

EDDIE CANTOR'S CAMEL CARAVAN - CB #12 - NY 7
 MONDAY, DECEMBER 19, 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	CHAS. CANTOR
ELINSON	PAIRCHILD	BUNKY	GLADYS SWARTHOUT
HARDING	ESTY (6)	GLEE CLUB (12)	
PROTZMAN	DONOHUE	FILE COPY	
		JOE GRATZ	

MUSIC ROUTINE

TIMING PAGE

- | | | |
|---------|-------|--|
| ----- | ----- | 1. OPENING |
| ----- | ----- | 2. "WHOOPEE" (ORCHESTRA) |
| ----- | ----- | 3. "McHUGH MEDLEY" (CANTOR) |
| ----- | ----- | 4. "I LOVE TO WHISTLE" (ORCHESTRA) |
| ----- | ----- | 5. "FANFARE C" (SHORT) (ORCHESTRA) |
| ----- | ----- | 6. "PAGLIACCI" (ORCHESTRA) |
| ----- | ----- | 7. "3 FANFARES" |
| ----- | ----- | 8. "PAGLIACCI" (ORCHESTRA) |
| ----- | ----- | 9. "OLD MAN RIVER" (SWARTHOUT) |
| ----- | ----- | 10. "CAMPBELLS ARE COMING" (ORCHESTRA) |
| ----- | ----- | 11. "WHOOPEE" (CANTOR) |
| ----- | ----- | 12. "ONE HOUR" (CANTOR) |
| EXTRA - | | "YOU MUST HAVE BEEN A BEAUTIFUL BABY" |

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: ("WHOOPEL" , , , STRINGS SNEAK IN)

WALTER KING:

(ON CUE) The Camel Caravan, starring Eddie
Cantor, and guest-starring --

Miss Gladys Swarthout! 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: (SMELLS TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE AS CANTOR ENTERS)

(1:05)

- 2 -

CANTOR:
Hello everybody, hello Walter King --

KING:
Hello, Eddie!

CANTOR:
Only five more shopping days before Christmas..
But Walter, I'm all set.

KING:
I understand you and Ida bought all your
presents in advance.
(CANTOR AD LIBS "PACKAGE GAG")

KING:
That reminds me -- the sweater you gave me as
a gift - is much too small.

CANTOR:
Really?

KING:
Yes, if you tell me where you got it, I can
exchange it.

CANTOR:
Who knows where those push carts move around--
one day here, one day there -- (1:40)

KING:
So you're still buying a la cart? But I don't
blame you, Eddie. After all, your Christmas
presents must set you back quite a lot - you
have so many friends.

CANTOR: Well, I have just one present for thirteen thousand friends --

KING: Thirteen thousand friends?

CANTOR: Yes - my fellow employees at the Camel Cigarette Factory in Winston-Salem, North Carolina...as a Christmas gift for them, I'm going to produce the "Camel Pollies." (2:00)

KING: Your intentions are all right - but can you produce a show?

CANTOR: Can I? Say, I've been around show business for more than twenty-five years.

KING: Say, I've been eating chicken all my life, - but I can't lay an egg! (2:15)

CANTOR: You'll get your chance, 'cause you're going to be in the show. I also put ads in all the papers for extra talent! Most of all I need a good leading man.

FAIRCHILD:
I'd make a good leading man for you,
Eddie.

CANTOR:
No, Edgar Fairchild...I need an actor...
Have you ever been on the stage?

FAIRCHILD:
Oh, sure.

CANTOR:
You were, well -- Did you sing, did you
dance, were you in plays?

FAIRCHILD:
No.

CANTOR:
Well, what were you doing on the stage?

FAIRCHILD:
I just went up to collect my Bingo prize.
(2:40)

CANTOR:
You won't do - Edgar y' see I need a
handsome leading man.

FAIRCHILD:
I could handle that, Eddie.

CANTOR:
You, Fairchild. You're handsome? (LAUGHS)

FAIRCHILD:
Don't laugh. Have you ever seen me all
dressed up in my tuxedo?

CANTOR:
Yes. You look like a penguin with glasses---
Nope, I'll have to have outside talent.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES. (2:55)

MAN:

(CHARLIE CANTOR)
Mister Cantor ...

CANTOR:

Yes

MAN:

Did you put an ad in this morning's Daily News?

