

- EDDIE CANTOR'S CAMEL CARAVAN -

MONDAY, JUNE 13, 1938

#C-12

CANTOR	KIRK	SARA BERNER	CARROLL
FIELDS	KING	P.A. OPERATOR	BERT GORDON
KNIGHT	DONOHUE	GLEE CLUB (12)	SPAN
KURTZMAN	SCHUMANN	FAIRCHILD	SCHWEIGER
RAPP	ESTY (6)	ELVIA ALLMAN	QUILLAN
BUNKY	GOODWIN	BOBBY BREEN	ELLINSON
HOLZMAN	BILL WRIGHT	FILE	BILLY HALOP
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			HUNTZ HALL

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...SEGUE TO "WHOOPEE"...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. And speaking of pleasure -- here he is -- the man who celebrated his twenty-fourth wedding anniversary last Thursday -- Ida's boy -- EDDIE CANTOR!

ORCHESTRA: (SWELLS TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE AS CANTOR ENTERS)

(1:15)

CANTOR:

Hello, everybody...Hello, Walter!

KING:

Eddie -- I haven't seen you since the party Thursday night.
What a wedding anniversary!

CANTOR:

Wasn't it grand? That beautiful cake with twenty-four
candles.

KING:

Yes, and only a short while ago, when you celebrated
your twenty-fifth anniversary in show business, you had
a cake with twenty-five candles.

CANTOR:

You know, Walter, I'm beginning to think that this year,
Los Angeles has been kept warm just by the heat from the
candles on my cakes. But the party Thursday night was
great fun. I danced -- I played games -- I felt as strong
and as healthy as a youngster.

KING:

Don't kid me, Eddie. I was there. When Ida blew out
the candles on the cake -- you fell over.

CANTOR:

I fell over? -- that's nothing! Jack Benny's new house
moved two blocks. (1:50)

KING:

Well, Eddie, the party must have brought back many pleasant memories.

CANTOR:

Yes, it did. It was fun thinking back to the day when I first met Ida. She was so bashful. She wouldn't look at me.

KING:

Well, I guess in those days she was boy shy.

CANTOR:

She still is -- we both are...But you know, Walter, the first time I saw Ida -- I was a bootblack on the East Side of New York, that's why it took us so long to get married. Every time I would get down on my knees to propose -- I'd forget myself and start shining her shoes. One day I ran out of polish and asked her to be my wife. (2:30)

KING:

Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Cantor!

CANTOR:

You should have seen our place in the Bronx. It was a very swanky two room suite -- one bed room and a clothes closet. Of course, we couldn't afford that very long. Things got worse and we had to rent out the closet to Georgie Jessel. It got a little crowded after that. He started taking in boarders...You know Jessel!

KING:

It must have been quite a struggle to get along.

CANTOR:

Yes, it was, we had to economize on everything. In fact, we only spent twenty cents a day on food.

KING:

How did you manage to do that?

CANTOR:

It was very simple. We'd buy a bottle of milk for breakfast, a box of crackers for lunch, and then we'd eat them for dinner. The only luxury I could give Ida was to take her to a movie once in awhile. Of course, it was more romantic going to a movie then than it is now. In those days you could take a girl to a theatre and hold her hand. Now you've got to hold a Bingo ticket. (3:20)

KING:

Eddie, did you live in the Bronx very long?

CANTOR:

No, things got better and we bought a home in Mount Vernon --- away out in the suburbs. Of course, at that time, the Cantor home was easy to find -- all you had to do was follow the stork. It was a pretty long trip but he managed to get there four times.

KING:

You mean five times.

CANTOR:

No, Walter, when my last daughter arrived --- the stork called up and said: "I'm too tired -- come and get it".... And now I've been married twenty-four years. Walter, I'm a pretty happy guy. (3:55)

KING:

I am glad you're in such a good mood, Eddie, because I've been planning to ask a favor of you.

CANTOR:

What is it?

KING:

Well, since John Barrymore was on the program last week, I've been wanting to show you that you could have saved yourself some money.

CANTOR:

Are you comparing yourself with Barrymore?

KING:

Why not? I've been acting all my life. When I was two years old my father carried me off the stage. But when I was twenty and the star of "THE LADY IN ERMINE" --

CANTOR:

I saw that show --

KING:

The opening night I closed my eyes and I could just feel the audience putting their arms around me -- and when I opened my eyes --

CANTOR:

It was your father carrying you off the stage again! Walter King -- you're no actor -- you're a ham!

