

BRICE:

Hello.

CANTOR:

(ON PHONE) Yes, this is Eddie Cantor -- how are you?

BRICE:

I'm fine, how are you?

CANTOR:

(SHOUTS) Keep quiet!....(INTO PHONE)...Oh, excuse me...  
No, it's nothing -- (LAUGHS) a new little girl came into my life...WHAT DO YOU MEAN AT MY AGE?....Baby Snooks is here!

BRICE:

I wanna talk on the telephone.

(14:15)

CANTOR:

Snooks, go away!

BRICE:

Wahhhhh!

CANTOR:

Oh, good Heavens!...(INTO PHONE)...Hold the wire, please...  
(PLEADING) Listen, Snooks -- be quiet for two minutes.

BRICE:

I don't wanna.

CANTOR:

Here -- here's my watch...Listen to it tick.

BRICE:

Och -- can I play with it?

CANTOR:

All right, but be careful -- it's very expensive.

BRICE:

I'll be careful.

CANTOR:

Good...(INTO PHONE) Hello?...Yes, I'm ready to talk  
now...Okay...(CLEARS THROAT) Gentlemen of the Camel  
Cigarette Organization --

SOUND: HEAVY POUNDING ON FLOOR

CANTOR:

(SCREAMS) Snooks!...Stop jumping on my watch -- I put  
five hundred dollars into that watch.

SOUND: GLASS BREAKING

CANTOR:

What are you doing?

BRICE:

I wanna get the money out!

(14:50)

CANTOR:

(GROANS) Ohhh -- look at that watch!...And I've guarded it with my life!...Oh, this is wonderful! This is marvelous!

BRICE:

You like it?

CANTOR:

(HOARSELY) Oh, I'll fix you!...Wait till I get through with this phone call...(INTO PHONE)...Hello?...GENTLE CIGARETTES OF THE ORGANIZED CAMELS -- WHAT AM I SAYING? ....I'll call you back...Goodbye! (HANGS UP)

BRICE:

(LAUGHS)

CANTOR:

What are you laughing at?

BRICE:

Make the marbles jump out of your face again.

CANTOR:

Marbles? Those are my eyes! -- I've never seen such a child! My whole five daughters don't give me half the trouble you do!...Is it any wonder my eyes pop? (15:30)

BRICE:

What makes them pop?

CANTOR:

It's a condition brought on by great excitement.... Whenever I get angry there's an abnormal protrusion of the eyeball due to a hypertension in the fundus... Now do you know why my eyes pop?

BRICE:

Uh-huh -- 'cause you got five daughters!

CANTOR:

Nothing of the kind -- it's because you make me mad!

BRICE:

I'm sowwy.

CANTOR:

(SOFTENING) Oh, well -- after all, you're only a little child...I suppose I shouldn't lose my temper --

BRICE:

(LAUGHS)

CANTOR:

What are you laughing at?

BRICE:

The marbles went back into the holes!

CANTOR:

Stop saying that!...Now go on home to your Daddy!

BRICE:

First tell me a story.

CANTOR:

I don't know any stories.

BRICE:

Then make one up,

(16:15)

CANTOR:

I can't make up any stories.

BRICE:

My Daddy made one up -- it's called "Goldilocks and the Three Bears."

CANTOR:

Your Daddy didn't make that story up -- it was written fifty years before your Daddy was born.

BRICE:

Ohhh....Did you write it?

CANTOR:

No!...And I'm not gonna stand here and write any stories for you, either.

BRICE:

Waaahhhh!

CANTOR:

You can yell all night -- I won't tell you a story!

BRICE:

When I yell my Daddy tells me a story.

CANTOR:

But I'm not your Daddy!

BRICE:

Why?

(16:50)

CANTOR:

Why? Why? Give me your hand -- I'm gonna take you home to your Daddy.

BRICE:

But my Daddy's in bed.

CANTOR:

Yes, and you put him there...When I get to your home I'm gonna tell him to move over and I'll get in with him!

BRICE:

Waaaahhhh!

CANTOR:

What are you crying about?

BRICE:

I don't want you to get into bed with my Daddy!

CANTOR:

Why not?

BRICE:

Because you'll both crush my Uncle Louie!...Waaahhhh!

(EXIT)

ORCHESTRA: ("LIFT CHASER")  
(APPLAUSE)

(17:20)

CANTOR:

Come here, Fannie Brice....Your Baby Snooks gave us all a lot of pleasure -- I want to thank you.....You know, Fannie, the last time we appeared together on any stage was in the "Ziegfeld Follies of 1917."

BRICE:

Twenty-one years ago.

CANTOR:

Honestly, it's nice standing up here with you after all these years.

