

EDDIE CANTOR'S CAMEL CARAVAN -- CB #29

MONDAY, APRIL 17, 1939

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

Program No. 43

CANTOR	DONOHUE	WHITE	PETER TOYER
FIELDS	BUNKY	ADAM CARROLL	MERVYN LEROY
HOLZMAN	RAPP	SCHWEIGER	
PARKS	MAURICE	HANLON	
GORDON	PEARSON	SCHUMANN	
ESTY (6)	FILE COPY	STAGE HANDS	
FAIRCHILD	CUTTING COPY	KAY ST. GERMAIN	
GLEE CLUB (11)	KIRK	SOUND MAN	
	KNIGHT		

MUSIC ROUTINE

SELECTION:

1. OPENING (SHORT)
2. "WHOOPEE" (SNEAK IN AND SWELL)
3. "AND THE ANGELS SING" (KIDS)
4. "TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME"
5. QUICK FANFARE
6. "LITTLE SIR ECHO" (CANTOR)
7. SHORT LIFT CHASER (SEGUE)
8. "THE AMERICAN WAY"
9. ONE HOUR

BOSS: PLANT ST. MARY'S BUSINESS

TO CUT: (THIRTY SECONDS)

GLEE CLUB:

Let up and light up a Camel...

It's...Eddie Cantor's (PIANO)

Camel (PIANO)

Caravan!

ORCHESTRA: (TAG)

PARKS:

Some smokers express a preference for Camels because they are mild. Others swear by the mellow flavor, of Camel's matchless blend. Each smoker has his own reasons for sticking to Camels, -- but all of them agree on one important point: there's a lot more genuine fun in smoking camels.

Now -- if you're not already a Camel smoker, why don't you try Camels tonight or tomorrow? We think you will like them, too. We're confident you'll find -- almost from the very first taste of that mild, mellow Camel flavor -- that what we say about Camels making smoking more fun is more than just a phrase. For Camel's costlier tobaccos -- plus slow, unhurried aging for natural mildness -- plus matchless blending for unrivaled flavor -- gives you a cigarette that never wears out its welcome. That's Camel...the largest-selling cigarette in the world. So for more fun in smoking, let up and light up a Camel! C-A-M-E-L spells true smoking pleasure, and speaking of pleasure, here is EDDIE CANTOR!

(ORCHESTRA
SNEAKS IN
"WHOOPEE")

(APPLAUSE) (MUSIC SWELLS AS CANTOR ENTERS) (1:30)

CANTOR:

Just a minute, Bert -- I have an announcement to make before the program starts -- Ladies and gentlemen, the following jokes have been tested and approved by the Good Housekeeping Institute -- Corn Products Division!

PARKS:

Gosh, you sure feel good tonight, Mr. Cantor.

CANTOR:

Mr. Cantor again? Bert, I've told you so many times -- call me Eddie, will you?....You make me feel like I'm an old man of ninety or something.

PARKS:

Well, after all -- I'm just a youngster.

CANTOR:

Youngster -- am I such a -- look -- Call me Eddie, will you?

PARKS:

All right -- Mr. Eddie!

CANTOR:

Lay off that Mister stuff -- Bert, don't be so formal -- call me what you know I want you to call me.

PARKS:

Oh -- Poppa!

(2:10)

CANTOR:

No!...And stop trying to make me feel old --
Spring is in the air -- You should have been with
me yesterday at Westlake Park -- it was really
beautiful there -- all nature seemed to be alive...
The birds tweeting their love songs -- it was really
inspiring...I went down to the edge of the lake and
threw pieces of bread to the fish, and they'd jump
up to catch it...Finally, a big trout jumped out of
the water and said, "On your salary you can't give
us cake?".....Fresh fish!

PARKS:

You must have had a lot of fun there, Eddie.

CANTOR:

Ahhh, yes -- lovers seemed to be everywhere....
Clark Gable and Carole Lombard strolling arm in
arm -- Hedy Lamarr and Gene Markey sitting on a
bench -- and paddling along in a canoe gazing fondly
into each other's eyes -- Jack Benny and Carmichel
the Bear!...It was very romantic.

