

EDDIE CANTOR'S CAMEL CARAVAN -- CB #30

MONDAY, APRIL 24, 1939

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

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

Program No. 44

CANTOR	DONOHUE	WHITE	PAULA WINSLOW
FIELDS	BUNKY	ADAM CARROLL	IRENE CASTLE
HOLZMAN	RAPP	SCHWEIGER	LENI LYNN
PARKS	MAURICE	HANLON	FRED SHIELDS
GORDON	PEARSON	SCHUMANN	JERRIE GAIL
ESTY (6)	FILE COPY	STAGE HANDS	HANLEY STAFFORD
FAIRCHILD	CUTTING COPY	SOUND MAN	
GLEE CLUB (11)	KIRK		
	KNIGHT		

MUSIC ROUTINE

SELECTION:

1. OPENING (SHORT)
2. "WHOOPEE" (SNEAK IN AND SWELL)
3. "WHOOPEE" (TRANSITION)
4. "CAMPBELLS ARE COMING"
5. "LES FILLES DE CADIX" (LENI LYNN)
6. "HEAVEN CAN WAIT" (SWELLS...FADES)
7. "HORSES" (TAG)
8. "MY BABY JUST CARES FOR ME" (CANTOR)
9. "ONE HOUR"

(TO CUT 1:10)

GLEE CLUB:

Let up and light up a Camel....

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

Camel (PIANO)

Caravan!

ORCHESTRA: (TAG)

PARKS:

It isn't mere chance that made Camel the largest-selling cigarette in the world. And it's no accident that Camel has held that position consistently, year in, year out! Camel is the number one cigarette because discriminating smokers recognize costlier tobaccos! It's a well-known fact that Camel has paid in the past -- and continues to pay -- more for finer, more expensive tobaccos. And from the years when Camel first popularized cigarette smoking in America -- right down to today -- Camel's matchless blending of finer tobaccos has never been rivaled for its perfect balance of natural mildness and rich, delicate flavor. For smoking pleasure at its best, believe me, there's nothing like a Camel! So let up and light up a Camel....the cigarette of costlier tobaccos! 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) (1:15)

CANTOR:

(MEEKLY) Hello, everybody, hello, Bert.

PARKS:

Eddie -- are you grouchy tonight?

CANTOR:

No -- not grouchy. I'm just sensitive. Something has happened to me today and....

PARKS:

What happened?

CANTOR:

Well, I went to the doctor for an examination and....
oh, well, the show must go on.

PARKS:

But Eddie, what did the doctor say? Come on --
I'm your friend. Tell me.

CANTOR:

You know, Bert -- the operation I had a few years ago -- the one that cost me twenty-seven hundred dollars -- well, (CRIES) Oh....

PARKS:

Well, what?

CANTOR:

The entire scar is fading. You can't see a thing!
-- Isn't it awful?

PARKS:

Well, didn't you know the scar was fading without going to the doctor?

CANTOR:

Bert, you don't know where I was operated on.
(2:10)

PARKS:

Well, a scar fading -- you should be happy about that.

CANTOR:

Maybe I should, but while I was there, he found out there's something terribly wrong with my blood stream. The doctor took a blood count and I didn't like his reaction.

PARKS:

What did he say?

CANTOR:

He just went "mh-mhmmm" and then he whistled. That whistle is what's worrying me. You see, he explained that the normal person has between five and seven thousand white corpuscles. I've got over eleven.

PARKS:

Is it serious?

CANTOR:

I don't know, but the doctor says if I intend going to New York, I shouldn't wait for the summer rates.....and the white corpuscles are nothing compared to my eyes.

(2:50)

PARKS:

Something wrong with your eyes, too?

CANTOR:

It's awful -- we have a lovely new maid at our house. Today when I left I kissed her goodbye and said, "See you later, Ida."

PARKS:

What does that prove?

CANTOR:

Either I'm terribly near-sighted or my youth is returning! -- Oh, my eyes!

PARKS:

Let me see....why -- there's nothing wrong with your eyes.

CANTOR:

There will be if Ida finds out! (3:15)

PARKS:

You just think you're sick, that's all.

CANTOR:

What's with my insomnia? I haven't slept for years! In fact, if I don't drink a cup of Ovaltine I can't even get into my pajamas!.

PARKS:

I always read myself to sleep.

