

PARKS:

Penny for penny your best cigarette buy --
that's Camel, the cigarette of costlier
tobaccos.

G.CLUB:

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

ORCH:

(TAG)

PARKS:

Next time -- make it Camel, the longer-burning cigarette. Enjoy the supremely delicate flavor and aroma of finer, more expensive tobaccos .. the cooler, milder smoking you get because Camels take longer to burn. And watch how evenly and completely each Camel burns. Y'know -- the way Camels burn makes a mighty big difference in taste and mildness.. and also in the actual amount of smoking you get from Camels.

(ORCH:-
sneaks
in
"WHEOPE!")

It's a laboratory fact that Camels -- by burning twenty-five percent slower than the fifteen other of the largest selling brands tested give smokers the equivalent of FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. For smoking pleasure at its best, smoke the cigarette that burns longer,.....Camels ... penny for penny your best cigarette buy! C-A-M-E-L spells true smoking pleasure, -- and speaking of pleasure.. here is ... Eddie Cantor!

MUSIC SWELLS ... APPLAUSE AS CANTOR ENTERS

(1:30)

CANTOR:

Hello everybody -- hello Bert!...I'm awfully sorry you missed my anniversary party at the Waldorf-Astoria.

PARKS:

You're no more sorry than I am. Was it a success, Eddie?

CANTOR:

Oh, yes -- all my old friends were there...Al Jolson, Sophie Tucker, Walter Winchell, ^{BLOCK & SULLY} and Georgie Jessel ... Why Jack Benny even flew in from the coast!

PARKS:

Jack Benny flew in from the coast?

CANTOR:

Yes, first time the trip was ever made on a kite!....How Benny enjoyed himself- Well, everybody did. ... The Waldorf-Astoria was beautifully decorated with a silver motif... and the tables -- Ida sat on this side, I sat on the other side - then came Sophie Tucker, Burns and Allen - then Sophie Tucker.

PARKS:

Sophie Tucker again?

CANTOR:

Yes, you know Sophie -- she had two seats! And what a classy affair it was -- one hundred guests - and two hundred waiters .. You couldn't do a thing Bert without the waiter helping you-- they pushed the chair under you, placed a napkin in your lap, picked up the correct spoon and handed it to you - one waiter was so obliging he ate half of my fruit salad!

PARKS:

(LAUGHS)

You're kidding!

(2:30)

CANTOR: So help me! For swank it couldn't be beat ...
You know how at most dinners the waiters scrape
the breadcrumbs together in little shovels ..
What do you think they did there?

PARKS: What?

CANTOR: They had midgets running up and down the table
with vacuum cleaners --- and you should have
seen our mad Russian ... the height of elegance.
...He was wearing a high silk hat, evening
coat, platinum links, white tie and tails ...

PARKS: He was that well-groomed?

CANTOR: Yes, and he would have been the best-dressed
man at the party if he had only worn shoes!..
We had plenty of champagne, but the Russian
wouldn't drink it...He brought his own vodka,
and made me take a swig of it... Did you ever
drink vodka?... an internal hot-foot! You
drink vodka and what do you think you use for
a chaser, Bert?

PARKS: What?

CANTOR: A blow torch! But I didn't mind anything when
they brought on our twenty-fifth wedding
anniversary cake... It was made up by the
World's Fair *Management*.

PARKS: Was it big?

CANTOR: Big? The bottom layer was the General Motors exhibit...the second layer was Billy Rose's AQUACADE ... and on top an animated object five feet seven inches tall!

PARKS: It moved?

CANTOR: Moved? ... Of course ^{IT MOVED!} It was Grover Whalen -- a gift from the World's Fair! (3:45)

PARKS: Did you get many presents?

CANTOR: Oh yes, Walter Winchell and his wife sent us a silver set --Georgie Jessel sent me twenty-four pieces of silver -- two dozen dimes...But I had to pay for his taxi.. Rubinoff presented us with a silver desk set. Beautiful! And the Lone Ranger sent me his horse!

PARKS: Hi, ho, Silver - huh?

