

- EDDIE CANTOR'S CAMEL CARAVAN -

C-B #5

MONDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1938

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

CANTOR	SARA BERNER	P.A. OPERATOR	CUTTING
FIELDS	BREEN	RAPP	MAURICE
KNIGHT	HOLZMAN	SCHUMANN	SPAN
QUILLAN	KING	CARROLL	PRISCILLA LANE
ELINSON	KIRK	IRENE HENNIG	ROSEMARY LANE
TOM HANLON	GORDON	JOS. CHALMERS	LOLA LANE
SCHWEIGER	FAIRCHILD	BUNKY	GALE PAGE
MIKE BLAIR	ESTY -(6)	GLEE CLUB (12)	
CHAS. LUNG	DONOHUE	FILE COPY	

MUSIC ROUTINE

<u>TIMING:</u>	<u>PAGE:</u>	
_____	_____	1. "WHOOPEE" (ORCHESTRA)
_____	_____	2. "LIFT CHASER" (ORCHESTRA)
_____	_____	3. "MY OWN" (BREEN)
_____	_____	4. BAD CHORD (ORCHESTRA)
_____	_____	5. "FANFARE B" (ORCHESTRA)
_____	_____	6. "SIDEWALKS NEW YORK" (FADE)
_____	_____	7. "SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK" (CHASER)
_____	_____	8. "SOMETHING OLD SOMETHING NEW" (ENSEMBLE)
_____	_____	9. "FANFARE C" (ORCHESTRA)
_____	_____	10. "LOHENGRIN" (ORCHESTRA)
_____	_____	11. "WHOOPEE CHASER" (ORCHESTRA)
_____	_____	12. "ONE HOUR" (CANTOR)
		<u>(OVER -- :30)</u>

51458 2912

KING:

Let up -- and light up a Camel!

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

WALTER KING:

(ON CUE) The Camel Caravan, starring Eddie Cantor, and guest-starring the Warner Brothers' "Four Daughters" -- 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)

( :40)

CANTOR: Hello, everybody!...Hello, Walter King.

KING: Well, Eddie -- this time tomorrow we'll be on our way to New York.

CANTOR: That's right...You know, Walter, I like New York... I have so many friends there -- when I sneeze once, I'm good for at least two hundred Gesundheits!..

KING: I hope this time you don't get sick in New York.

CANTOR: My wife is worried, too. She hired some bald-headed doctor to give me a physical examination before I leave -- I've been dodging him all day.

KING: You don't like doctors?

CANTOR: I do - but some are funny. A few weeks ago I took a sick friend of mine to a doctor -- and by mistake the doctor started to examine me...I said, "Doctor -- there's nothing wrong with me." And he said, "Well, sit in the waiting room with my other patients -- maybe you'll catch something!"

KING: This time, Eddie -- if you're careful about what you eat in New York, you won't have to see a doctor.

CANTOR: Listen, a man who eats at the Sherry-Netherland Hotel doesn't have to worry.

KING: That's right -- they have very high class food.

CANTOR: High class? High class?...Why, the jackets on the baked potatoes are double-breasted!...With wide lapels! (KNOCK ON DOOR)

CANTOR: Come in. (DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES)

CANTOR: Oh, it's the doctor.

FIELDS:

Mr. Cantor, I've gotta examine you before you leave town.

CANTOR:

But, doctor, you can't do it now -- I'm on the air...

FIELDS:

I'll do it a little at a time...Go on with your work and I'll watch for an opening.

CANTOR:

Yes, and if you don't find an opening you'll probably make one, huh? (2:30)

FIELDS:

Just let me examine your heart.

CANTOR:

Go ahead.

FIELDS:

Ah!...From this position I can see that your heart is going.

CANTOR:

....And from this position I can see that your hair is gone!...Look at that head!...If you didn't have ears, I'd swear that this was dropped someplace by an ostrich! (2:45)

FIELDS:

Will you please let me examine you.

CANTOR:

All right -- what do you want now?

