

EDDIE CANTOR'S CAMEL CARAVAN - C-B #9 (NY 4)
 MONDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1938 7:30 - 8:00 P.M.
 10:30 - 11:00 P.M.

CANTOR	HOLZMAN	P.A. OPERATOR	CUTTING
FIELDS	KING	RAPP	MAURICE
KNIGHT	KIRK	SCHUMANN	MARY KELLY
QUILLAN	GORDON	CARROLL	MARY BOLAND
ELINSON	FAIRCHILD	BUNKY	LUCILLE MEREDITH
HARDING	ESTY (6)	GLEE CLUB (12)	JAY JOSTYN
PROTZMAN	DONOHUE	FILE COPY	ARTHUR BRADLEY
		JOE GRATZ	

MUSIC ROUTINE

<u>TIMING</u>	<u>PAGE</u>	
-----	-----	1. Opening
-----	-----	2. "Whoopee" (Orchestra)
-----	-----	3. "Lift Chaser" (Orchestra)
-----	-----	4. "Oh Susanna (Cantor)
-----	-----	5. "Short Fanfare C" (Orchestra)
-----	-----	6. "Home Sweet Home" (Orchestra)
-----	-----	7. "Home Sweet Home" (Orchestra) (FAST)
-----	-----	8. "Short Camel Chaser" (Orchestra)
-----	-----	9. "Whoopee Chaser" (Orchestra)
-----	-----	10. "Whirling Dervish" (Cantor)
-----	-----	11. "One Hour" (Cantor)
-----	-----	12. "One Hour Reprise" (Orchestra)

KING:

Let up -- and light up a Camel.

(TYMPANI)

G. 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) (NO APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: ("WHOOPEE" ... STRINGS SNEAK IN)

WALTER KING:

(ON CUE) The Camel Caravan, starring Eddie Cantor, and guest-starring that grand personality of the stage and screen..... Mary Boland!

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 --- EDDIE CANTOR!

ORCHESTRA: (SWELLS TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE AS CANTOR ENTERS) (1:05)

CANTOR:

Hello, everybody...Hello, Walter King!

KING:

Well, Eddie, I hear you went to the opening of the Metropolitan Opera last week.

CANTOR:

Yes, and I'm still dizzy - I can't stand high altitude...Oh! that 4th balcony!

KING:

You mean you were sitting in the 4th balcony?

CANTOR:

Yes, and it was very annoying...Fred Allen kept throwing peanuts down at us! ... (1:30)

KING:

Well, compared to Fred Allen, you had a choice seat.

CANTOR:

I certainly did. Of course some of the others were closer to the stage, but my seat had a much better brand of chewing gum under it.

KING: I didn't know the 400 chewed gum.

CANTOR: They do, Walter. And don't call society "The 400" anymore. On account of things this year they've been marked down to three ninety eight.

KING: Well, according to the newspapers the display of jewels was still there. (1:55)

CANTOR: Jewels? Walter, I couldn't see what was going on the stage because of the glare from all that jewelry the women were wearing.....
(AD LIB) Diamonds, gold, silver, pearls, -- you know, next year I'm not going to go to the opera at all. I'm just going to sit in Tiffany's window, yell "Bravo" a couple of times, and go home.

KING: I suppose the Diamond Horse-shoe is as glamorous and dazzling as ever.

CANTOR:

Oh, yes. I noticed one woman there who was wearing six diamond rings, four pearl necklaces, and all kinds of gold and platinum bracelets...They had to bring her to the theatre in an armored truck. I've never seen such jewelry. If anybody touched her a burglar alarm went off. That protected her in case anybody tried to steal her jewelry.

KING:

How did you find that out?

CANTOR:

Well, when nobody was looking I ----- mind your business. (2:50)

KING:

All right, -- who else was there?

CANTOR:

Royalty, Walter...A Foreign Count and his American wife. They looked lovely together. He was wearing a diamond stick pin, diamond studs, and diamond cuff-links.

KING:

And what was she wearing?

CANTOR:

A lavalier of pawn tickets.

KING: Did you speak to any society people there at the opera?

CANTOR: Just one girl, Walter. I asked her where I could find the ushers. She was very ritzy...She looked at me through her lorgnette glasses, and said: "My dear man, I am NOT an information booth, -- and I would rather you would not speak to me until after a proper introduction...furthermore, I don't know where the ushers IS." (PRFTTT) She was a debutante. She came out this year...Next year her father's coming out. What a time I had there!

