

- EDDIE CANTOR'S CAMEL CARAVAN -

MONDAY, JUNE 6, 1938

#C-11

CANTOR	KIRK	P.A. OPERATOR	FILE
FIELDS	KING	GLEE CLUB (12)	COPYRIGHT
KNIGHT	DONOHUE	FAIRCHILD	CARROLL
KURTZMAN	SCHUMANN	MICHAEL BLAIR	BERT GORDON
RAPP	ESTY (5)	JOHN BARRYMORE	SPAN
BUNKY	GOODWIN	ELAINE BARRIE	SCHWEIGER
HOLZMAN	VIVIAN EDWARDS		QUILLAN
ROSS	RITA ROBERTS		ELLINSON
			BILL WRIGHT

MUSIC ROUTINE

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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:

(ORCHESTRA SNEAKS IN "WHOOPEE") 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. And speaking of pleasure -- here is EDDIE CANTOR!

ORCHESTRA: (SWELLS TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE AS CANTOR ENTERS)

(1:00)

CANTOR:

Hello, everybody...Hello, Walter. And welcome to all of you Shriners here in the studio.

KING:

Eddie, I think the Shriners kind of like Los Angeles.

CANTOR:

They could not have picked a better place for their Convention -- Walter -- Nature is at its best here. Our oranges are not as big as grapefruits -- our grapes are not as large as plums -- but we absolutely grow the biggest slot machines in the world.

KING:

You shouldn't have said that, Eddie.

CANTOR:

Well, it's true, Walter. Most Californians are game-conscious -- they love to gamble. We have more race tracks here -- everybody bets. Supposing I were to tell you that in school every morning the teacher calls a fifteen minute recess so the kids can go out and phone in their bets. -- Friday, my ten-year-old Janet hit a three-horse parlay. (1:45)

KING:

(LAUGHS) Oh -- go on! -- tell me, Eddie --  
Did you take part in the Shriners' parade?

CANTOR:

No, I didn't. It was too crowded and I couldn't take  
all that pushing and shoving. Everybody was absolutely  
crushed. Man Mountain Dean walked into that crowd, and  
when he came out -- he was Bobby Breen. (2:00)

KING:

Eddie, you've looked forward to the Shriners' convention  
for a long time, haven't you?

CANTOR:

(SERIOUSLY) Yes, I have, Walter, and now that they are  
here, I would like to say a few words.

(VIOLINS SNEAK IN "AULD LANG SYNE"...MUTED SOFTLY)

CANTOR:

(OVER MUSIC) To you Shriners assembled here in the  
audience, let me say that I sincerely hope you will long  
remember this visit to Hollywood. Perhaps in years to  
come you will even wish you had some little souvenir to  
remind you more vividly of these happy days. And so,  
for this reason, beginning tomorrow, I am opening the  
doors of my gift shop at six o'clock in the morning. As  
a special offer, my one dollar ash trays will be on  
sale for ninety-seven cents. Some slash.

(MUSIC STOPS)

(2:35)

KING:

I know you're kidding, Eddie. I've heard you say so many nice things about the Shriners, that I'm sure you've got a real treat in store for them.

CANTOR:

Of course I have. In honor of the convention, I'm having as our guest star tonight, the greatest name in the American theatre -- John Barrymore.

(APPLAUSE)

KING:

John Barrymore? Well, of all the insults! What do you mean by bringing Barrymore on the same program with me?

CANTOR:

What? I...don't...understand you.

KING:

Oh, yes, you do. You know Barrymore conflicts with me. We're the same type.

CANTOR:

You're not comparing your face with his handsome profile?

KING:

What's wrong with my face?

CANTOR:

Walter -- I've seen a better head on a glass of beer. -- Believe me -- there's no comparison between you and John Barrymore. He's been on the stage all his life.

(3:15)

KING:

How would you like to know that when I was ten years old my name was out in lights.

CANTOR:

Go on -- your name wouldn't draw at the box office. They could put Barrymore's name in lights and it would mean something. They could even put my name in lights.

KING:

Not your real name.

CANTOR:

Quiet ---- Is O'Shaughnessy such a long name? ----  
Besides, any name sounds better than Walter King.

