

- EDDIE CANTOR'S CAMEL CARAVAN --- CB #31 -

MONDAY, MAY 1, 1939

3:30 - 4:00 P.M.

6:30 - 7:00 P.M.

Program No. 45

CANTOR	DONOHUE	WHITE	HANLEY STAFFORD
FIELDS	BUNKY	ADAM CARROLL	NED SPARKS
HOLZMAN	RAPP	SCHWEIGER	PRISCILLA LANE
PARKS	MAURICE	HANLON	CARLYLE STEVENS
GORDON	PEARSON	SCHUMANN	FLETCHER PADGETT, JR
ESTY (6)	FILE COPY	STAGE HANDS	
FAIRCHILD	CUTTING COPY	ERLENBORN	
GLEE CLUB (11)	KIRK		
	KNIGHT		

MUSIC ROUTINE

SELECTION:

1. OPENING (SHORT)
2. "WHOOPEE" (SNEAK IN AND SWELL)
3. "THREE LITTLE FISHIES" (BRIDGE...PRINT)
4. AGITATO
5. "THREE LITTLE FISHIES"
6. "PLEASE GO 'WAY AND LET ME SLEEP"
7. "LAST NIGHT ON THE BACK PORCH"
8. "PENNY SERENADE"
9. "SLEEP MONTAGE"
10. "ONE HOUR"

(ROPE OFF SEAT...SAME PLACE)

PARKS:

Camel -- the cigarette of costlier tobaccos -- penny
for penny your best cigarette buy!

GLEE CLUB:

Let up and light up a Camel.....

It's....Eddie Cantor's (PIANO)

Camel (PIANO)

Caravan!

ORCHESTRA: (TAG)

PARKS:

(ORCHESTRA
SNEAKS IN
"WHOOPEE") This half-hour of entertainment is made possible by
the millions of Camel smokers who appreciate
costlier tobaccos. They have made Camel America's
number one cigarette! C-A-M-E-L spells smoking
pleasure, and speaking of pleasure here is --

EDDIE CANTOR!

(APPLAUSE)

(MUSIC SWELLS AS CANTOR ENTERS)

(:50)

CANTOR:

(WEAK) Hello, Bert -- Hello, people.

PARKS:

Eddie, let go of that microphone!

CANTOR:

What, and fall on my face? Another week has passed and still I haven't slept! Think of it -- two weeks now, and not one wink of sleep!

PARKS:

Gosh, Eddie, I've been worried about you. I asked all my friends, and I think I've discovered a remedy for you. They say if you hold your nose and breathe through your mouth you can sleep.

CANTOR:

Bert, I tried that --- I held my nose for five minutes.

PARKS:

What happened?

CANTOR:

Ida walked in and said, "Eddie, how can you sleep when you keep thinking of your program!" -- Bert, I've tried everything. Steaming hot tub baths -- I took eight of them! (1:25)

PARKS:

But, Eddie, don't you find those sulphur baths
weakening?

CANTOR:

Weakening? Of course -- Last night in the bathtub
I got so weak that when somebody pulled out the
stopper I spent three hours battling the current!

PARKS:

There must be something that'll make you sleep,
Eddie.

CANTOR:

Oh, the remedies I've tried, Bert. Somebody told me
that if my back was warm I'd sleep -- so Ida kept
running a hot flat-iron on my back all night. (1:50)

PARKS:

Did that make you sleep?

CANTOR:

No, but I bet I'm the only guy in Beverly Hills with
pleated hips! -- Bert -- I'm in an awful condition.

PARKS:

I hate to say this, but you look like a wreck.

CANTOR:

I know, but how can I sleep? At three o'clock this morning I was just closing my eyes when Jack Benny called -- he wanted to know what he could do to fall asleep! I said, "Jack, why don't you try sleeping with your feet up in the air and let the blood rush to your head." But he told me this morning it didn't work.

PARKS:

No sleep?

CANTOR:

No blood! -- honestly!

PARKS:

Then you didn't rest at all last night? (2:25)

CANTOR:

No -- I got in bed and was all set to doze off when some friends dropped in to help me fall asleep! They offered me some brandy, and of course, I'm not a drinking man, so while they weren't looking I spilled the brandy into a crack in the floor. I did the same thing with five more drinks! Finally, at three in the morning I was just about to close my eyes -- when the mice started singing "Sweet Adeline!" -- Really! (2:50)

PARKS:

Eddie, I think there's one thing you've overlooked. A glass of warm milk before you go to bed is sure to make you sleep.