CANTOR: Bert, you know how near-sighted the Mad Russian is -- he looked up at the horse and said in the middle of the dinner: "hors d'oeuvres!"

PARKS:

Eddie, I'm curious to know if I'm not being too personal - what did you give Ida.

CANTOR:

Oh - she's such a wonderful girl - I gave her a check for twenty-five hundred dollars!

PARKS:

And what did she give you?

CANTOR:

She paid for the party.

PARKS:

How much was the party?

CANTOR:

Twenty-five hundred dollars...she's such a wonderful girl. (4:25)

FAIRCHILD:

Oh Eddie!

CANTOR:

Yes, Edgar Fairchild -- my little conductor who owes two months back dues to local 802 --- what is it?

FAIRCHILD:

Eddie, you got a lot of silver for your anniversary, but I didn't want to forget you... so I got you something too.

CANTOR:

I have so much silver now.

FAIRCHILD:

I know, that's why I got you this lovely can of silver polish!

CANTOR:

Isn't he cute?...a can of silver polish --

FAIRCHILD:

It isn't just the cost of the gift - which we didn't mind spending - but look at this card that goes with it!

CANTOR:

Let me see ... (READS)

Your silver gifts you may polish with this, and when the polish is gone, my little man You can just chuck away this container 'Cause you get nothing back on the can!

(CONTINUES) .. That is beautiful.

FAIRCHILD:

You think so?

(5:10)

CANTOR:

You better leave, Fairchild, while you're healthy.

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

CANTOR:

Come in!

MAN: (CHARLIE CANTOR)

Mr. Cantor, I'm from the Waldorf-Astoria, and I want to congratulate you on your Silver Anniversary...You celebrated it on Friday evening at our hotel, didn't you?

CANTOR:

Yes.

MAN:

Well, we're going to celebrate our silver anniversary, too. Will you please send back our silver?

(5:35)

CANTOR:

How dare you insinuate --

MAN:

I have a list of the things that are missing!...
You owe us one casserole dish, four silver trays,
one soup ladle, and three dozen spoons...You
owe us ---

CANTOR:

I owe silver -- I owe silver --

SOUND: (HORSE NEIGHING) (CLOSER, CHARLIE!)

CANTOR:

Quiet Silver...Mister, I will talk to each one
of my guests personally and see what can be
done about the missing silverware.

MAN:

You can save them a lot of embarrassment if you
send it back.

CANTOR:

If I send it back ---. Get out, please, before
I lose my temper!

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

CANTOR: (CONTINUES) Gosh, Clifton Fadiman says I gave him a bad check --
---^{This fellow says I took his silver}And I thought he was coming here to
congratulate me.

PARKS:

Eddie, if anybody deserves to be congratulated
it's you.

CANTOR:

Thank you Bert.

FIELDS:

Oh, I don't deserve to be congratulated, huh?

CANTOR:

Guffy! (APPLAUSE)

(6:20)

FIELDS: This happens to be my twenty-fifth anniversary too.

CANTOR: Your twenty-fifth Anniversary?

FIELDS: Yes -- twenty-five years now I've been fighting with my wife!

CANTOR: But Guffy, I happen to know you've only been married twenty-one years.

FIELDS: ^{We} ~~I~~ didn't shadow box for four years before ^{WE MARRIED.} ~~I met~~

CANTOR: I bet you didn't give your wife anything for your silver anniversary.

FIELDS: ~~her?~~ Oh the silver in her hair - that's nothing -- and she's nothing....

CANTOR: Don't talk that way -- your wife is a very sweet toman.

FIELDS: Then why is it when she sucks a lemon -- the lemon makes a face! Go on say it, say it -- I don't love Mrs. Guffy!

(6:50)

CANTOR: Who says you don't?

FIELDS: Who says I do?

CANTOR: (HOARSE WHISPER)

Guffy -- please -- I can't stand it --

FIELDS: GO ON ... HOLLER AT ME! You sawed-off bulb-eyed, swivel-necked, thick-skulled, narrow-minded, flint-hearted, worm! ... My dear sir.

(7:05)

CANTOR: Guffy, you'll argue about anything .. If I said the moon was made out of green cheese, you'd probably say "What's the matter with Swiss Cheese?"

FIELDS: (POLITELY)
No -- I wouldn't say that.

CANTOR: I'm sorry, Guffy -- I -- I guess I misjudged you.

FIELDS: How do you like this Cantor, my pal Bing Crosby works for Kraft -- and he wants me to plug Swiss Cheese!

CANTOR: Swiss cheese doesn't need plugging.

FIELDS: Then how are they gonna stop up those holes?

~~CANTOR: Guffy, you're so obstinate -- nothing pleases you -- you'll never be happy -- you're the type of guy who sits in the sun and hopes for a little rain.~~

~~FIELDS: And with you -- its VICE VERSA!~~

CANTOR: Guffy, can't we just talk together -- man to man?

(7:50)

FIELDS: Fine way to spend my 25th anniversary -- talking to you! ... I can't enjoy myself -- go out to the World's Fair.

CANTOR: Who's stopping you? ... Guffy- I'll go to the fair with you.

FIELDS: And make a show of ourselves, huh? With your nose and my head -- everybody'll take us for the Tylon and Perisphere! ... How do you like this guy ... again he calls me Baldy!

CANTOR: Who called you? Guffy, I'm telling you for the thousandth time -- there's nothing unusual with your head.

FIELDS: No? Then why last week in the bowling place did a guy stick his finger in my mouth and roll me down the alley? ... And what's more I knocked down all the pins.

CANTOR: Guffy, you made a strike. YOU MADE A STRIKE.

FIELDS: Go on, holler -- get me in trouble with the Union! ... ~~Eddie Cantor .. I'm gonna find out why you're aggravating me, about my lack of hair.~~

(8:40)

-13-

CANTOR: Alright -- I won't mention it again. It's out--
Guffy, from now on, your hair is out.

FIELDS: From now on! Yesterday I was known as
"Curley-locks" huh? Go on -- tell 'em all...
start a rumor that my sister was run out of
Brooklyn!

CANTOR: Guffy -- now I know you're daffy! I'm gonna
have you taken away -- Oh, officer --

COP: (JOHN BROWN)
Yes, Mr. Cantor. (9:00)

CANTOR: Officer, take this guy Guffy out of here, he's
nutty as a fruitcake.

COP: But I can't take him away on your word alone.

FIELDS: Fine cop -- doubts the word of a man like
Cantor.

COP: But I --

FIELDS:

Eddie Cantor, an individual whom I respect --
a person I admire - a guy I'll always love.

~~GOP:~~

CANTOR: That's the finest compliment I ever got.

FIELDS:

Who said all those nice things?

CANTOR:

You did, Guffy!

FIELDS:

Take me away officer -- I'm nuts!
(EXIT) (APPLAUSE)

PARKS:

Eddie, you shouldn't let ^{GUFFY} ~~him~~ upset you...
before he came you were telling me about your
party at the Waldorf -- (9:35)

CANTOR:

Bert, that's one of the finest hotels in the
world.. The service was so good that even
though we took care of all the waiters, Burns
and Allen left \$20, Al Jolson left \$20, Walter
Winchell left \$25, George Jessel - left.

PARKS:

Left what?

CANTOR:

Nothing - just left.

PARKS:

But Eddie, I can't understand that man from the Waldorf saying that when you left the silver was missing.

(MUNDORFF SCREENS RUSSIAN)

CANTOR:

I can't figure it out myself. Who, at the party, would have the audacity to take any of the Waldorf's silver?

GORDON:

How-do-you do! (APPLAUSE)

CANTOR:

Russian, you are the individual who took the silver at the Waldorf?

GORDON:

I deny it, and I'm going to look for an alibi.

CANTOR:

Why, did you take the stuff?

GORDON:

I had to have something to eat mine cereal with.

CANTOR:

To eat your cereal you had to take a casserole dish, four silver trays, a soup ladle and three dozen spoons?

GORDON:

When I eat -- I eat! Anyhow I didn't take it.
(10:45)

CANTOR:

Russian, I insist that you bring back all of the missing silver.

GORDON:

I didn't take it -- besides, who is paying for the truck!

CANTOR:
You'll bring it back. You hear me?

GORDON:
I'll bring it back -- I'll bring it back --
there's a reward?

CANTOR:
Remember, one thing Russian -- honesty is the
best policy.

GORDON:
Then you got to come home and help me pick out
the things that belongs to the Waldorf.

CANTOR:
You know what stuff belongs to the Waldorf.

GORDON:
No, I can't read so good - I'm liable to get
it mixed up with the silver from the Ritz-
Carlton!

CANTOR:
You took silver from the Ritz-Carlton, too? --
You can't take things that don't belong to
you ... You don't care about your reputation..
Remember Eddie Cantor is your employer -- think
of me.

(11:40)

GORDON:
You'll get your half!

CANTOR:
I don't want half. Moreover, I'm thoroughly
disgusted with you and your shenanigans!

SOUND:
DOOR OPENS

MAN: (CHARLIE CANTOR)

Mr. Cantor, I owe you a thousand pardons...we found all the silverware...it was wrapped in a tablecloth and left in a corner... Please forgive me - and good-night.

CANTOR:

(DOOR SLAM)

Oh, that's all right...goodnight, sir. ^ Russian, I owe you an apology. I should have known that you weren't that kind of a person, you just heard the gentleman tell me that he found all the missing silverware!

GORDON:

Yeah - but wait'll he looks for the piano!

CANTOR:

Get out Russian! (EXIT) (APPLAUSE)
(12:20)

ORCH: "WHOOPEE CHASER"

CANTOR:

Bert Parks and Kay St. Germain sing a swingy little ditty called, "Well All Right."
(12:25)

KAY: Well all right, well all right, well all right
(The music's talkin' to ya, ya know tonight's
the night)

G.C: (Well all right, well all right, well all
right, well all right)

BERT: Well all right, well all right
Well all right, well all right

G.C: The music's talkin' to ya
The music's talkin' to ya
The music's talkin' to ya

ALL: SO ALL RIGHT!

APPLAUSE

CANTOR: Isn't that an educational lyric? -- You'll be
glad to know ladies that gentlemen, that the
man who wrote that song was taken away last
night. Now you take it away, Bert.

(14:20)

PARKS:

You know, folks - more people prefer Camels than any other cigarette? We steady Camel smokers have a lot of individual reasons for this preference, but here are three convincing scientific facts, straight from the independent laboratories of a group of well-known scientists: Fact one -- (GONG)

MAN'S
VOICE:

(OFF STAGE MIKE) (JOHN BROWN)

In an impartial laboratory comparison of sixteen of the largest-selling brands, Camels were found to contain, on the average, more tobacco by weight.

PARKS:

Fact two -- (GONG..GONG)

2ND
MAN'S
VOICE:

(OFF STAGE MIKE) (CHARLES CANTOR)

Camels burned longer than any other brand tested -- twenty-five percent longer than the average time of the fifteen other of the largest-selling brands.

PARKS: Fact three -- (GONG..GONG..GONG)

3RD
MAN(S)
VOICE:

(OFF STAGE MIKE) (JOHN BROWN)

In the same tests, Camels held their ash far longer than the average time for all the other brands.

PARKS:

In other words, more actual smoking for your money. ~~How much?~~ By burning twenty-five percent longer than the average of the fifteen other of the largest selling brands, ^{TESTED.} Camels give smokers the equivalent of FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. Camels are the cigarette of ... costlier tobaccos .. ~~made to~~ ^{THAT} burn longer .. smoke cooler, milder, with a fragrant aroma and ripe delicate taste. Penny for penny Camels are your best cigarette buy!

ORCH: 8 BARS "PENNY SERENADE" (15:30)

CANTOR: Ladies and gentlemen, on May 11th, Clifton Fadiman of "Information Please" .. appeared on this program ... and tonight he's coming back...

FADIMAN: To collect my ^{PAY!} ~~money!~~

CANTOR: Clifton Fadiman!

APPLAUSE

(15:45)

CANTOR: Cliff, forget that foolishness about the rubber check I'm suppose to have given you the last time you were on this program. You're here tonight to answer questions, and here we go. Number one -- do you think radio will last?

FADIMAN: Yes. Now Eddie, there's a question ^{I'D LIKE} ~~I want~~ to ask you.

CANTOR: Yes?

FADIMAN: Do you think you will?

(16:05)

CANTOR: Boy, how your brain functions! How did you ever manage to accumulate such an amazing fund of knowledge?

FADIMAN: I usually read while waiting for my wife to dress!

CANTOR: Gosh, I guess if you were married to Sally Rand you'd be some dope!

FADIMAN: With Sally Rand for a wife -- ^{EDDIE} ~~you~~ can have the education! Wee-wee!

CANTOR: Say, at that it wouldn't be bad having her for a wife -- when you're ready to go out all you have to do is blow up her balloon!

(16:40)

FADIMAN:

Eddie, speaking of balloons and what they're
made of - ~~what's gonna be with~~ ^{How ABOUT} that check you
gave me?

CANTOR:

You're always asking questions -- why don't you
answer some? Is there anybody here in the
audience who's got a question for this expert
from "Information Please"? Just raise your
hand -- come on -- speak up! Yes, lady?

WOMAN:

(IN AUDIENCE) (ADELAIDE)

I want to ask Mr. Fadiman three questions ..

FADIMAN:

Go right ahead.

WOMAN:

Is Clifton Fadiman your real name?

FADIMAN:

Yes.

WOMAN:

Oh ... Do you have a source of income outside
of your radio program?

FADIMAN:

Yes.

WOMAN:

Oh Are you married?

FADIMAN:

Yes.

WOMAN:

Oh ----- SHUCKS!

(17:15)

CANTOR:
Anybody else got a question?

MAN: (IN AUDIENCE) (CHARLIE CANTOR)
Yes -- I have.

CANTOR:
What is it?

MAN:
When are you quitting radio for the summer?

CANTOR:
ME? After the June 26th broadcast.

MAN: (SIGHS)
Thank heavens!

CANTOR:
Mister, you know you can get yourself well-hated
for being obnoxious in public.

MAN:
You ought to know!

CANTOR:
Any other questions for Mr. Fadiman? All right -
you, - the distinguished looking gentleman
in the third row.

2ND MAN: (IN AUDIENCE) (JOHN BROWN).
I'm a professor at Cambridge, Oxford and
Georgetown Universities ... I hold the degrees of
Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Sciences, Doctor
of Philosophy, Doctor of Law and Literature, and
I want to know ---

FADIMAN:
Yes-----

2ND MAN:
Is it true what they say about Dixie? (17:55)

CANTOR:

Now look - there's too much fooling around --
no more questions!

FADIMAN:

But Eddie -- I could have answered that one.
Everything that they say about Dixie, checks --
and speaking ^{of} ~~about~~ checks --

CANTOR:

Who was speaking about checks? .. Stop
embarrassing me in front of millions of people--
you forget, what I did, Clifton, when we were
kids in school together ... Remember Public
School -- one-seventy-one -- you and I in the
same class? For three years? ... How well
I remember the many times you came to me and ---
(FADE)

ORCHESTRA: "SCHOOL DAYS" (FADE ON CUE)

FADIMAN:

Eddie, please help me with my homework ----

^{TEACHER'LL KILL ME}
~~I'll be killed from the teacher~~ -- I was killed
twice last week!

CANTOR:

Clifton Fadiman, what makes you such a domnox?
On your examination papers you got ten per cent
yesterday. You got ten per cent the day before--
ten per cent on Monday -- what do you expect to
be when you grow up -- an agent? ... Tell me!
(18:50)

FADIMAN:

^{IS IT MY FAULT}
~~Can I help it~~ if the teacher changes her mind? --
One day five and five is ten, and the next day
she says six and four is ten ... Next thing
she'll be trying to tell me seven and three is
ten!

CANTOR:

And what's the matter with eight and two?

FADIMAN:

Don't you start -- my brain hurts enough already.

CANTOR:

Quiet, you dopper -- here comes the teacher now.

TEACHER: (ADELAIDE KLEIN)

Good morning, Children. (KEY NOTE)

GLEE
CLUB: (SING)

Good morning to you, Good morning to you --
Good morning, dear teacher --

CANTOR: (SINGS)

From the picture of the same name! ... Hello
Teacher!

(19:25)

TEACHER: Oh, Edward Cantor -- you finally came to school..
You've been absent too often, -- where were you
three days ago?

CANTOR: My mudder kept me home with the mumps!

TEACHER: Where were you day before yesterday?

CANTOR: My mudder kept me home with the measles!

TEACHER: And where were you yesterday?

CANTOR: My underwear wasn't dry! -- it was still hanging
on the line! So I had to stay in!

TEACHER: Well, your attendance record is terrible -- I
hardly see you anymore.

CANTOR: Whatcha doin' tonight, Babe?

(19:50)

TEACHER: How dare you, Edward Cantor! .. Would Clifton
Fadiman say a thing like that? -- He is a
little gentleman. A bit stupid -- but a gentleman!

CANTOR: Why don't you ask him somethin' for a change?

TEACHER: Allright! Master Fadiman, how many legs has a
horse?

FADIMAN: Four, teacher.

TEACHER: How do you know there are four?

FADIMAN: All right, ^{MAKE IT} there's five -- I don't wanna start
no arguments!

PARKS:

Teacher, may I ---

TEACHER:

Johnny Jones, put your hand down -- not now! ..
Edward Cantor, what very embarrassing incident
happened to the favorite of a famous French King?

CANTOR:

Aww, I don't know.

TEACHER:

You don't know that Marie Antoinette was
dragged through the streets by a mob of
ruffians?

CANTOR:

Ahh, how would I know -- we live in the back.
We don't see nothin'!

(20:35)

PARKS:

Teacher, may I ---

TEACHER:

NO! NO! Sit down, Johnny Jones -- not now! ...

Back to you, Clifton -- I want you to spell.

"Cheek".

FADIMAN:

I can't.

TEACHER:

Spell chalk.

FADIMAN:

I don't know how.

TEACHER:

Spell "check".

FADIMAN: (FAST)

C-H-E-C-K!

TEACHER:

Check is the only word you know -- why?

FADIMAN:

Ask Cantor!

(21:00)

TEACHER:

Clifton -- for that you go over and sit with the girls. (KAY AND GIRLS MAKE WITH TITTER) You're a bad boy! Now stay there! Edward Cantor ... I want you to spell cat.

CANTOR:

Cat! K -- A -- Q --- Move over Fadiman!

TEACHER:

Edward -- don't sit on ^{MARY BROWN'S} ~~Kay St. Germain's~~ lap -- you know your place.

CANTOR:

Yeah, Teacher -- but I don't wanna bother you till after school!

TEACHER:

Edward Cantor -- I want you to apologize.

CANTOR:

Apologize? What's dat?

TEACHER:

Supposing you bumped into Mary Brown in the cloak-room -- what would you do?

CANTOR:

I'd grab her and kiss her!

TEACHER:

That's wrong.

CANTOR:

I know -- but all the boys do it!

(21:35)

PARKS: Oh, Teacher! Teacher!

TEACHER: Johnny Jones -- NO!... Clifton Fadiman, I notice on your examination paper that you spelled "Pigeon" with two "g's" -- is that correct?

FADIMAN: No -- you spell it with one "g" - P-I-D-G-I-N.

TEACHER: No!

CANTOR: He's a dunce, Teacher -- it's P-I-G-E-O-N.

TEACHER: Give me a sentence with the word "Pigeon".
Clifton.

FADIMAN: Carl Hubbell is pidgeon for the Giants again today!

TEACHER: That is not right.

CANTOR: No -- but who else have they got? ...Such a broken down team.

PARKS: Oh, teacher -- may I --

TEACHER: Yes, Johnny - you may go now.

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS...DOORSLAM

CANTOR: I never saw a guy so crazy for ice-cream cones!
ORCHESTRA "SCHOOL AYS" TAG (22:30)

CANTOR:

You see what a dunce you were in school, Cliff?

FADIMAN:

Say, if I wrote this script ^{THE DUNCE CAP} you would have
been ~~the dunce!~~ ^{ON THE OTHER FOOT.}

CANTOR:

At that, what a pleasure it is to have on this
program an intellectual giant - a mental marvel.

GORDON:

Say no more, I'm here!

CANTOR:

Russian, this is Clifton Fadiman --

FADIMAN:

Bachelor of Arts -- Bachelor of Science --
Bachelor of Law ---

GORDON:

Nobody wants to marry you? (23:00)

CANTOR:

You don't understand -- he's also a doctor
of law and literature.

GORDON:

Fadiman, you're a doctor of literature?

FADIMAN:

Yes ---

GORDON:

Come with me -- I got a sick book!

FADIMAN:

Who ever heard of a sick book?

GORDON:

All night I sat up with one -- this morning
it got worse -- so I had to take out the
appendix

CANTOR:

That's ridiculous -- a book can't have ailments.

GORDON:

You never heard of Bookworms?

CANTOR:

Don't pay any attention to him, Cliff -- he's
pretending to be something he's not.

GORDON:

Is that the way you talk to a professor of
Botany from the Anniversary of Pinsk?

FADIMAN:

I studied Botany, too.

(23:25)

GORDON:

Good -- then I'll ask you a question.

FADIMAN:

Go ahead.

GORDON:

Botany -- Botany -- who's got the Botany?

CANTOR:

You ignorant Russian - Botany is the study of flowers.

GORDON:

All right -- let him answer this.. ^{CLIFFY}~~Clifton~~
~~Fadhead~~ -- what flower when heated increases its height by two inches?

FADIMAN:

The Peruvian Cacophelia?

GORDON:

No.

FADIMAN:

The Sahara Amoeba Pariscosis?

GORDON:

No.

FADIMAN:

Well - what flower when heated rises to a height of two inches?

GORDON:

Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour! (24:05)

CANTOR:

That's not good.

GORDON:

With maple syrup?

(24:15)

CANTOR:

Cliff -- we're wasting our time -- Russian, I
don't think you could even get into Kindergarten.

GORDON:

No? Give me an audition!

FADIMAN:

All right -- complete this nursery rhyme.

HICKORY DICKORY DOCK

THE MOUSE RAN UP THE CLOCK ---

GORDON:

Well?

FADIMAN:

THE MOUSE RAN UP THE CLOCK -- WELL?

GORDON:

Well -- he got up there by himself -- let him
get down by himself!

CANTOR:

That's the limit!

(24:35)

FADIMAN:

I'm beginning to agree with you, Eddie -- we are wasting our time.

GORDON:

Don't say that! ... If you're so smart -- let me hear you answer one question.

FADIMAN:

All right -- what is it?

GORDON:

Who discovered America in 1492? Columbus! ... Thought you had me on that one, eh?

(24:50)

CANTOR:

Russian, Clifton Fadiman happens to be the director of "Information Please" - one of the cleverest programs in Radio - And you can't fool him.

GORDON:

Who's fooling? I'll prove you that I'm really a professor -- not of Botany -- not of Zoology-- not of pastrami -- but of Anatomy!

FADIMAN:

In that case I'll ask you the simplest question that is put to any medical student. Describe the parts of the brain.

GORDON:

That's very simple -- You see -- in the brain of the human being, there are two cells ... the upper cell and the lower cell. For the upper cell you get two dollars more because they got hot and cold running corpuscles! This is where the conscious meets the sub-conscious! Now, let us take the sub-conscious -- of course, if you can't take the sub-conscious - then you got to take the ninth Ave. "L"! which brings us to the cerebellum!

(25:35)

CANTOR:

How did you get there?

GORDON:

I took a transfer .. Now the sub-conscious is constantly at war with the conscious .. ~~so we try to sell them uniforms! .. they refuse .. but not for long! Finally they give -- so we send em to the FRONTAL. And what do you think happens?~~

FADIMAN:

They are fighting and fighting and fighting -- it's a terrible battle!

GORDON:

I was ROBBED! How did he get mine line?

CANTOR:

He took a transfer.

GORDON:

He took a transfer and I'd like to take a walk!

CANTOR:

Sure you'd like to take a walk -- you haven't answered one single question correctly.

GORDON:

Give me one more chance .. I'll ask Cliffy a question and if he can't answer it I'll answer it mineself ... Are you ready?

FADIMAN:

Go ahead.

(26:15)

GORDON:

Here it comes! --- What did a bottle of Sloan's liniment say to a sore muscle?

BOTH:

What?

GORDON:

INFLAMMATION PLEASE!!!

(APPLAUSE)

(EXIT)

(26:30)

ORCH. PLAY OFF

CANTOR:

Cliff, everybody knows, of course, that all this business about a rubber check is spoken only in fun.

FADIMAN:

Then you really are going to pay me?

CANTOR:

Certainly. Now look - when I booked you, your agent said the money was secondary - that you liked me so well, you'd work for a song. Here it is, Cliff - "Comes Love" from the production "Yokel Boy."

ORCHESTRA: INTRO

(27:30)

BOSS: Comes a rainstorm, Put your rubbers on your feet
Comes a snowstorm, You can get a little heat
COMES LOVE, Nothing can be done (BAND FILL)
Comes a fire, Then you know just what to do
Blow a tire, You can buy another shoe
COMES LOVE, Nothing can be done. (BAND FILL)

Don't try hidin'
'Cause there isn't any use.
You'll start slidin' (BAND SLIDES DOWN) (OVER TWO
When your heart turns on the juice! PIANOS)

Comes a headache (GLISS DOWN)
You can lose it in a day
Comes a toothache (GLISS DOWN)
See your dentist right away
COMES LOVE (AH - AH)
Nothing can be done!

G.C.: Love is erratic
So autocratic
Undiplomatic
To be emphatic with love, ---

BOSS: Comes the darkness
You can wait until the dawn
Comes the landlord
You can hide until he's gone!
COMES LOVE - nothing can be done!

G.C.: Love is futile, so brutal to me,

BOSS: Comes a foul ball,
You can always try again
Comes Galento,
You can count right up to ten
COMES LOVE - nothing can be done!

G.C.: The romantic, it's driving me frantic!

BOSS: When romance invites you, be a cagey guy,
When that love-bug bites you
(PECK) Don't forget the story 'bout the spider
and the fly!

Comes no margin,
You can cancel your accounts
Comes a bad check,
You can always let it bounce
COMES LOVE... (G.CLUB: COMES LOVE) (G.C. HUM IN
B.G.)

Nothing can be done!

G.C.: The bug'll bite ya!

(APPLAUSE)

(29:20)

CANTOR:

Thank you ladies and gentlemen.

Day after tomorrow, the nation celebrates Flag Day. Certainly all of us appreciate the protection and opportunity our flag affords. Let's show this appreciation not just one day a year -- but every day. Let's give our flag a PERMANENT wave!

And so, until next Monday -- please remember --
(29:40)

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. (30:20)

(CUT ON CUE FROM V.K ... E.C. ... SAYS GOODNIGHT)

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

~~AR~~ A- 41A

PARKS:

We'd like to remind you that June eighteenth is Father's Day. That's next Sunday. Dealers everywhere are featuring Camel cigarettes by the carton for Father's Day. Why not make your gift to Dad a carton of those mild, cool, long-burning Camels.

PARKS:

(OFF STAGE MIKE)

Be sure to listen next week when Eddie Cantor's guest is "Miss Manhattan" -- Cobina Wright, Jr. And try Camels. See for yourself how -- penny for penny your best cigarette buy is Camel! Remember Benny Goodman and Johnny Mercer tomorrow night at nine-thirty Eastern Daylight Savings Time. This is Bert Parks, saying "Hurry Back".

MUSIC AND APPLAUSE SWELL

PARKS:

This is the COLUMBIA ... BROADCASTING SYSTEM

-fade theme 20 seconds-

8:00 P.M. B-U-L-O-V-A Bulova Watch Time

WABC NEW YORK

(30:40)