

(FIRST BACK IN HOLLYWOOD)

- EDDIE CANTOR'S CAMEL CARAVAN - CB #16

MONDAY, JANUARY 16, 1939

4:30 - 5:00 P.M.
7:30 - 8:00 P.M.

CANTOR
GUFFY
HOLZMAN
PARKS
GORDON
FAIRCHILD
JEN PARKER

ESTY (6)
GLEE CLUB (11)
DONOHUE
BUNKY
RAPP
MAURICE
BEA BENADERET

FILE COPY
CUTTING COPY
KIRK
SPAN
HANLON
KNIGHT

BORIS KARLOFF
ADAM CARROLL
SCHWEIGER
P.A. OPERATOR
SCHUMANN
STAGE HANDS

MUSIC ROUTINE

PAGE:

SELECTION:

1. (2)

OPENING

2. (2)

"WHOOPEE"

3. (2)

"WHOOPEE" CHASER

4. (11)

"HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN SO SOON"
(PARKS)

5. (27)

"BABY MEDLEY"

6. (30)

SHORT FANFARE

7. (37)

"OLD MAN MOSE"

8. (38)

ONE HOUR

PARKS:

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)

(NO APPLAUSE)

PARKS:

(SNEAK (ON CUE) The Camel Caravan, starring Eddie Cantor and
IN
"WHOOPEE") guest-starring Boris Karloff! 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!. (MUSIC OUT) -- And speaking of
pleasure, here is -- Mister EDDIE CANTOR!

ORCHESTRA: "WHOOPEE CHASER"

(APPLAUSE)

(1:00)

CANTOR:

Hello, everybody! -- Well, Bert Parks -- you're in Hollywood at last!

PARKS:

Yes, sir, Mister Eddie, but I'm kinda worried because we got in on Friday, the thirteenth.

CANTOR:

Don't be superstitious -- there's nothing unlucky about Friday, the thirteenth. Young man, the first time I met my wife was on Friday, the thirteenth, and it hasn't been unlucky for me.

PARKS:

Not for you, but how about your wife? (1:20)

CANTOR:

She thinks she's lucky having met me on Friday the thirteenth.

PARKS:

Then your wife isn't superstitious?

CANTOR:

Not at all -- but her brother who lives with us is -- He won't work during any month that has a thirteen in it. -- He's really superstitious! (1:35)

PARKS:

Well, I am, too. For instance, any time I spill salt on the table I throw a pinch of it over my left shoulder.

CANTOR:

Listen, Bert, I saw one guy last night who spilled a little salt on the table at the Trocadero -- he threw some over his left shoulder into another man's eye. The fellow knocked him down, a table fell on him, he reached up, grabbed the table, threw it at the salt-thrower, he ducked, a bottle broke the mirror on which there was a horseshoe, the horseshoe fell down, hit a musician on the head, he swallowed his clarinet, and the salt-throwing man was arrested and the judge sentenced him to thirteen days!...There's nothing to superstition! (2:10)

PARKS:

Well, maybe so, but there's one thing I do believe -- lightning never strikes twice in one place.

CANTOR:

It doesn't? -- It struck five times in succession in my home. You -- with your superstition. (2:20)

PARKS:

I can't help it. Look at me -- I carry this rabbit foot just to ward off hard luck.

CANTOR:

A rabbit foot -- it's silly -- a little rabbit's foot doesn't ward off bad luck -- I wouldn't carry one of those things -- do like I do -- carry the whole rabbit...(AD LIB) You won't have hard luck, Bert -- just being in Hollywood itself is good luck. (2:55) Don't you think the Brown Derby is swell -- the Trocadero -- Earl Carroll's new night club -- Sardi's -- the Victor Hugo --

PARKS:

Yes, sir, they're mighty fine -- but in Atlanta -- at Nunnally's on Peachtree Street -- Mister Cantor, you've never had such a chocolate fudge sundae in your life!

