

- EDDIE CANTOR'S CAMEL CARAVAN - C-B #4

MONDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1938

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

CANTOR	BREEN	NORMAN FIELD	BUNKY
FIELDS	HOLZMAN	BEA BENADERET	JANE MORGAN
KNIGHT	KING	DONOHUE	GLEE CLUB (12)
QUILLAN	KIRK	P.A. OPERATOR	FILE COPY
ELINSON	GORDON	RAPP	CUTTING
TOM HANLON	FAIRCHILD	SCHUMANN	MAURICE
SCHWEIGER	()	CARROLL	SPAN
			BILL ROYLE
			PETER LORRE

MUSIC ROUTINE

<u>TIMING:</u>	<u>PAGE:</u>	
_____	_____	1. OPENING (GLEE CLUB AND ORCHESTRA)
_____	_____	2. "WHOOPEE" (ORCHESTRA)
_____	_____	3. "TENPINS IN THE SKY" (BREEN)
_____	_____	4. "SHORT LIFT CHASER" (ORCHESTRA)
_____	_____	5. "WHOOPEE CHASER" (ORCHESTRA)
_____	_____	6. "SWEET ADELINE" (QUARTETTE) (SWEET)
_____	_____	7. "SWEET ADELINE" (QUARTETTE) (SOOR)
_____	_____	8. "FANFARE B" (ORCHESTRA)
_____	_____	9. "LOHENGRIN" (ORCHESTRA)
_____	_____	10. "AULD LANG SYNE" (ORCHESTRA)
_____	_____	11. "LOVE IS WHERE YOU FIND IT" (CANTOR)
_____	_____	12. "ONE HOUR" (CANTOR)
_____	_____	13. "ONE HOUR" (REPRISE)

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 SNEAK IN)

WALT KING:

(ON CUE) The Camel Caravan, starring
Eddie Cantor, a half-hour of entertainment 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)

(1:00)

CANTOR:

Hello, everybody...And hello, Walter King! Well, Walter, Saturday I got my first taste of football this season...I saw U.C.L.A. beat IDAHO thirty-three to nothing.

KING:

That must have been quite a game, Eddie...I understand they had a crowd of twenty-five thousand people watching it.

CANTOR:

Twenty-five thousand and eleven people.

KING:

Who were the other eleven?

CANTOR:

The Idaho football team -- they were just watching, too! They're game guys, though -- they were in there fighting every minute. (1:30)

KING:

Were there many movie people at the game, Eddie?

CANTOR:

Oh, yes. I could tell that as soon as the referee tossed up to see which team was going to kick off.

KING:

What do you mean?

CANTOR:

Well -- when he tossed up a coin, four actors leaped out of the grandstand and tried to grab it!....I won!...Somebody had to pay me for sitting in that hard seat. (1:55)

KING:

Didn't you have one of those rubber cushions that you blow up and sit on?

CANTOR:

Yes, but that only made things worse. It stuck to my pants and I had a blowout. Was I embarrassed. Twice during the game I had to run to the garage to get my pants vulcanized! Ask Fairchild, he was there. (2:10)

KING:

Did you enjoy the game, Edgar?

FAIRCHILD:

Oh, yes -- it was oodles of fun and I was thrilled by that long pass in the fourth quarter. For ten minutes I kept watching that football flying around in the air.

CANTOR:

What football?

FAIRCHILD:

The one that had "Goodyear" painted on it!

CANTOR:

Goodyear? -- That was a blimp. (2:30)

FAIRCHILD:

Then I didn't see the football.

CANTOR:

You must have seen it. Look. When the game started, what was the first thing they kicked?

FAIRCHILD:

Me -- I tried to sneak in!

CANTOR:

Get out of here! Walter, that Fairchild -- (2:45)

HANLON: Oh, Mr. Cantor!

CANTOR: Yes, what is it?

HANLON: I just received a message from the control room --
Martha Raye won't be here tonight.

CANTOR: What do you mean she won't be here -- she's our
guest star for tonight!