CANTOR:

Yes, -- I did.

MAN:

Do you ever read the Daily News?

CANTOR:

I read it every morning.

MAN:

Don't you just love Little Orphan Annie?

SOUND: DOOR SLAM.

KING:

Eddie, you shouldn't have let him get away -
he looked funny enough to be in your Follies.
(3:15)

CANTOR:

No, Walter, he looked old-fashioned. We're
modern! ... I tell you there's nothing to
compare with the comedy that's written today.

FIELDS:

Oh, ... I suppose Shakespeare was nothing, eh?

CANTOR:

Mr. Guffy, I didn't say that...Shakespeare was
probably the finest playwright of his time.

FIELDS:

What's wrong with Bacon?

CANTOR:

Nothing -- I think Bacon is grand...I'm crazy
about Bacon.

FIELDS:

He's crazy about Bacon -- huh!

CANTOR:
Look, Guffy -- no arguments tonight, please...
If you wanna stay here, go out with the
audience and listen to the rest of my program.

FIELDS:
I should fall asleep too? ... A fine way
to treat a gentlemen. (3:50)

CANTOR:
Listen! -- you can't sleep in my theatre...
If you're a gentleman, go home.

FIELDS:
Oh, I should sleep in the Park, ruin the
flowers, kill the grass! (4:00)

CANTOR:
Wait a minute -- there are no flowers --
it's cold -- it's winter -- it's dreary --

FIELDS:
Go on -- make me feel bad! ... Remind me that
I have to stay here and freeze while all the
stuffed-shirt plutocrats are down in Florida.

CANTOR:
That's not true -- all the stuffed-shirt
Plutocrats are not in Florida.

FIELDS:
Oh, you couldn't get away this year, huh?

CANTOR:

Look, Mr. Guffy -- not only rich people go to Florida -- middle-class people go -- poor people go -- there are loafers, chislers, crooks ---

FIELDS:

Go on, keep hinting -- you'll get to me! ...
I know what you're thinking -- tell 'em how low down I am.

CANTOR:

That's right, Guffy -- go ahead, put words in my mouth...Tell me what to say.

FIELDS:

Now he wants me to write his program! (4:45)

CANTOR:

No, I don't need you to write my program.

FIELDS:

Oh, you write it yourself -- go on, brag.

CANTOR:

I don't brag about writing this program.

FIELDS:

You're ashamed of it, too, huh?

CANTOR: Listen, Guffy -- don't make me lose my head.

FIELDS: I should lose my head, huh?...Go on say it -- it's not even a head - it's a cue ball - go on play it in the side pocket.

CANTOR: Guffy, go away -- I've got to produce my Camel Follies. (5:10)

FIELDS: What's the matter with producing a Ziegfeld Follies?

CANTOR: Because right now I happen to be working for Camels...And Camels happen to be the largest selling cigarette in America.

FIELDS: How do you like this guy -- he started this whole argument with me just to get in a plug for Camels!

CANTOR: Who's arguing with you?

FIELDS: Well, why don't you admit that the Ziegfeld Follies was the greatest show of it's kind-- with the most beautiful girls in the world.

CANTOR:
I do...Every girl in the "Ziegfeld Follies"
was beautiful.

FIELDS:
Fannie Brice was a Miss America, huh? Since
when are you a judge of beauty?

CANTOR:
Look Guffy -- in my twenty-five years on the
stage and screen I played with some of the
most beautiful leading ladies in the world...
In "Whoopee" I made love to a girl from the
West -- in "The Kid From Spain", I was the
sweetheart of a Spanish Senorita -- and in
"Ali Baba Goes To Town" I fell for a
beautiful Arabian Princess.

FIELDS:
How do you like this Cantor!...His wife stays
home and raises a family and he chases all
over the world after women! (6:00)
(EXIT) (APPLAUSE)

KING:
Don't let that Guffy upset you, Eddie - you
may want to use him in your show.

CANTOR:
Not if I can help ---

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS)
(MARY KELLY ENTERS, LAUGHING)

KELLY: Mister Cantor.....

CANTOR: Yes.....

KELLY: (LAUGHS)
Is it true that you're gonna put on a big
Christmas show?

CANTOR: Why, yes, -- it is.

KELLY: Well, (LAUGHS) you could use me in the chorus
..... I used to be in the Follies.

