

KING:

Let up -- and light up a Camel.

(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!.

ORCHESTRA: (TAG)

(NO APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: ("WHOOPEE"...STRINGS STANDING....FADE FOR:)

WALT KING:

(ON CUE) The Camel Caravan, starring Eddie Cantor, and guest-starring Mickey Rooney -- 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 is -- EDDIE CANTOR!

ORCHESTRA: (SWELLS TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE AS CANTOR ENTERS)

(1:10)

CANTOR:

Hello, everybody! Hello, Walter King!....Well,
Mickey Rooney will be here in a few minutes.

KING:

Have you got his song with you?

CANTOR:

Here it is -- he wrote it himself!...The guy is a genius.
Actor, composer -- look at this title, "Have A Heart."
Isn't it romantic? It takes me back twenty years to when
I was a boy of ten!....All right -- twelve!

KING:

Eddie, "Have A Heart" is a nice title.

CANTOR:

At least it's not one of those moon songs -- "There's
Honey On The Moon Tonight." Just think how much that
must upset the average husband at breakfast. His wife
is singing "There's Honey On The Moon" -- and he's
sitting there with dry waffles!...There are entirely
too many songs about the moon, don't you agree with me,
Walter?

KING:

Well, I don't know --

CANTOR:

Look....there's "Under A Texas Moon" -- "Kentucky Moon"
-- "Carolina Moon" -- "Moon Over Miami" -- there seems
to be a moon for every section in the country...They've
got another song coming out now -- it's called, "Moon
Over Sunset Boulevard Between Highland, and Vine, East
of Wilcox Avenue I Love You!"

(2:00)

51458
2845A

KING:

But, Eddie, what about Mickey's song?

CANTOR:

I'm going to get a great orchestration and give the number the plug it deserves -- where's Fairchild?

FAIRCHILD:

Here I am.

CANTOR:

Now, Fairchild -- please sit down at the piano and play from this lead sheet -- so I can give you an idea for the orchestration of Mickey Rooney's new song.

(FAIRCHILD PLAYS INTRODUCTION)

CANTOR:

(SINGS) "Have a heart,
Give another chance to me,
Bring a new romance to me -- "

(FAIRCHILD CONTINUES TO PLAY)

CANTOR:

(SPEAKING) Give me a lot of strings, Fairchild -- and make it good.

KING:

Eddie, will you let me sing it?

CANTOR:

No -- for Mickey Rooney's song, I wanna get someone with an angelic voice, a tonal quality that has never been heard before -- notes that will melt your heart away.

GORDON:

How do you do!

CANTOR:

The Mad Russian!....Listen, Flappy Ears, I want you to be on your best behavior -- because tonight we're having Mickey Rooney.

GORDON:

Good! I love macaroni!

CANTOR:

You know his name as well as I do -- why did you say macaroni?

GORDON:

It's good to get a laugh right away! (4:00)

CANTOR:

I'm worried about Rooney's song -- music -- a thing you know nothing about.

GORDON:

No? Listen to this...."A cadenza is a progression of musical sequences culminating in a crescendo."

CANTOR:

Say -- that's all right.

GORDON:

I'm a success -- I'm a success!

CANTOR:

You know music?

GORDON:

No -- I can read! (4:25)

CANTOR:

But you can't sing -- not with a face like yours!....
Look at me -- I have a face that is definitely --

GORDON:

Repulsive!

KING:

What's that? You dare call a face like Cantor's
repulsive?

GORDON:

Should'a said gruesome, eh?....Say, Camphor -- for a
compliment like that I suppose you wouldn't let me
sing at all.

CANTOR:

I'll forgive you....When did you first discover you
could sing?

GORDON:

In the bathtub!...When I'm in the bathtub I'm singing
like a lark.

CANTOR:

Sing now.

GORDON:

I can't -- I'm out of practice!

CANTOR:

Quit stalling, and sing!

GORDON:

Get me a bathtub!

CANTOR:

What's the matter with yours?

GORDON:

Where I live, the bathroom is out in the hall -- and by
the time I get up and get dressed and go out
to the bathroom and get undressed -- I figure -- well,
let it go for this season!

(5:35)

CANTOR:

Go away, you're wasting my time...I've gotta get somebody to put over Mickey Rooney's number.

GORDON:

Use me -- use me...I tell you I got a Crosby voice.

