

RADIO

WILLIAM ESTY AND COMPANY

INCORPORATED

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

CAMEL CARAVAN - EDDIE CANTOR - PROGRAM NO. 8

MONDAY, APRIL 11, 1938 - 7:30-8:00 P.M.

KING: (COLD) Tobacco planters say: -- "We know tobacco, because we grow it -- we smoke CAMELS, because we know tobacco."

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

GLEE CLUB: It's Eddie Cantor's (PIANOS) CAMEL (PIANOS) CARAVAN!
(ORCHESTRA IN FULL)
(SEGUE)
("DIPSY DOODLE" - FADE)

KING: (OVER MUSIC) This half hour of entertainment, starring Eddie Cantor, is made possible by the millions of enthusiastic smokers who prefer CAMEL Cigarettes. --
What cigarette do the tobacco growers smoke themselves?
If you knew the answer to that question, you would be in a position to capitalize on the experience of specialists.
Well, here's the answer. In most cases, tobacco planters smoke CAMELS. Now just think what that means. They know the kind of tobacco bought by each popular cigarette -- they know where the most expensive tobaccos go. And that place is in CAMEL Cigarettes. (Cont'd).

KING:

Their cigarette choice is a preference with a reason -- costlier tobaccos. Discover for yourself how much more smoking will mean to you once you choose CAMELS as your cigarette. For the matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS -- Turkish and Domestic -- next time say "CAMELS".

(MUSIC UP TO FINISH) (SCHUMANN CUES APPLAUSE)

(HARDING MOVES CAMEL MIKE)

KING:

And here is ... EDDIE CANTOR!

(APPLAUSE AS CANTOR ENTERS)

CANTOR:

Hello, everybody! Hello, Walter King!

KING:

Well, Eddie, doesn't it feel good now that our new CAMEL programs are started and you can relax?

CANTOR:

Yep. All week I made the rounds of Broadway -- but it's not the Broadway I knew -- in my day you went into a restaurant to eat -- not to see a show! The International Casino -- Casa Manana!

KING:

Casa Manana. What does that mean?

CANTOR:

It's easy to get in -- but it "COSTTA PLENTY MONYANA" to get out!

KING:

But Eddie, they advertise "NO COVER"!

CANTOR:

And after you see the girls' costumes, you realize how true it is! What girls -- you can't keep your mind on the food!

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KING:

After all, you can't expect a man to look at a girl show and food at the same time.

CANTOR:

You're telling me! One man at the Casa Manana was eating the steak of the fellow next to him and wiping my mouth on his sleeve! And the swing band they've got for dancing -- you'd think you were listening to Benny Goodman!

KING:

Is it that good?

CANTOR:

Good? There was one old man dancing with a girl -- I swear he was 65 -- he danced for an hour -- I don't know how he did it!

KING:

Well, you see the music makes 'em young.

CANTOR:

Young? - It made a baby out of him. When the dance was over he couldn't walk -- they had to carry him out! What goes on in that place! Would you believe it Walter, they make their own cocktails?

KING:

You're kidding!

CANTOR:

They drink the ingredients - half Italian Versouth, half Rye, and a dash of Bitters - get out on the floor, a shag - a shake - a susie Q - (SNAPS FINGERS) Manhattan cocktail!

KING:

Well, Eddie, you certainly had a hectic time - Cafe International, Casa Manana -

CANTOR:

I must tell you about the night clubs on 52nd Street -- each one has a name that means something. You go to the 18 Club to get acquainted with people over 18 -- the 21 Club to meet those over 21 -- I wouldn't go near the Sterk Club! But I did see many of the shows.

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KING:

Suppose you tell us about them.

CANTOR:

I know most of the plays are written about those little things that run 'round your cellar. It all started with Mickey Mouse -- then came a show called "Brother Rat" -- and now the latest hit is "Of Mice and Men" -- soon you won't have to go to a theatre to see a show.

KING:

You won't, why not?

CANTOR:

All you'll have to do is stay home and set a trap!
But, Thursday night I saw a really marvelous play, Miss Gertrude Lawrence, in "SUSAN AND GOD", and after the show Miss Lawrence and I had supper at Lindy's -- and Walter how cultured she is -- you should have heard her order in French. "Garson, jay voodray een pyes de pwasson plain de kalkay shows oh mahnjay. Port-lay wwa imace-dyatemah seal voo play."