CANTOR:

I tried that. I picked up a detective story the other night. It took me five hours to discover who put the body in the coffee pot! I was so excited I bit off my own nails and started working on my kids'!

PARKS:

You shouldn't read detective stories. Read something that's dull.

CANTOR:

No, Bert -- once the broadcast is over, I'm through with the script! (3:45)

PARKS:

The way to get a good night's rest is to learn to relax gradually. First, put your toes to sleep -- then your heels -- then your ankles, and work up gradually to your head.

CANTOR:

I tried it. I started that two weeks ago.

PARKS:

Yes?

CANTOR:

I'm up to my knees now. I figure around May fifteenth I should be asleep! -- don't you? (4:10)

PARKS:

Eddie, what's the real cause of your upset condition? Tell me the truth -- it's Edgar Fairchild, isn't it?

CANTOR:

Yes, Bert, it is. Ever since Mervyn Leroy told him he was a great actor -- Fairchild has made my life miserable. He's actually trying to take my place on the program. Why he's trying to look like me. He's even wearing collars three sizes too small. (4:30)

PARKS:

But why?

CANTOR:

Can't you see -- he's trying to make his eyes pop!!

PARKS:

Oh that's silly, Eddie -- he'll never be a popper like you! (4:45)

CANTOR:

That's not what's worrying me. He's making a play to get control of this program and maybe take my place at M.G.M. too.

FAIRCHILD:

Hello, Bert, hello, Eddie....regards from Mervyn LeRoy.

CANTOR:

Thanks.

FAIRCHILD:

I just had lunch with him at Victor Hugo's...that's the place where they name dishes after all the stars ...Gosh, do you think they'll ever name a dish after me?

CANTOR:

Well, maybe -- but who could eat stewed Kennel Ration!...Fairchild, take a tip from me, forget all about pictures -- with a face like yours, you'll never make good.

FAIRCHILD:

But M.G.M. is gonna change my profile...They're gonna put adhesive tape on my nose to tilt it up.

CANTOR:

That's good.

FAIRCHILD:

But if they put tape on my nose -- how will I smell?

CANTOR:

Tell him will you?...Now Fairchild, please -- don't aggravate me -- I'm tired -- I don't feel well -- I haven't slept for days -- Oooh! That pain in my side! (5:30)

PARKS:

Eddie -- why don't you go to my doctor -- his office is right across the street.

CANTOR:

All right, Bert -- I'll try him...You take care of the program till I get back.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

ORCHESTRA: ("WHOOPEE"....FADE ON CUE)

NURSE:

(PAULA WINSLOW) (ON CUE) Yes, sir -- what can I do for you?

CANTOR:

Nurse, I'd like to see the doctor...I don't feel so good.

NURSE:

Name, please.

CANTOR:

Eddie Cantor...You see, I've got a pain in my side...

NURSE:

Married?

CANTOR:

Yes -- but I've gotta see the doctor -- (5:50)

NURSE:

Are you a Professional Man?

CANTOR:

Am I -- Listen, young lady -- I'm on the air, I'm in pictures, I've been on the stage --

NURSE:

How old are you?

CANTOR:

Look, I'm not here for Social Security! -- I just wanna see the doctor!....Let me see the doctor!

NURSE:

That's what I'm trying to do, sir...Are you a citizen?

CANTOR:

Yes --

NURSE:

Do you live in this country?

CANTOR:

No -- I commute from Australia!...Look -- I just wanna see the doctor. (6:10)

NURSE:

What's your name?

CANTOR:

Eddie Cantor -- I'm a sick man -- I've got a terrible pain in my side, -- I think there's something wrong with my liver.

NURSE:

Sorry, we're not handling liver this week -- we're pushing appendicitis!

CANTOR:

Stop clowning -- my side is killing me !

NURSE:

How old are you?

CANTOR:

Thirty-seven!

NURSE:

I asked you your age -- not your waistline!

(6:30)

CANTOR:

(SHOUTING) What are you bothering me with questions for -- I tell you I'm sick -- I gotta see the doctor!...I GOTTA SEE THE DOCTOR!

NURSE:

Stop shouting -- you gave me a headache...Now I've gotta see the doctor myself.

CANTOR:

All right...What's your name?

NURSE:

Eddie Cantor -- WAIT A MINUTE!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

NURSE:

Yes, sir -- what can I do for you?

