

(FRISCO SHOW)

EDDIE CANTOR'S CAMEL CARAVAN - CP # 23

MONDAY, MARCH 6, 1939

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

Program No. 31

CANTOR	GLEE CLUB (11)	CUTTING COPY	P.A. OPERATOR
FIELDS	DONOHUE	KIRK	SCHUMANN
HOLZMAN	BUNKY	KNIGHT	STAGE HANDS
PARKS	RAPP	WHITE	ED. MCDONALD
GORDON	MAURICE	ADAM CARROLL	MRS. BENINCASA
ESTY (6)	PEARSON	SCHWEIGER	KAY ST. GERMAIN
FAIRCHILD	FILE COPY		BILL ROYLE
			VIVIAN EDWARDS

MUSIC ROUTINE:

SELECTION:

1. TREASURE ISLAND OPENING
2. "COULD BE" (PARKS VOCAL)
3. "COULD BE" (8 BARS AND FADE)
4. FANFARE C - (SHORT)
5. WALTZ
6. "COULD BE"
7. "MUTINY IN THE NURSERY"
8. LIFT CHASER
9. "COULD BE" (LAST 4 BARS)
10. "WHIRLING DERVISH"
11. ONE HOUR

(STEEL GUITAR GLISS)

GLIFF CLUB:

Here we are on Treasure Island . . .

In the blue Pacific, nestled by the Golden Gate.

Oh here we are on Treasure Island

with.....

Eddie Cantor's (PIANO)

Camel (PIANO) CARAVAN!

ORCHESTRA: (TAG)

(NO APPLAUSE) (ORCH: "TREASURE ISLAND")

PARKS:

Greetings ladies and gentlemen from the Golden Gate International Exposition in San Francisco -- where Eddie Cantor is now officiating as the first mayor of Treasure Island! This half hour of entertainment is made possible by the millions of Camel smokers -- who appreciate costlier tobaccos. You know -- Camels never tire your taste or go flat after a few smokes. No sir, that real tobacco taste of a Camel is always welcome..Smoke just as many Camels as you like -- for Camels are mild -- and I mean mild. Camel cigarettes are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos -- Turkish and Domestic...costlier tobaccos that are aged, mellowed, and then matchlessly blended for mildness and good flavor. You notice all this the very instant you let up and light up a Camel. And when you've made Camels your cigarette for steady smoking...then and only then will you appreciate what a real contribution Camels are to the pleasure you get out of living. Smokers find that Camels never jangle the nerves. And millions of smokers in every walk of life have turned to letting up and lighting up a Camel for something pleasantly different... in smoking...For true smoking pleasure...let up and light up a Camel! And speaking of pleasure -- here is -- EDDIE CANTOR!

(MUSIC SWELLS) (APPLAUSE AS CANTOR ENTERS)

CANTOR:

Hello, everybody!... Hello, Bert Parks!

PARKS:

Mr. Cantor, I want to congratulate you on being chosen Mayor of Treasure Island.

CANTOR:

Thank you .. Y'know being Mayor of Treasure Island entitles you to many privileges .. For instance, everybody who comes here has to pay fifty cents to cross the toll bridge.

PARKS:

And you don't pay?

CANTOR:

Oh, Yes, I pay .. But the Guard smiles at me! .. And that's not the only privilege the Mayor gets. When I buy a hot dog for ten cents I can put as much mustard on as I want. But when you buy a hot dog for a dime, you can put on as much mustard as you want, too!

PARKS:

Then there's no difference.

CANTOR:

That's what I say -- there's no difference! .. The Mayor gets the same as you do!

PARKS:

Oh, you're kidding, Mr. Cantor -- being Mayor here is an ornery thing.

CANTOR:

Bert, that word is Honorary not ornery -- read it right, willya?

PARKS:

Anyway it's wonderful .. Just think of it -- you're the first Mayor of Treasure Island.

CANTOR:

And being Mayor of Treasure Island has its compensations .. They gave me a full dress suit, a top hat and a cane ... Nice cane, isn't it, Bert?

PARKS:

But look, Mr. Cantor -- that cane has a nail on the end of it.

