

(SECOND BACK IN HOLLYWOOD)

- EDDIE CANTOR'S CAMEL CARAVAN - CBS #17

MONDAY, JANUARY 23, 1939

4:30 - 5:00 P.M.

7:30 - 8:00 P.M.

PROGRAM NO. 31

CANTOR
FIELDS
HOLZMAN
PARKS
GORDON
FAIRCHILD

ESTY (6)
GLEE CLUB (11)
DONOHUE
BUNKY
RAPP
MAURICE

FILE COPY
CUTTING COPY
KIRK
SPAN
HANLON
KNIGHT

ADAM CARROLL
SCHWEIGER
P.A. OPERATOR
SCHUMANN
STAGE HANDS
MARTHA RAYE
ELVIA ALLMAN

MUSIC ROUTINE

- | <u>PAGE:</u> | <u>SELECTION:</u> |
|--------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. | OPENING |
| 2. | "WHOOPEE" |
| 3. | "HEARTS AND FLOWERS" (FAKE) |
| 4. | "JEEPERS CREEPERS" (WITH TWO PIANOS) |
| 5. | "LIFT CHASER" (SHORT) |
| 6. | "HURRY HOME" (MARTHA RAYE) |
| 7. | "WHOOPEE CHASER" |
| 8. | "JEEPERS CREEPERS" (FADE) |
| 9. | "PRESIDENT'S BIRTHDAY BALL" (CANTOR) |
| 10. | "ONE HOUR" |

PARKS:

Let up and light up a Camel!

(TYMPANI)

GLEE 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)

PARKS:

(SNEAK (ON CUE) The Camel Caravan, starring Eddie Cantor
IN
"WHOOPEE" and guest-starring Miss Martha Raye! This half-hour
AFTER
"RAYE") 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! -- And speaking of pleasure, here
is -- Mister EDDIE CANTOR!

ORCHESTRA: (SWELLS AS CANTOR ENTERS)

(APPLAUSE)

(1:00)

CANTOR:

Hello, everybody -- hello, Bert Parks! Well, Bert -- you've been in Hollywood a week -- what have you been doing with your time?

PARKS:

Well, sir, I paid three hundred dollars to enter a school for acting --

CANTOR:

You what?

PARKS:

I've only been in the school for three days and already I've been taken for Clark Gable, -- I've been taken for Tyrone Power --

CANTOR:

Listen -- you've been taken for three hundred dollars -- Tell me, Bert, what are you learning in your dramatic school? (1:25)

PARKS:

Well, I'm learning to put on make-up, I'm learning to put on plays, putting on different characters -- Y'know they tell me to be a success in the acting profession, you gotta learn to put things on --

CANTOR:

Yeh -- how about Gypsy Rose Lee?

PARKS:

Gypsy Rose Lee? Is she an actress, or a musician, or an opera star?

CANTOR:

Poor kid -- he doesn't know -- she happens to be an aeroplane pilot.

PARKS:

Oh -- a flyer?

CANTOR:

Yes -- she takes off four or five times a day.... so you paid three hundred dollars to a school for acting!...Fairchild, come here. I want you to know that our friend Bert Parks paid three hundred dollars to a school for acting.

FAIRCHILD:

(LAUGHS)

CANTOR:

Did you ever hear of anything so asinine?

FAIRCHILD:

Three hundred dollars to a school for acting --

(LAUGHS) What am I laughing at -- I paid four hundred. (2:25)

CANTOR:

Go away, Fairchild -- now tell me, Bert, how far have you advanced in your school of acting?

PARKS:

In only three days I have learned the expression for deep sorrow and anguish. Listen: Oohhhhhhhhh. (2:40)

CANTOR:

It took you three days to learn that "oohhh." Why, I can teach the audience here in five seconds -- Ladies and gentlemen, repeat after me "ohhh" --

(HANLON DISPLAYS SIGN)

AUDIENCE:

Oohhh!

CANTOR:

You see how easy I got the audience to do that!

PARKS:

Yes, sir, but remember the people came in for nothing.

CANTOR:

Don't kid yourself. To see Eddie Cantor these same people would be glad to pay three dollars.

(HANLON DISPLAYS SIGN)

AUDIENCE:

Oh!....yeah? (GLEE CLUB HELPS)

CANTOR:

Get out, everybody -- I want a different audience...
Oh! you might as well stay. Look, Bert, I'll give you a lesson in acting. I want you to say the very simple line "Mother, I'm bringing home the wood."

PARKS:

Just that?

CANTOR:

Just that.

PARKS:

"Mother, I'm bringing home the WOOD." (3:30)

CANTOR:

Mother, I'm bringing home the wood! That's no good. You don't put the emphasis on wood. The word "mother" is the important thing. On Mother's Day, do you walk up and kiss a cord of wood? You love your mother, Bert. Just stop for a moment and think what there is in your home town in Atlanta that you love the most.

PARKS:

Nunnally's chocolate fudge!

CANTOR:

Oh -- go on, Bert, say the speech right!

PARKS:

"Mother, I'm bringing home the fudge."

CANTOR:

Oh nuts!

PARKS:

I like it plain.

CANTOR:

You'll never be an actor unless you get the right inflection in your voice. "Mother, I'm bringing home the wood." Now, let's have it.

PARKS:

"Mother, I'm BRINGING home the wood." (4:15)

CANTOR:

No, Bert -- your mother sees the wood in your arms -- she knows you're not having it sent -- she knows you are bringing it. You are carrying it...You must emphasize the right words. Go ahead.

PARKS:

(YELLS) "Mother, mother, mother -- I, me, Bert, your boy, am bringing not sending home THE wood!"