KING: You really like the opera don't you?

CANTOR: Yep -- give me an Opera ticket and I'm the happiest man in the world.

FIELDS: Oh, give you an Opera Ticket, give it to you, huh. Too cheap to buy one!

CANTOR: No, Mr. Guffy -- I'll buy one...I'll buy two tickets -- I'll buy three -- four --

FIELDS: Go on, buy all the tickets so nobody else can get in!...Why don't you fix it so that the real music lover won't get a chance to listen to the immortal strains of Beethoven and Bach?

CANTOR: Nobody's stopping you -- do me a favor and go to the Opera.

FIELDS: Oh, to please you I gotta sit through three hours of that junk!

(7:50)

CANTOR: Then go where you can have fun -- go to a Nightclub.

FIELDS: Fine! .. I should enjoy myself all night while my poor, sweet darling wife waits up for me.

CANTOR: All right, don't go to a nightclub-- stay home with your wife.

FIELDS: Sure, and be nagged to death, huh?

CANTOR: But your wife is a poor, sweet darling!

FIELDS: Ohhhhhh -- you'll hear from my lawyer in the morning!

CANTOR: Wait a minute, Guffy -- you've got me wrong .. I don't want her - I wouldn't even go near your wife.

FIELDS: Oh, deserting her, eh?

(8:20)

CANTOR:

Guffy, I can't figure you out - I don't know what you're saying.

FIELDS:

Now I can't speak English!

CANTOR:

I never said that! .. You speak English as well as I!

FIELDS:

Oh, I'm a foreigner!

CANTOR:

But Mr. Guffy --- I was merely saying ---

FIELDS:

Don't stall - as long as you started it, finish it! .. Tell 'em that they're taking my car away from me.

CANTOR:

I won't make that statement - you own your car.

FIELDS:

Oh, I suppose I go to the Finance Company every month because I'm stuck on the cashier! (8:50)

CANTOR:

No, the cashier means nothing to you.

FIELDS:

I see - I bought her that Mink Coat because I felt sorry for the Furriers.. Why don't you make me buy her another coat! (9:00)

CANTOR: No, I don't want you to buy her another fur coat.

FIELDS: Oh, you wanna get her one! (9:10)

CANTOR: How did he get around to that? All I said in the beginning was, I wanted to go to the Opera - but now I never wanna go there.

FIELDS: Then give me back my ticket!

CANTOR: Your ticket? I haven't got your ticket!

FIELDS: Sold it, eh?

CANTOR: Look, Guffy - here, here's my own ticket.. Go to the Opera!

FIELDS: At last you show what a low character you are.

CANTOR: But I gave you my ticket to the Opera.

FIELDS: That's just it ... With all those nice people in there -- you have to send in Riff-Raff like me!

(APPLAUSE AS GUFFY EXITS) (9:35)

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CANTOR:

Walter, that Guffy is not normal! .. I wonder
what's wrong with him - I wonder what makes
him act that way?

GORDON:

(OFFSTAGE MIKE) (NO SCREEN ON GORDON'S
ENTRANCE) You see, in the Bloodstream of
the human being

CANTOR:

The Mad Russian!

GORDON:

How do you do!

(APPLAUSE)

(10:00)

GORDON:

Listen to this, Camphor -- and see if you
can guess where I was . .

(SINGS FEW BARS OF "AIDA")

CANTOR:

You were to the Opera!

GORDON:

Yes, and you should have seen how gorgeous I
was dressed. I had on corduroy pants,
sneakers, a polo shirt and spats.

CANTOR:

What was the idea of wearing spats?

GORDON:

Say, when you're sitting for a Dollar-Ten --
you got to be formal!

(10:25)

CANTOR:

(LAUGHS)

Were they all dressed like you?

GORDON:

No, only those who could afford it.. There was one distinguished looking general who was dressed even better than me.

CANTOR:

Really?

GORDON:

Yes - he was wearing red pants with a silk stripe, and a very tight-fitting coat with brass buttons.

CANTOR:

You fool - that was the usher!

GORDON:

Should I give him back his autograph? (11:00)

CANTOR:

What made you go to the Opera, anyway - you don't understand it.

GORDON:

Is that so? I'll have you know that I sang Opera in the last picture I made in Russia - it was released in 1933.

CANTOR:

Who was the producer?

GORDON:

I don't know - he won't be released till 1940!

CANTOR: (LAUGHS)
Go way I don't believe you were even at the
Opera.