CANTOR:

I tried it, Bert -- I tried it....I drank a glass of warm milk, closed my eyes, and then I started thinking. (WEEPY) Thinking about that poor cow who has to get up at four o'clock in the morning -- get out of a nice warm barn -- and go out into the pasture to eat grass! (SOBBING) What kind of a life is that -- eating grass! (INDIGNANT)....And that big fat Bull -- sleeps till ten o'clock!...Then gets up -- and has bacon and eggs for breakfast!.... And the poor cow -- everybody pushing her this way -- and pulling her that way....(BREAKING UP)....And when I thought that I -- I might be taking the milk from some poor little calf's mouth -- I -- I cried a whole night! (JUMP)....You see why I can't sleep?

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

CANTOR:

See who that is, will you, Bert?

(3:50)

CANTOR:

People knocking....excitement....no wonder I get nervous!

PARKS:

Oh Eddie, there's a young lady waiting to see you.

CANTOR:

Tell her to go away -- I don't wanna be disturbed!

PARKS:

But this is a very beautiful and talented young lady -- Miss Priscilla Lane!

CANTOR:

Well, what are you waiting for -- Send her in, you sap! Priscilla Lane!

(APPLAUSE AS MISS LANE ENTERS)

(4:15)

CANTOR:

Hello, Priscilla, what brings you here?

LANE:

Eddie, my sisters and I heard that you hadn't been sleeping -- and we thought this might help you.

CANTOR:

A night shirt!.....I tried one, Priscilla -- but there was such a draught!

LANE:

What do you mean?

CANTOR:

About four in the morning, the thing rolled up like a window shade and almost strangled me! How can I keep young if I don't sleep? (4:35)

LANE:

Well, that might be what's keeping you awake -- worrying about silly things -- like your age.

CANTOR:

Well, when a man is getting on in his thirties --

LANE:

Forget it -- imagine yourself ten years younger -- fifteen years younger -- twenty-five years younger --

CANTOR:

(CRIES) Waaahhhh!

LANE:

What's wrong?

CANTOR:

(BABY TALK) This safety pin is sticking me! (4:55)

LANE:

Oh, Eddie -- your nerves are all upset....You need a soothing influence -- sit down on this couch beside me -- that's it...Now rest your head on my shoulder -- your cheek against mine -- my cheek on yours -- while I stroke your fevered brow -- like this...Now can you sleep?

CANTOR:

Yeah -- but who wants to?....Look, Priscilla -- I feel tired -- I think I'll go home.

LANE:

I have my car outside -- I'll drive you over.

CANTOR:

All right -- a little fresh air won't hurt me....
Let's go.

ORCHESTRA: ("THREE LITTLE FISHIES".....FADE INTO)

SOUND: CAR UP AND BRAKE SCREECH

(5:30)

LANE:

Eddie, we're in Westlake Park already -- isn't this car wonderful?

CANTOR:

Yeah -- But why are we stopping? You were supposed to take me home.

LANE:

Well -- er -- we ran out of gas!

CANTOR:

Don't pull that stuff on me, Priscilla...You've got the wrong dwarf -- I'm Sleepy, not Dopey!

LANE:

Eddie, why don't you try to get a little sleep now -- let me put my arm around your shoulder.

CANTOR:

I'm sorry if I gave you that impression -- I'm not that kind of a boy! (5:50)

LANE:

Don't be a child, Eddie -- I'm just trying to help you sleep...Now just let me put my arm around you.

CANTOR:

Stop! -- stop! -- stop!

LANE:

Oh, come on!

CANTOR:

If you persist, Priscilla, I'm warning you -- I'll jab you with this bobby pin! (6:05)

LANE:

I'm tired of this nonsense -- now put your arms around me.

CANTOR:

No -- never -- NEVER!....Priscilla, I --

LANE:

Quiet -- don't you wanna get into pictures?

CANTOR:

Why pick on me -- poor little me...Why don't you go out with one of those other boys who don't care what people think -- like George Arliss! (6:25)

LANE:

Oh, Eddie -- we could have so much fun together....

CANTOR:

Please, Priscilla --

COP:

(HANLEY STAFFORD) Just a minute, you two -- what's the idea of parking here and obstructing traffic? -- Let's have your license?

CANTOR:

(SOTTO) Quick, Priscilla -- hand me your license.

(NORMAL) Here you are, Officer -- here's my license.

COP:

Ohhhhh -- so you're Priscilla Lane, are you?

CANTOR:

That's me -- little Prissy!

COP:

Has your name always been Priscilla Lane?

CANTOR:

Of course -- I can prove it by her.....Isn't that true, Priscilla?

COP:

Oh, her name's Priscilla, too.

CANTOR:

Oh yes, -- we're twins! I was named after her -- she's my mother -- WHAT AM I SAYING? (7:00)

LANE:

Really, Officer, he's just getting a little fresh air, so he can sleep.

