

- EDDIE CANTOR'S CAMEL CARAVAN -

MONDAY, JUNE 20, 1938

#C-13

CANTOR
FIELDS
KNIGHT
KURTZMAN
RAPP
BUNKY
HOLZMAN
ROSS

KIRK
KING
DONOHUE
SCHUMANN
ESTY (6)
GOODWIN
BILL WRIGHT
CHARLIE LUNG

VIVIAN EDWARDS
P.A. OPERATOR
GLEE CLUB (12)
FAIRCHILD
BOBBY BREEN
FILE
COPYRIGHT
CARROLL

BERT GORDON
SPAN
SCHWEIGER
QUILLAN
ELLINSON
HATTIE NOEL

MUSIC ROUTINE

<u>TIME</u>	<u>PAGE</u>	
_____	_____	ORCHESTRA -- OPENING THEME
_____	_____	ORCHESTRA -- "WHOOPEE"
_____	_____	ORCHESTRA -- "WHOOPEE CHASER"
_____	_____	CANTOR -- "SAYS MY HEART"
_____	_____	ORCHESTRA -- REPRISE "SAYS MY HEART"
_____	_____	GLEE CLUB -- "TI PI TIN"
_____	_____	ORCHESTRA -- "POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE"
_____	_____	ORCHESTRA -- FOUR FANFARES
_____	_____	ORCHESTRA -- "BUGLE CALL RAG"
_____	_____	ORCHESTRA -- "WHOOPEE" CHASER
_____	_____	BOBBY BREEN -- "SWANEE RIVER"
_____	_____	ORCHESTRA -- "FANFARE B"
_____	_____	CANTOR -- "ONE HOUR"

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 is -- EDDIE CANTOR!

ORCHESTRA: (SWELLS TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE AS CANTOR ENTERS)

(1:20)

CANTOR:

Hello, everybody...Hello, Walter! Happy Father's Day to you all!

KING:

Wait a minute, Eddie...That was yesterday....You're a day late!

CANTOR:

I'm a day late in being a father?...What am I -- a mother? Everybody on the air talked about Father's Day, so why shouldn't I? Say, I'm just as much a father as Edgar Bergen! The least you could do is ask me what kind of presents I got.

KING:

All right, Eddie...What did you get for Father's Day?

CANTOR:

The bills from Mother's Day!...Of course, I also got a lovely gift from Ida.

KING:

What did she give you?

CANTOR:

Do you know the big Packard showroom on Wilshire Boulevard?

KING:

Yes....

CANTOR:

And did you see that gorgeous roadster in the window -- the one with the blue body and the red fenders?

KING:

Yes....

CANTOR:

Well, Ida bought me a tie the same color as those fenders...
Father's Day -- I'm disgusted. (2:20)

KING:

Disgusted?...Don't you think it's nice that the people have set aside one day in honor of fathers?

CANTOR:

No, gosh....They have "Apple Week", "Be Kind To Animals Week", and "Used-car Week" -- but the old man only gets one day. They even have "Baked Bean Week" -- seven whole days to honor a baked bean. It isn't fair, Walter -- what has a baked bean got that I haven't got? What has a baked bean had that I've never had?

KING:

A hunk of pork.

(3:00)

CANTOR:

Quiet -- let's get back to Father's Day.

KING:

All right, Eddie...Did you get any presents from your daughters?

CANTOR:

I certainly did. They all got together and knitted me a muffler -- a hand-made muffler. Of course, it's a little big....

KING:

How big is it?

CANTOR:

Well, when I'm not wearing it, they use it on the tennis court for a net. My youngest daughter -- little Janet -- she was so cute. She gave me an envelope and on it was written "To Father"....She said: "Here, Daddy -- I'm giving you what you need most."

KING:

What was in the envelope?

CANTOR:

Two new jokes. Is that wonderful!

(3:40)

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

CANTOR:

Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MAN:

(SIDNEY FIELDS) Mister Cantor...

CANTOR:

Yes...

MAN:

The Santa Monica Father's Club has chosen me to present you with this Father's Day loving cup.