GORDON:
Is that so? -- I was accompanied by Mrs.
Ethelbert Harrison-Williams Van Rennsaeler.

CANTOR:
A society woman, eh?

GORDON:
No - Mine plumber's wife!

CANTOR:
You went to the Opera with another man's
wife?

GORDON:
She had the tickets! (11:45)

CANTOR:
Letting a woman furnish the tickets - Russian
you're a cheapskate.

GORDON:
Not me - I brought her a beautiful corsage
from South Hampton, Long Island.

CANTOR:
That was very nice.

GORDON:
But before the second act started she got a
rash on her face.

CANTOR:
A rash?

GORDON:
Say, did I think in Vanderbilt's garden there
would be Poison Ivy?

(12:10)

CANTOR:

OH -- I don't believe you were at the Opera,
at all.

GORDON:

I was and I didn't miss a thing.

CANTOR:

Well, tell me the part that you enjoyed most.

GORDON:

I liked the part right before the Finale - when
that lovely red-headed creature came out wearing
a beautiful gown -

CANTOR:

Yes -- but how was her voice?

GORDON:

Terrible .. But nobody noticed it.

CANTOR:

Nobody noticed it?

GORDON:

No -- because every time she came back for an
encore she took off some more clothes!

CANTOR:

You were at Minsky's!

GORDON:

What a Grand Opera! (KISS)

CANTOR:

Get out of here!

ORCHESTRA:

"LIFT CHASER"

(APPLAUSE AS RUSSIAN EXITS)

(12:55)

CANTOR: Walter, that Russian doesn't know anything about Opera.

KING: I'm not so sure you know much about it either.

CANTOR: I expected something like that from you...I knew you'd be skeptical so I brought a tenor and a soprano from the Met.
(ENTER) I'll have them sing "Romeo and Juliet" and interpret it as they go along...Here they are, Walter...Senor, Senora. Andiamo!

MAN: (SINGS)

KING: What was that?

CANTOR: He said: "I'll lift you in my arms and fly away with you."
He wants to lift her in his arms! He weighs 140 pounds, and she 290. To lift her he'd need two derricks, a truck and four trailers.

WOMAN: (SINGS)

CANTOR: She is saying "I'm hungry for you." How do you like that.... She is hungry for him! A half a cow would be an hors d'oeuvre for that dame.

MAN: (SINGS)

CANTOR:

He wants to meet her in the garden when the
moon is high.

WOMAN: (SINGS)

CANTOR:

She doesn't want to meet him -

MAN: (SINGS)

CANTOR:

He wants -

WOMAN: (SINGS)

CANTOR:

She doesn't want -

MAN: (SINGS)

CANTOR:

He wants -

WOMAN: (SINGS)

CANTOR:

She doesn't want - ... Will you two get
together -- this is only a half hour program.

MAN: (SINGS)

(in strains of first two bars of -

"STOP BEATING ROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH."

KING:

What was that?

CANTOR: (SINGS)

"STOP BEATING ROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH."

WOMAN: (SINGS)

(5:30)

CANTOR:
She is nervous!

WOMAN: (SINGS)

CANTOR:
She is terribly nervous!

MAN: (SINGS)

KING:
What is his reply?

CANTOR:
You don't know that? -- I'm surprised at you!
He advised her to let up and light up a Camel!
... How did that get in here?

WOMAN: (SINGS)

CANTOR:
She calls to him -- "Ah, my Romeo, if I can't
HAVE you, I'll take poison."

MAN: (SINGS)

CANTOR:
He calls back - "I'll take poison, too."
.....Looks like a poison to poison call.

WOMAN: (SINGS)

CANTOR:
She is saying - "Even if I die, I want to be
with you."

MAN: (SINGS --- FINISHING VERY BIG)

CANTOR:
Say this is not an audition!

KING:
What was that last one Eddie?

CANTOR:
He says - "I don't want to live if I can't be
with you."...I guess they're dying to get
together!

WOMAN: (SINGS)

(6:35)

CANTOR: Oh! my heavens!

KING: What's the matter, Eddie?

CANTOR: Senora - will you repeat that?

WOMAN: (SINGS)

CANTOR: What she just sang has nothing to do with "Romeo and Juliet!"

KING: What did she say?

CANTOR: She said, "During intermission, come to my dressing room. I want to see you."