KING:

Yeah? Get me a leading lady -- let me play a scene from "Julius Caesar", and if I don't make good with this audience -- you can keep my salary!

CANTOR:

Ladies and gentlemen, you're witnesses! Now, where am I going to get you a leading lady?

KING:

I don't care -- get one from the audience.

CANTOR:

Okay -- let's look around. Here's a bright looking girl. Would you mind coming up on the stage...you? Now, young lady -- what is your name?

ALLMAN:

(HARSH VOICE) My name's Baldy.

CANTOR:

Baldy?

ALLMAN:

Yeah. Mrs. Baldy -- who are you?

CANTOR:

Who am I -- don't you know?

(4:55)

ALLMAN:

No -- but you certainly got a nerve waking me up. When I came in this joint I left a call for ten o'clock.

CANTOR:

Miss -- I shouldn't have to tell you this but I am Eddie Cantor. Didn't you see that big picture of me outside?

ALLMAN:

You mean the one with the mustache?

CANTOR:

Lady -- my picture hasn't got a mustache on it,

ALLMAN:

It has now!

CANTOR:

Well, that isn't the way I look. Haven't you ever seen any other photographs of me?

ALLMAN:

Yes, I've got one home. I hung it up in the living room.

CANTOR:

That's nice.

ALLMAN:

That's the only way I could cover up the hole in the wall.

CANTOR:

For a hole in the wall you use my picture? Is it still there?

ALLMAN:

No, I took it down -- the hole looked better.

CANTOR:

Just sit down and rest your mind for a minute. (5:35)

KING:

Look, Eddie. There's a girl who might be able to act. She looks like Katherine Hepburn.

CANTOR:

She certainly does. Miss -- would you mind coming up here? -- Thank you.

KING:

Would you be my leading lady just for tonight?

HEPBURN:

My dear, dear Mr. King, the opportunity you offer excites me so very, very much...My pulse throbs as a winged messenger of heaven sailing upon the bosom of the air; majestically -- regally -- royally -- I mean really royally.

CANTOR:

I'd like to sock her with a custard pie! (6:15)

KING:

Then you will be my leading lady?

HEPBURN:

Yes, thanks. Oh, you're kind, so kind, really you are. But I'm still wondering. I think I ought to leave Hollywood. I think I ought to go away and forget. I think I ought to take a boat somewhere. I think I ought to just sit down and shut up...But tell me first, is it true what they're saying about me? Do you think I'm poison at the box office?

CANTOR:

If you're poison at the box office, then I am, too.

HEPBURN:

You're so sweet. Will you call me up sometime?

CANTOR:

Yes, we'll make it a poison-to-poison call. Goodbye.

HEPBURN:

Goodbye. (EXIT)

(APPLAUSE)

(7:00)

KING:

Well, she's gone, Eddie, better ask the first girl again.

CANTOR:

You mean gravel voice? I don't think we should. After all, she isn't for the stage.

FIELDS:

Oh, my wife's not good enough to be an actress!

CANTOR:

I didn't say that, Mister Baldy. Maybe she is good. But I don't want to take her away from you. You can keep your wife. Keep her!

FIELDS:

I should be stuck with her the rest of my life!

CANTOR:

No! You don't have to be stuck with her!

FIELDS:

Oh -- you want her!

(7:30)

CANTOR:

Please believe me. I don't want your wife. You can take my word for it -- I happen to be an honest man.

FIELDS:

I'm a crook!

CANTOR:

You're not a crook. You're an honest man, too.
You never stole a thing in your life!

FIELDS:

Sc! I spent five years in Sing Sing for nothing!
You knew I was innocent but you let on I did shoot that
cashier in the bank!

CANTOR:

What bank? What cashier? As far as I know you never
shot anybody.

FIELDS:

Oh -- I missed him, I can't shoot straight! (8:00)

CANTOR:

Look, Mr. Baldy, let's not argue. You can be my friend.
I'd love to have you around me all the time.

FIELDS:

You would, huh?

CANTOR:

My word of honor.

FIELDS:

Sure. You're just the type to disgrace your family by
running around with a moron!