HANLON: That's the message I got.

KING: Eddie, you'd better start thinking of getting
a substitute Guest Star.

CANTOR: Right now I've gotta relax -- I've gotta have
quiet....What I need is --

GORDON: How do you do!

CANTOR: The Mad Russian!

GORDON:

Tonight in place of Martha Raye you can have mine
golden voice.

CANTOR:

We got enough of your voice last week....You
can't sing!

GORDON:

No? I'll have you know that I wrote a book about
singing...I tried to get everybody in America to
read it.

CANTOR:

Well, -- was it read?

GORDON:

(SINGS) No -- No -- No -- No!

CANTOR:

Stop!.....Again this week? How long are we gonna
do that?

GORDON:

Till we start getting complaints!

CANTOR:

But I've already had letters of complaint. What
I get goes for you, too -- you and I are
together.

GORDON:

What?

CANTOR:

You and I are together!

GORDON:

You wanna go steady? (KISS)

CANTOR:

Oh, get out of here. I'm looking for a guest
star! (4:15)

GORDON:

Use me -- use me -- all mine friends tell me
I'm another Shirley Temple.

CANTOR:

You're another Shirley Temple?

GORDON:

I haven't got the mind of a seven year old?

CANTOR:

No -- I'm sorry you haven't -- but come back
next year!

GORDON:

I'll prove you I'm smart....How would you like
to get Fannie Brice, Frank Morgan and
Robert Young?

CANTOR:

How do I get 'em?

GORDON:

Tune in on "The Good News Program!"

CANTOR:

Stop fooling...we need a celebrity for tonight,
and she must be a glamorous woman.....Suppose
you had to offer Ginger Rogers a contract to
appear on my program -- how would you approach
her?

(5:00)

GORDON:

Very simple...I'd go to Miss Rogers' home -- open the door -- take off mine hat, and say "Good evening, gentlemen."

CANTOR:

What do you mean -- "Gentlemen?"

GORDON:

You expect Ginger Rogers to be alone?

CANTOR:

Assume that she is alone. (5:15)

GORDON:

Then, I will use flattery. I will say, "Darling, tonight was made for love. I love you, Ginger Rogers -- I love you, Marlene Dietrich -- I love you, Carole Lombard..."

CANTOR:

Wait a minute -- what's the idea of making love to Ginger Rogers and then changing to Dietrich and Lombard?

GORDON:

Can I help it if I'm fickle?

CANTOR:

Stick to Ginger Rogers.

GORDON:

Okay -- I'll take her in mine arms and say,
"Ginger, you fascinate me...You have that je ne
sais quoi -- you're irresistible....I've got to
kiss you!.....Kiss me, Ginger -- kiss me!

CANTOR:

Russian, leave me alone!....I'm sorry -- but
I'm not Ginger Rogers.

GORDON:

You're sorry -- how do you think I feel?

CANTOR:

Quit this foolishness! If you wanna help me, go out
and find me an important personality...Go on --
out -- out -- out! (5:55)

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

KING:

Eddie -- I took the liberty of calling the
William Morris Agency - they're on the line now.

CANTOR:

Thanks -- Hello?....William Morris Agency.....
Listen -- I've got to have a Guest Star right
away....what's that?You wanna get me
Eddie Cantor?.....How much?.....Ch, no -- I
wouldn't pay that much -- he isn't worth it!
(SLAMS RECEIVER).....Wait a minute -- that's ME!.
Am I getting dizzy!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

(6:30)

GORDON: Say, Haddie Camphor!

CANTOR: Russian -- you? How'd you get back so fast?

GORDON: I just turned the page!

CANTOR: Well -- did you get anybody?

GORDON: I got Frederick March --- for three hundred dollars.

CANTOR: That's cheap -- Frederick March wants three hundred dollars to come on our program?

GORDON: No -- to listen to it!

CANTOR: Russian, will you please leave and don't come back until you bring someone we can use on this program! -- Bring me some drawing cards.