CANTOR: The Follies? Were you in the front row?

KELLY: (LAUGHS)
I was the front row!

CANTOR: I can use you, lady --- if you can read lines.

(6:35)

KELLY: (LAUGHS)
Mr. Cantor -- just give me a part and I'll
kick the stuffin' out of it.

CANTOR: You're huskey enough -- Here -- read this...
I wanna hear how you sound as the heroine.

KELLY: (LAUGHS)

All right, here goes...Darling -- (LAUGHS)
are you sure you love me?

CANTOR:

Yes...Nothing can keep us apart...
Wherever you go -- I'll follow you.

GUFFY:

How do you like this Cantor -- still chasing
women!

CANTOR:

Will you lay off me, Guffy? Miss Kelly --
you read lines all right but we can't use you.

KELLY: (LAUGHS)

I'm so disappointed. What's the matter with
me?

CANTOR:

You see, I wanted you for the part of a
fan dancer.

KELLY:

Yes?

CANTOR:

But looking at you - I figure it's a shame
to kill 200 ostriches to make a fan for you!

(KELLY EXITS)

(APPLAUSE)

(7:15)

KING:

Eddie! If you keep turning everyone down you'll never produce your show! Have you got the opening laid out?

CANTOR:

Yes, and it's gonna be great .. Picture this, Walter --- soft music -- an amber spotlight, hits the stage -- a figure glides silently to the microphone -- and softly whispers ---

GORDON:

How do you do!

CANTOR:

The Mad Russian!
(APPLAUSE)

GORDON:

Haddie Camphor, I have come to be the director for your Follies. (7:45)

CANTOR:

Russian - You're no Director!

GORDON:

What are you trying to do --- ruin my name?

CANTOR:

What name? You're the Mad Russian!

GORDON:

Better known as Cecil B. Deminsky!

CANTOR:

Stop! You have neither the background nor the education to direct my show!

GORDON:

Is that so? Let me tell you, I was receiving a special education when I was a boy of thirty-one.

CANTOR:

Really? Where did you go?

GORDON:

McGinnis's School for Backward Children! ... I stayed there for five years.

CANTOR:

Why did you leave?

GORDON:

Say, how long can a man stay in kindergarten?

CANTOR:

And you want to direct our Follies! .. Why, Russian -- you're ignorant.

GORDON:

You think I'm ignorant? You should meet mine brother's brother.

CANTOR:

Your brother's brother is you!

GORDON:

That's why I'm so stupid! ... Please, Camphor -- if you'll just make me the director, I'll give you a sketch that I wrote for your Follies. (9:00)

CANTOR:

Russian, you wrote a sketch? ... Tell me how it goes.

GORDON:

Very well ... You see the scene opens ----

CANTOR:

Yes ---

GORDON:

Then it closes!

(9:10)

CANTOR:

Please get out, Russian -- you wouldn't know where to begin to direct my Follies. What about the music?

GORDON:

That's all fixed. Only today I made the deal. I gave five hundred dollars to the greatest composer of all time.

CANTOR:

Who?

GORDON:

Beethoven.

(9:25)

CANTOR:

You idiot -- Beethoven has been dead for over a hundred years!

GORDON:

I thought he looked a little pale!

CANTOR: Oh, stop! Where did you see Beethoven?

GORDON: He was sitting in the Park with some pigeons on his shoulders.

CANTOR: That's a statue!

GORDON: No wonder he didn't complain when I took back the money'.

CANTOR: I guess that's about right .. Russian, the only thing you could get money from is a statue -- something inhuman -- an inanimate thing without a brain in its head!

GORDON: How do you do! (EXIT) (APPLAUSE)

CANTOR: Oh, Fairchild!

FAIRCHILD: Yes, Eddie.

CANTOR: In this show of ours - there's one scene where I make up in blackface and the orchestra plays a fanfare ---

ORCHESTRA: "SHORT FANFARE"

CANTOR: And then Walter King will say --

KING: Eddie Cantor presents - A Salute to a Songwriter!

ORCHESTRA: "SHORT FANFARE" (SEGUE) (10:25)

-16-

CANTOR: And then I'll sing --
 I can't give you anything but love, baby,
 That's the only thing I've plenty of, baby -
 Now I know why Mother - Told me (GLEE
 to be true - CLUB IN
 She meant me for someone exactly B.G.)
 like you.

