

- EDDIE CANTOR'S CAMEL CARAVAN -

MONDAY, MAY 30, 1938

#C-10

CANTOR
FIELDS
KNIGHT
KURTZMAN
RAPP
BUNKY
HOLZMAN
ROSS
GENE AUTRY

KIRK
KING
DONOHUE
SCHUMANN
ESTY (5)
GOODWIN

P.A. OPERATOR
GLEE CLUB (12)
FAIRCHILD
HATTIE NOEL
HANLEY STAFFORD

FILE
COPYRIGHT
CARROLL
BERT GORDON
SPAN
SCHWEIGER
QUILLAN
ELLINSON
CHARLES LUNG.

MUSIC ROUTINE

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51458 2613

1-A

KING:

(COLD) Tobacco planters say "We know tobacco because we grow it -- we smoke Camels because we know tobacco".

ORCHESTRA: (CANTOR BUILDUP THEME...SCREAMING CHORD...GLISS DOWN TO TREMOLO)

GLEE CLUB:

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

(PIANOS)

Camel

(PIANOS)

Caravan!

ORCHESTRA: (TAG)

KING:

Edgar Fairchild's orchestra opens the show with "You
Couldn't Be Cuter".

ORCHESTRA: ("YOU COULDN'T BE CUTER"...FADE FOR:)

KING:

(ON CUE) This half hour of entertainment is made possible
by the millions of enthusiastic smokers who prefer Camel
Cigarettes! Their appreciation of finer, more expensive
tobaccos makes CAMEL the largest selling cigarette in the
world. Remember -- C-A-M-E-L spells true smoking pleasure.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELLS TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

KING:

And here -- is -- EDDIE CANTOR!

(APPLAUSE AS CANTOR ENTERS)

(2:05)

CANTOR:

Hello, everybody -- hello, Walter King!

KING:

(SULLEN) Oh -- hello.

CANTOR:

Walter, I don't like your attitude. You're acting kind of strange -- What's gotten into you?

KING:

Eddie, I thought after the way I sang on this program last week -- you'd surely give me a raise.

CANTOR:

A raise? Meaning an increase?...Remember -- I brought you from New York here to California for this program.

KING:

Well, I didn't think you'd also make me work evenings in your Gift Shop!

CANTOR:

Gee whiz -- you're off every Thursday night at ten-thirty! ...The way you talk someone will think I'm cheap.

KING:

No, you're not cheap.

CANTOR:

Certainly not.

KING:

Why, you're so stingy last night when Ida wanted to see moving pictures -- you hung snapshots on the wall and made her run around the room in a circle!

CANTOR:

It's a lie!...Me -- stingy!...It's funny Edgar Fairchild is satisfied with his salary. (2:50)

KING:

He is? I'll ask him. Say, Fairchild -- how much is Cantor paying you?

FAIRCHILD:

Oh, am I supposed to get paid?

CANTOR:

Don't wise him up -- don't wise him up!

KING:

Never mind -- I'll ask your partner, Mister Carroll...
Carroll -- how much is Cantor paying you?

CARROLL:

(ON EIGHT-BALL) I asked for five hundred but he bargained with me.

KING:

Well?

CARROLL:

I'm now paying him ten dollars a week and doing his laundry. (3:15)

CANTOR:

Look, Walter, you should be able to get along on the money I'm giving you. Don't eat at home -- economize. Why don't you go to the Trocadero for dinner?

KING:

But that would cost me a fortune.

CANTOR:

It wouldn't cost you anything. One look at the prices on that menu -- and right away you lose your appetite, I know!

(3:35)

KING:

All right, Eddie, I can do that, but I need money for vocal lessons.

CANTOR:

Vocal lessons -- You're not such a singer.

KING:

You shouldn't say that, Eddie. After my song last week everybody said my singing reminded them of something divine.

CANTOR:

Yeah, Andy Devine. Ask anybody! (3:50)

KING:

You're just talking me out of a raise, that's all.

CANTOR:

No, Walter. I'll make you a proposition. Right now Camels are the largest selling cigarettes in America -- and if your singing increases the sales -- you'll get a raise.

FAIRCHILD:

Eddie --

CANTOR:

Yes, Fairchild?