COP:

Wait a minute -- were you two necking here?

CANTOR:

Necking? -- Of course not!

COP:

Aw, shucks! (EXIT)

CANTOR:

Well, he's gone -- now if I could only doze off.

LANE:

Oh, it's a shame you can't sleep, Eddie -- you miss such swell dreams. Just last night I dreamed I got the loveliest Rolls Royce -- with a card marked, "from E.C."

CANTOR:

A Rolls Royce from E.C.? That Earl Carroll is always giving presents!

LANE:

No, no -- I dreamed it was from Eddie Cantor.

CANTOR:

Did'ja ever see a dream walking? Let me out of here!
(7:35)

LANE:

Suppose we sit down on this bench, near the lake.

CANTOR:

Ahhh -- this is comfortable...Gee, I think I might be able to fall --

COP:

(HANLON) Just a minute, you two -- are you sure you're not neckin'?

CANTOR:

No --- Officer, we're not necking!

COP:

Then get off that bench and give this couple here a chance! (STAFFORD BLOWS WHISTLE) (CALLS)...Room for two more down front!

CANTOR:

Gee -- can't even get a little rest in a Public Park.
Take me home, Priscilla -- let's get in the car.

LANE:

All right -- get in.

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES...MOTOR IDLES...GEARS GRIND

LANE:

Gosh. I can't seem to get this thing into first.

CANTOR:

No wonder -- you're shifting with my knee. Then why
do you take me out, when you can have your pick of all
those handsome young actors in Hollywood? (8:15)

LANE:

Oh, I don't go for those kids, Eddie -- I like someone
with a little grey around the temples -- someone a
little mature -- experienced -- Give me a bulgy-eyed
old buzzard with wrinkles in his puss and Sears Roebuck
teeth!

CANTOR:

Yeah -- WAIT A MINUTE!...I'm not that bad.

LANE:

Eddie, I'll have to stop here for gas. Oh, I think I forgot my purse!

CANTOR:

No purse, eh? Well -- we don't need gas -- my house is at the bottom of this hill. We can coast!

ORCHESTRA: (AGITATO DOWNWARD)

SOUND: MOTOR UP THEN STOPS...SCREECHING OF BRAKES (8:35)

LANE:

Well, here's your house, Eddie.

CANTOR:

Thanks, Priscilla.

LANE:

Good night, Eddie.

CANTOR:

Good night, Priscilla.

WOMAN:

(OFF STAGE MIKE) (KAY ST. GERMAIN) Good night, Eddie.

CANTOR:

Who said that? It sounded like my wife's voice.

WOMAN:

(OFF STAGE MIKE) It's me, Ida -- I'm back here in the rumble seat!

CANTOR:

Ida!...You knew what was going on all the time and still you said nothing?

LANE:

Well, you see, Eddie -- she had a bet with me...and she won.

CANTOR:

(PROUDLY) Oh, my wife bet you that I couldn't be kissed?

LANE:

No -- she bet me that you wouldn't pay for the gas!...
So long, Eddie!

SOUND: MOTOR UP AND OUT

(APPLAUSE)

(9:10)

CANTOR:

Gosh, she drove away so fast my wife didn't have a chance to get out of the rumble seat!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

CANTOR:

Ohh, thank Heavens I'm home -- with nobody around maybe I'll be able to get a little rest. I'll turn on the radio and get some soft music.

SOUND: CLICK

MAN:

(SHOUTING THROUGH FILTER) (PARKS) HAVE YOU GOT THAT RUN DOWN FEELING? ARE YOU TIRED?

CANTOR:

(SHOUTS) YES!

MAN:

(SHOUTS ON FILTER) THEN WHY DON'T YOU GET SOME SLEEP, YOU DOPE!

SOUND: CLICK...DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

(9:35)

CANTOR:

(MAD) Well, what do you want? -- Oh, I'm sorry,
Kay.

KAY:

(CONCERNED) You still haven't slept, Mr. Cantor?

CANTOR:

No, Kay -- not a wink.

KAY:

Well, Bert and I could tell you a bed-time story.

CANTOR:

A bed-time story?

KAY:

Yes. Listen. Come on, Bert!

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION)

(9:50)

BERT: It's a well-known fact among the scientific
That animals can speak -- to be specific:
There's Clara Cluck and Donald Duck
And Mickey Mouse and Minnie
KAY: Ferdinand can moo quite grand
And Crosby's horses whinnie.
BERT: But in the salty submarine dominions,
Little fishes also have opinions.
KAY: But not until last week. (BAND ANSWER)
Did we discover they could speak. (BAND ANSWER)
BOTH: When through the radio, oh by jingo!
Came this fishy-fishy kind of lingo:

(VAMP)

KAY: Down in the meddy in a itty bitty Poo
Fam fee itty fitty and a mama fitty foo
BERT: Fim fed de mamma fitty, fim if oo tan,
KAY: So dey fam and dey fam all over de dam.