CANTOR:

Yes, a cross-between Andy Devine and a cement mixer!

GORDON:

That's very funny -- very funny.

CANTOR:

What's very funny?

GORDON:

The stuff I got on the next page!

CANTOR:

Oh, I'll never get Mickey Rooney's number set!

GORDON:

Say, Mickey Rooney is a bad name to put on a song -- why don't he call himself Toscanini?

CANTOR:

Mickey Toscanini!..He might as well use Stokowski's name.

GORDON:

He can't.

CANTOR:

Why not?

GORDON:

I'm using it!

CANTOR:

(LAUGHS) You -- Stokowski!

(6:10)

GORDON:

Wait a minute -- don't laugh...Did you see
"A Hundred Men and a Girl?"

CANTOR:

Yes.

GORDON:

Did you ever go to the Philadelphia Symphony?

CANTOR:

I did.

GORDON:

Were you in Europe when Garbo was there?

CANTOR:

Yes.

GORDON:

My O My -- you certainly get around, don't you?

CANTOR:

Stokowski!

GORDON:

You certainly get around, don't you?

CANTOR:

Huh?

GORDON:

You certainly get around, don't you?

CANTOR:

Why do you keep repeating the same joke? Why don't
you go on?

GORDON:

I saw the next joke -- and I don't like it!

(6:45)

CANTOR:

Go on, Russian -- let's do the next joke...I paid for it, we might as well.

GORDON:

All right....But why do you use Rooney's song? Use one of mine.

CANTOR:

You never wrote a song in your life.

GORDON:

No? Did you ever hear about "Mine Old Kentucky Home?"

CANTOR:

Yes.

GORDON:

Who's living there now?

CANTOR:

Come on, we're making no progress....I'm gonna give you a chance -- sing something for me....Sing anything. (7:15)

GORDON:

You mind if I sing in Russian?....Of course you don't!
....Why should you?....(SINGS) Orchi Chornya,
Orchi Chornya, Orchi Strasnya, Orchi Chornya --

CANTOR:

(SINGS) Was it red?

GORDON:

No -- no -- no -- no!

CANTOR:

Was it green?

GORDON:

No -- no -- no -- no!.....

CANTOR:

Wait a minute -- we did that last week!

GORDON:

Got a laugh, didn't it?

CANTOR:

Yes."

GORDON:

Got a laugh again this week, didn't it?

CANTOR:

Certainly.

GORDON:

We'll do it again next week, huh?

(7:50)

CANTOR:

You're clowning too much! Get out, Russian!

GORDON:

I'm not leaving till I see mine pal, Mickey Rooney.

CANTOR:

Your pal!...You don't know Mickey Rooney -- I'll bet you never even saw one of his pictures.

GORDON:

Is that so? I saw him last night with Spencer Tracy in "Cantor's Paradise."

CANTOR:

That was "Boys' Town."

GORDON:

Cantor's Paradise!

ORCHESTRA: ("WHOOPEE TAG")

(EXIT.....APPLAUSE)

(8:20)

GLEE CLUB: ("PYRAMID")

KING:

That was harmony!

GLEE CLUB: (DISCORD "PYRAMID")

KING:

That was discord! Now your nerves are exactly like the musical contrast you just heard -- sometimes in tune -- sometimes out of tune. With the fast pace of modern life -- work, worry, hustle, bustle -- nerves can become tense, taut, keyed-up. When your nerves feel strained, it is a sign that they need rest. So many busy, successful people soothe and rest their nerves this way -- they "let up -- light up a Camel." It pays to be kind to your nerves, to let up -- light up a Camel. Millions find that smoking Camel Cigarettes breaks the tensions of daily life. Camels are so mild...so agreeable...so comforting to jangled nerves. Yes, indeed, smokers find that Camel's costlier tobaccos are soothing to the nerves. So, as often as you will -- "let up -- light up a Camel."

ORCHESTRA: (FANFARE C)

(0:30)

FAIRCHILD: Oh, Mr. Cantor.

CANTOR: What is it, Fairchild?

FAIRCHILD: The orchestration for "Have A Heart" is ready.

CANTOR: And so is the singer! Bobby Dresh.

CANTOR: (EIGHT BALL)

Bobby, are you all set on the song?