BRICE:

After all these years it's nice just standing up! (17:50)

CANTOR:

Frances Brice, I'd like to know -- just what is your age?

BRICE:

Here it is -- thirty-five.

CANTOR:

Fannie, that's the number of the page in the script!....I make 'em up like that. (18:00)

BRICE:

You're a smart showman all right.

CANTOR:

Remember where I got my schooling -- from the greatest showman of his time....Florenz Ziegfeld.

BRICE:

Yes, and now I'm working for the greatest showman of our time.

CANTOR:

Thank you.

BRICE:

Louie B. Mayer!

(18:15)



CANTOR: Fannie -- it was nice of you to appear on my program, and  
some day I'll return the favor. I'll come over and appear  
on your program.

BRICE: (AS SNOOKS) Why?

CANTOR: Get out of my sight!

(BRICE EXITS) (APPLAUSE)

(ORCHESTRA INTRODUCTION FOR COMMERCIAL)

KING: Have you ever stopped to consider the change that civilization and progress have made in the way people control their everyday actions? Once, most of our actions were guided by the natural instincts of self-protection and self-preservation. In modern man these instincts are so often overruled by will power and a determination to carry on -- regardless. In this connection it is interesting to observe how a dog protects his nerves. He has a nervous system remarkably like ours, but he lives almost wholly by instinct. He plays. His instinct warns that it's time to rest his nerves. And he rests! But in people, will power can overrule this instinctive urge to ease up... to rest your nerves. You probably go right on...piling up more and more nerve strain. Now, of course, your life isn't as simple as the dog's -- and you can't very well change it. But you can protect your nerves from a lot of this overstrain... Pause briefly now and then...let up...light up a Camel. To millions of smokers, let up...light up a Camel means soothing relief for their nerves...and the smoking enjoyment that only Camel's costlier tobaccos can give.

(ORCHESTRA: SWELL TO FINISH)

CANTOR: "What Goes On Here In My Heart" from Edgar Fairchild -- suppose you and your two pianos give us "Dizzy Fingers."

(APPLAUSE)

(ORCHESTRA: "LOHENGRIN")

CANTOR: Ladies and gentlemen, you know the old saying: "All the world loves a lover." Well, tonight we inaugurate a new feature dealing with engaged couples who have filed their intention to marry --- and each week we plan to bring one of these couples to the microphone for an interview. The names of the couples have been registered at the marriage license bureau and have also appeared in the local newspapers. In the Intention to Marry column of yesterday's Los Angeles Examiner one paragraph reads as follows:

"Leonard Hanson, 11789 Rodeo Drive, West Los Angeles to Winifred Branley, 1414 North Spaulding, Los Angeles." We have this couple with us tonight. Ladies and gentlemen, -- meet Mr. Hanson and the future Mrs. Hanson.

(ORCHESTRA: "LOHENGRIN"....IN QUICK)

(APPLAUSE)

CANTOR:

Well, children, you're really going to do it.

WINNIE:

That's right, Mister Cantor, we're getting married tomorrow.

CANTOR:

Well, I hope you'll both be very happy. Congratulations to you, Winifred -- and, Leonard -- let me shake your hand.

LEONARD:

You don't have to -- it's shaking already.

CANTOR:

I know how it is, Leonard. Do you want to go lie down for awhile?

LEONARD:

No, I'm all right. I'm not really nervous.

CANTOR:

Leonard -- if you're not nervous you've got the beginning of a new dance there. Now, inasmuch as you're getting married tomorrow, I'd like to ask you one very important question. Have you figured out yet who's going to be the boss? (24:00)

LEONARD:

Well, Mister Cantor, I think --

WINNIE:

Quiet, Leonard, quiet! -- Now, what was your question, Mister Cantor?

CANTOR:

Never mind -- I already know the answer! (LAUGHS) Tell me, Winnie, is this going to be a formal wedding? (24:15)

WINNIE:

Yes, it is.

CANTOR:

Then you're going to have bridesmaids, a flower girl, and all the trimmings?

WINNIE:

Yes, and I'm going to wear the gown my mother wore when she was married.

CANTOR:

Oh, how nice! And, Leonard, -- will you wear the suit your father wore when he was married?

LEONARD:

I can't, he's still wearing it.

CANTOR:

Where are you two going to live?

WINNIE:

With my folks, Mr. Cantor.

(24:35)

LEONARD:

That's only gonna be for a little while. We'll be able to get our own place as soon as we get a raise in salary.

CANTOR:

We? You mean Winnie works, too?

WINNIE:

Yes, I have a job at the Hollywood Laundry.

CANTOR:

Oh, you're a Laundress.

WINNIE:

That's right.

CANTOR:

Are you going to continue working there after you're married?

WINNIE:

Yes, we've settled that. Leonard says he doesn't want our marriage to interfere with my career.