CANTOR:

Wait a minute, Mister -- you're not a moron!

FIELDS:

Oh! You got a patent on it, huh?

CANTOR:

I'm a moron? How do you like that? I'M A MORON! I'M A
MORON!

FIELDS:

Go on -- brag! Cantor, the wise guy -- I hope you're
satisfied. Now you got me branded as an ex-convict.
My wife gave up her home -- neglected her children --
became a painted actress on the stage, and why, WHY?
ALL because you're too cheap to hire a leading lady for
that dope, Walter King!

(EXITS)

(APPLAUSE)

(8:45)

KING:

He's gone back to his seat, Eddie --- so let's continue with the play. I think Mrs. Baldy will be quite satisfactory as my leading lady.

ALLMAN:

Okay.

CANTOR:

We'll do "Julius Caesar". Mrs. Baldy --- you can play the role of Cleopatra -- Walter, you be Marc Antony, and Fairchild -- you're Caesar. On with the play!

ORCHESTRA: (FEW BARS EGYPTIAN MUSIC)

(9:05)

KING:

Ah, Cleopatra, thou art beautiful.

ALLMAN:

Yes, Antony, indeed I am...I'm exotic. I've got dimples on my cheeks and a mule on my neck.

CANTOR:

Mule? That says MOLE, you read that wrong. Go ahead, Antony.

KING:

Cleo, my love, thy lips are irresistible -- kiss me.

(THEY KISS...EXAGGERATED SOUND EFFECT)

KING:

Pray tell me -- where didst thou learn to kiss so well?

ALLMAN:

I used to seal envelopes down at the post office.

KING:

Wouldst thou flyeth away with me?

ALLMAN:

I don't know if I shouldst -- dost thou loveth and
adoreth me with thy whole hearteth?

KING:

Yeth, I thyall alwayth love you. I shall marry you even
though my family objects. If my father were here dost
thou knowest what he wouldst do?

CANTOR:

Yeah -- he wouldst carry you off the stage again.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

(10:20)

ALLMAN:

Hark! Here comes Julius Caesar.

FAIRCHILD:

Greetings, O' Queen! I just returned from the bottle.

CANTOR:

That word is battle.

FAIRCHILD:

I'm sorry, Eddie...Maybe I need glasses.

CANTOR:

You sound like you've had too many glasses already.

Continue, Caesar.

(10:45)

FAIRCHILD:

Me hears Brutus is plotting against me. I must be on guard. Here comes someone now -- Mayhaps he is looking for me. (10:50)

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

MAN:

(BILL WRIGHT) Greetings! Is this the Burbank Follies?

CANTOR:

No, it isn't.

MAN:

Alas. Then I must find my regiment.

CANTOR:

Regiment? Art thou a member of Brutus' Army?

MAN:

No -- I'm left over from the Shriners' Parade.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FAIRCHILD:

Oh, my life is in danger...I'm going to faint. Cleo -- open the window and give me a little pinch.

CANTOR:

Pinch? That word is punch. Not P-I it's P-U! P-U!

FAIRCHILD:

I know -- that's why I wanted to open a window.

ALLMAN:

Oh, Caesar...thou needst not fear for thy life...thou art safe here with me.

CANTOR:

Hark! Look who is coming in. 'Tis Brutal -- Brutus!

ALLMAN:

You said it.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

(11:30)

KING:

Ah -- Greetings, Brutus, my friend. Sit down.

FIELDS:

Oh. Thou can standeth up. But I've gotteth sitteth down and weareth out the seateth of my pants. Then I shouldst have to wear patches.

KING:

No...Don't wear patches.

FIELDS:

Oh, that's fine. I should catcheth cold from the draft.

KING:

(11:50)

Caesar...look, even now Brutus is plunging his dagger in your back.

FAIRCHILD:

Oh, is there a dagger in my back? Well, what am I waiting for? (HE SCREAMS)

CANTOR:

He screams like he likes it. Brutus, thou hast killed Julius Caesar!

FIELDS:

Thou hast framed me -- and how I hate thee for it. I
hated thee on NBC -- I hated thee on CBS -- and now --

CANTOR:

It's mutual!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

(12:15)

KING:

I'm sorry, Eddie, that Mr. Baldy ruined the play -- but
you did get a sample of my acting!