CANTOR:

So you miss Atlanta, eh?

PARKS:

A little -- but it was mighty swell of you to take me around and show me Hollywood...Y'know, I was puzzled by one coincidence --

CANTOR:

What was that?

PARKS:

Everywhere we went we happened to meet one of your daughters --

CANTOR:

Well -- it just happened -- you don't think I placed them, do you?

PARKS:

No, sir --

CANTOR:

Not that I wouldn't like to see them placed...And remember every one of my children gave you their autograph -- and by the way, did you get any more since I saw you? (3:30)

PARKS:

One -- just one from the waiter at the Brown Derby.

CANTOR:

With all those stars around -- you took the waiter's autograph?

PARKS:

Yes, sir, any man who can get me to pay a dollar and ten cents for scrambled eggs -- I want his autograph!

CANTOR:

Fairchild, come here! Listen to this. Bert Parks went to the Brown Derby today and got the waiter's autograph.

FAIRCHILD:

(LAUGHS)

CANTOR:

Silly, isn't it, a waiter's autograph?

FAIRCHILD:

I'll say -- come with me tomorrow, Bert, and I'll get you the doorman's autograph!

CANTOR:

Fairchild -- go curl your moustache!..Well, Bert, what else have you seen here in town?

PARKS:

Mister Cantor, I saw more gals wearin' trousers on the street --

CANTOR:

Bert, almost everybody wears slacks here -- it's perfectly permissible. (4:15)

PARKS:

Yes, sir, but there was one girl in Burbank without clothes!

CANTOR:

You went to Burbank, California?

PARKS:

No, a place called the Burbank The-ater.

CANTOR:

Bert Parks -- you went to a burlesque show?

PARKS:

Is that what that was? Well, sir, I saw a girl on the stage whose folks must be awful rich --

CANTOR:

What made you think so?

PARKS:

She kept takin' off her clothes and throwin' 'em away.

CANTOR:

Fairchild -- Bert Parks went to a show where a girl was throwing her clothes away -- and he thinks her folks must be awful rich.

FAIRCHILD:

(LAUGHS) Ridiculous!! Maybe the poor girl was just overheated!

CANTOR:

Oh, go way -- Fairchild! You know you are very naive, Bert. Why you blushed to the roots of your hair when Carole Lombard got on the train in Pasadena and sat opposite you in the diner. (5:15)

PARKS:

Well, Mister Cantor, that was the first time I ever saw a movie star face to face.

CANTOR:

Face to face -- what about me, Bert, what about me?

PARKS:

The first time for you, too, eh?

CANTOR:

I don't know whether to kill him now, or wait until Thanksgiving --

PARKS:

I tell you, sir, I was so wrapped up in looking at Miss Lombard, I didn't even mind my steak being so tough.

CANTOR:

On the train you thought your steak was tough -- now I know what happened to my brief case...Tell me, did you get Miss Lombard's autograph? (5:45)

PARKS:

No, sir, I wasn't that lucky -- all I could get was her phone number.

CANTOR:

How do you like fudge sundae -- all he could get was her phone number! What is her number?

PARKS:

'Scuse me for saying so, but I don't think it's gentlemanly to repeat something that was given in the greatest confidence --

CANTOR:

In the strictest confidence she gave you Granite 5-1-1-1.

PARKS:

You know her number!

CANTOR:

I have to -- when you are running a gift shop you have to know the customers. Besides, she lives just around the corner from me. I'll take you there sometime.

PARKS:

Golly -- when?

CANTOR:

Well, right now, Miss Lombard is redecorating the place.

PARKS:

She is?

CANTOR:

Yes -- she's planning to have a good looking Gable around the house. (6:30)

PARKS:

Mister Cantor -- you don't know it, but you just told a joke --

CANTOR:

Bert -- it is a joke, isn't it?