CANTOR:

That's very nice, but Father's Day is over. Why don't you come around next Father's Day? -- The cup will last another year.

MAN:

The cup will, but what about you? (KING LAUGHS)

CANTOR:

Stop laughing, Walter -- in behalf of his club this man came around to present me with this loving cup. From my radio program they must have heard I'm a father.

MAN:

From your radio program we've heard nothing else.

(KING LAUGHS)

(4:20)

MAN:

Here's the cup, Mister Cantor...It's yours because you have been selected by my club as the father.

CANTOR:

The father?

MAN:

Yes -- the father away you get, the better we like it.

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS SHUT

(MAN EXITS)

CANTOR:

Of all the insults. And look at the cheap loving cup he gave me, Walter. It's a piece of junk. It must be. Does it say "Sterling Silver" on the bottom?

KING:

No, it just says "Eddie Cantor's Gift Shop".

CANTOR:

Isn't it beautiful?

KING:

No, it's pretty cheap, Eddie. Here's what I call a real loving cup. My fan club gave it to me for my performance on this program last Monday. (5:05)

CANTOR:

Are you starting again? No matter what you say, Walter, you can't impress me with your acting.

KING:

I can't? Supposing I were to tell you that I have an entire Fan Club boosting my acting.

CANTOR:

You have?

KING:

Yes -- the Hattie Noel Fan Club.

HATTIE:

(OFF-STAGE MIKE) And here I is! .

CANTOR:

The entire membership -- Hattie Noel!

(APPLAUSE AS HATTIE ENTERS)

KING:

Tell him about me, Hattie -- while I go and light up a Camel.

CANTOR:

Hattie, first I want you to explain where you've been the last few weeks.

HATTIE:

Oh, I've been spending the week-ends at the beach.

CANTOR:

You were bathing?

HATTIE:

I certainly wasn't down there for a sun tan!

(5:50)

CANTOR:

Let's drop the whole thing. Hattie, you're Mr. King's cook -- tell me confidentially, did you ever see him act?

HATTIE:

Last week I asked him for a raise, and you should have seen him act. He raved and cried about hard times. Such acting!

CANTOR:

Yeah, but he finally gave you a raise?

HATTIE:

No -- I took a cut!

(6:00)

CANTOR:

Well, all I can say is we don't need his acting. Hattie, you know we have someone on this program who can really act.

HATTIE:

Oh, Mr. Cantor -- you say the nicest things -- Thanks!

cut 2nd show

CANTOR:

Be still, Hattie -- Let Mr. King act around the house and aggravate his wife.

HATTIE:

Oh, she's a very nice lady. She don't mind. She didn't even kick when he came home two weeks ago with a shiner.

CANTOR:

You mean King came home with a black eye?

HATTIE:

No, sir -- with a shiner, from the convention.

CANTOR:

Hattie, that's Shriner -- who types these scripts? (6:35)

HATTIE:

It's not my fault -- I just read what's rotten here!

CANTOR:

Hattie, that's written.

HATTIE:

No, Sir -- not that joke!

CANTOR:

All right, Hattie -- we'll drop the entire matter about Mr. King's acting. He admitted on this program last week that when he was a boy his father had to carry him off the stage. He was that bad.

KING:

But, Eddie, I've improved since then.

HATTIE:

Yessah, Mr. Cantor -- he sure has...Go on, Mr. King -- do that acting about the mother.

KING:

This is a scene entitled "Mother"....(DRAMATICALLY)
Mother -- Mother -- it's little Johnny...Open the door!...
Please, I wanna go fishing!...Mother, I've got my line --
just give me the hook, Mother..Mother, please give me the hook!

CANTOR:

(7:20)

Somebody give him the hook!

KING:

Mother, it's little Johnny -- it's your baby...Open the door...Mother, why won't you open the door! (CRIES)....
Mother, open the door -- open the door!

SOUND: POUNDING ON DOOR

HATTIE:

(CRYING) Why won't his mother open the door?

CANTOR:

Because his mother heard him acting once before!