CANTOR:

Such a fuss -- You would think it was "Mutiny on the Bounty" -- why do you make such a big thing over a little wood? Why don't you just say: "Heh, mom, (WHISTLE) the stuff's here."

PARKS:

Shucks, Mr. Cantor, I wish you would keep teaching me 'cause I sure am learning.

CANTOR:

I'm not through with my demonstration. Just watch the expression on my face now, as I deliver these lines -- "Young man think of the future! The future holds great things in store for you. You're good looking. You have everything to make a girl proud. Put your hand in mine, my lad, and let me tell you I want you for my son-in-law."

PARKS:

What acting! What acting!

(5:15)

CANTOR:

Who's acting?

(CONTINUED)

CANTOR;
(Cont'd)

Bert Parks -- the essence of acting is playing upon the emotions. For instance -- suppose you have a plea to make -- you need someone's help -- to get it, you must create a soulful mood. Like this:

(ORCHESTRA SNEAKS IN "HEARTS AND FLOWERS")

CANTOR:

Won't you buy my Camels -- My slender little snow white Camels?... (CUT MUSIC)

PARKS:

That's fine actin', Mr. Cantor -- but you don't have to plead with folks to get 'em to buy Camels -- because it's a well-known fact in all branches of the tobacco trade that Camel pays more to get finer, more expensive tobaccos -- Turkish and Domestic. The first time you "Let up and light up a Camel" you can't help noticing how different...how really good a Camel tastes. Call it the richness of Camels costlier tobaccos -- call it Camels matchless blending which gives you mildness but takes away none of that real tobacco taste -- Call it -- well, you just smoke a Camel and see if you can describe what it is...Why it is...more people prefer Camels than any other cigarette.

Try Camels and see. Try letting up and lighting up a Camel to break the tension and ease the strain of daily life.

Millions do it -- Busy, successful people in all walks of life. The fact is. Smokers find that Camels costlier tobaccos are soothing to the nerves. So don't let the hurry and tension get your nerves ragged and jumpy. Ease up...Let up and light up a Camel. (6:00)

ORCHESTRA:

"JEEPERS CREEPERS"

PARKS:

(ON CUE) Fairchild and Carroll at the twin pianos -- and the melody is "Jeepers Creepers!"

(MUSIC ON TO FINISH)

(7:50)

PARKS:

Oh, Mr. Cantor -- I just received a telephone message from my school of acting.

CANTOR:

What did they have to say?

PARKS:

They said, just to prove that you are wrong, they are sending over their star pupil --

(SCHUMANN SCREENS RUSSIAN)

CANTOR:

Star pupil? I wonder what he'll have to say.

GORDON:

How do you do!

CANTOR:

The Mad Russian -- you? You -- have been going to Bert Parks' school of acting. What have you learned?

GORDON:

Lincoln's Gettysburg Address -- Listen -- four score and seven years ago --

CANTOR:

Well, go on -- go on --

GORDON:

There's more?

(8:45)

CANTOR:

Of course there's more -- and let me warn you, you'll never be an actor -- not with that face.

GORDON:

Let me tell you, tomorrow I'm having mine face lifted.

CANTOR:

Your entire face?

GORDON:

That's not necessary -- 'cause every Monday night when I see how little you are paying me --

CANTOR:

Yes?

GORDON:

-- Mine eyebrows are lifting automatic!

PARKS:

Mr. Russian, what is the reason for all this -- why are you having your face done over?

GORDON:

Because I am going to be a leading man....A plastic sturgeon told me that he could improve mine face so that I will look like a movie star.

CANTOR:

What movie star?

GORDON:

Boris Karloff!...Say, Camphor, that's an improvement.

(9:25)

CANTOR:

Russian, with a face like yours -- anything is an improvement...I think you're homely.

GORDON:

You think I'm homely?....You should see my sister.

CANTOR:

Your sister is not good looking?

GORDON:

Not good looking? I'm laughing! (LAUGHS) When mine sister sees a mouse -- the mouse jumps up on a chair and screams!

CANTOR:

What a family!....Look, Russian, what happens after you have your face lifted -- supposing you don't get into the movies..

GORDON:

Then I'm stuck, I'll have to marry one of your daughters!

CANTOR:

Stop clowning, Russian! Why don't you admit that you have no knowledge of the picture industry?

GORDON:

What are you talking? As a Professor at Columbia, I developed Technicolor. . . (10:20)

CANTOR:

And now, I'm afraid to go near you.

BRUCE:

Because I'm a star?

CANTOR:

No -- because Ida's sitting in the second row! -- You've gone far since "Whoopee" -- how does it feel to be kissed by so many leading men, Robert Montgomery, Herbert Marshall, Fredric March? (11:55)

BRUCE:

Well, you ought to know how it is -- you've been in Ziegfeld shows -- surrounded by beautiful girls.

CANTOR:

I've always felt...it's like working in a candy store -- after the first day -- you don't go near the candy -- but OH! That first day! Virginia -- too bad I can't be your leading man, to know how it feels to snuggle in your arms with my head on your shoulder.

BRUCE:

Go on -- try it!

CANTOR:

Like this -- darn it.

BRUCE:

Snuggle closer --

CANTOR:

Oh -- darn it!

BRUCE:

Why do you keep saying "Oh darn it"?

CANTOR:

Oh darn it -- why can't this be a one hour program!

KING:

(ON VELOCITY) Now, Eddie?

CANTOR:

No!

BRUCE:

Who was that?

CANTOR:

Nobody -- just Walter King. Being here -- so close to you reminds me of the scene in the picture, "YELLOW JACK", where you nursed Robert Montgomery after he was bitten by the mosquito. (12:50)

BRUCE:

Oh, you mean where I stroked his face, like this, cooled his brow like this -- and whispered in his ear like this.

