

EDDIE CANTOR'S CAMEL CARAVAN -- CB #28

MONDAY, APRIL 10, 1939

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

Program No. 42

CANTOR
FIELDS
HOLZMAN
PARKS
GORDON
ESTY (6)
FAIRCHILD
GLEE CLUB (11)

DONOHUE
BUNKY
RAPP
MAURICE
PEARSON
FILE COPY
CUTTING COPY
KIRK
KNIGHT

WHITE
ADAM CARROLL
SCHWEIGER
SPAN
HANLON
SCHUMANN
STAGE HANDS
KAY ST. GERMAIN

BILL COMSTOCK
BOBBY BREEN
JOE KEARNS
LUCILLE McCUBBIN
JOHN RIDER

MUSIC ROUTINE

SELECTION:

1. OPENING (SHORT)
2. "WHOOPEE" (SNEAK IN AND SWELL)
3. "LITTLE GENIUS" (BREEN)
4. WHOOPEE CHASER
5. CAMEL CHASER
6. CANTOR MEDLEY (AS CUT)
7. "ONE HOUR"

COOKIE: (Rehearse "Angels" with band for next week.)

TO CUT: 2:00

GLEE CLUB:

Let up and light up a Camel...
It's...Eddie Cantor's (PIANO)
Camel (PIANO)
Caravan!

ORCHESTRA: (TAG)

PARKS:

One cigarette looks pretty much like another, --
but as far as Camel is concerned, that's where the
resemblance ends. For Camel is really different --
(ORCHESTRA: in so many ways! Here are the facts, well-known in
SNEAKS IN the tobacco trade: Camel pays more to get finer
"WHOOPEE") tobaccos. These milder, costlier tobaccos are
matchlessly blended so as to give mildness and yet
to keep the delicate flavor of rich, ripe tobacco.
When you go out tonight or tomorrow morning to buy
your cigarettes, be curious enough about the
difference between Camels and other cigarettes to
try Camels. Take that first pack of Camels and
smoke each and every one...critically. See if you
don't find -- as so many millions have -- that
those costlier tobaccos in Camels do make a big
difference. See if you don't agree that for
smoking pleasure at its best, the word is Camel...
the cigarette of costlier tobaccos! C-A-M-E-L
spells true smoking pleasure -- and speaking of
pleasure -- here is EDDIE CANTOR!
(APPLAUSE AS CANTOR ENTERS)
(ORCHESTRA SWELLS) (1:20)

CANTOR:

Hello, people!...Hello, Bert Parks!

PARKS:

Well,...How are you getting along with your
Los Angeles World's Fair?

CANTOR:

Bert -- there will be no Fair.

PARKS:

What happened -- You ran out of money?

CANTOR:

No -- we ran out of jokes!...Just ran out of jokes!
...We could make up lots of excuses, but that's it
-- we can't go on without any jokes Y'know!

PARKS:

That never stopped you before!

CANTOR:

Never mind! Look at me, Bert -- don't you notice
anything different about me?

PARKS:

Yeah, you look healthy! Where did you get that
beautiful sunburn?

CANTOR:

I went to a Dude Ranch on the desert right outside
of Palm Springs...And let me tell you, it's
wonderful. You get up at six A.M. -- go for a ride
before breakfast -- come back, chop some wood -- go
for a hike -- feed the animals -- sleep in the open
-- hit the hay at eight -- and in five days --

PARKS:

Yes --

CANTOR:

Are you sick of it!

(2:15)

PARKS:

But you look swell! You must have had a lot of exercise.

CANTOR:

You know, on those Dude Ranches you go horseback riding every day...And at the end of the week what do you think those cowboys called me? Tenderfoot! ...That was a pretty low down expression for the way I felt! Tenderfoot!

PARKS:

Eddie, I didn't know you could ride.