BERT: Boop boop dittem dottem wottem KAY: Chu!
Boop boop dittem dottem wottem KAY: Chu!
Boop boop dittem dottem wottem KAY: Arrrrr...
Gesundheit!

KAY: And dey fam and fam all over de dam.

(VAMP) GLEE CLUB: Fee Fon Fan Fur

BERT: Top, ted de mamma fitty or oo ill det ost
But de fee itty fitty dinna anna be bossed

KAY: Fo de fee itty fitty ent off on a spwee

BERT: (PECK) An' dey fam an' fam an' fam an' fam wight out to
de fee.

KAY: Boop boop dittem dottem wottem BERT: Foo!
Boop boop dittem dottem wottem BERT: Choo!
Boop boop dittem dottem wottem BERT: Choo!

KAY: Choo-choo to Broadway

BERT: Foo Cincinnati

KAY: An' dey fam and dey fam wite out to de fee

(VAMP) BOTH: Want some sea-weed, mama!

KAY: HE'P! Tied de itty fitties, 'ook at de fales!

And twit as dey tood dey turned on deir tails

BERT: And bat to de poo in de meddy dey fam

KAY: And dey fam and dey fam bat over de dam.

GLEE CLUB: Boop boop dittem dottem wottem (WHISTLE)
Boop boop dittem dottem wottem (WHISTLE)

BOTH: We've proved that fish can talk,
Now here's the big surprise,
We also aim to prove that little fish can vocalize.

Dough -- way -- me -- faw -- so -- wah -- fee -- fo

Fish scales!

(BAND TAG)

(APPLAUSE)

(12:20)

CANTOR:

Gee, that was swell, kids...(DROWSILY) Gosh -- I think I could --

PARKS:

Wait a minute, Eddie -- don't go to sleep! Look -- What have I got here in my hand?

CANTOR:

(SNAPPING OUT OF IT) Oh! -- Let's see -- one -- two -- three -- four -- five -- five cigarettes. Why is that, Bert Parks?

PARKS:

Well, Eddie, they represent the amount of extra smoking you get from a pack of Camels, because Camels burn slower! Here's the proof! Recently a group of scientists made a series of interesting laboratory tests on the way various brands of cigarettes burn. Sixteen of the largest-selling cigarette brands were tested impartially and Camels burned slower than any other brand tested -- twenty-five per cent slower than the average time for the other fifteen brands. Camel won by a large margin, equal to five extra smokes per pack. And Camel smokers also enjoy the bonus of costlier tobaccos...carefully blended...made to burn slowly, smoke cool and mild. Remember, you get more smoking in a pack of Camels. The difference, against the average of the fifteen other brands, amounts to five extra smokes per pack. Penny for penny, Camels are your best cigarette buy! (13:30)

CANTOR:

Gosh -- how can a man sleep when somebody is saying
such poetical things!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

KID:

(YELLS) (KAY, DRESSED AS KID, WITH DOLL) Daddy!

CANTOR:

(STARTLED) What is it, Janet?

KID:

Daddy, would you give me a nickel for a poor thing with
one arm?

CANTOR:

Why, certainly, darling -- here.

KID:

Thanks, Daddy!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

CANTOR:

...Well, I guess I'll try to get to sleep again.

SOUND: CAT MEOWS

CANTOR:

What's that?

PARKS:

It's the cat, Eddie -- I think he wants to come in.

(13:50)

CANTOR:

The cat coming in so early? Hollywood isn't what it
used to be!

PARKS:

Look, Eddie, your little girl, Janet, is running up the steps -- so happy.

CANTOR:

Great kid -- woke me up to get a nickel for a poor thing with only one arm.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

KID:

Daddy, here's your nickel back -- I hit the jackpot.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

CANTOR:

A poor thing with only one arm, huh?

PARKS:

Great kid, that Janet!

CANTOR:

Bert, you sit in that chair and see that nobody else disturbs me.

PARKS:

All right, Eddie -- good night.

CANTOR:

(YAWNS) Good night, Bert.

(THREE SECOND PAUSE)

(14:15)

PARKS:

Oh, Eddie, there's a big moth in the room!

CANTOR:

Well, throw him some camphor balls --- they're right there on the dresser.

PARKS:

Okay -- here goes.