KING:

You're just jealous. After all, you're nothing but a low comedian, while I am a glamorous, romantic figure. I appeal to the women. I get the girls.

CANTOR:

What do you call those five things I got home, mosquitoes?

(4:00)

KING:

Oh, this is getting us nowhere. All I want is a chance to prove that with me on the program you don't need Barrymore. To be or not to be --

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR (BUT LOUD)

CANTOR:

Someone knocking your Hamlet already?...Come in!

BOY:

(WALTER TETLEY) (ON VELOCITY) Telegram for Eddie Cantor!  
Telegram for Eddie Cantor!

CANTOR:

Here you are, boy.

BOY:

(CENTER MIKE) That's fifty-five cents -- collect!

CANTOR:

Okay...Wait a minute -- it only says thirty cents.

BOY:

I added on my tip -- I've been here before!

CANTOR:

All right -- all right.

KING:

Read the telegram, Eddie.

CANTOR:

It says, "Not long after this telegram I send, I shall be with you in person, Your guest star, and friend!...John Barrymore!"..... Isn't that lovely?

KING:

What's so lovely about it?

CANTOR:

I can just see him walking in here, and in his beautiful baritone voice, saying ----

GORDON:

(ON VELOCITY) Out of mine way! Out of mine way!

CANTOR:

It's the Mad Russian!

GORDON:

How do you do!

(APPLAUSE)

CANTOR:

Russian, what are you doing here? -- we're expecting John Barrymore.

GORDON:

I'm working for him now -- I'm a woman's man!

CANTOR:

You mean you're a man's man -- you're not working for a woman.

GORDON:

What do you think mine wife is -- a zebra?



CANTOR:

So you're a valet!

GORDON:

A what?

CANTOR:

Look -- when I come home and drop my clothes in various parts of the house -- a man follows me and collects those clothes...Now, what is that man?

GORDON:

A rag picker!

(5:15)

CANTOR:

So John Barrymore hired you?

GORDON:

Yes, and Barrymore and I work on a fifty-fifty proposition.

CANTOR:

What do you mean?

GORDON:

Well, he teaches me acting --

CANTOR:

Yes --

GORDON:

And I teach him English!

(5:25)

CANTOR:

He should be here now -- Russian -- what's delaying him?

GORDON:

He took a nap and told me I'm not good enough to wake up a Barrymore.

~~CANTOR:~~

~~Well, how do you go about waking him every morning?~~

GORDON:

~~I stand over his bed and holler, "Wake up, Clark Gable! Wake up, Clark Gable!"~~

CANTOR:

~~And Barrymore awakes?~~

GORDON:

~~No -- I holler so loud that across the street~~

~~Robert Taylor gets up! (5:45)~~

CANTOR:

Frankly, I don't think you're taking care of him at all.

GORDON:

Is that so? Yesterday morning I filled the bathtub for him -- made sure all the windows were closed, then I got the bath at seventy-six degrees, put in his best bath salts, and when the whole thing was nicely perfumed --

CANTOR:

You called Mr. Barrymore?

GORDON:

No -- I jumped in mineself!...Then he got mad.

CANTOR:

He was mad. Sure -- because you jumped in his tub.

GORDON:

No -- I asked him to scrub my back!

CANTOR:

Why don't you ask him to powder you, too?

GORDON:

Ahem -- shall I talcum?

CANTOR:

I don't see how he gets along with you at all.

GORDON:

~~It's not mine fault -- he's always acting. When I ask him what he wants for breakfast, he hollers, "A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!" Such an appetite a man should have in the morning!~~

CANTOR:

~~That's from Richard the Third, you fool...Well, at least you were willing to serve him breakfast. (6:45)~~

GORDON:

Oh, I bring him his breakfast on a tray every morning.

CANTOR:

Barrymore has breakfast in bed?

GORDON:

This morning he had it on the floor.

CANTOR:

He had breakfast on the floor? How come?

GORDON:

I tripped!

(7:00)

CANTOR:

Why don't you admit you're not a good valet? Suppose Barrymore was going to a formal affair -- what do you lay out for him?

GORDON:

First I lay out the dress suit, then a dress shirt, the golden cuff-links, pearl studs, white tie -- and a straw hat!

CANTOR:

A straw hat with a full dress suit?

GORDON:

Should be a cap, eh?

