

- EDDIE CANTOR'S CAMEL CARAVAN -

C-B #2

MONDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1938

4:30 - 5:00 P.M.

7:30 - 8:00 P.M.

CANTOR	B.F. HOLZMAN	DONOHUE	FIELDS
SUGAR S. GAFFNEY	KING	P.A. OPERATOR	GLEE CLUB (12)
QUILLAN	KIRK	RAPP	FILE COPY
ELINSON	GORDON	SCHUMANN	CUTTING
TOM HANLON	FAIRCHILD	CARROLL	MAURICE
LA FRANDRE	BOBBY	MAX WAISMAN	CHAS. RAWSON
DEANNA	ESTY (6)	BUNKY	ELIZ. CROWNER
			KNIGHT

MUSIC ROUTINE

TIMING:

PAGE:

- | | | |
|-------|-------|---|
| _____ | _____ | 1. OPENING (GLEE CLUB AND ORCHESTRA) |
| _____ | _____ | 2. "WHOOPEE" (ORCHESTRA) |
| _____ | _____ | 3. "PUT YOUR HEART IN A SONG" (BREEN) |
| _____ | _____ | 4. "LIFT CHASER" (ORCHESTRA) |
| _____ | _____ | 5. "HABANERA" (GORDON) (NO ORCHESTRA) |
| _____ | _____ | 6. "POTATOES ARE CHEAPER" (CANTOR) (NO ORCHESTRA) |
| _____ | _____ | 7. "MY OWN CHASER" (ORCHESTRA) |
| _____ | _____ | 8. "MY OWN" (DEANNA DURBIN) |
| _____ | _____ | 9. TWO BARS "MY OWN" (SWEET) |
| _____ | _____ | 10. TWO BARS "MY OWN" (SOUR) |
| _____ | _____ | 11. "FANFARE B" (ORCHESTRA) |
| _____ | _____ | 12. "LOHENGRIN" (ORCHESTRA) |
| _____ | _____ | 13. "WEDDING CHASER" (ORCHESTRA) |
| _____ | _____ | 14. "WHOOPEE" (CANTOR) |
| _____ | _____ | 15. "ONE HOUR" (CANTOR) |
| _____ | _____ | 16. "ONE HOUR" (INST. REPRISE) |

KING:

Let up -- and light up a Camel.

(TYMPANI)

GLEE CLUB: Let up -- and light a Camel

(ECHO)

Light up your face with a smile....for

We want Cantor, Here comes Cantor!

It's.....

Eddie Cantor's (PIANOS)

Camel (PIANOS)

Caravan!

ORCHESTRA: (TAG)

(APPLAUSE...CUED BY HANLON)

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

WALT KING:

(ON CUE) The Camel Caravan, starring Eddie Cantor, and guest-starring Deanna Durbin and Bobby Breen -- presented as a compliment to the men and women behind the tobacco counters of America! This half hour 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 he comes -- EDDIE CANTOR!

ORCHESTRA: (SWELLS TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE AS CANTOR ENTERS)

(1:10)

CANTOR:

Hello, everybody! Hello, Walter King!

KING:

Eddie! You're limping! You look like you've been in an accident!

CANTOR:

Walter -- shake hands with a new jitterbug! Last night I went to Ocean Park to see a jitterbug contest, and the first thing I knew, I was dancing with a strange girl. The way she threw me around! Honestly, we danced two choruses and my feet never touched the floor once! But that was nothing, the other fellows were there throwing their girls ten feet in the air. (1:40)

KING:

They throw girls ten feet in the air?

CANTOR:

Oh, yes. Sometimes even higher. As a matter of fact, when the place closed the janitor started to sweep up and found four girls in the balcony! Four girls and one man.

KING:

One man?

CANTOR:

Sure -- with four girls in the balcony you think Phil Harris is gonna stay downstairs?

KING:

Who were the four girls?

CANTOR:

I don't know -- but when they got home I gave them a good spanking! (2:10)

KING:

I've never seen jitterbugs dance, Eddie -- how do they do it?