BOBBY: (EIGHT BALL)

Yes, sir -- may I call someone up and sing the
song over the phone? (10:10)

SOUND: DIALING OF PHONE.....SPAN HOLDS PHONE FOR BOBBY

CANTOR:

Who are you calling?

BREEN:

The initials happen to be D.D.

CANTOR:

It couldn't be Donald Duck!

BREEN: (Recitative - music sneaking in late)

No! Hello? Deanna? -- there's something on
my mind,
A secret I'm afraid I just can't hold.
I hope you aren't angry, or inclined
To think I'm being bold -
After all, I'm eleven years old! So -

(SING) Have a heart, give another chance to me,
Bring a new romance to me, tonight.
You might try to forget all that we've been thru
I would give in to
Those little things you pride, 'Cause deep inside
I have a heart,
Please don't blame it all on me,
Love's own little game of three was wrong.
So dear, while you are near me,
Bring me a feeling divine,
If you'll have a heart, take mine!

(ORCHESTRA GLISSES UP TO HIGH NOTE)

(11:50)

GLEE CLUB:

Fall in love, fall in love

BREEN:

Have a heart!

GLEE CLUB:

It's romance, take a chance,

BREEN:

Have a heart!
You might try to forget
All that we've been through...

GLEE CLUB:

He would give in to
Those little things you pride
'Cause

BASSES:

DEEP

SOPRANOS:

Inside

GLEE CLUB:

He has a heart
All his love is yours to take,

CANTOR:

Give the little kid a break, tonight
(SLOW) If you'd only discover,
Just what this charm of his is.
If you'll have a heart, take his...
(SPOKEN) Walter King!

KING:

Have a heart, give another chance to me,
Bring a new romance to me, tonight.

(SPOKEN) Fairchild and Carroll!

TWO PIANOS:

(You might try to forget all that we've been
through -- I would give in to)

(13:30)

CANTOR:

(SPOKEN) The Glee Club!

GLEE CLUB:

Those little things you pride
'Cause deep inside...

CANTOR:

The Mad Russian!

GORDON:

I got a heart.

CANTOR:

YOU'VE got a heart?

GORDON:

Yeah -- I got a heart time singing.

CANTOR:

Another pun like that and you'll be swinging.

GORDON:

You mean jazz?

CANTOR:

No -- Alcatraz! -- Come on ev'rybody!

BREEN & ENSEMBLE:

So dear, while you are near me,
Bring me a feeling divine -

BREEN:

If you'll have a heart - Take mine!

(GLEE CLUB CHORD) (BAND UP) (APPLAUSE)

(HANLON REMOVES BOX)

(14:35)

CANTOR:

Kids, that was swell!....Mickey Rooney will be tickled pink when he finds out what a great start we gave his song.

ROONEY:

(OFF-STAGE MIKE) That's what you think, shrimp!

CANTOR:

Mickey Rooney!

(APPLAUSE AS ROONEY ENTERS)

ROONEY:

Listen, Cantor -- what's the idea of murdering my song?

CANTOR:

Murdering? Why, we just plugged your number.

ROONEY:

Yeah -- right through the heart!... (15:05)

CANTOR:

Mickey, be reasonable -- I've been singing songs for twenty-five years.

ROONEY:

Well, get your Social Security and quit...You don't know what that song means to me...Seven years I've been working on it -- the best part of my life!

CANTOR:

Old Man Rooney! Forget about me....how about the way Bobby Breen sang it?

ROONEY:

I'll knock him off after I get through with you!

CANTOR:

Breen's a pretty tough kid.

ROONEY:

Breen is tough? Hah -- put him on a hunk of toast and he's an hors d'oeuvre for me! (15:45)

CANTOR:

Lay off Breen! Mickey, I think you're being silly -- yours isn't the first song I've introduced on my radio program...You must know that.

ROONEY:

Not me -- whenever you start singing, my radio automatically turns itself off.

CANTOR:

What kind of a radio have you got?

ROONEY:

No squat -- no squint -- no Cantor! (16:10)

FAIRCHILD:

Now, just a minute!

CANTOR:

What's the matter, Fairchild?

FAIRCHILD:

Leave him to me, Eddie....Mickey Rooney, you can't talk that way about my employer!

ROONEY:

WHY NOT?

FAIRCHILD:

(SILLY LAUGH) You've got me there!