PARKS:

What else did you do, Eddie?

(3:00)

CANTOR:

Well, I got back into my car and I needed some gas -- so I drove into one of those Super-Service gas stations...And you should have seen the service I got...They put air in my tires -- water in my radiator -- cleaned the whole car -- shined my shoes, sewed three buttons on my vest and plucked my eyebrows.

By this time I was a little tired, so I yawned, and they pulled out two teeth! -- But what service those attendants give you! A car pulled up along side of me and a baby started to cry. Immediately four guys sprung up out of the ground. One had safety pins -- another had talcum powder -- the third one went, "Kootchy, kootchy, kootchy!" And the fourth one had embroidered on the back of his overalls, "Jack, the didee man!" I guess he was a little near-sighted 'cause he said, "My, what big eyes this baby has!" and for the next half hour I was trying to fight my way out of a three-cornered straight jacket! I'm not kidding, I still have scars from those safety pins!

(3:50)

PARKS:

But you got away, huh?

CANTOR:

Yes -- I stepped on the gas and I went over to see Edgar Fairchild's new house. You know, since he made such a hit on this program two weeks ago singing "Susie," he's really gone Hollywood. You should see the way his house is fixed up. Marble staircases, Gold chandeliers, and hanging over the dining room table he's got two big faucets --

PARKS:

Faucets? What are they for?

CANTOR:

Hot and cold running soup!

PARKS:

Gosh, he's really putting on the dog.

(4:15)

CANTOR:

Oh, that's nothing, Bert. Somebody told him milk baths were good for the complexion -- so he went out and bought a cow.

PARKS:

Really? And did he take any milk baths?

CANTOR:

No, he couldn't get the cow in the tub -- so he hoisted her up on the ceiling and took a shower! -- And if you think that's fancy, you oughta see the classy dinners he serves!

PARKS:

Really?

CANTOR:

Bert -- he even puts cheese souffle in the mousetraps!

PARKS:

Does that fool the mice?

CANTOR:

No -- but twice last week it caught Fairchild -- Here's Fairchild now. (4:40)

FAIRCHILD:

Am I late, not that I care?

CANTOR:

Fairchild, we were just talking about your new house.

FAIRCHILD:

Thanks -- I have a typically Hollywood home -- eighty-four rooms and a kitchenette! (4:50)

CANTOR:

You must get plenty of exercise walking from room
to room.

FAIRCHILD:

That's nothing -- Just yesterday I bought some
Poloponies.

CANTOR:

PoloPonies? How do you spell that?

FAIRCHILD:

P-O-L-O -- P-O --

CANTOR:

That's Polo Ponies!...Poloponies!

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

CANTOR:

Pardon me, is the telephone ringing, or am I going
nuts!

FAIRCHILD:

I'll take it, Eddie -- I'm expecting a call...
(INTO PHONE)...Hello -- Edgar Fairchild speaking.

MAN:

(FILTER...TOM HANLON) Are you the same
Edgar Fairchild who sang on the Eddie Cantor program?

FAIRCHILD:

Why, yes.

MAN:

Well, you're just the singer we need. We want to
dub in your voice for the star of our next picture.

FAIRCHILD:

That's wonderful -- marvelous...Who is the star?

MAN:

Donald Duck!

SOUND: RECEIVER SLAMS

(5:25)

CANTOR :

Now, Fairchild -- maybe you won't think you're such a big shot!

FAIRCHILD:

You'll find out when my agent consults you about a new contract for me. From now on, Cantor, money talks.

(SCHUMANN SCREENS RUSSIAN)

CANTOR :

And if I know your agent, it speaks with a dialect.

GORDON:

How do you do!

CANTOR :

The Russian!

(APPLAUSE)

(5:50)

GORDON:

As Edgar Fairchild's personal representative, I demand shorter hours, better conditions, more pay -- and if you meet my demands ---

CANTOR:

Yes --

GORDON:

Will I be surprised!

CANTOR:

Russian, why don't you quit masquerading as an agent?