FAIRCHILD:

Am I hearing right? Are you going to give Walter a raise?

CANTOR:

Yes, but only if he increases the sales of our product.

KING:

(IN AUDIENCE) (PICK UP ON SUSPENDED MIKE WITH ECHO)
Get your nice fresh Camel Cigarettes -- and help a man
to live!.....Get your Camels here!

CANTOR:

Walter King! Are you selling cigarettes in the audience?

KING:

Yes, Sir -- I'll get that raise! Get your Camel Cigarettes
here -- Turkish and Domestic blend...

CANTOR:

Stop -- Walter, come back here....I want to make an
arrangement with you...

(4:25)

KING:

Here I am....now what's the arrangement -- are you going to give me a raise?

CANTOR:

No. but as long as you're selling cigarettes in the audience you might as well peddle a few of my ash trays.

FAIRCHILD:

Say, Eddie, why do you let Walter King kid you about getting a raise? He doesn't need money.

CANTOR:

What do you mean, Edgar?

FAIRCHILD:

Well, when Twentieth Century Studio heard him sing last week, they not only gave him a contract but a big cash bonus for signing. He's rich. Why, he's even bought himself a yacht.

CANTOR:

I don't believe it!

KING:

It's true, Eddie. I guess I may as well confess. The only reason I asked you for a raise was to help pay off my staff of servants.

CANTOR:

What! You mean you have servants working in that two room apartment of yours?

KING:

Certainly not. I'm through with apartments. I'm a big shot now so I bought myself a mansion. It's a typical Hollywood home -- eighty-four rooms and a kitchenette!

(5:20)

CANTOR:

A house with eighty-four rooms?

KING:

Of course. I've got to have a place where I can stretch my legs.

CANTOR:

What are you -- a centipede? -- You've certainly gone Hollywood.....A yacht -- a mansion -- servants ---

KING:

Yes, Sir! I'm in the money now. Who do you think I hired as my cook? -- Your sweepstakes winner!

CANTOR:

You mean Hattie Noel? Why, that's impossible. She's working for me, and what's more I've been paying her a very nice salary.

KING:

Well, I'm paying her fifty dollars more than you were.

CANTOR:

Fifty-four dollars is too much for a cook! You know that.

BUSINESS: TELEPHONE RINGS

KING:

That must be Hattie now. She's supposed to call me about dinner.

BUSINESS: RECEIVER CLICK

KING:

Hello.

NOEL:

(FILTER)(OFF-STAGE) Hello, Mister King, this is Hattie. I fixed up your dinner and we're gonna have an upside down cake for dessert.

KING:

But, Hattie. I distinctly told you to bake a chocolate layer. Why did you make an upside down cake?

NOEL:

I didn't make it! I dropped it! (6:25)

KING:

Never mind that. I want you here at the studio. Come right over.

NOEL:

Yes, Sir.

BUSINESS: RECEIVER CLICKS

CANTOR:

Walter, you've actually become a big shot.

KING:

You bet.

VOICE:

(FIELDS) Mister King, a gentleman is here to see you --
Mister J. Pierpont Trelawney.

KING:

Oh, that's my tailor. He caters only to the elite, so when he speaks to us please remember to talk his language.

BUSINESS: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

(6:45)

TAILOR:

(VERY BRITISH) (HANLEY STAFFORD) Ah, there you are, Mister King...I cawn't tell you how chawmed I am at this chawnce of seeing you again.

KING:

Thank you. Perhaps you recognize my friend here -- he is a rahdio comedian.

TAILOR:

Well -- I only tune in my wireless to hear Rudy Vahllee.

CANTOR:

Don't you ever listen to Ahmus and Undy?

TAILOR:

Yes, of course -- which one are you?

CANTOR:

Neither. I am Eddie Cantor.

TAILOR:

Oh -- I'm glad to know you, Mister Cawntor.

CANTOR:

Lock. It's spelled C-A-N-T-O-R -- is that Cantor or Cawntor? How do you pronounce my name?

TAILOR:

Itskowitz!

(7:25)

CANTOR:

He knows me! There's a spy in the troupe.

KING:

Mister Trelawney, Perchance you have a creation in mind for my next picture?

TAILOR:

Yes, I have this tweed ensemble...a coat and two pair of pahnts. Please note that you must wear these trousers with a belt.

