

EDDIE CANTOR' CAMEL CARAVAN - CB #14 - NY #9

MONDAY, JANUARY 2, 1939

7:30 -- 8:00 P.M.
10:30 -- 11:00 P.M.

CANTOR	HOLZMAN	P.A. OPERATOR	CUTTING
FIELDS	KIRK	RAPP	MAURICE
KNIGHT	GORDON	SCHUMANN	MARY KELLY
HARDING	FAIRCHILD	CARROLL	KAY THOMPSON
PROTZMAN	ESTY (6)	GLEE CLUB (12)	GEORGE JESSEL
PARKS	DONOHUE	FILE COPY	WALTER PITKIN
QUILLAN		JOE GRATZ	JERRY LESSER
ELINSON		BUNKY	

MUSIC ROUTINE

<u>TIMING</u>	<u>PAGE</u>	
-----	-----	1. Opening
-----	-----	2. "WHOOPEE" (ORCHESTRA) (SNEAK OUT)
-----	-----	3. "WHOOPEE CHASER" (ORCHESTRA)
-----	-----	4. "BEAUTIFUL BABY" (GORDON PARODY)
-----	-----	5. "BEAUTIFUL BABY" (BERT PARKS)
-----	-----	6. "LIFE IS JUST A BOWL OF CHERRIES(ORCH.)
-----	-----	7. "LIFT CHASER" (ORCHESTRA) (SHORT)
-----	-----	8. "HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN SO SOON" (THOMPSON)
-----	-----	9. "ST. LOUIS BLUES" (ORCHESTRA)
-----	-----	10. "ROBERT E. LEE" (CANTOR-JESSEL)
-----	-----	11. "ONE HOUR" (CANTOR)

BUNKY: AUTOGRAPH BOOK FOR PARKS.

TO CUT:

1:40

VOICE: (COLD) (LARRY HARDING)

Eddie Cantor?

CANTOR:

Yes.....

VOICE:

Your new announcer, Bert Parks, hasn't
arrived yet...I'm afraid you'll have to start
the show without him.

CANTOR:

He hasn't arrived? Well - I'll - I'll do
the announcing myself. Stand by everybody...
Let up and light up a Camel!
(TYMPANI)

G. CLUB:

Let up -- and light a Camel.

(ECHO)

Light up your face with a smile...for

We want Cantor. Here comes Cantor!

It's...

Eddie Cantor's (PIANOS)

Camel (PIANOS) CARAVAN!

ORCHESTRA: (TAG) (NO APPLAUSE)

CANTOR:

(sneak
in
Whoopie)

(ON CUE) The Camel Caravan--guest-starring
Georgie Jessel, America's greatest
toastmaster and the author of "Life Begins
at Forty" -- Walter Pitkin. This half-hour
of entertainment is made possible by the
millions of Camel smokers who appreciate
costlier tobaccos. They have made Camel the
largest-selling cigarette in the world!
Remember that C-A-M-E-L spells true smoking
pleasure! (MUSIC OUT) -- And speaking of
pleasure, here is --- ME!

ORCHESTRA: "WHOOPEE CHASER" (APPLAUSE) (1:10)

CANTOR:

Hello, everybody, -- and a Happy New Year!
Oh, what a New Year's celebration we had here
in New York. What crowds! Honestly, I
walked along Broadway for six blocks and my
feet didn't touch the pavement once! I've
never seen such a wild crowd -- especially in
the Night Clubs! One place I visited was
really a madhouse. Such drinking! They had
a sign on the wall "Not responsible for
customers left over 30 days".

(1:40)

CANTOR:

There were twelve in my party...including Ida and George Jessel. We had a lovely time. After the party, Jessel picked up the check--- he took one look at it -- then we all picked up Jessel. Later we went to another night club. When it came time to leave I said: "Georgie, -- this time I'll pay the check." ... Again we had to pick up Jessel. Oh, that Jessel, --- there is a guy. Maybe you don't know this, but he's telephoned his mother so much in the past 20 years that all the operators in New York are talking with a dialect. However, there is -----

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR. (PARKS ENTERS)

However, there is ---

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR REPEATED --- LOUDER.