SOUND: CRACK OF BAT

CANTOR:

What happened?

PARKS:

He's battin' them back at me!

CANTOR:

Fine moth -- must be Joe Di-Mothio!...Oh, do I need sleep! (14:30)

CANTOR:

The things that happen in my life -- no wonder I don't rest -- I must lie down --

FAIRCHILD:

Oh, Eddie! Adam Carroll and I will just play lightly on the twin Steinways -- and maybe you'll doze off!

CANTOR:

You're gonna play? Is it okay with the union?

FAIRCHILD:

We got a special dispensation.

FAIRCHILD AND CARROLL: "PLEASE GO 'WAY AND LET ME SLEEP"

(TWO BARS AS WRITTEN, THEN START TO SWING IT)

CANTOR:

Stop will you! Now not only can't I sleep but I'm seeing things!

FAIRCHILD:

You're not seeing things, it's that animated shroud from the "Texaco Star Theatre"...that man with the face that forgot to be defrosted -- Ned Sparks!

(APPLAUSE AS SPARKS ENTERS)

CANTOR:

Ned Sparks -- What are you doing here, away from your program?

SPARKS:

I'M LOOKING AROUND TO SEE IF I CAN FIND A WORSE COMEDIAN THAN KEN MURRAY.

CANTOR:

Oh, you're just passing through.

SPARKS:

I THINK NOT. (15:40)

CANTOR:

Ned, don't fool with me. I'm in bad shape. I don't know what's keeping me awake.

SPARKS:

DO YOU TAKE MONEY FROM THE CAMEL PEOPLE FOR YOUR JOKES?

CANTOR:

Certainly.

SPARKS:

AND YOU WANNA KNOW WHY YOU CAN'T SLEEP.

CANTOR:

There's nothing wrong with my jokes -- you should see my fan mail -- everybody saying the same thing.

SPARKS:

YEAH -- "GET OUT OF TOWN"...BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE --

(16:00)

CANTOR:

Well, anyway Ned -- I'm glad you're here -- The doctor said a pill might put me to sleep! Got one with you?

SPARKS:

NO, BUT I'LL GIVE YOU ONE OF KEN MURRAY'S JOKES --
THEY PUT EVERYBODY TO SLEEP!

CANTOR:

The jokes Murray tells are bad?

SPARKS:

HIS JOKES KEEP OVALTINE AWAKE!

(16:15)

CANTOR:

Stop joking -- I really haven't slept in three weeks.

SPARKS:

MY OLD MAN DIDN'T SLEEP ONE NIGHT IN EIGHTEEN YEARS.

CANTOR:

How did he live?

SPARKS:

HE WAS A NIGHT WATCHMAN -- HE SLEPT IN THE DAY TIME!

CANTOR;

That's a pretty broken down joke.

SPARKS:

I KNOW THE PROGRAM I'M ON,

CANTOR:

I will admit we used that gag once.

SPARKS:

ONCE?

CANTOR:

Are you insinuating that we repeat our jokes?

SPARKS:

REPEAT? ALONG RADIO ROW THEY'RE CALLING THIS PROGRAM

"LITTLE SIR ECHO!"

(16:40)

CANTOR:

Imagine putting in the title of a song, just to get in
a joke -- that's radio for you.

SPARKS:

WHY DID MARCONI EVER HAVE TO START THIS BUSINESS?

CANTOR:

What have you against Marconi? If it weren't for Marconi we'd never have wireless -- without wireless there'd have been no radio -- and because of radio -- the whole world has Eddie Cantor!

SPARKS:

THAT'S AN AWFUL THING TO HANG ON MARCONI! (17:00)

CANTOR:

Go home, Sparks, and let me go to sleep.

SPARKS:

I'LL GO. GIVE ME MY CHECK.

CANTOR:

Here it is.

SPARKS:

NOW I WON'T SLEEP TONIGHT!

CANTOR:

Why not?

SPARKS:

CAN'T CASH IT 'TILL MORNING -- WHO KNOWS?

(EXIT)

(APPLAUSE)

(17:15)

CANTOR:

Fairchild -- do you think a song might be conducive to
ic
sleep?

FAIRCHILD:

Yes -- Go ahead and sing!

(17:20)

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION)

CANTOR:

(RECITATIVE)

(TWO
PIANO
BACK-
GROUND) Ev'ry time I hear the songs these modern singers sing,
It's plain to see that love can be a complicated thing.
Now - fifteen years ago, or so, when a fellow wooed a miss,
He sang about his lady-love something like this:

(FLUTE GAG) (ON VELOCITY)

Oh, I loved her in the morning,
And I loved her at night,
And the first time that I met her
My heart burned with delight.
Oh, I loved her in the Springtime
And I loved her in the Fall.
But last night on the back porch,
I loved her best of all.