KING:

Cahn't I wear soosponders?

TAILOR:

You may, but they sometimes rip off the buttonns.

CANTOR:

Buttonns? Well, you can always sew them back on with a noodle and throod.

KING:

Show me a sport suit, Mister Trelawney. And remember I don't want anything too loud.

TAILOR:

Very well. This suit here is one of our most conservative models and is worn by Hollywood's best dressed Beau Brummels. It consists of red trousers, green vest and a purple coat with neon lights in the front. (8:15)

CANTOR:

How about putting on a bumpoor and a license plot?

TAILOR:

Shall I make one for you, Mister Cawntor? They're only two hundred doolairs in advawmce.

CANTOR:

Here is a check for two hundred books.

TAILOR:

Oh, thahnk you very much. (LAUGHS)

KING:

What are you laughing at?

TAILOR:

When you wear the suit in the rain, Mr. Cawntor, how it will shroonk up on you!

CANTOR:

(LAUGHS) When you take that check to the bonk, how it will boonce back on you!

BUSINESS: DOOR SLAM

(8:50)

KING:

Eddie, you know your check is good. Why did you say that to the tailor?

CANTOR:

I wanted to aggravoote him!

SOUND: AUTOMOBILE HORN

CANTOR:

Who's that coming out of that beautiful limousine?

KING:

It's my cook, Hattie Noel!

(APPLAUSE AS HATTIE ENTERS)

(9:15)

CANTOR:

So you're Walter King's new cook....Tell me honestly,
Hattie, -- are you economical with their food?

HATTIE:

Absolutely, Mr. Cantor -- I don't waste a thing.

CANTOR:

That's good.

HATTIE:

This morning we had pancakes for breakfast and I had
one left over.

CANTOR:

What did you do with it?

HATTIE:

I'm using it for a door-stop!

CANTOR:

(LAUGHS) Well, I hope Mr. King appreciates your economy...

KING:

(9:35)

I don't want to economize -- Hattie....when you set the
table tonight I'd like you to use our silver service plates.

HATTIE:

What are they?

KING:

They're big plates...You put them under the regular plates.

CANTOR:

You know why -- don't you, Hattie?

HATTIE:

Yessah -- that's in case the other plates leak!

CANTOR:

Well, Walter -- it looks like you have a very intelligent cook!!

KING:

I hope so -- because I'm expecting some important people to dinner.

BUSINESS: DOOR SLAM

CANTOR:

Hmm -- did you hear that, Hattie? Important people. At that -- Mr. King has lots of wealthy friends.

HATTIE:

Yes -- they is rich, but stingy.

CANTOR:

What do you mean?

HATTIE:

When I got through servin' them dinner last night, I looked under the plates and nobody left a quarter!

(10:20)

CANTOR:

Tell me, who was at the dinner?

HATTIE:

Well, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Taylor ---

CANTOR:

Wait a minute, Hattie!.....That was Barbara Stanwyck, not Mrs. Robert Taylor -- you're making a mistake.

HATTIE:

If she ain't Mrs. Robert Taylor -- she's makin' the mistake!

(10:40)

CANTOR:

Hattie, that's none of your business!....(CLEARS THROAT...
SOTTO)....Did they say anything about getting married?

HATTIE:

I don't know -- I wasn't evesdropping!....You know,
Mr. Boris Karloff was there, too.

CANTOR:

Mr. Boris Karloff! Did he enjoy his dinner?

HATTIE:

I don't think so -- 'cause the chicken took one look at
him, got up off his plate and ran back into the kitchen!

CANTOR:

I'll bet you got a great kick out of serving dinner to all
those movie stars. Weren't they jumpy -- hopping around?

HATTIE:

They didn't jump around -- After they ate my dinner, they
just sat there!....They couldn't move!

CANTOR:

You have lots to learn....Hattie, nowadays people cook
scientifically -- the food has plenty of vitamin content...
You've heard of a vitamin.

HATTIE:

Sure -- whenever we has a good meal I brings my boy friend
in the kitchen.

CANTOR:

What's that got to do with it?

HATTIE:

I vitamin!

CANTOR:

You bring your friends in?

