

**RADIO**  
**WILLIAM ESTY AND COMPANY**  
INCORPORATED

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

EDDIE CANTOR'S CAMEL CARAVAN - PROGRAM NO. 32

4:30-5:00 P.M.

MONDAY, JANUARY 30, 1939 - 7:30-8:00 P.M.

**PARKS:** Let up and light up a Camel!  
(TYMPANI)

**GLEE CLUB:** Let up -- and light up 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)

**PARKS:** The Camel Caravan, starring Eddie Cantor and guest-starring Earl Carroll! -- This half-hour of entertainment 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 -- Mister EDDIE CANTOR!

**ORCHESTRA:** (SWELLS AS CANTOR ENTERS)

(APPLAUSE)

CANTOR: Hello, everybody...Hello, Bert Parks...How's the announcer from Atlanta, Georgia?

PARKS: Greetings, O employer of mine!..What light through yonder, window breaks? --

CANTOR: Do I smell hamaround here? Are you still bringing home the wood mother?

PARKS: Mr. Cantor, you forget that I've been attending dramatic school!

CANTOR: Are you making any progress?

PARKS: You betcha! Only yesterday my teacher told me it would be all right with him if I worked in your next picture.

CANTOR: Oh, it'll be all right with him!.. I haven't anything to say about it -- why did he pick out my picture for you to work in?

PARKS: He wants me to start at the bottom!

(1:40)

CANTOR: Nice teacher you got -- that must be a fine school!

PARKS: It sure is, Mr. Cantor -- yesterday they had Miss Carole Lombard down there as a guest teacher.

CANTOR: Really?

PARKS: Yes, sir -- and do you know -- I was so bad in the love scene with her that she kept me in during lunch hour!

CANTOR: Tell me, Bert -- what happened?

PARKS: Well, she gave me some pointers on the love scene, and then after a while she looked at me and said: "You know, Bert Parks, I could go for you!"

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CANTOR: (SURPRISED) Carole Lombard said she could go for you?  
PARKS: (NAIVELY) Yeh, so I sent her down for an egg sandwich. (2:25)  
CANTOR: A chance to be alone with Carole Lombard -- Bert! An opportunity like that comes once in a lifetime!  
PARKS: Oh, no -- she kept me in again in the afternoon. That's when she showed me that new game.  
CANTOR: What new game?  
PARKS: Well, she had a box of candy -- and she'd hold a piece of it between her lips, and I was supposed to bite off half.  
CANTOR: Oh, a new game -- how did you like it?  
PARKS: That was the best fudge I ever tasted!  
CANTOR: Bert -- Didn't your mother ever tell you anything? Don't you know anything about love?  
PARKS: Now that you mention it, Mr. Cantor, there is something that's been bothering me for a long time.  
CANTOR: Aha! What is it, Bert?  
PARKS: Well, every once in awhile when I go out with a pretty girl, all of a sudden she grabs me, and holds me in her arms, and kisses me -- and I was wondering --  
CANTOR: (INTERESTED) Yes??  
PARKS: (REFLECTIVELY) Where does it get you?

(3:15)

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CANTOR: Forget love! Have you learned anything in your school of the drama?

PARKS: Oh, yes sir! I've got a part in a play, but there's one line in it that I keep getting wrong. Here it is right in this script.

CANTOR: Let's see it -- why that's simple, Bert. You turn to your wife and say, "You're always nagging at me!" Then you sneer -- now go ahead and try it.

PARKS: (HAMMY) You're always nagging at me! (LOUD SNORE)

CANTOR: Sneer, not snore!

PARKS: Oh, that's what I was doing wrong! Mr. Cantor, I was wondering, would you do me a favor and rehearse this thing with me? It's my homework. Will you be my wife.

CANTOR: Couldn't say that to my daughter Marilyn, huh?...All right if it'll help you in your studies I'll gladly do it...Let's see that script -- as the scene opens, Mary, the wife, is seated in the parlor knitting. All right -- a little home music, Fairchild!

ORCHESTRA: (A FEW BARS OF "HOME SWEET HOME" AND FADE OUT)

CANTOR: (WOMAN) Knit one, purl one, cross stitch, cross patch, <sup>drop stitch</sup> drop dead!

(WORRIED) Oh, I wonder where John is?