PARKS:

Yes, sir, a little corny -- but after all -- you're the boss -- (6:40)

CANTOR:

I'm glad you recognize it...I guess I am the boss -- and my word is law!...I'll show you...Fairchild --

FAIRCHILD:

Yes, sir.

CANTOR:

I want you to play for Bert Parks, two choruses of "My Reverie."

FAIRCHILD:

All right -- I'll play one chorus of "Have You Forgotten So Soon!"

CANTOR:

Nothing like being boss! (7:00)

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION)

PARKS:

(LEGATO
TWO
PIANO
BACK-
GROUND) Have you forgotten so soon,
That lovely night in June,
Our graduation dance,
The glorious beginning of a beautiful romance,
All those gay diversions we planned in advance --

(SLOW FOUR)

Have you forgotten so soon?

(BAND
JOINS)

(QUICK TEMPO)

Have you forgotten so soon,
The sun upon the sand,
The moon of yellow gold,
The things at Coney Island that the fortune teller
told,
Air-conditioned movies that gave us a cold,
Have you forgotten so soon?

(WALTZ TEMPO)

Don't you still remember,
The moonlight hayride, the Beaux Arts ball.
And that grand September,
The crimson woodland,

(THREE HOLDS) The -- wat-er fall -- Ohhhh

(QUICK TEMPO)

Have you forgotten so soon,
The Davis Cup, with tennis by Mr. Donald Budge,
The girl who stole my heart away
and gave you such a grudge,
She was not good lookin' -- but could she make fudge!
Have you -- Have you --
Have you -- who-who forgotten so soon!

(APPLAUSE CUED BY HANLON)

(8:40)

CANTOR:

Well, Bert -- that's a pretty fine reception for a young fellow making his first appearance in Hollywood. Don't you want to say a few words to the people?

(APPLAUSE CUED BY HANLON)

(GLEE CLUB: CRIES OF "SPEECH! SPEECH!")

PARKS:

Thank you. I realize this is a great opportunity for me, and I just wanna say that any success I achieve I owe to...well, to the fact that (FASTER) Camels are a matchless blend of finer more expensive tobaccos.

CANTOR:

Turkish and Domestic.

PARKS:

Starting with choicer tobaccos, following with matchless blending to bring out all the full goodness of the tobaccos, and ending with something hard to describe, but mighty pleasant as a smoking experience. That's Camels. A combination of mildness and richness of flavor that never tires the taste. Those days when the going's particularly rough -- when you want to keep your nerves from getting ragged -- chances are you'll feel soothed -- things will look better if you let up and light up a Camel. Smokers find that Camel's costlier tobaccos are soothing to the nerves. So let up and light up a Camel!

(9:45)

CANTOR:

Bert, you're getting better every week...And while you were just talking, I decided to give you a raise.

PARKS:

Thank you...why?

CANTOR:

Why!..You can't expect my daughter to live on the salary you've been getting! (10:00)

PARKS:

You mean you'd like me -- you want me --

CANTOR:

You like this job, don't you?

PARKS:

Yes, sir.

CANTOR:

It's entirely up to you!..Young man! --- You don't want to go back to Atlanta, now that you're in Hollywood --

PARKS:

But, Mr. Guffy has been going around saying I'm gonna marry his sister.

CANTOR:

Forget Guffy's sister and think of my daughter.

FIELDS:

Oh, my sister should be the forgotten women, huh?

CANTOR:

Your sister, Guffy, is not a forgotten woman -- give her time. Eventually she'll get married.

FIELDS:

She should wait till George Arliss grows up, huh?

My sister is older than the Santa Fe now! (10:35)

CANTOR:

Okay, I'll persuade Bert Parks to marry your sister right away.

FIELDS:

Right away, all of a sudden there's a rush -- can't wait four years till my brother Leo gets out on parole!

CANTOR:

Look, Mr. Guffy...tomorrow I'll get you a good attorney -- and if your brother's record warrants it, we'll have him released now.