MAN:

(TOM HANLON) (VERY VERY FAST) My name is Tom Hanlon -- I'm thirty-six years old -- I've been married twelve years -- got six children -- I'm good to my wife's mother, I've got a pain in my side -- and I'm going in to see the doctor!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

CANTOR:

Look, Nurse -- can I see the doctor now?

NURSE:

What's your name?

CANTOR:

Izzy -- EDDIE CANTOR!

(7:00)

NURSE:

Did your parents have any other children or were you a lesson to them?

CANTOR:

In a minute!....I'll faint!

NURSE:

You'll have to answer a few questions first, Height?

CANTOR:

Five foot seven.

NURSE:

Chest?

CANTOR:

Forty-two.

NURSE:

Expanded?

CANTOR:

Forty-one and a half! -- Yes, forty-one and a half!

NURSE:

Oh, you expand from the inside!

CANTOR:

Sure -- what do you think I am -- a Showoff?...Let me go in.

NURSE:

You wait here and I'll find out if the doctor can take you.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

(7:25)

CANTOR:

Gee -- I hope the doctor will see me.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

HANLON:

Pardon me, sonny -- I'm going in to see the doctor -- will you hold these two little dogs for me?... Thank you.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

CANTOR:

How do you like that? First I had insomnia -- then nervous exhaustion -- a pain in the side -- and now I've got Pups!....Why I came here, I'll never know.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

NURSE:

Mr. Cantor --

CANTOR:

Yes, Nurse --

NURSE:

The doctor will be ready for you in just a moment.
(7:40)

CANTOR:

Thanks.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

FIELDS:

Oh, Miss, I gotta see the doctor right away.

NURSE:

I'm sorry, you'll have to wait -- Mr. Cantor comes ahead of you.

FIELDS:

Oh! The rich people, they get service!

CANTOR:

Mr. Guffy! Guffy - you can't just walk into a doctor's office and see him -- you gotta take your turn.

FIELDS:

Oh sure, mine is a second hand body -- maybe you'd like me to just turn over and lay down --

CANTOR:

Don't turn over, Guffy -- I don't want anybody or anything to turn over --

FIELDS:

Fine -- my wheat cakes should be done only on one side, huh? I should get indigestion! (8:05)

CANTOR:

I would not. I hope you never get indigestion.

FIELDS:

Never, huh? My two big cans of bi-carbonate of soda...they should go to waste!

CANTOR:

Guffy, sometimes I can't understand why you were born.

FIELDS:

Oh -- you got a monopoly on the stork --

CANTOR:

But my dear Guffy --

FIELDS:

Go on -- say it -- say it -- I know what you're thinking -- my parents were disappointed in me.

(8:25)

CANTOR:

I won't say it. Your parents were proud of you when you were born.

FIELDS:

Then why did my old man take one look at me and leave town?

CANTOR:

How do I know -- Please, stop aggravating me -- I'm a sick man -- I can't sleep, I can't eat -- I have a pain in my side -- tell me, Guffy, what's wrong with me?

FIELDS:

I should tell you -- trying to save the doctor's fee!

(8:45)

CANTOR:

I'm not -- I'm not trying to save anything.

FIELDS:

No? -- When I see you in the bank every Tuesday morning you're not there to get a calendar!

CANTOR:

Guffy -- go home -- you don't need a doctor -- you're a healthy normal human being.

FIELDS:

If I'm normal, why do I pour syrup on my head and scratch my waffles?

CANTOR:

Well, maybe you are a little eccentric.

FIELDS:

Huhm -- too fancy to use the word "screwy," huh?

CANTOR:

Why did I ever have to come to the doctor? (9:10)

FIELDS:

Why don't you admit it...you hate doctors -- you hate nurses -- you hate me --

CANTOR:

I don't hate nurses --

FIELDS:

Ha ha -- on the loose, hey?

CANTOR:

I am -- I'm not...Look, fellow, I wanna be friends
with you -- here's a pack of Camels -- smoke up --

FIELDS:

Cheap skate -- Can't give a carton!

CANTOR:

Guffy -- why are you so mean, conniving, despicable?

FIELDS:

Won't say vicious?

CANTOR:

I will say it -- you're vicious.

FIELDS:

What's the matter with contemptible -- I'm
contemptible, too.

CANTOR:

Yes, you are contemptible.