However, ---

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS.

(2:25)

BERT PARKS: (ON VELOCITY)

May ah come in?

CANTOR: Well, -- it's our new announcer from Georgia,
Bert Parks!

(APPLAUSE) (PARKS WALKS TO 8-BALL)

CANTOR: Welcome to the Camel Caravan, Bert...Say
hello to our radio audience.

PARKS: Hi y'all.

CANTOR: Hi y'all! Oh, put more feeling into it.
After all, there are millions of people
listening in.

PARKS: Millions? How many of 'em are girls?

CANTOR: At least, half, I suppose - of course that's
counting my family.

PARKS: You mean --- millions and millions of women
are listening to me right now?

CANTOR: Certainly.

PARKS: (PASSIONATELY)

Hi y'all!

CANTOR: Isn't he cute?

(3:05)

PARKS:

Mistah Cayentor...

CANTOR:

Please -- don't call me "Cayentor" -- just call me "Ay Adie".

PARKS:

Well, shut my mouth. Y'all got a southern accent yd'self, ain't you?

CANTOR:

'Course I have. That was inherited from my great grandfather, Emanuel Cantor...He was the fust Spaniard to ever wheel a pushcart across the Mason-Dixon line. I don't like to say this, but Bert - you're not starting off the New Year very nicely, getting here late for work.

PARKS:

I couldn't help it, Mister Eddie...I'm from Atlanta, Georgia, and down there we sorta move around kinda slow like.

CANTOR:

Yes, but here in New York people do things on time.

PARKS:

In Atlanta a lot of people do things on time, too.

CANTOR:

Bert, I know we're gonna get along well on this program..... (3:50)

PARKS: Thank ya! Gee, this sure has been a thrillin' week for me. Just think, -- Saturday I signed my first radio contract, today I'm startin' to work on my first big program,-- and tomorrow..

CANTOR:
Yes.....

PARKS: Tomorrow I'm gonna start shavin!! (4:10)

CANTOR:
Say, young fellow -- you're gonna be all right here.

PARKS:
I hope I make good...Look, you won't think me too impertinent -- after all, I've just come to work here...Could you let me have ---

CANTOR:
--- no --- no - no -

PARKS:
--- your autograph --

CANTOR:
No trouble at all! ... Here -- I'll sign it.

PARKS:
Mr. Eddie -- I want your autograph more than
anyone else's --- I'm one of your greatest
fans. (HAND CANTOR BOOK)

CANTOR:
Here you are.

PARKS:
Thanks loads. (4:45)

CANTOR: (Schumann screens
Gordon)
Now I want you to meet the rest of our
Company...First, a young boy who is just as
nice as you are -- soft-spoken, polite --

PARKS:
Who?

CANTOR:
The Mad Russian!

GORDON:
How do you do!
(APPLAUSE)

CANTOR:
Bert Parks--I want you to shake hands with the
Mad Russian.

PARKS:
Mr. Russian--I'm powerful pleased to make your
acquaintance, sure enough!

GORDON:
Camphor -- he speaks with a dialect! (5:15)

CANTOR: Russian, stop kidding Bert -- he's new here...
I want you to be nice to him -- kind to him --
treat him sweetly.

GORDON: I won't do it.....You know why?

CANTOR:
Why?

GORDON: Because I like you!

PARKS: (LAUGHS)
But suppose Eddie doesn't like you -- what
happens then?

GORDON: Then it's Veetza Vahtza -- or Vichy Vassah --
or Fischer Pascher!

CANTOR: Stop that Russian double talk!

(5:45)

GORDON: Double talk? From me -- a professor
of English at Columbia University? -----
I am here to teach English to that Parks!

CANTOR: You teach Bert Parks?.... I doubt if you even know the alphabet.

GORDON: Jealous, eh?....Let me give you a for instance!

CANTOR: Give me a for instance,

GORDON: A -- B -- C -- D -- E --

CANTOR: Well, go on -- go on.

GORDON: There's MORE?