Grab your coat and get your hat,
 Leave your worry on the door-step,
 Just direct your feet to the Sunny Side
 of the street.

G. CLUB: I'm in the mood for love,

CANTOR: Simply because you're near me.
 Funny, but when you're near me,

G. CLUB: I'm in the mood for love.

CANTOR: I.....I.....
 feel a song coming on I.....
 feel a song coming on

G. CLUB: Let's sing again.....SING!

CANTOR: There's music in your heart

G. CLUB: SING!

CANTOR: But you must do your part...
 Let's sing again

G. CLUB: I love to whistle
 Cause it makes me merry,
 Makes me oh so very
 (WHISTLE) (CHORD)

CANTOR: I love to whistle
 Troubles won't come near me,
 Specially when they hear me
 (WHISTLE)

G. CLUB &
 CANTOR: (WHISTLE) (ORCHESTRA: 2 BARS BOLERO)

CANTOR: You're a sweetheart, if there ever was one -

If there ever was one, it's you....

My own, Ev'ry dream I have known

Has been built of but one desire,

(WITH GLEE CLUB)

Just to call you My Own!

(BAND UP) (APPLAUSE)

CANTOR:

Thank you, friends - and thanks to the
songwriter who gave you all those hits -
Jimmy McHugh. --

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: REPRISE "I LOVE TO WHISTLE" - FADE FOR KING

(13:15)

KING:

(MUSIC
OUT)

Everybody knows the effects of nerve strain -- how ragged it can make you feel -- and how difficult it is to work when nerves are jangled. But everyone may not know that there is a simple, easy way to ward off needless nerve strain. Listen carefully: Whenever you feel your nerves beginning to tighten up, break the tension this way: Just let up and light up a Camel cigarette. Millions of busy, successful people are doing it. And every day more smokers are discovering that "letting up and lighting up a Camel" is a truly pleasant way to give their nerves a soothing rest. Camels are a matchless blend of finer, more expensive tobaccos -- Turkish and Domestic. They are so mild, so genuinely comforting. Smokers find that the costlier tobaccos in Camel cigarettes are soothing to the nerves. So don't let nerve strain interfere with your work -- your fun. Follow the famous saying -- Let up and light up a Camel!

ORCHESTRA: "FANFARE "C" (SHORT)

(14:05)

CANTOR:

Ladies and gentlemen ... From radio, motion pictures and the opera, we bring you the triple-threat girl of the entertainment world -- Miss Gladys Swarthout!

(APPLAUSE AS MISS SWARTHOUT ENTERS)

CANTOR:

Gladys, it's really a privilege to have such a grand artiste as you on our program ... A celebrated prima-donna of extraordinary talents - a glamorous personality -- a woman of dignity, refinement, culture

SWARTHOUT:

Eddie, dat's coitanly a swell hunka woids!

CANTOR:

A girl from Vassar! ... Gladys, about that picture you just finished -- that one called "Ambush" -- you didn't sing in that picture, they tell me. (14:50)

SWARTHOUT:

That's nothing. In your last picture, you didn't sing either, they tell me!

CANTOR:

Gladys, whoever said that is jealous! I just happen to have a style all my own ... Nobody else sings like I do.

SWARTHOUT:

The cowards!

CANTOR:

Why, everybody knows that I sang several songs in "Ali Baba Comes To Town".

SWARTHOUT:

Was that your last picture?

CANTOR:

I'm beginning to think so! However, I'm sure they'll be wanting me to work for one of the big movie companies very soon ... You see, I'm changing my name to "Roosevelt"!

SWARTHOUT:

What. You're changing your name again? (15:35)

CANTOR:

Again. All right -- so I DID change my name to Cantor ... Could I help it if I got tired of being called O'Toole? ---- But let's talk about you, Gladys ... I imagine people would like to know where you've studied music.

SWARTHOUT:

The Beethoven Institute in Vienna, the Mozart University in Paris, and the Conservatory of Music in Milan. Eddie, -- where did YOU study music?

CANTOR:

The Delancey Street Military Academy! (ALUMNI HERE) Don't laugh -- that was a very exclusive place ... You couldn't get in there unless you had a diploma from a reform school! --- Gladys, are you still continuing your musical studies?