KING:

Mother, don't tell me -- Oh, it can't be true...Why don't
you answer me? Mother, I'm being punished -- please
forgive me...I've been a bad boy...a bad boy -- a bad boy.
(CRIES)

CANTOR:

-- and a bad actor!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

CANTOR:

Wait a minute, Walter...Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

CANTOR:

Yes?

(8:00)

KING:

My father -- what are you doing here?

MAN:

The last time you acted I carried you off the stage.

KING:

That's right.

MAN:

Well, here we go again.

(APPLAUSE) (EXIT)

(8:20)

CANTOR:

Well, ladies and gentlemen, we got rid of that ham and now there's only one of us left -- (what am I saying?) (8:30)

KING:

Eddie, you tricked me. My father just told me you had him carry me off.

CANTOR:

Supposing I did. Really, Walter, if you had one spark of talent -- I'd recognize it!

KING:

The head of the Moscow Art Theatre thinks I'm good.

CANTOR:

Then the head of the Moscow Art Theatre must be a mad
Russian. (8:45)

GORDON:

(ON VELOCITY) Somebody's calling me.

CANTOR:

You!

(APPLAUSE)

GORDON:

How do you do!

CANTOR:

How can you judge Walter King's talent?

GORDON:

I was an actor myself. I was starred in the Russian
version of "Marco Polo".

CANTOR:

What? You played the role of Marco Polo, the handsome
world traveler? You -- with those big bags under your eyes?

GORDON:

Say, you can't go around the world with a brief case.

CANTOR:

What else did you play in?

GORDON:

The "Three Musketeers". You see this scar on my neck? --
I got that during the dueling scene while the picture was
being made.

CANTOR:

When did you get all those scars on your face?

GORDON:

After the picture was released.

CANTOR:

You're advising Walter King and you're through acting
yourself. (9:40)

GORDON:

Only because I strained my voice acting in Genoa, Italy.

CANTOR:

What kind of acting?

GORDON:

You want Genoa?

CANTOR:

Yes -- I want Genoa.

GORDON:

Hmmmmmm. Shall Italian? (10:00)

CANTOR:

Yes -- go ahead. Show me how you acted.

GORDON:

I still remember the speech in my last play, "The Borshtman Always Drinks Twice"... "Ah, Petroff, I go to my death. It is better to die by the sword than to live in shame for the rest of my life. In these last moments let us be happy and gay, heh heh heh! Goodbye!"

MAN: (SIDNEY FIELDS)

Zdrastvuite, Ya prishel brat moyevo sina!

CANTOR:

Who's this man?

GORDON:

Oy -- moy dorogoy otetz chto ti delayesh?

MAN:

Eedee somnoy, ti durak!

GORDON:

Chorosho! Chorosho!

KING:

Eddie, Eddie -- what is the Russian doing in that man's arms?

CANTOR:

Don't you understand their language, Walter? The Mad Russian started to act --

KING:

Yes?

CANTOR:

And his father came and carried him off!

(10:50)

ORCHESTRA:

"WHOOPEE CHASER"

(EXIT) (APPLAUSE)

Gypsy In My Soul - 2nd show

51458 2738

KING:

We've just received word that Joe Crosson, the famous rescue flier of the Arctic, ~~has left New York~~ (Or: "Is about to leave New York"), on the first leg of his long journey home. His last stop will be Fairbanks, Alaska. Up where Joe Crosson lives, comforts and luxuries are few. But there's one pleasure he is never without -- CAMELS. Here's what Joe says about the difference between CAMELS and other cigarettes:

MUSIC: (OUT)

VOICE:

(CHARLIE LUNG) (OFF-STAGE MIKE) Flying over mountains and glaciers, I've got to have healthy nerves. I smoke CAMELS steadily. They never get on my nerves, and every CAMEL tastes as good as the first. They never tire my taste. After a long, exhausting flight, no matter how tired I feel, I can always get a "lift" in energy with a CAMEL. CAMELS agree with me from every angle that counts in cigarette smoking.