ROONEY:

Go on, bristle-puss -- before I hit you with the string section!

CANTOR:

Now take it easy, Mickey -- You can't insult my company!

ROONEY:

Who says --

KING:

Hold on, Rooney -- don't you bulldoze our boss here!

CANTOR:

Atta boy, Walter!

ROONEY:

Who are you?

KING:

I'm King! King!

(16:40)

ROONEY:

Abdicate! Abdicate!

CANTOR:

What am I gonna do with this Rooney?

GORDON:

Leave him to me, Haddie Camphor....Look here, Macaroni, we don't want no strangers aggravating Camphor.

ROONEY:

No?

GORDON:

No -- what do you think I'm here for? (16:55)

ROONEY:

Who is this guy?

CANTOR:

That's our Mad Russian.

ROONEY:

Are those his ears or is he carrying somebody's Ping Pong rackets?

GORDON:

That's an insult!....Macaroni, this place ain't big enough for us two!

ROONEY:

WELL? What are you gonna do about it?

GORDON:

I think I'll go on a diet!

ROONEY:

Well: that ~~takes~~ care of him!.....Now I'll take care of my song -- where's the piano, Cantor?

CANTOR:

(17:20)

Right over there -- go to it!

ROONEY:

(PLAYS ONE HALF CHORUS OF "HAVE A HEART" WITH ORCHESTRA)

CANTOR:

(18:10)

(OVER MUSIC) This is really Mickey Rooney playing the piano

(MUSIC UP TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

CANTOR:

Mickey, that was swell!

ROONEY:

Thanks, Mr. Cantor -- but the real credit should go to Mr. Fairchild's orchestra. They gave me marvellous accompaniment.

CANTOR:

What happened to that tough Mickey Rooney?

ROONEY:

(LAUGHS) I was only fooling! Why -- the way you, Bobby Breen, and the others put over my number was grand...And I want you to know how grateful I am.

CANTOR:

But I don't understand -- why were you so tough before?

ROONEY:

I just wanted to show you I can act!

CANTOR:

That wasn't necessary...Mickey, I never saw you in any of your pictures where you didn't give a great performance.

ROONEY:

Thank you...And, Mr. Cantor, I never saw you in any of your pictures --

CANTOR:

Go on.

ROONEY:

That's all -- I never saw you in any of your pictures!

(19:00)

CANTOR:

But you must have, Mickey -- I've made quite a few pictures.

ROONEY:

Talking pictures?

CANTOR:

Of course -- what would a picture of mine be like without me talking and singing?

ROONEY:

Why don't you try it once -- give it a chance!

CANTOR:

You're making me feel pretty small -- You know, I've been doing all right -- I have people working for me.

ROONEY:

Oh, so have I -- I've got a valet, a butler, a cook and a chauffeur.

CANTOR:

Yes, Mickey -- but have you got a tooth brusher?

ROONEY:

A tooth brusher? Why, no.

CANTOR:

Don't tell me you brush your own teeth!....All I do in the morning, is open my mouth -- like this...and -- pfft -- he brushes my teeth! I'm surprised you haven't got one, Mickey. (19:50)

ROONEY:

I've got a man that's better than that -- he's a sleep walker!

CANTOR:

A sleep walker?

ROONEY:

Yeah...You see, I walk in my sleep -- and an important picture star like me can't afford to catch cold -- so I have my sleep walker walk for me!.....Top that, Cantor!

CANTOR:

That's nothing -- I've got a soup taster.

ROONEY:

You've got a guy to taste your soup for you?

CANTOR:

I should burn my tongue?...Well, I guess that stops you, Mickey!

ROONEY:

You think so?....I was saving this one -- I've got a part-finder.

CANTOR:

A part-finder?

ROONEY:

Sure -- it used to take me thirty minutes to find a part in my hair, now he gets me a good part every time! (20:50)

CANTOR:

Guess he wasn't working this morning, huh?

ROONEY:

That's a pretty nasty crack, Cantor -- I demand an apology. (21:00)

CANTOR:

(DRAMATICALLY) I'm just an old man...Ah -- don't laugh because you're young...Remember, an old man is only a young man the years have passed by...And now they want to take my son away -- to send him to jail, where I'll never see him again...They're taking the one bit of happiness out of the last years of an old man's life...(CRIES HYSTERICALLY) They're taking him away! They're taking him away! (21:20)

ROONEY:

But, Mr. Cantor -- what has that got to do with apologizing to me?