CANTOR:

Very slight. But just enough to change our relationship!

KING:

What do you mean?

CANTOR:

From now on, I take you under my wing. Walter, I'm going
to be like a father to you.

KING:

You are? (SHAKES CANTOR'S HAND)

CANTOR:

Yes -- now I'll carry you off the stage!

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION "ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND")

(12:40)

CANTOR:

Oh my honey, oh my honey, better hurry and let's meander
Aint ya goin', ain't ya goin'
To the leader man, ragged-meter man,
Oh my honey, oh my honey,
Let me take you to Alexander's grand-stand brass band
Ain't you comin' along!

(CHORUS:)

Come on and hear,
Come on and hear,
Alexander's Ragtime Band!
Come on and hear,
Come on and hear,
It's the best band in the land.
They can play a bugle call like you never heard before

(FIVE BRASS...LICK)

That's just the bestest band what am,
Oh, My honey lamb!
Come on along, come on along,
Let me take you by the hand.
Up to the man, up to the man,
Who's the leader of the band. (RETARD)

And -- if -- you
Wanna hear that Swanee River played in SWINGTIME!

Come on and hear -- (GLEE CLUB REPEAT) --
come on and hear -- (GLEE CLUB REPEAT)
ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND! (GLEE CLUB ON LAST LINE)

(BAND UP) (APPLAUSE)

(14:00)

ORCHESTRA: (REPRISE "RAGTIME BAND"...FADE FOR:)

KING:

June fifteenth, will stand as an important day in the history of American railroading. On that date, the Pennsylvania's famed "Broadway Limited" and the New York Central's crack "Twentieth Century" go streamline, with new equipment, and new schedules. No two men are prouder of these masterpieces of train designing than Charley Chase, "Twentieth Century" engineer, and Pete Anderson, pilot of the "Broadway Limited". Both Charley Chase and Pete Anderson are among the thousands of railroad men who prefer Camels -- the cigarette of finer, more expensive tobaccos. Mr. Chase says:

(MUSIC
OUT)

LOU MERRILL:

(OFF-STAGE MIKE) Running the "Century" on schedule is a big responsibility. I can't take chances on jittery nerves, and CAMELS don't get my nerves upset. When I get tired out, a CAMEL gives my energy a "lift".

KING:

Mr. Pete Anderson says:

BILL WRIGHT:

(OFF-STAGE MIKE) Smoking CAMELS at mealtimes, and afterwards, gives me a great sense of well-being. CAMELS hit the spot for mildness, too. They agree with me all along the line.

KING:

Yes sir, America's railroad men, and millions of other smokers, too, find that CAMEL'S costlier tobaccos do mean a lot in smoking. One smoker tells another: "CAMELS agree with me!"

ORCHESTRA:

"WHOOPEE" (FADE FOR:)

(15:00)

CANTOR:

Walter -- I want you to forgive me for carrying you off the stage -- but you know -- your acting is really pretty bad.

KING:

Eddie, I've made up my mind I'm going to act without your consent, and without your help.

CANTOR:

Walter King -- what are you saying?

KING:

Did you see the pictures "Dead End" and "Crime School"?

CANTOR:

Yes -- but you weren't in them.

KING:

No, but do you remember the tough kids in those two pictures?

CANTOR:

Remember them? -- Just looking at them on the screen scared the life out of me.

KING:

Well, then, imagine what they'll do to you in person. They're coming here to act with me.

CANTOR:

Here? That bunch of hoodlums?

KING:

You won't say that in a minute. (HE CALLS) Frankie, Spike, Goodfy -- come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

(BOYS ENTER)

(APPLAUSE)

CANTOR:

Hello, boys!

FRANKIE:

(BILLY HALOP) Hey -- King -- is dis the runt?

CANTOR:

Runt? Why -- I'm Eddie Cantor --

SPIKE:

(LEO B. GORSEY) Was you born wit dem eyes, or are you just looking surprised? (15:45)

CANTOR:

You can't scare me. If there's going to be any acting on this program --

FRANKIE:

We're going to do it!

CANTOR:

Wait a minute! You kids are not going to bull-doze me. Remember -- I was brought up on the East Side of New York myself. I had to fight every inch of the way. Even when I was shining shoes, the bigger boys would try to steal my customers, and with my shine box I'd sock 'em left and right -- and when they were lying in the gutter I'd take the heel of my shoe and crush 'em like that! That's what I used to do.