CANTOR:

It's very simple. You just jump up in the air and shake all over -- It was originated by a nudist who accidentally backed into a hot stove! Besides jumping and shaking, there are a few other motions that go like this: first you run six paces to the left -- then four paces to the right -- then you swing around, look behind you and do a back somersault.

KING:

How can you learn a dance like that?

CANTOR:

It's a cinch. All you gotta do is try to walk across Hollywood Boulevard! (2:45)

KING:

I'm afraid I can't do that, Eddie, but I would like to see one of those contests sometime.

CANTOR:

You should -- it's a lot of fun. All those people want to do is dance and they don't care who they get for partners. Last night a big tall girl was dancing with a little guy half her size. To give you an idea of how they looked together -- he kept getting his nose caught in her necklace! They danced for awhile and finally the little guy yelled, "Hey, throw me up once -- I want to see what you look like!" (3:20)

KING:

Times have certainly changed, Eddie -- they didn't dance like that in the old days.

CANTOR:

In those days before starting to waltz in the parlor, they used to take great pains to roll up the rug on the floor... Nowadays they don't bother about that -- they just dance one chorus of "Dinah" and phhhht -- there's no rug! Two choruses -- phhhht -- no floor! (3:40)

KING:

Well, music itself has changed in the last few years.

CANTOR:

Yes, Walter, and so have the musicians...This swing stuff has even affected their conversation. I overheard two musicians talking on the street, and really, Walter, I couldn't believe what I heard. One of them said: "Hiya, licorice stick." The other guy said: "Hiya, skinbeater -- ya still jivin' for dem hep cats?" He said: "Sure -- I'm in the groove -- I'm sendin' 'em -- I'm beatin' my chops...Your outfit still jammin' for them alligators?" He said: "No -- we ain't jabberwackin' for no ickies -- we got a new dotmaker for platters, and when we lick our whiskers with schmaltz we only slushes for the rug-cutters!" Some language, Walter! The men in our orchestra don't talk like that -- here I'll leave it to anyone of 'em -- here, you mister.

(4:30)

FIELDS:

Mister? I haven't got a name! I'm just a foundling!...
They picked me up in an alley -- in a basket. Guffy!
The name is Guffy!...I suppose I'll have to write it out
for you.

CANTOR:

All right. You'll write it out.

FIELDS:

Oh, I can't write, eh? I have no education!...Call me
ignorant once more! (4:55)

CANTOR:

I didn't call you anything! Look -- you're smart --
you're clever -- Why, you -- you've got a high school
education!

FIELDS:

Make me feel bad! Twelve years ago I graduated high school
and I'm still looking for a job!

CANTOR:

Well, stop looking for a job!

FIELDS:

Oh! I should be a loafer! I should sit home with my two
brothers who never worked a day in their life!

CANTOR:

I see -- your brothers are loafers, too.

FIELDS:

That's nice -- now you insult my own flesh and blood!
I suppose my poor brothers ain't entitled to a vacation!

CANTOR:

Certainly they're entitled to a vacation!

FIELDS:

That's fine! I gotta sit home while they're out having a good time!

CANTOR:

No, no, NO! You have a vacation, too! Go to the mountains.

FIELDS:

Oh! I can't go to the beach -- now he owns the water!
I suppose I can't go down to the water even once!

CANTOR:

Who's stopping you? Go down once, twice -- go down three times!

FIELDS:

I shouldn't even holler for help! You know I'm afraid of water.

(5:50)

CANTOR:

I didn't tell you to swim in the water. Go on the boardwalk.

FIELDS:

Sure -- swim on the board -- get full of splinters!

CANTOR:

You don't have to swim on the boardwalk. Just lie still -- please -- don't even move a muscle!

FIELDS:

Helpless! You'd love that! You'd like to see me sit on the corner and sell lead pencils!

CANTOR:

Believe me, Mr. Guffy, I wouldn't want you to sell pencils. I would not permit you to sell pencils!