FIELDS:

Fine, my brother is the best halfback at San Quentin -- and you wanna break up their team! (11:00)

CANTOR:

All right -- let him stay in San Quentin from now on.

FIELDS:

Sure -- you won't even let him be transferred to Alcatraz so he can be near my father!...Say it, I know what you're thinking -- my father wasn't framed, huh?

CANTOR:

All right, I will say it...Some men are in jail who don't belong there -- on the other hand there are people walking the streets who should be put away.

FIELDS:

Go on -- HINT!

(11:20)

CANTOR:

(HOARSE WHISPER) Who's hinting! Listen, Guffy --
Guffy --

FIELDS:

That's right...His name he puts in lights -- but mine he whispers!

CANTOR:

I won't whisper -- I'll shout it!....GUFFY IS ON THE
EDDIE CANTOR PROGRAM!...GUFFY IS ON THE EDDIE CANTOR
PROGRAM!

FIELDS:

That's fine -- I promised my wife I wouldn't mingle
with riff-raff -- and he has to advertise that I'm
here!

(11:40)

CANTOR:

I don't advertise anything.

FIELDS:

Oh -- Camels are nothing! Camels aren't the finest blend of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos, huh? When you've got jangled nerves isn't it good to let up and light up a Camel?

CANTOR:

Of course, if you've got jangled nerves, it's good to let up and light up a Camel!

FIELDS:

Get that smart Cantor -- I had to tell him!

CANTOR:

Now he's getting me in trouble with my sponsors....
(CRIES)...Guffy, you've got me all upset -- I feel terrible.

FIELDS:

(CRIES) Don't cry, Mr. Cantor -- I understand -- I realize that I upset you -- I realize that I made you feel bad -- week in and week out --

CANTOR:

(CRIES) But, Mr. Guffy -- if you realize that, why do you do these things?

FIELDS:

BECAUSE I ENJOY AGGRAVATING YOU!....And I'm gonna keep on aggravating you until Bert Parks marries my sister!

CANTOR:

No -- that will never happen!....Parks is marrying my daughter.

FIELDS:

My sister.

CANTOR:

My daughter.

FIELDS:

My sister.

CANTOR:

My daughter.

(12:40)

PARKS:

'Scuse me, Mr. Cantor -- I've thought the matter over, and I've reached the decision that to make Mr. Guffy happy I'll marry his sister.

FIELDS:

How do you like that? A kid is brought all the way from Atlanta, made a big star on the radio -- and now, he's willing to double-cross a swell guy like Cantor for a low-down heel like me!....Let me out of here!

(GUFFY EXITS)

(APPLAUSE)

(13:05)

CANTOR:

Don't let him upset you, Bert -- I still think you're a swell kid.

PARKS:

Mr. Cantor, that man Guffy unnerves me.

CANTOR:

Well, here is the antidote to Guffy...Ladies and gentlemen, I present the man who scared the world into wearing their hair high -- Frankenstein himself -- Mr. Boris Karloff.

(APPLAUSE)

CANTOR:

....What is this? Where's Boris Karloff?

VOICE:

(TOM HANLON) Oh, Karloff! Mr. Karloff!

CANTOR:

Where is he?

(13:35)

PARKS:

Mr. Cantor, he's not here.

CANTOR:

He's not here? But I saw him come in before the
broadcast.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

CANTOR: I'll take it...(INTO PHONE)...Hello, this is Eddie
Cantor.

KARLOFF:

(ON FILTER) This is Boris Karloff -- I'm at home.

CANTOR:

You're home?....Why did you leave the studio?

KARLOFF:

I saw the Mad Russian and I got frightened!

(HANGS UP PHONE)

CANTOR:

He hung up on me! Bert Parks, run across the street
to Karloff's apartment and bring him right over.

PARKS:

But, Mr. Cantor -- Mr. Karloff is standing right here in the entrance.

