

EDDIE CANTON'S CAMEL CARAVAN

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1939

4:30-5:00 P.M.

7:30-8:00 P.M.

PROGRAM NO. 84

CAST AND GLEE CLUB:

(GENERAL CONFUSION OF VOICES)

ROYLE:

(ON FILTER) (OFF STAGE) (ON CUE)...Stand by;
thirty seconds!

PARKS:

Fellas -- what are we gonna do?

FAIRCHILD:

I'd play a number if I had one ready.

HANLON:

You guys ought to be able to do something!

PARKS:

Ten seconds to go -- we'll be on the air...And
Eddie Cantor is nowhere in sight!

VOICES:

(AD LIB... "WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO HIM?"... "I
PHONED CANTOR'S HOME AND HE'S NOT THERE"... "WHAT DO
WE DO IN A CASE LIKE THAT?"... "GEE, I HOPE WE GET
PAID!"... "THIS IS THE WORST THING I'VE EVER HEARD
OF.") (VERNIER FADE) (CUT ON CUE)

ROYLE:

(ON CUE) (EIGHT-BALL) Millions of people sit
beside their radios -- breathlessly waiting --
waiting for the ^{Camel Caravan and the} voice of Eddie Cantor...But Cantor
is not on the air...What do people think? -- What do
people say?...Let us visit a cross-section of
American homes from coast-to-coast and see how this
grave emergency effects the people...CHICAGO,
ILLINOIS! (:45)

ORCHESTRA: (FANFARE)

MAN:

(PARKER) Say, Joe do you know Eddie Cantor
ain't on the air tonight!

SECOND MAN:

(LUNG) SO WHAT?

ROYLE:

Milwaukee, Wisconsin!

ORCHESTRA: (FANFARE)

TETLEY:

Hey, Pa -- whaddya think? Cantor ain't on the
air!

MAN:

(FIELDS) Good -- now we can start breathing it
again!

ROYLE:

JASPER, NEW YORK!

(1:00)

ORCHESTRA: (FANFARE)

MAN:

(PARKER) (SOBBING) Charlie, did you hear
about it? Eddie Cantor is not on the air
tonight.

SECOND MAN:

(LUNG) Oh, gee -- he's my favorite comedian...
I like him better than anybody.

MAN:

(PARKER)

We could tune in another station/if we only
didn't have on these straightjackets!

ROYLE:

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA!

ORCHESTRA: (FANFARE)

SAWYER:

I understand that Eddie Cantor is not gonna be on the air tonight.

MAN:

(LUNG) Finally ran out of children, eh?

ROYLE:

Ladies and gentlemen -- this will give you an idea how they miss the idol of the airwaves, Eddie Cantor...But where is he? What is he doing?...Listen: (1:35)

CANTOR:

(ON CUE FROM CONTROL ROOM) Waiter!

~~WAITER:~~

(JEN PARKER) Yes, Mr. Cantor.

CANTOR:

Is that clock right?

~~WAITER:~~

Yes, sir!

CANTOR:

Good, then I've got fifteen minutes before I go on the air...What is my check, waiter?

~~WAITER:~~

Let me see...You had a Fruit Cocktail, tomato soup, Fish, Hamburger Steak, combination salad, apple pie, and two cups of coffee -- forty-five cents!

CANTOR:

Forty-five cents!...And Jack Benny told me this place was reasonable!

WAITER:

Well, it doesn't cost Mr. Benny that much because he brings his own pie!

CANTOR:

Really?

WAITER:

Sometimes he brings two pieces of pie -- and sells one of 'em!

CANTOR:

Gee, that Benny is cheap. What did you say my check came to? (2:20)

WAITER:

Forty-five cents,

CANTOR:

Okay, here you are -- forty-five, forty-six, forty-seven -- Ho,, here's a half a dollar -- keep the change!

WAITER:

Thanks -- Playboy!

CANTOR:

That's all right I always figure "you can't take it with you!"

WAITER:

If you did, Cantor, I'll bet it would melt!