(14:15)

SWARTHOUT:

No, Eddie. You see, my husband, Frank Chapman, is also an opera singer and we get enough practise just singing around the house ... Why don't you come over to our house and see how it works?

CANTOR:

That's not necessary ... I can imagine how it must sound.

ORCHESTRA: "RIDÌ PAGLIACCI" ... UP AND DOWN

KING: (OVER MUSIC)

The scene is the Chapman-Swarthout home ..
The husband, played by Eddie Cantor, is just returning home from work.

(MUSIC OUT)

(14:40)

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR.

SWARTHOUT:

Who's that knocking at the door.

CANTOR:

It's me.

SWARTHOUT:

Who?

CANTOR:

Meeeeeeee. Me-me-me-me-me-me-me.

SWARTHOUT:

Stop practicing and come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS.

CANTOR:

Greetings, my love, -- what have we got for
dinner?

SWARTHOUT:

We have ---- Cream of tomato soup

COURT TRUMPET BLAST.

SWARTHOUT:

Broiled lamb chops

(TRUMPET BLAST. (HIGHER)

SWARTHOUT:

With a choice of two vegetables

TRUMPET BLAST. (HIGHER)

SWARTHOUT:

Doughnuts and Coffee! (15:10)

CANTOR:

No-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o I won't eat doughnuts.

SWARTHOUT:

Yeh-eh-eh-es Yeh-eh-eh-es you will eat
doughnuts ...

CANTOR:

No no.

SWARTHOUT:

Yes yes.

CANTOR:

No no.

SWARTHOUT:

Yes yes.

CANTOR:

No no.

SWARTHOUT:

Yes yes.

CANTOR:

(TIMIDLY, SLOWING DOWN) No no.

SWARTHOUT:

(ALSO SLOWING DOWN) Yes yes.

CANTOR:

(WEAKLY) All right, -- I'll eat one.

SWARTHOUT:

You'll eat two.

CANTOR:

(SCREAMING) No no.

(15:35)

SWARTHOUT:
Yes yes.

CANTOR:
No no.

SWARTHOUT:
Yes yes.

CANTOR:
No no

SWARTHOUT:
Yes yes.

CANTOR:
(TIMIDLY, SLOWING DOWN) No no.

SWARTHOUT:
(ALSO SLOWING DOWN) Yes yes.

CANTOR:
All right. (CRIES) I'll eat ALL of them.

SWARTHOUT:
No no.

CANTOR:
Yes yes.

SWARTHOUT:
No no.

CANTOR:
Shhhhhh. We woke up the baby. Listen to
him crying and shaking that rattle.

BABY: (CHARLES CANTOR)
(CRIES TO TUNE OF "HABANERA" WITH RATTLE
ACCOMPANIMENT) (WINDS UP CRYING BASS)

CANTOR:
His voice is changing!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR (16:05)

SWARTHOUT:

Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS.

WOMAN: (MARY KELLY)

Hello, daughter.

SWARTHOUT:

Mother ... We didn't expect you.

WOMAN:

Where can I put my suitcase? ... I'm going to stay over till Christmas.

CANTOR:

All right, but remember -- that's only seven days.

WOMAN:

I mean Christmas 1948.

SWARTHOUT
& CANTOR:

(IN UNISON) No no.

WOMAN:

Yes yes.

SWARTHOUT
& CANTOR:

No no.....

ORCHESTRA: "RIDI PAGLIACCI" ... UP AND OUT.

(APPLAUSE)

SWARTHOUT:

Eddie, don't look now but I think our singing attracted the Mad Russian -- here he is.

(16:40)

CANTOR:

I'll handle him. Russian, I want you to be very careful of your conduct tonight ... in the presence of Miss Swarthout. (16:50)

GORDON:

What conduct? Last night she kissed me on mine ear.

SWARTHOUT:

But I couldn't have done that because last night I was in Kentucky.

CANTOR:

That proves nothing --- with his ears you could kiss 'em from Mexico! (17:00)

SWARTHOUT:

(LAUGHS) His ears do stand out quite a bit.

GORDON:

That's because I'm wearing mine ears up this season!

CANTOR:

What an upsweep!

GORDON:

Stop interrupting ... Listen, Miss Washout --

CANTOR:

It's Swarthout! ... Stop calling her names -- don't you realize you're talking to an Opera Star?