GORDON: Okey dokey! -- I'll be back in a flash with a flush!
(DOOR SLAM)

CANTOR:

Oh...Walter...

KING:

What is it, Eddie?

CANTOR:

Get me an aspirin...will you?

KING:

What's the matter?..

CANTOR:

I've got an awful headache!

FIELDS:

Oh, you got a headache...I'm sitting here listening to those broken down jokes...and you've got a headache. What's the matter with my my headache? Why can't I have an aspirin?

CANTOR:

Take an aspirin! Take two...take five...take a box...

FIELDS:

Oh...sure...my brother's selling Bromo Seltzer.. and he's boosting aspirin!

CANTOR:

Look, Mr. Guffy....I didn't address you in the first place...you're supposed to be a musician here, in this band.

FIELDS:

Go on...say it...I can't play...I'm in the orchestra because I allow the leader to use my car!

CANTOR:

Who said....

FIELDS:

Go on...I know what you're thinking..say it..sayit.

CANTOR:

Say WHAT...WHAT SHOULD I SAY?

FIELDS:

Now, I gotta write your material...huh?

CANTOR:

Please, Guffy, sit down with local forty-seven...
will you?

KING:

Eddie...there's a phone for you.... (7:55)

CANTOR:

Thanks....Hello?.....is anybody there?

GORDON:

(FILTER...OFF-STAGE) If there ain't --I'm stuck
a nickel!

CANTOR:

Flappy Ears -- it's you!

GORDON:

(FILTER) Yes...I got you a movie star -- he's
tied up in the back of mine car.

CANTOR:

That's kidnapping -- they can put you in jail
for that.

GORDON:

(FILTER) Where do you think I'm calling from --
the Art Gallery?

CANTOR:

What's the name of the movie star?

GORDON:

(IN FILTER) I don't know -- but he's going to play in "Gone With The Wind"....He got the role of a man named Butler.

CANTOR:

Butler, eh? Was it Rhett?

GORDON:

(SINGS) (FILTER) No -- no -- no -- no!

CANTOR:

Was it Scarlett?

GORDON:

(FILTER) No -- no -- no -- no!

SOUND: RECEIVER SLAMS

(8:40)

CANTOR:

Walter, I'm going over to the Brown Derby -- Victor Hugo's -- Trocadero -- I'll get someone... So long!

KING:

But, Eddie -- you're not gonna leave the program flat!

CANTOR:

How can any program be flat with a song like "Ten Pins In the Sky" and a singer like Bobby Breen!

(APPLAUSE AS BREEN ENTERS)

(9:00)

(HANLON PLACES BREEN BOX)

ORCHESTRA: (FOUR BAR INTRODUCTION....FADE FOR:)

BREEN:

When the thunder starts to thunder
Don't run home and cry.
They're playing Ten-Pins in the sky.
Little fellas, 'way up yonder,
Make the raindrops fly,
While bowling, rolling Ten-Pins in the sky.
The world will wear a new bonnet,
Daffodils on it,
Thanks to the skies above.

(GLEE CLUB) Thunder and showers wake up the flowers,
HUE Where there are flowers there must be love.
BACK So, laugh at raindrops, laugh at thunder,
GROUN Clouds will soon roll by.
They're playing Ten-Pins in the sky!

GIRLS: Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,
Pitter-patter, pitter-patter, (HOLD DOWN ORCHESTRA)

BOYS: Rhythm of the raindrops,
The pitter-patter o-of the rain --

BREEN: Singin' in the rain --

ENSEMBLE: Rain on the roof, I love the patter of the
rain --

BREEN: Singin' in the rain --

ENSEMBLE: He's singin' in the rain...

(ORCHESTRA BUILDS UP TO SCREAM....DROPS TO
TYPARI THUNDER EFFECT...CUTS OFF)

BREEN: (SPOKEN) It's not really thunder --
(ON CUE) It's only those little fellas --

(SING) Bowling, rolling,
Ten-Pins in the sky!

GLEE CLUB: The world will wear a new bonnet,

BREEN: Daffodils on it,
Thanks to the skies up above.