CANTOR:

Have you been doing that kind of work very long?

WINNIE:

Oh, no. Before that I was a nurse at the California Hospital on Hope Street. (25:10)

CANTOR:

Was Leonard courting you then?

WINNIE:

Yes, but he didn't like the idea of standing outside every day waiting for me at the nurses' exit.

LEONARD:

That's right, Mister Cantor -- I got sick of watching girls come out of the hospital.

CANTOR:

Say -- that's the story of my life! But what I'm trying to get at, Winnie, is how long, exactly, has Leonard been courting you?

WINNIE:

Seven years.

CANTOR:

That's a long time. How come you haven't married her before this, young man?

LEONARD:

It's my pride, Mister Cantor. Seven years ago I was broke and I refused to marry under those conditions. I firmly believe that a man should not marry a girl until he has enough money to support her.

CANTOR:

Oh -- and now after seven years, you've got enough money?

LEONARD:

No, (TIMIDLY) but gee, we just can't wait.

CANTOR:

Now, would you mind telling us how the proposal came about?

(26:01)

WINNIE:

Well, it happened this way --

CANTOR:

Please, Winifred, let Leonard tell me. I've got a strange feeling that after tomorrow Leonard won't be able to do much talking. Go ahead, Leonard, tell us about the proposal.

LEONARD:

There wasn't much to it. I just sat down in Winifred's living room, put my arm around her, said: "Will you marry me?" And right away both of them said, "Yes."

CANTOR:

Both of them?

LEONARD:

Yes -- Winifred and her mother.

CANTOR:

That doesn't sound like a very romantic proposal.

LEONARD:

Well, it was. I even got down on my knees. And after I proposed, Winifred picked me up and kissed me like I'd never been kissed before.

CANTOR:

Then what happened?

LEONARD:

She picked me up again.

(26:50)

WINNIE:

After that, Mister Cantor, we sat down together and mapped out our plans for the future.



CANTOR:

You did, huh? Did you decide where you're going to spend your honeymoon?

BOTH:

Yes.

CANTOR:

Where?

(BOY AND GIRL SPEAK SIMULTANEOUSLY)

LEONARD:

WINNIE:

Yosemite!

Lake Arrowhead!

CANTOR:

Where?

(BOY AND GIRL SIMULTANEOUSLY)

LEONARD:

Lake Arrowhead!

WINNIE:

Yosemite!

CANTOR:

Really -- I think you kids ought to get together on your honeymoon! And now, Leonard and Winnifred, I want to thank you. You can be sure that your words have meant a lot to other young boys and girls who are making similar plans. We've had a lot of fun tonight and you children were good sports about the whole thing. (27:40)

WINNIE:

Thank you, Mister Cantor....and good night.

LEONARD:

Good night.

CANTOR:

Just a minute. You know I've been doing a little planning, too....and right now, I'd like to give you your first wedding present. Here -- here's a check for a hundred dollars.

LEONARD:

Thanks, Mister Cantor.

WINNIE:

Thank you very much, and I'll take care of that check.

CANTOR:

All right, but remember, Winifred, that check is for both of you.

LEONARD:

That's okay, Mister Cantor -- tomorrow the minister will make us one.

CANTOR:

Yes, and from the way she grabbed that check -- she's the ONE!

LEONARD AND WINNIE:

(LAUGH) Good night, Mister Cantor.

ORCHESTRA:

"WEDDING TAG"

(APPLAUSE)

(28:20)

CANTOR: I do hope, ladies and gentlemen, that you'll listen in again next week, when, in addition to the regular members of the Camel Caravan, we will have as guest stars -- Bobby Breen and Deanna Durbin!

(APPLAUSE)

Until then -- remember...

(SINGS "I LOVE TO SPEND EACH MONDAY WITH YOU, ETC.)

(APPLAUSE)

(ORCHESTRA: REPRISE...."ONE HOUR"...FADE ON CUE)

CANTOR: Well, dear people, this is almost the finish of our first Camel broadcast of the season. We hope you liked it and if you did, that you'll listen in next week....

KING:

A cigarette has got to be good to be as popular as Camels are. Give Camels a fair trial and see if you don't prefer them, too. Just smoke six packs of Camels -- and find out why they are the largest-selling cigarette in America. You'll find that there is more joy in smoking -- more satisfaction in each day as it goes by -- when you "let up -- light up a Camel!"

Listen again for Eddie Cantor's Camel Caravan next Monday -- and remember to tune in tomorrow night at nine thirty, Eastern Standard Time, for Benny Goodman, King of Swing! Walter King speaking. (29:45)

ORCHESTRA: (SWELLS)

(APPLAUSE)

HANLON: This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

(29:55)