(MUSIC SNEAKS IN AGAIN)

KING:

Thank you, Joe Crosson. And many happy landings to you! Millions of other steady smokers join Joe Crosson in his praise of CAMELS. And here is the basis of this universal preference: CAMEL'S finer, more expensive tobaccos. CAMELS are the largest-selling cigarette in America. One smoker tells another -- "CAMELS agree with me".

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL AND FADE)

(14:00)

KING:

Eddie Cantor sings a song that's carrying off top honors in sheet-music sales -- "Says My Heart".

(HARP)

CANTOR:

"Fall -- in -- love, fall in love" says my heart.
"It's romance, take a chance" says my heart.
But each time that I'm almost in your arms
This old school-teacher brain of mine
Keeps ringing in false alarms,
Then -- my head rules instead, and I'm wise
To the scheme of that gleam in your eyes.
So I kiss and run, but the moment we're apart
"Oh! You fool that was love!" says my heart!

(TAKE IT, FAIRCHILD AND CARROLL)

(HALF CHORUS BY TWO PIANOS)

CANTOR:

Then my head rules instead and
I'm wise
To the scheme of that gleam in
your eyes
So I kiss and run -- but the
moment we're apart
"Oh! you fool -- that was love"
says my heart!

~~Sing the blues -- the girls need
shoes -- says my wife --
So all week I write -- for Monday
night -- what a life!
Certain blokes want jokes
while for music others coax --
Gotta please Joe Deaks
and all his folks
'Cause I also gotta sell smokes!
Say, it's tough
Thinking up stuff
For the script.
One bad show --
They say "I know --
Cantor's slipped".
Well -- I must admit
Though my bank account says "quit"
"String along -- that's where you
belong"
Says My Heart.~~

(ORCHESTRA: UP)

(APPLAUSE)

(ORCHESTRA: REPRISE "SAYS MY HEART")

(12:50)

FAIRCHILD:

Oh, Eddie -- Bobby Breen wants to ask a favor of you.

CANTOR:

Bobby Breen? Send him in!

(APPLAUSE AS BOBBY ENTERS)

Yes, my boy -- what is it?

BREEN:

Daddy, won't you please let Walter King act?

CANTOR:

No, Bobby...I absolutely refuse.

BREEN:

I'm sorry 'cause I'll have to give him back the fifty cents he paid me to try and talk you into it.

CANTOR:

A half dollar, Bobby -- give it right back to him.

BREEN:

I can't, Daddy, I spent ten cents for two ice-cream cones.

CANTOR:

Ten cents!

BREEN:

Yes -- I guess I'm just a play-boy.

CANTOR:

Well, you've still got forty cents.

BREEN:

No, I haven't....I took out Jane Withers and shot the works.

(14:45)

CANTOR:

Nice goings on.

BREEN:

We went to the Trocadero, the Ambassador, and the
Cocoanut Grove,

CANTOR:

With forty cents?

BREEN:

That only paid for the taxi.

CANTOR:

In three such expensive restaurants, how did you pay the
check?

BREEN:

Oh -- I just signed your name.

CANTOR:

(MIMICS) Oh, just signed my name, huh? What about the
tips?

BREEN:

I signed your name for that, too. Five dollars in each
place.

CANTOR:

But, Bobby....That's fifteen dollars in tips. What was
the idea?

BREEN:

Well -- I didn't want Jane Withers to think you're
cheap.

(15:15)

CANTOR:

How do you like that? It all started with fifty cents -- it cost me a fortune -- and to make things worse, you want me to let Walter King act.

Cantor did it

BREEN:

Well, if you don't let him do it, Daddy, people will think you're jealous.

CANTOR:

All right, Bobby -- you win. We'll do a radio version of "Robin Hood", Walter King will play Richard the Lionhearted -- and I'll be Robin Hood....

GORDON:

It's about time. Up to now, you've been robbin' the sponsor.

CANTOR:

Ladies & gentlemen - tonight we present a radio version of Robin Hood - In our cast...
Now for Maid Marion we need someone sweet, delicate, charming, beautiful --

FAIRCHILD:

Oh, that's just my type!