KING:

That's real French all right.

CANTOR:

Who'd ever think that a thing like that would come out gefulte fish!

KING:

Say, I understand Miss Lawrence is coming here tonight.

CANTOR:

That's right and I'm anxious to make an impression so I've advertised for a maid and a butler to serve a buffet supper -- meanwhile I wanna brush up on my English.

KING:

I'll be glad to help you. I've been to England you know.

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CANTOR:

(VERY ENGLISH) I spent quite some time over there - myself old boy - as a matter of fact, I became really acclimated -- (VERY THICK) Y'know old fellow, I've been to Buckingham Palace, Picadilly, here and there and all that sort of bally rot - well raxhaw!

KING:

Why Eddie - is there something wrong?

CANTOR:

No - no - I'm speaking English - Y'know.

KING:

But what makes it sound so funny?

CANTOR:

I have a monocle in my throat!

KING:

Say, Eddie, she's here!

CANTOR:

Not Gertrude Lawrence!

KING:

No - It's that girl who won the \$150,000 in the sweepstakes.

CANTOR:

HATTIE NOEL! Come on in! (APPLAUSE AS HATTIE ENTERS)

HATTIE:

Hello, Mr. Cantor! I saw your advertisement in the paper for a maid.

CANTOR:

And you want the job?

HATTIE:

No suh, I just came here to turn it down in person!

CANTOR:

Oh, so you're not working anymore?

HATTIE:

All I did last week was bake a cake for you. I mailed it yesterday.

CANTOR:

You mailed a cake? Why Hattie, it'll be all crumbled up when it comes.

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HATTIE:

Not the way I bake 'em!

CANTOR:

Really Hattie, you'd be doing me a great favor if you took this job as a maid just for tonight. You see, I'm giving a party for Miss Gertrude Lawrence and I want you to serve.

HATTIE:

Oh is she the actress? I'll do it!

CANTOR:

Good. Now I'll want you to wear a nice apron.

HATTIE:

What kind?

CANTOR:

You know - one of those that just comes to your waist.

HATTIE:

With my figure that's awful indefinite.

CANTOR:

You're right about that, but I think you're thinner than you were last week.

HATTIE:

That's on account of my horse-back riding.

CANTOR:

Tell me, do you really keep your weight down when you go horse-back riding?

HATTIE:

Well, I try to keep it down, but the horse keeps throwin' it up again!

CANTOR:

Well, didn't your instructor tell you you shouldn't bounce on a horse?

HATTIE:

Yeah, I knows it! Why don't he tell the horse?

CANTOR:

You know, Hattie, horse-back riding and that sort of stuff is all right, but I hope you're taking care of your money.

HATTIE:

You bet - only yesterday some guy wanted me to invest a hundred dollars in the Blue Sky Development Corporation.

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CANTOR: Oh, real estate, eh?

HATTIE: Yeah. The man said the Rockefellers, the Morgans and the Duponts are all set to go in on the deal. All they need is my hundred dollars.

CANTOR: You're not going in on it.

HATTIE: Nossuh - Those guys didn't worry about me when I was broke - now let 'em struggle.

CANTOR: Forget your money, Hattie Hoel - and keep your eyes on Miss Lawrence when she gets here tonight. Maybe someday you'll be a great actress too!

HATTIE: Oh, no - I use Joan Crawford's lipstick, Loretta Young's powder and Carol Lombard's rouge --

CANTOR: Yes?

HATTIE: But when I looks in the looking glass - it's still me -- I'se disgusted.

CANTOR: Hattie, at the party to-night when you serve Miss Lawrence turn on your personality.

HATTIE: Oh, I'll sparkle. When I meets people I'm not grumpy, bashful or dopey.

CANTOR: Don't tell me you're Snow White!

ORCHESTRA: "SHOOPIE CHASER"

CANTOR: Here's a little song that's pushing itself out of a lot of music stores and into a lot of homes.

(TWO BAR INTRO)

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CANTOR-GLEE CLUB:

("HOME TOWN")

(BAND UP)

(APPLAUSE)

CANTOR:

Well, Walter, Gertrude Lawrence will be here any minute now,
I've got a maid and all I need is a butler.

KING:

What kind of butler do you want, Eddie?

CANTOR:

I need an English butler - charming, quiet, unassuming,
dignified --

GORDON:

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

CANTOR:

The Mad Russian!

GORDON:

How do you do!