CANTOR:

Well -- between shows I'm supposed to pick up a few papers here and there!

PARKS:

Oh, is that why you're all bent over on one side?

CANTOR:

No, Bert -- that's from something else .. Y'know how they give you all your change in silver out here -- well, before this broadcast I changed a twenty dollar bill! .. (BUS.) ... Are those silver dollars heavy! .. I understand with all the visitors to the Fair they're actually running short of silver here -- this morning they had to send to Cleveland for more.

PARKS:

But Mr. Cantor, there is no mint in Cleveland!

CANTOR:

You never heard of O--hi-o Silver? .. Tell me, Bert -- how do you like broadcasting from the Fair Grounds?

PARKS:

It's marvelous .. Don't you feel honored being selected to give the first Major broadcast from Treasure Island?

CANTOR:

Well, Bert, the selection was a natural thing .. They have the most wonderful buildings in the world here -- the greatest paintings -- the most sensational exhibits -- and when it came to radio entertainment, they wanted the best, too.

PARKS:

Is that why they chose you?

CANTOR:

Yes .. That -- plus the fact that Jack Benny, Fred Allen, and Charlie McCarthy and eleven others turned them down! .. See what I mean, Bert?

PARKS: (LAUGHS)

I'm sure glad you brought me up here with you, Mr. Cantor -- I love it.

CANTOR:

I love it, too .. In fact, later on I'm gonna play all over the Bay region ... On our left is Oakland -- I'll be booker there.

PARKS:

On our right is San Francisco ---

CANTOR:

I'll be booked there.

PARKS:

And look -- there's Alcatraz ---

CANTOR:

I'll be ----- you mind your business!.. (continued)

(continued)

CANTOR:

But let's get back to the Fair, Bert .. It's so much more interesting to talk about -- The Gay Way, the Court of Nations, Sally Rand's Nude Ranch --- don't worry, Bert, I'm not gonna mention about you! .. Tell me -- how did you like the Jin-Rickshas?

PARKS:

Oh, Mr. Cantor -- I never drink a thing!

CANTOR:

No .. I mean the little carriages - you know, a Chinese boy gets in front and carries you all over the Fair.

PARKS:

Did you ride in one?

CANTOR:

No, I prefer Camels.

PARKS:

But Camels are cigarettes.

CANTOR:

I know -- but they've been carrying me very comfortably for over a year now! .. That's the truth! Where were we?

PARKS:

You were speaking of the Fair.

CANTOR:

Yes, Bert, it's a swell exposition they have here. I wish you'd have been with me last night .. You would really have seen something .. I went into the "Casa Manana" Night Club on the Gay Way. You should see the girls they have there -- beautiful. They work right on the floor among the tables. One gorgeous girl was leaning over an old gentleman's table. He was a bit nearsighted. He looked up and said, "I didn't order this, but it looks so good, I'll take it"! And he did! But they made him put it back. The best part of the entertainment was the customers themselves dancing on the stage during intermission. One old guy got up there, and how he carried on. He did the Shag and the Susie Q and the Big Apple. Everybody laughed and applauded him and sent champagne to his table and the old fool drank every bottle of it -- was I sick! But I'm enjoying every minute of this Fair, Bert.

PARKS:

There's one exhibit in the Hall of Science I'm sure you'll want to see, Mr. Cantor. They have a machine that can predetermine from the color of your hair and eyes, what your offspring will be, whether they will be boys or girls.

CANTOR:

Now they think of a thing like that! After all these years they invent such a machine! Cantor is getting old and gray -- can hardly walk -- ---- Bert - Sing a song while I go and throw myself off the Golden Gate Bridge.

ORCHESTRA: (Intro) "COULD BE"

PARKS:

Could be that yellow moon
 Is just a big balloon
 And not that yellow moon above.
 Could be that angel face
 Is something out of space
 And not that angel face I love.
 Could be this heart of mine
 Is just a valentine
 And not this heart of mine at all.
 Could be a dream I see
 But if you're asking me
 Could be I'm in love, could be!

- - - -

It's not an impossibility -
 Could be there's a brand new thrill for me -
 Could be, Would be,
 Should be, Could be,
 If you only understood me,
 Could be you'd be mine - - - - -
 Could be - yeah!