(11:40)

HATTIE:

Yassah -- an' last night I made 'em a dish that was so fancy -- nobody knew what it was.

CANTOR:

Really?

HATTIE:

Yeah...My cousin ate it and said it was hamburger -- my sister ate it and said it was sardines a la mode -- and her husband, the doctor --

CANTOR:

What did he say?

HATTIE:

He said it was ptomaine! (12:05)

CANTOR:

Well, Hattie, you may not be the best cook in the world -- but I'll bet you keep a pretty clean kitchen.

HATTIE:

Mr. Cantor -- that kitchen is "Snow White" -- when I'm in the dining room!

CANTOR:

You've really got a swell sense of humor -- and I'd like to have you cook for me sometime.

HATTIE:

Mr. Cantor, sometime I'd like you to taste some of my southern cooking.

CANTOR:

What's your specialty?

HATTIE:

Gefulte fish a la Dixie! (12:35)

CANTOR:

I've heard about that Gefulte fish business -- I've been around those people so much. Gefulte fish a la Dixie!

HATTIE:

(LAUGHS)

BUSINESS: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

KING:

Hattie, you shouldn't stand here all day talking to Mr. Cantor -- I'll bet you haven't even finished your housework.

HATTIE:

Yessah, Mr. King -- I polished the silverware and the brassware.

KING:

Brassware in my house? Where did you find that?

HATTIE:

When I rubbed too hard on the silverware! (13:05)

KING:

Hattie, don't stand around...Remember, we've got a dinner party tonight -- and I want you to serve the dinner in courses.

HATTIE:

Not me, Mr. King.

CANTOR:

Hattie, why won't you serve the dinner in courses?

HATTIE:

'Cause my shape is okay the way it is!

MUSIC: ~~INTRODUCTION TO "CRY BABY GRY"~~ (13:25)

"Baby Just Cares For Me"

CANTOR:

"Cry baby cry,
Cry baby cry,
Just the way I did the day you broke my heart.
Cry baby cry,
You flew too high,
Tables turned and now you've learned
You're not so smart,
You broke ev'ry promise, you couldn't be true,
You gave me the go-by for somebody new
When I needed you
So cry baby cry,
My eyes are dry
I'm laughin' up my sleeve
To see my cry baby cry!"

(SLIGHT SWELL OF ORCHESTRA)

VIVIAN:

(CRYING EFFECT)

(TALK) There, there! Baby --
Don't cry -- I don't cry.

(SING) "I'll tell you why,
You shouldn't cry:
At your age you're at the stage
Where life should be gay ---
(Why, say)
With three squares a day, and no bills to pay,
You're the King of ev'rything that you survey!
So get a smile on your face,
Chase that sadness away,
Just wait till you've grown up
(TACIT) To find you must pay for what we're
spending today.
THEN cry baby cry!
With taxes so high,
You'll need those tears in future years
To cry baby cry!"

(BAND UP)

(APPLAUSE)

(15:00)

~~ORCHESTRA: (REPRISE "CRY BABY CRY"FADE)~~

KING:

David Elmer Wells is a tobacco grower and a real authority on tobacco quality. Like most planters of tobacco, he has a decided preference when it comes to cigarettes.

Mr. Wells says:

VOICE:

(OFF-STAGE MIKE...CHARLIE LUNG) I smoke CAMELS because as a tobacco planter I know tobacco. To my way of thinking, the company that buys finer tobacco is bound to put out a finer cigarette. Now, the highest prices my best lots of tobacco ever brought were paid by the CAMEL people. At auction after auction they've bought up my choicest grades. So I smoke CAMELS. I know first hand the quality of tobacco that's used in them. Most tobacco planters I know feel the same way.

KING:

Base your choice of CAMELS on that very important consideration -- costlier tobaccos. See for yourself what a difference CAMEL'S matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS -- Turkish and Domestic -- make in your smoking. Next time -- say: "CAMELS".

ORCHESTRA: "I'M AN OLD COWHAND" (15:50)

(FADE)

CANTOR:

Oh, Walter!....Do me a favor, will you?

KING:

What is it?

CANTOR:

Gene Autry, the cowboy star is here, and I wanna make him feel at home....Forget that you've gone Hollywood and act a little bit Westernish....Just for tonight!