(15:50)

CANTOR:

Well, Edgar -- you've always been a Fair-child....All right, you play Maid Marion...and the Russian will be the villain, Sir Guy. All right, we're ready to start -- Where's Walter King?

HATTIE:

(ON VELOCITY) Here I is!

CANTOR:

Hattie -- I asked for Walter King.

HATTIE:

After hearin' him act -- I'm takin' his place and he's
doin' the cookin'! (16:10)

CANTOR:

Hattie, please get out of here.

(EXITS)

KING:

(FADING IN) Eddie, were you looking for me?

CANTOR:

Yes, Walter King -- I'm going to give you a chance to
act in "Robin Hood".

KING:

I hope acting in your play will not interfere with my
career!

CANTOR:

What career?

KING:

R.K.O. has promised me a picture contract -- I'm depending
on them.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

...Hello -- Yes.

VOICE: (BILL GOODWIN...THROUGH FILTER) This is R.K.O. -- don't
depend on us!

BUSINESS: PHONE CLICKS

CANTOR:

Well, that settles that. And now, on with "Robin Hood"!
....The scene is a clearing in Sherwood Forest, filled with
men -- and every last one of them a loyal Saxon...Fired by
the injustices heaped upon them by their Norman conquerors,
they are gathered around singing the song of the
revolution!
(17:00)

GLEE CLUB:

(SINGS) Oh -- (HOLD THIS NOTE) Tipi -- tipi -- tin,
Tipi tin...Tipi -- tipi ton -- tipi -- ton!.....

MAN:

(WRIGHT) Quiet, men --- here comes our leader!

GLEE CLUB:

(CHEERING) Yea, Robin Hood!

CANTOR:

Loyal Saxons....We are banded together for the good of
the people. My enemies have all branded me as a thief,
but in truth -- You know me as Robin Hood, the public
benefactor.

GLEE CLUB:

Yea!

CANTOR:

I take from the rich and give to the Republicans.

FIELDS:

Robin Hood....I am happy to report that we have captured
Maid Marion and Sir Guy.

CANTOR:

Good work, Little John. But never mind, Sir Guy -- where's the girl?

BREEN:

She's right here.

CANTOR:

Oh -- Maid Marion, I bid you welcome to Sherwood Forest... Your grace, your charm, your captivating personality are known to all of us.

FAIRCHILD:

Say, you're a Killer-Diller, yourself.

~~CANTOR:~~

~~No, I mean it -- you really look gorgeous.~~

FIRST MAN:

~~(WRIGHT) Stay away from her, Robin. I found her -- she's mine.~~

cut 2nd show

SECOND MAN:

~~(FIELDS) She is not! She's mine.~~

CANTOR:

~~Look out, both of you -- She's mine!~~

FAIRCHILD:

~~Gosh, I feel like a house-dress in a bargain basement.~~

(17:45)

CANTOR:

Oh, Fair-lady, stay with me forever.....Don't you like it here?

FAIRCHILD:

Oh, yes -- it's wonderful -- the green grass, the tall trees, the lovely flowers -- I know thousands of people who would love to walk through here.

CANTOR:

Thousands of people would pass by here?

FAIRCHILD:

Of course.

CANTOR:

Oh -- what a location for a gift shop!

FIELDS:

Look, Robin, here is our other prisoner, Sir Guy.

CANTOR:

Sir Guy, eh? Well! At last we've caught you, you villain, and I'm glad we did. Everybody knows you're nothing but a crook. How come you haven't been arrested before this? (18:20)

GORDON:

I've been living in Los Angeles.

CANTOR:

You've been living in Los Angeles -- you Twelfth Century dog!

GORDON:

Yes -- you Twentieth Century-Fox!

CANTOR:

Then how did you get to Sherwood Forest?

GORDON:

I hutch-hicked!

CANTOR:

Hutch-hicked?....

GORDON:

And now, I, Sir Guy -- am the prisoner of Robin Hood --
but not for long.

Cut 2nd show

CANTOR:

How do you know it won't be for long?

GORDON:

Because I saw the picture!