(APPLAUSE) (CUED BY SCHUMANN)

CANTOR:

Thanks, Bert - and now, ladies and gentlemen, we have a very unusual feature for you tonight .. Here is the winner of the Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand dollar Movie Quiz Contest -- Mrs. Elizabeth Benincasa!

(APPLAUSE) (MRS. BENINCASA ENTERS)

CANTOR:

Mrs. Benincasa, tell me -- how does it feel to win the first prize, fifty thousand dollars?

ELIZ:

How would you feel if your wife presented you with twin boys?

CANTOR:

Say no more! ... Did you figure that you might win the contest?

ELIZ:

Well, Mr. Cantor -- I always believed that some day my ship would come in.

CANTOR:

I see .. Did you ever win in any other contest?

ELIZ:

Yes -- once before .. In the San Francisco Call Bulletin I won ten dollars.

CANTOR:

Ten dollars? That was just a canoe! .. Mrs. Benincasa who were you with when they made the announcement that you won the contest?

ELIZ:

I was with my husband.

CANTOR:

What happened?

ELIZ:

The announcement came and I held up my hand.

CANTOR:

And then?

ELIZ:

Then we had to hold up my husband!

CANTOR:

And what did you do when you realized that you were the winner of fifty thousand dollars?

ELIZ:

I sat down in my seat and slept right through the next picture.

CANTOR:

I guess it was a pleasure to sleep through that picture.

ELIZ:

You ought to know -- you were in it!

CANTOR:

Y'know, if I didn't write that joke myself I would be insulted? .. Tell me, have you decided yet what you're gonna do with the money you won?

ELIZ:

Well, I thought I might invest in a new house.

CANTOR:

I'm glad you mentioned that -- because I have just the thing for you .. Fourteen rooms, ten acres -- a beautiful house in Great Neck, Long Island!

ELIZ:

But I want to live in San Francisco.

CANTOR:

Say, for fifty thousand dollars I'll move Great Neck out here -- piece by piece -- on my back! .. Why must you live in San Francisco -- were you born here?

ELIZ:

No, I was born in New York City.

CANTOR:

What brought you out here?

ELIZ:

I came out here on my honeymoon and fell in love with San Francisco .. In fact, my daughter was born here.

CANTOR:

Just one daughter? Lady -- you should be on the Major Bowes Program! .. You really should!

ELIZ:

Mr. Cantor -- did you ever win a big prize?

CANTOR:

Well, I married Ida ... The nicest girl in the world.

(APPLAUSE)

ELIZ:

Do you really mean that?

CANTOR:

You know a better way of getting applause? ...
But getting back to you -- you must be bothered quite a bit by
salesmen trying to sell you things.

ELIZ:

Yes, everybody has something to sell me -- limousines,
jewelry, fur coats, yachts and even a frog farm.

CANTOR:

Did you buy anything?

ELIZ:

Yes -- a new broom!

CANTOR:

Mrs. Benincasa, I wonder if you realize that from
the fifty thousand dollars you won you'll have to give the
United States Government Seven or Eight thousand dollars ...
How do you feel about that?

ELIZ:

Well, after all -- it's my own Government!

CANTOR:

That's very nice.

ELIZ:

I know some Governments that would take the whole
fifty thousand.

(INSERT ESSAY)

CANTOR: Oh! And How you're right!
Mrs. Benincasa, you're a good winner
because you're a good American. And I
want to thank you for coming here and I
hope that in every contest you enter
you will win something.

CANTOR:

Thank you, Mrs. Benincasa! (EXITS)

PARKS:

Gosh, there's one woman who's gonna have a swell time out at this fair.

CANTOR:

Yes, think of the things she can see -- the Art Exhibit, with one of the most precious paintings in the world, Gainsborough's Blue Boy -- looking down at her as if to say ----

GORDON:

How do you do!

CANTOR:

The Mad Russian! (APPLAUSE) .. Russian, what are you doing at the Fair?

GORDON:

I work here .. I have had five different jobs since yesterday .. First I was the snake charmer.

CANTOR:

Russian, you're a snake charmer? How long have you been charming snakes?