(ORCHESTRA MODULATES)

On a Transatlantic vessel
I can prove by Georgie Jessel
That I kissed her till she hollered "Gimme air!"
My caresses were a menace
In a gondola in Venice
Or a taxi on a Paris thoroughfare.
On a ferry boat to Staten
Or a subway to Manhattan
Or an omnibus in old Trafalgar Square, --
Any mode of transportation
Fits romantic inclination
Just as long as you've a gal who pays the fare!

(ORCHESTRA MODULATES)

Oh, I loved her in a Chalmers,
And a merry Oldsmobile.
Then I loved her in a Lizzie
That would only run down hill.
Once I kissed her in a Rolls Royce
That was worth ten thousand cash,
But last night in a Jalopy,
The whole darn thing went SMASH!

GLEE CLUB: Oh, he loved her in the Springtime
And he loved her in the Fall,

CANTOR: But La-----st night
Yes La-----st night
But last night on the back porch --
Lipstick certainly stains!

(BAND-PLINK) (APPLAUSE)

(19:15)

PARKS:

Smokers everywhere are judging cigarettes by the way they burn. In college clubrooms...newspaper offices... at parties...yes, and behind the scenes at the circus, people are comparing cigarettes by the "burning test." Just the other day, at Madison Square Garden in New York City, Everett White, the daring marvel of the mid-air in the Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey Circus, showed Ed Rooney and Paul Herome a convincing test in which Camel cigarettes came out the winner on slow burning. Seeing is believing! Ed White says:

MAN'S VOICE:

(OFF STAGE MIKE) (CARLYLE STEVENS) Yes, you can actually see why Camels smoke so mild and cool, by the way they burn slower. Seeing is believing, and smoking is believing, too! For Camels are mellow, with a more delicate flavor.

PARKS:

A group of well-known scientists recently measured the burning time of sixteen of the largest-selling cigarettes. They found that Camel cigarettes burned slower than any other brand tested -- twenty-five per cent slower than the average of the other fifteen brands. Thus they proved that Camels give you a lot of extra smoking -- equal to five more smokes per pack. Here's quality -- finer, more expensive tobaccos. Plus economy -- a smoking plus equal to five smokes. Choose Camels -- the cigarette of costlier tobaccos -- penny for penny your best cigarette buy.

ORCHESTRA: "PENNY SERENADE" (FOUR BARS AND FADE)

SOUND: PHONE RINGS (SCHUMANN SCREENS RUSSIAN) (20:40)

CANTOR: Hello -- yes, this is he -- Oh, Priscilla -- Yes, I've got a fluoroscope machine here -- No, don't send him over -- please -- no -- I don't want to see or hear him --

GORDON:
How do you do!

CANTOR:
Too late -- It's the Russian!
(APPLAUSE)

CANTOR:
Russian, you're a fine psychoanalyst -- last week in the studio you hypnotized me -- and you fell asleep. I felt awful! (21:00)

GORDON:
How do you think I felt? Hypnotizing you gave me a horrible dream -- I dreamed that I was living across the street from the Earl Carroll Theatre dressing rooms.

CANTOR:
What's so horrible about that?

GORDON:
I couldn't find mine spy-glasses!

CANTOR:

Be serious -- if you're a Psychoanalyst you've got to help me...For the past two weeks I've stayed awake every night -- night after night I pace the floor without even closing my eyes...What do you suppose is wrong with me?

GORDON:

I got it!

CANTOR:

What?

GORDON:

You need sleep!

(21:35)

CANTOR:

Of course I need sleep!

GORDON:

Well, why don't you be like me -- I never have trouble sleeping.

CANTOR:

Do you sleep on the right side of the bed?

GORDON:

No.

CANTOR:

Do you sleep on the left side of the bed?

GORDON:

No.

CANTOR:

In the center of the bed?

GORDON:

No.

CANTOR:

Well, where do you sleep?

GORDON:

On the couch in the living room!

(21:55)

CANTOR:

Will you stop talking and do something for me?

GORDON:

Very well...Let me put this thermometer in your mouth
...There -- now open wide.

CANTOR:

Okay...Ahhhh!

GORDON:

Your tongue is all black -- pardon me, are you a chow
dog?

CANTOR:

My tongue is black?

GORDON:

How silly of me --- I took your temperature with a
fountain pen!

CANTOR:

Ohhhh!

GORDON:

Well, there's no use letting the ink go to waste --
stick out your tongue, I'll write a letter!

CANTOR:

But that ink might have poisoned me -- why don't you
use the fluoroscope -- so you can look through me?