CANTOR:

I didn't know myself...A fellow said to me, "What do you know about broncos?" And I said "everything" ...And what happened to me -- that horse kept bucking and bouncing, he shook the life out of me.

PARKS:

Well, why did you tell the man you knew everything about Broncos?

CANTOR:

I thought he said The Bronx!...That's more in my line!

PARKS:

I wonder why those cowboys made you ride such a murderous horse?

CANTOR:

I wonder -- do you think they listen to this program.

PARKS:

But that bronco might have killed you.

CANTOR:

Oh, no -- horses don't listen to this show! Horses go for oats -- not corn.

(3:15)

PARKS:

Were there only ~~men~~ at the ranch? No women?

CANTOR:

Women? You shoulda seen 'em in those riding breeches!....Why is it that women who look like the back end of a Greyhound bus insist on wearing shorts, slacks, or riding breeches!...One woman there must have weighed at least three hundred pounds -- they had to jack her up to get her on the horse -- then they had to jack up the horse!.... When she came back from the ride, the poor horse sagged so much in the middle -- they're using him now for a hammock!

CANTOR: Tell me, Bert -- what's been happening around here since I been away?

PARKS: Oh, lots of things -- the fan mail has just been pouring in for Edgar Fairchild since he sang "Susie" last week.

CANTOR: You mean to say, Bert, that Fairchild sang "Susie" better than me?

PARKS: Oh, no, Eddie -- I didn't mean that he sang it better than you -- what I meant was that you never sang it as well!

CANTOR: Maybe I'm a dope -- but it sounds the same to me!What kind of fan mail has Fairchild been getting?

(5:00)

PARKS:

Well, here's a special delivery letter that came in today.

CANTOR:

Let me see...Why, look -- it's addressed to me, it says, "Dear Mr. Cantor -- I listen to your program every week and I think it's swell -- especially last week when you were missing!...When Cookie Fairchild took your place and told jokes and sang "Susie" that was the tops in radio entertainment. Edgar Fairchild is the one man on your program who can really thrill me all the time -- yours truly, Mrs. Fairchild!"

PARKS:

Wait! Put the letter away -- Fairchild's coming in!

CANTOR:

Oh -- Who is that fellow with him, Bert?

PARKS:

That's his man, Jeepers...Fairchild was such a hit on the program last week he went right out and hired an English valet.

CANTOR:

(Fairchild enters on "underwear" Valet is with him)

A valet? That's Hollywood for you -- a guy becomes a hit and all of a sudden he finds out he can't put on his own underwear! I'll get him over here...

(CALLS) Cookie Fairchild -- come here. (5:45)

FAIRCHILD:

Did you call me, Small-fry?

CANTOR:

Small-fry!...Who is this "Jeepers"?

FAIRCHILD:

Oh, him? Why, he's my valoot!

CANTOR:

Look, Fairchild -- get this valoot, or valet or whatever he is, out of here...and stop holding up the program!

FAIRCHILD:

You needn't shout, old man -- after all, I'm a bit of a star, too, Y'know.

CANTOR:

YOU???

FAIRCHILD:

Why not? I'm cute -- I'm dainty -- I'm diminutive. I could be a star.

CANTOR:

Shirley Temple with a moustache! Look! -- Cookie, you certainly got swell-headed in one week.

VALET:

(JOE KEARNS) Beg pardon, master -- your bath is ready!

FAIRCHILD:

Very good, Jeepers...I shall go and dunk.

CANTOR:

Dunk? -- Well -- what can you expect from a cookie!

(6:25)

FAIRCHILD:

You take care of the program, Eddie, while I'm bathing.

CANTOR:

You think you can trust the program to a rank amateur like me?

FAIRCHILD:

You're not rank!

CANTOR:

Well -- You are! -- Go on -- take your bath.

FAIRCHILD:

Yes -- and while I'm in the tub -- would you mind holding my jewelry?

CANTOR:

Jewelry? Why should I hold your jewelry while you take a bath?