FRANKIE:

A sissy.

CANTOR:

Sissy?

GOOFY:

(HJUNTY HALE) Beat it, King. We'll take care of dis guy. (16:10)

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

CANTOR:

You fellers start something, and I'll call a policeman.

FRANKIE:

Hollerin' "copper" -- huh? Do you tink dat scares me?
Why, in New York every day I used to hit de cop on
Forty-Second Street!

CANTOR:

What did you hit him with?

FRANKIE:

Wit de cop on Forty-Third Street.

SPIKE:

You'd better keep away from him, Cantor. He wouldn't
have much trouble with a weaklin' like you.

CANTOR:

I'm a weakling?

FRANKIE:

Sure! De last time you was sick you was so anemic they had
to give you a transfusion from a bottle of milk. (16:50)

CANTOR:

I'll find out how tough you are with the cops -- I'll call
the special officer here in the studio and have him throw
you out.

FRANKIE:

You're too late.

CANTOR:

Why?

SPIKE:

We just threw him out.

CANTOR:

Look, boys -- let's be reasonable. If you'll forget about this, I've got some anniversary gifts in my dressing room and you can have them.

SPIKE:

Is yours the dressing room with the gold star on it?

CANTOR:

Why -- yes.

GOOFY:

We set fire to it.

CANTOR:

You set fire to it. Why? Why?

FRANKIE:

We was cold!

CANTOR:

Spike -- you keep going the way you are and you'll wind up in Alcatraz.

SPIKE:

Oh, that's swell -- it'd be nice to be back with my family again.

(17:30)

CANTOR:

Your family's in Alcatraz?

SPIKE:

Yeah, but some of them won't be there long -- they're gonna get the hotseat.

CANTOR:

They? You mean more than one?

SPIKE:

Oh, sure -- my family always goes in groups. In fact, de warden's thinkin' o' takin' out de chair and puttin' in a bench.

CANTOR:

Your family can't be that bad.

SPIKE:

Oh, no, Ever' month for de last five years, the State's been sending us an electric bill.

CANTOR:

That's a fine way to talk of your family in front of these people.

FRANKIE:

What are these people doing here? Who dragged 'em in to listen?

CANTOR:

Nobody dragged them in.

FRANKIE:

They ain't strapped in them seats?

CANTOR:

No, they came here of their own free will.

FRANKIE:

Ladies and gents: you're nuts. (18:30)

CANTOR:

One more remark like that and I'll have those men in that control room take you off the air!

FRANKIE:

You mean them dummies in the showcase?

CANTOR:

Showcase? That's the control room, and those men are engineers. (18:45)

FRANKIE:

Well -- stop wavin' that paper at them.

CANTOR:

That's no paper -- that's my script.

FRANKIE:

Well -- I think I'll take it for a ride!

SOUND: TEARING PAPER

CANTOR:

You tore up my script!

FRANKIE:

What is that script business?

CANTOR:

That's my program you tore up -- the jokes that I tell --

FRANKIE:

Where can I wash my hands? (19:05)

CANTOR:

And all my life I've been wanting a boy! (YELLS) I'm getting sick of this -- I'll not stand for it, I'm still in control of this program, Do you hear me?

BUGS:

Give me the gun, Spike!

SOUND: PISTOL SHOT

CANTOR:

I lost control...Now let me tell you something about this gun business -- let me tell you about shooting -- and stealing -- and picking pockets --

FIELDS:

Oh -- opening up a crime school -- a Fagin -- huh?

SPIKE:

Hey, what are you buttin' in for? You lookin' for a
fight? (19:35)

CANTOR:

No, Spike -- this man isn't trying to pick a fight with
you. Compared to you kids -- he's a gentleman....He's
kind -- and sweet --

FIELDS:

That's fine, I'm a creampuff. Maybe I should sew a couple
of doilies.

CANTOR:

No, you shouldn't sew doilies.

SPIKE:

Oh, I should sew them.

CANTOR:

No. Neither of you should sew anything!

FIELDS:

Oh, we should both walk around with holes in our socks.

CANTOR:

Get out of here, Baldy!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

(20:00)

CANTOR:

Well, that's one less.....Listen, boys -- why are you so anxious for Walter King to act?

