

(FIRST AFTER FRISCO)

EDDIE CANTOR'S CAMEL CARAVAN - CB #24

MONDAY, MARCH 13TH, 1939

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

Program No. 38

CANTOR	GLEE CLUB (11)	CUTTING COPY	P.A. OPERATOR
FIELDS	DONOHUE	KIRK	SCHUMANN
HOLZMAN	BUNKY	KNIGHT	STAGE HANDS
PARKS	RAPP	WHITE	KAY ST. GERMAIN
GORDON	MAURICE	ADAM CARROLL	ETHEL BARRYMORE
ESTY (6)	PEARSON	SCHWEIGER	JEN PARKER
FAIRCHILD	FILE COPY	SPAN	LOU MERRILL
		HANLON	PAULA WINSLOW

MUSIC ROUTINE:

SELECTION:

1. OPENING
2. "WHOOPEE"
3. "HOLD TIGHT" (LAST EIGHT BARS)
4. "HOLD TIGHT"
5. "LIFT CHASER"
6. "MY HEART BELONGS TO DADDY"
7. "HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU" (GLEE CLUB)
8. "LET THEM KEEP IT OVER THERE"
9. "ONE HOUR"

ORCHESTRA: (TYMPANI)

PARKS:

Let up -- and light up a Camel!

GLEE CLUB:

It's Eddie Cantor's (PIANO) Camel (PIANO) Caravan!

ORCHESTRA: (TAG...SEGUE "WHOOPEE"...FADE)

PARKS:

If you're not a Camel smoker, you owe it to yourself to try Camels and see -- see if you don't find that for steady smoking, day in and day out, Camels give you more true smoking pleasure. If only out of curiosity, try Camels. For only in that way can you personally appreciate the added enjoyment to be found in this grand cigarette. You'll find that Camels never go flat on your taste. Although you may be a steady smoker. You'll find that Camels don't leave your mouth and throat dry or scratchy...and what's more, here's a cigarette that never gets on your nerves. The difference? Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos -- Turkish and Domestic. That's Camels... the cigarette of costlier tobaccos...the cigarette that America's smokers treasure most for mildness and supreme rich flavor. (Smokers find that Camel's milder, costlier tobaccos never jangle the nerves. C-A-M-E-L spells true smoking pleasure -- and speaking of pleasure -- here is EDDIE CANTOR!

ORCHESTRA: (SWELLS)

(APPLAUSE AS CANTOR ENTERS)

(1:30)

CANTOR:

Hello, people!...Hello, Bert Parks!...Ladies and gentlemen, it's nice to be back in Hollywood -- although we did have a wonderful time up at the World's Fair in San Francisco...We played seven days at the California Auditorium. It was the largest theatre I ever played in. I didn't mind when the ushers used motorcycle escorts to show the people to their seats -- and it didn't bother me when they had Saint Bernard dogs with whiskey kegs for the people who got lost in the balcony -- but when the China Clipper landed in the orchestra pit, that was too much!...They could have at least paid to get in!... I was working on percentage!

PARKS:

Gosh, Mr. Cantor, that was the biggest theatre I ever saw.

CANTOR:

Wasn't it, Bert? You remember the opening day I was so worried because there was no audience? I found out later we played the first two shows in my dressing room!...I'm not kidding -- that's how big it is... Y'know, most dressing rooms have a little sink so the actors can get washed -- but not this one...If you wanna get washed, you open a door, step in the next room -- pffft -- Pacific Ocean!...But we had lots of fun...You remember that number I did, Bert, dressed as Shirley Temple? With the little blonde wig, the rompers --

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PARKS:

And those bare knees...Gosh, you looked cute,
Mr. Cantor. (2:40)

CANTOR:

I thought so, too, Bert...But after the number when I stepped outside for a little fresh air, a kid pointed at me and said, "Momma, Popeye must be playing here -- I just saw the Goon!"...Now tell me honestly, Bert -- do I look like a Goon? Do I look like a Goon?

PARKS:

Well, you would if you had more hair!

