

- EDDIE CANTOR'S CAMEL CARAVAN - CB # 21 -

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1939

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

Program No. 35.

CANTOR	GLEE CLUB (11)	CUTTING COPY	P.A. OPERATOR
FIELDS	DONOHUE	KIRK	SCHUMANN
HOLZMAN	BUNKY	SPAN	STAGE HANDS
PARKS	RAPP	HANLON	KAY ST. GERMAIN
GORDON	MAURICE	KNIGHT	CHAS. LUNG
FAIRCHILD	PEARSON	WHITE	MAX BAER
ESTY (6)	FILE COPY	ADAM CARROLL	ED. McDONALD
		SCHWEIGER	MAX WAISMAN

MUSIC ROUTINE:

SELECTION:

1. COMMERCIAL INTRODUCTION
2. QUARTETTE COMMERCIAL WITH CELESTE, RHYTHM
3. "WHOOPEE"
4. "ROMANCE" -- FADE
5. "ROMANCE" -- SNEAK IN EIGHT BARS
6. "BEGIN THE BEGUINE" (ST. GERMAIN -- PARKS)
7. SHORT FANFARE C
8. "ROMANCE RUNS IN THE FAMILY" (CANTOR)
9. "ONE HOUR"

PARKS: It's Eddie Cantor's Camel Caravan!

ORCHESTRA: ( "ROMANCE RUNS IN MY FAMILY" -- FADE ON CUE AT :10)

PARKS: What makes Camels so soothingly mild....yet so full of real tobacco flavor? Finer, more expensive tobaccos, for one thing. It's a well-known fact in the tobacco trade that Camel pays more to get choicer tobaccos -- Turkish and Domestic. The tobaccos now aging in warehouses in Winston-Salem, North Carolina often have been called the world's greatest treasure of costlier tobaccos. And mark this: All the finer cigarette tobaccos -- all the skill of Camel's matchless blending for mildness -- go into Camels.... for R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company merchandises no other cigarette under any name. Yes, Camels are different from other cigarettes. Mild, rich-tasting -- plus something mighty swell that you get every time you let up and light up a Camel. Many smokers put it this way: "We find Camels soothing to our nerves." But whatever it is, this Camel flavor that never goes flat on your taste....this mildness that you can rely on....it's different. As one Camel smoker summed it up the other day, "It's the difference between just smoking and true smoking pleasure." And speaking of pleasure -- we bring you the one man who knows the name of the winning horse in the Santa Anita Handicap -- EDDIE CANTOR! (1:30)

ORCHESTRA: (SWELLS) (APPLAUSE AS CANTOR ENTERS)

CANTOR:

Hello, everybody -- hello, Bert!

PARKS:

Well, Mr. Cantor -- are you going to tell me the winner of the Santa Anita Handicap?

CANTOR:

No, Bert, for the last time -- no!

PARKS:

Gosh -- there are only two people in the world who know the winner of the Santa Anita Handicap -- you and Clem McCarthy...I'll bet you've been annoyed plenty since he told you.

CANTOR:

Annoyed? I've been mobbed!...Last Monday after the broadcast my house was jammed with people waiting to ask me the winner -- You should have seen that crowd. They were lined up four abreast for two blocks -- the line went clear down past Jack Benny's house -- and the poor guy couldn't sleep at all...He was up all night selling hot dogs!...Gee, he burned me up -- a guy like Jack Benny selling hot dogs for seven cents.

PARKS:

That was kind of cheap.

CANTOR:

Cheap? -- He was underselling me by three cents!... And I was giving a big slab of mustard with mine!... And not only ordinary people -- important stars, were in that line...About two o'clock in the morning I heard somebody climb the trellis and try to get into my room through the window,

PARKS:

Why didn't you call the police?

CANTOR:

Bert -- how would it look for me to have Hedy Lamarr  
arrested? (2:10)

She begged me, she pleaded with me -- but I wouldn't  
tell her the name of the horse...She said, "Eddie,  
you and Clem McCarthy are the only two people in the  
world who know the winner -- and if you tell me the  
name of the horse I will kiss you."