FAIRCHILD:

Well -- one as fastidious as I would never run the risk of leaving a ring around the bathtub!

(FAIRCHILD AND VALET EXIT)

(APPLAUSE)

CANTOR:

Thank goodness he's gone.

(6:55)

KAY:

Oh, Eddie!

CANTOR:

Kay St. Germain! Don't tell me you're on Fairchild's side too!

KAY:

Oh, no -- I'm on your side -- Don't you remember last week I was so happy to see you back safely that I kissed you?

CANTOR:

How could I forget, Kay?

KAY:

I haven't been able to forget, either -- Ah! That kiss reminded me of something, Eddie...Would you kiss me again -- just so I can be sure?

CANTOR:

Why, certainly, Kay -- here...(KISS)

KAY:

Yeah -- I was right -- a dead mackerel!

CANTOR:

Oh, yeah? Just for that you don't get to sing a song this week. Aaaaah! -- I've got other friends. For instance -- BOBBY BREEN!

(APPLAUSE AS BOBBY ENTERS)

(7:40)

CANTOR:

Bobby, I'm really glad to see you.

BOBBY:

I'm happy to see you, too -- Uncle Eddie.

CANTOR:

Thank you, Uncle Bobby.

BOBBY:

That's right -- I am an uncle now...Say, you should see my sister Sally's little boy -- he's just two weeks old. Gee -- babies are cute.

CANTOR:

They are.

BOBBY:

Uncle Eddie -- were you ever a baby?

CANTOR:

No, no -- I was born when I was twenty-seven! Was I ever a baby! Bobby -- they found me in a box of crackerjacks!

BOBBY:

Oh, they didn't give prizes in those days!

CANTOR:

Quiet, young man with those jokes! -- Let's hear about your new nephew.

ORCHESTRA: (SHORT INTRODUCTION)

(8:15)

BOB: Ev'rything about him is terrific,
The dimple on his chin -- his nose -- his eyes --
With the start he's got, not doubt about it --
He'll win the Pulitzer Prize!

LITTLE GENIUS, bless your heart,
I'm so proud of you,
When you kick your little tootsies in the air,
I can tell you'll be another Fred Astaire.
LITTLE GENIUS, you're so smart,
Nothing you can't do.
When you raise your chubby arms and start to sway,
There's another Toscanini on the way.
When you cry, all the neighbors holler,
But I just simply grin.
By and by, when you sing like Cantor,
They'll all be tuning in.
LITTLE GENIUS, close your eyes,
Time to hushabye
If you never climb the ladder up to fame,
Still you'll be my LITTLE GENIUS just the same!

(GLEE
CLUB Tiny little fingerprints
IN Mean ev'rything to me
BACK- Ev'ryone a little work of art.
GROUND)

(BAND)
Tiny little fingerprints that
Heaven meant to be
Forever printed on my heart!

ORCHESTRA: (Wa-wa-wa)

BOB: When you cry, all the neighbors holler,
But I just simply grin.
By and by, when you sing like Cantor,
They'll all be tuning in.

(GLEE CLUB HUM IN BACKGROUND)

Oh Little Genius, close your eyes,
Time to hushabye...
If you never climb the ladder up to fame,
Still you'll be my little genius...Just the same!

(GLEE CLUB) (ORCHESTRA SWELLS) (APPLAUSE)

(11:30)

PARKS:

For you smokers who tonight or tomorrow are going to try Camels, here are some typical true experiences of smokers who tried Camels and found they had been missing a lot in smoking pleasure. For one, Miss Olive Tucker, a successful young office manager, says:

WOMAN'S VOICE: (OFF-STAGE MIKE) (LUCILLE MCCUBBIN)

I was amazed how different Camels were. Very mild -- but still so much more flavor. Somehow Camels put more out-and-out enjoyment into smoking. You know -- Each Camel is a fresh treat -- they never tire my taste.