SOUND:

DOOR SLAM...TRAFFIC SOUNDS

(2:40)

CANTOR:

Now a nice brisk walk to the studio will settle this dinner.

MAN:

(CHARLIE LUNG) Pardon me, Buddy -- could you give me twenty dollars for a cup of coffee?

CANTOR:

For one cup of coffee twenty dollars?

MAN:

Can I help it if I'm a big tipper?

CANTOR:

Oh -- go 'way!

SOUND:

FOOTSTEPS ON PAVEMENT...TRAFFIC UP AND FADE

KID:

(WALTER TETLY) Excuse me, Mister -- would you mind if I walk across the street with you?

CANTOR:

No, sonny -- certainly not.

KID:

Gee, that's swell -- give me your hand.

CANTOR:

Here... (TRAFFIC BELL RINGS) The traffic light is green -- let's go.

SOUND:

FOOTSTEPS AGAIN...TRAFFIC UP AND FADE

(3:15)

CANTOR:

Well, here we are.

KID:

Oh, thank you very much, sir...My Scoutmaster will give me a Merit Badge for this....It's my good deed for the day.

CANTOR:

Good deed for the day?

KID:

Yes -- helping an old man cross the street!

CANTOR :

Look out you don't trip on my beard -- old man, huh!

SOUND: CAR PULLING UP

MAN:

(LUNG) Taxi, Buddy?

CANTOR:

Might as well. Too many people bother you on the street.

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS...MOTOR STARTS

MAN:

Where to?

CANTOR:

Columbia Broadcasting Studio. Mind if I turn this radio on?

MAN:

Naw -- go ahead.

SOUND: CLICK OF SWITCH

(3:50)

PARKS:

(ON VELOCITY; DEFILTERED)

(SNEAK IN
WHOOPEE)

(ON CUE) The Camel Caravan, starring Eddie Cantor!

CANTOR:

Say, I'm on the air!

MAN:

How are you doin'?

PARKS:

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 --

CANTOR:

(EIGHT-BALL) Here I am! I made it!

ORCHESTRA: (SWELLS)

(APPLAUSE)

(4:20)

CANTOR:

(OUT OF BREATH) Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to apologize for keeping you waiting...Tell me, Bert Parks, did anybody say anything about me being late?

PARKS:

Well, the Camel People called up.

CANTOR:

The sponsor? Did he sound angry?

PARKS:

No, he seemed rather pleased...I think he's going to give you a present.

CANTOR:

A present?

PARKS:

Yes, sir...He said, "Don't worry, Cantor'll get his!"

CANTOR:

Oh, this is awful!

PARKS:

I think it's wonderful, Mr. Cantor -- I wonder what he'll give you?

CANTOR:

You wonder what the sponsor'll give me? Bert -- did you ever hear of a "pink slip?"

PARKS:

A pink slip? Oh, Mr. Cantor -- you'd look silly in a petticoat! (5:00)

CANTOR:

Bert, don't you understand -- he's going to fire me!

PARKS:

Oh, no -- I fixed that...I told him I didn't know where you were -- but wherever you were, you'd be here as soon as you slept it off!

CANTOR:

Ohhhh!...You fixed it -- you did me a favor! Who else called? (5:15)

PARKS:

A man by the name of Walter Winchell.

CANTOR:

Winchell? What did you tell him?

PARKS:

I told him you were at home expecting an important package.

CANTOR:

You told that to Winchell? What'd he say?

PARKS:

He said, "Ha, ha I get it -- a bundle from Heaven! Oh, Boy!"

CANTOR:

Bert, why did you do that to me? Why did you let the audience know I wasn't here? Why didn't you do something to entertain them?

PARKS:

But what could I do, Mr. Cantor?

CANTOR:

What did you learn at your dramatic school? This is an emergency -- you do whatever you do best.

PARKS:

But, Mr. Cantor -- over the radio, how can you play "Hopscotch?"

(6:25)

CANTOR:

Bert, why don't you be like me? If you were late I'd have done your part.