FIELDS:

Stick out your tongue...Further...A little further...Stick it out a little further ----

CANTOR:

If I stick it out any further, doctor -- I'll be cleaning your hat!

FIELDS:

What a tongue -- roll it up and put it back.

SOUND: WINDOW SHADE

CANTOR:

Well, tell me, doctor -- about my tongue -- was it coated?

FIELDS:

Not exactly.

CANTOR:

Well, was it red?

GORDON:

(OFFSTAGE MIKE) (SINGS) No -- No -- No -- No!

CANTOR:

Beat it, doctor -- it's the Mad Russian!

GORDON:

How do you do!

(3:20)

CANTOR:

Well, Russian -- did you pack for the trip tomorrow?

GORDON:

Me pack? I'll have you know my packing is being done by mine valet, who is assisted by my chauffeur who is assisted by mine butler.

CANTOR:

I'd love to see your butler, your valet, your chauffeur.

GORDON:

You're looking at him!

CANTOR:

I wanna warn you that the railroad only permits you two hundred and fifty pounds -- everything over that is excess baggage...You better get your haircut!

GORDON:

What -- and let three robins go homeless? (3:50)

CANTOR:

You won't get a haircut -- you're too cheap!

GORDON:

You should talk -- I remember when we stopped off at Albuquerque -- you sold blankets to the Indians! Cheapskate!

CANTOR:

Enough of that!..How dare you!..Me -- you call a cheapskate? Eddie Cantor is a cheapskate?

GORDON:

Should'a said miser, huh? (4:10)

CANTOR:

You're the most ignorant --- When we get to New York City this time, pay a little attention.. When I tell you to live at the Park Central -- that doesn't mean live in Central Park!

GORDON:

I was living in the Park? (LAUGHS) That's very funny! Very funny!

CANTOR:

What's very funny?

GORDON:

No wonder there was such a draught!

CANTOR:

What a man -- what a man!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

FIELDS:

Mr. Cantor -- you're in an awful condition!... You look worse than I've ever seen you!...I'll phone for an ambulance!

CANTOR:

Doctor, you're looking at the Mad Russian -- I'm Eddie Cantor.

FIELDS:

What a relief!..I thought you were dead! (4:45)

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

CANTOR: Russian -- you scared my doctor away, and unless you get a haircut, you'll scare the four daughters away.

GORDON: You intrigue me...You fascinate me...What's a haircut?

CANTOR: Go to the barber and ask him for one...At least get an estimate!....Here's five dollars.

GORDON: When I come back from the barber, I want the doorman here to recognize me!

CANTOR: You think he won't know you?

GORDON: Say, when I'm getting a haircut it's like a baboon going a strip tassel...

(APPLAUSE)



FAIRCHILD:

(APPROACHING) Say, Eddie...

CANTOR:

Yes, Fairchild...

FAIRCHILD:

I heard you tell the Russian you're only allowed two hundred and fifty pounds in your trunk. I've got my trunk all packed and it weighs three hundred and fifty.

CANTOR:

Well -- you'll have to take a hundred pounds out of it.

FAIRCHILD:

You mean my wife can't go?

CANTOR:

What! You packed your wife in a trunk?

FAIRCHILD:

Yes, and it would be cruel to take her out of it.

CANTOR:

Cruel -- why?

FAIRCHILD:

My poor kids would be frightened in there all alone!

(6:15)

CANTOR:

Fairchild, will you get up on the stand and join the other card players?

GORDON:

(OFFSTAGE MIKE) Haddie Camphor! Haddie Camphor!

CANTOR:

Russian, you're back so soon?

GORDON:

(EIGHT-BALL) Yes...I went to the barber shop...

CANTOR:

What happened?

GORDON:

They refused me! (6:40)

ORCHESTRA: ("LIFT CHASER")

(APPLAUSE)

CANTOR:

(COLD) Ladies and gentlemen, we have had many requests for the song, "My Own," from the picture "That Certain Age"....and here it is sung by Bobby Breen!