(6:15)

CANTOR: Well, Parks -- that'll give you a rough idea of your teacher's mentality.

PARKS: I don't know 'bout your teachin' me, Mr. Russian, but look --- can I have your autograph?

GORDON: What?

CANTOR: Autograph. -- he wants you to write your name in a book;

GORDON: He's running a hotel?

PARKS: Please, Mr. Russian -- I want your autograph more than anyone elses', I'm one of your greatest fans -- won't you write your name here?

GORDON: ...Say Camphor why don't you give him your name?

CANTOR: I gave him my name.

GORDON: Which one -- the Big One?

CANTOR: Quit stalling -- what is your name -- tell us.

GORDON: Well -- it's an Old Russian name -- it ends with a "Witz". Listen!

ORCHESTRA: 2-BAR INTRO

(7:05)

GORDON: (SINGS)
I wasn't such a beautiful baby,
In fact they thought I wasn't a child
My Pop a Russian General,
Said "Is it Animal, vegetable or mineral?"
He got no answer -- it drove him wild,
The relatives who came to the christening
Took one look at me and threw fits
There were tears in Poppa's eyes,
As he saw his booby prize
He could have torn the Stork to bits.
When my mother asked "What shall we
name the Baby?"
Pa said -- "Let's call it Kawitzi!"

(GORDON EXITS...APPLAUSE)

CANTOR: Well, what do you think of him, Bert?

PARKS: He's awfully funny -- but he didn't sing the right words to that Baby Song.

CANTOR: Oh, do you know ---

PARKS: Yes, sir -- do you mind?

CANTOR: No -- give him an introduction, Fairchild.

ORCHESTRA: (TWO BAR INTRO)

PARKS: (SINGS)

Oh, you must have been a beautiful baby,
You must have been a wonderful child
When you were only startin' to go to
Kintergarten
I'll bet you drove the little boys wild,
And when it came to winning blue ribbons
You must have shown the other kids how
I can see the Judge's eyes as they handed
you the prize,
I'll bet you made the cutest boy
Oh, you must-have been-a beautiful baby,
'Cause Baby, Baby, look at you now! -- Oh babe!

(APPLAUSE)

CANTOR: Say -- you ought to be all right! When I get you out to California, I know of a family with some girls in it....

(9:20)

PARKS: You know, Mr. Cantor -- I'm beginnin' to like this new job of mine - and while we're speakin' of jobs I want you to meet a young lady who has a position that's really nerve-wracking. She's a telephone operator at a big hotel switchboard. Her name is Josephine Shelly. Let's see how she keeps her nerves on an even keel. Miss Shelley says:

WOMAN'S VOICE: (Off-STAGE MIKE)

Handing an average of fifteen calls a minute for eight hours at a stretch -- plus keeping track of toll calls -- is a big strain on my nerves. So you see, I've got to keep my nerves in good shape. I relieve nerve tension by letting up and lighting up a Camel, I find Camels a grand way to soothe my nerves.

PARKS:

And here's a court reporter who has to take ~~to~~ 250 words a minute in testimony -- and it must be accurate. No room for jittery nerves in a job like that. His name is Harry L. White and he says:

MAN'S VOICE: (OFF-STAGE) (JERRY LESSER)

Question and answer -- question and answer -- One after another -- and every word must be in my notebook. Yes, it's strenuous. But here's what helps me: From time to time, whenever I can -- I give my nerves a rest. I let up and light up a Camel. Camels are really soothing to my nerves.

(10:30)

PARKS:

Now -- we don't all sit at telephone switchboards -- or take rapid-fire testimony in courts of law -- but we have nervous tension just the same. So try this simple, pleasant method of easing nerve strain in your daily life. Make it a regular practice to let up and light up a Camel. Believe me -- you'll be glad! And you'll like Camels.

CANTOR: Bert you were so convincing and so sincere, while you were talking I went out and bought a pack of Camels.

PARKS: Thank you, and now sir, if you can just help me get some more autographs --

CANTOR: You'll get plenty -- Bert, on this program. you're gonna meet all kinds of celebrities... For instance, tonight you'll meet Georgie Jessel the famous toastmaster -- Walter Pitkin, the author of "Life Begins At Forty" -- all real people.