FRANKIE:

Well, King promised us that if we get you to let him act -- he'd let us do Shakespeare with him.

CANTOR:

You boys play Shakespeare?

SPIKE:

Sure -- Frankie and me'll do Romeo and his moll....Like we done it at Commencement in the reform school.

CANTOR:

I'll get you a little music --

MUSIC: (MUTED VIOLINS PLAY LISZT'S "DREAM OF LOVE" TO SERVE AS LIGHT BACKGROUND THROUGHOUT)

FRANKIE:

Romeo, Oh, Romeo...wherefore is youse, Romeo?

SPIKE:

Ah, Toots -- when ya say dem woids I can't stand on me pins...ya floor me. I get dizzy. I feel like some guy slipped me a Mickey Finn. Pray tell me -- doest youse love me, too?

FRANKIE:

Yeah -- you got me hooked...When I look into your peepers I get an empty feelin' in de bread basket. De old pump starts bangin' away like a Tommy gun. (21:00)

SPIKE:

Honey, you're really gettin' me....you're musclin' in on my heart, Lemme slip dis sparkler on one of your mitts and we'll elope.

FRANKIE:

Ah, dat'll be de pay-off. I can see us now -- all dressed up in our fancy duds, as we lock-step down de middle aisle.

SPIKE:

Yep. And it'll always be dat way. -- I'll be your Romeo -- and you'll be my Joliet.

MUSIC: (OUT)

(APPLAUSE)

FRANKIE:

Well, how did you like that, Cantor? (21:30)

CANTOR:

It was all right, boys, but we have a lot of younger folks who listen to this program -- why don't we do something -- kinda -- for the children -- like.

FRANKIE:

Oh -- like Little Jack Horner stuff?

CANTOR:

Yes, yes -- that's right.

FRANKIE:

Little Jack Horner, Sat in the corner, Eatin' his Christmas pie. He stuck his thumb in his old man's pocket, Stole his mother's locket, And the lucky stiff got off with a suspended sentence.

SPIKE:

Who was his mouth piece?

CANTOR:

Wait a minute --

GOOFY:

Give him the Hickory, Dickory, Dock, boys.

SPIKE:

Hickory, Dickory, Dock, A mouse ran up the clock, The clock struck one, I struck one, Spike struck one, And I knocked mine cold --

CANTOR:

And what happened to the mouse?

SPIKE:

He was a squealer and turned out to be a rat. (22:30)

CANTOR:

Boys, boys -- you still haven't got the idea --

BUGS:

Oh, nothing pleases you! Let's go get him, fellers!

SOUND: OF SCUFFLE

BREEN:

(ON FILTER) What's going on here, Daddy?

(APPLAUSE AS BREEN ENTERS)

CANTOR:

Bobby Breen! -- go 'way, Bobby -- it isn't safe for you in this place -- the "Dead End" kids are here.

BREEN:

Oh, those gorillas? Have they been annoying you? (22:50)

CANTOR:

Yes, but ----

BREEN:

No "buts" -- Listen, you guys -- get this straight...This is my territory, see? I adopted this mug, see? He's my old man -- and you gotta lay off, see?

SPIKE:

Gee, Bobby -- we didn't know he was a right guy.

GOOFY:

You ain't gonna tell the mob on us, are you?

FRANKIE:

Look, Bobby, the whole thing was a mistake...I promise it won't happen any more.

BREEN:

Okay. But if I ever catch you monkeying around again, I'll hit you so hard on the top of your head -- you'll have to part your toes to stick out your tongue. Now -- scram!
All of you!

"DEAD END" KIDS:

(IN UNISON) Yes, Sir! Goodbye, Mister Cantor.

(THEY EXIT)

(23:40)

CANTOR:

Bobby, you were certainly brave. The way you were shaking your fist at them --

BOBBY:

My fist? If you had looked closer, you'd have seen I was shaking all over.

CANTOR:

Young fellow, you still retain your sense of humor, and, I hope, that glorious voice. I know you've been working hard in your picture "Breaking The Ice", but we haven't heard you sing in a long time, Bobby, so what do you say?