GORDON:

Quiet, Camphor -- you are talking to an agent who has names like Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, Spencer Tracy and Jeanette MacDonald.

CANTOR:

How did you ever manage to get those names?

GORDON:

I tore 'em out of a phone book! (6:15)

CANTOR:

Look -- prominent people out here aren't listed in phone books...My name is not in the book.

GORDON:

You didn't pay your bill, either!

CANTOR:

Quit clowning, Russian -- nothing you say can convince me that you're an agent.

GORDON:

I'll prove you -- here's a contract I drew up... Listen -- the plaintiff versus the defendant according to habeas corpus, Section B paragraph nine of the penal code --

CANTOR:

Russian -- that's law.

GORDON:

How do you like that -- I'm a lawyer, too!

CANTOR:

Oh, you'll never be able to sell Fairchild to anybody.

GORDON:

No? Listen to these offers...M.G.M.-- eight thousand dollars -- R.K.O. -- ninety-five hundred dollars -- Warner Brothers -- ten thousand dollars --

CANTOR:

They're offering that for Fairchild?

GORDON:

No -- I'm offering Fairchild for that!

(7:00)

CANTOR:

You don't know anybody at R.K.O., M.G.M. or Warners.

GORDON:

Why don't you mention Paramount?

CANTOR:

All right, I will mention Paramount.

GORDON:

Good -- I don't know anybody there, either!

CANTOR:

Stick to business -- if you're Fairchild's agent, how much do you want me to pay him?

GORDON:

Fairchild, how much do you weigh?

FAIRCHILD:

A hundred and --

CANTOR:

What's that got to do with it, Russian?

GORDON:

I'm selling him by the pound!

CANTOR:

Singers by the pound!

GORDON:

You never heard of the Union Scale?

(7:35)

CANTOR:

Russian, you're wasting your time -- Fairchild's no actor, and certainly no singer!

GORDON:

Don't say that...Did you ever hear Nelson Eddy sing?

CANTOR:

Yes.

GORDON:

Did you ever hear Martinelli sing?

CANTOR:

Of course.

GORDON:

And did you ever listen to Lawrence Tibbett?

CANTOR:

Certainly!

GORDON:

And still you won't give up?

(APPLAUSE)

(EXIT)

CANTOR:

Get out of here, you fake agent! -- Fairchild a singer! The very idea! I'll let you hear some real singing! Listen:

(CANTOR VOCALIZES)

HANLON:

(OVER VOCALIZING) Kay St. Germain and Bert Parks bring you Johnny Mercer's latest hit -- "And The Angels Sing."
(8:05)

ORCHESTRA: (LICK INTRODUCTION)

KAY: We meet (UPON A NIGHT IN SPRING)
And the angels sing (FOR LOVE MUST HAVE ITS FLING)
The angels sing the sweetest song I ever heard.

BERT: You speak (ORCHESTRA: JAM FILL)
And the angels sing (EACH WORD A BREATH OF SPRING)
Or am I breathing music into ev'ry word. (IN YOUR EMBRACE I CLING)

KAY: Suddenly the setting is strange
I can see water and moonlight beaming

BERT: Silver waves that break on some undiscovered shore.

KAY: Then suddenly, I see it all change,
Long winter nights with the candles gleaming

BERT: Through it all your face that I adore.

KAY: You smile (YOUR FACE IS ALL AGLEAM)
And the angels sing (AND LIFE'S A LOVELY DREAM)
And though it's just a gentle murmur at the start.

BERT: We kiss (AS SWEET AS RARE CHAMPAGNE)
And the angels sing (A LOVER'S LIGHT REFRAIN)

KAY: And leave their music ringing in my heart...

BERT: You came, luring me on, I might have known
You were temptation...

KAY: Suddenly the setting is strange (X) I can see water and
moonlight beaming.

BERT: Suddenly, the setting is strange, (X) I can see water and
moonlight beaming.

GLEE CLUB: Suddenly the setting is strange (X) I can see water and
moonlight beaming.

KAY: Suddenly I see it all change, long winter nights with the
candles gleaming

BERT: Through it all your face that I adore!