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION) (6:50)

(APPLAUSE AS BOBBY ENTERS)

BOBBY:

My own, let me call you my own,  
Let me make you a part  
Of the song in my heart.  
Alone, I'm just living in vain,  
Ev'rything that I do  
Is depending on you.  
Show me a sign of your longing for me,  
Say you are mine and forever that you will be  
My own....,

GLEE CLUB:

You're a sweetheart (BOLERO EFFECT)

BOBBY:

If there ever was one (BAND LICK)  
If there ever was one  
It's you....(HOLDS OVER GLEE CLUB)

GLEE CLUB:

Show me a sign of your longing for me.

BOBBY:

Say you are mine, and forever that you will be  
My own, Ev'ry dream I have known,  
Has been built of but one desire  
Just to call you.....My Own!

(ORCHESTRA SWELLS) (GLEE CLUB CHORD)

(APPLAUSE)

CANTOR:

That was the popular song-hit, "My Own" --  
sung by Man-Mountain Breen. (9:10)

KING:

When you hear the orchestra hit a discord like this... (BAD CHORD)... don't blame the musicians. It's just their way of demonstrating, musically, that nerves can get out of tune. You see, sometimes they are beautifully in tune. Then again, you know how it is when you have one of those tiring, nerve-wracking days. Then is when your nerves need a rest. There is a truly pleasant way to sidestep nerve strain and tension. Just... let up... light up a Camel; Smoking Camels is a grand way to rest your nerves. And it is a treat for the taste. So ease up ever so often and enjoy a Camel cigarette. Camel pays millions more for finer tobaccos, and smokers find that Camel's costlier tobaccos are soothing to the nerves.

ORCHESTRA: (FANFARE "B") (10:00)

CANTOR:

Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to have you meet four girls who are young, fresh, good looking, talented -- you saw them in Warner Brother's smash hit "Four Daughters"... Here they are -- The four daughters!.. Priscilla Lane, Rosemary Lane, Lola Lane and Gale Page.

(APPLAUSE AS GIRLS ENTER)

CANTOR:

Girls, would you mind identifying yourselves for  
our listening audience?

PRISCILLA:

I'm happy to announce that I'm Priscilla Lane,  
the pretty one. (10:30)

ALL:

Mmmmmmmmm!

ROSEMARY:

I'm Rosemary Lane, the talented one.

LOLA:

I'm Lola Lane, the intelligent one.

CANTOR:

And you?

GALE:

I'm Gale Page -- the mother of Hugh Herbert!

CANTOR:

Congratulations! Girls, it's nice having you here  
tonight. (10:45)

ROSEMARY:

Speaking for my sisters -- this is the first time  
we've gone anywhere without our chaperone.

CANTOR:

How nice and old-fashioned! Who is your chaperone?

ROSEMARY:

Phil Harris!

CANTOR:

Please don't mention Harris on this program. He  
belongs to Jack Benny -- and Jack Benny is not  
connected with this program.

LOLA:

Aren't you sorry?

CANTOR:

Some snappy dialogue! Lola, is that a hat or were  
you bumped some place? (11:10)

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

GORDON:

Is this the Y.W.C.A.?

CANTOR:

No, it isn't.

GORDON:

How can you tell?

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

LOLA:

Eddie, we've been here three pages and you haven't mentioned our picture yet.

CANTOR:

Oh, but everybody knows you girls were marvelous as the "Four Daughters". (11:20)

ALL:

Thanks!

CANTOR:

You girls would be a big hit in any picture -- you're so full of pep.

PRISCILLA:

So are you.

CANTOR:

You girls are so charming.

LOLA:

So are you.

CANTOR:

You girls are so talented.

ROSEMARY:

So are you.

CANTOR:

And above all -- you girls are young...(PAUSE)...  
Well, I don't care -- I still think you're sweet.  
(11:40)

PRISCILLA:

Mr. Cantor, we four are getting tired of being called sweet.