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS) (4:55)

CANTOR: (WEEPY) Where were you until this hour?

PARKS: I'm sorry I was late, dear, but I have to think of my work -- it's no cinch running that steam -shovel.

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CANTOR: (FRANTICALLY) Steam-shovel! Steam-shovel!! All you think of is that huge mechanical monster of yours!

PARKS: That's not true, darling. I love you, but I've gotta keep my mind on my digging...

(5:00)

CANTOR: You think more of that steam shovel than you do of me. Last night you woke up out of a sound sleep -- you scooped me up in your arms and yelled, "Hey, Butch, back up that truck!" (TEARFULLY) Now you don't love me any more! Oh, I know my shape isn't what it used to be! I guess I have gotten a little broadshouldered around the hips! But when a woman gives a man some of the best years of her life -- the least he can do is remain faithful when time takes its toll!

(5:20)

PARKS: Stop nagging at me, will you? (SNORES)

CANTOR: It's sneer -- not snore. Oh, why do we have to fight? Today -- today of all days!

PARKS: What do you mean, dear?

CANTOR: (WEEPY) Of course you wouldn't notice anything different about me today. Don't you remember what I was doing when you walked in?? I was knitting!!

PARKS: Knitting?? Knitting what?

CANTOR: (COYLY) Little sweaters...

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**PARKS:** (ALL TENDERNESS) Why, darling, why didn't you tell me? Come here and sit down! Do you feel all right? Do you want some water? Ice cream or something? How about some strawberries, they're out of season now?

**CANTOR:** No, no, I'm all right, darling.

**PARKS:** Gee! Knitting little sweaters! Darling -- does that mean --??

**CANTOR:** Yes -- our police dog is expecting rookies!

(APPLAUSE)

**PARKS:** Well, how was I, Mr. Cantor?

**CANTOR:** Pretty good, Bert, but you have to have more experience to do love scenes.

**SOUND:** (PHONE RINGS) (6:25)

**PARKS:** I'll take it. (RECEIVER) Hello -- oh. Miss Lombard! You just heard me play the love scene. You think you can help me brush up a little on the scene? Well, no I couldn't, Miss Lombard -- not tonight --

**CANTOR:** Imagine, she has to beg him!

**PARKS:** Oh, I couldn't, Miss Lombard, really I couldn't...

**CANTOR:** What does she want, maybe I could!

**PARKS:** What? You've got a new game? Anything like the other one? Oh, the same thing only you do it without the fudge -- what fun is that??

Goodbye, teacher.

(HANGS UP)

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WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

CANTOR: One thing I'll never understand -- how your acting impressed a girl like Miss Lombard.

PARKS: It wasn't my acting, Mr. Cantor -- I happened to sing for her.

CANTOR: Ohh...What did you sing?

PARKS: "Sweet Little Headache."

CANTOR: It's a little corny, ladies and gentlemen -- but we had to get into the number somehow

ORCHESTRA: ("HEADACHE" INTRODUCTION) (7:15)

(PARKS & BAND: "YOU'RE A SWEET LITTLE HEADACHE")

(APPLAUSE) (8:50)

CANTOR: Very cute...You know, Bert -- if you could act like you could sing -- I'd be working for you!..Then you'd be the comedian here, and I'd be at the dramatic school taking lessons from Carole Lombard.

(GLEE CLUB LAUGHS)

CANTOR: ...Don't laugh -- at my age, it doesn't hurt to dream!..I promised you, Bert, last week -- that I was gonna take you to the Earl Carroll Theatre-Restaurant -- it's only across the street from here, so I'll run over and pay for the reservations. And you join me there as soon as you finish doing your stuff.

PARKS: What stuff?

CANTOR: The stuff that's making it possible for me to pay for the reservations!

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PARKS: Let up and light up a Camell!

CANTOR: That's the stuff!

(9:30)

PARKS: Famous athletes -- housewives -- explorers and office workers -- people just like yourself -- have found this simple, pleasant practice can make a big difference. Rosemary Carver, who has competed in more than three hundred fencing matches, says:

WOMAN'S VOICE: I can't take chances with tense, jittery nerves -- not in fencing. I do what so many other fencers do to avoid nerve strain. I rest my nerves often throughout the day. I find Camels are very soothing to my nerves.