FIELDS:

And I stole the money from my kid's bank and gave
her a licking 'cause she lost it. What does that
make me?

CANTOR:

Low and vile --

FIELDS:

Yes -- and inhuman -- And when she cried -- I
smacked her! I'm brutal!

CANTOR:

Guffy -- I'm convinced that you're nuts!

FIELDS:

Just for that I'm giving you back your cigarettes -- here.

CANTOR:

Wait a minute -- I gave you Camels, you returned a different brand!

FIELDS:

If I gave you back the Camels, then I'd really be nuts!

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: ("CAMPBELLS ARE COMING")

(10:20)

PARKS:

Fairchild -- this is the place where Cantor is supposed to sing -- but he isn't back from the doctor's yet!

FAIRCHILD:

Oh goody -- I can sing!

PARKS:

No, Fairchild -- but you can conduct! For here is a little girl from Passaic, New Jersey, with a really wonderful voice. Ladies and gentlemen, thirteen year old Leni Lynn, singing "Les Filles de Cadix."

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION)

(10:30)

LENI:

Nous ve-nions de voir le tau-reau
Trois gar-cons, troi fil-let-tes
Sur la pe-louse il fai-sait beau
Et nous dansion un bo-le-ro
Au son des ca-sta-gnet-tes
Di-tes moi, voi-sin, si j'ai bon-ne mine
Et si ma bas-qui-ne
Va bien ce matin.

Vous me trouvez la tail-le fi-ne?

Vous me trou-vez la tail-le

Fi-ne? Ah! -- Ah! -- Ah!

(To Be Cut
to 1:50)

Les Fil-les de Ca-dix ai-ment as-sez-ce-la

Ah! -- Ah! -- Ah!

Le Fil-les de Ca-dix ai-ment as-sez ce-la

La ra la, la la la, la la ra la,

La la la la, les fil-les de Cadix

Aiment as-sez ce la! Ah! -- Ah!

(ORCHESTRAL INTERLUDE)

Et nous, dan-sions un bo-le-ro

Un soir, ce-tait, di-man -- che.

Vers nous s'en vient un hi-dal-go

Con-su-d'or, la plume au chapeau

Et le poing sur la han -- che.

Sit tu veux de moi, Brune au doux sou-ri-re

Tu n'as qu'a le di-re. Cet or est a toi

Pas-sez vo-tre che-min, beau si-re

Pas-sez vo-tre che-min, beau si-re

Ah! -- Ah! -- Ah!

Les Fil-les de ca-dix dix n'en-ten-dent pas ce-la

Ah! -- Ah! -- Ah!

Les Fil-les de Ca-dix dix n'en-ten-dent pas ce-la

La ra la, la la la, la la ra la, la la la la

Les Fil-les de Ca-dix n'en-ten-dent pas ce-la!

(ORCHESTRA SWELLS)

(APPLAUSE)

(12:20)

PARKS:

Thank you, Leni Lynn! -- You know, friends, from the formal parties of society women to modest bridge-luncheons, hostesses agree on providing Camel cigarettes for their guests. Mrs. Richard Hemingway, a typical housewife, says:

WOMAN'S VOICE:

(OFF-STAGE MIKE) (JERRIE GAIL) I've always preferred Camels...for their mildness and their grand rich flavor. And...in buying cigarettes for guests at parties, I find so many of my friends are Camel smokers that well, now -- I just order an extra supply of Camels.

PARKS:

Speaking for the men, Earl W. Abriel, railroad brakeman, says:

MAN'S VOICE:

(OFF-STAGE MIKE) (FRED SHIELDS) That good tasty Camel flavor suits me to a "T". I let up and light up a Camel right around the cloth and Camels don't irritate my throat or tire my taste for smoking. You bet "I'd walk a mile for a Camel!"

PARKS:

(ORCHESTRA
SNEAK IN
"HEAVEN
CAN WAIT")

Wherever you buy them, you can be sure Camels will never vary in the pleasure and fun they add to your smoking. Camels are round, firm, full weight, each with the same matchless blend...for Camels -- and only Camels among the larger selling brands -- are all manufactured in one city under closest of supervision.. So...tonight or tomorrow...try Camels. Discover for yourself how much more fun smoking can be when you smoke the cigarette of costlier tobaccos...Camels!