CANTOR:

Oh am I in trouble - A fine English butler you'd make-
you've never even been in England!

GORDON:

Who wasn't? For three years I was living in the Eiffel Tower.

CANTOR:

The Eiffel Tower? You idiot, the Eiffel Tower is in Paris!

GORDON:

My oh my -- I'm a Frenchman too!

CANTOR:

All right, all right ... Suppose I hire you -- what would you
want for a salary?

GORDON:

The first three months you pay me fifty dollars a week --

CANTOR:

Yes --

GORDON:

And after that you pay me only twenty dollars a week.

CANTOR:

Why does your salary get cheaper after three months?

GORDON:

If you can stand me for three months --

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CANTOR:

Yes?

GORDON:

You deserve a discount!

CANTOR:

Have I got myself a butler! You won't even know how to serve company.

GORDON:

Is that so? I can serve them either way.

CANTOR:

What do you mean -- either way?

GORDON:

You want to know?

CANTOR:

Yes, I want to know!

GORDON:

Haan -- shall I tell him?

CANTOR:

Yes, tell me -- what do you mean you can serve company either way?

GORDON:

So they'll come again or they won't.

CANTOR:

I don't want you to insult my guests! I want you to be friendly with everybody.

GORDON:

I am .. I am .. Look, here's a picture of a dishwasher -- mine best friend.

CANTOR:

Let me see ... why, that's you!

GORDON:

Mine best friend! (KISSES PICTURE)

CANTOR:

Don't be fresh -- remember, you're taking orders from me -- If I beckon with my finger like this --

GORDON:

Yes --

CANTOR:

That means come!

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GORDON: And if I shake my head like this --

CANTOR: Yes.

GORDON: That means I'm not coming.

CANTOR: I'm going to have more trouble with you.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES)

HATTIE: (ON VELOCITY) Oh, Mr. Cantor!

CANTOR: Hattie! I'm glad you came! In a minute I'll introduce you to the butler.

HATTIE: I'll stick around. (STEPS ASIDE)

GORDON: Hattie Camphor .. who is this unusual person?

CANTOR: (SOTTO) That's the girl that was on a horse.

GORDON: Why don't she get off?

CANTOR: She is off!

GORDON: That's her alone? Why she looks like a blimp that was caught in the rain!

CANTOR: She just won a hundred and fifty thousand dollars!

GORDON: Isn't she lovely?

CANTOR: Hattie .. this is the Mad Russian .. my new butler.

HATTIE: Mister Russian .. did you know I got a hundred and fifty thousand dollars from the Irish Sweepstakes?

GORDON: What're you talking .. I got seventy thousand rubles from Czar Nicholas.

HATTIE: What race did he run in?

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CANTOR: Will you people stop and tell me what we're having for
supper?

HATTIE: Well, I like Roast Chicken.

CANTOR: I like Roast Chicken ... now what about dessert?

GORDON: For dessert I want watermelon.

HATTIE: And I wants Borsht.

CANTOR: Wait a minute ... am I hearing right?

HATTIE: Yes sir, Mr. Cantor ... I loves borsht.

CANTOR: And you, floppy ears, you like watermelon?

GORDON: Yeah man!

HATTIE: You means it?

GORDON: Yeah, Ah means it.

HATTIE: My oh My!

CANTOR: Stop will you! We're having chicken -- Russian can you make
the sauce?

GORDON: No, I can only make sauce for a goose.

CANTOR: But - I don't want sauce for a goose.

GORDON: Why not -- What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the CANTOR!

(EXIT - APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (WASHINGTON POST MARCH - FADE)

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KING:

Spring is here, and that means that right now at Madison Square Garden in New York City the circus is holding forth with all its old-time glory. Clowns, calliopes, pink lemonade, tumbler riders, elephants, trapeze artists -- all the thrills that quicken the pulses of the young and old. And those performers who dazzle us with their feats of daring -- what superb training they go through to entertain us. Their work calls for healthy nerves. When it comes to cigarettes, the great stars of the circus world have a favorite, and that is -- CAMEL. Let's hear from ANTONETTE CONCELLO, peerless queen of the flying trapeze.

KELLY:

I smoke Camels - They don't upset my nerves.

KING:

TERRELL JACOBS - who defies death daily in a cage full of jungle-bred lions

HARROVE:

I smoke Camels - They give me a lift.