CANTOR:

Oh -- somebody get me a mosquito! I feel so comfortable.

KING:

(ON VELOCITY) Now, Eddie?

CANTOR:

No, Walter. After the kissing starts.

BRUCE:

How does Ida feel about you kissing the stars you work with

CANTOR:

Well, kissing girls, for instance, like you -- (KISS) -- is an education -- like going to school.

BRUCE:

And your wife doesn't mind it?

CANTOR:

As far as kissing is concerned, she doesn't mind my going to school, providing I don't neglect my homework! With me Ida is always the principal. Virginia -- you're really so beautiful, I'm sorry that television isn't here -- for your sake.

BRUCE:

I'm glad -- for your sake.

CANTOR:

Fooling aside -- with your complexion, you should be ideal for television.

BRUCE:

I may be a little too light. But you'd show up great -- with your dark complexion.

HATTIE:

(VELOCITY) If that's the case -- I ought to be terrific.

(14:00)

CANTOR:

Be still, Hattie! Virginia -- if television were actually here, and you had to kiss a (Hmmm) handsome young man -- just what would you do?

BRUCE:

I'd pucker up my lips like this -- I'd close my eyes like this -- and I'd say --

CANTOR:

What?

BRUCE:

Now -- Walter King -- NOW!

CANTOR:

Oh -- a frame-up, huh? This is Mr. King, Miss Bruce!

BRUCE:

How do you do?

KING:

Eddie told me that we were going to play together tonight.

BRUCE:

It'll be nice to play opposite you.

KING:

It'll be a pleasure to play alongside of you.

CANTOR:

Will you folks stay here while I go out and get a bean bag!

(14:50)

BRUCE:

(LAUGHS) Eddie -- where is that one act playlet you promised?

CANTOR:

Here it is --

ORCHESTRA: (A) "REMEMBER" (FADE)

Miss Virginia Bruce and Walter King in a dramatic episode entitled: "One Year To Live".,.,The time is 1918 and the Armistice has just been signed. The scene is an apartment house in New York City.

(MUSIC FADES OUT)

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS...CLICK OF RECEIVER

BRUCE:

Hello.

DOCTOR:

(HANLEY STAFFORD) (FILTER) Hello, Barbara, this is Doctor Forbes...How do you feel?

BRUCE:

Oh, wonderful! Andre's coming home today and I haven't seen him for so long, I've almost forgotten he's my husband.

DOCTOR:

Well, don't get too excited, my dear, and give him my love when he arrives, I'll drop in on you later.

BRUCE:

All right, Doctor...Goodbye.

SOUND: CLICK OF RECEIVER...DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

KING:

Barbara! Darling!

BRUCE:

Andre! At last you're back! Oh, dearest, you'll never know how much I missed you. Always I kept thinking and hoping and wishing I were with you. (15:40)

KING:

You were, Barbara. Every step I marched, a vision of you marched with me. Even as I lay in NO MAN'S LAND you were there beside me, nursing my wounds and giving me the courage to go on.

BRUCE:

I'm no vision now, Andre....This is real -- we're in each other's arms and everything's just like it used to be. I'm happy again -- Once I cursed the war for taking you from me, and now I bless it for giving you back.

KING:

Unfortunately, Barbara, the man you married can never be given back. He's dead -- And now in his place there stands before you nothing more than a discarded living target of the war -- a physical wreck.

BRUCE:

Please -- don't talk like that.

KING:

But I must. I can't lie to you, Barbara, there's something I've got to tell you. I spent the last months of the war in a French hospital and -- well -- when I left they told me that I have only one year to live. (16:30)

BRUCE:

I know all about it. They sent me a letter explaining everything.

KING:

Then, you know -- and still you want me back!

BRUCE:

Of course, darling. As long as we're together, time doesn't matter. We can make that year seem like a lifetime. Don't you see, dear -- we can be the happiest man and woman in the world. Other people spend their lives waiting and wondering how long it's going to last. We know. We've got twelve glorious months where every second and every minute will be precious to both of us.

KING:

Barbara...I think we can do it....All we have to do is live life a little faster.

BRUCE:

That's right...Instead of every year, we'll have a wedding anniversary every week....Why, before it's all over we can celebrate our Golden Anniversary -- won't that be heavenly!

KING:

You're an angel.

(17:10)

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

BRUCE:

Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

KING:

Doctor Forbes!

DOCTOR:

Welcome home, Andre. I just dropped in to see how you were getting along.....After all, I brought you into the world and I still want to keep an eye on you.

KING:

You should have been here a little while ago, Doctor -- I was born again. And what's more, we're going to celebrate....sit down while I go out and get some champagne.

BRUCE:

Hurry back, Andre.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

("REMEMBER"..(B)...THROUGHOUT FOLLOWING:)

DOCTOR:

Well, Barbara...Andre looks happier than I've ever seen him.

BRUCE:

Yes, Doctor, and we must keep him that way. No matter what happens -- he must never know that I, too, have only one year to live.

(COMPLETE ORCHESTRA JOINS VIOLINS AND MUSIC SWELLS UP TO FINISH)

(18:05)

CANTOR:

I take everything back, Walter -- you are an actor -- but playing opposite Virginia Bruce makes it easy.

BRUCE:

Eddie, why don't you play the same sketch with me?

CANTOR:

Okay -- but we'll change it slightly. Here goes.

ORCHESTRA: (C) "REMEMBER" (FADE)

CANTOR:

Barbara, Barbara!!!

BRUCE:

Andre, you're back! Oh, please hurry up the stairs.

CANTOR:

Yes, dearest.