PARKS:

And what is it that so many men find different between Camels and other cigarettes? Louis Lojas, an amateur astronomer, tells his experience:

MAN'S VOICE: (OFF-STAGE MIKE) (JOHN RIDER)

Right from the first one, my liking for Camels increased. And I wasn't long deciding to smoke Camels for good. They've got a rich flavor that can't be touched. For smoking pleasure at its best, I let up and light up a Camel!

PARKS:

It's interesting -- and it's true -- that once you try Camels, once you've enjoyed their mildness and delicate flavor, you stick to Camels. Because Camels never tire your taste. They're the cigarette for steady smoking. So tonight or tomorrow, make the test. Let up and light up a Camel!

(12:45)

CANTOR:

Thank you, Bert -- you read that very well.

PARKS:

Gee...I only hope I pleased Mr. Fairchild.

CANTOR:

Whatta ya mean, you hope you pleased Mr. Fairchild!
Since when are you taking orders from a penguin with
glasses? -- I'm sick of it -- I won't stand for it!

FAIRCHILD:

I heard you Cantor -- but I'm not scared! I'm being
tipped off what to do, by a person in the know,
believe me.

CANTOR:

From the way you've been carrying on, I can imagine
the type of person who's been advising you.

FIELDS:

Go on, say it, I'm ignorant!

CANTOR:

Guffy! Mr. Guffy, you're advising Fairchild?
Remember I'm paying him -- he's working for me!

FIELDS:

And he doesn't need advice, huh? I know what you're
thinking. I'm not as smart as Fairchild.

CANTOR:

But you are as smart as Fairchild.

FIELDS:

Oh, I'm a dope!

CANTOR:

You're not a dope!...You've got a mind like Bert Parks

FIELDS:

I'm infantile.

CANTOR:

You're not infantile -- you're as brainy as I am.

FIELDS:

A moron!

(13:30)

CANTOR:

Guffy -- with you I must go crazy.

FIELDS:

With me! Can't go alone...must have company!

CANTOR:

Wait a minute, Guffy -- let's get back to what we were talking about. Fairchild -- he's the subject.

FIELDS:

He's the subject -- and I suppose I'm the predicate -- and my kids are all prepositional phrases -- say it, say it -- my family are past participles in the neuter gender! And you'd like 'em to always be!

CANTOR:

Hold on, Guffy -- you can't split an infinitive!

FIELDS:

How do you like that? Cantor wants everything for himself! He won't even split an infinitive with me!

(APPLAUSE)

CANTOR:

I refuse to lose my temper, Guffy. I feel the Easter spirit, even with you here.

FIELDS:

Go on, say it -- my head looks like an easter egg!

CANTOR:

But it doesn't, Guffy, your head is nothing like an egg!

FIELDS:

No? Well, when I woke up this morning, why were my kids coloring it?

(14:15)

CANTOR:

Don't get excited -- that was a mistake.

FIELDS:

A mistake! I should have been born without one.

CANTOR:

No, Guffy, a man can't live without a head.

FIELDS:

You're not a man?

CANTOR:

Guffy -- you'd give Bromo-seltzer a headache!
First you were with Fairchild, then grammar, then
Easter-eggs -- Guffy, you get around more than
anybody in this country.

FIELDS:

What's wrong with Mrs. Roosevelt?

CANTOR:

There's nothing wrong with Mrs. Roosevelt! I
admire her very much -- I'm very fond of her -- in
fact, I'm crazy about Mrs. Roosevelt!

FIELDS:

Fine thing! A married man with five girls, crazy
about the President's wife!

CANTOR:

Oh, go on out before I collapse -- This is all
Fairchild's fault!

(15:00)

out

KAY:

Oh Eddie --

CANTOR:

What is it, Kay?

KAY:

I just wanted to let you know that even though you didn't let me sing -- I'm still taking my orders from you, not Fairchild!

CANTOR:

That's right, Kay -- don't take any of Fairchild's lip.