PARKS:

Gosh, I never thought of that, Mr. Cantor...I wish I were like you -- you've got nerve. You've got courage.

CANTOR:

Of course.

PARKS:

When you get in front of the microphone you say to yourself, "I'm the funniest comedian in the world!" You use your imagination!

CANTOR:

Sure -- wait a minute!...I was missing for a few minutes and you didn't know what to do...You've been going to that dramatic school for four weeks -- didn't they teach you anything?

PARKS:

Mr. Cantor, you've been making fun of my school right along. Today is visitor's day, why don't you come down and look it over.

CANTOR:

Okay, I will. Let's go!

FAIRCHILD:

Say, Eddie -- before you go, why don't you sing
this new number I composed? It's just your style --
a love song.

CANTOR:

What's the name of it, Fairchild?

FAIRCHILD:

"From head to foot, body and soul, heart, lungs,
and liver, I'm all for you, Babe!"

CANTOR:

Sounds like a theme song for a surgeon's convention.
No, Fairchild -- I'll sing the Johnny Mercer
number we rehearsed.

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION)

(7:15)

CHORUS:

Gotta get some shut-eye,
Give the world the go-bye,
Got an awful lot of dreamin' to do.
Gotta catch some shut-eye,
Where the kisses flow-by,
Got an awful lot of dreams to come true.
Gonna let that sandman
Sprinkle me with stars,
Only hope that old lamp-lighter
Let's me hold my little baby tighter,
So I'm goin' bye-bye,
Catch myself some shut-eye,
Got an awful lot of dreamin' to do.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELLS)

(8:15)

CANTOR:

Guess'll sneak away now,
Better hit the hay now,
Gonna slip on my pajamas and
 catch a lotta snoozin',
 that I've been losin' --
You can dance the rhumba,
I'll stay home and slumber,
Hide my head beneath those blankets and
 count sheep, till I'm asleep
You can tell that sandman
To bring a lot of sand.
When he starts to spray my peepers,
I bet he hollers "Jeepers Creepers"

GLEE CLUB:

Good night!

CANTOR:

So I'm goin' bye-bye.

GLEE CLUB:

Sleep tight!

CANTOR:

Catch myself some shuteye.

GLEE CLUB:

Good night, Eddie!

CANTOR:

Got an awful lot of dreamin' to do!

GLEE CLUB:

Good night and pleasant dreams to you! (9:10)

ORCHESTRA: (BAND SWELLS)

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (REPRISE "SHUTEYE"...FADE)

PARKS:

Shuteye is sleep -- and sleep is rest. Now you can't sleep during the day, when you're busy working, but you can rest your nerves now and then by letting up and lighting up a Camel. Estelle Karon, for example, is a girl with a high-keyed job, for she is a feature writer for a big metropolitan newspaper. She says:

(MUSIC
OUT:)

WOMAN'S VOICE:

(HELEN SAWYER...OFF-STAGE MIKE) Newspapering is fun -- if you can stand the strain on your nerves. I let up for a Camel now and then. That certainly irons out the kinks. I think every woman who smokes owes it to herself to try letting up and lighting up a Camel.

PARKS:

Newspaper people -- famous athletes, too -- fliers -- housewives -- yes, and rugged men of the sea, -- all find comfort for their nerves in letting up and lighting up a Camel. Albert Hines, Gloucester fishing captain, says:

MAN'S VOICE:

(OLDER, HUSKY...BILL ROYLE...OFF-STAGE MIKE) Yes sir, day in and day out I'm thankful for the pleasure and comfort I get out of smoking Camels. I let up, and light up a Camel. Camels sure are soothing to my nerves. I'd walk a mile for a Camel!

PARKS:

So, let up and light up Camels yourself. Smokers find Camel's mild tobaccos delightfully soothing -- yes, soothing -- to the nerves.

ORCHESTRA: (LAST FOUR BARS... "SHUTEYE")

PARKS:

Well, Mr. Cantor, are you ready to go to the dramatic school?

CANTOR:

We're on our way.