GLEE CLUB: Thunder and showers.

BREEN: Wake up the flowers,
Where there are flowers there must be love!

ALL: So laugh at raindrops, laugh at thunder,
Clouds will soon roll by --
They're playing Ten-Pins in the sky!

(BAND UP)

(APPLAUSE)

(HANLON REMOVES BREEN BOX)

(12:30)

CANTOR:

Thank you...That was Bobby Breen singing
"Ten-Pins In The Sky" from the picture,
"Listen, Darling." Okay Walter, do the stuff.

KING:

Some people can work hard and play hard -- yet
never seem as though they feel any nervous strain
Maybe there's a helpful tip about nerve
protection for you right here, in the comments
of some busy active people who let up, light
up a Camel. Howard F. Earnest, newspaper
linotype operator says:

BILL ROYLE: (OFF-STAGE MIKE) My job is apt to
frazzle the nerves. I make it a practice to
ease up frequently, and smoke a Camel Cigarette.
When my nerves are rested I can start again
fresher and faster.

KING:

Charles Dietrich, whose work is measured in
thousandths of an inch because he grinds lenses:

HANLON:

(OFF-STAGE MIKE) My nerves would be on the spot
if I didn't let up every so often. So I ease
up and smoke a Camel. I find Camels comfort
my nerves.

KING:

Joan Nelligan, proof-reader:

BEA BENADERET:

(OFF-STAGE MIKE) When I begin to get all keyed-up, I have a simple, pleasant way to ease my nerves. I find that a pause with a Camel breaks the tension and has a soothing effect.

KING:

When you feel yourself getting jumpy or edgy, 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: ("LIFT CHASER".....SHORT)

(14:00)

FAIRCHILD:

Eddie! Eddie!

CANTOR:

What is it, Fairchild?

FAIRCHILD:

Peter Lorre is here!

CANTOR:

You mean the famous movie detective, Mr. Moto?....

What does he want?

(14:10)

FAIRCHILD:

He seems to be on a case....He's got everybody lined up backstage and is giving them the third degree.

CANTOR:

How can he do that? Has he got a gun?

SOUND: SEVERAL PISTOL SHOTS

LORRE:

(OFFSTAGE MIKE) Does that answer your question, my friend?

CANTOR:

Peter Lorre!

(APPLAUSE AS MR. LORRE ENTERS)

CANTOR:

....How do you do, Mr. Moto? You don't mind if I call you Mister Moto, do you? I can't pronounce your real name.

LORRE:

That's quite all right. Do you mind if I call you Mister Cantor?....I can't pronounce your real name, either!...Now regarding the disappearance of Martha Raye -- What do you know about it?

CANTOR:

What disappearance? I hope you're not suspecting me? (15:00)

LORRE:

Your big eyes don't fool me...Aesop says, "Large eyes are not always a sign of innocence."

CANTOR:

But your eyes are big, too.

LORRE:

My large eyes come from looking for men -- outlaws.

CANTOR:

Mine come from looking for men -- inlaws!.... Son-in-laws!....Moto, you're wrong to suspect anybody on this program.

LORRE:

Oh -- so? It is my job to suspect everybody --
even Bobby Breen.

CANTOR:

Bobby Breen? Why, he couldn't be guilty of
anything -- you can't pin anything on him....He's
too young -- he's just a baby.

LORRE:

Aesop says -- "many things are often pinned on a
baby!" (15:40)

CANTOR:

Stop joking, please!

LORRE:

Miss Raye's disappearance is no joke...Tell me,
weren't you the last person to see Miss Raye?

CANTOR:

Yes, but we parted the best of friends....When I
told her she was to appear on my program, she kissed
me -- on the lips, on the cheeks, on the forehead --

LORRE:

She must have kissed you many times.

CANTOR:

No -- just once!....That's all.

LORRE:

Oh -- so? Nevertheless -- I suspect Miss Raye was kidnapped. Aesop says: "When in doubt, question everybody." You first, Mr. Fairchild. (16:15)

FAIRCHILD:

I won't talk -- and you haven't got the authority to question me, either.