(18:50)

ORCHESTRA:

"POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE" .. (FADE)

GOODWIN:

(ON VELOCITY) Until now, Maid Marion and Sir Guy have been held captive by Robin Hood... Now we take you to the King's Castle where the tables are turned,...

SOUND: TABLES TURNING... CRASH OF DISHES

CANTOR:

When you turned the tables you could at least have taken the dishes off!

MUSIC: (SWELLS ... FADES)

FAIRCHILD:

Oh, Robin Hood, you shouldn't have come here to the Castle -- Sir Guy will kill you --

MUSIC: (OUT)

CANTOR:

Do not worry, my love -- he will never recognize me in this disguise of a poor tinker... (19:15)

SOUND: BABBLE OF VOICES....(GLEE CLUB)

CANTOR:

Shh -- they're having a banquet...Listen to the guests arriving.

MUSIC: (FANFARE) (BUM)

VOICE:

Sir John of England!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

VOICE:

Sir Cedric of Hampshire!

MUSIC: (FANFARE...PAUSE...ANOTHER FANFARE)

VOICE:

Well....what Sir are you?

GORDON:

He's Sir-rop of Figs!

FAIRCHILD:

He means you, Robin Hood...What are you going to say?

CANTOR:

(SOTTO VOCE) Just watch me...(NORMAL) Sir Guy, I am a tinker.

GORDON:

Stop with that baby talk!

CANTOR:

I said "tinker".

GORDON:

Come on -- take off your disguise. You're no tinker, you're Robin Hood.

(20:00)

Cut 2nd show

CANTOR: *I'll keep you prisoner here*
Yes -- but wait till Richard the Lionhearted returns from
the war.

GORDON:
Who cares. From now on I'm the boss....I'm going to be
powerful. I'm going to rule people. I shall be worth a
lot of money. People will be attracted to me. One
thirty-eight pounds.

CANTOR:
What is that one thirty-eight pounds?

GORDON:
I got the whole thing out of a weighing machine!

CANTOR:
I suppose, Sir Guy, you propose to hang me. (20:25)

GORDON:
Yes -- but before I do, I'll torture you....
(SINGS) "Don't know why...there's no sun up in the sky --
Stormy weather -- "

CANTOR:
What's that?

GORDON:
I'm a torture singer! (20:45)

ORCHESTRA: (FANFARE..."BUGLE CALL RAG")

GORDON:
Who can that be?

CANTOR:
Look -- look -- it's King Richard the Lionhearted!....
He has returned -- I am saved!

SOUND: GENERAL COMMOTION (GLEE CLUB)

GORDON:

My soldiers are running away -- I'm ruined!

CANTOR:

King Richard -- you came back just in the nick of time...
You have saved my life...

KING:

I did? I am so happy I could jump for joy!

GORDON:

He has the heart of a lion?

CANTOR:

Yes.

GORDON:

I'll bet the lion was glad to get rid of it!

KING:

(VERY DRAMATICALLY) Oh, woe is me! I return from battle
in a foreign land, and come back to find that the burdens
of my people are upon me...I find, too, that my own brother
has betrayed me....

CANTOR:

He's a tinker, too. (21:35)

GORDON:

Well, King Richard, you've got me. What are you going
to do? Are you going to hang me?

KING:

Worse than that.

GORDON:

Oh, you're going to make me lie on hot coals.

KING:

Worse than that.

GORDON:

Well -- what are you going to do?

KING:

I'm going to take away your Mickey Mouse wrist watch!

GORDON:

You wouldn't dare!

(22:00)

KING:

Oh, throw that rascal in the dungeon....

GORDON:

Stay back, everybody....You'll never take me alive.

FAIRCHILD:

(SCREAMS) Look out! He's going for his sword!

CANTOR:

En garde!

SOUND: CLASHING OF SWORDS

GORDON:

Robin Hood, shall we start to duel?

CANTOR:

We better -- the sound man has already started!

GORDON:

All right, let's go, Where is my sword?

CANTOR:

You don't need a sword...Just look at me and you'll win.

GORDON:

Look at you with mine face?

CANTOR:

Certainly -- everybody knows, with you the pan is mightier
than the sword!