KING:

Well -- all right...but just for tonight.

CANTOR:

All right be a man, and get the other members of our cast to do the same thing!

KING:

Okay....we'll all be cowboys.

CANTOR:

He means, tomboys...(KING SKIPS OFF) Ladies and gentlemen...
The Number One singing cowboy of the world -- Gene Autry!
(APPLAUSE AS AUTRY ENTERS)

AUTRY:

Thank you, Eddie -- that's a mighty nice compliment.

CANTOR:

I wanna shake your old cowhand! Gene, you used to be a radio star in Chicago. Which do you enjoy most -- the radio or the screen?

AUTRY:

Well, Sir, you can't ride a horse on the radio.

CANTOR:

You can on these commercial programs -- oh yes! We get in a plug every few minutes....Say, I've noticed that you don't have many women in your horse operas.

AUTRY:

I don't mind. I do pretty well just singing for horses.

CANTOR:

Well -- I don't do so bad myself -- just singing for Camels! You see what I mean by getting in a plug?....That horse of yours, Champion -- how does he like pictures?

AUTRY:

He likes 'em all right -- but he's gone Hollywood. Y'know, one night last week he stayed out till three in the mornin' --

CANTOR:

Three in the morning? -- For a horse?

AUTRY:

I finally found 'im -- standing in front of the Brown Derby wearing spats and a red beret. (17:25)

CANTOR:

That's sudden fame, Gene -- he'll get over it.

AUTRY:

No, Eddie, he's been in pictures longer than any other horse in the business....In fact right now he's suing his parents for money he made while he was a colt!

CANTOR:

I get it....Where's your horse tonight, Gene?

AUTRY:

Champion? I reckon he followed me down here to the studio --
he's awful smart. I'll bring him in if he's hanging around.

(AUTRY WHISTLES...THEN CALLS OUT..."HERE! CHAMPION!")

SOUND: HORSE'S HOOF BEATS APPROACHING MIKE

MAN:

(FIELDS) (WHINNIES)

CANTOR:

Gee, he looks intelligent --

AUTRY:

Go on -- ask him a question -- anything at all.

CANTOR:

All right. Champion -- how much are two and two?

BUSINESS: FOUR DISTINCT HOOF BEATS

CANTOR:

How old are you?

BUSINESS: SIX HOOF BEATS

AUTRY:

That's right -- he's six years old.

CANTOR:

Champion -- what time is it?

MAN:

(WHINNIES) Ten minutes to four.

(18:40)

CANTOR:

He's smarter than the Mad Russian, and looks better.....
Gene, you and your equine friend have had many sensational
box-office successes. Do you get a lot of fan letters?

AUTRY:

Yes I do -- and so does Champion. He's had letters from
Seabiscuit, War Admiral and one or two from Bing Crosby's
horses.

CANTOR:

Crosby's horses, of course, have more time to write. Tell
me -- do you get many letters from women?.....I mean those
silly things some girls write --

AUTRY:

Yeh -- I get a few of them -- here's one that just came --

CANTOR:

Would you read it, Gene?

AUTRY:

Aw, shucks -- I'd get embarrassed --

CANTOR:

All right -- I'll read it myself. It says:

"Dear Genes-a-ween-sy: I've seen every one of your pictures
and tonight I'm going to sit in the front row at the studio
and watch the broadcast...You great big handsome mans!"

(LAUGHS) Aren't some women silly?

AUTRY:

Read the rest of it!

CANTOR:

(CONTINUES).....Believe me, Gene-sy, every time I kiss my
husband, I think of you. That's the only way I can stand it.
Your affectionate admirer, Ida Cantor,

AUTRY:

(LAUGHS)

(19:50)

CANTOR:

Oh! You framed me!.....After me trying to make you feel at home here, I had the place decorated western style -- I even bought a cactus plant, but I lost it.

BUSINESS: PISTOL SHOTS...WAIT (1-1-2-1)

AUTRY AND CANTOR:

What's that?

CANTOR:

It's the Mad Russian!

(20:05)

(APPLAUSE AS RUSSIAN ENTERS)

GORDON:

Gene Autry, as one westerner to another -- let me introduce mineself -- I'm The Lone Cowboy!

AUTRY:

The Lone Cowboy?