CANTOR:

Don't you love that! Here, I build up an illusion and it's torn down by a chocolate fudge sundae! (14:20)

CANTOR:

Ladies and gentlemen, you are about to hear the voice of the man whose tones chill the marrow in your bones -- a man whose actions are much more frightening than even thunder and lightning....The gruesome guy who makes you jump in bed and pull the covers over your head...The Monster Man in person -- Boris Karloff!
(APPLAUSE AS KARLOFF ENTERS) (14:45)

CANTOR:

Well, Boris -- how did you like the introduction I gave you?

KARLOFF:

I thought it was just too, too ducky!

CANTOR:

Listen to the monster of "The Son of Frankenstein!"
Tell me honestly, Boris -- why did you run away from
the studio before?

KARLOFF:

Why? I came face to face with the Mad Russian and
didn't recognize him.

CANTOR:

Well, who did you think he was?

KARLOFF:

To me he looked like Dracula with a hangover.

CANTOR:

Boris, I'd like you to meet our orchestra leader,
Edgar Fairchild...Edgar, this is --

SOUND: SCREAM... SOUND OF QUICK FOOTSTEPS...DOOR SLAM

KARLOFF:

He ran before I could shake hands with him...I guess
I'll have to wait till the broadcast is over.

CANTOR:

Oh, no -- he can't get back from Caliente by then!....
Just looking at you scared him away -- imagine if you
were here in your make-up! (15:30)

KARLOFF:

Don't remind me. Did you know, Eddie, that in "The Son of Frankenstein" it took four hours of hard work every morning to transform me into a monster?

CANTOR:

With our Mad Russian it's different...He gets up in the morning, washes his face -- pffft -- Monster! ...Tell me, Boris, how does it feel to make one horror picture after another?

KARLOFF:

You're asking me?

CANTOR:

All right, all right -- I like you and they can kid all they want about your looks, Boris...That face of yours should give you one great consolation.

KARLOFF:

What?

CANTOR:

You'll never be bothered with relatives coming to live with you!...Why can't I be as fortunate as you? I had to be born handsome!.....Oh, television where art thou?

(16:20)

KARLOFF:

You know, at that, Eddie -- I'd enjoy making a film with you sometime.

CANTOR:

It would be nice -- but I don't think the public would go for a fairy tale like "Beauty and the Beast!"

KARLOFF:

Oh, stop kidding, Eddie -- you're no beast!

CANTOR:

I forgive that cutting remark, because if you weren't around to frighten him away, Guffy would be here by now.

FIELDS:

(IN AUDIENCE) Tonight you're protected by that totem pole -- but I'll get you next Monday.

CANTOR:

Guffy, I'm surprised to see you in the audience here.

FIELDS:

Me. You should be surprised to see an audience here!

(17:00)

CANTOR:

You know, Boris -- that guy has got me worried?

KARLOFF:

Don't be nervous -- come to my house tonight where
you can really relax...At midnight I'm having a few
friends -- Bela Lugosi --

CANTOR:

Dracula --

KARLOFF:

Peter Lorre --

CANTOR:

The guy with the eyes and no body?

KARLOFF:

Yes -- and the Invisible Man...We'll turn out all the
lights and tell ghost stories!

CANTOR:

At midnight you want me to be there?

I see -- we'll relax!

KARLOFF:

Will you come?

CANTOR:

No, I won't -- but I'll send a suit of my underwear.

KARLOFF:

Your underwear? Why?

CANTOR:

Because after you boys get through with your first
ghost story -- Pffft -- that's all that would be left
of me, anyway!

(17:50)

KARLOFF:

Then I can't depend on you.

CANTOR:

No, but I'll get you somebody who would fit into that company...A perfect pal for fellows like Frankenstein and Dracula.

KARLOFF:

Who is that?

CANTOR:

The Mad Russian!

GORDON:

How do you do!

CANTOR:

Russian...I want you to meet the person who has excited an entire country -- the name alone is enough to send people running for cover. Someone whose voice is positively irritating.