GORDON:

How long have I known you?

CANTOR:

What do you know about snake charming?

GORDON:

Not much .. I was working only ten minutes when the snake was playing the flute and I was dancing!

CANTOR:

Aren't you afraid of getting bitten?

GORDON:

It's only a baby snake -- plays all the time with a rattle!

CANTOR:

You ignorant Russian -- Do you know what those rattles are? The snakes rattle before they strike.

GORDON:

My O My -- the Snakes got a Union, too?

CANTOR:

Oh, stop.

GORDON:

While I was looking for a job, I decided to enjoy mineself so I paid a quarter and went into the Freak Show.

CANTOR:

Did you enjoy it?

GORDON:

I made money.

CANTOR:

You made money?

GORDON:

Yeah. the freaks chipped in a dollar apiece to look at me!

CANTOR:

I can believe that.

GORDON:

Certainly .. They gave me a job there, but I didn't like it -- it gave me heart burn.

CANTOR:

What was it?

GORDON: Fire-eater! .. But now I got a good job -- I'm the strong man, they break rocks over my head.

CANTOR:

Russian, doesn't it hurt?

GORDON:

Sure -- that's why I carry aspirin!

CANTOR:

(ASIDE)

Will you look at that face? I can't!

GORDON:

I can't look at it mineself! .. Haddie Camphor, how did I get such a face?

CANTOR:

Russian, the Lord made a pair of ears and said I've gotta have something to connect them with! (continued)

CANTOR:

You know, your ears remind me of the new Warner Brother's picture, "Wings of the Navy"?

GORDON:

You remind me of a picture, too -- "Pig-With-Millions"!

CANTOR:

Pig-With --- you mean "Pygmalion"! Oh, get out!

(EXIT)

ORCHESTRA: (8BARS "COULD BE" - FADE)

PARKS:

Let's look in on just one or two of the millions of smokers who let up and light up a Camel cigarette. Miss Eugenia Falkenburg of California is a typical American girl in her zest for sports. She dives. She swims. She rides. Her gold if of tournament caliber, and she ranks among the first ten women tennis players of California. She says:

WOMAN'S (VIVIAN EDWARDS) (OFF-STAGE MIKE) I get a lot of
VOICE:
fun out of life and part of it is in letting up and lighting up a Camel. That Camel mildness is something very special. And Camels never jangle my nerves.

PARKS:

Harvey Parry is a fellow with a tough job. He's a Hollywood stunt man. He says:

MAN'S (ED MCDONALD - OFF-STAGE MIKE) I go over cliffs
VOICE:
on horseback. I fall in front of speeding trains, and I jump from burning buildings. I let up and enjoy a Camel regularly. I sure do go for that rich Camel flavor. And Camels never get on my nerves.

PARKS:

And there are millions more -- in every sport, in every walk of life -- who prefer the mildness and rich tobacco taste of Camels...who let up and light up a Camel to get true smoking pleasure. Camels are a matchless blend of finer, more expensive tobaccos -- Turkish and Domestic. And smokers find -- more and more every day -- that Camel's costlier tobaccos never jangle the nerves.

ORCHESTRA: FANFARE C (SHORT)

CANTOR:

All right, Bert, now we'll take this portable microphone and conduct our listeners on a tour of the Grounds, so they can hear the Fair.

PARKS:

Let's go.

BARKER:

Step this way, ladies and gentlemen, and see the Modern Laundry Wonder of the Age ...Your shirt washed and ironed in one and one-half minutes - flat!

CANTOR:

Wait a minute, Mister -- you can't take off and put on a shirt in a minute and a half.

BARKER:

That's our secret -- we wash and iron your shirt while it's on your back! Step up here for a demonstration.

CANTOR:

All right ... Here you are, Bert -- hold my coat and vest.

SOUND: STEAM ESCAPING

CANTOR:

This is marvellous! .. (STEAM STOPS) Look, Bert -- my shirt is washed.

BARKER:

Kindly hold still while the iron is in motion.

CANTOR:

Well, can you beat that -- the iron is going around my collar .. And it feels good .. Look -- look -- at the lovely crease it just left in my sleeve .. And -- oh -- how nice and warm it is on my chest! ... And ---- wait a minute --- WOO WOO!