FIELDS:

How do you like this guy -- He's got me helpless and begrudges me a chance to make a living!

CANTOR:

Who --- How did this whole thing start?

FIELDS:

How? I'll leave it to these people...I'm sitting here with my pals from local forty-seven -- minding my own business -- and all of a sudden I hear you pass a remark that my father was a shoplifter!

CANTOR:

WHO SAID THAT?

FIELDS:

I'll get even with you -- wait till my old man gets out of jail!

(EXITS)

(APPLAUSE)

(6:50)

CANTOR:

What have I done to deserve this?

KING:

(EXCITEDLY) Eddie! Eddie!

CANTOR:

What is it, Walter?

KING:

(EXCITEDLY) Look at my face...Look at my eyes -- look at my nose -- look at my ears --

CANTOR:

I don't see anything wrong.

KING:

I know -- but ain't I handsome?

CANTOR:

Is everybody crazy on this program tonight? Isn't there one sane person here?

BOBBY:

(OFFSTAGE MIKE) Did somebody page me?

CANTOR:

Bobby Breen!

(APPLAUSE AS BOBBY ENTERS)

....Bobby, it's nice to have you on the program again.

BOBBY:

Thank you, Uncle Eddie. I've come back to see the one person that's done so much for me -- the one person I've missed all these months.

CANTOR:

Thank you --

BOBBY:

What time does Deanna get here?

(7:45)

CANTOR:

Young man, you ought to forget about Deanna...Remember, she's growing up.

BOBBY:

Oh, I suppose I'm a midget!

CANTOR:

I didn't say that...I meant to say that you're not growing as fast as --

BOBBY:

Oh, I suppose my thyroid glands aren't functioning properly!
...Go on, say it -- my father's a shoplifter!

CANTOR:

Stop -- will you? I just got through with a mess of that!
And, Bobby, don't attempt to be a comedian...Unless you have
a complete knowledge of innuendo, satire, a sense of timing
and a flair for repartee -- if one hasn't got those things
he should just sing.

BOBBY:

What number you doing tonight?

CANTOR:

Robert Breen -- Comedian -- Ha - ha ha...will sing
"Put Your Heart In A Song" from the picture "Breaking The
Ice." (8:35)

ORCHESTRA: (FOUR BAR INTRODUCTION)

-11-

BOBBY:

Put your heart in a song,
Steal a note from the blue-bird's throat
And when you sing, Put your heart in a song.
Pin your hopes to a tune,
Wear a smile in your coat lapel
And tie a string around the rim of the moon.
With a light-hearted song and a heart full of fun,
Watch the days flow along as smooth as honey,
If your world falls apart
If the crowd's out of step with you
And life goes wrong, Put your heart in a song.

GLEE CLUB:

Let's sing again.

BOBBY:

Let's sing again, there's music in your heart
But you must do your part, Let's sing again...

(GLEE CLUB JOINS)

With a light-hearted song, with a heart full of fun.
While the days flow along as smooth -- (GLEE CLUB'ECHO)
as honey.
If your world falls apart, if the crowd's out of step
with you
And Life goes wrong, Put your heart in a song!

ORCHESTRA: (SWELLS)

(GLEE CLUB CHORD)

(APPLAUSE)

(11:10)

CANTOR:

Bobby, you sing better each time I hear you.

BOBBY:

Thank you...And I wish you'd say that in front of Deanna!

CANTOR:

I will...You know, last time you came back to the program
I had a cake made for you with "Welcome Home, Bobby" on it.

BOBBY:

Have you got one for Deanna?

CANTOR:

Gosh, I forgot all about it.

FAIRCHILD:

That's all right, Eddie -- I didn't forget.

CANTOR:

Fairchild, you bought a cake?

FAIRCHILD:

No, I baked one!

CANTOR AND BOBBY:

(LAUGH)

CANTOR:

Walter King, did you hear that? Fairchild baked a cake for
Deanna!

FAIRCHILD:

I see nothing to laugh at -- it happens to be my hobby.

KING:

(LAUGHS) A grown man baking a cake!