CANTOR:

That's the way it goes -- Hair today and Goon tomorrow ...Wait -- it gets worse...I know I saw the stuff... But we certainly had a good time in San Francisco, all living at the same hotel -- that is, except the Mad Russian -- he spent those ten days on a ranch.

PARKS:

I didn't know the Russian was a cowboy...What ranch was he living at?

CANTOR:

The Sally Rand Nude Ranch!...But those girls are really gorgeous -- they wear the loveliest ten gallon hats!...One old buzzard went in there and stayed for five and a half hours...Five and a half hours! I finally got hungry -- I had to leave!...

(CONTINUED)

CANTOR:
(Cont'd)

You see, Bert, I had everybody on my hands -- the troupe -- friends, relatives, I showed them all a good time at the Fair -- but it was quite an expense.

PARKS:

It was?

CANTOR:

Of course -- you can't sit around a Penny Arcade all day and not pay!...But let me tell you something -- the fair up in San Francisco has given me an idea -- They've got one, New York has one,...Why shouldn't we have a World's Fair right here in Los Angeles?

(APPLAUSE, CUED BY PARKS)

PARKS:

But, Mr. Cantor -- there's so much competition right now in World's Fairs...How would we get any business?

CANTOR:

I've got it all figured out...There's a Fair in New York, and there's a Fair in San Francisco -- we'll put up a big sign over Los Angeles -- "MAIN ENTRANCE!"
...We'll make ours the biggest Fair in the whole world -- the first thing we do is rent the Hollywood Bowl.

(4:35)

PARKS:

Gee, the Hollywood Bowl -- that ought to hold about twenty thousand people.

CANTOR:

That's not for people -- that's just to hold the mustard for the hotdogs!...And tomorrow I wire Yellowstone National Park to send over "Old Faithful."

PARKS:

You're gonna have 'em send "Old Faithful" to Los Angeles?

CANTOR:

Certainly, Bert -- what would our Fair be without a Drinking Fountain?

PARKS:

Gosh, Mr. Cantor -- this is gonna be big...Will we have a merry-go-round?

CANTOR:

Will we have a merry-go-round? The entire Santa Anita Race Track!..More people have been taken for a ride there than anywhere else!...Here's how it'll work -- instead of wooden horses we'll use real horses...And instead of grabbing for a Brass Ring -- as you pass the clubhouse, you grab for a movie star!...And if you catch her, you kiss her!

(5:20)

PARKS:

Oh, a thing like that'll never work out.

CANTOR:

Bert, I tried it this morning...I got on a horse, and as I passed the clubhouse I reached for Myrna Loy -- and just my luck I kissed Boris Karloff! -- He has no sex-appeal!...absolutely none!

PARKS:

Well, you'll have to go some to beat the Exhibits at the other two Fairs...The San Francisco World's Fair has a cake that weighs a thousand pounds...Mr. Cantor, that is really heavy.

CANTOR:

You call that heavy? You should have lifted some of the first biscuits Ida baked!...I dropped one and it killed a cat!...All right, it didn't kill him -- it hit him on the end and his tail dropped off!...And, Bert, we're gonna have the biggest ear of corn ever grown -- forty feet long.

PARKS:

You're having an agricultural exhibit, too?

CANTOR:

Of course...And the outstanding feature will be the world's largest ham.

PARKS:

Oh, you're making a personal appearance!

CANTOR:

Yes, I -- wait a minute!...I guarantee my fair in Los Angeles will beat 'em all. (6:25)

PARKS:

Mr. Cantor, I found a swell attraction for your Fair
-- it's a Gypsy Fortune Teller -- He just opened up
-- and his place is right next to this studio.

CANTOR:

Well, what are you waiting for -- let's go.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

CANTOR:

(SCHUMANN (FRIGHTENED)...Is anybody here?...(LOUDER)...Is
MAKES WITH anybody here? (SHOUTS) HELLO!...HELLO!
SCREEN)

GORDON:

How do you do!

CANTOR:

The Mad Russian!