PARKS:

Hedy Lamarr said that?

CANTOR:

Yes -- Now there are only three people in the world  
who know the winner!... (2:35)

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...CLOSES

HANLON:

Mr. Cantor -- your masseur is waiting for you in the  
dressing room.

CANTOR:

My masseur -- oh, Fairchild, play something while I  
have my massage. I'll be back in a flash with less  
flesh!

ORCHESTRA: (FADE ON CUE) "ROMANCE"

(2:55)

CANTOR:

(GRUNTING) Take it easy, Maurice!

MUSIC: (OUT) (AL MAKES SLAPPING SOUNDS...DOWN ON EIGHT-BALL)

MAURICE:

(CHARLIE LUNG) Very good, sir. (SOUND OF SLAPPING BODY) I say, Mr. Cantor, you've been eating potatoes again!

CANTOR:

(APPREHENSIVELY) Why, Maurice! What do you mean?

MAURICE:

(SLYLY) Oh, Mr. Cantor -- flabby, flabby, flabby...

CANTOR:

Go on with the rub-down.

MAURICE:

Yes, sir... (POUNDS WITH INCREASING VOLUME)

CANTOR:

(AS POUNDING INCREASES) Ohhh! Ouch!! Ohhh!! Ohhh!  
(GROANS INCREASE IN VOLUME...AND AFTER THE LAST BIG GROAN HE SIGHS) Ohh, that's wonderful, Maurice...

MAURICE:

You know, Mr. Cantor, for five years I was private masseur for Clark Gable, Johnny Weissmueller and Victor McLaglen. All big, strong, beautiful physiques!

CANTOR:

(PROUDLY) And now you're working for Eddie Cantor.

MAURICE:

(WITH A SIGH) Well, things are bad all over. (3:35)

SOUND: LOUD SLAPPING

CANTOR:

(GROANS) Ohhh! I think I'm done on this side,  
Maurice, I'll turn over.

MAURICE:

Very good, sir. (SURPRISED) I say, Mr. Cantor,  
that's a beautiful piece of tattoo work you have on  
your chest!

CANTOR:

(PROUDLY) Do you like it, Maurice?

MAURICE:

It's the most beautiful orange tree I've ever seen!  
It's in bloom isn't it?? My my, you wouldn't believe  
it was tattooed -- it's so realistic!!

CANTOR:

Realistic is hardly the word, Maurice! When it gets  
cold I have to hang a smudge pot around my neck!!!

MAURICE:

You don't say! Mind if I look at it a little closer,  
Mr. Cantor?

CANTOR:

Go right ahead, Maurice -- but don't pick any,  
they're not ripe yet!!

MAURICE:

MY my! This is beautiful tattoo work! (SHOCKED)  
Mr. Cantor, aren't you ashamed of yourself? You, a  
resident of California?

CANTOR:

What? What is it, Maurice?

MAURICE:

(INDIGNANTLY) These are Florida oranges!! (4:25)

CANTOR:

I've been framed! But go right ahead, Maurice...  
(SOUND OF SLAPPING) Tell me something, -- you were  
masseur for Clark Gable. How do we compare  
physically?

MAURICE:

Well, sir -- Clark Gable simply bulges with muscles!

CANTOR:

(EXPECTANTLY) How about me?

MAURICE:

You simply bulge...By the way, Mr. Cantor, I  
listened to your broadcast last week when  
Clem McCarthy gave you a tip on the Santa Anita  
Handicap -- (4:50)

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...CLOSES

SPIKE:

(TOUGH) (ED MCDONALD) All right, boys, stand where  
you are. Which one of you two muggs is Cantor?

CANTOR:

What do you mean breaking into my room this way?  
I'm Eddie Cantor.

SPIKE:

I'm not takin' your word for it! Why does a  
chicken cross the road?

CANTOR:

To get on the other side?

SPIKE:

You're Cantor, all right!!!

CANTOR:

What do you two fellows want here?

SPIKE:

Well, the boys and myself got a little dough tied up in that Santa Anita Handicap and it might be advantageous to us if we knew the name of that horse.