(11:50)

BOBBY:

I think it was very nice of Mr. Fairchild to bake a cake for Deanna.

KING:

I would have baked one for her myself, but --

CANTOR:

But what, Walter?

KING:

I had to finish my knitting!

BREEN:

(LAUGHS)

CANTOR:

Fine hobbies you guys have -- Fairchild bakes cakes and King knits sweaters! (LAUGHS)

KING:

Don't laugh -- we know your hobby.

CANTOR:

So what? Did anybody ever die from crocheting dollies?

FAIRCHILD, BREEN AND KING:

(LAUGH)

CANTOR:

Well, anyway, we have the cake for Deanna...And, Bobby -- right after the broadcast you make the presentation.

BOBBY:

You mean a speech? I never made one in my life.

CANTOR:

Oh, it's easy -- if you've got something good to say...Show him, Walter.

(CANTOR EXITS TALKING TO BOBBY)

(12:35)

KING:

Mister R.E. Gibson is a master house painter in New York City, and he tells us what Camel Cigarettes can mean to a man in his line of work:

MAN'S VOICE:

(MAX WAIZMAN) (OFFSTAGE MIKE) Working on roofs and scaffolds is apt to get your knees shaky and your nerves upset. Here is what I do to keep my nerves smooth and in tune. I let up and light up a Camel. I've discovered that Camels are soothing to the nerves.

KING:

"Camels are soothing to the nerves," Mr. Gibson says, and he is just one of many smokers who have discovered this same thing about Camels. For, Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos -- Turkish and Domestic. Yes, smokers find that Camel's costlier tobaccos are soothing to the nerves. They have learned that a frequent pause to let up....light up a Camel...helps one to avoid ragged nerves...makes the whole day easier, more enjoyable. Let up...light up a Camel...and see what a difference it makes in your day.

ORCHESTRA: ("LIFT CHASER")

(13:35)

CANTOR:

Walter, what do you think? Deanna Durbin's singing teacher just phoned and invited himself to the party.

KING:

He did?

CANTOR:

Yes, and he spoke with a foreign accent.

KING:

What did he say?

GORDON:

(OFFSTAGE MIKE) Out of mine way! Out of mine way!

CANTOR:

The Mad Russian!

GORDON:

How do you do!

(14:00)

(APPLAUSE)

CANTOR:

You're Deanna Durbin's singing teacher? A talented girl like Deanna Durbin wouldn't study with you!

GORDON:

No? Let me mention you some names...Lawrence Tibbett,
Gladys Swarthout, Bing Crosby -- I always taught those
people.

CANTOR:

You taught those people?

GORDON:

Yes -- I always taught Tibbett was wonderful, I taught
Crosby was marvelous, I taught --

CANTOR:

Oh, go away!...I can just see Deanna Durbin's future in
your hands.

GORDON:

(DRAMATICALLY) Me, too. Yes...I can use my imagination...
Why not? It's mine! (14:30)

CANTOR:

Go ahead.

GORDON:

The way I have trained her...I can see her in five years
from now standing in the center of the stage of the
Metropolitan Opera House -- she is singing "Carmen"...
(FAKES EIGHT BARS OF "HABANERO" FROM "CARMEN")

CANTOR:

(SINGS) Was it red?

GORDON:

No -- No -- No -- No!

CANTOR:

(SINGS) Was it green?

GORDON:

No -- No -- No -- No!

BOTH:

(SING) Was it -- QUIET!

(15:10)

CANTOR:

You better go before Deanna Durbin gets here and shows you up!

GORDON:

You still don't believe, eh?....Did you know that Jeanette MacDonald is going to be one of mine pupils, too?

CANTOR:

She wouldn't associate with you.

GORDON:

No?....I just phoned her and commanded her to meet me at mine studio not later than nine o'clock.

CANTOR:

You did?

GORDON:

Yes -- and when she gets there --

CANTOR:

Well --

GORDON:

Will I be surprised! (15:40)

CANTOR:

Stop stalling!...If you know music -- give me an aria.