(MUSIC OUT)

SOUND: HORSE'S HOOF BEATS ON STAIRS

BRUCE:

Oh, Andre, now that you're back, we can start life anew. We'll be the happiest couple in the whole world. And then, Andre -- pretty soon we'll be three.

CANTOR:

We'll be three?

BRUCE:

Yes -- my old man is going to move in with us. (18:45)

CANTOR:

Barbara, there is something I must tell you. I spent the last years of the war in a French hospital. And...Well, when I left...they told me I've only got seventy-five more years to live.

BRUCE:

We can make those seventy-five years seem like a lifetime.

CANTOR:

That's right, instead of every year, we can have a wedding anniversary every week....Every week for seventy-five years people will bring us presents. Darling!....Can you imagine how that will jack up business in my Gift Shop? (19:15)

BRUCE:

~~Then you think we can do it?~~

CANTOR:

~~No, Barbara, I'm afraid this is a business. We could go along for seventy-five years but what then? I'd leave you... alone in the world...a young tot of a hundred and fifteen.~~

(GORDON ENTERS)

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

CANTOR:

Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

BRUCE:

Doctor Forbes!

GORDON:

How do you do!

BRUCE:

Andre, this is Doctor Forbes, the head physician for the biggest man in Russia..... (19:40)

CANTOR:

The biggest man in Russia? -- What's his name?

BRUCE:

(MIMICKING MAD RUSSIAN) You want to know?

CANTOR:

Yes, I want to know.

GORDON:

Hmmmmmm....Shall I Stalin?

BRUCE:

Andre, Doctor Forbes has been watching over me while you were away and we owe him a bill of twenty dollars. Isn't that right, Doctor?

GORDON:

Yes. That is correct.

CANTOR:

All right, here is your twenty dollars -- And now sit down while I go out and get some champagne to celebrate my home-coming.

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

("REMEMBER"...(D)....THROUGHOUT FOLLOWING:)

GORDON:

Well, Barbara, Andre looks happier than I have ever seen him.

BRUCE:

Yes, Doctor, and we must keep him that way. No matter what happens -- he must never know that you're splitting that twenty bucks with me.

(COMPLETE ORCHESTRA JOINS VIOLINS AND MUSIC SWELLS UP TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

(20:35)

GORDON:

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen -- thank you very much!

CANTOR:

Russian, what are you doing? That applause wasn't for you -- why you only had two or three lines.

GORDON:

So what? At the Pantages Theatre I heard an audience applaud a picture that lasted only a minute and a half.

CANTOR:

A minute and a half? Who was the actor?

GORDON:

Max Schmeling!...A fellow sneezed -- I said "Gesundheit" -- and the fight picture was over!

CANTOR:

Well, anyhow, that applause wasn't for you.

BRUCE:

Never mind, Mr. Russian -- what little you did was grand.

GORDON:

Of course, I've been an actor for years -- in a Russian picture I was leading men.

CANTOR:

You mean leading "man".

GORDON:

No -- I was leading men to the firing squad. (21:10)

BRUCE:

What was the name of the picture?

GORDON:

"Gone With The Winchester"!

CANTOR:

Russian, you mean "Gone With The Wind" -- that's the picture Clark Gable will be starred in.

GORDON:

Why don't they use me! I've got ears like Gable --

BRUCE:

Yes, go on --

GORDON:

Ears like Gable, that's all!

CANTOR:

You nincompoop!

BRUCE:

Eddie, why don't you stop picking on him?

GORDON:

See -- she loves me!....Come here, Virginia -- (21:50)

CANTOR:

Russian, take your rough face away from her....Her face is delicate -- can't you see she has a skin like satin?

GORDON:

Well, what's wrong with mine face?

CANTOR:

Your face looks like it's been satin, too!

GORDON:

Don't interrupt me -- can't you see I'm trying to make love?

CANTOR:

Well, you're not supposed to grab her like that...She's frail -- like a beautiful white carnation.

(RUSSIAN GRABS BRUCE)

BRUCE:

Ohhhh! Put me down!

CANTOR:

You fool, I told you she was like a carnation -- what are you grabbing her for?

GORDON:

I'm trying to put her in mine buttonhole! (22:20)

CANTOR:

Virginia, I want to apologize -- you see he doesn't realize that you're a lady of the highest breeding -- he's not accustomed to being in the company of one as cultured and refined as you.

BRUCE:

Thank you -- but if he makes one more pass at me, I'll slug him!

GORDON:

What happened to Virginia Bruce?

CANTOR:

Here she is right here -- and I want you to apologize to her.

GORDON:

Miss Bruce, if I was too rough I want to make up for it... All right, let's get married!

BRUCE:

Married?

GORDON:

Yes, let the wedding bells ring out.

CANTOR:

Wedding bells? Why do you say that, Russian?

GORDON:

You want to know?

CANTOR:

Yes, I want to know.

GORDON:

Virginia, shall we toll 'em?

(23:05)

BRUCE:

(LAUGHS)

CANTOR:

Russian, why do you insist on making love to Virginia Bruce?

GORDON:

I can't help it -- she is so beautiful and so slender.

CANTOR:

That's true,..Virginia, how do you keep that marvelous figure?

BRUCE:

I'm always on a diet.

GORDON:

You don't eat?

BRUCE:

Very sparingly.

GORDON:

You've got to have dinner with me tomorrow!

CANTOR:

Oh, get out of here!

BRUCE:

Leave him alone, Eddie -- I think the Russian is fascinating.

GORDON:

Thank you so much...And may I say in return that you are charming, lovely, glamorous -- in fact, I may go so far as to say you are positively gruesome!

CANTOR:

Gruesome?

BRUCE:

Gruesome?

GORDON:

Yes, like orchids...I just built a hothouse -- and I gruesome! (23:55)

CANTOR:

Gruesome!...Don't leave, ladies and gentlemen -- this is the last program!

GORDON:

Haddie Camphor, since this is the last program, there is something I want Miss Bruce to know.

BRUCE:

What is it?

GORDON:

You want to know?

BRUCE:

Yes, I want to know...Mad Russian,

GORDON:

Miss Bruce -- I am neither Russian -- nor am I mad! If my antics have brought a little laughter in these times of great stress -- I am overjoyed, and thankful to Mr. Cantor for the opportunity. And to you, Miss Bruce, there is one thing more I want to say before I take my leave.

BRUCE:

Yes, what is it?

GORDON:

How do you do?

(APPLAUSE)

(EXIT)

CANTOR:

Virginia, you've been very gracious and most patient with the Russian tonight -- in a few minutes the program will be over, and I'll take you home. (24:45)

BRUCE:

All right, Eddie -- but this time you ride on the handle bars.

ORCHESTRA: "WHOOPEE" (CHASER)

(APPLAUSE)

(25:00)

(HARP ARPEGGIO)

CANTOR:

Something old -- something new --
Something borrowed -- and something blue --

GLEE CLUB:

That's what Eddie Cantor sings for you --
First, something old.

CANTOR:

Pack up all my cares and woe
Here I go -- singing low,
BYE BYE BLACKBIRD.
Where somebody waits for me
Sugar's sweet -- so is she
BYE BYE BLACKBIRD.
No one here can love and understand me,
Oh what hard luck stories they all hand me.
Make my bed, and light the light,
I'll arrive late tonight
BLACKBIRD, BYE, BYE!

GLEE CLUB:

And here's something new for you --

CANTOR:

So this is gay Paree!
Come on along with me --
We're stepping out to see
The Latin Quarter.
Put on your old beret --
Let's sing the Marseillaise
And put our wine away
Like water.
And are you in the mood
To have some Latin food
And have you ever wooed
A Latin daughter.
Hooray for Lafayette
Hooray for Crepe Suzette
If you ain't et one yet, you ought 'er.
Come on and par ----- lez
Fran ----- cais
Their ----- way -- oo - la - la - la
Cum see and cum sah
That's all the Frenchmen sing
That's how they have their fling
That's how the Frenchmen swing the Latin Quarter.
They're fifty million strong
And they can't all be wrong --
Let's all (CUT-OFF)
Oo... la - la - la,

(GLEE
CLUB IN
BACK-
GROUND)

(TAG)

GLEE CLUB:

(RECITATIVE)

First, something old, then something new --

And now something borrowed -- from --

Aw, you guess who!

CANTOR:

MAMMY, MAMMY,
I'd walk a million miles for one of your smiles
MY MAMMY. (Here comes Parkyakarkus!)

GLEE CLUB:

Something old, something new,
Something borrowed and now, something blue-oo-oo

CANTOR:

Come to me my Melancholy Baby,
Cuddle up and don't be blue.
All your tears are foolish fancies maybe,
You know, dear, that I'm in love with you.
Ev'ry cloud must have a silver lining.
Wait until the sun shines through.
Smile, my honey dear,
As I kiss away each tear....

Or else --
I shall --
Be mel --
an-chol-y too!

(BAND UP)

(GLEE CLUB CHORD)

(29:15)

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (REPRISE... "LATIN QUARTER"....FADE)

CANTOR:

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, and I hope that you may
all have a very pleasant Summer. And in the meanwhile,
remember, if once again we hear the drums and bugles playing
for the dance of war -- let's be different -- let's be
different -- let's sit this one out!!

(APPLAUSE)

(SINGING)

Let's make a date for sometime next fall
It will be great to be with you all.
And sing again, bring again,
The things you want me to.
I love to spend each Monday with you!

Good night!

ORCHESTRA: (SWELLS...FADES)

(31:05)

-A-

KING:

CAMELS are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE
TOBACCOS -- Turkish and Domestic. And because
costlier tobaccos make such a difference to smokers,
you, too, will find that CAMELS give what you want in
smoking. Try CAMELS -- then you'll understand why
more smokers are enthusiastic about CAMELS than
any other cigarette in the world.

KING:

(ON CUE) Remember to tune in tomorrow night at nine thirty P.M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time over these same stations for Benny Goodman, Kind of Swing.

Walter King speaking.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELLS)

(CAST OUT FOR BOWS)

BILL GOODWIN:

This is the COLUMBIA.....BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

(FADE THEME TWENTY SECONDS)

(31:30)

CANTOR:

Oh, stop -- you don't even know what Technicolor is.

GORDON:

I don't eh?...Listen -- Technicolor is a process whereby various shades of color are transferred to and projected on the screen -- thus giving a multi-colored effect otherwise not possible in Sepia photography -- Haddie Camphor -- who came in?

CANTOR:

Nobody came in!

GORDON:

That was me talking?

CANTOR:

Yes.

GORDON:

I've got to have more monye!

CANTOR:

You've got to get out of here!

ORCHESTRA: ("LIFT CHASER") (SHORT)

(RUSSIAN EXITS) (APPLAUSE)

(11:00)

CANTOR:

Ladies and gentlemen, to get the taste of the
Mad Russian out of your ears -- we present tonight
for the first time on this program a Ray of sunshine,
a Ray of happiness -- the ultra-violent Ray of
radio -- Martha Raye!

(APPLAUSE AS MARTHA ENTERS)

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION) (ON CUE, AFTER APPLAUSE IS FADED)

(11:20)

MARTHA:

I had to call you on the phone
Because I feel so all alone
Don't like this being on my own
Can'tcha won'tcha hurry home.
I leave the door unlocked in case
Like me, you find you're out of place
I'd give the world to see your face
Can'tcha, won'tcha hurry home.
I didn't know
I was a fool when I let you go
Since you've been gone, it's all very clear
Life is just an empty thing without you, dear.
I made an awfully big mistake
And oh, what a difference love can make
Please give my heart another break,
Can'tcha won'tcha hurry home.

MARTHA:

(VERSE)

Gee what a wonderful day to be glad

But I'm sad,

The fact that you're so far away

Makes me wish you were here

Beside me, my dear,

I had to call you on the phone

Because I feel so all alone

Don't like this being on my own

Can'tcha won'tcha hurry home.

I leave the door unlocked in case

Like me, you find you're out of place

I'd give the world to see your face

Can'tcha won'tcha hurry home.

I didn't know

I was a fool when I let you go

Since you've been gone it's all very clear

Life is just an empty thing without you, dear.

I made an awfully big mistake

Oh what a difference love can make

Please give my heart another break

Can'tcha won'tcha hurry home.

(TAG) Please won'tcha hurry home!

(BAND UP)

(3:15)

(APPLAUSE)

(14:35)

CANTOR:

Martha, you're a grand singer of songs.

MARTHA:

Thank you, Eddie.

CANTOR:

Is that all? No insults or anything?

MARTHA:

Why should I insult you?

CANTOR:

Martha, in radio the guest is always supposed to insult the star of the program.

MARTHA:

I won't do it -- I won't insult you!...I never kick a man when he's down! (14:55)

CANTOR:

No insults, huh? Do me a favor -- go back to your own program and insult Parkyakarkus,

MARTHA:

That's impossible -- even when I call him a Moron he thinks it's a compliment,

CANTOR:

I know -- when Parky was on my program I told him once he had the mind of a ten year old, and he said, "Gee whiz, that's smensmational -- six years from now I gonna be a Mickey Rooney!"

MARTHA:

Well, do you think Parky will ever be a Mickey Rooney?

CANTOR:

No -- but he's awful close to a Mickey Finn!

MARTHA:

You leave Jolson out of this!

CANTOR:

Al, if you're listening -- she put that in herself!...

Martha -- why can't we be serious? (15:25)

MARTHA:

Eddie, you want me to behave myself? Get me that Bert Parks!

CANTOR:

He's not for you, Martha...He likes chocolate fudge -- not peanut brittle!...Why don't you act different on this program -- on your show you're always chasing after the men...Why not let them chase you?

MARTHA:

Eddie, at the dog races does the rabbit ever chase the dogs?

CANTOR:

Tonight anything is possible...I told this boy Bert Parks that you were a nice girl -- and he wants to meet you...Martha, he's very naive.

MARTHA:

I'll knock that out of him!

(16:00)

CANTOR:

Don't get rough with him, Martha...He's a simple kid -- he's got nothing --

MARTHA:

He's working for you!

CANTOR:

Yes -- WAIT A MINUTE!...Martha, when he comes in here I want you to act like a Society Debutante. I'll show you how to conduct yourself...look...I'm Bert Parks, I'm from the south, I'm a young boy --

MARTHA:

What an imagination!

CANTOR:

Remember I gotta look at your face, too -- Now look -- I just want you to treat Parks as though he was one of the four hundred.

MARTHA:

It's a lie -- I haven't been out with more than a hundred and eighty guys in my whole life!

CANTOR:

A wallflower!

MARTHA:

Thanks, loads!

CANTOR:

Don't you understand -- I'm anxious for Bert to meet you...I've gotta see how he makes love, • (16:45)

MARTHA:

But why?

CANTOR:

For a very small reason -- I don't wanna bring an amateur into my family!..Now here's the idea -- you play up to him, and he'll ask you for a kiss -- I know the boy...He'll ask you softly -- but you don't give in --

MARTHA:

You don't know me!

CANTOR:

(SOTTO) Martha -- your best behavior!..Here he is! ..Bert Parks -- I want you to meet my dear friend from Santa Barbara -- Miss Martha Raye.

PARKS:

It sure is nice knowin' you, Miss Raye.

MARTHA:

Charmed, I'm sure...It is indeed gratifying to make the acquaintance of those in one's own social sphere -- dat's the kind of a dame I am!

CANTOR:

Martha!

(17:45)

MARTHA:

I have my Rolls Royce here, Mr. Parks -- would you care for a spin -- Satchel Head?

PARKS:

I'm not very fond of motoring.

MARTHA:

A blooming pedestrian!...Would you care for the cinema?

PARKS:

No, thanks.

MARTHA:

A stroll in the park?

PARKS:

Uh-uh!

MARTHA:

Care to see my etchings?

PARKS:

No.

MARTHA:

Hey -- you wanna rattle?

CANTOR:

Martha -- you don't wrestle with a boy from Atlanta.

MARTHA:

What does he do?...He doesn't wrestle -- he doesn't go to the movies -- doesn't care about etchings -- what does he do?

PARKS:

I am bringing home the wood, Mother!

(18:25)

CANTOR:

Don't go back to lesson number one -- I'm advancing you to lesson number three! -- You kiss Miss Raye.

MARTHA:

Oh. I just know I'll swoon!

CANTOR:

Stop -- I know you kissed Bob Burns, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope -- the Ritz Brothers --

PARKS:

Gosh, Miss Raye -- you kissed all those people -- that must have been a lot of work.

CANTOR:

Not for Martha -- she lines the whole mob up -- puckers her lips -- pffft -- they're all kissed!... All right, Bert and Martha -- get ready!

Ladies and gentlemen, in the past whenever there was a kissing scene in radio, the listeners never knew what was going on...Tonight I will describe in detail everything that takes place between Martha Raye and Bert Parks...Here they are -- both sitting on a bench. Martha Raye edges up close to Bert Parks -- he edges away...She edges up -- he edges away -- she edges closer -- he edges --

SOUND: THUD

(19:15)

CANTOR:

...Awful short bench!...He's up again -- they come out for the second round. (SOUND: GONG) She has a loving look in her eyes -- he looks like a dead duck!...He sighs deeply --

SOUND: DEEP SIGH

CANTOR:

She sighs deeply.

SOUND: DEEP SIGH

CANTOR:

They both sigh deeply.

SOUND: TWO SHORT SIGHS

(19:40)

CANTOR:

Wrong sighs!..Now Martha puts her arm around Bert --
her right arm -- then her left -- now a right -- then
a left --

MARTHA:

What am I gonna do with this script?

CANTOR:

Oh oh -- she's got him -- she presses him close --
she presses him closer -- closer --

SOUND: CRUNCH

CANTOR:

Tomorrow he buys a new watch!...Now she kisses him.

SOUND: KISS

CANTOR:

She kisses him again...(SOUND: KISS AND THUD)...And
Martha Raye is alone on the bench!...She picks him
up -- she kisses him.

SOUND: THUD

CANTOR:

She picks him up again!...WHAT a love scene! This is
the hottest thing since the Chicago Fire!

SOUND: CRASH

CANTOR:

Now the bench is gone!...If this keeps up -- the audience will be gone!...They're back in each other's arms again --I think she finally got him...His hair is standing on edge -- he's wiggling from left to right -- from right to left -- It's love all right!

SOUND: SLIDE WHISTLE

(20:40)

CANTOR:

Nope, sorry -- there was a splinter in the bench!... He's trying to get the splinter out -- now this time, Mother -- he's really gonna bring home the wood!...She feels sorry for him. -- She's stroking his hair...She lifts her face to his -- Boy, is this gonna be a kiss! ...She's got him now -- he can't get away!...There they go!...They're still kissing --

(SOUND OF SUSTAINED KISS)

SOUND: SUCTION CAP BEING PULLED

CANTOR:

Ladies and gentlemen, that was not a cow pulling its foot out of the mud -- it was Martha Raye releasing her clutch!...Well, Martha -- what do you think of our Bert Parks?

(21:10)

MARTHA:

What do I think of him? In his pocket I just left the two thousand dollar check you gave me for coming on your program.

CANTOR:

You did?...Bert Parks -- come here.

PARKS:

Yes, sir.

CANTOR:

I am amazed at you...A young boy, on the threshold of life -- accepting two thousand dollars for your kisses...Shame! Shame! To think that a thing like this could happen in my very presence -- two thousand dollars!

PARKS:

I'm awful sorry, Mr. Cantor -- but what can I do?

CANTOR:

What can you do? What can you do? You met her on my program -- you can at least give me half!...Martha, here's your check back -- and, if you really want to see a kisser -- Russian, come here -- I want you to meet the glamorous personality of the Al Jolson program.

GORDON:

My O MY -- Parkyakarkus with a dress!

(22:05)

CANTOR:

No! It's Martha Raye -- and be nice to her.

GORDON:

I don't like her, Camphor -- because she runs around with lowbrows.

MARTHA:

What are you talking about -- lowbrows...Last night I was out with you.

GORDON:

WELL?

CANTOR:

Oh, Russian -- why don't you talk sense!

GORDON:

What -- and lose my job!

CANTOR:

At least show the lady some respect.

(22:20)

GORDON:

Very well...Martha, mine love--when I'm by your side I can think only of one who is fascinating.

MARTHA:

Yes --

GORDON:

I can think only of one who is adorable, desirable -

MARTHA:

Yes --

GORDON:

Thrilling -- lovable --

MARTHA:

Yes..yes..go on!

GORDON:

Say -- how long can a man keep talking about himself?

CANTOR:

Listen to that conceit.

MARTHA:

That's not conceit...Russian, I could go for you -- if you only had a physique like Gary Cooper...If you only had a personality like Ronald Colman...If you only had a face --

GORDON:

Yes -- go on.

MARTHA:

That's all -- if you only had a face!-- look at that hair...Why if I had you at the end of a pole I could clean windows with you!

CANTOR:

Yes, Russian -- and if I had you at the end of a pole I could catch fish with you.

GORDON:

Don't you talk, Cantor -- I saw you at the end of a pole.

CANTOR:

At the end of what Pole?

GORDON:

The Popularity Poll!

CANTOR:

Who pays attention to-----Where'ja see it?

(23:20)

MARTHA:

Don't believe him, Eddie -- I saw the latest Popularity Poll and you weren't at the bottom.

CANTOR:

Thank you, Martha.

MARTHA:

You weren't even on it!

CANTOR:

Martha, will you admit I wrote you the best lines.

GORDON:

He's bragging about writing lines. I'm laughing (LAUGHS)--right now you are looking at one of the greatest authors of all times.

CANTOR:

Stop, Russian -- you wouldn't know a book from a hole in the wall.

(23:45)

GORDON:

Is that so?...Did you ever read "Cinderella?"

CANTOR:

Yes.

GORDON:

You ever read "Goldilocks and The Three Bears?"

CANTOR:

Of course.

GORDON:

And did you ever read "Jack And The Beanstalk?"

CANTOR:

Certainly.

GORDON:

You wanna buy a highchair for two dollars?

CANTOR:

What an author?

MARTHA:

(LAUGHS) Russian, how would you like to write my next picture?

GORDON:

Even if I wrote it -- you couldn't be the leading lady, because you got no apple.

MARTHA:

I've got no what?

GORDON:

You've got no apple -- sex-apple!

CANTOR:

Apple! That's appeal -- appeal! Apple!

GORDON:

Peel your own apple!

CANTOR:

-28-

Oh stop!...saying Martha Raye has no sex appeal!

MARTHA:

I wish you were here a little while ago, Russian--
When I kissed Bert Parks. What a kisser! What
a kisser!

GORDON:

You leave mine face out of this! I'll fix that
Central Parks!--Where did he go?

CANTOR:

I guess he's bringing home the wood!

GORDON:

The wood, eh? -- Well - for you it might be oke,
but it goes against my grain!

CANTOR:

I can tell that by the timbre of your voice.

GORDON:

I'll show you, Camphor!- Martha, my pretty maiden,
are you in the mood for a little fancy kissing?

MARTHA:

Why yes - yes!

GORDON:

Camphor, when I'm kissing this girl she is
forgetting all about Bert Parks! Pardon me while
I am getting in the mood.

(NASAL SNORT - THEN KISS)

CANTOR:

What a kiss! Look at the kiss she's giving the
Russian!

GORDON:

Let me out of here!

CANTOR:

Russian- where are you going?

GORDON:

Mother, I'm bringing home the coal!

ORCHESTRA: "WHOOPEE CHASER" (EXIT RUSSIAN) (APPLAUSE) (25:20)

CANTOR:

Look Martha - now that we're all alone
(LOOK AROUND) Tell me frankly - what do you see
in the Russian, or that Bert Parks, that you
don't see in me? Look in my eyes, Martha - look
in my eyes---and say---

RAYE:

Jeepers Creepers where'd ya get those peepers!

(EXIT) (APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: "JEEPERS CREEPERS" - FADE ON CUE FOR

(25:50)

PARKS:

-30-

Let up and light up a Camel! Every day -- more and more smokers say this simple, pleasant practice of letting up and lighting up a camel is a grand pleasure and a grand help in warding off ragged, jangled nerves. Miss Elsbeth McKenzie, a salesgirl in one of New York's busy department stores, says.

WOMANS VOICE:

(ALLMAN...OFF STAGE MIKE) Every opportunity I get -- rest periods, lunch hours -- I let up and light up a Camel Cigarette. Camels are simply swell to taste -- and they definitely are soothing to my nerves.

PARKS:

Davey Kerr, the famous goalie for the New York Rangers Ice Hockey Team, is another in a long list of noted Athletes who let up and light up a Camel to ease the tension of keen, nerve-straining competition. Davey Kerr says.

MANS VOICE:

(HANLON...OFF STAGE MIKE) Well, I wouldn't be a goalie very long if I let my nerves get upset or jittery. I avoid nerve strain by letting up and lighting up a Camel Cigarette whenever I get the chance. That calms me down, helps me get a grip on things again. You bet, Camels are soothing to my nerves.

PARKS:

Yes -- you'll find everywhere you turn -- in every sport, in every business -- In office or at home -- people who make a regular practice of letting up and lighting up a Camel to ease nerve strain. For smokers find that Camels costlier tobaccos are soothing to the nerves. Try it yourself. Let up and light up a camel.

(26:45)

51458 3393

CANTOR: (VERSE)

"I've got some good news, neighbors,
Next Monday night there's gonna be a Ball.
And I hope you'll all be there
At this marvelous affair.
Imagine one big hall reaching all the way
Across the continent from Maine to Frisco Bay.
You mustn't miss this great event
In honor of our President.

(REFRAIN)

Come along and bring all your friends and neighbor
To the President's Birthday Ball,
I hope you'll heed the call
We gotta help him help those who are helpless!
Even tho you cast your vote for Landon,
You'll find a welcome for one and all,
Republicans in high silk hats
Will dance with humble Democrats!
On Monday night at the President's Birthday Ball!

(TAG)

(GLEE CLUB JOINS)

It's gonna be a grand affair,
Even Hoover will be there!
On Monday night at the President's Birthday Ball!"

(APPLAUSE)

(27:50)

CANTOR: Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, and thank you, Martha Raye, for a swell performance. Be sure to listen next week when we take you on a radio visit to the most glamorous of all night clubs -- Earl Carroll's new Hollywood Rendezvous of the stars -- with "the portals through which pass the most beautiful girls in the world." The Earl Carroll girls are unquestionably the most beautiful, charming, gracious, attractive girls -----

GUFFY: Go on, Cantor -- knock your own kids!

CANTOR: Get out of here, Guffy! And don't think I'm speaking to you when I say: (28:10)

(INTO "ONE HOUR")

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.

(CUT ON CUE FROM V.K...E.C. SAYS GOOD NIGHT)
(SWELL MUSIC...BUILD APPLAUSE...FADE ON CUE)

(29:00)

PARKS:

This goes quite a ways to explain the remarkable popularity of Camel Cigarettes. Camels are a matchless blend of finer, more expensive tobaccos. Smokers find that these costlier tobaccos in Camels are soothing to the nerves. How about giving Camels a trial yourself. Smoke six packages of Camels. See if costlier tobaccos...the soothing comfort you get from letting up and lighting up Camels...don't show you why Camels are the largest-selling cigarette in the world.

Remember to listen to Benny Goodman, The King of Swing, tomorrow night at nine-thirty Eastern Standard Time.

This is Bert Parks sayin' "Hurry back."

(MUSIC AND APPLAUSE SWELL)

HANLON:

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

(FADE THEME TWENTY SECONDS)

Eight P.M. B-U-L-O-V-A -- Bulova Watch Time.

WABC.....NEW YORK