FIELDS: Oh, they're real people -- I'm not even a person -- I'm just an insect!

CANTOR: Who?

FIELDS: Me -- look I'm an insect --Why don't you have me exterminated. And this nice boy you've been bragging to -- this charming young chap -- why don't you tell him to step on me, too?

PARKS: But Mr. Guffy, I wouldn't do that.

FIELDS: OH, I'm not good enough for you to step on -- you heel!

(11:40)

CANTOR:

Guffy, calm down ... I'm sure Bert Parks knows what and who you are.

FIELDS:

That's fine Go on, belittle me to this kid here.

PARKS:

No, Mr. Guffy -- he couldn't belittle you to me.

FIELDS:

Oh, you know how low I am! Cantor will tell you what a wocky family I've got! (11:55)

CANTOR:

Guffy, I don't know anything about your family -- in fact, I don't even know your wife --

FIELDS:

Sure -- I suppose if you were out in your car while my wife was walking, you'd drive right past her.

CANTOR:

I would not.

FIELDS:

Oh, you'd pick her up? (12:10)

CANTOR:

I would not! What brought you here?

PARKS:

You don't understand, Mr. Guffy --- Mr. Cantor was simply explaining to me that Mr. Pitkin is here tonight to prove that Life Begins At Forty.

FIELDS:

Life begins at forty, huh? --- My poor brother who is twenty-seven should stand around for thirteen years waiting to be born!

CANTOR:

Who's telling him to stand around --- let him lie down.

FIELDS:

Wise guy -- you know a pickpocket can't work lying down! (12:30)

CANTOR:

Guffy -- your brother's a Pickpocket? Your brother's a Pickpocket.

FIELDS:

Go on --- holler it out -- tell everybody! ... Shout it from the rooftops -- report it to Dewey.

CANTOR:

I wouldn't tell a soul -- I wouldn't tell anybody that your brother's a pickpocket.

FIELDS:

How do you like this Cantor! ... Supposed to be a respectable citizen -- and he lets crooks run around picking pockets!

(APPLAUSE AS GUFFY EXITS)

PARKS:

Mr. Eddie, you know that Mr. Guffy was so excited --
I plumb forgot to ask him for his autograph. (13:00)

CA'TOR:

Don't worry about Guffy's. I'll get you a fellow
who really can write! -- The author of "Life Begins
at Forty", -- Professor Walter B. Pitkin!

(APPLAUSE AS PITKIN ENTERS)

CA'TOR:

..... Walter Pitkin, your "Life Begins at Forty" has
really done wonders. I know a man of eighty who
kept reading your book, got younger and younger --
and yesterday got a job -- understudying Mickey
Rooney! ... You believe that? (13:25)

PITKIN:

You're going too far telling me that a man of eighty
has become a 16-year-old ... The first thing you
know, you'll be telling me that two-year-olds are
making good.

CA'TOR:

I should do as well as Seabiscuit! ... But I never
will - I'm too tired!

PITKIN:

Eddie, you must learn to conserve your energy ...
For instance, I never push a revolving door ---
I wait till someone else does it ... I never open a
window -- I never close a window ... I never put on
my own overcoat ---

CAITOR:

If you tell me someone chews your food for you ...
that I won't believe! Or do you conserve by not
eating? (14:00)

PITKIN:

I eat sparingly ... You know, we all eat too much --
half of what we eat keeps us alive, and the other
half keeps the doctors alive! ...

(APPLAUSE)

CAITOR:

Then eating less - doing less conserves energy.

PITKIN:

Unquestionably! ... I remember seeing you years ago
in the "Ziegfeld Follies" --- I watched you on the
stage -- clapping your hands - running up and down --
waving your handkerchief. ----- What did that
get you?

CAITOR:

A very nice living, Walter -- a very nice living!
... But, you don't believe in wasted motion? (14:30)

PITKIN:

No - It's so useless --- just as it's a waste of energy when the people here in the studio applaud you!