(5:20)

CANTOR:

But I don't see why I should tell you fellows.

BUTCH:

You don't, eh? This thing in my hand ain't a harmonica.

CANTOR:

It's a gun! What are you gonna do?

SPIKE:

We're gonna make an eighteen-hole golf course around that orange tree on your chest.

BUTCH:

In par!

CANTOR:

(FRIGHTENED) Now wait a minute -- you can't get away with this!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

PAGE BOY:

(TOM HANLON) Ready on stage, Mr. Cantor. Fairchild is just finishing his number. (DOOR SLAM)

SPIKE:

Stay where you are, Cantor!

CANTOR:

Now look, fellas -- be reasonable! I've got to do a broadcast now. I can't disappoint my audience -- I've got to go out there and make 'em laugh!

BUTCH:

Did you hear that, Spike? After eight years on the air, he's gonna be different tonight! (THEY BOTH LAUGH HILARIOUSLY)

CANTOR:

(JOINS IN WITH A SICKLY GIGGLE)



SPIKE:

Okay, Cantor -- you can do your program -- but remember -- (MENACINGLY) if you tell anybody the name of that horse -- it's curtains for you!

CANTOR:

All right, boys. (6:00)

BUTCH:

We'll be watching you off stage and don't forget --

SPIKE:

(SHOOTS) A mean hole in one.

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

ORCHESTRA: (SNEAKS IN... "ROMANCE")

CANTOR:

Bert, you have no idea how happy I am to be back here again. (6:15)

PARKS:

Well, don't you want to tell me the name of the horse???

CANTOR:

Ohhhh!! Don't even mention horses to me!!

PARKS:

**Why**, Mr. Cantor?

CANTOR:

(STALLING) Well -- because -- Bert, would you want to make a lot of money off a poor dumb beast???

PARKS:

But, Mr. Cantor, I'm not asking for a raise!!!(PAUSE)  
I just want to know the name of the horse that --  
(6:35)

CANTOR:

I won't give it to you 'cause I don't want you to gamble. Look what it did to me!

PARKS:

You mean you're a gambler?

CANTOR:

(SERIOUSLY) Bert -- Eddie Cantor is the only man in the world who gambled five times on the same thing and lost every time.

PARKS:

Well, maybe you don't read the right dope sheets...

CANTOR:

Seriously, Bert, gambling can get you into trouble.

SPIKE:

(FADING IN) Listen, Cantor, you ain't givin' out any names, you hear?

BUTCH:

(FADING AWAY) We'll be listenin' an' waitin'. (7:10)

PARKS:

Who were those fellows, Mr. Cantor?

CANTOR:

Just a coupla boys from the fraternity --  
"Didda Stretchat Alcatraza."

PARKS:

I thought for a minute you were going to give them the name of the horse.

CANTOR:

Bert, I think it's very wise that I keep my mouth shut.

FIELDS:

Oh -- after all these years, Cantor finally becomes smart.

CANTOR:

Mister Guffy! (APPLAUSE) Mr. Guffy, I'm keeping my mouth shut for personal reasons. There are certain people in the world who are no good. Worthless, incorruptible and downright murderous.

FIELDS:

GO on -- hint!

(7:45)

CANTOR:

I wasn't referring to you, Guffy.

FIELDS:

Say it -- say it!...I know what you're thinking --  
I should keep my little rosebud mouth shut!

CANTOR:

No, Guffy -- keep your mouth open --

FIELDS:

Sure, I should get dust and germs down my throat!

CANTOR:

Then...keep your mouth tightly closed.

FIELDS:

Lock-jaw, huh -- you'd like that!

CANTOR:

I wouldn't!...Please Mr. Guffy, don't upset me.  
Today I would like to perform one good deed --

FIELDS:

Now he's a Boy Scout!

CANTOR:

I'm not a Boy Scout --

FIELDS:

Oh, for twenty years you haven't been scouting for  
a boy! (8:15)

CANTOR:

Listen to me, Guffy!...There are two people who  
would like to do me harm.

FIELDS:

Two people?...Oh! you must have more listeners than  
that!