GORDON:

I saw through you the first time we met! (22:30)

CANTOR:

Come on -- use the fluoroscope.

GORDON:

All right -- stand behind this machine.

SOUND: BUZZING

...That's it...Mmm -- I get a good picture of your heart...And this is a marvellous picture of your lungs -- wait a minute, did you ever swallow a watch?

CANTOR:

Why, yes -- about eight or nine years ago.

GORDON:

Well, it's ten minutes fast!

CANTOR:

It's still running?

SOUND: CHIMES

VOICE:

(ON FILTER) (OFF-STAGE) (BERT PARKS) Seven fifteen --
Bulova Watch Time! (23:00)

CANTOR:

Go on with your diagnosis.

GORDON:

Very well...Now in order to sleep, you must eat nature's foods.

CANTOR:

But what kind?

GORDON:

Well, what's the greatest food in the world? Milk!...
Where does milk come from? Cows!...What do cows
eat? Grass!...You got to eat grass, too!...And who
knows -- NO, IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

CANTOR:

Oh, let me alone -- you're no psychoanalyst. -- and
you know nothing of the human anatomy. (23:25)

GORDON:

Don't say that!...I'll explain you the whole thing in language so simple -- even I can understand it!....You see, in the bloodstream of the human being there are red and white corporals -- the red corporals are trying to get down the shaft of the esoffagoosy canal, but the white corporals are waiting -- and what are they saying? "They shall not pass!" -- All the time they are fighting, and fighting and fighting -- it's a terrible battle!...And if the red corporals are winning ---

CANTOR:

Yes ---

GORDON:

Then you get hardening of the artilleries!...Do you know what that means?

CANTOR:

What?

GORDON:

You got to call in the Infantry!...And again, they are fighting and fighting and fighting --

CANTOR:

This is where I came in!

GORDON:

Then the white corporals rush to the front with re-enforcements for the mind...They are bringing tanks -- tanks -- tanks --

BOTH:

(SING) Tanks for the Memory -- SHUT UP! (24:35)

CANTOR:

Russian, you still haven't told me how I'll get to sleep.

GORDON:

I'm coming to tha t...You see, Camphor, in the skull there are some very important organs -- the left ear drum, the right ear drum -- and a slide tromboney. ...Now every skull has a base -- as soon as the red corporal gets to the base, you got to watch him.

CANTOR:

Why?

GORDON:

He shouldn't steal second!

CANTOR:

But what's all this got to do with my not being able to sleep?

GORDON:

That's very simple...The nerve centers telegraph messages to the brain --

CANTOR:

Yes --

GORDON:

But your brain doesn't accept the telegraph.

CANTOR:

Why not?

GORDON:

It came collect!

(25:20)

CANTOR:

And the brain won't pay -- it's a pauper.

GORDON:

A what?

CANTOR:

Pauper, pauper,..ya hear me, pauper!

GORDON:

Wuzza matter, baby!

CANTOR:

Russian, if you can positively make me sleep, I'll give
you a hundred dollars. (25:35)

GORDON:

I'll guarantee to put you to sleep for five hundred.

CANTOR:

One hundred is all I'll pay.

MAN:

(IN AUDIENCE) (CARLYLE STEVENS) May I say something?

CANTOR:

It's a man in the audience -- speak up, Mister.

MAN:

Put him to sleep, Russian, this audience'll make up
the difference! (EXIT) (UP AISLE)

GORDON:

Okay -- I will -- Haddie Camphor, You got to use
auto-suggestion -- repeat over and over --

"I'm gonna sleep -- I'm gonna sleep."

CANTOR:

I'm gonna sleep -- I'm gonna sleep -- I'm gonna sleep --

(MUSIC STARTS)

PARKS:

Look, everybody -- Cantor's gonna sleep. (26:05)

FAIRCHILD:

Cantor's gonna sleep.

(GLEE CLUB: "Sleep,
Sleep" in background)

KAY:

Cantor's gonna sleep.

GORDON:

Cantor's gonna sleep.

ORCHESTRA: ("TOREADOR SONG" FROM "CARMEN")

ALL SING:

WE MUST BE QUIET -- CANTOR'S GONNA SLEEP
DON'T WAKE HIM UP OR THE AUDIENCE WILL WEEP!

PARKS:

(OVER MODULATION)

QUIET -- please QUIET!

ALL SING:

(TO "SLEEP BABY SLEEP")

SLEEP CANTOR SLEEP -- (SOUND: CRASH)
CLOSE YOUR POPEYES -- (SOUND: CRASH)
YOUR COMPANY IS WATCHING YOU
SO SLEEP CANTOR SLEEP

(BIG BAND FINISH)

CANTOR:

The Slumber Hour has come to you through the courtesy of the Baldwin Locomotive Works!