ORCHESTRA: (SWELLS "HEAVEN CAN WAIT"...SWELLS...FADES) (13:30)

CANTOR:

Nurse, can I please see the doctor -- now?

NURSE:

What is your name?

CANTOR:

I forget -- look in my hat.

NURSE:

Go right in -- Truly Warner.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

CANTOR:

I beg your pardon -- are you the doctor?

DOCTOR:

(HANLEY STAFFORD) That's right -- anything
seriously wrong with you, I hope. (13:25)

CANTOR:

Doctor -- I want you to examine me. -- What are
you going to charge?

DOCTOR:

Well, you see, we charge according to the ailment --
but first -- what is your name?

CANTOR:

Eddie Cantor.

DOCTOR:

Boy, are you sick!! (13:55)

CANTOR:

People think because I'm Eddie Cantor, I make a lot of money -- it's not true, doctor!

DOCTOR:

Well, you've been working for the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company for two years, haven't you?

CANTOR:

Yes, how did you know?

DOCTOR:

They've all been in here -- they're pretty sick, too!

CANTOR:

What's wrong with them?

DOCTOR:

Cantoritis! Poisoning of the funny-bone! Well now, let's see what's wrong with you. Mmm -- this looks pretty bad. Have you ever had any trouble with your appendix?

CANTOR:

I've had it taken out.

DOCTOR:

Aw shucks!

(14:30)

CANTOR:

You see you can tell I've had my appendix out just by looking down here at the scar.

DOCTOR:

Never mind, I'll find it myself! Mmm -- mighty peculiar stitching on that scar! Elmer Belt, M.D., Los Angeles, 1932.

CANTOR:

Yeah, he liked his work so much he signed his name to it!... (14:50)

DOCTOR:

Open your mouth -- Mmm -- this looks pretty bad. Ever had any trouble with your adenoids?

CANTOR:

I've had them taken out.

DOCTOR:

Aw shucks!!! (15:00)

CANTOR:

If I thought it meant so much to you, doctor, I would have left them in!

DOCTOR:

Never mind, we'll find something! Stick out your tongue.

CANTOR:

Ah.

DOCTOR:

Turn it to the left!

CANTOR:

Ah!

DOCTOR:

Now turn it to the right!

CANTOR:

Ah!

DOCTOR:

Now straight ahead!

CANTOR:

Er -- where am I -- in a traffic jam??

DOCTOR:

Stick your tongue straight out.

CANTOR:

Ah,

DOCTOR:

Stick it out further -- further --

CANTOR:

If it's out any further -- I'll be cleaning your windows! Look, doctor -- I'm a sick man -- won't you please examine me? (15:25)

DOCTOR:

All right, let me feel your neck. Mmm -- pretty bad -- ever have any trouble with your tonsils?

CANTOR:

I've had them taken out.

DOCTOR:

Aw shucks!!! Did you ever have any trouble with your brain? Work your way outta that one, wise guy!

CANTOR:

Listen, doctor -- if you can't find out what's wrong with me --

DOCTOR:

(ALARMED) Don't get up -- I know exactly what's wrong with you! (TO HIMSELF) Eenie, meenie, minie, moe -- (ALOUD) I've got it! Mr. Cantor, you have a sclerosis of the anterior lobe in the pituitary hemoglobin from the picture of the same name!

CANTOR:

(FRIGHTENED) No!

DOCTOR:

Yes! This is serious! We'll have to operate. Wait till I call my assistant.

SOUND: TELEPHONE RECEIVER

(16:10)

DOCTOR:

Hello, nurse? Emergency! Prepare for an immediate operation and bet two bucks for me on Seabiscuit.

(HANGS UP)

CANTOR:

Doctor, don't you think you better take X-rays before you operate?

DOCTOR:

Say, that's a good idea! Come over here and stand behind this Fluoroscope machine. (SOUND BUZZING)
That's it. Mmm -- I get a good picture of your heart. And this is an excellent picture of your lungs -- wait a minute, what's this?

CANTOR:

A newsreel??

DOCTOR:

(SERIOUSLY) Mr. Cantor, did you ever swallow a watch?

CANTOR:

Why yes -- about eight years ago.

DOCTOR:

Well, it's ten minutes fast!

CANTOR:

It's still running?

SOUND: CHIMES

VOICE:

(FILTERED) (BERT PARKS) Seven fifteen -- Bulova Watch Time!