ALL:

That's right.

PRISCILLA:

Sure -- we'd like to be known as "The Dead End Girls!"

CANTOR:

Oh, you must be fooling.

ROSEMARY:

If you think so -- have the orchestra play "Eastside, Westside" -- and we'll show you.

ORCHESTRA: ("EASTSIDE, WESTSIDE"....FADE INTO)

SOUND: POLICE SIREN...(THE BIG ONE, AL) (12:00)

LOLA:

Hey, Spike, look. Look at the patrol wagon.

PRISCILLA:

Why should I? What's so unusual about the patrol wagon?

LOLA:

Your old man ain't in it!



PRISCILLA:

Sure he is. That's him in the front. The cops know him so well now, they let him sit with the driver!

ROSEMARY:

What are they sendin' him up for dis time?

PRISCILLA:

He gave me old lady the hotfoot.

ROSEMARY:

Is that all? How can they send the guy to the jug just for givin' her the hotfoot?

PRISCILLA:

He gave it to her with a stick of dynamite!

GALE:

Hello, girls.

PRISCILLA, ROSEMARY AND LOLA:

Hiya, Squirt.

GALE:

Get a load of this new outfit I'm wearing....Lamp dese duds.

(12:40)

LOLA:

Say, that's a snappy lookin' dress. Did you swipe it?

GALE:

Of course I didn't swipe it...I'm no crook...I paid a buck and a half for it.

ROSEMARY:

Where'd you get a buck and a half?

GALE:

I swiped it!

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

(CANTOR WHISTLES SONG OFF-MIKE)

PRISCILLA:

Look, girls -- here comes that fancy guy from the other side of the railroad tracks.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS AND WHISTLE LOUDER

LOLA:

Hiya, beautiful...How about a little kiss?

CANTOR:

Keep away from me, you fresh thing! (13:10)

PRISCILLA:

Don't be afraid, Junior. One little kiss ain't gonna hurt you. Come on -- give.

CANTOR:

No, I won't do it. And you wouldn't bother me if my big brother was here.

ROSEMARY:

Listen, punk. If your big brother was here we wouldn't be wasting our time with you!

LOLA:

Go ahead, Spike....hurry up and kiss him before the cops catch us.

PRISCILLA:

Okay...Look, Popeye,

CANTOR:

Popeye?

PRISCILLA:

I got a gun here, see? And you better give me a kiss if you know what's good for me. Come on.

(SOUND OF KISS)

CANTOR:

(YELLING) Help, Mama!

(SOUND OF KISS)

CANTOR:

Mama! -- oh!

(SOUND OF KISS)

CANTOR:

(SOFTER) Mama -- oh!

(SOUND OF KISS)

CANTOR:

(WEAKLY) Oh, Ma-ma!

(13:45)

LOLA:

Run along home, Junior -- and when you get there,  
you better have your mama sew up those holes in  
your pants.

CANTOR:

I haven't got any holes in my pants.

SOUND: SEVERAL PISTOL SHOTS

LOLA:

You have now!

ORCHESTRA:

"EASTSIDE"

(APPLAUSE)

CANTOR:

Say, that wasn't bad!

GORDON:

Bad -- that was mediocre toward well done!

CANTOR: Girls -- meet the Mad Russian.

GORDON: How do you do!

CANTOR: Did you see the girls in "Four Daughters"?

GORDON: I did, but how I cried when I went to see your picture.

LOLA: What part made you cry?

GORDON: The part where I lost at Bingo!

CANTOR: What! You compare these girls with Bingo?

GORDON: You think they're not good numbers?

CANTOR: Russian, you have a nerve! You're talking to four cultured ladies -- very sensitive. Approach them with a gentility that bespeaks good breeding...Do I make myself clear?

GORDON: Of course. Which one of you dames wants to get married?

CANTOR:

You fool -- you have no right to embarrass these girls with a statement like that.

GORDON:

Quiet, you....I think I'll choose the tall one.