PARKS:

Eddie, you're not asleep!

CANTOR:

I'm not asleep! People in Cleveland are complaining. Get out of here all of you, please.

PARKS:

Not me, Eddie, please -- I've an announcement to make. (27:00)

Ladies and gentlemen, during the past few months twenty-four thousand high school students throughout the country have competed in a great oratorical contest, sponsored by the American Legion, in the interest of American ideals! The winner will receive a four thousand dollar college scholarship, contributed by Eddie Cantor. Tonight, we present the winner, seventeen-year-old Fletcher Padgett, of Saluda, South Carolina.

(APPLAUSE AS FLETCHER ENTERS)

CANTOR:

Congratulations, Fletcher.

FLETCHER:

Just call me Fletch!

CANTOR:

Fletch? --

FLETCHER:

Yes, sir, that's what my best friends call me --
and you're one of my best friends.

CANTOR:

Thanks.

FLETCHER:

Without this scholarship there wasn't a chance that
I could ever attend college.

CANTOR:

Tell me, Fletch -- what college do you expect to
attend? (28:00)

FLETCHER:

I haven't decided yet, sir -- I thought maybe you'd
have something to suggest.

CANTOR:

Well, I have a daughter just about your age...

FLETCHER:

That's the twenty-seventh time you said that in two
days!

CANTOR:

Well, a fellow can try, at least -- After all, I'm here in Hollywood -- you're from Saluda -- By the way, how big is Saluda?

FLETCHER:

Well, sir, if all the people in Saluda were seated here in this theatre tonight, you'd still have plenty room in the balcony.

CANTOR:

Don't fool yourself -- most of our big men have come from small towns. Presidents, scientists, writers, musicians -- I meant to ask you -- what are you going to be?

FLETCHER:

I'm going to study law.

CANTOR:

And I want you to be the best lawyer that ever was. And when you're ready to practice -- Eddie Cantor will be your first client.

FLETCHER:

You mean that, sir?

CANTOR:

Yes. You'll most likely be defending my life. (28:45)

FLETCHER:

Murder?

CANTOR:

Yes, murder -- you know that between now and the time you get to be a lawyer I've got to kill the Russian! Seriously, Fletch -- the people listening in would like to hear at least a part of the speech which won the award for you. Which part do you consider best?

FLETCHER:

Oh -- it was all good!

CANTOR:

Of course -- may I suggest that you give us about thirty seconds of your talk, on the Constitution.

FLETCHER:

Yes, sir -- "Founded upon a philosophy of free Government that was born in the hearts and minds of free men, tested in the trials of peace and war which it had experienced through the year, and solidified by the faith that shall live, this nation will endure. Though the rains of discord and dissension may descend, the flood of 'isms' may come and the winds of adversity blow, this constitutional form of government will stand, for it is founded not upon sands that shift with the ebb and flow of a tide, but upon an everlasting rock."

(APPLAUSE)

(29:25)

CANTOR:

Thank you, Fletcher Padgett, and I hope you'll be listening in next Monday night, when we broadcast from New York City. Until then, ladies and gentlemen, please remember --

(29:35)

(SINGING)

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.

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

(SWELL MUSIC...BUILD APPLAUSE...FADE ON CUE) (30:15)

PARKS:

No matter how long you may have been smoking some other brand, you owe it to yourself to try Camels... to discover for yourself there's still a big thrill left in smoking...when you change to Camels...Try six packs of mild, rich-tasting Camels and learn why millions of critical smokers have picked Camels as their one and only cigarette for smoking pleasure at its best.

Remember to listen to Benny Goodman and Johnny Mercer tomorrow night at nine thirty Eastern Daylight Savings Time. This is Bert Parks, saying "Hurry back."

(MUSIC AND APPLAUSE SWELL)

(30:45)

HANLON:

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

CANTOR: (SINGING)

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.

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

(SWELL MUSIC...BUILD APPLAUSE...FADE ON CUE) (29:00)

PARKS:

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, more expensive tobaccos -- Turkish and Domestic. That can mean a lot in cigarette enjoyment...including the fact that smokers find that Camels never jangle the nerves. Smoke six packages of Camels and see if that doesn't show you why Camels are the largest-selling cigarette in the world.

Remember to listen to Benny Goodman and Johnny Mercer tomorrow night at nine-thirty Eastern Standard Time.

This is Bert Parks, saying "Hurry Back."

(MUSIC AND APPLAUSE SWELL)

HANLON: "My Heart Belongs To Daddy" is from "Leave It To Me."

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