CANTOR:

And all the time I kept thinking Jimmy Fidler was in my basement! Are you gonna operate, doctor?

(17:00)

DOCTOR:

Yes. But first, we'll have to give you a blood transfusion, you're very anemic! (RECEIVER)
Hello, nurse? Bring in a mosquito!

CANTOR:

Listen, my name is Cantor -- not Benny! I can't afford an operation.

DOCTOR:

The next best thing is exercise. Nothing strenuous like riding or hiking or --

CANTOR:

Well, what's your favorite sport, doctor?

DOCTOR:

Sleighting.

CANTOR:

I mean aside from your business!

DOCTOR:

I'm serious, Mr. Cantor -- you need some light exercise -- like dancing. And before you go -- take one of these pills.

CANTOR:

Thanks. Gee, this is a large pill -- I can hardly swallow it. Gulp!

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

(17:35)

DOCTOR:

Hello, Doctor Stafford speaking -- well, don't worry, I'll be right over. In the meantime, make the patient as comfortable as possible. That's right -- take his saddle off! (HANGS UP)

CANTOR:

Wait a minute -- what kind of a doctor are you?

DOCTOR:

A veterinary! Let me hear you bark!

CANTOR:

A veterinary? Then what kind of a pill was that you gave me -- (WHINNIES) Don't tell me!

ORCHESTRA: "HORSES TAG"
(APPLAUSE)

PARKS:

Eddie, the doctor just phoned and told me that all you need is exercise. Why don't you take up dancing?

CANTOR:

Me -- dancing? Who's going to teach an old dog new tricks? (18:15)

PARKS:

I went out and got the lady who probably knows more about dancing than anybody in America.

CANTOR:

Who?

PARKS:

Miss Irene Castle!...And here she is.

(APPLAUSE AS MISS CASTLE ENTERS)

CANTOR:

I'm so glad you're here, Irene.

CASTLE:

Thank you...Eddie, are you serious about wanting to become a dancer?

CANTOR:

Yes, Irene, and I've always accomplished what I went after...When I wanted to be a comedian -- I became a comedian...Now I want to be a dancer -- do you think I have a chance?

CASTLE:

Say, if a miracle can happen once it can happen twice! (18:45)

CANTOR:

Forget me -- how do you like this jitterbug style of dancing?

CASTLE:

What is that dance they do where they throw their neck out of joint?

CANTOR:

Irene, that's known as Pecking.

CASTLE:

Well, I've seen chickens do the same thing -- and lay eggs besides!

CANTOR:

Yes, dancing has certainly changed...I remember on the honeymoon when I took Ida to see you in your cafe, "Castles By The Sea," It cost me sixteen dollars...Gosh, I would be happy to get back eight dollars right now.

CASTLE:

You just said it cost you sixteen.

CANTOR:

Oh, Ida gave me back her half long ago!...But you were a sensation at "Castles By The Sea" doing that dance you created, "The Castle Walk."

CASTLE:

You're very gracious, Eddie!

CANTOR:

That "Castle Walk" inspired me to create a dance that night.

CASTLE:

Really?

CANTOR:

Yes, when they brought me the check -- I invented the famous Cantor-Sneak!...It's very simple -- you get down on your knees and crawl for the exit! (19:45)

CANTOR:

Irene, do you remember the high button shoes the women used to wear those days?

CASTLE:

Yes, Eddie, they were uncomfortable -- but they were the fashion.

CANTOR:

Today it's different...Unless a woman's toes stick out two inches from the front of her shoes, she's out of style!...I'm not kidding!...When a girl walks into a shoe shine parlör today -- the bootblack doesn't know whether to use shoe polish or nail polish!...Imagine girls with their toes sticking out of their shoes!

CASTLE:

I can remember when if a woman showed an inch above her ankle, the whole town was scandalized!

CANTOR:

That's right. One day when I was first married, a neighbor came running down to our house all out of breath, and said, "Ida -- what do you think that woman on the third floor does?...And we both said, "What?"...And the woman said, "She rolls her stockings!"...And we fainted!...But, Irene, your clothes were always in style -- I can still remember that beautiful fur trimmed gown you used to wear. (20:30)

CASTLE:

You know, that gown is twenty-five years old -- but it's still fashionable.