KING:

LUCY GILLETTE - famous aerialist, who plummets from the dome of the big top to within eighteen inches of the sawdust

HELLER:

I smoke Camels - my taste never tires of their delicate, mild flavor.

KING:

Yes, folks, Camel's costlier tobaccos do mean a lot in smoking. One smoker tells another: "Camels agree with me."

(ORCHESTRA: "WASHINGTON POST MARCH" (LAST 8))

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CANTOR:

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to present the favorite of two continents, the English star of the current Broadway success, "Susan and God" -- Miss Gertrude Lawrence!

(APPLAUSE AS MISS LAWRENCE ENTERS)

CANTOR:

(THICK ACCENT) Gertrude, it's awfully awfully nice having you here.

LAWRENCE:

Oh, Edward, come out from behind that accent.

CANTOR:

Oh, I suppose you're entitled to use an English accent?

LAWRENCE:

I am - I was born in Nottingham-on-the-Ithames .. and you?

CANTOR:

Delancey Street in the back! -- Fooling aside, it is nice that you can be with us tonight.

LAWRENCE:

Thank you, Eddie!

CANTOR:

Gertrude, I saw your Opening Night in "Susan and God" and let me say you were grand .. As a matter of fact, you were almost as good as I was on the Opening Night of "Whoopce" You know we turned away thousands.

LAWRENCE:

Yes -- I heard that your overflow packed Minsky's!

CANTOR:

Well, I don't care - sticks and stones may break my bones, but names - make very good guest stars. You'll admit though, as a matter of record, that in all my years on Broadway I was never connected with a flop.

LAWRENCE:

Hasn't radio a mean way of spoiling people's records?

RADIO

WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

CANTOR: Gertrude, that gives you two laughs in a row. The next one should be mine.

LAWRENCE: Yes it should be.

CANTOR: Should be? It will be ... unless ...

LAWRENCE: Unless what?

CANTOR: Unless you've got a different script than mine! ... Well, here comes my laugh ... Gertrude you were a little late in getting here tonight. Why?

LAWRENCE: A few blocks from the studio my limousine ran out of gas. I wish you could help me.

CANTOR: I'm sorry I ran out of gas myself three weeks ago! -- But here's a pack of Camels.

LAWRENCE: Why, Eddie, that's silly. Will cigarettes make my car go?

CANTOR: I don't know about yours, but Camels are certainly going to keep my cars running this year!

LAWRENCE: I thought you were an actor - and you're just a cigarette salesman!

CANTOR: Oh - puff - There you go -- poking fun at me again. (DRAMATICALLY) But Ah, Gertrude, why should we waste our time with this silly banter?

LAWRENCE: Yes, Edward -- there must be finer things for us.

CANTOR: Just imagine what you and I could do with that scene from "Tovarich" -- where the Prince says to the lovely Princess, Tatiana -- (RUSSIAN DIALECT) -- Ah, Tatiana, my love, here we are with nyoting but our memories of Russia --

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LAWRENCE: (RUSSIAN) Myoting but memories. Yes, Nikolai --

SOUND: (TWO PISTOL SHOTS)

CANTOR: Ah - two o'clock Russian Standard time - and here we are living in exile in a humble attic in Paris.

LAWRENCE: For eight months already we've been living in this attic - why do you complain?

CANTOR: Because people are starting to call me Attic Cantor! To think that in Russia I was a power!

LAWRENCE: Yes, you were the works - but why did you leave?

CANTOR: I didn't want them to shoot the works!

LAWRENCE: And it's all the fault of that villain POPITTOFF ... Oh I hate him - hate him - hate him!

CANTOR: Three times hate - that's twenty-four!

LAWRENCE: Oh, and they have hurt me, too - I, who was stripped of everything in Minsk.

CANTOR: Princess, there's a "y" at the end of that word!

LAWRENCE: All right, Minsky's!

CANTOR: (LAUGHS) Ha - ha - ha - ha

LAWRENCE: What's so funny?

CANTOR: I Haven't had anything to eat for five days.

LAWRENCE: Then why are you laughing?

CANTOR: Because the last time I didn't eat for ten days.

LAWRENCE: Don't worry my darling - I sneaked over to the market this morning and stole this for you.

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CANTOR:

What is it, Princess?

LAWRENCE:

A ha.

CANTOR:

Ha, still no food in the house - Why didn't you go over to the Momarte and get something?