(ORCH. "WHOOPEE" CHASER)

(7:20)

CANTOR: Walter, the other night when I went backstage at the Opera to say hello to Martinelli, I noticed how fidgety the performers were just before the first curtain. Some of them paced back and forth nervously - others wrung their hands - and one of the singers bit off all his own nails and was ready to start on mine when the opening curtain saved me!

KING: There's nothing surprising about such nervous gestures, Eddie -- because -- when you're hurrying and worrying, it's very easy for the nerves to become tense, jangled. And here's a way to ward off that tension that many people are finding remarkably helpful. Whenever you feel your nerves tightening up, just let up and light up a Camel. Ease up for a bit. Remember -- Camels are a matchless blend of finer, more expensive tobaccos...Turkish and Domestic. Smokers find that these costlier tobaccos in Camel cigarettes are soothing to the nerves.

CANTOR: Thanks, Walter -- and now here's a geography lesson for you.

(CANTOR & GLEE CLUB: "WHIRLING DERVISH")

(APPLAUSE)

CANTOR: Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, and now I want you to meet one of the grandest personalities in the entertainment world. Mary Boland!

(ORCHESTRA: FANFARE)

(APPLAUSE)

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CANTOR:

Mary, it's great having you here. You know, for years I've admired that character you portray on the screen.

BOLAND:

Oh, thanks.

CANTOR:

The rattle-brained, excitable, fluttery woman.. I don't know what to call that type - it seems to defy classification. What would you call yourself?

BOLAND:

I'm a female screwball. (16:20)

CANTOR:

Mary, I'm amazed! A graceful, charming, dignified woman like you saying a thing like that.. I'm a screwball. I'm a screwball.

BOLAND:

(MIMICKING RUSSIAN)

How do you do!

CANTOR:

The Mad Boland! (16:35)

CANTOR: Mary - after living in Hollywood so long - how does it feel to get back to New York?

BOLAND: Oh, it's fine, except that I don't care much for this weather. It's a little too windy.

CANTOR: Well, you can't blame that on New York. Really. That breeze we're getting is coming from the World's Fair grounds in Long Island.. Grover Whalen is auditioning fan dancers this week.

BOLAND: He's auditioning fan dancers?

CANTOR: Yes.

BOLAND: Well, what am I doing here? Get me a fan!
(17:05)

CANTOR: Mary, I'm one of your fans.

BOLAND: Don't be silly. Imagine me swinging you - from hither to yon.

CANTOR: Mary, -- I meant I'm one of your screen fans. You know, being in Hollywood as long as you have, -- you must have picked up a lot of gossip about the movie people.

BOLAND: Yes, -- but -- er -- I don't like to repeat it.

CANTOR: Oh, Go ahead -- tell us.

BOLAND: All right ... But I hope what I tell you is just between you and me.

CANTOR: It will be if we don't get a laugh pretty soon.

BOLAND: (CONFIDENTIALLY)

Well, don't breathe this to a soul, Eddie, but I heard that there is no such person as Shirley Temple.

CANTOR: There isn't?

BOLAND: No. Shirley Temple is really Mickey Rooney. You see, when Mickey Rooney gets through at MGM, he just puts on a blonde wig and a pink dress and sneaks into Twentieth Century Fox! So he's the little girl who does those tap dances with Bill Robinson. (17:55)

CANTOR: Bill Robinson?

BOLAND: Yes, and --- he's really Al Jolson in blackface. Very few people know that.

CANTOR: Bill Robinson is really Al Jolson.

BOLAND: Yes, -- and Al Jolson is really the father of Parkyakarkas, who is the mother of Martha Raye.

CANTOR: Oh. Then who is Martha Raye?

BOLAND: George Arliss.

(18:25)

CANTOR:

Well -- that IS news. I always thought George Arliss was one of the Dead End kids.

BOLAND:

That's silly. How could he be?---All those kids are girls. Didn't you know that?

CANTOR:

Why, no.

BOLAND:

Of c ourse. You see, off the screen the Dead End kids are really the Dionne Quintuplets. And the Dionne Quintuplets aren't quintuplets at all, -- they're really the Ritz Brothers.

(19:00)

CANTOR:

Well Mary, I'll tell you something you don't know -- The Ritz Brothers are really Kate Smith! And Kate Smith is really a Major Bowes Unit!

(19:10)

BOLAND:

Major Bowes?

CANTOR:

Yes, -- he's better known as Schlepperman! But enough of this kidding, Mary.

BOLAND:

All right, Eddie ... this next piece of information is on the level When I get back to Hollywood I'm planning to change my character in pictures.