PARKS:

What's the matter, Mr. Cantor?

CANTOR:

I should never have let 'em iron my Shirt-tail! .. Let's get away from here.

BARKER:

Now let's move over this way, folks -- On your right is the complete Model Farm -- governed by the amazing new invention "THE CROP-STEPPER-UPPER"!

CANTOR:

A "CROP STEPPER-UPPER"? What's that?

BARKER:

It's a musical apparatus with loud speakers placed all over the farm. The music makes the cows give more milk, hens lay more eggs -- here, I'll demonstrate it for you.

SOUND: CLICK OF SWITCH

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC FADES IN - SLOW WALTZ)

BARKER: (OVER MUSIC) (ON CUE)

Now you go watch the hens.

PARKS:

Okay.

BARKER:

You keep your eye on the garden.

CANTOR:

Alright.

BARKER:

And I'll go see how the cows make out. Look sharp

(FADES) everybody.

CANTOR: (SHOUTS OFF MIKE)

How do things look, everybody?

(MUSIC SPEEDS UP TO A FORTE HURRY)

SOUND: CLASHING OF GEARS -- EXPLOSION

CANTOR:

Quick, mister -- turn off the machine -- the wires
must be crossed.

BARKER:

The wires are crossed?

CANTOR:

Yes -- look! Your cows are giving tomato juice!

PARKS:

---and the hens are laying corn on the cob!

CANTOR:

Quick -- somebody -- hand me that bucket before it's
too late!

PARKS:

What are you gonna do?

CANTOR:

I'm goin' to milk the asparagus!

ORCHESTRA -

"COULD BE"

(FADE ON CUE)

PARKS:

Gosh, Mr.Cantor -- walkin' all over this Fair
sure made me hungry.

CANTOR:

All right, Bert -- here's a hot dog stand .. I'll
call the attendant ... Say, Buddy -- here's ten cents let me
have a hot dog.

FIELDS:

Fine -- for a measly dime I gotta stop reading my
magazine, get up from my chair and wait on you!

CANTOR:

Mr. Guffy!

(APPLAUSE)

CANTOR:

How about a hot dog?

FIELDS:

Look, why do you have to bother me -- why don't
you go across the street and get a malted milk?

CANTOR:

But I don't want a malted milk?

FIELDS:

What's wrong with malted milks?

CANTOR:

There's nothing wrong with them -- they're great --
wonderful -- malted milks are healthy.

FIELDS:

That's it -- keep boosting malted milks and ruin
my business! ... Go on, say it -- my hot dogs make people sick!

CANTOR:

They don't .. Your hot dogs couldn't hurt anybody!

FIELDS:

Fine -- I'm all bent over like this because I'm an acrobatic freak.

CANTOR:

No, Mr. Guffy -- you're no acrobat --

FIELDS:

Oh, I'm just a plain freak!

CANTOR:

Look -- all I want from you is a hotdog.

FIELDS:

One hot dog! .. Too cheap to buy a drink to go with it.

CANTOR:

I'll buy a drink -- give me an orangeade.

FIELDS:

Oh, now I gotta run all over town trying to find oranges for you! .. You can't drink lemonade.

CANTOR:

All right, Mr. Guffy -- give me a lemonade.

FIELDS:

Wise guy -- you know I've got no lemons!

CANTOR:

Please -- please -- I don't want any orangeade, I don't want any lemonade ---

FIELDS:

You want First Aid!

CANTOR:

No -- I don't need First Aid!

FIELDS:

You haven't eaten that hot dog yet!

CANTOR:

Wait a minute -- aren't these hotdogs any good?

FIELDS:

Good? The one you've got in your hand played two weeks at the Chicago World's Fair . . . And was held over.

CANTOR:

I see -- and now it's in the San Francisco World's Fair.

FIELDS:

Are you gonna see the World's Fair in New York in September?

CANTOR:

Yes ---

FIELDS:

It'll be there too!

CANTOR:

Oh, stop, willya? No World's Fair would keep a measly hunk of meat over one day.

FIELDS:

You've been here a week, haven't you?