CANTOR:

Oh, it's no use!..With you as his valet, he's probably got not clothes left.

GORDON:

He's got a suit for every meal -- in fact, he's got a suit for every course.

CANTOR:

A suit for every course?

(7:30)

GORDON:

Yes -- and yesterday I made a mistake....I gave him the oyster coat with the ice cream pants.

CANTOR:

What happened?

GORDON:

He got indigestion!..Haddie Camphor, why don't you come over some time and watch me work?

CANTOR:

With you in the house, I'd be afraid to go in.

GORDON:

That's very silly -- I take good care of the guests...I even take their hats and give them checks.

CANTOR:

You give out hat-checks? That's not done in a private house.

GORDON:

You know a better way to make tips?

CANTOR:

Russian, if Barrymore knew that you take tips from his guests -- he'd fire you.

GORDON:

He knows it and he don't say a word.

CANTOR:

That's because he's a gentleman.

GORDON:

No -- that's because I split with him! (8:10)

CANTOR:

That's not true -- John Barrymore wouldn't split tips with you.

GORDON:

You think he'd keep it all?

CANTOR:

Oh, stop!

GORDON:

Hattie Camphor, why don't you let me work for you on the side?...I could give you some advice on how to dress... Would you like a for instance?

CANTOR:

Yes -- give me a for instance.

GORDON:

Do you ever wear suspenders?

CANTOR:

Yes.

GORDON:

Do you ever wear a belt?

CANTOR:

Of course.

GORDON:

Do you ever wear suspenders and a belt?

CANTOR:

Certainly.

GORDON:

My O My -- they'll never catch you with your pants loose!

CANTOR:

(8:55)

I think you better stay with Barrymore -- I suffer enough with you once a week!

GORDON:

But I'm getting tired of Barrymore's friends -- they're too stuck-up.

CANTOR:

What makes you say that?

GORDON:

Twenty times a day Barrymore says, "Shakespeare is mine best friend".

CANTOR:

Well --

GORDON:

And not once did Shakespeare come for dinner!

(9:20)

CANTOR:

Look, Russian -- Shakespeare is the greatest playwright that ever lived...You should know that.

GORDON:

How -- from going to Minsky's?

CANTOR:

Minsky's is not open any more.

GORDON:

Oh -- you found out, too!

CANTOR:

Well, I get around...How did that get in here?...Russian, you better hurry up and get back to Mr. Barrymore -- he might be sitting there without a decently pressed suit.

GORDON:

So what? Is he going somewhere?

CANTOR:

Certainly, he's due on this program...And after that, he and his wife have an appointment with Ginger Rogers. (9:45)

GORDON:

That's all right -- he can wear my coat and pants.

CANTOR:

Wear your clothes? What would Ginger Rogers say?

GORDON:

She didn't say anything last night!

CANTOR:

What! You were out with Ginger Rogers?

GORDON:

Not so loud -- you want Carole Lombard to hear you?

CANTOR:

Russian, what's come over you -- you were never this way before...Now the first thing I want you to do is give back whatever clothing you took from Barrymore's house. (10:10)

GORDON:

All right -- I'll call mine brother...Hand me that phone...  
(INTO PHONE) Operator, get me Central 7384...Hello --  
Blue Front Clothing Store?...Listen, Charlie, I got good news for you -- that's bad -- you'll have to bring back all the clothes I took from Barrymore's house...What?....  
That's too bad...Goodbye! (HANGS UP)

CANTOR:

Russian, you were a gentleman...and Just for that I'm going right down and buy a suit from your brother's store.

GORDON:

You can't...Because when Barrymore gets all his clothes back --

CANTOR:

Yes --

GORDON:

My brother is out of business! (EXIT)

(APPLAUSE)

(11:10)

ORCHESTRA: "CAMEL CHASER"

(SEGUE:)

("CRY BABY" INTRODUCTION)



CANTOR: (ON VELOCITY)

-17-

"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 EDWARDS:

(CRYING EFFECT) (OFF-STAGE MIKE)

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

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

(12:45)

KING:

Mr. John Bone, of North Carolina, is an experienced tobacco planter. He knows tobacco because he grows it. His comments on the quality of tobacco bought for various cigarettes come right out of his own, actual experience. Mr. Bone says:

(MUSIC OUT)

BILL WRIGHT:

(OFFSTAGE MIKE) Yes, Sir, I speak from personal experience when I say that the CAMEL people get the best baskets of tobacco at 'most every auction. The choice lots of my own crops have gone to the CAMEL buyers many, many times, just like last year, when I saw my best tobacco bought for CAMEL Cigarettes. And they paid me my price, too. ~~No wonder~~ I smoke CAMELS *because* I know there are finer, more expensive tobaccos in them, and most tobacco planters prefer CAMELS like I do.