CANTOR:

Guffy, I'll confess I've got a horse and the name --

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

SPIKE:

Listen Cantor...you're not giving this marble top any horse's name!

FIELDS:

Oh, I'm not good enough to have a horse's name! (8:35)

SPIKE:

One word out of you -- and I'll--

FIELDS:

Oh! You want to stop me from talking -- you want to do away with free speech...the Bill of Rights means nothing!...My forefathers founded this country so a couple of measly-looking aliens like you can come in and bulldoze a sweet guy like Cantor who has done more to uphold the Constitution which grants life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness to fellows like me and my family -- go on -- say it!... My family is no good.

BUTCH:

No, -- they're all right!

FIELDS:

How do you know they're all right...my old man has been in the penitentiary twenty-two times in three years...my brother is a shop-lifter...my sister-in-law is a jitterbug with the hives -- and you say they're all right!...It's guys like you who make guys like me shut up like a clam! (9:15)

SPIKE:

You can have him, Cantor --

BUTCH:

Let's get out of here, Spike --

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

CANTOR:

Guffy! -- you saved my life!...Those two guys were professional killers.

FIELDS:

Show's you what a no-good guy I am!....always interfering with somebody's business --

CANTOR:

But that big speech of yours did it...it helped me.

FIELDS:

I didn't do it for you...I made that big speech because I haven't been on this program for three weeks and I don't want people to forget me...but bear in mind, Cantor, I'm still a no-good heel!

(GUFFY EXITS)

(APPLAUSE)

-14-

CANTOR:

Thank you, Guffy, for doing me a good turn. Two  
gorillas walked out of my life and two sweet  
children walked in. Bert Parks and Kay St. Germain  
"Begin The Beguine."

ORCHESTRA:(INTRODUCTION)

(10:00)

(BRASS ON GLEE CLUB MIKE)

KAY: When they begin...the Beguine...(FIGURE)  
It brings back the sound of music so tender. (FIGURE)  
(LICK) It brings back a night  
Of tropical splendour,  
PARKS: It brings back a memory ever green.  
KAY: I'm with you once more, un-der-the-stars...(FIGURE)  
PARKS: And down by the shore  
KAY: An orchestra's playing  
PARKS: And dancers are swaying  
And even the palms seem to be swaying  
KAY: When they Begin the Beguine.

(ORCHESTRA BEGINS THE BEGUINE)

KAY: To live it again, is past all endeavour  
Except when that tune clutches my heart  
PARKS: And here we are, swearing to love forever,  
And promising never...  
KAY: Wh-ho-ho never to part, sweetheart,  
So give in, to the desire, under your skin,  
Let them begin the Beguine again...oh...  
  
PARKS: What moments divine  
KAY: Rapture serene (PARKS: What rapture serene)  
KAY: Till clouds came along to disperse  
the joys we had tasted.  
PARKS: And now when we hear people curse the chance that was  
wasted  
KAY: We know but too well, exactly what they mean!  
PARKS: So don't let 'em begin (RA-DA-DA-DA) (BAND)  
KAY: Never give in (RA-DA-DA-DA) (BAND)  
BOTH: Never give in or let 'em begin, don't let 'em begin  
the Beguine!  
PARKS: Let the love that was once a fi.....re  
remain an ember!  
KAY: (BALLAD) Let it sleep like the dead desire I barely  
remember.  
PARKS: When they begin (PARKS: ANSWER)  
KAY: When they begin to begin  
BOTH: When they begin the Beguine!

(BAND UP) (APPLAUSE)

(13:00)

PARKS: Letting up and lighting up a Camel means something more than just smoking. To the millions of smokers who let up and light up a Camel, it means more smoking enjoyment and a pleasant way to rest their nerves. Miss Elsie Ferril, adding machine operator, puts it this way:

WOMAN'S VOICE: There's such a difference in letting up and lighting up a Camel cigarette. I find that when I pause, and let up to enjoy a Camel, I get so much more pleasure....and Camels always leave my nerves feeling soothed and comforted.