KING AND FAIRCHILD:

(GROAN)

(22:25)

GORDON:

Your kids gave you that joke for Father's Day.

CANTOR:

En garde!

GORDON:

Wait a minute -- this sword is so heavy, I can't lift
it with one hand,...

CANTOR:

Then use both hands.

GORDON:

I can't....With one hand I got to hold mine script,

CANTOR:

En garde!

(22:45)

SOUND: CLASHING OF SWORDS

CANTOR:

Oh!

GORDON:

Tell me. Did you have Borscht for lunch?

CANTOR:

No.

GORDON:

Then I stabbed you.

CANTOR:

En garde!

SOUND: CLASHING OF SWORDS

GORDON:

Pardon me, but would you stop this duel for a minute?

CANTOR:

Why?

GORDON:

I want to pick up mine ears!

(23:05)

cut 2' d show

Can't see show

CANTOR:

Oh, your ears were too big anyway.

GORDON:

I know -- but now what will I use to keep mine pants up?

CANTOR:

What was that?

GORDON:

I don't know -- I can't hear a word I'm saying!

CANTOR:

Let's continue with the duel...

SOUND: CLASHING OF STEEL

GORDON:

There -- I stabbed you that time!...Ouch!...Again
I stab you -- ouch!...How is it I keep stabbing you --
and it hurts me?

CANTOR:

You fool -- you're holding the sword on the wrong end!
You cut yourself -- look!

GORDON:

How do you like that -- mine own flesh and blood! There
are so many holes in me now -- I feel like a punch board!

CANTOR:

Look out, Sir Guy -- Ugh!

GORDON:

(GROANS)

SOUND: DULL THUD

(23:50)

FAIRCHILD:

Robin Hood, you've killed Sir Guy!

CANTOR:

Yes, Maid Marion, fairest of all the fair...Now you are safe in my arms...And when you're in my arms I close my eyes, think of you as a goddess -- a creature too good for man. Then I open my eyes...look at you --

FAIRCHILD:

Yes --

CANTOR:

And I'd rather kiss the Mad Russian!

GORDON:

Who's asking you?

CANTOR:

Lie down, you're dead!

GORDON:

Kiss Fairchild -- and I'll move over!

CANTOR:

If we don't finish the sketch right away -- the whole audience will move over!

GORDON:

You mean they're still living?

CANTOR:

Be still, knave...Think. Maid Marion, Richard the Lionhearted has returned to the throne to wear the purple mantle of Royalty -- the depression has been lifted from the people -- and you --

FAIRCHILD:

I -- I --

CANTOR:

Lovely flower of Azusa, you will always reign as the Queen of Robin Hood's heart..

SOUND: TRAMPLING OF FOOTSTEPS (GLEE CLUB AND SOUND) (24:45)

FAIRCHILD:

-34-

What's that? The army is returning!

CANTOR:

Army nothing! Look -- they're five girls -- my daughters!
What is it, children?

GIRLS:

Daddy...

CANTOR:

Yes..

GIRLS:

It's about time somebody carried you off the stage!

ORCHESTRA: "WHOOPEE CHASER"

(EXIT)

(APPLAUSE)

(25:15)

35

KING:

(COLD) CAMELS are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS, Turkish and Domestic. This is a fact which has long been acknowledged in the various branches of the tobacco trade -- among leaf tobacco experts, warehousemen, and the planters who grow and grade the tobacco and see the prices paid by various companies on the floors of the auction warehouses. "It is accepted in the tobacco world," said ~~Fortune~~ ^{an independent investigation} magazine after extensive ~~independent~~ research, "that CAMEL buys the highest grades of leaf". The proof that smokers do appreciate CAMEL's COSTLIER TOBACCOS is right here -- *They have* ~~made~~ CAMELS ~~are~~ the LARGEST-SELLING cigarette in America. If you want more pleasure -- more downright enjoyment in your smoking -- next time say, "CAMELS"!

ORCHESTRA: FANFARE "B" (28:50)

35 36

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION....FADE)

KING:

Bobby Breen brings you Stephen Foster's ballad of the southland -- "Swanee River".