PARKS: Charles A. Nelson is an inspector of steel work on buildings at the New York World's Fair. Nothing like fencing, but he's found, too, that it pays to avoid nerve strain. He says:

MAN'S VOICE: (OLDER, DEEP VOICE) On a busy, nerve-straining day when I've been clinging to girders several hundred feet above the ground, Camels sure bring me real comfort. I make it a regular thing to "let up and light up a Camel." Camels are really soothing to my nerves.

PARKS: Rosemary Carver and Charles A. Nelson are just two out of millions of smokers who make a regular practice of letting up and lighting up a Camel. Certainly there's something in it for you other smokers, too -- something mighty comforting for any smoker's nerves -- something mighty swell in smoking. So let up and light up a Camell!

(SHORT FANFARE)

(11:00)

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

ORCHESTRA:



HANLON:

Ladies and gentlemen, I take you now by remote control to Earl Carroll's Theatre-Restaurant in Hollywood.

BUSINESS:

(TINKLING GLASSES, ECHO, VOICES) (11:10)

HEADWAITER:

(CALLING) Table for Darryl Zanuck and party of twenty.

ORCHESTRA:

(WORLD EVENTS FANFARE)

HEADWAITER:

Table for Miss Jeanette MacDonald and party of thirty-five!

ORCHESTRA:

("SWEETHEART" FANFARE)

HEADWAITER:

Table for Mr. Eddie Cantor and party of one!

ORCHESTRA:

(TRUMPET FANFARE)

SOUND:

BIRD

CANTOR:

I don't like to complain but one of those trumpeters has a cold.

HEADWAITER:

Here's your table, Mr. Cantor.

CANTOR:

Thank you, Maurice! Will you get a waiter please? (11:40)

PARKS:

(APPROACHING) Well, Mr. Cantor -- I finally got here -- Gosh, look at all the celebrities -- there's Claudette Colbert --

CANTOR:

Yes, Bert -- And over there is Spencer Tracy -- (Lose :55)

PARKS:

And Jimmy Cagney, John Garfield, Myrna Loy -- (11:25)

CANTOR:

You see, Bert -- Only the nicest people in town come here.

GUFFY:

Oh -- the nicest people come here -- I should be thrown out!

CANTOR:

Mister Guffy! (APPLAUSE) ...Listen, Guffy, I didn't say you should be thrown out. (11:40)

Oh, I said it! Now I'm a ventriloquist!

RADIO

GUFFY:  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

CANTOR: No -- you're not a ventriloquist.

GUFFY: I see -- I'm just a dummy.

PARKS: No -- look -- Mr. Cantor was just saying that only the nicest people --

GUFFY: You keep out of this, fudge-face!

CANTOR: Leave Bert Parks alone, Guffy!..He's not a fudge-face -- he's a pretty swell actor. (12:05)

GUFFY: He's a swell actor -- I can't act at all -- I suppose I spent twelve years on the legitimate stage and fourteen years in stock for nothing -- huh?

CANTOR: No you didn't -- that experience is valuable. You must be a great actor --

GUFFY: Then why was I thrown off Major Bowes Program?

CANTOR: Oh! If I could only --

GUFFY: Go on -- go on -- say it! I know what you're thinking...I know what you're thinking.

CANTOR: Well, why don't you go there?

GUFFY: Sure -- I should go back to New York!

CANTOR: Go back to New York -- go to Philadelphia -- Boston, Pittsburgh, Washington.

GUFFY: Oh you won't ever mention Minneapolis, huh? (12:45)

CANTOR: What kind of a man are you, Guffy? I don't see how anybody could be around you and live!

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WOMAN: Oh, I'm not living, huh? -- my husband married an Egyptian  
mummy!

CANTOR: Wait a minute!...Who is this woman?

GUFFY: A woman? You wouldn't call her a lady!...This happens to  
be my wife.

CANTOR: Oh! She's your wife?...I'm sorry.

GUFFY: You're sorry...I suppose I'm glad, huh? (18:10)

CANTOR: Guffy -- you shouldn't complain. You're no Clark Gable.

WOMAN: Look who's talking -- an owl in a blue serge suit!

CANTOR: How do you like that? ... Two Guffys on my hands now!

GUFFY: Oh! Go on -- it's on the tip of your tongue....Say it! My wife  
is a blabmouth Goon!