CANTOR:

It's age-less.

CASTLE:

Like some of your jokes?

CANTOR:

Don't kid yourself, Irene. My jokes are really original. Not that you haven't created a lot, too. You were the first to bob your hair -- and all the girls followed you -- you were the first to have a stream-lined form, and all the girls followed you -- you were the first to walk in the street with a lap-dog in your arms, and all the dogs -- er -- girls followed you! (21:00)

CASTLE:

Yes, people have been kind enough to credit me with having originated quite a few styles in those days.

CANTOR:

Yes -- Castle dresses, hats, shoes -- Castle Cold Cream, Castle bon-bons...I'm a sort of stylist myself, you know -- I set a style some years ago, and it's been copied.

CASTLE:

Who copied you?

CANTOR:

A fellow up in Canada -- named Dionne!...You think I had a patent on it?...But tell me, Irene -- why did you create the style of Bobbed Hair?

CASTLE:

I had a definite reason for bobbing my hair...
You see, early in my dancing career an awful thing
happened...As I was whirling around the floor one
of my hairpins fell in somebody's soup. (21:35)

CANTOR:

Oh, that is tragic...What kind of soup was it?

CASTLE:

Tomato.

CANTOR:

Oh, thank Heavens it wasn't Cream of Aspa-roog-us
...because I don't like Cream of Aspa-roog-us --
when it has hairpins in it...So that's why you
bobbed your hair?

CASTLE:

Yes, and you know, Eddie, no barber has ever
touched my hair...I always cut it myself.

CANTOR:

So do I...It's a little thing I picked up from
Jack Benny!...You believe it, don't you?

CASTLE:

I know you're joking, Eddie -- a man in your position doesn't have to cut his own hair.

CANTOR:

Of course not -- I let Ida do it!...And a funny thing, she ruins a pair of scissors every two weeks. (22:25)

CASTLE:

You mean your hair is that tough?

CANTOR:

No, my wife keeps catching the scissors on the bowl! ...It's disconcerting.

CASTLE:

What about this dancing lesson?

CANTOR:

Heaven can wait -- cute? Irene -- but let's drop dancing for a moment. With the filming of the picture, "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle" millions of people know of your contribution to the world of Dance -- but not enough people know what you have done for friendless, homeless animals. In Deerfield, Illinois at your animal shelter, "Orphans Of The Storm," I know that last year you took in more than six thousand homeless, or ill-treated dogs and almost eleven hundred cats... If you never did anything in your life but that -- we would all be proud of you...

(APPLAUSE)

CANTOR:

I guess you must be firm in the belief that Dog is Man's Best Friend.

CASTLE:

Well, I only know this, Eddie -- all the handshakes, all the praise, and all the banquets given in your honor cannot compare in sincerity with just the wag of your dog's tail! Will Rogers once said -- "The nicest thing about a dog is that he never does anything for political reasons." (23:25)

CANTOR:

I understand that you have a particular fondness for mongrels...Why is that, Irene?

(SCHUMANN SCREENS RUSSIAN)

CASTLE:

Well -- somehow I can't resist picking up and fondling any homeless animal.

GORDON:

(BARKS) Woof -- woof -- woof -- woof! How do you do?

CANTOR:

Russian, what are you supposed to be?

GORDON:

I'm a Russian Wolfhound -- and I got no home!

(23:40)

CANTOR:

Irene Castle, will you meet our little Russian
Wolfhound?

CASTLE:

Oh, the poor little mongrel,

GORDON:

What?

CASTLE:

Mongrel -- do you hear me? Mongrel -- mongrel!

GORDON:

Wuzza matta, Baby?

CANTOR:

With him around, Irene -- I guess our dancing
lesson is over for today.

CASTLE:

Eddie, I'll continue it any time you're free...
And may I thank you at this time for a most
enjoyable visit...Good night, Eddie...And good
night, Russian.

(APPLAUSE)

CANTOR:

Good night, and thank you, Irene Castle!...

(APPLAUSE)

(24:10)

CANTOR:

You had to come in and spoil my dancing lesson!
The only way I might get some sleep.

GORDON:

Can't sleep, eh? You should see a
psychoanalyst. Step in my office.

CANTOR:

Russian, I refuse to believe that you're a
psychoanalyst.

GORDON:

You doubt me, eh?...Did you ever hear of Freud,
Jung, and Havelock Ellis?