LORRE:

No? Look at this. Detective badge, Scotland Yard -- for criminal investigation.

FAIRCHILD:

So what? Look at this -- G-Man badge, Post Toasties for twenty box tops!

CANTOR:

Fairchild, get out of here if you won't talk!

(16:40)

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...CLOSES

GORDON:

Haddie Camphor, I just made a great discovery.

CANTOR:

You did, Russian?

GORDON:

Yes -- if we had Jack Benny --

CANTOR:

Yes.

GORDON:

If we had Joe Penner, and Fibber McGee --

CANTOR:

Yes --

GORDON:

If we had all those people --

CANTOR:

Go on -- what then?

GORDON:

We wouldn't need you!

CANTOR:

Nice talk!

LORRE:

Who is this man?

CANTOR:

He's been out trying to find a guest star for me.

LORRE:

Oh, so?...Let him help me find Martha Raye -- then you have a guest star, and I solve mystery.

GORDON:

Haddie Camphor, who is the owl?

CANTOR:

Pardon me -- that's Mr. Moto. You've seen him in that cycle of Mystery Pictures.

GORDON:

Oh -- the Moto-Cycle!

(17:00)

CANTOR:

Oh, Aesop is working again!

LORRE:

Please, Mr. Russian -- go to this theatre and maybe you will find what we are both looking for.

GORDON:

Leave it to me -- I'm a regular bloodhound...Woof woof -- woof woof -- tick-tock -- tick-tock.

CANTOR:

What's the tick-tock for?

GORDON:

I'm also a watch dog! (17:40)

CANTOR:

Mr. Moto, you're wasting your time...with the Russian!

LORRE:

I believe you're right -- I will go and find Miss Raye. I will wait here for you, Mr. Moto. Good luck....Mr. Moto.

CANTOR:

Wait a minute, Peter, you read my line!

LORRE:

So sorry. I mean I will now go and find Miss Raye.

CANTOR:

(LAUGHS) You'll find Miss Raye -- you can't even find your place in the script! (18:05)

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

CANTOR:

(INTO PHONE) Hello?

GORDON:

(THROUGH FILTER) This is me.

CANTOR:

Oh -- where are you, Russian?

GORDON:

I'm at the Burlesque Theatre....I'm sitting in the front row.

CANTOR:

Why are you sitting in the front row?

GORDON:

They won't let me sit on the stage!

CANTOR:

(ASIDE) Here, Mr. Moto -- you better talk to him.

LORRE:

Very well...(INTO PHONE) Russian, what are you doing about the Martha Raye case?

GORDON:

I found some familiar fingerprints on all the chorus girls.

LORRE:

Whose fingerprints were they?

GORDON:

Mine!

(18:35)

LORRE:

Good work, Russian....By the way -- who's going on next?

GORDON:

The hula dancer.

LORRE:

The hula dancer, eh?....Well -- tell her not to move anything till I get there! (HANGS UP)

CANTOR:

You're going -- you expect to get some clues about Martha Raye case from hula dancer?

LORRE:

No -- It would be a waste of time...Aesop says -- "Hula dancer has no clues!" (19:00)

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

CANTOR:

I'll take it...Hello?...Who's calling?

VOICE:

(THROUGH FILTER) This is Aesop -- tell that guy Moto if he blames me for another bum line, I'll slug him!

SOUND: RECEIVER SLAMS

(19:15)

CANTOR:

What are you going to do about that, Moto?

LORRE:

Call me Peter Lorre...You know as well as I that Martha Raye was not missing tonight -- she is shooting a picture on location -- and I enjoyed being your Guest Star.

CANTOR:

And we all enjoyed your presence. Thanks for being here, Peter, and good night!

ORCHESTRA: "WHOOPEE CHASER"

(19:35)

(APPLAUSE ON EXIT)

KING:

Remember how the old barber shop quartette used to sing --

QUARTETTE: "SWEET ADELINE" (MY ADELINE) (SWEET)

KING:

That was harmony! -- But when they sang it like this --

QUARTETTE: "SWEET ADELINE" (MY ADELINE) (SOUR)

KING:

That was discord!