GORDON:

What?

CANTOR:

Aria! Aria!

GORDON:

I'm fine -- Arri-you?

CANTOR:

That's a pretty bad pun.

GORDON:

What happened to the writers we had last week -- it was much better.

CANTOR:

A fine musician!...Why, you don't even know the scale.

GORDON:

Yes, I do -- six dollars an hour and double for overtime -- plus the contractor.

CANTOR:

Get away from me!...You're not Deanna Durbin's teacher, you're not a musician, you're an imposter, a fraud -- a -- a --

GORDON:

A scoundrel and a dirty dog.

CANTOR:

Why are you saying those things?

GORDON:

Say, I know what I am, Haddie Camphor....I'll prove you I'm a teacher -- let me train your voice, and I'll put you on top.

CANTOR:

(LAUGHS) All right, Russian -- I'll give you a chance. What do you want me to do?

GORDON:

Sing "Tomatoes Are Cheaper."

(16:40)

CANTOR:

Okay...(SINGS) Tomatoes are cheaper, Potatoes are cheaper --

GORDON:

A little higher!

CANTOR:

(SINGS HIGHER) Tomatoes are cheaper, Potatoes are cheaper --

GORDON:

Higher!

CANTOR:

(SINGS STILL HIGHER) Tomatoes are cheaper, Potatoes are
cheaper --

GORDON:

That's perfect.

CANTOR:

And now you'll put me on top?

GORDON:

Yes -- on top of mine brother's vegetable wagon!

ORCHESTRA: "MY OWN" CHASER' (17:15)

(APPLAUSE AS RUSSIAN EXITS)

CANTOR:

You know, that Russian didn't fool me for a minute -- I know Deanna Durbin's real singing teacher, Mr. Andre de Segurola. We owe him a great deal for bringing out the lovely voice of your favorite, and mine -- Deanna Durbin!

(APPLAUSE AS DEANNA ENTERS)

DEANNA:

Uncle Eddie, that was a very nice thing to say. (17:40)

CANTOR:

Well, it's true....And, Deanna, how you've improved.... Why, the other night when I saw the preview of your new picture, I cried. Your dramatic scenes, your lights and shades -- the glory of your voice, the charm of your personality....Honestly, I really cried -- I cried to think that in my home there's a flock of girls -- no talent!....They eat -- they tear shoes!....Sing, Deanna -- before I break down again!.....Play, Fairchild! (18:05)

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

KING:

From her new Universal Picture "That Certain Age,"
Deanna Durbin sings --

DEANNA:

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, ev'ry dream I have known
Has been built of but one desire
Just to call you my own.

(ORCHESTRA SWELL)

GLEE CLUB:

Show me a sign (DEANNA: OBLIGATO)
Of your longing for me. OBLIGATO
Say you are mine OBLIGATO

DEANNA:

And forever that you will be
My own, Ev'ry dream I have known. (GLEE CLUB BACKGROUND)
Has been built of but one desire

GLEE CLUB AND DEANNA:

Just to call you

DEANNA:

My Own!

(ORCHESTRA SWELL)

(GLEE CLUB CHORD)

(APPLAUSE)

(20:35)

CANTOR:

Thank you, Deanna, and I want you to know we're all
thrilled with your being here tonight.

(APPLAUSE AS DEANNA EXITS)

KING:

When the orchestra played for Deanna Durbin like this --

ORCHESTRA: (TWO BARS SWEET)

KING:

That was harmony. But -- had they played it like this --

ORCHESTRA: (TWO BARS SOUR)

KING:

That would have been discord. -- You know -- nerves get out
of tune, too -- just like musical instruments. There are
dozens of things in our daily lives that can cause jangled
nerves. There's noise and worry....there's too much
excitement or too little rest. Each plays its part in
straining your nerves to the limit. So...the moment you
feel yourself getting jumpy or irritable....that's the
moment your nerves need rest. Let up -- light up a
Camel! That's exactly what so many other happy, ~~the~~
successful people do. They break nerve tension. They
let up -- light up a Camel. Smoking Camels eases nervous
tension. A moment with a Camel is a moment of enjoyable
and comforting rest. Smokers find that Camel's costlier
tobaccos are soothing to the nerves. So, ever so often --
let up -- light up a Camel.