GORDON:

So what -- I'm a patron of the Opera ... And
I always get the best seat in the house.

SWARTHOUT:

Oh --- you sit in the Diamond Horseshoe.

GORDON:

No -- in the Prima Donna's dressing room!

CANTOR:

Wait a minute -- you're supposed to sit in
the audience. What were you doing in the
Prima Donna's dressing room?

GORDON:

I -- I was hooking her dress,

CANTOR:

You hooked the Prima Donna's dress? (17:50)

GORDON:

Yes, I hooked it for my wife.

CANTOR:

Isn't that terrible!

SWARTHOUT:

That's awful!

CANTOR:

Forgive me, Gladys, for allowing the Mad Russian to take such liberties with you tonight ... After all, I know what he is -- he's antagonistic -- belligerent -- disrespectful, incorrigible and definitely obnoxious.

GORDON:

Stop, Camphor -- I'll never be able to live up to it!

CANTOR:

What a brain -- and you wanna direct our Follies.

GORDON:

You think I can't, eh? ... I'll give you a sample ... Camphor, you take Swarthout in your arms. Are you ready?

CANTOR:

Yes!

GORDON:

Good -- then I'll kiss her! (KISS) (18:30)

SWARTHOUT:

Wait a minute, Russian -- did you really kiss me?

GORDON:

Yes, like this! (KISS)

CANTOR:

Again you did it - listen you - you cannot
kiss this wonderful person. I won't allow
it, I won't permit it, you hear me?

GORDON:

How do you like that - I'm kissing her and
he gets excited!

CANTOR:

The audacity!

SWARTHOUT:

But, Eddie! I want the Russian to kiss me!

CANTOR:

What?

SWARTHOUT:

Yes, -- let it be my Christmas present.

GORDON:

Now I know what I am - a Russian Charles
Boyer! (KISS)

CANTOR:

Gladys, pay no more attention to him.

(19:10)

GORDON:
But I'm the director here...Miss Swarthout,
don't you obey your director's orders?

SWARTHOUT:
I must admit I do everything my director
tells me.

GORDON:
If he told you to kiss Hugh Herbert -- would
you do it?

SWARTHOUT:
Yes.

GORDON:
Would you hold hands with a man like Ned
Sparks?

SWARTHOUT:
I would.

GORDON:
And would you put your arms around a fellow
like Boris Karloff and call him Honey?

SWARTHOUT:
Certainly.

GORDON:
Hmm -- what are you doing tomorrow night?

(19:35)

CANTOR:

Russian, you're disgraceful -- you have humiliated me by trying to date up Miss Swarthout for tomorrow night.

GORDON:

Beat you to it, huh?

CANTOR:

Please, stop, Russian -- I don't mind when Guffy insinuates things...But you know me -- you know I wouldn't take Miss Swarthout out under any circumstances.

SWARTHOUT:

Eddie, you doublecrosser - you're not meeting me tonight, huh?

CANTOR:

quiet, Gladys!

GORDON:

That's very funny -- very funny.

CANTOR:

What's **very** funny.

GORDON:

She finally got in a joke! ... Listen, Miss Swapshop. (20:10)

CANTOR:

Swopshop - it's Swarthout -- S-W-A-R-T-H-O-U T
----- But what's the use -----
--- Russian, you can't even spell Cat.

GORDON:

Is that so? ... C-A-T -- Cat.....

Haddie Camphor, C-A-T is cat?

CANTOR:

Certainly, you spelled it correctly.

GORDON:

Then my three years at Columbia University
wasn't in vain!

SWARTHOUT:

Mr. Russian, did you really go to Columbia?

GORDON:

Sure, I'm a Seven Letter Man.....

I-T-B-O-T-H-B!

SWARTHOUT:

What does that mean?

GORDON:

IN THE BLOODSTREAM OF THE HUMAN BEING!

(EXIT) (APPLAUSE)

(21:05)

CANTOR:

Let him go, Gladys and soothe my jangled
nerves.

KING:

Let up and light up a ---

CANTOR:

Let up and let the lady sing!

(APPLAUSE)

(21:15)

ORCHELSTRA: INTRO "OLD MAN RIVER" (IN FULL AND FADE)

KING:

(ON CUE)

When we think of Jerome Kern's immortal song
"Old Man River", we associate it with robust
baritones and basses. Tonight, for the
very first time, a woman sings it. Gladys
Swarthout, and the great American classic,
"Old Man River".