CANTOR:

That's Lola Lane.

GORDON:

Lola, I demand that you let me support you for the rest of your life -- and I'll take No for an answer!

LOLA:

Russian, I have no longing for you.

GORDON:

Haddie Camphor, that tall one don't want me.

CANTOR:

Well, you know what they say -- it's a long Lane that has no yearning! (15:45)

GORDON:

That's very funny -- that's very funny!

CANTOR:

Why do you keep saying that? What's very funny?

GORDON:

I don't know -- my next page is missing!

CANTOR:

Well, grab one -- any page. (GALE PAGE SCREAMS)  
Wait a minute, Russian, why are you grabbing Gale?

GORDON:

Can I get a better Page than this?

CANTOR:

Russian, leave her alone!

GORDON:

Sure, I will. There's only one girl for me --  
that's that long Lola.

LOLA:

But, my dear boy, you can't have me!

GORDON:

Then it's the end...I'm through with everything --.  
Goodbye.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

SOUND: TWO PISTOL SHOTS

GIRLS: (SCREAM):

LOLA:

Russian, what did you do? (16:35)

GORDON:

What did I do? I killed myself!

CANTOR:

Oh, get out! Girls, so far you've met everybody on  
this program except Walter King...Walter -- meet  
the Lane Sisters, and Gale Page.

GALE:

How do you do...Did anyone ever tell you you're  
handsome?

KING:

It isn't necessary -- I have a mirror! (16:55)

PRISCILLA:

Gee, you must love yourself.

KING:

To be perfectly candid I've never met anyone for whom I've cared more!

ROSEMARY:

Listen to Robert Taylor!

KING:

Oh, yeah? Well...

(RECITES) You can have your Robert Taylor,  
And Clark Gable, too.  
But there's only one great lover --

GORDON:

(OFFSTAGE MIKE) HOW DO YOU DO! (17:20)

CANTOR:

That Russian again!

PRISCILLA:

I think he's very amusing!

ROSEMARY:

We've had a lot of fun here tonight and we want to thank you before we go.

CANTOR:

Now look, girls -- all four of you are really products of radio, each having been a singer on the air before becoming a star in pictures. So before you go I'm going to ask you to join me tonight in presenting (17:40)

Something old, something new,  
Something borrowed and something blue

GLEE CLUB: That's what Eddie Cantor brings to you --  
first something old!



CANTOR:

How you gonna keep 'em down on the farm  
After they've seen Paree --  
How ya gonna keep 'em 'way from Broadway  
Jazzin' around, paintin' the town,  
How ya gonna keep 'em away from harm, that's  
a mystery,  
Imagine Reuben when he meets his Pa,  
He'll kiss his cheek and holler "Oo-la-la!"  
How ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm  
After they've seen Paree!

LANE SISTER: (RECITATIVE)

That was something old -- now -- how's about  
something new?

CANTOR: Priscilla, Rosemary, Lola -- that assignment  
goes to you!

TRIO: You're like the rose that blushes in tender  
So sweet, simple and sweet. /repose  
You're in each tune the nightingale sings  
to the moon,  
So sweet, simple and sweet. CANTOR: All right,  
Gale!

GALE: If you should go, my castles would tumble  
I know,  
My heart would start missing a beat. CANTOR:  
The Four Daughters!

TRIO: You're all I love, my angel my heaven above,  
& GALE: Complete, simple and sweet!

PRISCILLA: We've had something old,

ROSEMARY: We've had something new,

LOLA: Now what about something borrowed?

CANTOR: We've got that, too! Listen!

(SINGS) Ev'ry little breeze seems to whisper  
Louise,  
Birds in the trees start to twitter  
Louise,  
Each little rose tells me it knows I  
love you, Louise!

GLEE CLUB: Something old, something new,  
Something borrowed and now, something blue...