(APPLAUSE)

(6:55)

CANTOR:

Russian -- you're a mindreader?

GORDON:

The best in the west!

CANTOR:

How much do you charge?

GORDON:

Fifty dollars.

CANTOR:

Fifty dollars just for reading my mind?

GORDON:

No, ten dollars to read it -- forty to find it!

CANTOR:

All right -- go to work.

GORDON:

I always begin with the palm...Hmm-mm -- just as I thought...the owner of this palm is cheap -- mean -- and a low down skorrunk -- what am I doing? This is mine own hand!

CANTOR:

I knew it, Russian -- you can't read palms.

GORDON:

Then I'll tell your fortune by the tea leaves...
First -- you drink the tea in this cup.

CANTOR:

Okay...(SIPS)...Oh, this is awful!...Is this supposed to be tea? I'm a connoisseur of tea and I can tell you where this stuff came from...It's dishwater right out of somebody's sink.

GORDON:

Yeah -- but whose?

(7:40)

CANTOR:

Russian, you're screwy -- in fact, this whole place is very strange.

GORDON:

You're right -- mysterious things are happening here...A few hours ago I felt for my watch -- it was gone...I felt for my pants -- they were gone...I felt for my shoes -- gone.

CANTOR:

Where were you?

GORDON:

I was in bed!

(7:55)

CANTOR:

Oh, quit -- You can't read tea-leaves!

GORDON:

You're a very difficult subject -- for you I'll have to use the Crystal Ball...Quiet -- while I throw mineself into a Transom!

CANTOR:

What do you see in the Crystal Ball?

GORDON:

Ohaaaa -- I see a picture...I see another picture...
My O My -- a double feature! (8:15)

CANTOR:

Continue -- what do you see now?

GORDON:

It's in Egypt -- I see the pyramids -- outside the Pyramid is standing an old weasel. --

CANTOR:

You're telling my fortune -- forget the old weasel.

GORDON:

You're a young one?...This weasel is standing there with five pups --

CANTOR:

Hold on -- Weasels don't have pups.

GORDON:

You never heard of "Pup Goes The Weasel?" (8:40)

CANTOR:

Oh, go on with the fortune.

GORDON:

I will -- inside the Pyramid, leaning against the wall, is something wrapped in bandages -- in fact, I think he's a little bit dead!

CANTOR:

Russian, that's a Mummy.

GORDON:

A what?

CANTOR:

Mummy!...Mummy!...Do you hear me -- Mummy!

GORDON:

Wuzza matta, Baby! (9:00)

CANTOR:

That settles it...You're a fake -- you're not a mindreader -- you never were one!

GORDON:

Don't say that!...I was the official mindreader for the Grand Duchess Smetonovitch -- the most beautiful woman in all the Russias.

CANTOR:

Really?

(9:15)

GORDON:

Yes...I will never forget our last Seance...I was sitting next to her on the couch -- I was holding her hands -- I looked up into her eyes -- and then I was fired!

CANTOR:

Why -- because you read her mind?

GORDON:

No -- 'cause she read mine! (EXIT)

ORCHESTRA: (LAST EIGHT BARS... "HOLD TIGHT")

(APPLAUSE)

CANTOR:

A fine gypsy fortune teller you brought me, Bert!
Even I can do better. For instance, I gaze into the crystal ball and I see a tall, dark boy -- and a lovely girl. And if they wanna get paid this week, they'd better sing!

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION)

(9:45)

PARKS: You've heard "The Flat Foot Floogee" (ORCHESTRA: LICK)
 KAY: You've heard "The Lambeth Walk" (ORCHESTRA: LICK)
 BOTH: But here's a little thingaroo
 A solid bit of swingeroo
 A dizzy sort of rhythm with some double double-talk!