GORDON:

Yes -- I loan money at six per cent!

(20:20)

CANTOR:

Stop IT -- and take off that cowboy hat.

AUTRY:

(LAUGHS) Whoever heard of a Russian cowboy?

GORDON:

Did you ever hear of Tom Minsk?

AUTRY:

Why, yes --

GORDON:

Well, I am Buchhh Jones!

AUTRY:

I didn't get that first name.

GORDON:

Buchhhhhh -- Buchhhhhh!

CANTOR:

How do you spell it?

GORDON:

B -- U -- CHHHHHHHHHHHH!

CANTOR:

Calling yourself Buck Jones -- why, I'll bet you never even heard of him.

GORDON:

Is that so? I know all the western stars....

AUTRY:

Did you ever hear of Harry Carey?

GORDON:

Certainly....That's when a Japanese sticks himself with a knife.

(21:05)

CANTOR:

No -- that's hari kari (SWEETLY) Don't you understand' --
hari kari -- hari kari --

GORDON:

Whasssa matta, baby!

CANTOR:

Get away!.....

AUTRY:

No, let him stay, Eddie -- he's very interesting.....Tell us
more about yourself, Mr. Russian.

GORDON:

Why, where I come from I was known as the Bad Man.....
Every day I would ride the hills wearing a mask.

AUTRY:

Why did you wear a mask?

GORDON:

You're looking at mine face -- and still you're asking!

CANTOR:

(LAUGHS) You -- a Bad Man!

GORDON:

Get along, little Dog Face, get along!...I was a real
outlaw!

AUTRY:

Did you ever do any rustling?

GORDON:

Why, certainly -- when I was only four years old, I stole a
little cattle.

CANTOR:

At four years of age, you stole cattle?

GORDON:

Yes -- a tea cattle!

CANTOR:

You a cowboy!

(21:55)

AUTRY:

If you are a cowboy, Mr. Russian, why aren't you on the ranch?

GORDON:

I left the ranch -- I was always fighting.

CANTOR:

You had trouble with the outlaws?

GORDON:

No -- with the in-laws!.....Every time mine wife stood in the pasture -- cattle rustlers took her away and tried to brand her.

AUTRY:

They stole your wife -- that's awful!

GORDON:

I didn't mind that -- but they kept bringing her back!

CANTOR:

Oh, you're just making it up.

GORDON:

No -- those outlaws stole everything....Pretty soon we had nothing to eat. Even my poor horse was so thin he was starving.

AUTRY:

How thin was he?

GORDON:

I had to tie a knot in his tail to keep him from slipping through his collar!

(22:50)

CANTOR:

That's cruelty to animals, Russian. I should report you to the humane society.

GORDON:

Hu-mane it?

CANTOR:

Yes -- I mane it!

AUTRY, CANTOR AND GORDON:

My O My!

GORDON:

Listen, Tender-tootsie -- I'll prove you I'm a cowboy by singing a real cowboy song.

CANTOR:

Go ahead.

GORDON:

(SINGS) I'm a Mos-Cow hand
Right from Petro-grand
And I can't go back
To my Russian shack.

CANTOR:

(SINGS) There's a price on your head
I have heard them say --
A ruble and a half
They'll be glad to pay!
And a ruble and a half,
We all know ain't hay.

GORDON:

(SINGS) Yippee eye owe -- Yippee eye owe --

CANTOR:

Well, what's next?

GORDON:

You want to know?

CANTOR:

Yes, I want to know.

GORDON:

(SINGS) Tippy Tippy Tin, Tippy Tin,
Tippy Tippy Tin, Tippy Tin.

CANTOR:

Oh -- get out!.....We'll have a real cowboy sing.....
Gene Autry and his own band, The Golden West Cowboys, give
you, "Ride, Tenderfoot, Ride". (23:45)

COWBOY BAND: (TWO BAR INTRODUCTION)

AUTRY:

Ride, tenderfoot, ride tonight.
See the old range riders there at your side tonight.
They're fast company, so if you wanna be a cowboy,
Then, you gotta ride, tenderfoot, ride.

You gotta hit the trail,
In Oklahoma when the moon is pale,
An' get to Texas with the mornin' mail,
'Fore you can be a cowboy.