CANTOR: They heard the breeze in the trees  
Singing weird melodies  
And they made that the start of the blues.  
And from a jail came the wail  
Of a down-hearted frail  
And they played that as part of the blues.  
TRIO: From the whip-poor-will out on the hill  
They took a new note.  
Pushed it through a horn, till it was worn  
Into a blue note.  
ALL: And then they nursed it, rehearsed it,  
And passed out the news that the southland  
Gave Birth to the Blues!

(BAND UP) (APPLAUSE)

(22:00)

CANTOR:

-30-

Thank you, Priscilla, Rosemary and Lola Lane -- and  
thank you, Gale Page. Oh, Walter --

KING:

Yes, Eddie?

CANTOR:

I know you didn't like saying those silly lines to  
the girls -- make up for it now by saying something  
sensible.

KING:

Thanks. Have you ever caught yourself rushing along,  
when there really wasn't any need for hurry at all?  
That's just one of the things people do when their  
nerves are tense, and there are lots of other signs of  
strain that you can recognize yourself. Learn to ease  
the strain on your nerves, and you've learned  
something mighty important in living! Letting up and  
lighting up a Camel cigarette is one good way of  
soothing the nerves, according to many men and women  
in widely different occupations. Listen to  
John K. Speer, a salesman. He says:

MIKE BLAIR: These days a salesman works under plenty of strain.  
As often as I can, I let up and light up a Camel.  
I agree with other smokers who say Camels are soothing  
to the nerves.

KING: And here is the statement of Miss Audrey Covert,  
x-ray technician:

SARA BERNER: Operating an x-ray machine calls for steady nerves.  
My way of avoiding nervous tension is to ease off  
with a Camel cigarette.

KING: D. L. Wells, a carpenter, says:

CHAS. LUND: That "let up, light up a Camel" idea really worked  
out fine with me. No question about it -- Camels  
are soothing to my nerves.

KING: Camels are a matchless blend of finer, more  
expensive tobaccos -- Turkish and Domestic.  
Smokers find that these costlier tobaccos in Camel  
cigarettes are soothing to the nerves.

(ORCHESTRA: FANFARE C)

CANTOR:

My friends, again we bring you an interview with a prospective bride and groom -- the girl, nice, plump Irene Hennig...And the boy, tall and slender Joseph Chalmers....Here they are.

ORCHESTRA: ("LOHENGRIN")

(ENTER)

(APPLAUSE)

...Well, Joe -- are you ready to be a bridegroom?

JOE:

Yes, -- I guess so.

CANTOR:

And how about you, Irene -- are you ready to be a bride?

IRENE:

Mr. Cantor -- (LAUGHS) I've been ready for fifteen years.

CANTOR:

How long have you and Joe been going together?

IRENE:

It'll be five years in December. But we couldn't get married because Joe played the horses too much.

CANTOR:

Really?

(24:05)

JOE:

I'm off that stuff now -- my limit now is just a Sweepstakes Ticket.

IRENE:

And he always loses on that, too.

CANTOR:

There's only one way of being a sure winner on a Sweepstakes. You've gotta be a Janitor -- they never lose!....Isn't that right?

(APPLAUSE)

CANTOR:

So Joe's through gambling, huh? (24:20)

IRENE:

Yep. When Joe proposed he went down on his knees and promised he'd never gamble.

CANTOR:

I hope he means it. If I know men -- he'll gamble again.

JOE:

Yeah? What'll you bet?

CANTOR: See....Anyway, tell me -- was it a romantic proposal?

IRENE:  
It sure was.

CANTOR:  
Did he put his arm around you?

IRENE:  
Well, he did the best he could!

CANTOR:  
I see what you mean. You are a little -- shall I say stout?

IRENE:  
You can say Fat, and still be right!

JOE:  
She's just plump....You know why?

IRENE:  
Because I eat what's right.

CANTOR:  
I guess, Joe -- you must eat what's left! Irene, did I understand you to say before that you were reducing? (25:05)

IRENE:  
For over three weeks now I've been going dancing every night.

CANTOR:  
How did you make out?