GORDON:

Haddie Camphor -- this is Baby Snooks? (18:30)

CANTOR:

He's not -- He is Boris Karloff -- and he isn't anything like the monster he portrays on the screen -- he's really a home-loving man.

KARLOFF:

That's right -- in my home I'm just the same as Eddie Cantor is in his.

GORDON:

Henpecked, eh? (18:45)

KARLOFF:

Certainly not...I have a very lovely wife -- and just of late I became the father of a baby.

GORDON:

A female Frankfurter!

CANTOR:

It's Frankenstein -- and stop clowning!

KARLOFF:

That's all right, Eddie -- I really must admit that the baby looks just like me.

GORDON:

That's very funny -- that's very funny.

CANTOR:

What's very funny.

GORDON:

He's got a baby that frightens babies!

CANTOR:

Will you quit annoying the greatest character actor on the screen?

(19:20)

GORDON:

Tell me something, Boris Kickoff -- did you ever play the Mad Butler in the "Dark House?"

KARLOFF:

Yes.

GORDON:

Did you ever take the part of the monster in "The Son of Frankenstein?"

KARLOFF:

Of course.

GORDON:

And were you ever a mummy?

KARLOFF:

I was.

GORDON:

My O My -- a minute ago he was a pappy -- now he's a mummy!

CANTOR:

You don't understand, Russian -- he wasn't a mammy... He was a mummy....Mummy!...Do you hear me....mummy?

GORDON:

Wuzza matta, baby? (KISS)

(19:55)

CANTOR:

Scare the Russian a little, will you, Boris?

KARLOFF:

Eddie, this business of playing frightful characters is getting on my nerves.

CANTOR:

What would you like to play?

KARLOFF:

Something sympathetic -- for instance -- a defendant in a courtroom who makes a plea for his life. (20:10)

CANTOR:

Okay -- I'll be the attorney who defends you -- the Mad Russian will play the prosecutor -- and on the bench -- (LAUGHS) -- Judge Guffy!....Mr. Stage Manager -- how long will it take to set a courtroom?

HANLON:

Courtroom? About an hour and a quarter.

CANTOR:

Look -- this is on your own time.

HANLON:

Two minutes!

CANTOR:

What a co-incidence!....(KEYNOTE ON VIBRAPHONE)

Two minutes is just how long it takes for me to sing --

(20:30)

CANTOR:

You must have been a beautiful baby
You must have been a wonderful child,
When you were only startin' to go to
kindergarten

(GLEE CLUB)

I bet you drove the little boys wild,
And when it came to winning blue ribbons,
You must have shown the other kids how,
I can see the judges' eyes
As they handed you the prize

(GLEE CLUB)

I bet you made the cutest bow!
Oh! You must have been a beautiful baby,
'Cause baby, look at you now!

I can't give you anything but love, baby,
'Cause when my baby smiles at me (WA-WA-WA-WA)
My heart goes roamin' through paradise.....

GLEE CLUB:

My little baby --

CANTOR:

Yes sir that's my baby, no sir don't mean maybe --
Yes sir that's my baby now.

(BAND LICK)

And when it came to winning blue ribbons,
You must have shown the other kids how, (GLEE CLUB)
I can see the Judges' eyes
As they handed you the prize,
I bet you made the cutest bow!
Oh! You must have been a beautiful baby,
'Cause baby, look at you now!

GLEE CLUB:

BABY, LOOK AT YOU NOW! (BAND UP)

(APPLAUSE)

(22:30)

PARKS:

Back when Eddie Cantor was singing those "baby" songs in the Ziegfeld shows, an airplane pilot named Jack Knight began flying the transcontinental trip for United Airlines. He pioneered the first coast to coast night flight, then went on to establish the world's record of two-and-a-half million miles in the air. That kind of flying requires good, steady nerves. As Jack Knight puts it:

MAN'S VOICE:

(JEN PARKER) (OFF-STAGE MIKE) (CRISP, DECISIVE)
I make it a rule to see that my ships are in A-1 shape and that I'm in good shape. I take precautions to avoid strained or jumpy nerves. I pause frequently to let up and light up a Camel. I find that smoking Camel cigarettes soothes my nerves.