GLEE CLUB: Hold tight, Hold tight, Hold tight, Hold tight
 PARKS: Ch-ch-ch-ch ch-ch-ch-ch ch-ch-ch-ch ch-ch-ch-ch
 KAY: Choc-choo to Broadway, Foo Cincinnati
 Don't get icky with the one-two-three
 PARKS: Life is just so fine
 KAY: (BALLAD) On the solid side of the line...
 So Hold Tight

PARKS: Hold tight KAY: Hold tight PARKS: Hold tight
 KAY: Foo-ra-de-acka-sacki
 PARKS: Want some sea food mama
 KAY: Shrimpers and rice
 PARKS: Uh-huh uh-huh, they're very nice.
 KAY: Hold tight PARKS: Hold tight KAY: Hold tight PARKS: Hold
 KAY: Foo-ra-de-acka-sacki; tight
 PARKS: Want some sea food mama
 KAY: Steamers and sauce
 PARKS: And then of course you know that
 I like oysters, lobsters, too
 And I like my tasty butter fish.
 When I get home from work at night
 He gets his favorite dish
 KAY: He gets his favorite dish
 PARKS: FISH!
 KAY: Hold tight PARKS: Hold tight KAY: Hold tight PARKS: Hold tight
 KAY: Foo-ra-de-acka-sacki
 PARKS: Want some sea food, mama,
 KAY: Shrimpers and rice, Ho-Ho-Ho
 They're very nice.

PARKS: 'Cause there is nothing so delicious
 As a mess of little fishes
 Sea-food is the goofiest thing that I'm about.
 KAY: With a little urgin'
 He'll devour a dozen sturgeon
 PARKS: But I want my favorite dish
 BOTH: TROUT!

GLEE CLUB: Ho-----old tight
 Ho-----old tight
 Hold tight, hold tight, hold tight, hold tight
 KAY: Foo-ra-de-acka-sacki
 PARKS: Foo-ra-de-acka-sacki want some sea food, mama,
 KAY: Foo-ra-de-acka-sacki want some sea food, mama,
 PARKS: Foo-ra-de-ack-a-sacki want some sea food, mama,

(ORCHESTRA CUTS OFF)

KAY: Want some shrimpers and rice
 BOTH: They're very healthful!

(APPLAUSE) (CUED BY HANLON)

(11:45)

ORCHESTRA: (TAG)

CANTOR:

Such a lyric -- educational, cultural, up-lifting,
hockisocki what's with the fish (KNOCK ON DOOR)
If the guy who wrote this lyric isn't in a strait
jacket he will be, don't worry.

CANTOR:

Come in...(DOOR OPENS)

LOU MERRILL:

Mr. Cantor, I got just what you need to make your
fair a success. Bring him in, boys.

SOUND: HEAVY OBJECTS BEING DRAGGED IN

(12:05)

CANTOR:

Say, this is interesting -- Mister, what kind of a
machine is this?

LOU MERRILL:

All these machines are automatic -- they speak for
themselves. Here I'll put the switch on and show
you.

SOUND: CLICK OF SWITCH

MAN:

(THROUGH FILTER) (JEN PARKER) (OFF-STAGE) Step right up and test your strength...Pick up the mallet and try to make the little bell ring.

CANTOR:

Isn't that wonderful? The machine really speaks... Pick up that mallet, Bert -- and try it.

PARKS:

Okay -- here goes. (GRUNT)

SOUND: BLOW BEING STRUCK

MAN:

(THROUGH FILTER) You're a truckdriver!

CANTOR:

Pretty good, Bert -- now you try it, Fairchild.

FAIRCHILD:

All right. (GRUNT)

SOUND: BLOW BEING STRUCK

MAN:

(THROUGH FILTER) You're a boiler maker! (12:35)

CANTOR:

Say, that's great...Give me the mallet -- I'll show you guys. (GRUNT)

SOUND: BLOW BEING STRUCK

MAN:

(THROUGH FILTER) You need a tonic, MADAM!

CANTOR:

This machine is out of order. (12:50)

PARKS:

Mister Cantor -- look at this other machine over here...
It's a statue of a beautiful girl.

MAN:

(LOU MERRILL) What you're lookin' at is my
Love-Tester...You put a nickel in the machine -- kiss
the statue -- and she'll tell you how good you are...