CANTOR:

I see!

PITKIN:

I mean it! If they didn't clap their hands and just sat quietly, the audience would get new energy!

CANTOR:

Yes -- and the Camel People would get a new boy! Walter, if you wanted to save energy --- why didn't you stay home today! (14:50)

PITKIN:

Eddie, you're not taking Life Begins At Forty seriously.

CANTOR:

If you can prove your theory by the Mad Russian, I will Oh, Russian ... I want you to meet Mr. Walter Pitkin -- he's a professor, a lecturer, an author, a teacher, and a philosopher!

GORDON:

He can't play a harmonica? ... I'll talk to him ..

PITKIN:

Go right ahead.

GORDON:

Listen here, Pigskin ---

CANTOR:

It's Pitkin -- Pigskin! He has nothing to do with pigs.

GORDON:

Are you his friend?

CANTOR:

Yes ...

GORDON:

Shall I continue?

CANTOR:

Stop clowning .. Let's test Professor Pitkin's theory that life begins at forty. Russian, I own a department store and you come to my office seeking a job. You're forty years old -- you're just starting out in life.

ORCHESTRA: "LIFE IS JUST A BOWL OF CHERRIES" -- (FADE)

(15:40)

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

CANTOR:

Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

GORDON:

Goo goo da da goo goo.

CANTOR:

What's the idea of that baby talk?

GORDON:

Say, I'm just starting out in life. Do you expect a Fireside Chat? --- Gosh, I'm looking for a job.

(16:10)

CANTOR:

Tell me - what kind of a job do you want?

GORDON:

I want to be a floorwalker.

CANTOR:

Had any experience as a floorwalker?

GORDON:

Yes I used to be a nurse in Bing Crosby's house.

CANTOR:

Read me one of your references.

GORDON:

Okay, here's one ... It says, "To whom it may concern. The Mad Russian is honest in every respect. He is a man of great c-h-a-r ----- c-h-a ---- How do you like that - I can't even read my own handwriting.

(16:50)

CANTOR:

You're mentally unbalanced. I'd better call in Doctor Pitkin to look you over.

SOUND:

BUZZER

DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

PITKIN: Well, Mister Cantor, which one of these three gentlemen do you want me to examine?

CANTOR:

Just examine the one in the middle -- the other two are his ears.

PITKIN:

Very well. Stick out your tongue and say AH.

CORDON:

AH.

PITKIN:

Ahhhh. Ahhhh.

CORDON:

Ah.

PITKIN:

Ahhhhh. Ahhhhhhh.. Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

CORDON:

He loves me.

CAITOR:

Russian, your application says you're forty years old.
Maybe this job would be too strenuous for a man of
your age. (17:40)

CORDON:

Poo poo. So I AM forty years old, but that doesn't
mean a thing. (DRAMATICALLY) Remember --- a man is
as old as he feels.

PITKIN:

How old do you feel?

CORDON:

A hundred and twenty-eight.

CANTOR:

You're not a hundred and twenty-eight. You're not a hundred and twenty You're not a hundred and fifteen. A hundred and ten. A hundred and five.

GORDON:

When you get to eighty-sixth street let me off.

PITKIN:

I'll find out how old you REALLY feel I'll put this stethoscope on you and listen to your heartbeat. Listen.

SOUND: RIVETING MACHINE -- INTO CLANGING STEEL. (18:15)

CANTOR:

Well?

PITKIN:

Mister Cantor, this man is physically okay.

CANTOR:

Well, maybe we can use him as a cashier. Russian, have you ever operated a cash register?

GORDON:

Yes -- for two months.

CANTOR:

Why did you lose your job?

GORDON:

One day I hit the jackpot.

CANTOR:

Jackpot?

PITKIN:

You look like the jackpot hit you.

GORDON:

You look like the jackpot.

CANTOR: Come, come, Russian -- I've got a hunch you might be a valuable man in my organization. You go to work at once -- Yes, sir -- like Walter Pitkin, I believe that life begins at forty!

GORDON: You're wrong -- because I got a date with Heddy LaMarr at twenty minutes to nine.