ORCHESTRA: (TWO BARS OF "PONY BOY"...STOPS ABRUPTLY) (10:20)

PARKS:

Well, here's the school.

CANTOR:

Gosh -- I thought we'd never get here!...

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...CLOSES

PARKS:

Mr. Cantor, you wait here while I go and find the
Dean.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

CANTOR:

Gosh, what a creepy place this is!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

CANTOR:

Who's there?

VOICE:

(FIELDS) Stand where you are...Don't move -- don't
speak -- don't even breathe...

(CANTOR GASPS)...Now take your left leg and tuck it
under your right arm -- Have you done it?

CANTOR:

Yes.

VOICE:

Now take your necktie and tie them both together...
Have you done exactly as I told you?

CANTOR:

Yes...

VOICE:

(LAUGH) ARE YOU NUTS!

(LAUGH AND EXIT)

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

CANTOR:

How do you like that!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

CANTOR:

Such a screwy actor! Oh, I knew I shouldn't have come here!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

PARKS:

Mr. Cantor -- this is Mr. Hutchinson, the Dean.

DEAN:

(DRAMATICALLY) (CHARLIE LUNG) Welcome, honorable sir, to our school. You no doubt know that Bert Parks and Kay St. Germain from your Camel Caravan are taking their examinations today -- and I would deem it a privilege if you would watch their performance. Let's sit here in the first row. (11:10)

CANTOR:

That'll be fine. Here goes the curtain.

SOUND: CLOCK STRIKES TWICE

KAY:

Ah, me -- two o'clock and my Caliban is not here... He's late. When he arrives -- shall I be cold to him or shall I be warm? Shall I be cold or shall I be warm?

CANTOR:

Honey, this week in California...both!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

KAY:

(ALARMED) Ohhhh!...My Caliban!

PARKS:

Yes, My Ariel -- it is I...I have travelled far to keep this rendezvous...Kiss me, my Ariel -- (PAUSE)
Kiss me, My Ariel.

CANTOR:

Pretty bad reception -- must be something wrong with his Ariel! (11:55)

KAY:

You ask for a kiss when you come late to our rendezvous?

PARKS:

Truly it was not my fault...Racing madly over the purple sage, my trusty steed suddenly stopped racing.

CANTOR:

Oh -- one of Crosby's nags!

DEAN:

Stop interrupting, Mr. Cantor.

KAY:

Oh, if I could only be certain that your love would be enduring.

PARKS:

Adored one, I am yours till the end of all time...
Why just to look at you, my darling -- your teeth like snow white pearls -- your eyes, two star sapphires -- lips like precious rubies -- and a neck like carved ivory...

CANTOR:

Put three Gold Balls over her head and she looks like a Hockshop! (12:35)

PARKS:

You loved me once...

KAY:

How well I remember...What happy children we were -- romping through the fields together.

PARKS:

And one day we got lost -- and wandered for hours -- frightened and hungry.

KAY:

And suddenly in the distance we saw a food counter...

PARKS:

And I ran and got a ham sandwich...

KAY:

But did you eat it yourself? No!...You gave it to me. When you gave me that ham sandwich -- you showed me what you were made of!

DEAN:

No comment, Mr. Cantor?

CANTOR:

That line I won't touch -- it's got ham in it. (13:1

KAY:

Oh, I can't be aloof any longer -- take me in your arms, Bert -- hold me close...Closer -- closer -- closer...Let no one come between us!

CANTOR:

"The Shadow" couldn't get through there!

KAY:

Darling, do you want me to name the wedding date?

PARKS:

Loved one, we can't be married yet...I have no money -- remember, I'm working for a man who is the biggest skinflint in town.

CANTOR:

He thinks he's Kenny Baker!

DEAN:

Continue, children. (MUSIC... "SONG OF THE ISLANDS"
...SOFTLY)

KAY:

We need no money -- we only need each other...I'll
wait for you -- no matter how long...Farewell, my own.

PARKS:

Aloha oe...

CANTOR:

And so, as our boat leaves the harbor and the sun
sinks slowly in the west -- we bid a fond farewell
to the glamorous isle of Kanubble-Kanubble off the
coast of Ballumf...pffft!...