(13:00)

CANTOR:

Say, that sounds all right -- it sure is a beautiful
statue...I'll drop in a nickel -- (NICKEL DROPS) --
now I'll kiss her...(KISS) Well -- how was that?

GIRL:

(KAY ST. GERMAIN) You still need a tonic, Madam!

CANTOR:

Have these statues got a union?

PARKS:

Let me try it, Mr. Cantor...(NICKEL DROPS)...Now I'll
kiss her...(KISS)

KAY:

Oooh! Kiss me again!

PARKS:

But I haven't any more nickels.

KAY:

Brother, you don't need any!

(13:25)

CANTOR:

How do you like that Bert Parks -- even statues fall for him...Go on, Bert -- kiss her again...And remember -- it's for nothing!

PARKS:

All right -- here goes! (KISS)

SOUND: COINS DROPPING TO FLOOR

CANTOR:

Bert -- you hit the jackpot'. -- You're gonna do all right at our fair! (13:45)

BERT:

Y'know what else I'd like to do at the fair? Introduce people from the movie industry who smoke Camels. For instance, I could say: (OFF...PROJECTED) Step right up, folks, and listen to Miss Viola Lawrence, the film editor of Columbia's new release, "Only Angels Have Wings." And she'd say:

WOMAN'S

VOICE: (PAULA WINSLOW) (OFF-STAGE MIKE) It's often been said that the cutting and editing of a film can make or break a picture. All I know is -- it's plenty of hard work. I smoke a lot -- Camels, of course. I prefer their mildness and their grand taste. And Camels never jangle my nerves.

PARKS:

Then I'll say, "Presenting James S. Brown, Jr -- one of Hollywood's best-known camera men, the man behind the camera in that exciting Western drama, 'The Law Comes to Texas,' a new Bill Elliott vehicle released by Columbia Pictures," and Jim Brown will say:

MAN'S VOICE:

(OFF STAGE MIKE) (LOU MERRILL) I work under tension, I smoke steadily. My cigarette is Camel. Camels never get on my nerves. And, believe me, there's nothing like Camels for swell mellow taste.

PARKS:

Then I'll top it all off by saying: "Ladies and gentlemen: Viola Lawrence and Jim Brown are just two of the millions of smokers who find that the mildness and rich taste of Camel's costlier tobaccos give more true smoking pleasure. So try Camels, for a new smoking thrill. Smokers find that Camels never jangle the nerves." (15:05)

CANTOR:

That's a good idea, Bert, and I've got just the place for you to introduce those Camel smokers. We're gonna have a theatre that'll hold a hundred thousand people, and every performance will be played to standing room only.

PARKS:

How can you guarantee standing room only?

CANTOR:

We're not putting in any seats!...Our first star will be Miss Ethel Barrymore.

PARKS:

Really? In person?

CANTOR:

Yes, and she's here tonight to talk it over with me.

Ladies and gentlemen, we bring you the First Lady of the Theatre, the star of "WHITE OAKS," Miss Ethel Barrymore!

(APPLAUSE AS MISS BARRYMORE ENTERS)

(15:35)

BARRYMORE:

Thank you, Mr. Cantor.

CANTOR:

Just call me Eddie.

BARRYMORE:

Thanks -- and you can call me "Toots!"

CANTOR:

All right, Toots -- I mean Ethel...tell me, how is it that you haven't a radio program of your own?

BARRYMORE:

Well, there's a vast difference between a radio comedian and an actress. (15:50)

CANTOR:

I guess you're right. A dramatic actress must have poise, carriage, understanding and interpretation.

BARRYMORE:

And on the other hand, there are qualifications for a radio comedian.

CANTOR:

What must he have?

BARRYMORE:

Five daughters and a house in Great Neck!.....

Any more questions, Eddie?

CANTOR:

Yes, Ethel, there's one question I've been wanting to ask you, but --

BARRYMORE:

Go on, Eddie, ask it.

CANTOR:

Well, it's rather embarrassing, but here goes. How old are you?