KING:

Thank you, Mr. Bone. There's a preference with a reason -- costlier tobaccos. You'll find a lot more pleasure in smoking when you're enjoying the cigarette of costlier tobaccos, CAMELS! A matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS....Turkish and Domestic.

ORCHESTRA: (FANFARE "C"...SHORT VERSION)

(13:50)

CANTOR:

Ladies and gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to present one of the world's finest actors, the distinguished John Barrymore!

(APPLAUSE AS BARRYMORE ENTERS)

CANTOR:

John, I understand you've been teaching the Mad Russian acting, and he's been teaching you English -- how are you getting along? (14:20)

BARRYMORE:

(MIMICING MAD RUSSIAN) You want to know?

CANTOR:

So you can do Russian, too!....John, since we both started out, the entertainment world has certainly changed...Look -- right here where this broadcasting studio stands -- on this very site, only a few years ago there was nothing but a barn -- cows and chickens.

BARRYMORE:

It hasn't changed much, Eddie -- a lot of eggs are still being laid around here!

CANTOR:

I wouldn't say that, John -- I think you'll make good!... You should, I never knew of a man who did so many things so well...Shakespeare -- melodrama -- comedy -- farce -- dialects -- why, you sing and dance...John, what else do you do?

BARRYMORE:

I bake beautifully!

CANTOR:

Well, I should know...I tasted your Devil's food cake -- remember?....By the way, you promised me your recipe.

BARRYMORE:

I use a half a cup of buttermilk, a square of butter, some bitter chocolate, a level teaspoon of baking powder, two cups of flour, three eggs, a cup of sugar and I keep it in the oven for forty minutes...And it comes out so light and fluffy!....You'll love it! (15:40)

CANTOR:

Have I told you the luck I've had with the way I've been making meatballs?

BARRYMORE:

Tell me -- I'm dying to know!

CANTOR:

I chop up some good round steak, beat up the yolk of two eggs, slap in a little crackerdust, a tinge of garlic, some pepper and salt -- and after it's cooked, I keep it in the icebox for two days.

BARRYMORE:

And then you eat them?

CANTOR:

No, I play golf with 'em!

BARRYMORE:

I knew you were kidding.

CANTOR:

Now I'm not kidding...I'd like to have your recipe as to how you look so well.

BARRYMORE:

I brought my recipe with me -- here she is...Elaine Barrie!  
(APPLAUSE AS ELAINE ENTERS) (16:25)

CANTOR:

Elaine, how does it feel to be married to such a great actor?  
...I suppose he's acting all the time around the house, huh?

ELAINE:

Yes, Eddie...He comes down in the morning, takes hold of  
both my hands, strikes a pose and says, "Ah, Elaine -- never  
has man gazed upon anything so sweet, so tender, so delicate  
-- you are a morsel for the gods".

CANTOR:

Why, that's wonderful -- you ought to be very happy!

ELAINE:

I would be -- but he says the same thing about cantaloupe!

CANTOR:

John!

BARRYMORE:

I suppose you don't act around your house?

CANTOR:

I do...I act funny at the table, in the parlor -- and  
whenever I play with the children...I'm always acting  
funny.

BARRYMORE:

What a pity that a microphone should stop all of that!

CANTOR:

Elaine, your husband is witty. .

ELAINE:

And smart!

(17:10)

BARRYMORE:

Darling, you don't know how smart this Cantor fellow is -- later on in the script he kisses you.

ELAINE:

Really?

CANTOR:

Yes, Elaine -- later on in the script I take you in my arms and kiss you -- like this...(KISS)....And like this! (KISS)

BARRYMORE:

Wait a minute, Popeye -- you're kissing my wife.