(MUSIC SWELLS AND FADES)

(APPLAUSE)

(14:10)

(SCHUMANN SCREENS RUSSIAN)

DEAN:

Well, Mr. Cantor -- what do you think of my two
pupils? They've been receiving dramatic instruction
from one of America's leading professors.

CANTOR:

Who? Who? Who?

GORDON:

How do you do!

CANTOR:

The Mad Russian!

(APPLAUSE)

CANTOR:

Russian, you're a teacher of dramatics?

GORDON:

I teach drama and write it. (14:30)

CANTOR:

Russian, be truthful -- are you a writer?

GORDON:

Am I a writer!...Ever hear of Tolstoi?

CANTOR:

Yes.

GORDON:

Ever hear of Shakespeare?

CANTOR:

Yes.

GORDON:

Ever hear of Emile Zola?

CANTOR:

Yes.

GORDON:

Wasn't Paul Muni good?

CANTOR:

And you call yourself a writer!...Why, you couldn't even write your own name.

GORDON:

Don't say that -- I can spell Mad Russian...You write it down as I spell it to you.

CANTOR:

Go ahead.

GORDON:

M -- A...What have I got so far?

CANTOR:

M -- A -- that's Ma.

GORDON:

What?

CANTOR:

Ma -- Ma -- Ma -- Ma...

GORDON:

Wuzza matta, Baby?

(15:10)

CANTOR:

Stop it!

GORDON:

Well, Camphor -- you ready for your first lesson?

CANTOR:

You're gonna teach me?...Why, you've got no talent.

GORDON:

What are you talking?...I've got plenty talent -- I do imitations.

CANTOR:

Who can you imitate?

GORDON:

Listen..."How do you do!"

CANTOR:

Russian -- that's you!

GORDON:

Small world, ain't it?

CANTOR:

Give up, Russian -- you couldn't teach me anything.

GORDON:

Why not? I could give you plenty of tips...Did you ever hear of Noble Count?

CANTOR:

From "Richard The Third?"

GORDON:

No, from Santa Anita, The Fifth...Listen, Camphor -- I'm teaching Bert Parks and Kay St. Germain to act -- and if you let me, I'll make you a star, too.

(15:55)

CANTOR:

Forget it -- you wouldn't know a star if you came face to face with one.

GORDON:

What are you talking. Did you ever know Lillian Russell?

CANTOR:

Yes.

GORDON:

Anna Held and Sara Bernhardt?

CANTOR:

Of course.

GORDON:

And you're not getting Social Security!

CANTOR:

Get out you fake teacher! (GORDON EXITS) (16:15)

PARKS:

Oh, Mr. Cantor -- Mr. Cantor...

CANTOR:

Yes, Bert.

PARKS:

Kay St. Germain and I have passed our dramatic examinations! And we're getting ready now for our singing test.

CANTOR:

Let's hear you. I might give you some advice.

ORCHESTRA: ("DADDY"...INTRODUCTION)

(16:25)

KAY: Though I'm in love, I'm not above
A date with a duke or a caddy
But that's a pose, for my baby knows
That my heart belongs to Daddy.
Should you invite me out some night
To dine on some fine finnan haddie
I might say "yes" but nevertheless
My heart belongs to daddy!
Yes my heart belongs to daddy,
So I simply couldn't be bad,
And I mean to marry daddy
Da da da, da da da, da da Dad.
So I want to warn you laddie,
Though I know you're perfectly swell,
That my heart belongs to daddy,
Because my daddy he treats me so well. well, well --

BERT: Too bad I fell, --
Our romance hasn't a chance,
She's under Daddy's spell.

KAY: Though I adore your grand physique,
The way you speak, and your technique,
And you're a most accommodating laddie --
You thrill me so much

BERT: But I dassn't touch!
'Cause her heart belongs to

KAY: Daddy! (BRASS: WA...WA)

BERT: To drag you to that marriage clerk
I'd go berserk, I'd even WORK
I'd walk in my bare feet to Cincinnati --
My love's the McCoy

KAY: You're such a sweet boy
But my heart belongs to (GLEE CLUB: DADDY!)