BARRYMORE:

Me? Why...just add three years to your age and you have mine.

CANTOR:

Ethel -- you're only thirty-six? But seriously, any way you look at it, you're doing a grand job. Ethel, what do you consider your most difficult role?

BARRYMORE:

Trying to make a "ten" the hard way! (16:30)

CANTOR:

Will you stop kidding for just one minute? Ethel, as the first Lady of the Theatre and the most outstanding actress to tread the boards in the past fifty years, considering all the plays, shows, and pictures that you've ever seen, whose do you consider the greatest single performance?

BARRYMORE:

Ferdinand the Bull! -- (16:45)

CANTOR:

You can't discourage me, Ethel. The theatre is in my blood -- of course I'm a little anemic!

BARRYMORE:

I understand, Eddie. I, too, have an intense love for the theatre. Even when I'm not appearing myself I constantly go to the theatre.

CANTOR:

It's in you!

BARRYMORE:

And I'm going to continue going and going and going --

CANTOR:

Yes --

BARRYMORE:

-- Until I win a set of dishes! (17:10)

CANTOR:

I know you're kidding because you Barrymores were born and bred in the traditions of the theatre. Gosh, I can just picture you and your brothers when you were kids -- sitting down to breakfast. And John, just three years old says "Where is my oatmeal? If I don't get my oatmeal this minute -- I'll do something desperate!"

And Lionel would answer "Give the boy his cereal -- he's not asking for much -- just a bowl of cereal -- why can't he have it?" And then you'd say -- "Lionel -- that's all there is -- there isn't any more!"

(APPLAUSE)

CANTOR:

Really, you Barrymores have so much talent -- nothing stops you. I've heard John portray Dutch-Irish-French characterizations...of course, I sling a mean lingo myself!

BARRYMORE:

You do?

CANTOR:

But definitely. Dialects are my meat! Scotch -- Italian, Russian, French -- I do 'em all!

BARRYMORE:

What dialect are you doing now?

CANTOR:

Right now? (TOUGH) Right now? That's me, Ettel -- one 'o da Henry Street boys -- from under da britch!

BARRYMORE:

Oh, Eddie, you've been off the stage too long. The Theatre needs you. (18:15)

CANTOR:

I think maybe I'll stick to radio.

BARRYMORE:

Do Eddie. I enjoy so, hearing you sing "I LOVE TO SPEND EACH MONDAY WITH YOU!"

CANTOR:

But that's the finish of my program.

BARRYMORE:

That's why I love it -- that's all there is, there isn't any more!

CANTOR:

Ethel, I can see you're too much for me. I'll have to get someone capable of matching wits with you!

GORDON:

Did someone call me?

CANTOR:

Russian, I want you to meet the greatest Box-Office attraction of all time!

GORDON:

Haddie Camphor -- this is Shirley Temple? (18:50)

CANTOR:

No, no, no Russian. Look again. This is the great Barrymore.

GORDON:

Lionel -- how you've changed!

BARRYMORE:

Mr. Russian, I happen to be Ethel Barrymore -- a lady.

GORDON:

A leading lady?

BARRYMORE:

Why, yes.

GORDON:

Make me the leading man in your next production and I'll give you a fur coat and a diamond necklace -- Ethel Barry.

BARRYMORE:

Barry? More -- more!

GORDON:

How do you like that -- two minutes I know her and already she wants more!

BARRYMORE:

Will you kindly remove that alleged face?

CANTOR:

Hold on, Ethel, I know that your brothers Lionel and John are the possessors of the most famous profiles in the theatre -- now, I don't wanna brag, but just let me show you something.

Russian, put your face against mine. (BUSINESS)

Now, Ethel, what does that remind you of?

BARRYMORE:

A photo finish!

(19:45)

GORDON:

You hurt me to mine quickly -- but I'll give you a last chance. Will you let me be your leading man?

CANTOR:

Stop, Russian. You've had no stage experience.

GORDON:

Don't say that. I spent ten years with the Moscow Art Theatre. Their plays would never have opened without me.