CANTOR: No, Guffy, I wouldn't say that...she's all right. Your wife  
is one in a thousand.

GUFFY: Now I'm King Solomon.

CANTOR: You're nothing like King Solomon!

GUFFY: Oh! I'm not wise...I'm a dope!

CANTOR: You aren't a dope...You're smart!

WOMAN: Then why did he marry me? (18:45)

CANTOR: He married you because he loved you and you loved him.

FIELDS: Oh, we're getting divorced tomorrow, 'cause I put my hair up  
in crimpers.

CANTOR: Listen, Guffy, Believe me -- The arguments you two people have  
are probably over nothing.

RADIO  
CANTOR: WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

KID: Oh! So I'm nothing, huh?

CANTOR: A junior Guffy!...Three of 'em!...How did I ever get mixed up with this gang?

WOMAN: That's right -- you're too good to mix with us, you're a big shot! My husband only mixes with lowbrows, huh?

CANTOR: No, lady! .... Mr. Guffy moves in the best of circles.

KID: Fine!.. Now he's got my old man walking in circles!

(14:15)

CANTOR: What kind of a kid is that?

GUFFY: You're wondering too, huh?

KID: Go on!...Say it!....Say it!...I know what you're thinking... The stork didn't even bring me -- they got me from Sears Roebuck!

CANTOR: No!

WOMAN: Montgomery Ward, huh?

CANTOR: No!...No!..

GUFFY: Oh! My kid ain't even good enough to be listed in their catalogue, huh?

CANTOR: Stop this, Guffy! -- or I'll send for the head waiter and have you ejected.

KID: Don't you holler at my ole man just because he's a moron.

CANTOR: You shouldn't say your father is a moron. He is perfectly normal.

RADIO

WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

GUFFY: Go on...Teach my kid to tell lies...My wife ain't expert  
enough at it. (15:05)

WOMAN: So you got to bring me in it, -- you bald-headed eagle.

CANTOR: You see, Guffy -- you're bringing this child up wrong. Arguing  
in front of him -- he should be around young people --  
little boys, little girls -- like --

KID: Like your daughter Janet.

CANTOR: Yes -- like my daughter Janet.

GUFFY: How do you like this, Cantor!...Now he wants my baby for a son-in-law!

CANTOR: No, I don't want him!...Besides, he's too young to be my son-in-law!  
(15:50)

GUFFY: And I'm too old, huh?

CANTOR: You can't be my son-in-law -- you're married to that woman --  
and this is your son.

GUFFY: Go ahead -- rub it in!

CANTOR: Look, Guffy, I'm very sorry if you're not satisfied with your wife.

GUFFY: Go on, tell everybody that she's a hatchet face -- that it makes  
a person sick to kiss her!

CANTOR: That's not true -- she's a charming woman...kissing your wife  
is a pleasure.

GUFFY: Ohhhh -- now it comes out!...Get me a lawyer.

WOMAN: RADIO Get me a lawyer!

KID: WILLIAM ESTY Get us a lawyer!  
AND COMPANY (APPLAUSE)

(GUFFY FAMILY EXIT). (16:10)

PAKES: Gee, Mr. Cantor, listen to that applause.

CANTOR: That's for Susan Miller. Isn't she pretty? Look at your program, Bert -- she's going to sing a medley of the songs made famous in Earl Carroll's shows. (16:20)

(SUSAN MILLER & ORCHESTRA - MEDLEY)

(APPLAUSE) (18:20)

CANTOR: Wasn't she lovely, Bert...

PAKES: Sure was!

CANTOR: And now if the waiter will only bring my tea and your Orange juice --

PAKES: Here's the waiter now!

CANTOR: Waiter?...Oh, for heaven's sakes -- it's Earl Carroll!

(APPLAUSE)

CARROLL: Hello, Eddie.

CANTOR: Hello, Earl -- shake hands with Bert Parks.

PAKES: Mr. Carroll, I've heard all about you from Mr. Cantor. Tell me -- How do you choose your beautiful show girls. (18:45)

CARROLL: Well -- Sometimes I pick a girl just because she has a shapely ankle.

CANTOR: They've gotta have ankles?

CARROLL: Why, of course!

CANTOR: Well, I'll see you later, Earl.

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

CARROLL:

Where are you going?

CANTOR:

Home...and if Ida has no ankles -- I'm going to New York and get back my two dollars for the license -- I've been gypped!...