CANTOR:

Nothing -- I just wanted to show you I can act, too!

ROONEY:

(LAUGHS) Well, Mr. Cantor, I've had a swell time here tonight -- and I want to thank you for the way you put over my song....And now I gotta go.

CANTOR:

Where are you going, Mickey?

ROONEY:

I got a date.

CANTOR:

With a girl?

ROONEY:

It ain't with a bicycle!

(21:45)

CANTOR:

Mickey, be serious...Despite your picture "Love Finds Andy Hardy," you're too young to be thinking of girls...There's no one of your age on the horizon that has as much talent....You write songs ---you're a good musician, and everyone who has seen your pictures knows that you're one of America's greatest young actors...Forget girls -- all girls.

ROONEY:

But, Mr. Cantor --

CANTOR:

Mickey, I'm older than you are.

ROONEY:

Once I make a date with a girl I don't want to disappoint her.

CANTOR:

What's a little disappointment compared to your future?

ROONEY:

But I've got this date with your daughter, Marilyn!

CANTOR:

Where's your hat?....Here's two dollars for a cab!.. Somebody get him a cab!....Taxi! Taxi!

ROONEY:

Good night, Mr. Cantor.

CANTOR:

Good night, Mickey -- and good luck!

(ROONEY EXITS)

(22:30)

(APPLAUSE)

CANTOR:

What a narrow escape I had!....Lovely boy, that Mickey Rooney! ...A little young -- but you know -- they can be engaged for a few years...One thing I know -- he'll be able to make a nice living for my daughter, Marilyn....Say, for that matter -- after awhile, he'll probably make a nice living for me, too!....Great kid that Rooney!...Don't you think so, Walter?

KING:

I learned a lot about acting from watching him tonight.

CANTOR:

Would you like to give out a little?

KING:

You mean --

CANTOR:

Yes, yes -- go on!

(23:00)

KING:

Perhaps the words of these busy, successful people can help you to avoid jangled nerves. W.A.Knox, store manager:

(OFF-STAGE MIKE) I'm on the jump all day long. Whenever I get that tightened-up feeling of nerve tension, I ease up and smoke a Camel.

KING:

Willard Mullin, sports cartoonist:

BILL WRIGHT:

(OFF-STAGE MIKE) Long hours over a drawing board can make my nerves feel as though they'd been through the wringer. When I frequently let up and light up a Camel. I work better. Camels are soothing to my nerves.

KING:

Joe DiMaggio, of the world's champion New York Yankees:

HANLON:

(OFF-STAGE MIKE) I can't take chances with shaky nerves. So, I stick to Camel Cigarettes.

KING:

Mrs. Frank E. Smith, housewife.

NANCY LEACH:

(OFF-STAGE MIKE) My way of avoiding ragged nerves is this: The minute I feel myself getting tense, I let up and light up a Camel.

KING:

When you want to ease the strain on your nerves,
just let up and light up a Camel. Camels are a
matchless blend of finer, more expensive tobaccos
-- Turkish and Domestic. Smokers find that these
costlier tobaccos are soothing to the nerves.

ORCHESTRA: ("WEDDING MARCH".....FADE FOR:) (24:30)

CANTOR:

I want to take time out and thank you, my friends,
for the many letters you've sent me about the
engaged couples we've been interviewing on our
program. It proves that all the world loves a
lover. Tonight's young man and his fiancée are
from Baltimore, Maryland. Here are George Wilson,
and Thelma Brice, the future Mrs. Wilson.

ORCHESTRA: "LOHENGRIN"

(APPLAUSE AS NEWLYWEDS ENTER)

(24:50)

CANTOR: Well, Thelma, how do you feel?

THELMA: Oh, I'm fine.

CANTOR: How are you, George?

THELMA: He's fine too, Mr. Cantor!

CANTOR: Tell me, George -- how do you like California?

THELMA: He thinks it's very nice out here.

CANTOR: If George opens his mouth now, Thelma, I'll know you're a ventriloquist...Want to say something, George?

GEORGE: I thought I'd better let her answer, Mr. Cantor...
I'm a little nervous.