ORCHESTRA: (JAM MODULATION)

KAY: We kiss

BOTH: and the angels (TACIT)
and leave their music ringin' (1-2-3) SING
the music singin' swingin' in my heart!

(10:30)

GLEE CLUB: HEAR THE ANGELS SING!

(BAND TOPPER) (APPLAUSE)

CROWD ROARS -- 78 -- GLEE CLUB

ORCHESTRA: "TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME"

(10:35)

(FADE ON CUE)

PARKS:

Baseball! The crack of the bat, the roar of the crowd and the baseball season is officially begun! And, Eddie -- if you knew how many big stars were Camel smokers, you'd help me wish them the best season ever --

CANTOR:

All right, Bert -- I'm willing to play ball!

PARKS:

Well, gather 'round, fans! Here's a message from that slugger of sluggers...James Emory Jimmy Foxx, the one and only Double X of the Boston Red Sox. Jimmy hit fifty home runs last season, led the American League in hitting, and for the third time in his career was voted the league's most valuable player award. Jimmy is a Camel smoker from 'way back. He says:

MAN'S VOICE}

(PETE TOYER, OFF-STAGE MIKE) Like so many in the baseball crowd, I'm a real Camel fan! I've smoked Camels for ten years, and I never tire of them. They've got a mildness and ripe, rich taste that covers all the bases with me. I know I'm getting all the pleasure there is in smoking when I let up and light up a Camel.

PARKS:

Thank you, Jimmy Foxx, and many home runs to you! And, folks, baseball isn't the only game where you find such a liking for Camels. At work or play -- anywhere you turn -- you'll find more people smoking Camels than any other cigarette. Don't miss out on the fun. Let up and light up a smooth, mellow Camel... the cigarette of costlier tobaccos!

ORCHESTRA: (QUICK FANFARE)

(11:50)

KAY:

Oh, Mr. Cantor --

CANTOR:

What is it, Kay St. Germain?

KAY:

Well, while Bert and I were singing, Edgar Fairchild went out to take a bath. And he left orders for you to keep things running until he returns.

CANTOR:

That B Flat Termite -- I hope he falls through the drain!...Ordering me around!

KAY:

I don't like taking orders from him, either...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?...Everything is so mixed up here.

(12:20)

PARKS:

Oh, Eddie -- is it true that Edgar Fairchild is the head man on the program now?

CANTOR:

That's right.

PARKS:

You mean I have to do whatever he asks me to?

CANTOR:

Yes, Bert.

PARKS:

Aw, shucks -- (CALLS) -- All right, Fairchild -- I'll scrub your back! (EXIT)

CANTOR:

What a man! What a man!

SOUND: PHONE RINGS...LIFT RECEIVER

CANTOR:

Hello?

VOICE:

(OFF STAGE, ON FILTER) (TOM HANLON) Mr. Cantor?

CANTOR:

Yes?

VOICE:

This is "Be kind to animals" week.

CANTOR:

That's right.

VOICE:

Are you willing to cooperate with us?

CANTOR:

Yes.

VOICE:

Don't sing! (HANGS UP)

(12:50)

CANTOR:

Fairchild's work -- I know!

PARKS:

That is too much, Eddie -- I'm gonna quit!

CANTOR:

What's the trouble, Bert?

PARKS:

Well, Eddie, I don't mind scrubbing Fairchild's back and spraying perfume on his moustache, but just because the water runs out of the tub, can he use my big toe for a stopper?

CANTOR:

Not unless it's in your contract.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

CANTOR:

I'll take it...(INTO PHONE) Hello -- Eddie Cantor speaking.

GORDON:

(ON FILTER) Listen, Camphor -- if you will apologize to me for mine ignorance, I will accept you as a client!

CANTOR:

I wouldn't tie myself up with an agent whose only other client is a broken-down singer.

GORDON:

That's not true. I'm not only handling singers, but composers, too...Yesterday I had lunch with the great composer, Chopin.

CANTOR:

You had lunch with Chopin?