BERT: Yes, her heart belongs to Daddy,
But he won't be my father-in-law --

KAY: 'Cause he's not that kind of Daddy --

BERT: Somethin' tells me she don't mean her Paw!
I'm a most persistent laddie,
And I think you're perfectly swell,

KAY: But my heart belongs to Daddy,

BERT: Why?

KAY: For the very simple reason that
He treats me so well!
He's such a big, strong, Daddy

BERT: Must be a ding dong Daddy

KAY: I'm sayin' so long, laddie
My heart belongs to Daddy,

BOTH: Nobody else!

(CHORD)

(APPLAUSE)

(19:00)

CANTOR:

That was Grand Children.

PARKS:

Thank you, Grandpa!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

(19:15)

CANTOR: *Well, I asked for it.*

DEAN:

Mr. Cantor -- You're not the only celebrity visiting our school today...Clem McCarthy, the famous sports announcer, is here too.

CANTOR:

Oh, yes -- he's out here to announce the hundred thousand dollar Santa Anita Handicap.

DEAN:

Here he is.

CANTOR:

Clem McCarthy!

(APPLAUSE AS MCCARTHY ENTERS)

CANTOR:

Welcome to California, Clem...It'll certainly be a thrill to one of our movie stars if you announce that his horse won the handicap.

CLEM:

I should imagine it would be! You know, Eddie, you're one of the few actors who doesn't own a horse

CANTOR:

Say, you can't afford horses!...when you're feeding five ponies. But tell me, Clem -- a fellow like you around so many sporting events -- you must make a lot of money from the tips you get.

CLEM:

Didn't you get a lot of tips on the market in 1929?

CANTOR:

Brother -- we meet on common ground!...(SINGS)
Margin -- they used to call me up for margin!

(20:35)

CLEM:

Tell me, Eddie, do people gamble much out here in Hollywood?

CANTOR:

Clem, this whole town is full of gambling -- there are four bookmakers on Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street...One on each corner.

CLEM:

Horse-racing?

CANTOR:

No -- they lay you odds on crossing the street!.... Six to five on Sunset and Fairfax...Three to two on La Brea and Wilshire!

CLEM:

What are the odds against crossing safely at Santa Monica and Western?

CANTOR:

Bookmakers won't lay odds there -- you have to place your bet with Lloyds of London! I know. (21:15)

CLEM:

You don't believe in gambling, do you, Eddie?

CANTOR:

No, definitely not -- I am not a gambling man...But just as a point of information -- will you tell me who will win the Santa Anita Handicap?

CLEM:

I'd like to, Eddie -- but there are certain ethics in sports broadcasting.

CANTOR:

Well, I'll admit it, Clem -- I would like to make a good bet...But if you can't tell me -- okay.

CLEM:

If you want to make a bet, why don't you give me the money and I'll put it down for you.

CANTOR:

All right -- I have confidence in you...Are you sure the horse'll win??

CLEM:

Positive!

CANTOR:

Here's a half dollar -- bet the whole thing! (21:50)

CLEM:

The whole fifty cents?

CANTOR:

Yeah, shoot the works -- to show!

CLEM:

I don't think anybody'll take that bet, Eddie.

CANTOR:

Nobody'll take it? Well -- split it up among three or four bookies!..Lay it off -- lay it off. Come on, Clem -- give me the winner of the handicap.

CLEM:

I can't do it, Eddie...If you want to make some money -- Why don't you try to figure out your own system?

CANTOR:

I've got a system -- and it pays off big dividends...
All I spend is one half hour a week working on it.

CLEM:

What system is that?

CANTOR:

The Columbia Broadcasting System!...Clem, you've
broadcast practically everywhere -- you must have had
some thrilling experiences.

CLEM:

Well, the second Schmeling-Louis fight -- that was
tops in excitement. What about you, Eddie? What
was the most thrilling event in your life?