Earl -- no feeling -- you should be proud of this beautiful place -- you are a real Hollywood success.

CARROLL:

Yes -- a typical Hollywood success. I owe a million dollars!

CANTOR:

Stop kidding, Earl -- why you've got better than a million dollar proposition in this place...Tell me, -- what made you pick this location?

CARROLL:

Well, frankly -- I figured that with you broadcasting right across the street, people must come over here for their entertainment!

(19:25)

CANTOR:

With these girls I don't blame 'em.

CARROLL:

Do you realize that I had to audition five thousand girls in order to find a hundred?

CANTOR:

You turned down forty-nine hundred girls?...You're a brave man.

CARROLL:

Eddie, do you know how a man feels to say "No" to forty-nine hundred girls?

CANTOR:

No -- but I know how it feels for forty-nine hundred girls to say "No" to one man!

PARKS:

Mr. Carroll, how did the forty-nine hundred girls you turned down act toward you?

CARROLL:

Young man -- I didn't lose this hair from taking cold showers!..

What a life -- girls, girls, girls --

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

CANTOR: Remember, Earl -- you've made girls famous and girls have made you famous...Say, without girls you'd have starved to death.

CARROLL: Eddie -- that's the story of your life!

PAKES: 'Scuse me for buttin' in like this -- Mr. Carroll -- but as a beauty connoisseur, don't you think girls use too much make-up?

(20:15)

CARROLL: Yes, but a girl should do everything possible to beautify herself...Lip rouge, powder, mascara --

CANTOR: I find girls use too much mascara around here...The other day two girls started out for a stroll, full of mascara -- it rained and in five minutes -- phfft -- Amos 'n Andy!

PAKES: Mr. Cantor, you're sure exaggeratin'.

CARROLL: That's right...I have no objections to girls using make-up -- but why do they stop prettying up after they get married?

CANTOR: Why? Who plays a slot machine after you hit the Jackpot?... Tell me one thing -- have any of your showgirls been successfully married?

CARROLL: Oh, yes -- one of them has been married eight times!

CANTOR: Eight times?

CARROLL: Yes...She's got a charge account at the City Hall!

(21:10)

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY



CANTON:

I'll bet she must be a beauty!

PAKES:

Mr. Carroll ...What could you consider your ideal girl?

CARROLL:

Give me the hair of Virginia Bruce -- the eyes of Carole Lombard -- give me the nose of Olivia De Havilland -- give me the legs of Dietrich -- and you have my ideal girl.

CANTON:

I have an ideal girl, too...Give me the lips of Hedy Lamarr --

CARROLL:

Yes....go on.

CANTON:

That's all -- just give me the lips of Hedy Lamarr!...With all the kidding though, Earl -- I'd like to ask you for one message for our listeners -- or at least your definition -- of real beauty.

CARROLL:

Well, Eddie -- real beauty can't be bought in a drug store....The make-up of a truly beautiful woman is character -- a charming manner -- and consideration for others. Many a girl who spends two hours a day with an eyebrow pencil, can't find time to write home...A real beauty is a girl whose polish begins where her fingernails end.

(22:15)

(APPLAUSE)

CANTON:

Nice philosophy, Earl.

WAITER:

Oh, Mr. Carroll --

CARROLL:

Yes, Maurice --

WAITER:

Mr. Fred Astaire would like to see you about his dinner.

CARROLL: RADIO

Excuse me, Eddie...I've got to go back to the kitchen.

CANTON: WILLIAM ESTY

You cook too?

AND COMPANY

CARROLL: Yes -- and I'm whipping up something special for Fred (SPANISH)  
CANTOR: What?  
CARROLL: (SPANISH)  
CANTOR: What's that?  
CARROLL: Boiled beef.  
(CARROLL EXITS...APPLAUSE)  
CANTOR: Just a moment, Maurice -- who are those distinguished people  
in that big party?  
WAITER: They're all members of the European nobility -- guests of the  
Grand Duke. That's the duke coming over here now.  
CANTOR: Grand Duke, nothing -- it's the Mad Russian!  
GORDON: How do you do!  
(APPLAUSE) (23:05)  
CANTOR: Russian, you a Grand Duke!...quit pretending -- you look more  
like a waiter!  
GORDON: What are you talking? I look high class in mine evening clothes.  
CANTOR: Evening clothes? You've got on a flannel shirt.  
GORDON: A nightgown isn't evening clothes? (23:25)  
CANTOR: Russian, I'm amazed -- you're wearing a nightgown under a full  
dress suit.  
GORDON: Should be on top, eh?  
CANTOR: No! What you are doing in a swell place like this, I'll never  
know.