ORCHESTRA: ("FANFARE B")

(22:05)

CANTOR:

Ladies and gentlemen, last week we began a new feature...
An interview with couples who have filed their intention
to marry. Tonight's couple have registered at the
Marriage License Bureau here in Los Angeles and their names
have appeared in the local newspapers....May I present
Charles Rawson and Elizabeth Crowner, the future
Mrs. Rawson.

ORCHESTRA: "LOHENGRIN" (22:30)

(APPLAUSE ON ENTRANCE)

CANTOR:

Well, kids, congratulations to both of you.

CHARLIE AND ELIZABETH:

Thanks, Mister Cantor.

CANTOR:

Speak up -- are you nervous?

CHARLIE AND ELIZABETH:

Thanks, Mr. Cantor. (22:40)

CANTOR:

You're nervous, but I guess we can't blame you for being
jittery at a time like this. After all, you don't get
married every day -- unless you're in the picture business.
Tell me, have you got the marriage license yet?

ELIZABETH:

No, Mister Cantor, we're going to get it tomorrow.

CANTOR:

That's fine. I don't like to mention this, Charlie, but that license is going to cost two dollars.

CHARLIE:

That's okay -- I've got my dollar.

CANTOR:

What a man. Elizabeth -- what are you going to wear at the wedding?

ELIZABETH:

Well, I'm planning to wear a high-necked white velvet gown with a large rhinestone and pearl clip at the throat, a bridal veil of fine net, a velvet coronet, and white satin sandals.

CANTOR:

And, Charlie -- what are you planning to wear?

CHARLIE:

I'm just gonna put on my other pants!

CANTOR:

Your other pants?

CHARLIE:

Yes -- the ones with the stripe in them -- the kind you wear with a tail-coat. (23:35)

CANTOR:

Oh, tails. You know, I wore tails at my wedding. It made me look very fancy. Besides, that was the only way I could cover up the patches in my pants. If I'm not getting too personal, Elizabeth -- are you a working girl?

ELIZABETH:

Yes, I write advertising copy for the Globe Department Store....That's at 5100 South Broadway, between Fifty-first and Fifty-second -- and we have men's clothing, women's clothing, and sporting goods.

CANTOR:

Are you sure you don't want to mention what time the store opens? Go ahead -- tell us. (24:05)

ELIZABETH:

Well, it opens at nine thirty A.M. and closes at nine P.M. But Charlie waits outside to take me home.

CANTOR:

Do you have a long wait usually?

CHARLIE:

Yes, sir. Even after she gets through work she takes another half hour to put lip-rouge on.

CANTOR:

That's awful. I'll bet it only takes you a couple of minutes to take it off. What kind of a job have you got, Charlie?

CHARLIE:

I drive a truck for the Howard Supply Company.

CANTOR:

That's strange...I always thought truck drivers were big, husky-looking fellows. You only weigh about a hundred and forty, don't you?

CHARLIE:

No -- I'm a hundred and fifty.

CANTOR:

Pardon me -- it's force of habit....This week I've been marking things down in my gift shop. You know it's nice to see you both working, and I'm sure you won't have any financial problems. (25:05)

ELIZABETH:

We hope not -- but then there's always the possibility that we might lose our jobs.

CANTOR:

Yes, but don't worry -- in California you're always sure of thirty dollars every Thursday....Anyway, a couple of youngsters like you shouldn't worry about a little thing like money, because really -- when you get married you'll find so many ways to economize, especially on food. For instance, when Ida and I were married, we lived on twenty cents a day for quite awhile.

ELIZABETH:

How much?

(25:25)

CANTOR:

Twenty cents a day. You see, we'd buy a bottle of milk for breakfast, a box of crackers for lunch, and then we'd eat them for dinner. Do you think you can manage your household like that, Elizabeth?