KAY:

No, not with that moustache!

CANTOR:

Yeah, that moustache of his -- I don't know how his wife stands it -- it's like making love to Carmichael the Bear!

KAY:

I wouldn't mind if Bert Parks was the boss.

CANTOR:

Yeah.

KAY:

He's a nice boy, isn't he, Mr. Cantor?

CANTOR:

Yeah.

KAY:

And he kisses swell, doesn't he?

CANTOR:

Yeah -- HOW DO I KNOW?....Bert Parks, are you sticking with me?

(15:40)

PARKS:

Yes, Eddie -- I want you to know that if I only had a nickel in my pocket, I'd split it with you.

CANTOR:

Thanks, Bert.

PARKS:

If I only had a crust of bread -- I'd give it to you.

CANTOR:

Thanks, Bert.

PARKS:

Why, if we were lost in a jungle and I had a gun with only one bullet in it -- I'd let you have it!

CANTOR:

Thanks -- but being so generous...that wouldn't do you no good!

FIELDS:

Huhm -- He uses two negatives, but he won't let me split an infinitive!

CANTOR:

Get out Guffy!

FAIRCHILD:

Ahhh, am I intruding? Hello, Eddie....Hello, Kay....
Eddie, you know Miss St. Germain?

CANTOR:

Well, I hope I know her -- I'm paying her!
-- In twelve weeks I've raised her salary four times.

(16:25)

FAIRCHILD:

Kay, if this be true -- speak! What did you do with all that money?

KAY:

Well -- with the first two raises I bought a pair of stockings!

CANTOR:

Y'don't have to answer every question!

FAIRCHILD:

I'll thank you, Cantor, not to raise your voice when you speak to my supporting cast.

CANTOR:

YOUR supporting cast? You anemic termite! -- Fairchild -- we'll discuss here and now whether or not you remain on this program. Now regarding your option.....(SCHUMANN SCREENS GORDON)

FAIRCHILD:

Ah-ah-ah! You can't discuss terms with me!

CANTOR:

Who must I talk to?

GORDON:

HOW DO YOU DO?

(APPLAUSE)

(17:00)

CANTOR:

The Mad Russian! You're Fairchild's agent?

GORDON:

No -- I'm his personall representative.

CANTOR:

What's the difference?

GORDON:

Twenty per cent!

CANTOR:

You get twenty per cent out of Fairchild's salary?

GORDON:

No -- he gets twenty per cent.

CANTOR:

Then you get eighty per cent --

GORDON:

Almost half! -- That's why I insist you got to pay
him one hundred dollars a week.

CANTOR:

But I'm paying him more than that now.

GORDON:

Then you got to cut his salary -- you can't cheat
mine clients!

CANTOR:

How can anybody possibly cheat Fairchild?

GORDON:

I'm not rewealing mine secrets!

(17:40)

CANTOR:

But remember, Russian, Fairchild was a big hit last week only because I wrote good lines for him.

GORDON:

So I'll write for him -- I'll write parodies -- I'll write jokes -- I'll -- Haddie Camphor -- I can write?

CANTOR:

Write? You can't even read.

GORDON:

If I could, would I have signed that contract with you?

CANTOR:

Don't complain, old boy -- you have a very nice contract.

GORDON:

Yes -- the paper is lovely!

CANTOR:

Again we're off the subject -- Russian, let me tell you -- you're wasting your time with Fairchild. He's no comedian, and certainly no singer.

GORDON:

Don't say that!....Fairchild is a better wocal singer than you.

CANTOR:

Are you comparing Fairchild's voice with mine? Me? -- A cultivated lyric tenor? What is Fairchild?

GORDON:

An aggravated mezzo-soprano!!

(18:35)

CANTOR:

Go away, Russian, I don't think I want Fairchild at all.

GORDON:

You better speak terms, Camphor. He is the new sensation of the air-waves...He gets more fan-mail every day than you.