GORDON:

Yes, and we sat there for hours and hours.

CANTOR:

But Chopin has been dead for hundreds of years.

GORDON:

That's why he didn't pick up the check!
(HANGS UP)

(13:40)

CANTOR:

Bert, that was Fairchild's agent the Russian. He doesn't know that I'm going to fix Fairchild this week.

PARKS:

What are you going to do, Eddie?

CANTOR:

Well you've heard of Mervyn Leroy, the big picture producer from M.G.M.

PARKS:

Yeah.

CANTOR:

Well, I've asked Mervyn to come down here tonight. And when he tells Cookie Fairchild that he's no actor, Cookie'll crawl back under his baton and stop bothering us! Why, when we get through with him we'll have Fairchild working for nothing on this program!

PARKS:

But he does that now, Eddie!

CANTOR:

Yeah -- QUIET! Ladies and gentlemen, it is my pleasure to present one of Hollywood's best known directors and producers-- the man who gave the world "Anthony Adverse," "Little Caesar," "Tugboat Annie," and "I'm a Fugitive From a Chain Gang" -- Hollywood's youngest producer -- Mervyn Leroy!

(APPLAUSE AS LEROY ENTERS)

(14:40)

LEROY:

Thank you, Eddie.

CANTOR:

Wait a minute, I haven't finished. Mervyn Leroy appears on this program through the courtesy of Kenny Baker. We also want to thank Jack Benny for allowing Kenny Baker to allow Mervyn Leroy to appear! Mervyn, you know why you're here tonight -- I want you to discourage Edgar Fairchild from acting.

LEROY:

How long has he been working for you, Eddie?

CANTOR:

Two years.

LEROY:

And he's not discouraged yet?

CANTOR:

Look, Mervyn, you're here tonight not only to help me but to give us a chance to reminisce about old times. A lot of things have happened since I first came out here thirteen years ago to make "Kid Boots!" Remember, in those days, Mervyn, you were just a comedy constructor for Colleen Moore -- remember the gags you wrote for me? And now, look at you, you're a producer.

LEROY:

And look at you -- you're still using my gags!

(15:25)

CANTOR:

I'll ignore that -- mainly because I haven't got a funny answer. But you know, Mervyn, I loved your picture, "Anthony Adverse." That was a great picture.

LEROY:

Thank you. But I only have one regret.

CANTOR:

What's that?

LEROY:

I should have read the book!

CANTOR:

Read it? You couldn't even lift it!...Mervyn, you've gotten too far in the movie industry for me to believe that. Imagine -- you've been a prop boy -- a gag writer -- technician -- assistant director -- you came up the hard way -- you grew up with Hollywood -- and it's nice to know that you grew -- and your head remained the same!! (APPLAUSE)

LEROY:

Thank you, Eddie, I could say the same things about your head -- but enough of this empty chatter!

CANTOR:

Okay with me, Mervyn. Remember the days of the silent pictures?

LEROY:

I remember how the audiences used to try to figure out what the actors were saying. (16:25)

CANTOR:

Yeah, I remember once when the hero was talking to the heroine -- one fellow next to me said, "He's asking her to marry him. And his friend said, "No -- he's saying, 'Darling, I love you -- nothing can keep us apart -- not even your mean father.'" And then the sub-title flashed on the screen -- "ALL RIGHT I'LL BUY YOU THE BICYCLE FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY!" That was in the silent days -- today there's only one thing wrong with the talkies...why don't they ever put me in a picture with Hedy Lamarr?

LEROY:

Somehow, Eddie, you're not the Ecstasy type.

CANTOR:

But I can use a glamour girl. Mervyn, in my last three pictures I played opposite the Peters Sisters, Polly Moran, and Sydney Franklin, the bull fighter! Imagine a bull fighter!

LEROY:

Cheer up, Ferdinand!

CANTOR:

Mervyn, can't you just see me in a love scene with Hedy Lamarr? She looks into my eyes and says, "You're the most wonderful man I have ever met! I'm mad about you! Crazy about you! Kiss me -- kiss me!" And then do you know what happens?