BARRYMORE:

You were the star?

GORDON:

No -- I pulled the curtain!

CANTOR:

Then you admit it -- you were never an actor.

GORDON:

That was mine face! Why, in 1935, who do you think got the Pulitzer Prize for the biggest production of the year.

CANTOR:

Papa Dionne! Listen, Flappy ears, I'm ^(20:15) going to give you a chance to prove your acting ability. I'll let you play a scene opposite Miss Barrymore. Now, here's the scene -- it's from our first play at the World's Fair. Miss Barrymore plays the part of your mother, and you return home from the war after an absence of five years. We start with a knock on the door. Now, go ahead.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

BARRYMORE:

Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

GORDON:

Mamma! Mamma! Mamma!

BARRYMORE:

(A LA RUSSIAN) Wazza Mattah, Baby?

GORDON:

Where did I hear that line before?

BARRYMORE:

(DRAMATICALLY) My boy -- my boy -- you've come home...after all these years! Night after night I sat by the window, patiently, longingly, hoping, praying -- that my darling son would be brought back safely to my arms -- and all the time the lamp in the window was burning -- burning -- burning --

GORDON:

Mamma -- tell me one thing --

BARRYMORE:

What, my son?

GORDON:

Who's paying the electric bill? (21:30)

CANTOR:

(OLD MAN) Has he come home from the war?

GORDON:

Who's this?

BARRYMORE:

Why, that's your father.

GORDON:

How do you like that, Camphor -- he finally got a boy!

CANTOR:

My son -- you're home to stay -- the war is over -- take those two knap-sacks off your shoulders.

GORDON:

What knap-sacks -- those are mine ears!

BARRYMORE:

Tell us about the war, son.

GORDON:

What a war! We didn't eat for three days... suddenly a shell dropped in front of me -- I ran over -- picked it up --

CANTOR:

What happened when you picked up the shell?

GORDON:

I threw it down again -- there was no peanuts in it! (22:10)

BARRYMORE:

Oh! My poor boy -- look at you. You frighten me. What have they done to you? For five long years you haven't had a shave!

CANTOR:

Ethel -- you're looking at the back of his head! (22:20)

BARRYMORE:

Stop it! Stop it I say -- I can't stand it any longer -- it's fearful -- it's gruesome -- it's horrible --

CANTOR:

You mean his face?

BARRYMORE:

No!

GORDON:

You mean the war?

BARRYMORE:

NO -- THIS Sketch! (22:30)

GORDON:

Don't interrupt! In the war -- they gave me a medal for jumping over a barb-wire entanglement -- sixteen feet high.

CANTOR:

Son -- no living man could jump sixteen feet high.

GORDON:

No? Did you ever back into a bayonet?

BARRYMORE:

Oh! My poor boy! (ASIDE) Who writes these things?

GORDON:

I tell you -- that war was horrible! Marching for days on end -- marching through the muck and mire...poor Meyer! (22:55)

CANTOR:

All right, go on with the war.

GORDON:

Very well. What a war! Bullets flying everywhere -- thousands of soldiers rushing towards me with bayonets fixed -- suddenly the whistle blew -- everybody sat down and we took an hour for lunch!

BARRYMORE:

An hour for lunch in the middle of a battle? What kind of an army was that?

GORDON:

The UNION army. (23:10)

CANTOR:

Russian -- that was 1865.

GORDON:

And a dollar ten for overtime!

BARRYMORE:

Never mind, son, at least you're back safely with us.

GORDON:

Yes. And tell me, Daddy, what have you been doing all these years?

CANTOR:

Peckin' -- day in and day out I been peckin'.

GORDON:

Peckin'? Papa, you're a jitterbug?

CANTOR:

No, peckin' cotton, pretty corny, eh son?

BARRYMORE:

Pappy, don't be an icky with the one, two, three!

GORDON:

Mama, I brought you a present -- four little monkies. Eeny, Meeny, and Miney.

BARRYMORE:

That's only three, Eeny, Meeny and Miney.

CANTOR:

Where's the other one?