CANTOR:

Don't be silly -- I get thousands of letters a day. My fan mail is mammoth.

GORDON:

WHAT?

CANTOR:

Mammoth -- mammoth -- do you hear me -- mammoth!

GORDON:

Wazza matta, baby?

CANTOR:

And I don't want you to say that any more.

GORDON:

All right, I wouldn't say it any more.

CANTOR:

Remember, from now on I want you to keep mum.

GORDON:

What?

CANTOR:

Mum -- mum --

BOTH:

WAZZA MATTA -- SHUT UP!

(19:15)

CANTOR:

Russian, you may as well take Fairchild and go home with him. I don't need him.

GORDON:

And he don't need you! I got him booked on a transcontinental tour. He's singing all the way across the country.

CANTOR:

A concert tour?

GORDON:

No.

CANTOR:

A vaudeville tour?

GORDON:

No.

CANTOR:

Then where does he sing from coast to coast?

GORDON:

On a Greyhound Bus!

(EXIT)

CANTOR:

Get out of here!

ORCHESTRA: ("WHOOPEE CHASER")

(APPLAUSE)

(19:45)

CANTOR:

Bert Parks -- Now that the Russian is gone -- I can tell you...I've got a leading lady for Edgar Fairchild

PARKS:

Then you're helping him.

CANTOR:

Not with the leading lady I've got -- Tizzie Lish! But remember, Bert -- when Fairchild comes in, we must get his eye glasses away from him.

PARKS:

Why?

CANTOR:

If he sees that awful face of Tizzie's with his glasses on -- even he'll run!

PARKS:

All right, Eddie -- I'll get his glasses.

CANTOR:

Good...Ladies and gentlemen, the girl whose ship never came in, (every time it saw her it turned back) -- Tizzie Lish!

(APPLAUSE AS TIZZIE ENTERS)

(20:25)

TIZZIE:

Hello, Folksies!.....Well, Popeyes -- what about this Fairchild?

CANTOR:

Tizzie...it's just as I told you on the phone -- you're here to make a violent play for Edgar Fairchild...I hope you won't feel offended, he's very short, fat with glasses --

TIZZIE:

Is he a man?

CANTOR:

Yes.

TIZZIE:

Say no more! He's mine! Woo!

CANTOR:

Oh come now, Tizzie -- a girl like you must be in demand a lot.

TIZZIE:

Too much! Only last week I met the handsomest man -- I was wild about him....And he said, "Tizzie, come up to my apartment and look at my etchings."..... Well, I went up there -- and what do you think?

CANTOR:

What?

TIZZIE:

HE REALLY HAD THEM!

(20:55)

CANTOR:

Well, that wasn't the only boy friend you had, Tizzie.

TIZZIE:

I had eleven...One I lost in a very peculiar way -- we were playing games...First I ran away and hid -- then he ran away and hid...That was two years ago and I'm still looking!

CANTOR:

Do you always lose your sweethearts?

TIZZIE:

Not always -- I'll never forget Horace, my first sweetheart -- he was so romantic...He gave me his arms, then his lips, then his heart --

CANTOR:

I guess you were doing piece-work at the time!.... Horace was your childhood sweetheart -- what happened to him?

TIZZIE:

The Indians got him!.....But he was such a gentleman.

CANTOR:

Really?

TIZZIE:

Yes, whenever we'd go walking together, and come to a mud puddle -- he'd put my coat down so he could walk across!....I wouldn't mind that so much -- but the last two times he forgot to take me out of the coat!

CANTOR:

What a boy friend!

(21:55)

TIZZIE:

The next one was worse -- Sure -- it broke my heart but I simply had to give him up -- he drank something awful.

CANTOR:

He did?

TIZZIE:

Why, every time the mosquitoes would bite him, they'd come back with little cups of water...They couldn't take him straight -- they had to have a chaser!