LEROY:

Yeah -- we jack you up to her lips? (17:35)

CANTOR:

(EXCITEDLY) No! I take her in my arms and kiss her and kiss her and kiss her! I make violent love to her and she whispers, "Stop -- you're driving me mad!"

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

CANTOR:

Oh, darn it! Hello --

VOICE:

(FILTERED) (KAY ST. GERMAIN) (OFF STAGE) Eddie -- This is Ida -- You want me to send down your vitamin pills?

SOUND: HANGS UP

CANTOR:

Oh, that was just one of Ida's jokes. She's always kidding.

LEROY:

She learned it from you! Remember those practical jokes you played on me?

CANTOR:

Don't get mad now 'cause I once called you up at three o'clock in the morning, pretended I was the Department of Water Supply, and told you to fill all your pots and pans we were shutting off the water for twenty-four hours, (18:15)

LEROY:

Why is it that whenever I played a trick on you it never worked?

CANTOR:

Mervyn, there's an art in being able to play a practical joke! Tonight you get your chance to play one on Fairchild, my orchestra leader, who thinks he's something. Why is it that all actors want to be something they're not?

LEROY:

It's pretty bad when a singer wants to be a comedian, and when a comedian wants to be a singer.

CANTOR:

And it's even more awful when some poor sap tries to be both a comedian and a singer.

LEROY:

Say no more, Eddie -- I know just how you feel!

CANTOR:

Yeah -- WAIT A MINUTE! (CONTINUED) (18:50)

CANTOR:
(Cont'd)

Pardon me if I seem to change the subject rapidly, Mervyn, but besides producing pictures, I understand you've gone in for breeding horses.

LEROY:

Well, I have a few.

CANTOR:

Tell me, do you ever race them?

LEROY:

Yes, and I can beat most of them!

CANTOR:

I'll bet you can beat that sway-back horse I sent you for your birthday last year.

LEROY:

I didn't mind your sending me the horse --

CANTOR:

But --

LEROY:

But when he walked into the dining room and blew out the candles on my birthday cake!!

CANTOR:

Mervyn -- There's an art in being able to play a practical joke!

LEROY:

(LAUGHS) Eddie, you know, my main reason for coming up here today was to hear you sing.

CANTOR:

Honestly?

LEROY:

No, but that's what it says here in the script.

CANTOR:

All right, I'll sing right now -- but when I get through, remember I want you to fix Fairchild for me!

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION)

(19:40)

CANTOR:

Little Sir Echo, how do you do -- hello -- hello --
Little Sir Echo, I'm very blue Hello -- Hello --
Hello -- Hello --
Won't you come over and play.
You're a nice little fellow I know by your voice
But you're always so far away.
(BAND MODULATES)
Little Sir Echo, how do you do, Hello (BAND CUTS)
(JIGGLE HOOK) Hello! Hello!

KAY:

(OFF-STAGE FILTER) Deposit five cents for another
five minutes please.

CANTOR:

A nickel here, a nickel there -- I can't save a cent!

SOUND: DEPOSIT COIN

CANTOR:

Little Sir Echo how do you do, Hello (BAND CUT-OFF)
(JIGGLE HOOK) Hello! Hello!

KAY:

(OFF-STAGE FILTER) Pu-leeze take the string off the nickel,
Mr. Benny.

CANTOR:

It's only Benny's string -- it's MY nickel!
(SING) Little Sir Echo, how do you do, Hello (BAND CUT-OFF)
(JIGGLE HOOK) Hello, Hello!

GORDON:

(OFF-STAGE FILTER) How do you do!

CANTOR:

A Russian Echo!

(SING) Hello (FLUTE) Oh-won't-you-say-hello (FLUTE)
Won't you come over and play-ay-ay-ay-ay-ay
(FLUTE:) Play-ay-ay-ay-ay-ay
Lah-de-ah (FLUTE)
Lah-de-ah (FLUTE) Lah-de-ah (FLUTE)

CADENZA -- into "Stars and Stripes Forever"

CANTOR:

Step right up ladies and gentlemen, the marvel of the age --
wait a minute! (MUSIC CUTS) Dis all started wit an echo --
what kinda routine are you handin' me...it's MUTINY! Hah!