CANTOR:

You're not comparing me to a hot dog?

FIELDS:

Mustard wouldn't improve your appearance?

CANTOR:

That's all I can stand -- I'm going.

FIELDS:

That's fine -- you stand up here for half an hour -- take up all my time -- don't buy anything -- and now I gotta give you a toothpick!

CANTOR:

What? Where? I don't want a toothpick! I don't use toothpicks!

FIELDS:

Oh -- you're against the Lumber Industry! .. Thousands of CCC boys who plant the trees -- thousands of lumber jacks who cut 'em down -- millions who work in saw-mills should lose their jobs -- their wives and children should starve -- and why, why -- all because a heel like you won't use a toothpick!

CANTOR:

Come on, Bert -- let's get away from here.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS WALKING)

BARKER:

(EXCITED) Wait a minute -- only you can save my show! .. Oh Mr. Cantor . . .

CANTOR:

Why what's the trouble, mister?

BARKER:

The half-man, half-woman just walked out on me!

CANTOR:

The half-man, half-woman walked out on you? What happened?

BARKER:

Oh, she had an argument with himself!!

CANTOR:

And it quit, eh? Oh that's too bad.

BARKER:

Mr. Cantor, you'll have to help me out!

CANTOR:

Me? Oh now wait a minute -- I've done a lot of things by halves in my career -- programs that were half-baked -- pictures that were half-finished -- I've even been half of a horse act, and nevermind which half! But I've never been a half-man, half-woman!

BARKER:

This is an emergency, Mr. Cantor. If you were half a man you'd do it.

CANTOR:

Listen, I am half a man -- but that's not the half I'm worried about!!! Do you think you could make me look like the half-man, half-woman?

BARKER: With the costume and wig I've got, you can't miss.

CANTOR:

All right, I'll do it! .. But I hope my kids don't see me -- at my age I'd hate to have them start calling me Mother!

PARKS:

But just a minute, Mr. Cantor -- do you think you can do it?

CANTOR:

I don't see why not .. after all, half my ancestors were men and half were women!

ORCHESTRA: SHORT LIFT CHASER (EXIT) (APPLAUSE)

BARKER:

Hurry - Hurry - Hurry! Right this way --
There's "Mutiny in the Nursery" -- see and hear lovely
Kay St. Germain ----- (MUSIC)

(FADE OFF AS MUSIC SWELLS) Hurry-hurry-hurry . .

(INTRO SWELLS)

BARKER: (ON CUE)

All right, folks -- step right this way for the
greatest attraction on the Gay Way .. (TWO GONGS) ...

Edward-Edwina . . Half-Man, Half-Woman!

(CANTOR ENTERS . . CAPITAL LETTERS DENOTE
WOMAN'S VOICE)

CANTOR:

THANK YOU . . MOST OF YOU ARE PROBABLY WONDERING
HOW I GOT THIS WAY . . . AT THE AGE OF FIFTEEN THIS SIDE OF
MY FACE TOOK ON THE LOVELY SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION . . while
this side of my puss sprouted a heavy beard! . . However,
I have always tried to over-look Edwina's failings and . .
EXCUSE ME, ED . . Don't interrupt! . . BUT ED, OUR BACK
ITCHES, -- SCRATCH IT, PLEASE . . Scratch it yourself . .
it's on your side! .. OH, NEVER MIND!.. WOULD ANY OF YOU
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN CARE TO ASK ANY QUESTIONS?

WOMAN: (KAY ST. GERMAIN)

Yes -- how do you get along together? Do you fight
much?

CANTOR:

WELL, WE TRY NOT TO .. IT'S DIFFICULT ENOUGH TO BE
HAPPY AS WE ARE.

MAN: (FAIRCHILD)

Do you have any trouble sleeping?

CANTOR:

OH, YES -- YOU SEE, ED SNORES THROUGH HIS NOSTRIL
AND KEEPS WAKING ME UP! Yea, I snore and she whistles!

MAN:
: Does it take you long to dress in the morning?