CANTOR:

All right -- when you see Ida you can kiss her!

ELAINE:

I will not permit John to kiss any woman unless she has a part in one of his pictures.

CANTOR:

Elaine, you're very smart...And if I may mention it, John -- Elaine kisses beautifully. My wife doesn't kiss like that.

ELAINE:

No wonder -- look what she's got to practice on!

(FILTER COMING UP)

(17:50)

CANTOR:

John, the girl is a comedienne.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

CANTOR:

I'll take it... (INTO PHONE)....Hello -- this is Eddie Cantor.

VOICE:

(ON FILTER) (RITA ROBERTS) This is Ida.

CANTOR:

Yes, Ida...

VOICE:

(ON FILTER) Beginning with Monday I'm going to learn how to kiss.

CANTOR:

You are?

VOICE:

(ON FILTER) Yes -- I just got a part in Barrymore's new picture!

CANTOR:

What!

SOUND: CLICK OF RECEIVER.

BARRYMORE:

I've got a new leading lady!

(18:10)

CANTOR:

John, how long have you been in pictures?

ELAINE:

I can tell you -- twenty years.

CANTOR:

John Barrymore, you have been in every branch of the amusement world.

BARRYMORE:

All except Burlesque.

CANTOR:

Well, we'll fix that right now...We'll do a condensed version of a Burlesque show...you'll play Krausmeyer, the inevitable Dutchman -- I'll play Grogan, the Irishman, and Elaine a French soubrette -- there's one in every burlesque show.

BARRYMORE:

Let's go....Overture!

(18:40)

GLEE CLUB:

Everybody, hello! Everybody, hello!  
Everybody, we're glad to meet you,  
We're going to sing and dance, and try to please you.  
Let's be happy and gay, and we'll start right away,  
Everybody goes to our Burlesque shows,  
Everybody, hello!

(APPLAUSE)

(19:10)



FIELDS:

Hello, Girls!

GIRLS:

Hello, Mr. Fields!

FIELDS:

Well, here we are in Paris!....My Uncle, Patrick Grogan, just inherited a million dollars -- and when he arrives I want all you girls to give him a royal welcome!....Here he comes now!

ORCHESTRA: "WEARIN' O' THE GREEN" (ONE PHRASE)

(GLEE CLUB CHEERS)

CANTOR:

Hello, Girls!....

GIRLS:

Hello, Mr. Grogan.

FIELDS:

How do you like Paris, Uncle?....Have you seen the Eiffel Tower?

CANTOR:

No -- but looking at these girls, I sure got an eye-full!

FIELDS:

(19:45)

By the way, Uncle Grogan -- Isn't it swell here in Paris?

CANTOR:

Sure, and I'd like it better if my old friend Krausmeyer was only here -- I haven't seen him for twenty years.

FIELDS:

Why, here comes Krausmeyer now.

MUSIC:

"ACH DU LIEBER AUGUSTINE" (ONCE THROUGH)

(CHEERS...APPLAUSE) (GLEE CLUB)

CANTOR:

Hello, Krausmeyer!

BARRYMORE:

Hello, Grogan!

CANTOR:

Krausmeyer, you haven't changed a bit!

BARRYMORE:

Grogan, what a funny looking beard you have!

CANTOR:

Once I had a beard like yours, but when I realized how it made me look, I cut it off.

BARRYMORE:

Say, once I had a face like yours and when I realized I couldn't cut it off, I grew this beard! (20:30)

FIELDS:

Uncle Grogan, and Mr. Krausmeyer, I'd like you to meet Mademoiselle Yvette.

ELAINE:

Oh, you charming gentlemen.

CANTOR:

Begorra, and isn't Paris wonderful?

BARRYMORE:

I'm overpushed with pleasure to have you meeting me, don't it?

CANTOR:

Mademoiselle, would you like to have a bite of lunch with us?

ELAINE:

Oui -- oui!

(20:50)

CANTOR:

Krausmeyer, isn't she cute?

BARRYMORE:

Woo -- Woo!

ELAINE:

Oh, you sweet man!

BARRYMORE:

Look, here's the Cafe de la Paix -- let's go in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

FIELDS:

Ah, welcome to the Cafe de la Paix...I am the headwaiter.