(SING) Little Sir Echo, how do you...do (GLEE CLUB
BACKGROUND)

Hello (HELLO) How are you (PRETTY GOOD)
See you again (ALL RIGHT) Good night (GOOD NIGHT)
Little Sir Echo, Good night! (BAND UP) (APPLAUSE) (22:25)

CANTOR:

Quiet, Mervyn -- here come Fairchild...Now remember, discourage him from becoming an actor so I can have some peace on this program...Oh, Fairchild!

FAIRCHILD:

What's on your mind, Ed, old chap?

CANTOR:

I want you to meet a man who is responsible for many fine pictures.

FAIRCHILD:

Who?

CANTOR:

Who? Haven't you ever heard of "Anthony Adverse?"

FAIRCHILD:

Of course. Pleased to meet you, Mr. Adverse! (22:45)

LEROY:

Just call me Anthony!

CANTOR:

Fairchild, his name is Leroy -- Leroy!

FAIRCHILD:

I remember when they called you Baby!

CANTOR:

Fairchild, Mervyn Leroy is a big producer at M.G.M. and he wants to know if you've ever been before a camera.

FAIRCHILD:

Oh, sure -- when I was just a baby they entered my picture in a beauty contest.

LEROY:

That's interesting -- did you win?

FAIRCHILD:

Yes. I beat two other kids out to become the "King of Bronx Park!"

CANTOR:

So you were the prettiest baby -- who were the other two kids?

FAIRCHILD:

Bela Lugosi and Boris Karloff! (23:20)

CANTOR:

Look, Fairchild -- Mervyn Leroy is going to give you a test now, and if he says you're good -- I'll let you do anything you want on this program. But if he says you're bad -- you're to forget about acting and leave me alone!

FAIRCHILD:

Okay. It's a deal! (23:30)

LEROY:

Fine! Now here's the scene. There are two parts -- one is the young man.

FAIRCHILD:

That's me!

LEROY:

Eddie, will you play the part of the father who doesn't want his daughter to get married?

CANTOR:

It's out of character, but I'll play it!---Start in, Fairchild.

FAIRCHILD:

Right. Mr. Henderson, I've come to ask for your daughter's hand.

CANTOR:

The answer is no!

FAIRCHILD:

But I am madly infatuated with her -- she is my heart -- my soul -- morning, noon, and night she is on my mind! She is the one with whom I am hopelessly enameled!

CANTOR:

With whom you are hopelessly enameled??

FAIRCHILD:

Sure -- I lacquer!

CANTOR:

Lacquer!

LEROY:

Duco on, before the audience varnishes. (24:15)

FAIRCHILD:

(DRAMATICALLY) Mr. Henderson, you can't keep us apart! We love each other! We have a right to do as we please! Let us live our own lives -- you don't know what it feels like to turn over the next page!

CANTOR:

Fairchild, you're reading the directions!...Continue.

LEROY:

Yes, Fairchild -- this is your big chance. (24:35)

FAIRCHILD:

(DRAMATICALLY) Mr. Henderson, I can't stand it any longer -- why do you keep us apart? Two young people on the threshold of life -- with a barrier of steel between us! We need each other! Samson had his Delilah! Anthony had his Cleopatra! Ceasar had his Cleopatra!

CANTOR:

She did all right for herself!

FAIRCHILD:

(FURIOUSLY) Don't interrupt! I demand that you surrender your daughter to me or suffer the quensikwantses!!! (APPLAUSE)

CANTOR:

Now Mervyn -- be frank -- what do you think of Fairchild's acting?

LEROY:

Wonderful! He's another Muni --- another Tracy -- in all my years in Hollywood -- I have never seen or heard greater talent!

FAIRCHILD:

Really!

CANTOR:

Mervyn, come here! You double-crosser!

(FRANTICALLY) You told Fairchild he's good -- I'll never have any peace on this program again! You know he's no good! Why did you do it?