CANTOR:

You know Ellis?

GORDON:

Do I know Ellis? For two years I was on his
island! (24:15)

CANTOR:

Be serious -- Fairchild has made me a wreck -- I
can't sleep -- If you were really a psychoanalyst
you would question me to find out what's keeping
me awake.

GORDON:

Very well...Tell me, Camphor -- when you're in bed,
do you feel like something is creeping up on you?

CANTOR:

Yes.

GORDON:

Why don't you stop sleeping in your underwear!
(24:55)

CANTOR:

Russian, stop clowning -- I'm really suffering.
I've got a terrific pain in my side now.

GORDON:

I had a pain in my side, but I used mine medical
knowledge...Fifty times a day I kept repeating,
"Get behind me pain -- get behind me pain."

CANTOR:

What happened?

GORDON:

I got lumbago!

CANTOR:

Never mind your ailments -- I'm the one who's
suffering...My insomnia is driving me crazy!

GORDON:

Stop worrying -- I'll make you sleep just as sure
as one and one is two...Haddie Camphor -- one
and one is two?

CANTOR:

Of course -- one and one is two.

GORDON:

Nothing to carry, huh?

CANTOR:

No -- one and one is two...Two and two is four...
Four and four is eight...Now -- how much is eight
and eight?

GORDON:

Let's go back to One and One!

(25:50)

CANTOR:

Russian, you're so stupid -- how did you ever get to be a psychoanalyst?

GORDON:

By using mine brain...You see, Camphor -- the brain is composed of four component parts...There is the cerebellum, the cerebrum, the medullary and the mezzanine!

CANTOR:

The mezzanine?

GORDON:

Well, if you can't afford it -- you got to go in the balcony!...Now -- a thought enters the brain, it is picked up by the cerebellum -- the cerebrum tries to get it away -- back and forth they are fighting, fighting, fighting...It's a terrible battle!...Finally, the idea jumps into the Medullary and a little later it connects with the respiratory system.

CANTOR:

How did it get there?

GORDON:

How? It took a transfer!

(26:45)

CANTOR:

Can't you understand, my dear Russian. I want my insomnia cured.

GORDON:

You got insomnia?

CANTOR:

Why, yes.

(26:55)

GORDON:

I thought you couldn't sleep! Did you ever try Hypnotism?

CANTOR:

No, never.

GORDON:

Look in my eyes -- keep looking -- keep staring -- just like that -- now, you must sleep -- (DROWSILY)
You are in a kimona -- do you hear me -- Sleep -- sleep -- that's good -- (SNORES)

CANTOR:

Russian, wake up -- wake up!

(GORDON SNORES)

.....Fine thing -- I'm awake, and the hypnotist is asleep!...I'll wake him up.

Ladies and gentlemen -- nine years ago today the Stork of Tinpan Alley, delivered a hit song to my doorstep -- the brain-child of Walter Donaldson and Gus Kahn. Here it is, on its ninth birthday, just as I introduced it in 1930.

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION)

(27:35)

(TWO PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT ON VERSE)

CANTOR:

I'm so happy since the day that I fell in love
in a great big way
And the big surprise is someone loves me too!
Guess it's hard for you to see, just what
anyone could see in me
But it only goes to prove what love can do!

My baby don't care for shows,
My baby don't care for clothes,
My baby just cares for me.
My baby don't care for silks and laces
My baby don't care for high-tone places.
My baby don't care for rings,
Or other expensive things,
She's sensible as can be.
My baby don't care who knows it,
My baby just cares for me.

(BAND SWELLS)

My baby's no Benny fan,
Fred Allen is not her man,
My baby just cares for me.
My baby don't go for Don Ameche,
She'd rather have me, she thinks I'm peachy!
When I'm on her divan,
Bing Crosby's an also-ran,
And so is Fibber McGee.
I wonder what's wrong with baby,
My baby just cares for me!

(ORCHESTRA SWELLS)

(APPLAUSE)

(29:25)

CANTOR:

Thank you. Next week, ladies and gentlemen;

~~we have several surprises for you. I won't tell you~~
~~about them now, you've got to tune in....~~

Until then, please remember....

(29:35)

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) (30:10)

PARKS:

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:

Leni Lynn appeared tonight through the courtesy
of M.G.M.

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM. (30:40)