ELAINE:

Oh, what a funny looking headwaiter!

(21:05)

CANTOR:

Waiter, how come you have no hair on your head?

FIELDS:

Well, you know the old saying -- "Grass nevair grows on a busy street".

BARRYMORE:

I guess it can't get up through the concrete!

CANTOR:

Oh, John -- you've been in Burlesque before!

(21:20)

ELAINE:

Waiter, what kind of soup do you have?

FIELDS:

Ox-tail soup.

CANTOR:

That's going a long way back for soup!

BARRYMORE:

Ox-tail soup -- that's bully!

CANTOR:

(LAUGHS) John, that's going a long way back for a joke.

BARRYMORE:

Only as far back as your last week's program!

CANTOR:

Oh, hush! Waiter, how is the steak?

FIELDS:

Our steak is as tender as a woman's heart. (21:50)

BARRYMORE:

I'll take liver!

CANTOR:

Waiter, can you bring me a strip of bacon?

FIELDS:

Oui, Monsieur.

CANTOR:

Well, bring me some.

FIELDS:

I do not think we have a strip of bacon...Yes, we have a strip....No, we have no strip --

ELAINE:

Why do you keep teasing him?

CANTOR:

He's giving me a strip tease!

BARRYMORE:

Waiter -- bring us anything that's not over forty cents.

~~ELAINE:~~

~~Oh! I do not like this place -- there is no entertainment.~~

BARRYMORE:

I could give out entertainment...If you will blindfold my face so I couldn't see what I'm looking -- I will tell you the names of those flowers on the table by the smell.

CANTOR:

(22:35)

All right, I blindfold you....Like this.

ELAINE:

Here -- Monsieur Krausmeyer, smell this flower...What is it?

BARRYMORE:

(SNIFFS) That is a geranium.

CANTOR:

Correct.

ELAINE:

Now smell this flower and tell us what it is.

BARRYMORE:

(SNIFFS) That is a chrysanthemum.

CANTOR:

Say, that's right.

BARRYMORE:

You can't fool Krausmeyer.

CANTOR:

(SOTTO) Quick, Yvette -- hand me that cat from under the table.

ELAINE:

(SOTTO) Here's the cat.

(23:00)

BARRYMORE:

Come on -- make quick, Grogan... Give me another flower to smell!

CANTOR:

(LAUGH) You'll never guess this one!.... Here -- take a good smell and tell me what this is.

BARRYMORE:

(SNIFFS) Once more, please!... (SNIFFS AGAIN)

CANTOR:

Well -- what kind of a flower is it?

BARRYMORE:

A Pussy Willow!

CANTOR:

Where is our food?

ELAINE:

The service here is terrible.

CANTOR:

Come to my house and my wife'll make you some pancakes.

(23:30)

BARRYMORE:

Oh, no -- remember the last time I was at your house? I ate some of your wife's pancakes -- and never was I so sick since I was sick!

CANTOR:

Don't you insult my wife's pancakes....Why, if you even mention the word pancakes again -- I'll sock you with this newspaper.

BARRYMORE:

You mean you don't want me to say "pancakes"?

CANTOR:

(SOCK)

BARRYMORE:

Ouch!....I won't say it anymore!

CANTOR:

Say what?

BARRYMORE:

Pancakes.

CANTOR:

(SOCK)

(23:55)

BARRYMORE:

I'm too smart for you....You can't get me to say pancake.

CANTOR:

(SOCK)

BARRYMORE:

I won't say that again!....In fact, I'll never eat them again.

CANTOR:

Eat what again?

BARRYMORE:

What I had for breakfast yesterday...Aaaaaah!

CANTOR:

What did you have for breakfast yesterday?

BARRYMORE:

Oh, some p-p-p-p-potatoes -- some p-p-p-p-pananas -- and  
a p-p-p ---

CANTOR:

Go on -- a p-p-p-p ---

BARRYMORE:

A pair of flapjacks!...Ha, ha -- I bet you thought I was  
going to say pancakes!

CANTOR:

You said it again!....(SOCK) (24:30)

BARRYMORE:

My goodness -- this is worse than the war.

CANTOR:

Were you in the war?