You know, nerves are a lot like music...Your nerves can be in tune...And they can get off on the wrong key, too. Worry, work, business and social activities -- each contributes to nervous tension and strain. When your nerves warn you that it's time to pause, well, just do this -- let up...light up a Camel. Smokers find that Camel's costlier tobaccos are soothing to the nerves. See for yourself what it means to you when you let up.... light up a Camel. More comfort! Less nerve strain! And all the pleasure of smoking a mild, rich-tasting cigarette! It's not surprising that millions of smokers say there's more pleasure in smoking, and that their nerves are more in harmony when -- ever so often -- they let up...light up a Camel.

ORCHESTRA: "FANFARE B" (21:00)

CANTOR:

And now for our couple of the week...Gerald Henderson and Mary Hastings, who have filed their intention to marry...Meet the future Mr. and Mrs. Henderson.

MUSIC: "LOHENGRIN" (FADE)

CANTOR:

Good evening -- and congratulations.

BOTH:

Thank you, Mr. Cantor.

CANTOR:

Mr. Henderson, do you mind if I ask your age?

GERALD:

Not at all...I'm fifty-seven.

CANTOR:

Fifty-seven...and you, my dear lady.

MARY:

I'm fifty-three.

CANTOR:

Fifty-three and fifty-seven...Gerald, do you feel it is okay for you to get married at your age?

GERALD:

Oh, that's all right -- we have the consent of our parents.

CANTOR:

You're fooling!

MARY:

Of course he is.

(21:50)

GERALD:

Marriage has nothing to do with age, Mr. Cantor. I feel young at fifty-seven, and I've seen old men at forty.

CANTOR:

That's right -- so have I.

GERALD:

A man is as old as he feels. You can feel young at sixty -- or even seventy. Look at you!

CANTOR:

That's right!...Wait a minute...I'm a kid!

MARY:

Mr. Cantor, we don't consider ourselves too old to get married -- why Gerald and I go dancing three times a week.

CANTOR:

The Lambeth Walk -- huh?

GERALD:

No...That's for old fogies!...We do truckin' and peckin' and -- (22:30)

CANTOR:

-- A couple of jitterbugs!..

MARY:

And him fifty-seven!

CANTOR:

Say, that's all right...I know one thing, Mary -- at his age, after you're married, when he phones late at night and tells you he's at the office -- you can be sure he's at the office! Your marriage is gonna work out all right.

MARY:

It should, Mr. Cantor -- Gerald and I have a lot in common....We both like to read and dance...We like to listen to the radio...We both smoke cigarettes --

CANTOR:

(23:00)

Camels?

MARY:

Well, to tell the truth, I do -- he doesn't.

CANTOR:

Oh.

MARY:

But you just let me work on him for awhile...I'll fix that.

CANTOR:

On behalf of the makers of Camel Cigarettes -- I thank you...By the way, after your honeymoon -- I suppose you'll have one --

MARY:

Oh, yes!

CANTOR:

Are you going to live in an apartment or --

GERALD:

We have rented an apartment until we can build a

home of our own. (23:25)

CANTOR:

Would you be interested in a house that's already
built...It's got ten acres, fourteen rooms...

Of course if you work here in Hollywood it will be
hard to commute because the house is in Great Neck,
Long Island.

GERALD:

Oh no, sir, I like animals -- dogs and horses --
but no white elephants!

CANTOR:

Wait a minute -- don't frighten off any prospective
buyers...Let me ask you one question -- which you
needn't answer if you don't care to -- is this your
first marriage?

GERALD:

Yes, it is...and I've never loved any other woman
out her. (24:00)

CANTOR:

Say, that's interesting.

GERALD:

We were engaged many years ago, but had a foolish quarrel and it broke up the engagement. It was my stubbornness that kept us apart all these years.

MARY:

It was all my fault.