(25:40)

ELIZABETH:

Well I'll try. Charlie goes to work every morning at eight so I'll get up at seven forty-five and make some coffee in my pajamas.

CANTOR:

Won't that spoil the pajamas? Never mind, I know what you mean. Tell me, after you two are married, are you going to live in an apartment or a house?

ELIZABETH:

A house. We've got one that's really lovely and I like it very much.

CANTOR:

That's fine. What do you think of the house, Charlie?

CHARLIE:

Well, if it's good enough for her folks it's good enough for me!

CANTOR:

You needn't answer if you don't want to, young man, but how often do you call on Elizabeth. (26:10)

CHARLIE:

Well --

ELIZABETH:

Twice a week. He usually takes me to the movies.

CHARLIE:

That's right, we sit in the back row and hold hands... and then every once in awhile we -- well, we do a little necking. You know how it is.

CANTOR:

(HESITANTLY) Not lately, I don't. Tell me about it.

(26:25)

CHARLIE:

That's all there is to it. When the people on the screen get romantic, I put my arms around Elizabeth and kiss her.

CANTOR:

Ohhhhhhh. No wonder they say "Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment!" Well, kids, I'm sorry, but our time is about up and I'm afraid we'll have to say good night.

(26:40)

ELIZABETH:

Er --- Mr. Cantor, would you -- Charlie, and I would like to have you come to our wedding.

CANTOR:

I'll be glad to....Tell me where and when.

ELIZABETH:

On Friday, October twenty-first, eight thirty in the evening, at the Little Church of the Flowers in Glendale.

CANTOR:

I'll come -- and I'll bring Ida....And here's a hundred dollar check as your first wedding gift.

(27:05)

CHARLIE AND ELIZABETH:

Thank you, Mister Cantor.

CANTOR:

Oh -- er -- Charlie --

CHARLIE:

Yes?

CANTOR:

Isn't it -- er -- customary for a fellow like me to kiss the bride?

CHARLIE:

Well, I don't think it would be right to kiss her now....
You see, we're not married yet.

CANTOR:

Don't be so technical! (KISSES HER)

CHARLIE:

Say, that's not fair -- you're kissing my Elizabeth.

CANTOR:

All right -- you can get even. At your wedding you can kiss
Ida!

CHARLIE:

Good night, Mister Cantor.

CANTOR:

Good night.

ORCHESTRA: ("WEDDING CHASER")

(APPLAUSE)

(27:40)

CANTOR:

There they go -- (KEYNOTE)

(SING) Another bride -- another groom --

Another son (wait'll I finish!) sunny honeymoon!

You, too, can woo some --

Become a two-some --

GLEE CLUB AND CANTOR:

By makin' whoopee!

(APPLAUSE)

(28:20)

CANTOR: Next week -- another pair of newlyweds -- and -- in addition to the regular crew of the Caravan -- our guest star will be Mickey Rooney -- MGM boy star.

(APPLAUSE)

Until then -- please remember --

I love to spend each Monday with you
As friend to friend I'm sorry it's through
I hope you know just how I feel
I hope you feel that way, too. (Good night!)

(APPLAUSE)

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

KING: Whatever it is that people find most noticeable in Camel Cigarettes -- their rich flavor of costlier tobaccos...in a matchless blend...their pleasing mildness...the soothing comfort with each smoke -- it all adds up that Camels give something different and something more. That's why Camels are the largest-selling cigarette in America. Smoke six packages of Camels and put them to the proof yourself. You'll find that there is more joy in smoking -- more satisfaction in each day as it goes by -- when you "let up -- light up a Camel." Listen again for Eddie Cantor's Camel Caravan next Monday, and remember to tune in tomorrow night at 9:30^{pm}/Eastern Standard Time for Benny Goodman - "King of Swing." Walter King speaking.

ORCHESTRA: SWELLS

(APPLAUSE)

HANLONG: This is the Columbia Broadcasting System.