GORDON:

That's all there is, -- there isn't any moe!

(EXIT)

ORCHESTRA: ("LIFT CHASER")

(APPLAUSE)

(23:55)

CANTOR:

Ethel, this will give you an idea of what our World's Fair is gonna be like.

BARRYMORE:

Thanks for the warning -- I'll attend the other two.

CANTOR:

You mean you refuse to work in our World's Fair?

BARRYMORE:

Not unless you give my talent the proper opportunity.

CANTOR:

Okay -- you can do a scene from "White Oaks" or from Shakespeare --

BARRYMORE:

Oh, no -- I wanna take a crack at "My Heart Belongs to Daddy."

CANTOR:

You do?...Fairchild -- play for the lady!

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION)

(24:15)

BARRYMORE:

I MAY STEP OUT WITH A RACE-TRACK TOUT
OR A SALESMAN FROM CINCINNATI ----
BUT WHEN I NEED SHOES, OR MY EQUITY DUES,
MY HEART BELONGS TO DADDY.
I'M LIABLE TO GO FOR SOME SLEEK GIGOLO
OR A GOB ON SOME SEA-GOING FREIGHTER.
BUT WHEN I PAY TAXES
OR CHANGE THINGS AT SAKASES
MY HEART BELONGS TO PATER.
YES MY HEART BELONGS TO DADDY
SO I SIMPLY COULIN'T BE BAD
YES I'M GONNA MARRY DADDY
DA DA, DA DA DA, DA DA DA - AD

CANTOR:

WUZZA MATTA, BABY?

BARRYMORE:

JUST LET ME WARN YOU, LADDIE,
WHEN YOU AIM AT THIS GAL, BETTER MISS 'ER.
'CAUSE MY HEART BELONGS TO DADDY
AND HE'LL BUST YOU ONE RIGHT IN THE KISSER!
YES SUH!

ORCHESTRA: (SWELLS)

(APPLAUSE)

(25:30)

CANTOR:

Thank you, Ethel Barrymore. Do come again and visit us sometime...And now, ladies and gentlemen --

GLEE CLUB: (SINGS) (WITH CELESTE)

Happy Birthday to you --
Happy Birthday to you --

(HUM)

CANTOR:

This week, the nation salutes .The American Legion, on the occasion of its twentieth anniversary.

Happy Birthday, Legionnaire! You put that gun to your shoulder, over there. Then you came home and put that same shoulder to the wheel, over here.

When less powerful neighbors called for help, your shoulder has never been cold. It's always been a broad shoulder, -- big enough to carry a burden -- too big to carry a chip.

Happy Birthday, Legionnaire! May you continue to find new glory, protecting Old Glory. We're all proud of you. You are the soldier who fought for democracy overseas, and who now oversees democracy at home! (26:30)

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: ("LET THEM KEEP IT OVER THERE") (INTRODUCTION)

CANTOR:

VERSE:

The dogs of war are growling, once more the papers say
And battle clouds are starting to appear
But if they try to drag us in, we'll say "please go away
We're minding our own business over here."

1ST CHORUS:

(GLEE
CLUB)

If they feel like a war on some foreign shore
Let them keep it over there!
If some fools want a fight, and think might makes right
Let them keep it over there!
From coast to coast you'll hear a million Mothers pray
Whatever happens please don't send my boy away.
We're for you, Uncle Sam, but stay out of that jam,
Let them keep it over there!

2ND CHORUS:

If they feel like a war on some foreign shore
Let them keep it over there!
If some fools want a fight, and think might makes right
Let them keep it over there!
From coast to coast you'll hear a million doughboys cheer
Our job is to protect our loved ones over here.
With an ocean between, let us keep our hands clean.
Let them keep it over there!

(BAND SWELLS)

(APPLAUSE)

(28:20)

CANTOR:

Thank you -- next week, we bring you further
developments in our World's Fair, when that most
renowned of all lion tamers, Clyde Beatty, meets his
match in the "Mad Russian."

Until then please remember that...

(28:30)