GERALD:

No, Mary, I'm to blame.

MARY:

Don't say that -- I was just a headstrong girl --

GERALD:

No, it was I --

CANTOR:

Wait a minute -- don't start that all over again or you'll never get married! (24:20)

GERALD:

Don't worry, Mr. Cantor -- after we're married, we won't have any words.

CANTOR:

You mean after you're married, Gerald -- you won't have any words!

GERALD:

As long as I have Mary, Mr. Cantor -- I won't mind...
You'll never know how lonely I've been all these
years without her. ..You don't know what it is to be
lonesome night after night, year after year....When
I returned a few weeks ago from Europe, and found
that Mary was free, I begged to be forgiven and
asked her to marry me...I know we're going to be
happy. (24:45)

CANTOR:

Sure you will...You and Mary ought to make up for
all the joy you've missed all through the years...
And don't let the honeymoon be over when you return
home -- make it last until the end of all time...I
know that you and Mary don't need this check -- but
take it and buy your bride a lot of orchids -- she
deserves them for waiting all these years....Good
luck....and God bless you both.

ORCHESTRA:

"AULD LANG SYNE"

(APPLAUSE)

(25:15)

(INTRODUCTION SNEAKS IN UNDER CANTOR TALK)

CANTOR:

Well, there they go! They looked for a long time --
but they found it...and you can, too, because

GLEE CLUB:

(SINGS)

Love --

(Oh -- oh -- Ah!

Is where you find it

(HUM)

No matter

Where you go

You may be

In Kalua

Or Kokomo

(Love is just around the
corner!

You may

Be on the ocean

Or by

(HUM)

A wishing well

The street lights may be blinking when you get
that sinking spell.

Cupid gets around back and forth,

Now it's North Carolina, then it's China,

Doesn't seem to matter at all,

You can fall on a hay-ride, or a sleigh-ride,

So wear

(Night and day

A suit of armor

(You are the one

When you

(Nice work

Go out to play

(If you can get it

For love, love, love is where you find it
and you'll find it out some day!

GLEE CLUB: Oh, love, love, love is where you find it,

(TRUMPET LICK)

CANTOR: E.e.e.e.v'rywhere you go!

(TWO PIANOS.....FOUR BARS)

CANTOR:

You may be young and nifty,

When you are on the verge --

But if you're over fifty -- say!

(SPOKEN) You still might get the urge!

Cupid's got a dart

For your heart

So be smart

Let the little guy, hit a bull's-eye!

Love is bound to win,

So give in,

Lohengrin,

Is a nice tune, shoes 'n' rice tune,

So watch for Mister Cupid,

And he will come your way,

'Cause love, love, love is -- WHERE?

GLEE CLUB:

Where you find it

ALL:

And you'll find it out some day!

(APPLAUSE)

(27:30)

CANTOR:

Next week -- we have as our guests the three Lane sisters -- Rosemary, Priscilla and Lola -- and with them, Gail Page -- the four daughters from the picture "Four Daughters." I'm sure you won't want to miss them. And so -- until the Camel Caravan comes your way again a week from tonight -- please remember --

(27:50)

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)

(CAST OUT FOR BOWS)

(28:30)

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

(28:40)

KING:

(OFF-STAGE MIKE) You'll appreciate a change to Camel Cigarettes! Just smoke six packages, and you'll find in so many ways why Camels are the largest-selling cigarette in America. Camels are a matchless blend of finer, more expensive tobaccos -- Turkish and Domestic. That means more real downright smoking enjoyment -- with a smoothness and mildness that makes Camel the cigarette for steady smoking. Smokers find that Camels are soothing to the nerves. Why not start now to "let up -- light up a Camel!"

Be sure to tune in this same station tomorrow night at nine thirty P.M. Eastern Standard Time, when Benny Goodman, King of Swing, presents as his guest the songbird of the south, Kate Smith!

Walter King speaking. (29:25)

ORCHESTRA: (SWELLS)

(APPLAUSE)

HANLON:

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM. (29:30)