PARKS:

Now running a home may not be quite as adventurous as flying, but there's nerve strain just the same. Mrs. Carl Eastman speaks for many housewives when she says:

WOMAN'S VOICE:

(BEA BENADERET) (OFF-STAGE MIKE) (YOUNG, ENERGETIC)

To keep my nerves from getting ragged and upset I give them frequent rest. I let up and light up a Camel. Camels are really soothing to my nerves.

PARKS:

Yes, every day more smokers are discovering that Camel cigarettes are soothing to their nerves. And what a grand pleasure it is, too, when you let up and light up a Camel!

ORCHESTRA: (SHORT FANFARE)

GLEE CLUB: (COURTROOM BABBLE) (ON CUE)

(23:45)

SOUND: THREE KNOCKS OF GAVEL

CANTOR:

The court is now in session. The people versus Boris Karloff. The charge, the alleged murder of Moses H. Hemingway.

VOICE:

(TOM HANLON) Your Honor -- here comes the defendant.

SOUND: HEAVY CHAINS CLANKING

CANTOR: Remove his handcuffs!

SOUND: TERRIFIC CRASH

CANTOR: You didn't have to throw it in the Judge's face!

FIELDS: Oh, trying to bump me off, huh? Which officer did that?

MAN: (JEN PARKER) It was me -- Ferdinand.

KARLOFF: A cop named Ferdinand?

CANTOR: You never heard of Ferdinand the Bull?...Your Honor, the defense is ready. (24:25)

VOICE: (TOM HANLON) The court is ready.

GORDON: The Prosecution rests!

CANTOR: The Prosecution rests? Why, the trial hasn't started yet.

GORDON: Well, I was out late last night -- I got to rest!

CANTOR: Rest or no rest -- we're going ahead with the case. Defendant, please repeat after me. -- "Isolemnlyswear totell the wholetruthand nothing but the truth --

KARLOFF: (AD LIB DOUBLE TALK...REPEATS ABOVE LINE)

GORDON: I object...Too much double talk!

CANTOR: (AD LIB) Sit down....Will the defendant please tell
the court where he lives?

KARLOFF:
I have no address -- I have no home -- I haven't even
got a laugh in the script!

CANTOR:
Answer the question.

GORDON:
Your Honor -- I object.

CANTOR:
On what grounds?

GORDON:
Ohhh -- you gotta have grounds!

(25:10)

CANTOR:

Oh, stop! Tell us, Karloff, did you or did you not kill Moses H. Hemingway?

KARLOFF:

I'm innocent. I can prove I was at a banquet the night of the crime -- you'll find my picture in this week's issue of Life...Look it up. (25:40)

CANTOR:

Me?

KARLOFF:

Well, I can't do it -- Your Honor, will you run up to the corner and get a copy?

FIELDS:

How do you like that -- now the prisoner wants to send the Judge up for life!

CANTOR:

Oh, please -- the defendant is anxious to tell his story.

GORDON:

According to Section Four, Paragraph Six of the legal code, the prosecuting attorney is allowed to ask a question.

CANTOR:

Go ahead with your question.

GORDON:

Who do you like in the sixth race at Santa Anita?

CANTOR:

Well?

GORDON:

I like Seabiscuit.

(26:25)

KARLOFF:

Your Honor, here I am on trial for my life -- and the prosecuting attorney facetiously speaks about Santa Anita and Seabiscuit...Seabiscuit hasn't got a chance!

CANTOR:

Let's stick to the trial...On the night of the crime -- were you alone, Karloff?

KARLOFF:

Well -- ye-esss -- and no --

CANTOR:

Your Honor, that proves it -- Cherchez la femme!

GORDON:

What?