CANTOR:

It only takes me a minute to shave, then I have to wait an hour while she makes up her half! .. BY THE WAY, YOUR RAZOR SLIPPED THIS MORNING AND YOU SHAVE TWO INCHES OF MY CHIN! .. Serves you right for spraying perfume on my side of our chest! .. And another thing -- I'm tired of compromising on the clothes we wear -- from now on if you can't get half a girdle you're out of luck! .. My half doesn't need one! Are there any other questions?

WOMAN:

Yes -- do you manage to go out on dates?

CANTOR:

WELL, WE USED TO UNTIL EDWARD GOT JEALOUS.

MAN:

Why did he get jealous?

CANTOR:

How would the right side of your face feel, mister, if the left side was kissing another guy?

WOMAN:

Have you ever thought of getting married?

CANTOR:

OH, YES .. I WAS GOING TO MARRY THE LOVELIEST FELLOW LAST YEAR, BUT EDWARD COULDN'T GET A GIRL! ... If we could only meet a nice half-man, half-woman the four of us would be happy!

MAN: (ED McDONALD)
Do you go in for athletics?

CANTOR:
No, it's impossible.

MAN:
Why?

CANTOR: DID YOU EVER TRY TO KNIT A SWEATER WITH ONE HAND,
and shoot pool with the other? .. WELL, WE COULD HAVE FUN
TOGETHER IF YOU WEREN'T SO UNREASONABLE! YOU NEVER THINK
OF ME! .. I WAS SO EMBARRASSED AT THAT SMOKER LAST NIGHT ..
I HEARD THOSE DIRTY STORIES YOU TOLD ... Yeah, well how do
you suppose I feel when you drag me to Ladies Night at the
Turkish Bath? .. WELL, AT LEAST THAT'S CLEAN!

ORCHESTRA: "LIFT CHASER" (APPLAUSE)

CANTOR:

Ladies and gentlemen . . . you've heard a lot
about the San Francisco Fair on this program . . . but there's
one person here on Treasure Island I've neglected to tell
you about.

This afternoon I happened to stray to a little side-show on
the big mid-way, and met a sentimental oriental.

(PIANO SWELLS)

(GLEE CLUB COMES IN BACKGROUND)

She saw me and I saw she
Had a manner too bold and much too free.
Her eyes were positively detrimental.

(BAND SWELLS 2 BARS)

When I asked about this gay coquette
I discovered much to my regret.

(BAND SWELLS 2 BARS)
(GLEE CLUB IN BACKGROUND)

PIANOS:

She's the girl friend of the whirling dervish
She's the sweetest one he's found
But every night in the mellow moonlight
When he's out dervishing with all his might
She gives him the run-around.

(ORCHESTRA SWELLS 2 BARS)

GLEE CLUB: She goes out cuttin' rugs
With the jitterbugs --
Wastin' time with a lotta mugs

CANTOR:

Oh, the boy friends of the whirling dervish
Are his best friends to his face

GLEE CLUB: What a puss, what a puss, what a puss

CANTOR
(PIANOS):

But there's no doubt when he isn't about
They all come hurrying to take her out
She leads him a dizzy pace.

GLEE CLUB: (WARING STYLE)

He dreams of a Hindu Honeymoon
He doesn't dream that

CANTOR:

Ev'ry night when he goes out to make an honest rupee
She steps out to make a lotta whoopee

(ORCHESTRA 2 BARS)

GLEE CLUB:

She can neck an' she can peck
She can raise an awful lotta heck

CANTOR:

Oh the love song of the whirling dervish
Has a sweet and tender sound,
But will he burn if he ever should learn
That while he's doing her a real good turn
She gives him the run-around.

(ORCHESTRA SWELLS 2 BARS)

She got a nervish
Throwin' him a curvish
Which of course he doesn't deservish

ALL: POOR - OLD - WHIRLING DERVISH!

BAND: Ra-da !

(APPLAUSE)

CANTOR:

Thank you. Ladies and gentlemen, I want you to
know that tonight's program broadcast from the
World's Fair in San Francisco, has been dedicated
to the quarter of a million Campfire Girls in
America, on the birthday of their organization.

And until next Monday, please remember . . .

CANTOR: (SINGING)

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:

CUT
 IN
 EASTERN
 SHOW

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 that Camel's costlier tobaccos never jangle 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 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.