CANTOR:

When a doctor in the Bronx said, "Cantor -- it's a
girl!" (22:40)

CLEM:

That was your most thrilling event?

CANTOR:

Yes -- how did I know then it was gonna become a
habit?...Clem, I'll bet you'll get your biggest
thrill when you describe that Santa Anita Handicap.

CLEM:

Right you are, Eddie.

CANTOR:

That whole race will be over in about two minutes, but you'll be able to use a lot of words in that short space of time...By the way, Clem -- just how fast can you talk?

CLEM:

Why, I haven't the slightest idea!

CANTOR:

Well, let's find out -- I'll time you -- read something for me -- Anything -- Here, read this. (23:15)

CLEM:

All right -- ready -- set -- go!

Camels start with unusual standards of quality -- in the tobacco trade Camels are recognized as a matchless blend of finer, more expensive tobaccos. With the first few puffs you can tell that Camels are mild and rich-tasting. But it's when you smoke them day in and day out that you appreciate all the ways in which Camels are a different smoke. For on top of all their flavor, and their unusual mildness, Camels are mighty comforting, too. So comforting that letting up and lighting up a Camel to head off jangled nerves has become a nation-wide practice...with millions of smokers. Smokers find that Camel's costlier tobaccos are soothing to the nerves. If Camels can help you get through each day with less tension and nerve strain -- then it's certainly worth your while to...let up and light up a Camel! -- Well, Eddie, how long did I take?

CANTOR:

Honestly, Clem -- I was so engrossed and interested in what you were saying -- it was so beautiful -- I forgot to time it! Here -- read it again!

CLEM:

Oh, no you don't hook me the second time!

CANTOR:

I was only kidding...But you know, Clem -- you read that just like you describe a race over the air... Why do you have to get so excited and so tense? (24:20)

CLEM:

Eddie, a good horse race is so exciting that I just can't help getting tense! (24:25)

CANTOR:

I don't know about that, Clem...I heard a broadcast from England the other day...I turned on my radio and the announcer said -- (TIRED ENGLISHMAN) "Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen -- the horses are approaching the point from whence they start -- and now they've arrived...Jolly looking bunch of animals here...They're fiddling around a bit just now...It's a glorious day here at Epsom Downs...Sun -- sky -- green turf -- with a bit of a breeze...(BELL RINGS) By the way, if that's a bell, they've started... They're running quite smoothly...Mighty fine bunch of horses...They seem to know each other...One of them is out in front, and the rest of them are behind...It's deucedly hard to distinguish -- left my binoculars at home, you know...But they're still running, and now there are two horses out in front... they're practically running together...I say, my good fellow -- I'll have my tea now...They've passed the halfway mark...Yes, please, with a little milk, thank you...And now they're jolly well bunched together -- but the sun is still shining -- of course, there's a bit of a haze on the horizon -- probably rain tomorrow, but the crops can use it...My word -- the race is over! It is over, isn't it? Blowed if I know who won...But don't fret -- it'll be in the papers tomorrow -- toodle-oo!

(25:55)

(APPLAUSE)

CLEM:

(LAUGHS) Eddie -- I always get a good laugh out of you.

CANTOR:

Yes -- and I'd like to get something out of you!
Who's gonna win that Handicap?

CLEM:

Are you still pestering me with that? Look here,
Eddie -- I can't tell you the winner -- millions of
people are listening in. (26:10)

CANTOR:

Well, let's step away from the microphone, Clem --
and then you can tell me.

CLEM:

All right...
(PAUSE)

CANTOR:

Uh-huh -- ahaaa -- Ohhhh!...Thank you, Clem...Now at
last I've got the winner of the Santa Anita Handicap!

PARKS:

Mr. Cantor -- will you tell me the winner?

AD LIB VOICES: (GLEE CLUB AND CAST)... "WHO'S GONNA WIN?"...
"WHAT'S THE HORSE'S NAME?"...)