LEROY:

Eddie, there's an art in being able to play a practical joke! Good night.

CANTOR:

Ohhhhhhhhh!

(APPLAUSE)

(25:35)

CANTOR:

Thank you, Mervyn Leroy for your presence here tonight...Even though you're gonna make my life miserable because of what you told Fairchild. I can forgive you anything, after looking at your latest and greatest production "The Wizard of Oz"... Ladies and gentlemen, every now and then Hollywood produces a picture that becomes a milestone in the march of entertainment, in the "Wizard of Oz," M.G.M. and Mervyn Leroy has given us the greatest two hours of entertainment we've had in a good many years...Laughter, pathos, good music, fine color, with an all star cast -- put "The Wizard of Oz" on your MUST list.

GORDON:

Haddie Camphor -- I heard what Mervyn Leroy said and I can make you as big a hit as Fairchild.

CANTOR:

You'll make me as big a hit as Fairchild? You'll make me as big a hit as Fairchild?

GORDON:

Impossible, eh?

(26:00)

CANTOR:

Russian, here's a proposition -- I'll let you handle me if you'll drop Fairchild.

GORDON:

It's a deal -- I'll make you a star...But first I got to know your background...Tell me -- are you married?

CANTOR:

Russian, I've been enjoying connubial felicity for twenty-five years.

GORDON:

Then you got to get married!

CANTOR:

But I am!

GORDON:

Then I will book you like you never was booked!

(26:25)

CANTOR:

Fine -- but if you sell me -- that will leave this program without a star.

GORDON:

With an agent like me -- you never have to worry... I've got just the man to take your place...He's got the voice of a Ronald Colman -- the appearance of a Clark Gable -- and the charm of a Charles Boyer.

CANTOR:

I'd like to meet this Genius of the airwaves.

GORDON:

HOW DO YOU DO!

(26:50)

ORCHESTRA: (SHORT LIFT CHASER...SEGUE..."AMERICAN WAY")

ORCHESTRA: "THAT'S THE AMERICAN WAY" (FADE ON CUE FOR)

CANTOR:

(OVER MUSIC) All over the country today, men are marching in uniforms, bands are playing, shells are bursting. War? War? No --- just the opening of the baseball season! The uniforms are baseball suits...the flag the boys are fighting for is only a pennant -- And the bursting shells they're only peanuts!...That's the American Way! Catcher's masks not gas masks, baseball fields, not battlefields, cheers, not tears -- That's...the American Way!

CANTOR AND GLEE CLUB:

(SING) That's the American Way.

(APPLAUSE)

(27:50)

CANTOR:

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen. And I hope you'll tune in next Monday night to meet one of the most glamorous women on the American scene -- Irene Castle...And now...

KAY:

Oh, Mr. Fairchild...

FAIRCHILD:

Yes, Kay...

KAY:

Did you like my performance tonight?

FAIRCHILD:

(HESITANTLY) Well -- er -- yes -- remind me to rehearse you a little bit more for next week.

KAY:

Oh, thanks -- will you?

FAIRCHILD:

Yes -- and if you improve enough I might introduce you to Merv.

KAY:

Merv?

FAIRCHILD:

Leroy!....From M.G.F. -- Metro-Goldwyn-Fairchild!
Good night, Kay.

PARKS:

Oh, Mr. Fairchild -- how was I tonight?

FAIRCHILD:

Adequate -- you could use a little more fire in your commercials...You know, where there's fire there's smoke -- and where there's smoke there's Camels!...Look -- I'm a writer, too!

PARKS:

Good night.

FAIRCHILD:

Good night, old boy.

CANTOR:

Excuse me, Fairchild -- could you spare a minute.

FAIRCHILD:

Speak up -- don't beat about the bush.

CANTOR:

How did you like what I did tonight?

FAIRCHILD:

Your performance was like that Egyptian monument.

CANTOR:

Sphinx?

FAIRCHILD:

That's close enough -- good night!

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA:

"ONE HOUR"

(28:50)

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)

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

PARKS:

(29:30)

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:

(29:55)

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.