CANTOR: Well, what does that prove?

GORDON: Life begins at eight-forty!

ORCHESTRA: "LIFT CHASER" (APPLAUSE) (19:10)

CANTOR: Walter Pitkin - the mad antics of the Russian - didn't give our listeners much of a chance to hear you prove that life begins at 40. I guess they'll have to buy your book.

PITKIN: "Life Begins at Forty" is on sale at all book stores - department stores, railroad stations -

CANTOR: Good night, Mr. Pitkin!
(EXIT) (APPLAUSE) (19:30)

CANTOR: Oh, Bert!

PARKS: Yes - Mr. Eddie.

CANTOR: Will you go out and get Miss Kay Thompson - our next guest -

PARKS: Oh, you don't need her - I already got her autograph!

CANTOR: Autograph or no autograph - here is Miss Kay Thompson!
(APPLAUSE AS THOMPSON ENTERS)

ORCHESTRA: INTRODUCTION (19:45)

CANTOR: Thank you, Kay Thompson.

PARKS: Oh, Eddie -- look at all these autographs I got in my book from the Glee Club.

CANTOR: I see you've been working.

PARKS: They got some mighty pretty girls in that Glee Club.

CANTOR: What -- do you want to bother about girls here? Two weeks from now you'll be in California -- and I'll show you some girls at 1012 North Roxbury Drive, Beverly Hills... Let me see -- who have I got left now?.... Edna is married -- Natalie is married -- Janet's keeping company with Bobby Breen...

PARKS: Mr. Eddie -- have you got any daughters?

CANTOR: Have I got -- Have you ever listened to this program?

PARKS: Yes.

CANTOR: And you're asking?... What have you heard on this program?

(22:25)

PARKS:

Let up and light up a Camel!...
You'll be amazed what a few moments of rest with a Camel will do to ease the tension, to soothe ruffled nerves. Millions ward off nerve strain this simple, pleasant way. And you can be sure the cigarette they smoke is Camels. For Camels are a matchless blend of finer, more expensive tobaccos -- Turkish and Domestic. Smokers find that these costlier tobaccos in Camels are soothing to the nerves. So -- take care of your nerves -- let up and light up a Camel.

(22:55)

CANTOR:

Oh, Bert -- get ready for another autograph! It is my pleasure now to present America's premier toastmaster --- Georgie Jessel!

(APPLAUSE AS MR. JESSEL ENTERS)

JESSEL: Thank you...Ladies and gentlemen, this dinner brings to my attention the one thing that is necessary in American life today -- and you the Meat Packers Association ---

CANTOR: Wait a minute, Georgie ---

JESSEL: You with every fibre of your being should intensify ---

CANTOR: Georgie, Georgie --- please --- listen

JESSEL: Waiter -- Go way!

(23:35)

CANTOR: Waiter? ...Georgie, this is my radio program -- Why are you making an after dinner speech?

JESSEL: Oh, pardon me, Eddie -- but I've made so many speeches lately, that as soon as I see half of a grapefruit in front of me -- I start right in ---

CANTOR: Where do you see a half grapefruit --

JESSEL: Right in front of me. (23:50)

CANTOR: That's a man with a bald head!..... (CONTINUE)

CANTOR: Georgie, doesn't standing up here on the stage remind you of the time we played together at the Palace?

JESSEL: Just like the Palace -- there you didn't pay me, either!

CANTOR: Why do you always talk about money?

JESSEL: Why? I've got myself into a nasty habit -- I like to eat! After all, I must live.

CANTOR: Is that necessary?

(24:20)

JESSEL: Eddie -- no matter how you kid me, I'm here to tell you that I got a tremendous thrill last Thanksgiving night listening to an important radio program, and hearing your name mentioned. I know it must have thrilled everyone to realize that a boy from the most humble surroundings, cradled in the tenements, could so work himself into the hearts of the American people that the Chief Executive of our Nation saw fit to compliment him and read his telegram.
(APPLAUSE)

JESSEL: Of course, what the President is going to do with all those Camel cigarettes -- that I don't know!

(25:00)