CANTOR:

Really?

BOLAND:

Yes, -- I'm tired of being the timid wife who can't handle her husband ... I want to be the domineering type. If you'll help me, I'll show you the kind of story I'd like to do.

CANTOR:

All right -- music, Fairchild.

ORCHESTRA: "HOME SWEET HOME" (FADE ON CUE) (19:40)

KING:

(OVER MUSIC) Presenting Mary Boland and Eddie Cantor in a scene depicting American home life. As the scene opens, the husband has just returned from work.. He calls to his wife.

(MUSIC OUT)

CANTOR:

Darling, where are you?

BOLAND:

I'm upstairs. And don't "darling" me - you're three minutes late and I'm not going to let you get away with it. I'll be 'right down to carry you upstairs.

CANTOR:

But dear, I can walk upstairs -- I don't have to be carried.

BOLAND:

You will when I get through with you. Well, don't just stand there.. Hurry up here and kiss me, or I'll slug you!

CANTOR:

Yes, dear. Here I come.

SOUND: (RAPID PATTERN OF FEET ON STAIRS)

(... FOLLOWED BY WOOD CRASH)

(20:15)

BOLAND:

What happened?

CANTOR:

I tried to kiss you before I opened the door! I'm sorry.. Here's my pay envelope.

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BOLAND:

Aha! It's been opened. Have you been tampering with your pay envelope?

CANTOR:

Yes, darling - It was my curiosity. I just wanted to take a peek and see if I ever got that raise I asked for two years ago. I did get that raise, -- didn't you?

BOLAND:

Yes, and there's supposed to be thirty dollars in this envelope. BUT -- there's only twenty-nine dollars and ninety cents. Where is that other dime?

CANTOR:

Social Security, darling - the Government took it.

BOLAND:

They did, huh? Well, you march right downtown and make them give it back.

CANTOR:

Yes, darling - I'll go right now. (21:20)

BOLAND:

And by the way, -- when you come home tonight take off your shoes so you won't wake up the dog...He's not feeling well so he's going to sleep in your bed.

CANTOR:

My bed?

BOLAND:

Yes, but it's all right.....I put an extra blanket in his kennel for you.

CANTOR:

What's wrong with the dog, dear?

BOLAND:

He's undernourished. Every day somebody steals his dog biscuits, -- I have no idea who can be doing it.

CANTOR:

Neither have I Woof woof. Woof woof
(21:50)

ORCHESTRA: "HOME SWEET HOME" (FADE) (FAST)

CANTOR:

(OVER MUSIC)

Ladies and gentlemen ... the characters in this story are fictitious and bear no relation to people in real life....Ida.

ORCHESTRA: "SHORT CAMEL CHASER"

(APPLAUSE)

(22:05)

CANTOR: Mary, you gave a grand performance - and I'm going to reward you for it.

BOLAND: How?

CANTOR: By introducing you to the Mad Russian. Russian -- I want you to meet Mary Boland.. You've seen her in pictures.

GORDON: Of course.... Hello Mary Bowlegs. (22:15)

CANTOR: Her name is Boland - she has no bow legs!

BOLAND: How do you know?

CANTOR: Well - er -- last summer when you were in swimming in Beverly Hills I sneaked a look.

GORDON: A Peeping Tomcat!

BOLAND: (LAUGHS) You Mexicans are so funny!

CANTOR: Mexican? He's not a Mexican.

BOLAND: What is he, the missing link? (22:40)

CANTOR: No - he's a Human Being.

GORDON: Of course I am Haddie Camphor - - I'm a Human Being?

CANTOR: You maybe a human being - but you're certainly not being human.

GORDON: That's very funny - very funny

CANTOR: What's funny?

GORDON: You pay me and I get the best jokes! Don't you think so Miss Roly Poly? (23:00)

CANTOR: (SOTTO) Russian .. Be careful how you address Miss Bowland - she's a very cultured person, and I don't want you to offend her.

GORDON: Okay .. Listen, Toots -- you wanna get married?
(23:10)

CANTOR: You ignoramus ... You haven't the right to ask Miss Boland if she wants to get married.

BOLAND: Hush, Cantor .. at my age a man is a man!

CANTOR:

Mary, you're not thinking seriously of the Russian?

BOLAND:

I certainly am - I think he's very repulsive!

GORDON:

She likes me! Ah, you are wonderful ...
gorgeous.