CANTOR:

I'm sorry -- I'm sorry -- but I can't disclose the
name of the winning horse over the air...Now let's
get back to you, Clem -- of all the sporting events
you announce, which do you enjoy the most?

CLEM:

Give me a good fight.

CANTOR:

All right, you asked for it! -- Russian, come here!...
I want you to meet the famous McCarthy of radio fame.

GORDON:

Haddie Camphor -- his head is wood? (26:55)

CANTOR:

Stop!...Don't you know who he is? Why, this
gentleman has talked through seven championship fights
-- he talked through three Kentucky Derbies -- he
talked through five World's Series.

GORDON:

Ooh -- the big blabbermouth!

CANTOR:

Russian, if you came out here to bother us -- you can
leave now.

GORDON:

All I want to do is ask that Clam Bacardi one question
about the Handicap.

CLEM:

I'm sorry -- I can't tell you who is gonna win that
race.

GORDON:

Can you tell me how many horses are gonna run in it?

CLEM:

Yes -- eighteen.

GORDON:

Well, just tell me the seventeen that'll lose!

(27:35)

CANTOR:

What do you know about horses? -- You were never even near a race track.

GORDON:

I was -- I was...I was to the track once-- but never again.

CLEM:

Why? What happened?

GORDON:

I walked near the paddock -- a jockey threw a saddle on me -- put his foot in my ear -- and climbed on mine back! (27:55)

CANTOR:

What did you do?

GORDON:

What did I do? I came in Fourth!

CANTOR:

Again out of the money and out of here quick!

(EXIT)

(APPLAUSE)

CLEM:

He's very funny...Eddie, you've got a great bet in that Mad Russian.

CANTOR:

Yes, but he's not the bet I'm worried about...Now this horse that you gave me in the Santa Anita Handicap -- it can't lose, huh?

CLEM:

Well, I wouldn't go that far, Eddie -- In fact, I might give this tip to you -- and all your listeners.

CANTOR:

A tip?

CLEM:

Yes, there's only one sure thing -- every horse player must die broke...You know, Eddie -- many a man who refuses to put a couple of dollars on his wife's back will put ten on some horse's nose...When it's all said and done the only one left around the race course with two bits -- is the horse!...Good night, Eddie!

CANTOR:

Good night -- and thank you, Clem Mc Carthy. (28:50)

(MCCARTHY EXITS)

(APPLAUSE)

(ORCHESTRA: "SHUTEYE" INTRODUCTION)

CANTOR:

(RECITE OVER MUSIC)

See you later, Clem -- there's a wide-awake guy --
But me -- I gotta catch a little shuteye.
I've got an awful lot of fancy dreamin' to do.
I've got the winning pony --
(That is, if the tip isn't phoney!)
That horse will make an awful lot of dreams come true
I hope!

(SING)

If that Clem McCarthy,
Really knows his stuff
I'm gonna needa great big fleeta
Trucks to carry money home from Santa Anita!
But now, I'm goin' bye-bye,
Catch myself some shuteye,
Got an awful lotta dreamin' to do!

(ORCHESTRA SWELLS) (APPLAUSE)

CANTOR:

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, and until next
week, remember --

(29:50)

CANTOR:

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 (30:10)
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.

(CUT ON CUE FROM V.K.....E.C. SAYS GOOD NIGHT)

(SWELL MUSIC...BUILD APPLAUSE...FADE ON CUE)

(30:40)

PARKS:

Next time you buy cigarettes -- remember this:
Camels are a matchless blend of finer, more expensive
tobaccos -- Turkish and Domestic. That can mean a
lot of things in cigarette enjoyment...including the
fact that smokers find Camel's costlier tobaccos are
soothing to the nerves. Smoke six packages of
Camels and see if it doesn't show you why Camels are
the largest-selling cigarette in the world.
Remember to listen to Benny Goodman, The King of
Swing, and Johnny Mercer tomorrow night at
nine-thirty Eastern Standard Time.
Your announcer is Bert Parks.

(MUSIC AND APPLAUSE SWELL)

HANLON:

This is the COLUMBIA....BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

(31:10)