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL SLIGHTLY)

SWARTHOUT: Darkies all work on the Mississippi -
Darkies all work while de white folks
play,
Rollin' dose boats from de dawn to sunset,
Gittin' no rest 'Til de Judgement Day,
Don't look up an' don't look down,
You don't dast make de white boss frown,
Bend your knees, and bow yo' head,
An' pull dat rope until yo're dead.
Let 'em go 'way from de Mississippi
Let 'em go 'way from de white man boss,
Show 'em dat stream called de River
Jordan,
Dat's de ole stream dat dey longs to
cross,
Ol' man river, dat ol' man river,
He must know sumpin', but don't say
nothin'
He jest keeps rollin', he keeps on rollin'
along,
He don't plant 'taters, he don't plant
cotton,
An' dem dat plants 'em is soon forgotten,
But ol' man river, he jes' keeps rollin'
along.

G. CLUB: You an' me, we sweat an' strain
Body all achin' an' racked wid pain,

SWARTHOUT: "Tote dat barge," - "Lift dat bale."

G. CLUB: Git a little drunk -

HARGRAVE: An you'll land in jail.

SWARTHOUT: Ah gits weary an' sick of tryin'
Ah's tired of livin' an' feared of dyin'
But ole man river,
He jes' keeps rollin' along.

(GLEE CLUB AND BAND UP)

(APPLAUSE)

(MISS SWARTHOUT EXITS)

(24:30)

CANTOR:

Thank you, Gladys. You thrilled us all with your beautiful interpretation of "Old Man River". Gee, I wish Jerome Kern would write some nice music like that for my Camel Follies. Think of it, Walter...I'm putting the show on next week and here I am only half prepared. Why, I'm not sure of a single thing!

(24:45)

KING:

Eddie -- you can be sure of one thing - Next to the good cheer that comes from smoking Camel cigarettes -- there's nothing like giving Camels for Christmas. Especially when they come in such gay wrappings as this year's special Christmas gift package of Camels. There's the holiday carton of ten packages -- also a handsome box of four "flat fifties" -- all ready to give. And either one you choose, you'll be giving two hundred mild, rich-tasting Camels...the cigarette of costlier tobaccos. Give Camels for Christmas!

ORCHESTRA:

"CAMPBELLS ARE COMING!"

(25:20)

CANTOR:

Now, Edgar Fairchild -- in the Finale of the
Follies for next week, I wanna do "Whoopee"
with the girls from our Glee Club...Play
it -- and I'll stage it.....

(SINGS)

Another bride, another groom,
Another sunny honeymoon,
Another season, another reason
For making whoopee -----

(MUSIC CONTINUES)

(25:50)

CANTOR:

.....Now you girls from the glee club come
over, please...Francis -- you will kneel at
my right...Irene, kneel at my left -- no
closer...Elizabeth, you stand behind me and
put your arms around my neck...And you, Nina--
just keep mussing my hair ... That's right
girls -- make it very intimate.

GUFFY:

How do you like that -- now he's running a
Harem!

CANTOR:

Will you leave the stage -- please! ...
Ladies and gentlemen -- Guffy or no Guffy
there will be a "Follies" here next week --
not only with our regular cast, but as a
special attraction- Munroe Leaf, the creator
of "Ferdinand the Bull"...Hope you'll be
listening next week -- I'll consider it my
Christmas Present from you...Until then,
please remember --- (26:30)

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.

(27:15)

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

(SWELL MUSIC - BUILD APPLAUSE - FADE ON CUE)

KING:

For the pipe-smokers on your Christmas list, by all means -- give them Prince Albert, -- the National Joy Smoke. Ripe, rich-tasting, mellow, fragrant -- and without bite. Ask for Prince Albert in the big one pound tin. It comes in a special holiday wrapping -- all ready to give. There's even a gift card printed on the carton. Modest in cost -- a gift that's sure to please -- for there's no other pipe tobacco like Prince Albert!

Remember to listen to Benny Goodman, tomorrow night at 9:30 Eastern Standard Time when the King of Swing presents as his guests Comedian Phil Baker, Tennis Champion Donald Budge, and the latest Benny Goodman Trio.

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

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(28:00)