CANTOR:

Hush, Tizzie -- here comes Fairchild now.

FAIRCHILD:

(ON VELOCITY) Eddie -- did you want me? Has my leading lady arrived?

CANTOR:

Just a moment, Fairchild...(SOTTO)...That's him, Tizzie.

TIZZIE:

Oh! Before he comes over, ask him if he kisses with his eyes closed.

CANTOR:

Why?

TIZZIE:

I lost too many the other way!

(22:25)

CANTOR:

Go 'way! -- (YELLS) Oh Fairchild!

FAIRCHILD:

Yes?

CANTOR:

Before you meet your leading lady, give me your glasses -- That's it -- now you're positively a glamour boy! -- Oh, Miss Lish! This is Mr. Fairchild.

FAIRCHILD:

Hello. Have you been in many pictures?

TIZZIE:

I'll say -- I was the first one chosen to play Snow White...The first day at Disney's Studio, I was looking down the Wishing Well --

CANTOR:

Yes --

TIZZIE:

I still insist somebody pushed me!

FAIRCHILD:

Maybe you got a Disney Spell and fell in!

TIZZIE:

Lovely -- Lovely!...I could kiss you for that.

CANTOR:

Kiss him? He only comes up to your lower lip.

TIZZIE:

That's all right -- if he only comes up often enough!

(23:05)

FAIRCHILD:

Here is a little scene I'd like to play with you
to see if you're the type I want as my leading lady.

TIZZIE:

Is that it?...Go right ahead.

FAIRCHILD:

Here I go -- Oh, Darling, I wanna shower you with
affection -- I wanna shower you with my love -- I
wanna shower you with my kisses.

TIZZIE:

Drench me -- DRENCH ME!

CANTOR:

How can you be drenched by a Drip?...Continue.

FAIRCHILD:

Darling, say the word that will make me the
happiest man in the world.

TIZZIE:

No.

FAIRCHILD:

THAT'S IT!

CANTOR:

Fairchild -- don't be an icky!

(23:40)

TIZZIE:

Oh, light of my life -- kiss me and send a tingle
down my spine.

SOUND: DESCENDING RUN ON XYLOPHONE AND CHINESE GONG

TIZZIE:

Darling, now that I know we're meant for each
other, nothing can stop me -- I'm gonna kiss you
until the cows come home.

FAIRCHILD:

MOOOOOOOOOOO!

CANTOR:

That did it!

FAIRCHILD:

MOOOOOOOOOOO!

CANTOR:

Fairchild, you got a laugh --- don't milk it!

TIZZIE:

Come on, Chubby.

FAIRCHILD:

Dearest, you are the fairest flower in nature's
garden -- you have the face of a Mona Lisa --
I need you -- I need you! I need your youth, I
need your beauty.

CANTOR:

You need your glasses!

(24:25)

FAIRCHILD:

Oh -- I guess we'd better stop, Tizzie Lish.

TIZZIE:

Why -- don't you think I'm a good actress?

FAIRCHILD:

You're okay as an actress -- but I want somebody who can sing, too.

CANTOR:

She sings.

TIZZIE:

Certainly -- yesterday before two hundred people, I sang "Fooderackisacki, Want Some Seafood Mamma" -- Hotcha!

BOTH:

Yes --

TIZZIE:

Somebody hit me right in the puss with a fish!

CANTOR:

Oh, Tizzie -- one little fish couldn't have done all that damage!

FAIRCHILD:

I'm not so sure that Tizzie is the right leading lady for me. (24:55)

GORDON:

Step aside, mine client -- I'll decide that for you. What have we here?

CANTOR:

Russian, I have a T.L. for you -- Tizzie Lish!

GORDON:

That's a Tizzie Lish?

CANTOR:

Yes.

GORDON:

What' won't they think of next!

TIZZIE:

Who is this happy little monster?

CANTOR:

The Mad Russian!

TIZZIE:

Have you got a license for him?