BARRYMORE:

Why, certainly....and before I left for the front -- my  
father gave me the Good Book to put over my heart....One  
day I went over the top....It was terrible...Bullets was  
falling all over me...But I went on -- suddenly -- bang!  
A bullet hit me right in the heart -- but by a miracle I  
was ge-saved.

CANTOR:

Aha! You had the Good Book over your heart.

BARRYMORE:

No!

CANTOR:

Then what saved your life?

BARRYMORE:

One of your wife's pancakes!

CANTOR:

(SOCK)



CANTOR:

John, no Burlesque show ends without the principals joining  
in a song....All right, Edgar. (25:15)

(VAMP) (NO DIALECT)

JOHN: One time a man from Toledo,  
Sat down on a great big torpedo.

ELAINE: He sneezed and he coughed

CANTOR: And the darn thing went off

JOHN: Now he doesn't live in Toledo!

(VAMP)

ELAINE: A locksmith I know always pleases,  
His workmanship is the bee's knees,

JOHN: He's sly as a fox

CANTOR: At opening locks

ELAINE: And he makes Miss Simone's golden keyes!

(VAMP)

CANTOR: Before we complete the next verse ya'll  
Know all about my friend Hershel.

ELAINE: He trains birds and animals

JOHN: He also smokes Camels

CANTOR: It don't rhyme but at least it's commercial!

(VAMP)

(VAMP)

JOHN: A man had no voice, so by jingo,  
He couldn't speak one word of lingo.

ELAINE: But he learned all right

CANTOR: At the movies one night

JOHN: When his number was called he yelled "BINGO!"

(VAMP)

CANTOR: And now, John, we're through, this is final.  
Your stuff got across, I hope mine'll.  
Next time you come back  
I'll pay twice as much jack.

JOHN: You mean it?

CANTOR: Yes -- if you bring along Ethel and Lionel!

ORCHESTRA: (UP TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

(26:40)

CANTOR:

Thank you, John Barrymore and Elaine Barrie. You were grand tonight. And, John...you didn't fool me for a minute about never having been in Burlesque...the way you knew all the answers!

BARRYMORE:

Honestly, Eddie...I never have played in Burlesque...but I'll admit for the past two years I've been going to the Burbank Theatre on Main Street.

CANTOR:

Oh! You like to see the pretty burlesque girls, eh, John?

BARRYMORE:

No, Eddie.

CANTOR:

Then why do you go there?

BARRYMORE:

(CONFIDENTIALLY) They have a fellow there who walks up and down the aisles and sells the best popcorn you ever ate! Good night, Eddie!

CANTOR:

Good night, John Barrymore...

(APPLAUSE)

(27:25)

ORCHESTRA: ("WHOOPEE"...FADE)

KING:

The eyes of the golf world will be on Ralph Guldahl next Thursday when he tees off in the 1938 National Open, played on the tough Cherry Hills course in Denver, Colorado. Can Guldahl repeat his triumph of last year? Can he break his own record score of two hundred and eighty-one?

(MUSIC  
OUT)

The chances against him are tremendous -- yet fighting on the side of this husky two hundred-pounder are youth, courage, and healthy nerves. When it comes to healthy nerves and smoking, Ralph Guldahl has this to say:

MICHAEL BLAIR:

Playing championship golf puts a terrific strain on the nerves. Yet, I am a steady CAMEL smoker, and I have never known CAMELS to jangle my nerves. That's why CAMEL'S mildness scores big with me! I've smoked CAMELS for ten years. They sure do agree with me.

KING:

Yes, folks, CAMEL'S costlier tobaccos do mean a lot to smokers. One smoker tells another, "CAMELS agree with me".

ORCHESTRA: FANFARE "B"

(28:20)

CANTOR:

Next week, we'll have a visitor we can hardly refer to  
as a guest -- for this program is really his home.  
Let's all be on hand next Monday for the home-coming  
of BOBBY BREEN --

(HARP ARPEGGIO)

Until then -- remember....

(26:40)

(SINGING)

I love to spend each Monday with you  
As friend to friend to friend I'm sorry it's through  
I hope you know 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!

Good night!

ORCHESTRA: (SWELLS....FADES)

(29: 15)

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.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELLS)

(CAST OUT FOR BOWS)

BILL GOODWIN:

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

(FADE THEME TWENTY SECONDS)

(29:30)