(GRACE ALWORTH)

PARKS: Far from business and the pressure of daily routine, but in a field where steady nerves are all important we find again this same preference for Camels. E. Erskine Loch, noted South American explorer, says:

MAN'S VOICE: I spend much of my time in the jungles. And a rule that's stood by me through many a hazardous expedition is: The minute I feel my nerves getting tense or jittery, I let up and light up a Camel cigarette.

(CHARLIE LUNG)



16-A

PARKS: Anywhere you look....wherever you find people under heavy nervous strain....people who want something more in the way of real smoking pleasure.. you'll find more smokers let up and light up a Camel. For smokers find that Camels are soothing to the nerves, and a grand smoke. So.....let up and light up a Camel!

ORCHESTRA: (FANFARE C)

CANTOR:

Ladies and gentlemen -- I'm getting so tired of people bothering me for the name of the winner of the Santa Anita Handicap -- that I'm going to make a public announcement now and let everybody know the name of the horse...Get your pencils out...The name of the horse that Clem McCarthy told me couldn't lose, is ---

BAER:

(CUTTING IN...OFF-STAGE MIKE) Wait a minute, Eddie!

CANTOR:

Max Baer!! (APPLAUSE AS BAER ENTERS) That's not the name of the horse, ladies and gentlemen -- Max Baer.. just walked in!

BAER:

Eddie, I don't think you ought to tell your listeners the name of that horse. If it runs out of the money you'll lose a lot of friends...If you want people to like you -- give them a sure thing.

CANTOR:

A sure thing, Max? I'd like to know one myself.

BAER:

Well, Eddie, you can tell your friends to bet on me to beat Louis.

CANTOR:

Maxie!! You're going to beat Louis? Remember -- you're fighting Joe -- not Sinclair!  
(CONTINUED)

(15:15)

CANTOR:  
(Cont'd)

But -- I like your courage -- Still I saw the movies of your last fight with Louis -- and I don't want to hurt your feelings but I must tell you -- I had to laugh!

BAER:

Well, Eddie, that's more than I did at your last picture!

CANTOR:

All right, Maxie -- this round is yours...But tell me -- did you see the movie of your fight with Louis?

BAER:

I didn't have to see it -- I was there the night Joe wrote the script!

CANTOR:

Yes, and he gave himself all the punch lines... Speaking of pictures, Max -- you know, you look great on the screen...But seeing you in person, really you're not a bit handsome...In fact -- you're a bit -- shall we say -- ugly?

BAER:

Well, I'm a professional fighter -- what's your alibi?

CANTOR:

Say, at that we have much in common. Even our careers are much alike.

(16:05)

BAER:

That's right...In 1932 I was champion of the world -- and you were champion of the airwaves...Then a few years later things turned bad -- I was knocked out by Joe Louis --

CANTOR:

And me --

BAER:

You made "Ali Baba Goes To Town!"

CANTOR:

Kid all you want, Max -- I believe that our careers do parallel each other to a certain extent. What have you done these past two years?

BAER:

The past two years I've spent bragging about my boy and hoping I might get on your radio program.

CANTOR:

And I've spent these past two years bragging about my radio program, and hoping I might get -- WHAT AM I SAYING?....One thing I've always wanted to know -- how does it feel to be socked on the jaw by Louis?

BAER:

Eddie -- have you ever had a tooth pulled by a steam-shovel?

(16:55)

CANTOR:

He hits that hard, eh Max?

BAER:

Hard? Let me show you something -- do you see this mole on the back of my neck?

CANTOR:

Oh, yes -- did Joe Louis give you that?

BAER:

No -- but it used to be on my chin!

CANTOR:

Well, don't worry, Max -- you're gonna fight him again -- it'll be back on your chin!...But seriously, I saw your fight with Louis, and I didn't think he hit you so hard.

BAER:

Well, you know, Eddie -- you can't feel him so much up there in those fifty cent seats!

CANTOR:

Stop kidding -- I was at the ringside, and you looked pretty fresh to me...Why, when you came back to your corner after the second round, you said to your trainer, "I'll have a vanilla popsicle!"

BAER:

Sure -- Louis hit me so hard in that round that when the bell rang, I thought it was the Good Humor Man!