GORDON:

Ignoring that last remark -- I must know if she can make love. (25:35)

CANTOR:

Well, Tizzie, what are you waiting for? Show him
-- kiss him.

TIZZIE:

Oh, no -- I gotta draw the line somewhere! I said
I'd go for anybody in the animal kingdom -- but
he must be mineral or vegetable!

GORDON:

Haddie Camphor -- that's a woman?

CANTOR:

Yes.

GORDON:

I'm broccoli!!!

TIZZIE:

You should talk. You look like one of my recipes
that backfired!

GORDON:

That's very funny -- very funny!

CANTOR:

What's very funny?

GORDON:

If that wasn't Tizzie Lish -- I'd swear I'm
looking in a mirror! (26:10)

TIZZIE:

How can you say that to me -- Why, I played Juliet to Leslie Howard's Romeo -- I played Desdemona to Walter Huston's Othello -- I played --

GORDON:

Just a minute -- Did you ever play the eight ball in the side pocket?

CANTOR:

Stop clowning --- and talk business. You see, Russian, she has something. What about an engagement?

GORDON:

I'll go right out and make a telephone call with mine own nickel -- and I'll get a job for you, or else --

TIZZIE:

Or else what?

GORDON:

Or else you'll have to give me mine nickel back!
(EXITS)

PARKS:

Oh, Eddie --

CANTOR:

What is it, Bert Parks?

PARKS:

I --

TIZZIE:

Come here to me, you great big beautiful mans --

PARKS:

Hey -- let go of me -- stop kissing me!

CANTOR:

Tizzie, come away from Bert Parks, I hired you to make love to Fairchild!

TIZZIE:

Go away, Eddie -- this is on my time! (26:55)

CANTOR:

What goes on here --

GORDON:

I got it -- I got it -- Tizzie Lish, I got you a job with one of the biggest men in town...Guess with whom you are appearing?

TIZZIE:

Don't tell me I'm Fred Astaire's dancing partner.

GORDON:

No -- you're Jack Roper's Sparring-partner!

ORCHESTRA: ("WHOOPEE CHASER")

(APPLAUSE)

CANTOR:

Goodnight, Tizzie Lish, and thank you. We've had lots of fun...and now, Ladies and Gentlemen -- a medley of three songs many of you have asked for. Music, Fairchild!

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION)

(27:25)

CANTOR: 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!

GLEE CLUB: He's tried to win you,
No use to continue,
He's only been wasting his time,

CANTOR: I cried for you,
What a fool I used to be...
I found two eyes just a little bit bluer,
Found a heart just a little bit truer,
I cried for you,
Now it's your turn to cry over me,

GLEE CLUB: (SWEET) No time to worry, no time to weep,
(SWING) No time for romance, it's time to sleep.

CANTOR: Gotta get some shut-eye
Give the world the go-bye,
Got an awful lot of dreamin' to do.
Gotta catch some shuteye
Where the kisses flow by,
Got an awful lot of dreams to come true.
Gonna let the Sandman sprinkle me with stars,
Only hope that old lamp-lighter
Lets me hold my little baby tighter

GLEE CLUB: Good night

Sleep Tight

Good night, Eddie

Good night and pleasant
dreams to you!

So I'm goin' bye-bye

Catch myself some shuteye

Got an awful lot of dreamin' to do!

(BAND SWELLS) (APPLAUSE)

(30:05)

CANTOR:

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen. I hope you join us again next week when we have as our guests those lovable rogues -- The Dead End Kids.

FAIRCHILD:

Until then -- please remember -- (30:20)

(SINGING)

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

CANTOR:

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)(31:00)

PARKS:

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, more expensive tobaccos -- Turkish and Domestic. That can mean a lot in cigarette enjoyment. Smoke six packages of Camels and see if that doesn't show you why Camels are the largest-selling cigarette in the world.

Remember to listen to Benny Goodman 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.

(31:30)