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION)

(24:05)

BOBBY:

Daddy wore a happy smile,
When his bride came down the aisle,
In that little old Cathedral in the Pines.
When a baby filled their nest,
He was taken to be blessed
In that little old Cathedral in the Pines.
He grew up and joined the choir,
Where the organ played each day.
And he found his heart's desire
In a girl who came to pray.
Once again the wedding bells will softly peal,
And while you and I before the altar kneel,
I will hold your hand in mine
As they did in auld lang syne
In that little old Cathedral in the Pines.

(GLEE CLUB HUM IN BACKGROUND)

BOBBY:

I'll be yours, you'll be mine;
When it's orange blossom time,
And the mighty organ plays "Oh Promise Me".

I will hold your hand in mine;
As they did in auld lang syne,
In that little old Cathedral in the Pines!

(BAND UP)

(APPLAUSE)

(26:35)

ORCHESTRA: REPRISE "RAGTIME BAND"

(FADE FOR:)

KING:

As forecast last week on Camel's Tuesday night program, Ralph Guldahl, the 1937 National Open Golf Champion, entered the 1938 Tourney in splendid shape. By Saturday he was champion again, becoming the fourth man ever to win the open crown for two years in a row. And remember, he proved his greatness on the Cherry Hills course at Denver, one of the toughest layouts in America. Ralph is one of the many U.S. champions and athletic stars who are steady smokers of Camel Cigarettes. He likes Camels because they don't upset his nerves. And here's something else he says;

MERRILL:

Another feature about Camels that I like is the way I get a quick "lift" in energy with a Camel when I'm tired. There's always a let-down after a strenuous game of golf and that "lift" comes in mighty handy. Camel's mildness scores bit with me, too. The best all-'round reason why I prefer Camels every time is that Camels agree with me.

KING:

Thank you, Mr. Guldahl, and healthy nerves to you. Millions of smokers have found what they are looking for in smoking in Camels, America's largest-selling cigarette because those costlier tobaccos do make a difference.

CANTOR:

Walter King, you surely scared the daylight out of me with your tough friends.

KING:

Eddie, believe it or not, they really are the three "Dead End" kids.

CANTOR:

Well -- I know -- they certainly aren't Sally, Irene and Mary....Where are they now?

KING:

Oh -- they went for a ride in your car.

CANTOR:

My car -- do you realize my daughters are in there, you should have stopped them. Where did they go?

KING:

Well, they're evidently back -- here's Frankie now.

CANTOR:

Frankie, were you and your rough necks out with my daughters?

FRANKIE:

Yes -- but never again!

CANTOR:

Why not?

FRANKIE:

They're too tough for us.

SPIKE:

Say -- where's Bobby Breen?

BOBBY:

Here I am -- what do you want?

FRANKIE:

We want the five bucks you promised us for letting you bulldoze us.

CANTOR:

You'll have to part your toes to stick out your tongue, eh?
-- All right, Bobby, I'll pay the five dollars...and,
Billy Halop -- before you go -- I want you to let our
listeners know that you were really only playing a part
here tonight.

BILLY HALOP:

It's true, ladies and gentlemen. My associates and I are
grateful to Mr. Cantor for having afforded us this
opportunity to appear with him. We are not as tough as we
appeared here tonight. We couldn't be. Actors are
engaged to portray certain roles. Mr. Cantor ofttimes
plays a fool -- you and I know he is not. Nor is the
Mad Russian mad, but if what the boys and I have done has
brought you any amusement, we are very happy. And -- until
we see you again from the screen, we'll remain, yours
sincerely --

HALOP:

Billy Halop.

LEO GORSEY:

Leo Gorsey.

HALL:

Huntz Hall.

CANTOR:

Good night, boys -- and thanks again.

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: FANFARE "C" (SHORT VERSION) (29:05)

CANTOR:

Tomorrow is "Flag Day" -- and we Americans should be thankful for the peaceful breeze that waves our flag. If I may coin an expression -- let's make that wave permanent....War is never a solution to the problems of the world. Things would be much better if the leaders of nations spent more time mapping changes, instead of changing maps.

(HARP ARPEGGIO)

(29:25)

(SINGING)

I love to spend each Monday with you
As 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)

(30:15)

KING:

(ON CUE) Listen again for Eddie Cantor's Camel Caravan next Monday -- and remember to tune in tomorrow night at nine thirty 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)

(30:30)

*Cant
126
show
+
2:00*