LAWRENCE:

I tried. I was over to the Momarte this morning.

CANTOR:

And what happened?

LAWRENCE:

Moe wasn't in - Besides darling - why didn't you go down to the market?

CANTOR:

Down to the market? You know the market is up! But we must be brave. There is nothing left but to live like we did in Russia - on oxygen. Come Princess, inhale - exhale! Inhale - exhale!

LAWRENCE:

Stop, please.

CANTOR:

Oh, I feel awful.

LAWRENCE:

I can imagine - I can imagine.

CANTOR:

Why do you say "I can imagine" when I say I feel awful!

LAWRENCE:

I can imagine how the audience feels!

CANTOR:

(LAUGHS) You certainly gave a grand performance. Now I can see why Noel Coward chose you to play opposite him in "Tonight at Eight-Thirty".

LAWRENCE:

Dear Noel Coward - England's greatest genius!

CANTOR:

Isn't it a coincidence, Gertrude, that you played in "Tonight at Eight-Thirty" with Noel Coward, the English genius, and tonight at seven-thirty, you're playing with Eddie Cantor, the American gen - what a coincidence - tell me honestly, Gertrude, now that Noel Coward is in Europe how does it feel to play opposite me?

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LAWRENCE:

Well, Eddie, I've always felt if you can't have the whole birthday cake, be satisfied with a crumb!

CANTOR:

I like that - I think I'll use that line on the Russian next week.

LAWRENCE:

Oh, but seriously, Eddie - we in England love you. Over there people see your pictures four and five times. Why is that?

CANTOR:

Why? I guess they just keep on going until they learn to like it. You know, Gertrude, I make only one picture a year.

LAWRENCE:

That's a very good idea. It gives the people a chance to recover.

CANTOR:

(VERY DRAMATIC) Please, Miss Lawrence, you're making sport of me. Your innuendos hurt me here - inside - why - why must you do it?

LAWRENCE:

But, Eddie ...

CANTOR:

Really, Miss Lawrence, I belong on the dramatic stage. Listen to this .. "Never was a creature so fair, - you're the very essence of loveliness."

LAWRENCE:

Mr. Cantor, you have such a noble carriage. Somewhere in the long ago the Cantors were of royal blood.

CANTOR:

Yes, in the not too distant past I was known by the Earl of Texaco. Ah, but why think of the past when your presence makes me forget everything, except the thrill of being near you, gazing into your eyes, wondering if you care - Ah, but you do, you do! Kiss me, Miss Lawrence, Kiss me! (KISSES HER)

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LAWRENCE:

Ohhhhhh. Eddie - call me Gertie!

CANTOR:

Oh, baby, call me Snooks! Let's stop, Gertrude! This foolishness has gone far enough. Now I'm going to ask you to do me a favor - will you sing a song?

LAWRENCE:

No - but I'll do the next best thing, Eddie .. I'll listen while you sing one.

CANTOR:

All right Gertrude - remember that old saying about what a bride should wear to her wedding? (HARP)

CANTOR-GLEE CLUB:

(SONG) ("MY BEST GIRL", "TI-PI-TIN"
(MEDLEY) ("WHEN MY BABY SMILES AT ME," "ST. LOUIS BLUES,")

(BAND UP FULL)

(APPLAUSE)

CANTOR:

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen - and thank you, Gertrude Lawrence, for being so gracious. Next week, we will have as our guest the very first radio ambassador of Camel Cigarettes - Morton Downey. Until then - remember -

(HARP ARPEGGIO)

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

(ORCHESTRA: REPRISÉ AND FADE)

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KING:

(ON CUE) You pipe-smokers - are you getting around fifty fragrant pipefuls from each tin? Well, many PRINCE ALBERT smokers report even more than that - and they get something more in another way too - just about the mellowest, tastiest smoke ever. PRINCE ALBERT is cut a special way - crimp cut, they call it - for slow, cool smoking. And P.A. is made under a special no-bite process that assures mild and mellow taste. Remember the name - PRINCE ALBERT - it's the National Joy Smoke.

(MUSIC SWELLS)

KING:

(ON CUE) Listen again for Eddie Cantor's CAMEL CARAVAN next Monday. Walter King speaking.

(MUSIC SWELLS - CAST OUT FOR BOWS)

LARRY HARDING:

This is the COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

(FADE THEME FOR 20 SECONDS)

(WABC NEW YORK)

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