BOBBY:

'Way down upon the Swanee River,
Far, far away.
There's where my heart is turning ever,
There's where the old folks stay.
All the world is sad and dreary
Ev'rywhere I roam.
Oh, darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home.

ORCHESTRA: (TRANSITION)

BOBBY: Swanee, how I love you, how I love you
My dear old Swanee!

CANTOR: I'd give the world to be
Among the folks in

(SLOW)

BOTH: D - I - X - I - E - ven know my

BOBBY: Mammy's waitin' for me

CANTOR: Prayin' for me

BOBBY: Down by the Swanee
The folks up north will see me no more

BOTH: WHEN I GO TO THAT SWANEE SHORE!

GLEE CLUB: (MINOR) All up and down the whole creation

BOBBY: Sadly I roam. (CADENZA)

ENSEMBLE: (MAJOR) Still longing for the old plantation

(GLEE CLUB ECHO)

BOBBY: Far from the old folks -- at home.

(ORCHESTRA CHORDS AGAINST HIGH NOTE)

(GLEE CLUB SWELL)

(APPLAUSE)

(28:00)

CANTOR:

Here is an open letter to drivers written by a man in Dallas, Texas. The letter reads: "Today my daughter, who is seven years old, started to school as usual. She wore a dark blue dress with a white collar. She had on black shoes and wore blue gloves. Her cocker-spaniel, whose name is "Scoot", sat on the front porch and whined his canine belief in the folly of education as she waved good-bye and started off to the halls of learning.

Tonight we talked about school. She told me about the girl who sits in front of her -- the girl with yellow curls -- and the boy across the aisle who makes funny faces. She told me about her teacher who has eyes in the back of her head -- and about the trees in the school yard -- and about the big girl who doesn't believe in Santa Claus. We talked about a lot of things -- tremendously vital, unimportant things. Then we studied spelling, reading, and arithmetic. And then to bed.

She's back there now -- back in her nursery -- sound asleep, with 'Princess Elizabeth' (that's a doll) cuddled in her right arm. You guys wouldn't hurt her, would you? You see, I'm her daddy. When her doll is broken, or her finger is cut, or her head gets bumped, I can fix it. But when she starts to school, when she walks across the street, then she's in your hands.

((CONTINUED)

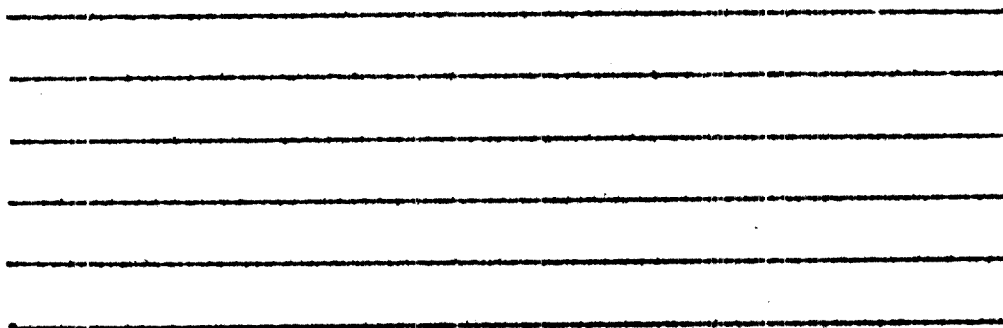
CANTOR:
(Cont'd)

She's a nice kid. She can run like a deer, and darts about like a chipmunk. She likes to ride horses and swim and hike with me on Sunday afternoons. But I can't be with her all the time -- I have to work and pay for her clothes and education. So please help me look out for her. Please drive carefully. Please drive slowly past the schools and intersections. And please remember that children run from behind parked cars.

Please don't run over my little girl."

Doesn't that letter do something to you? We all know schools are closing. Vacation time is coming. When you're out driving -- remember that children should be seen -- and not hurt. It's better to take a little time than to take a little life.

CANTOR:



(HARP ARPEGGIO)

(29:10)

(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)

(30:00)

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)

(30:20)