You gotta rope an' throw,
You gotta get your share of buffalo,
An' win the money at the rodeo,
'Fore you can be a cowboy.

(GLEE CLUB EFFECT)

AUTRY:

Cowboy.....Cowboy.....

You gotta stake your claim,
You gotta stop your runnin' 'roun', be tame,
You gotta get a girl to change her name,
'Fore you can be a cowboy.

You gotta save some dough,
An' raise a family

CANTOR:

I'm not so slow!

AUTRY:

But they can't all be little girls, you know!

CANTOR:

Guess I'll never be a cowboy!

COWBOY BAND: (FOUR BAR HOT INTERLUDE)

AUTRY:

You gotta tend your cattle the best you can,
Hold your Sarsaparilla like a man!
And ride, tenderfoot, ride tonight.
See the old range riders there at your side tonight.
They're fast company, so if you wanna be a cowboy,
Then, you gotta ride, tenderfoot, ride!

(BAND AND GLEE CLUB SWELL)

(APPLAUSE)

(26:15)

CANTOR:

Thank you, Gene Autry, I wish I had a chance to sing with you....

AUTRY:

Why don't you? Let's do a chorus of "Ragtime Cowboy Joe".

KING:

Not without the golden baritone voice of Walter King, the former announcer!

CANTOR:

Oh, all right!

COWBOY BAND: (INTRODUCTION)

AUTRY:

He always sings

TRIO:

'Jazzy music to the cattle
As he swings
Back and forth in his saddle
On a horse, pretty good horse,
At a syncopated gait,
While the cattle do the jelly
To the roar of his revolver,
How they run, when they see him come,
'Cause those western folks all know
He's a high-fallutin' rabbit-shootin'
Son-of-a gun from Oklahoma,
He's some cowboy,
Talk about your cowboy,
Ragtime Cowboy Joe."

(BAND UP)

(APPLAUSE)

(27:15)

In 2nd show

CANTOR:

Thank you, Gene Autry -- and I hope you'll be listening in next Monday night when we have as our guests John Barrymore and his charming wife -- Elaine Barrie.

(APPLAUSE)

(27:30)

ORCHESTRA: (SHORT FANFARE)

KING:

People discuss the question of whether or not there is a difference between cigarettes in the radio studios and control rooms, just as they do at any other place. Do the men and women who put the nation's programs on the air waves have a cigarette preference? They certainly do. Radio Engineer, Gene English, says:

LUNG:

I go for the "lift" I get with a CAMEL when I'm tired. You bet "I'd walk a mile for a CAMEL".

KING:

Ray Winters, busy announcer, says:

DEERING:

CAMELS don't frazzle my nerves. And CAMELS sure hit the spot at mealtimes. I smoke CAMELS "for digestion's sake".

KING:

Ted Husing, America's Number One air-reporter of national sports events, says:

GOODWIN:

CAMELS set the all-time high for mildness and flavor, as far as I'm concerned. CAMELS never irritate my throat. CAMELS set me right.

KING:

You too, will find, as radio stars and millions of other smokers have found, that CAMEL'S costlier tobaccos do mean a lot in smoking. One smoker tells another "CAMELS agree with me".

ORCHESTRA: "ROSES OF PICARDY" (FADE) (28:30)

CANTOR:

At Arlington cemetery today, a pilgrimage carried a wreath to the tomb of the unknown soldier -- and throughout the land, American war veterans marched in tribute to their comrades who were killed in action. We must not break faith with these men who died in the cause of humanity. Let us strive to preserve the peace for which they fought and gave their lives. For surely, no mother of today wants her boy to be the unknown soldier of tomorrow.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELLS TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

(29:10)

KING:

(ON CUE) Listen again for Eddie Cantor's Camel Caravan next Monday -- and remember to tune in tomorrow night at 9:30 P.M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time over these same stations for Benny Goodman, King of Swing.
Walter King speaking.

MUSIC: ("ONE HOUR"...INSTRUMENTALLY ONLY)

(CAST OUT FOR BOWS)

BILL GOODWIN:

~~Included tonight was "You Couldn't Be Cuter" from~~

~~"Joy of Living";~~

This is the COLUMBIA.....BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

(FADE THEME TWENTY SECONDS)

(29:30)