CANTOR: Don't be silly...Last week we had a fellow here who was really nervous...Honestly, I lost four pounds just shaking hands with him...And you should have heard his knees knocking!...The knock was so loud Jack Benny kept opening the door on his program.

CANTOR:

Well, tell us something about your courtship --
did you go out much?

THELMA:

George usually came over to my house and we sat in
the parlor.

CANTOR:

Oh -- I suppose you both sat on the couch?

THELMA:

Well -- one of us did.

CANTOR:

What kind of a parlor was it, George?....the
old-fashioned kind?

GEORGE:

I don't know, Mr. Cantor...I was never there when
the lights were on.

CANTOR:

How romantic!....Say -- I wonder how Mickey Rooney
and my daughter are making out!....But, let's get
away from romance for a while....What is your
(26:45)
occupation, George?

GEORGE:

I'm a machinist.

CANTOR:

Machinist? That must be tough.

GEORGE:

Well, when I worked at Sparrows Point, Maryland, for the Bethlehem Steel Company, it was so strenuous -- I usually went without a shirt.

CANTOR:

What a coincidence!....I went without a shirt on account of Bethlehem Steel, United States Steel, Goldman-Sachs, and General Motors.....So you're a machinist -- Thelma, do you work? (27:15)

THELMA:

I did. I was secretary for a chemical company in Baltimore, until George asked me to give up my job to come out here.

CANTOR:

And you came out to Los Angeles to get married?

THELMA:

Yes, tomorrow at two o'clock.

CANTOR:

How nice...You're gonna be all right, you children.

(27:35)

GEORGE:

Well, I'm very happy because we were going together for so many years --

THELMA:

For a while it looked like the wedding bells would never chime.

CANTOR:

And now it can be tolled!....Say, I don't need any writers at all!....Last week we asked the young bride to describe her wedding outfit. She said she was wearing a high-necked white velvet gown, with a large rhinestone and pearl clip at the throat..
Thelma, would you like to describe your wedding dress?

THELMA:

You're looking at it!

CANTOR:

It doesn't matter -- good wedding gowns don't necessarily make good weddings. It's people who get married -- not dresses!

GEORGE:

You're right, Mr. Cantor -- we're not gonna have anything elaborate, but our wedding is for keeps.

CANTOR:

Where are you folks going on your honeymoon?

THELMA:

Reno.

CANTOR:

Reno?

(28:35)

THELMA:

Yes, we've never been there -- and we figure we won't ever be there -- so we might as well see it while we're out here.

CANTOR:

You're right -- out here in Hollywood, people usually have a charge account there. The trouble is that right when the fellow is saying "I do" he's looking around to see if he can do any better. Well, children -- it looks like our time is up... Good luck to both of you.

GEORGE:

Mr. Cantor, we want to thank you for the nice check you gave us.

CANTOR:

Oh, that's all right.

GEORGE:

Thelma and I have always admired you -- and we're going to name our first child after you.

CANTOR:

Thank you -- that's very nice....Wait a minute -- how do you know it's gonna be a boy?

GEORGE:

We've both decided on that.

CANTOR:

A boy!...They've decided on it!....Oh, youth -- inexperience -- hope -- ambition -- disappointment!

....Good night, children.

THELMA AND GEORGE:

Good night, Mr. Cantor.

MUSIC: (WEDDING TAG)

(APPLAUSE ON EXIT)

(29:35)

CANTOR: Next week -- another Camel Caravan -- another couple about to be married -- and I promise you a lot of fun with Martha Faye. Be sure to listen in. Until then -- remember --

I love to spend each Monday with you
As friend to friend I'm sorry it's through
I hope you know just how I feel
I hope you feel that way, too. (Good night!)

(APPLAUSE)

KING: Smoke six packages of Camel Cigarettes and you'll know why Camels are the largest-selling cigarette in America. Camel's costlier tobaccos are richer in taste -- milder -- better for steady smoking. And smokers find them soothing to the nerves. So start tomorrow to "Let up -- light up a Camel. Remember to tune in to the Camel Caravan featuring Benny Goodman, the King of Swing, tomorrow night at 9:30 p.m., Eastern Standard Time. Walter King speaking.

(ORCHESTRAL SWELLS)

(APPLAUSE)

HARLOW: The song "Have A Heart" heard on tonight's program was composed by Mickey Rooney with lyrics by Sidney Miller. This is the Columbia Broadcasting System.