IRENE:  
Joe lost eleven pounds! (LAUGHS)

CANTOR: Irene, I love to hear you laugh. Honestly, when you laugh -- you enjoy yourself all over!.....If I'm not too personal -- are you a working girl?

IRENE: Yes, sir -- I work at Simon's Restaurant on Western Avenue.

JOE: That's where I met her, Mr. Cantor --- I used to eat there.

CANTOR: So that's where your romance began.

IRENE: That's right. After Joe had been in there a few times he started to scribble notes to me on the menu. (25:40)

CANTOR: Notes on the menu? How romantic!....I can imagine how they read: "Darling, you're beautiful tonight -- meatballs with gravy, thirty-five cents...I'll always love you, sweetheart -- with a choice of two vegetables!" Tell me, Irene -- even if Joe hadn't written the notes, wouldn't you have known he was falling in love with you?



IRENE:  
Yes, I could tell by the way he was eating. At first, he used to have big dinners, but gradually he seemed to lose his appetite. When he stopped eating altogether and just came in to leave a tip -- I knew I had him!

CANTOR:  
You know, Irene -- this business of tipping in restaurants interests me very much...I notice you waitresses thank the customers according to what kind of tips they leave. You know what I mean?

IRENE:  
Not exactly.

CANTOR:  
Well, for instance in the Brown Derby, if a fellow leaves a half-dollar tip the waitress says, "Oh, thank you very much, sir." If he leaves a quarter, she says, "Thank you."....And if he leaves a nickel, she just says, "Good night, Mr. Benny!" Joseph, I meant to ask -- what do you do for a living?

JOE:  
I drive a taxicab. (26:45)

CANTOR:  
You know, -- I could say "When did you first run into Irene?"....But I won't!

JOE:  
I never ran into her -- or anyone else.

IRENE:

That's right, Mr. Cantor -- Joe has never had an accident.

CANTOR:

It's hard to believe.

JOE:

Well, it's the truth....In eleven years I never got a ticket, and never had an accident.

CANTOR:

To what do you attribute this good record?

JOE:

I always drive -- figuring the other guy is gonna make a mistake! (27:15)

CANTOR:

Good...Tell me, what do you think is the cause of most accidents?

JOE:

People being in a hurry to get someplace where they won't do nothing when they get there! (27:25)

CANTOR:

Irene, we make it a point on this program each week, to hand the bride and groom a little wedding gift of a hundred dollars. Here's your check.

IRENE:

Thank you.

CANTOR:

And Joe -- here's an extra hundred dollars for you -- for being such a careful driver. Fellows like you should be rewarded. (27:45)

JOE:

Thanks a lot, Mr. Cantor. Do you drive a car?

CANTOR:

Why, er -- yes.

JOE:

What is the license number?

CANTOR:

I think it's SW4372....Why do you ask?

JOE:

Well, after tonight I certainly wouldn't wanna run into you!

CANTOR:

Good night, folks.

IRENE AND JOE:

Good night, Mr. Cantor!

ORCHESTRA:

("WHOOPEE CHASER")

(28:15)

CANTOR:

Next week, friends, we broadcast from New York, and  
our guest will be the celebrated opera star,  
Giovanni Martinelli. Who meets the Mad Russian --  
no holds barred! Until next week remember -- (28:30)

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)

(CAST OUT FOR BOWS)

ORCHESTRA: (REPRISE...."ONE HOUR"....FADE ON CUE) (29:20)

KING:

(OFF-STAGE MIKE)

For more cigarette enjoyment -- change to Camels!  
Smoke six packages...and you'll appreciate why  
Camels are the largest-selling cigarette in the  
world. They have a mildness that smokers say is  
far better for steady smoking....a rich, mellow  
taste that makes every Camel a real treat. Camels  
never wear out their welcome. And smokers find  
that Camel's costlier tobaccos are soothing to the  
nerves.

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  
star Rubinoff and his violin!

Walter King speaking.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELLS)

(APPLAUSE)

HANLON:

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM. (30:00)