CANTOR:

Cherchez la femme -- find the woman.

GORDON:

Find one for me, too -- we'll throw a party!

(26:50)

CANTOR:

Sit down, Prosecutor. Karloff, regarding this alleged crime, you have yet to establish your alibi.

KARLOFF:

At the hour the crime was committed I was home in my bathtub.

GORDON:

You was where?

CANTOR:

Bathtub, that's a tub that people fill with water and wash themselves all over.

GORDON:

What won't they think of next! (27:15)

KARLOFF:

I can't stand it, I can't stand it!!

GORDON:

Your conscience is hurting you?

KARLOFF:

No -- Russian, your jokes are killing me.

I killed Moses H. Hemingway.

GLEE CLUB: (AD LIB)

KARLOFF:

His blood is on my hands... May I never see the
moon shine if I can sleep -- May I never hear the
birds sing if I can eat -- May I --

GORDON:

May I have the next dance with you?

CANTOR:

Go away, Russian -- the man has suffered enough.

(27:45)

KARLOFF:

Yes, Your Honor, let this be a lesson to everyone...
Crime does not pay -- I can never forget the look
on the face of Moses H. Hemingway when I picked him
up in my arms and found --

ALL:

Yes --

KARLOFF:

That Old Man Mose was dead!

(STRING TREMOLO)

(28:05)

CANTOR:

(SINGS) Old Man Mose -- he kicked the bucket --

PARKS:

Now Old Man Mose, he kicked the bucket.

GORDON:

Yes, Old Man Mose he kicked the bucket.

GLEE CLUB:

(SING) 'CAUSE OLD MAN MOSE IS DEAD.

CANTOR:

And Karloff did it!

ALL:

Old Man Mose is through!

GORDON:

He couldn't take it!

ALL:

OLD MAN MOSE IS DEAD!

CANTOR:

The sketch is finished!

ALL:

(A CAPELLA) C - A - M - E - L!

CANTOR:

We love our sponsor!

ALL:

Old Man Mose Is Dead!

(APPLAUSE)

(28:45)

CANTOR:

Thank you, Boris Karloff. I'm glad you acquitted yourself so beautifully.

Next week, ladies and gentlemen, our guest will be

_____. Picture _____ meeting the Mad Russian and Guffy and I think you'll admit it ought to be a lot of fun. Now it's nice to have fun -- but once in awhile something comes up that really deserves serious consideration.

For instance, the fear that infantile paralysis will strike at someone we love. That fear is constantly in our hearts. For of all killers, this is the most merciless. But we can help lick infantile paralysis with "The March of Dimes." You can do your part by sending ten cents to President Roosevelt. And don't get the mistaken impression that this project is in any way political. The germ of infantile paralysis makes no distinction between Republican and Democrat. Join "The March of Dimes." -- help the committee in your community put an end to infantile paralysis by sending ten cents to President Roosevelt, the White House, Washington, D.C. -- send it now. And so, until next week, remember --

I love to spend each Monday with you (30:25)
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. (31:00)

(CUT ON CUE FROM V.K....E.C. SAYS GOOD NIGHT)
(SWELL MUSIC...BUILD APPLAUSE...FADE ON CUE)

PARKS:

No two ways about it -- you'll like Camels -- you'll like everything about them -- from their swell taste to the grand feeling of comfort you get in letting up and lighting up a Camel. Let me put it this way: Smoke just six packages of Camels and you'll understand why Camels are the largest-selling cigarette in the world...why smokers say that the costlier tobaccos in Camels are soothing to the nerves.

Remember to listen to Benny Goodman, The King of Swing, tomorrow night at nine-thirty Eastern Standard Time.

This is Bert Parks sayin' "Hurry back."

(MUSIC AND APPLAUSE SWELL)

HANLON:

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

(FADE THEME TWENTY SECONDS)

Eight P.M. B-U-L-O-V-A -- Bulova Watch Time,

WABC.... NEW YORK

(31:30)