CANTOR:

Russian, stop rushing Miss Boland.

BOLAND:

Well, maybe I should have time to think it over.

GORDON:

Of course, darling, we don't have to get married right away -- I can wait .. (PAUSE)
That's long enough -- let's get married!

(23:50)

CANTOR:

Are you actually proposing to Miss Boland?

GORDON:

Yes, but there's a catch to mine proposal -
I'll give her everything.

CANTOR:

What's the catch?

GORDON:

I haven't got anything!

(24:05)

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BOLAND:

Oh, we have to get married right away - he's a pauper.

CANTOR:

Isn't he a cute groom?

GORDON:

Thank you. Tell me, Mary mine love - do you like children?

BOLAND:

I love them.

GORDON:

Good - then mine brother will come to live with us!.....

(24:25)

BOLAND:

That settles, everything - Russian come on we'll get married!

GORDON:

Just a minute! Before we go -- kiss me!

BOLAND:

All right (KISS)

GORDON:

This is the finish! The whole marriage is off.

CANTOR:

But why? You asked her to kiss you and she did.

GORDON:

That's just it.. if she'll kiss me.. she'll kiss anybody!

(RUSSIAN EXITS ... APPLAUSE)

(25:05)

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CANTOR:

Mary, you were grand tonight.

BOLAND:

Thank you, Eddie.

CANTOR:

To prove that you weren't offended at what
the Mad Russian said --- before you go, would
you kiss me goodbye?

BOLAND:

Oh, no -- I've got to draw the line somewhere!

CANTOR:

Goodnight, Mary!

ORCHESTRA: "WHOOPEE CHASER" (APPLAUSE) (25:25)

KING:

Before Eddie Cantor sings his next song ---
let's listen to a statement from a young woman
whose steady nerves have helped make her one
of the foremost trapeze artists of the world.
You'll probably recognize the name ---
Antoinette Concello.

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WOMAN'S (OFF STAGE MIKE) (LUCILLE MEREDITH)
VOICE: In circus trapeze work, I can't let tension
get my nerves. I find that smoking a Camel
helps my nerves to rest. Camels are so
soothing.

KING:

And here's a man who has just finished a
window repair job 101 stories above the
street - in the tower of the famous Empire
State Building in New York. His name is
Sidney Evert. He says:

MAN'S (OFF STAGE MIKE) (JAY JOSTYN)
VOICE: Yep, 1100 feet above ground - with just a
scaffold under ya -- is pretty nerve
straining. But I've found a mighty pleasant
way to ease nerve tension. As often as I
can, I let up and light up a Camel.
Believe me, Camels are sure soothing to my
nerves.

KING: Now you probably haven't been on a trapeze since you were a kid. And as for repairing windows on the 101st floor — well, we'll skip that one. But whatever you do, don't/^{you} find that there's plenty of nerve tension in your job, too? Try this pleasant way to avoid jangled, upset nerves. When you feel yourself getting tense, just let up and light up a Camel. See if you, too, don't find that Camels are soothing to jangled nerves.

(26:50)

(CANTOR & CHORUS: "OH SUZANNA")

(APPLAUSE)

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CANTOR:

Thank you. Next week - ladies and gentlemen--
we have as our guest one of the truly
outstanding personalities of our day - the man
whose career is the famous Dionne Quintuplets -
Dr. Allen Dafoe.

(APPLAUSE)

(28:25)

And so - until next week - please remember -

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 do,
I love to spend each Monday with you

(28:55)

(CUT ON CUE FROM VK - E.C. SAYS GOOD NIGHT)

(SWELL MUSIC - BUILD APPLAUSE - FADE ON CUE)

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KING:

Camel cigarettes are so mild, so easy on the throat, that you can smoke them all you want! Smoke six packages of Camels and you'll soon understand why Camels are the largest-selling cigarette in America. Smokers find that Camel's costlier tobaccos are soothing to the nerves.

NOT GIVEN
IN FIRST
SHOW

(Remember to listen to Benny Goodman, tomorrow night at 9:30 Eastern Standard Time when the King of Swing presents as his guests --- Harry Richman -- and Tito and His Swingtette.

Walter King speaking.

(MUSIC AND APPLAUSE SWELL)

HARDING:

This is the COLUMBIA ... BROADCASTING SYSTEM
-fade theme 20 seconds-
8:00 P.M. B-U-L-O-V-A BULOVA WATCH TIME
WABC.....NEW YORK

(29:30)

sf/ms/ea

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