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

WAITER: Mr. Russian, did I hear you say you wanted your check?  
GORDON: No, I'm not ready.  
WAITER: Very well, sir...Then shall I serve some more champagne?  
GORDON: Have I been drinking champagne?  
WAITER: All evening.  
GORDON: It's expensive?  
WAITER: Thirteen dollars a bottle.  
GORDON: Thirteen dollars? You get anything back on the bottle?  
CANTOR: You get nothing back on champagne bottles.  
GORDON: Too late to switch to Coca Cola, eh? (24:15)  
CANTOR: Russian .... You don't belong here, in one of the largest dining rooms in the world.  
GORDON: This is large?...Back in the days of Imperial Russia, we really had a dining room -- it seated three thousand people!  
CANTOR: Three thousand?  
GORDON: Yes -- I was eating there three times a day for years.  
CANTOR: Why did you stop?  
GORDON: I got mine parole!...Well, I guess I'll be getting back with mine party.  
WAITER: I'm sorry, sir -- but your party has left...And here's your check -- forty-one seventy-three.

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

GORDON: Forty-one dollars and seventy-three cents? This is terrible --  
this is outrageous -- (24:55)

WAITER: What's wrong?

GORDON: I haven't got the cash!

WAITER: That's all right, sir -- just sign the check...Your name is  
good here.

GORDON: This is the finish...I'm going -- and I'm never coming back again.

CANTOR: Why do you say that, Russian -- the waiter said your name was  
good here.

GORDON: That's it -- if mine name is good here, this must be a dump!  
(25:20)

(EXIT)

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: "HALLELUJAH" (FADE ON CUE) (25:30)

GIRL: Cigarettes -- cigarettes -- get your cigarettes!

PARKE: Oh, Miss -- I'll have a pack of your largest selling cigarette.

GIRL: Here's your Camels, sir.

CANTOR: Little girl, do you know why this is the largest selling cigarette  
in America?

GIRL: Well -- it seems...

RADIO

CANTOR WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

Take over, Bert. (25:45)

PARKS:

Only when you smoke Camels can you appreciate why more people prefer Camels than any other cigarette. (SOFT) Yes, facts can show that Camel pays more to get finer, more expensive tobaccos... I can tell you how these costlier tobaccos -- Turkish and Domestic -- are matchlessly blended to give you mildness without losing their real tobacco flavor...

(HARD) But the minute you yourself "let up and light up a Camel," you'll notice that Camels are different. Taste...mildness... Oh, you'll find many special reasons all your own for preferring Camels. Try it yourself. Let up and light up...a Camel!

ORCHESTRA:

(SWELLS) (26:25)

CARROLL:

Just a minute, boys! Ladies and gentlemen -- this is the first time we have ever interrupted the show in my Theatre Restaurant, but I feel certain you won't mind...We have with us tonight one of America's most beloved comedians -- you have been laughing at him and his radio gang all evening...With a little encouragement we might get him up here on the stage...I refer to EDDIE CANTOR!

(APPLAUSE) (26:50)

CANTOR:

Thanks Earl -- and thank you ladies and gentlemen. With your permission -- I'll express my sentiments in a song.

(APPLAUSE) (27:00)

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

(CANTOR & GLEE CLUB "MR. & MRS. AMERICA")

(APPLAUSE)

(29:00)

CANTOR:

At this time I'd like to thank the makers of Camel cigarettes for giving up their usual time for the commercial announcement in order to allow me to say...Don't forget...We can lick infantile paralysis with the March of Dimes....Send your dime to the White House...Send it now.

(CANTOR THEME SONG)

CANTOR:

Good night.

PARKS:

Remember to listen to Benny Goodman, the King of Swing, tomorrow night at nine-thirty Eastern Standard Time. This is Bert Parks sayin' "Hurry Back."

(MUSIC AND APPLAUSE SWELL)

HANLON:

This is the Columbia Broadcasting System.

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY