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EDDIE CANTOR'S CAMEL CARAVAN - CB # 22 -

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1939

4:30 - 5:00 P.M.  
7:30 - 8:00 P.M.

Program No. 36

CANTOR	GLEE CLUB (11)	CUTTING COPY	P.A. OPERATOR
FIELDS	DONOHUE	KIRK	SCHUMANN
HOLZMAN	BUNKY	SPAN	STAGE HANDS
PARKS	RAPP	HANLON	KAY ST. GERMAIN
GORDON	MAURICE	KNIGHT	ED. MCDONALD (2:30)
FAIRCHILD	PEARSON	WHITE	MAYOR ROSSI
ESTY (6)	FILE COPY	ADAM CARROLL	HOWARD SWARTZ (2:30)
		SCHWEIGER	
	(4:15)	BEA BENADERET	

MUSIC ROUTINE:

SELECTION:

1. OPENING WITH "WHOOPEE"
2. "UMBRELLA MAN"
3. REPRISE OF "UMBRELLA MAN" (TWICE)
4. "LET'S US GET TOGETHER"
5. "LET'S US GET TOGETHER" (TWO PIANOS)
6. "LET'S US GET TOGETHER" (ORCHESTRA)
7. FANFARE C (SHORT VERSION)
8. "GOLDEN GATE"
9. "ONE HOUR"

PARKS:

(COLD) Let up and light up a Camel!

(TYMPANI)

GLEE CLUB:

Let up -- and light up a Camel.

(ECHO)

Light up your face with a smile....for

We want Cantor, Here comes Cantor!

It's.....

Eddie Cantor's (PIANO)

Camel (PIANO) CARAVAN!

ORCHESTRA: (TAG)

(NO APPLAUSE)

PARKS:

(SNEAK IN WHOOPÉE...ON CUE) This is the Camel  
Caravan, starring Eddie Cantor! A half hour of  
entertainment 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  
-- Eddie Cantor!

MUSIC: (SWELLS)

(APPLAUSE...AS CANTOR ENTERS)

(1:05)

CANTOR:

Hello, everybody!....Hello, Bert Parks....Bert, in just about an hour from now we'll be on our way to San Francisco to play a week at the Fair!

PARKS:

Mr. Cantor, will we have time to see any of Treasure Island while we're up there?

CANTOR:

Certainly....the show I'm putting on will be at the auditorium right on the Island....You'll love it, Bert -- they have the biggest scenic railway ever built....You go straight up for a half a mile, and then you go down, down, down -- and when you get to the bottom, the other car starts over the top.

PARKS:

What other car?

CANTOR:

The one that brings down your stomach!....Oh, it's wonderful!...But it won't be all play for you up there, Bert -- remember you're appearing in my stage show.

PARKS:

Oh, shucks -- with my dramatic school training, that'll be easy for me.

CANTOR:

It will, eh?

PARKS:

Sure -- I've only been going to dramatic school for six weeks and already they've taught me how to express the emotions of sorrow, hate, anguish, and suppressed ecstasy. (2:00)

CANTOR:

Mmm -- that's quite a few emotions...Let's see -- how do you express sorrow.

PARKS:

Ohhhhhhhhhh!

CANTOR:

Mmm -- that is pretty sad!.....Now let's see you express hate.

BERT:

(SAME EXPRESSION) Ohhhhhhhhhh!

CANTOR:

That's kind of close to sorrow, isn't it?....Maybe you'd better try suppressed ecstasy.

PARKS:

(SAME EXPRESSION) Ohhhhhhhhhh!

CANTOR:

Wuzza matta, Baby?....Bert, it took you six weeks to learn that? I could teach it to this audience in six seconds....Ladies and gentlemen -- let me have anguish.

(HANLON DISPLAYS CARD)

AUDIENCE:

OHOOOOOOOOOO!

CANTOR:

You see that -- those people are really suffering!

PARKS:

Yeah -- but they got in for nothing! (2:50)

CANTOR:

That doesn't make any difference -- Anyway, Bert -- for our San Francisco show, you'll have to forget everything you learned at that dramatic school.

PARKS:

But why, Mr. Cantor?

CANTOR:

Because I'm gonna do jokes -- and you're gonna be my straight man....Now let's rehearse -- this is our first joke....You say to me, "Mr. Cantor, it's awfully nice of you to play the San Francisco World's Fair." And I say, "Yes, the folks in New York are meaning and crying."....Then you say, "How do you know?".....And I say, "People told me they heard Grover Whalen!"....That's the joke.

PARKS:

What joke?

CANTOR:

Grover Whalen!

(3:20)

PARKS:

But that's not funny -- saying people heard Grover Wailing!

CANTOR:

Now it's not funny -- it was funny till you got ahold of it!

(3:30)

PARKS:

I think I've got it, Mr. Cantor -- let me try it once more.

CANTOR:

Go ahead.

PARKS:

"The people in New York are crying -- "

CANTOR:

No, Bert -- the people in New York are not crying.

PARKS:

They are if they're listening to this program! (3:40)

CANTOR:

Look Bert -- we'll try it once more -- only this time, I'll be the Straight Man and you'll be me.... Now go ahead -- you're Cantor, and I'm Bert Parks, speak up!

PARKS:

Okay....Bert Parks -- you've worked awfully hard these past ten weeks -- and I think you deserve a raise -- (3:55)

CANTOR:

Wait a minute -- there's no joke in that.

PARKS:

You're right -- working for you is no joke! (4:00)

CANTOR: Forget about jokes -- we'll rehearse on the train. And incidentally, Bert, remember to bring some make-up for the theatre.

PARKS: Make-up?

CANTOR: Yes, on the stage we all make-up. You know -- lipstick, face rouge -- I always cover my face with make-up.

PARKS: Well, if you'll 'scuse my sayin' so -- you got something to hide!.....

CANTOR: Is that so?

SOUND: CRASH

PARKS: What was that?

CANTOR: Nothing much -- I just dropped your option! -- Now you've got something to hide -- your puss, in the the corner! Stay there, and say one hundred times, "I hate fudge."

PARKS: I'll do it, Mr. Cantor -- (FADING) But my heart won't be in it!

(APPLAUSE)

KAY: Excuse me, Mr. Cantor.

CANTOR: Oh -- Kay St. Germain! Kay, I'll bet you and Bert will have a lotta fun together at the Fair. He likes you.

KAY: I don't know -- Bert comes over to my house every night, but nothing ever seems to happen. I guess it's on account of my little brother.

CANTOR: Your little brother?

KAY: Yeah. For a kid that doesn't drink he gets under more couches! (4:55)

CANTOR:

Oh, I know just how you feel, Kay. When I was going with Ida -- she had a little brother too!! One night I said, "Listen son -- your sister Ida and I would like to talk -- here's a nickel -- go out in the yard for about an hour." And the kid said, "A nickel an hour -- hnnnnnnn -- coolie wages!" Oh those kids can get in your way.

KAY:

Well even when the kid brother's not around, Bert acts so peculiar. He sits down next to me on the couch, then all of a sudden he jumps up -- sits down again and jumps up -- that goes on all night!

CANTOR:

Oh well, Kay -- you oughta get rid of that horse-hair sofa!! But tell me --- when he comes to visit you, does he ever bring you a gift?

KAY:

Oh yes, Mr. Cantor -- last week he brought me this scarf I'm wearing -- he knitted it himself! Where is Bert?

CANTOR:

In the corner --

PARKS:

I hate fudge -- I hate fudge -- I hate fudge. I was a bad boy!

CANTOR:

Kay -- take Bert Parks out and rehearse your Umbrella song.

KAY:

(FADING) Okay, Mr. Cantor.

(6:00)



CANTOR:

Fairchild -- have you told your partner Adam Carroll that he's going with us to San Francisco?

FAIRCHILD:

Yes, Eddie. How long are we gonna be up in San Francisco?

CANTOR:

Oh, about ten days.

FAIRCHILD:

Then I guess I ought to bring another shirt! (6:10)

CANTOR:

Another shirt? What's wrong with the one you're wearing?

FAIRCHILD:

Well, you see -- I have to rinse it out at night and it isn't always dry by morning...What can you do about it?

CANTOR:

What can I do about it? Me? I'll tell you what I'll do -- I'm a young boy -- I don't need much sleep -- I'll stay up all night and blow on your shirt!.....Look, Cookie -- did you ever think of sending your shirt to a laundry?

FAIRCHILD:

Yes -- I sent it to a laundry once.

CANTOR:

What happened?

FAIRCHILD:

They refused it!

(6:40)

CANTOR:

I don't know why I'm taking you to the San Francisco World's Fair -- It's going to be the greatest --

FIELDS:

What's wrong with the New York World's Fair?

CANTOR:

Mister Guffy!...(APPLAUSE)...Guffy, I think that both San Francisco and the New York World's Fair are the finest in the world.

FIELDS:

That's it! -- San Francisco and New York can have World's Fairs, but a town like Pomona can't even have a Carnival! (7:00)

CANTOR:

Let them have a Carnival -- let them have two Carnivals -- five -- seven -- eight --

FIELDS:

That's right -- clutter up the whole town with ferris wheels and pop bottles --

CANTOR:

Do me a favor, Guffy, go away --

FIELDS:

Go where?...Where should I go? Where should I go?

CANTOR:

Please, Guffy...don't tempt me...Why do you always start on one subject and twist it around so we're on other subjects?

FIELDS:

Why all of a sudden do you have to help the New York World's Fair?

CANTOR:

New York? -- but I'm putting on this show for the San Francisco World's Fair!

FIELDS:

That's not helping out New York, huh!

CANTOR:

All right -- I'll give in to you 'cause I want you to appear with me on the stage at the Fair.

FIELDS:

Oh! I gotta go up there and make you funny...And I suppose you're taking the Mad Russian too, huh! (7:50)

CANTOR:

Listen, Guffy -- you can't make me funny, the Mad Russian can't make me funny -- nobody can make me funny --

FIELDS:

You admit it, huh!

CANTOR:

I beg of you Guffy -- go and take a vacation!

FIELDS:

Sure -- President Roosevelt -- he's on a vacation, so I gotta go and annoy him!

CANTOR:

- 12 -

Nobody's asking you to vacation with the President!

FIELDS:

What's wrong with Roosevelt?

CANTOR:

Nothing!...I think he's all right!

FIELDS:

Oh, -- Mrs. Roosevelt isn't, huh!

CANTOR:

Why of course she is!...Mrs. Roosevelt is a wonderful woman -- I'm an ardent follower of hers.

FIELDS:

-- and you don't get tired changing trains?

CANTOR:

I didn't say anything about trains.

FIELDS:

Why not?...the railroads aren't having it tough enough...can't give 'em a plug!

CANTOR:

Look, Guffy!...I like trains, I love trains, I ride on trains every chance I get --

FIELDS:

Just as I thought -- trying to put the busses out of business. (8:50)

CANTOR:

Who said anything about busses?...Busses are fine, I always send my children to school by bus.

FIELDS:

Hmmmmmm! -- too cheap to buy an automobile!

CANTOR:

Listen Mister!...I'm not bragging, but I've got four automobiles -- a Buick, a Cadillac, a Packard, and a Studebaker.

FIELDS:

Sure, what do you care if Chrysler starves!

CANTOR:

Don't worry, Chrysler won't starve...he's got millions -- millions!

FIELDS:

Look how one millionaire can get jealous of another.

CANTOR:

I'm not jealous of Mr. Chrysler...I'm not jealous of anybody...I'm not even jealous of other comedians!

FIELDS:

Of course not...There's a lot of difference between you, exhale, and Fred Allen!

CANTOR:

Wait a minute, Guffy!...What do you mean "There's a lot of difference between me, exhale, and Fred Allen!"

FIELDS:

You don't think I'd mention you and Allen in the same breath!

(9:45)

CANTOR:

Oh, if you'd only go away -- if only I could get alone!

FIELDS:

A loan, eh?...You can't call up the Morris Plan -- I've gotta do it for you!

CANTOR:

Who's talking about the Morris Plan?...I don't want to borrow money...I've got all I need.

FIELDS:

Oh, a capitalist!

CANTOR:

Who's a capitalist?...Money doesn't mean anything to me.

FIELDS:

Oh! A radical!

CANTOR:

I'm not...I could walk the streets without a nickel in my pocket and get by.

FIELDS:

A bum!

CANTOR:

Guffy -- You're the most obstreperous, unreasonable--  
(10:15)

FIELDS:

(AD LIB)

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(EXIT) (APPLAUSE)

CANTOR:

Oh gosh -- do I need a tonic! (11:00)  
I've got it! Bert -- Kay -- through rehearsing?

BERT AND KAY:

Yes Sir.

CANTOR:

Let's hear it -- okay, Fairchild! (11:05)

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION)

GLEE CLUB: Umberellas.....Umberellas.....

SOUND: DOOR BELL...DOOR OPENS

KAY: Yes?

PARKS: Excuse me, miss, but you got any ole broken-down umberellas you want fixed today?

KAY: Oh, no! (SING) Mama don't allow no umberella man 'round here!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM (ORCHESTRA INTRODUCTION)

PARKS: (Doggone!) I'm a gloomy fella, not an umberella to fix today! With the dough I'm earnin' Guess I'll be returnin' to PWA Just a parasol, it may be small, it may be big.

KAY: I repair them all with what you call a thing-a-ma-jig Pitter patter patter, pit-pitta patter-patter, it looks like rain

BERT: Let it pitter patter

KAY: Who cares, it doesn't matter, don't mind the rain

PARKS: I'll mend your umbrella and go on my way

KAY: Swingin' out with a (LICK)

PARKS: (LICK) Any umberellas to fix today?

KAY: When there's a lull (FILL IN) And things are dull (FILL IN)

PARKS: I sharpen knives for all the wives in the neighborhood

KAY: I'll bet you're very very very very good! (FILL IN)

PARKS: I'll darn a sock (FILL IN) Or set a clock (FILL IN)

KAY: An apple cart, a broken heart

PARKS: I mend anything.

KAY: But he'd rather sing:

PARKS: Toot-toot-toot- da-dodle-ladle Toddle-luma-luma

KAY: Reet-teet.....(BREAK)

PARKS: Any umberellas, any umberellas to fix today

KAY: (WITH GLEE CLUB HUMMING IN BACKGROUND) He'll break my poor heart then go on his way

GLEE CLUB: (SINGING)

PARKS: (LICK)

KAY: (LICK)

PARKS: (LICK)

KAY: (LICK)

BOTH: Listen Cinderella  
Won't you kindly tella fella  
Have you got an umberella  
To be fixed today!

(2:30) (BAND FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (REPRISE...."UMBRELLA MAN")

(13:35)

PARKS:

One of the major exhibits at the San Francisco Fair is the Television display. Engineers are working tirelessly -- days and nights on end -- striving to perfect televised broadcasting and reception. Many of these hard-working experts are Camel smokers who find that letting up and lighting up a Camel is a delightful way to ease the strain of their work. Richard E. Wagner, television engineer, says:

(MUSIC  
OUT)

MAN'S  
VOICE:

(OFF-STAGE MIKE) (ED McDONALD) I spend hour after hour over electrical theories and tough mathematical problems. It's nerve-straining work. I find a brief let-up and a Camel cigarette rests me no end. I can't think of a more pleasant way to soothe my nerves.

PARKS:

Letting up and lighting a Camel plays a pleasant part in the daily routine of thousands of housewives, for, Mrs. Dorothy Temple says:

WOMAN'S  
VOICE:

(OFF-STAGE MIKE) (BEA BENEDARET) I thoroughly enjoy Camel's taste and mildness and I find a pause to let up and light up a Camel is very soothing to my nerves.

PARKS:

(SNEAK  
IN  
"UMBRELLA  
MAN")

Millions find that letting up and lighting up a mild, rich-tasting Camel gives you something more than just smoking. Camels are a matchless blend of finer, more expensive tobaccos -- Turkish and Domestic. Smokers find that Camels are soothing to the nerves.

(MUSIC SWELLS...FADES)

(14:40)



CANTOR:

Bert Parks -- your diction gets better every week --  
and I think that song of yours and Kay's will be a  
big hit up at the Fair.

PARKS:

Thank you, sir. What part of the show does our  
number come in?

(SCHUMANN SCREENS RUSSIAN)

CANTOR:

Just before the scene where I dress up like a barker  
and say: "Right this way to the biggest show on the  
Fairground, featuring the wildest animal in  
captivity --

GORDON:

How do you do!

CANTOR:

The Mad Russian!

(APPLAUSE)

(15:05)

CANTOR:

Russian, you're not going to be featured in my show!

GORDON:

I'm not even going to be in your show -- WHY? --  
Because I am remaining here to enter mine own  
Russian race horse in the Santa Anita Handicap.

CANTOR:

You're entering a horse? What's his name?

GORDON:

Kisheneff Gabernia Radif Kia!

CANTOR:

Is he good?

GORDON:

Is that horse good? Is that horse good! I went to  
school with him!

CANTOR:

Stop it -- they wouldn't allow a horse in the same school with you.

GORDON:

I know it -- I sneaked in! (15:50)

CANTOR:

What do you feed your animal?

GORDON:

For mine horse, I got a very special diet...If he behaves himself -- I let him eat the same food as a human being.

CANTOR:

And if he doesn't behave himself?

GORDON:

Then he must eat what I eat!

CANTOR:

I see...And what does your horse's diet consist of?

GORDON:

I give him some rolled oats, with a little cream -- some carrots -- cabbage -- a few peas -- maybe a baked potato -- a piece of roast beef, must be rare -- and only one cup of coffee with two pieces pie.

CANTOR:

But how can he win a race with all that food in him?

GORDON:

He doesn't have to -- he gets so fat, none of the other horses can pass him! (16:35)

CANTOR:

Oh, stop! Does your horse like a fast track, or  
is he a good Mudder?

GORDON:

A good what?

CANTOR:

Mudder -- Mudder --- Mudder --

GORDON:

Wuzza matta, Baby?

(16:50)

CANTOR:

Russian, you'll have a tough time convincing me that  
your horse has a chance to win!

GORDON:

That's all right, you see, mine parents --  
including mine father and mother -- they taught me  
to believe in that old saying.

CANTOR:

What old saying?

GORDON:

"If at first you don't succeed,"...That's true,  
isn't it, Camphor?

CANTOR:

Only half true..."Try, try, again."

GORDON:

Very well..."If at first you don't succeed!"

CANTOR:

"Try, try, again!"

GORDON:

I said it twice already -- why should I try again?

CANTOR:

(SHOUTS) "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again!"..."TRY, TRY, AGAIN!"

GORDON:

You're stubborn, ain't you?...Will you believe me if I tell you a very famous Russian jockey is riding mine horse in the handicap?

CANTOR:

Who is it?

GORDON:

Me.

(17:55)

CANTOR:

You -- why you weigh over a hundred and fifty pounds -- your horse will never win the hundred thousand dollars if he carries you.

GORDON:

The winner gets a hundred thousand dollars?

CANTOR:

Yes.

GORDON:

Then I'll carry the horse!

CANTOR:

That settles it...I might have believed that you own a horse -- but you'll never convince me that you're a jockey.

GORDON:

Don't say that -- I have mine jockey license hanging on the wall in mine house...If you'll give me the keys to your car, I'll go and get it.

CANTOR:

All right -- here's the keys...The car is right outside the door.

GORDON:

Thank you.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

CANTOR:

There he goes. He's getting in -- he's starting the motor!

SOUND: CAR DOOR SLAMMING...MOTOR STARTS...GRINDING OF GEARS...MOTOR SPEEDS UP...TERRIFIC CRASH...GLASS BREAKS

(RUSSIAN ENTERS WITH TORN COAT)

CANTOR:

Russian -- Russian -- You wrecked my car -- you don't know how to drive!

GORDON:

NOW he tells me! -

(APPLAUSE) (EXIT)

(19:05)

CANTOR:

Russian -- that's a funny bit we just did, and we'll play it in our show at the Fair.

PARKS:

Mr. Cantor, there's a man out here by the name of Pinky Tomlin.

CANTOR:

Pinky Tomlin -- Come on in! (APPLAUSE) Pinky, what brings you here?

PINKY:

Five hundred bucks and a plug for my song.

CANTOR:

Well, you're sure of the plug for your song...and if it's as good as "The Love Bug Will Get You If You Don't Watch Out," we'll do it in our show.

Mr. Fairchild -- make it good!!!

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION)

(19:40)

TOMLIN:

What's a tune without the words?  
It's like a love-nest without the birds  
SO LET'S US GET TOGETHER.  
What's a boy without a miss  
It's like a good-night without a kiss  
SO LET'S US GET TOGETHER.  
It takes two to make a bargain  
And two hearts are better than one  
So remember this my darlin'  
Nothin' is finished 'less it's begun.  
What's a band without a swing?  
It's like a wedding without a ring,  
SO LET'S US GET TOGETHER!

What's a plane without a flight?  
It's like a Camel without a light!  
SO LET'S US GET TOGETHER!  
What's a bank without the dough  
It's like the silver without hi ho  
SO LET'S US GET TOGETHER!  
It takes two to make a bargain  
And two hearts are better than one,  
So remember this, my darlin'  
Nothin' is finished 'less it's begun!  
What's a Pullman without a sleeper?  
It's like a Jeeper without a Creeper.  
Let's US GET TOGETHER!

(MODULATE WITH FOLLOWING)

TOMLIN:

What's a sky without a star?

CANTOR:

It's like an F.D. without an R.

TOMLIN:

What's a kiss without a hug

PARKS:

It's like the Jitter withouta the Bug!

TOMLIN:

What's a Vines without a Budge?

KAY:

It's like Bert Parks without his fudge!

CANTOR:

What's Dionne without those quins?

(BREAK) It's like a Dietrich without those pins -- oh

GORDON:

What's a crime without a clue?

It's like "How Do You" without the "Do"

GLEE CLUB:

SO LET'S US GET TOGETHER!

CANTOR:

What's a bung without a barrel?

It's like a Fairchild without a Carroll!

(TWO PIANOS)

CANTOR:

It takes two to make romances,  
All the good things come in pairs,  
Shoes 'n socks 'n gloves 'n pantses  
(BREAK) Why, they even decided on Two World's Fairs!  
What's an auction without some bids?

TOMLIN:

Well, what's Eddie Cantor, without five kids?

KAY:

Oh, let's us, (BAND SWELLS)

PARKS:

Let's us -- (BAND SWELLS)

GLEE CLUB:

Let's us, let's us get together!

(BAND SWELLS)

(APPLAUSE)

CANTOR:

Pinky, I think you got a cute song there, and we'll  
do something with it. Play it, Fairchild and Carroll  
will you?

ORCHESTRA:

"LET'S US GET TOGETHER"

(FADE ON CUE)

(22:25)

PARKS:

Look on the back of a package of Camel cigarettes and you'll find this statement: QUOTE Don't look for premiums or coupons, as the cost of the tobaccos blended in Camel cigarettes prohibits the use of them UNQUOTE. In other words, folks, costlier tobaccos! And when you say you like a mild cigarette, you mean a cigarette you can smoke steadily without worry about your throat. That's Camels! When you say you like a rich-tasting cigarette, you mean a cigarette that isn't flat after a few smokes. That's Camels. No, sir, you don't smoke just to be smoking...you smoke for genuine pleasure!

And do those costlier tobaccos in Camels make a difference? You know that millions let up and light up a Camel day in and day out. On this very program, you've heard smoker after smoker say that Camels are soothing to the nerves. And -- well, you know that more people prefer Camels than any other cigarette.

Prove it to yourself! If you're not getting all (SNEAK IN "LET'S US GET TOGETHER") that's coming to you in true smoking pleasure -- and I mean pleasure -- you try Camels. Try letting up and lighting a Camel, and see if you don't prefer the cigarette of costlier tobaccos...mild, soothing, rich-tasting Camel cigarettes?

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC SWELLS) (24:00)

SOUND: SIRENS FADE IN OFF MIKE...CHEERING CROWD RECORD



CANTOR:

What's going on -- a raid or something?

BERT:

(FADING IN) Mr. Cantor, the Mayor of San Francisco just drove up!

CANTOR:

The Mayor of San Francisco! Well, have him come in. Ladies and gentlemen, it is my great pleasure and privilege to bring to the microphone his honor, Angelo J. Rossi, Mayor of San Francisco!

ORCHESTRA: (FANFARE "C")

(APPLAUSE AS MAYOR ROSSI ENTERS)

MAYOR:

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen -- thank you, Eddie Cantor. You're probably wondering why this unexpected visit....

CANTOR:

Yes, Your Honor --

MAYOR:

Well, you're going to appear at our Fair and I've come down here to personally escort you back to San Francisco.

CANTOR:

Thank you, Mayor Rossi, but y'know, this isn't the first time I've been escorted by a city official. A few years ago it happened. Of course, it wasn't a Mayor who took me -- it was the Sheriff -- and the reason wasn't a World's Fair -- it was a narrow minded hotel -- gosh, they could always get more towels and sheets -- what were they kicking about?

(24:45)

MAYOR:

(LAUGHS) YES, only this time, you're being escorted to San Francisco, the finest city in the world -- you agree with me, don't you, Eddie?

CANTOR:

Well, Mayor Rossi -- you forget -- I was born in New York.

MAYOR:

New York -- New York -- Oh! You mean that place near New Jersey!

CANTOR:

Now, wait a minute -- New York is a big city -- they have a certain big thing going on there right now.

MAYOR:

I did hear something about a sort of a Carnival they're holding in Flushing -- Long Island is it?

CANTOR:

Carnival? Why, that's the New York World's Fair!

MAYOR:

Is that what it is? We have a little space left on our fair grounds -- and if you can fix it, we'd like to exhibit the New York World's Fair!

CANTOR:

Oh, sure -- you wouldn't like Mayor La Guardia to do a little cooch dance on the side!

MAYOR:

I was just kidding -- Eddie. You've got a swell home town -- You know, I think New York has a good chance of some day becoming the San Francisco of the East! (25:45)

CANTOR:

Kid all you like, Mayor Rossi -- I think it's swell of you to supply me with an escort all the way --

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

(25:50)

CANTOR:

I'll take it. Hello? Eddie Cantor speaking.

VOICE:

(ON FILTER) (HOWARD SWARTZ) (OFF-STAGE MIKE)

This is Mayor Bowron of Los Angeles! I've been listening to your talk with Mayor Rossi of San Francisco.

CANTOR:

Yes -- he's here on my program.

VOICE:

Oh HE'S on your program. I'M not good enough to be on it! I suppose I don't know anything about the San Francisco Fair!

CANTOR:

Of course you do -- you know all about it!

VOICE:

Then what am I doing down here -- why don't I go up there and help them?

CANTOR:

Go to San Francisco --

VOICE:

That's right -- chase me out of town!

CANTOR:

Wait a minute -- is this Mayor Bowron or Mayor Guffy? Look, I had nothing to do with this matter. Mayor Rossi of San Francisco is furnishing me with an escort --

VOICE:

Oh no! If you're going to be escorted OUT of this town -- WE want the pleasure of doing it!

(SLAMS RECEIVER)

(26:30)

CANTOR:

How do you like that? Two Mayors fighting over Cantor! Now if only that other Mayor would fight over me.

MAYOR:

Which other Mayor?

CANTOR:

Louis B. Mayer! But, don't worry, Your Honor, we're going to give you a good show in San Francisco.

MAYOR:

Thank you, Eddie. I know you will.

CANTOR:

And let me say, you've been a great sport about all this kidding tonight. (26:50)

MAYOR:

Thanks, Eddie -- you're a great sport, too!

CANTOR:

And you're not only a grand Mayor -- but a great Humanitarian.

MAYOR:

Thanks, Eddie, you're a great Humanitarian, too.

CANTOR:

And to top it all, Your Honor -- you're very funny on the air! (FIVE SECOND PAUSE)

Are the acoustics bad in here?

(27:05)

MAYOR:

Before I go, Eddie, as Chief Executive of the city of San Francisco, I want you to know that we are all thrilled by your acceptance of our invitation to bring your Camel Caravan to the Fair grounds on Treasure Island. With you and your gang there for a whole week, Treasure Island is bound to be Pleasure Island. Your clean, wholesome fun is always welcome in San Francisco. I think when you see the crowd meeting you there at the station tomorrow morning, their demonstration will speak our sentiments more eloquently than any words of mine. I intended bringing you the key to the city, but to tell you the truth, the day your visit was announced, we tore down the door!

(APPLAUSE...CUED BY PARKS)

(27:50)

CANTOR:

(SNEAK Thank you, Mayor Rossi...I can just see the welcome  
IN  
INTRO:) sign on the Great Golden Gate...and that's why  
my company and I want to say:

(28:00)

CANTOR:

Golden Gate, we're comin' to ya  
Golden Gate, Shout Hallelujah,  
By highway and trail,  
By skyway and rail  
We're headin' for that Golden Gate!  
There'll be a big parade,  
From bay to highland,  
When our brigade,  
Hits Treasure Island,  
We're goin' strong now,  
It won't be long now  
So open wide that Golden Gate!

(WITH GLEE CLUB...BAND SWELLS)

Back East in my home state...

There's a bit of competition  
From another Exposition  
Can't you see the population  
Gettin' ready for vacation  
Coast to coast throughout the nation  
One terrific celebration  
It is immense,  
Par excellence,  
If Ida lets me take the dough  
I guarantee that I will go  
To BOTH events!  
But first, that Golden Gate --  
Think of all the thrills it has,  
Not to mention Alcatraz,  
Gee, it's great,  
Tell the folks to congregate  
It's all that I can do to wait  
On our way now!

GLEE CLUB: Hip Hip Hooray now!

CANTOR: Open wide that Gold-Gold-Golden Gate!

GLEE CLUB: San Francisco, here we come!

(BAND SWELLS) (APPLAUSE)

(29:10)

CANTOR:

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, and don't forget  
that our program next week will be the first  
broadcast to reach you from the beautiful California  
Auditorium on Treasure Island at San Francisco's  
World's Fair. Until then, please remember that --

(CONTINUED)

(29:30)

CANTOR:  
(Cont'd)

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

(30:10)

(SWELL MUSIC...BUILD APPLAUSE...FADE ON CUE)

PARKS:

Next time you buy cigarettes -- remember this:  
Camels are a matchless blend of finer, more  
expensive tobaccos -- Turkish and Domestic. That  
can mean a lot of things in cigarette enjoyment...  
including the fact that smokers find Camel's  
costlier tobaccos are soothing to the nerves.  
Smoke six packages of Camels and see if it doesn't  
show you why Camels are the largest-selling  
cigarette in the world.

Remember to listen to Benny Goodman, the King of  
Swing, and Johnny Mercer tomorrow night at  
nine-thirty Eastern Standard Time,

This is Bert Parks, saying, "Hurry Back."

(MUSIC AND APPLAUSE SWELL)

HANLON:

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

(30:40)