(18:05)

CANTOR:

Max, I admire your courage -- wanting to go back in the ring with the Brown Bomber...And I want to wish you lots of luck on your comeback.

BAER:

Thanks, Eddie -- and I wanna wish you a lot of luck on your comeback.

CANTOR:

Mine? Wait a minute -- where have I been?

BAER:

That's what everybody wants to know -- where have you been?

CANTOR:

Never mind, Max -- I still think you're a great guy and a great fighter...Tell me, were you always so tough?

BAER:

No...When I was a kid in my father's butcher shop -- all the boys used to pick on me...And although I was bigger and stronger than they I would never fight back...No matter what they did -- they couldn't get me to fight.

CANTOR:

Ferdinand the Baer!...Get it?

BAER:

That certainly is a Prime Rib!

(18:45)

CANTOR:

Well, you topped me!...but I won't beef...To get back to your fighting...I talked to Jack Dempsey recently, and he said you were the greatest fighter he's ever seen. That's on the level --

BAER:

Well, they say Jack is usually right. I -- (19:00)

CANTOR:

How do you think you would have made out against Dempsey when he was in his prime?

BAER:

It would have been the end of Dempsey.

CANTOR:

You mean you would have licked him?

BAER:

No -- he'd a gotten six months for killing Baer out of season!

CANTOR:

Stop with those jokes, Max -- on this program we're selling cigarettes -- not corn!...Tell me -- do you ever have any fights with your wife?

(19:40)

BAER:

No, Eddie....Whenever she's mad at me she takes out the movie projector -- turns on the pictures of the Baer-Louis Fight, and yells, "Atta Boy, Joe -- knock his block off!" (PAUSE) And Joe comes through for her every time!

CANTOR:

(SCHUMANN. SCREENS RUSSIAN)

Well, Max, if you think you had a fight with Louis -- wait till you meet the Mad Russian....Russian, this is Mr. Baer.

GORDON:

How do you do!

CANTOR:

Russian -- this is the ex-heavyweight Champion of the world.

GORDON:

Max Baer, the fighter?

CANTOR:

Yes.

GORDON:

No wonder I didn't recognize him standing up!

CANTOR:

Stop it -- Russian!

(20:15)



GORDON:

Maxie, don't be mad at me....If you'll let me train you, I'll help you take the World's Championship away from Jess Willard!

BAER:

But Willard isn't champion any more!

GORDON:

Of course, Donald Budge beat him! (20:35)

CANTOR:

Quit it, Russian -- you don't know anything about Prizefighters.

GORDON:

What are you talking? When I was fighting professionally --

BAER:

You were a professional fighter?

GORDON:

Certainly -- you don't think I look this way from working for Cantor, do you?

BAER:

Tell me, Russian -- what was your fighting weight?

GORDON:

One hundred and forty-six pounds -- but I always went into the ring weighing two hundred.

CANTOR:

Where did you put the extra weight?

GORDON:

In each glove!

CANTOR:

What a fighter you must have been.

GORDON:

Yes, I was fighting for the Championship of Minsk  
....I led with mine left -- then I hit him with an  
uppercut -- I hit him with two left hooks -- and  
then a terrific thump.

CANTOR:

What was the thump?

GORDON:

Mine head hitting the canvas!

(21:35)

BAER:

You were knocked down.

GORDON:

Yes -- but I stood right up again at the count of  
twelve!

BAER:

But the fight was over by that time!

GORDON:

I know, but I was paying rent in a hotel -- why  
should I sleep in a ring all night?

CANTOR:

Max -- he's never had a fight in his life.

GORDON:

I did -- I did...I'll never forget the fatal words  
that were told to me before mine biggest fight.

CANTOR:

What were they?

GORDON:

"I now pronounce you Man and Wife!"

(22:10)

CANTOR:

You see -- he's a fake!

BAER:

I know it, Eddie -- he hasn't got the physique of a fighter...In fact, he hasn't got a physique.

GORDON:

That's very funny -- very funny....I could lick you with both hands and a foot tied to mine back!

BAER:

Listen, you Siberian Borscht Inhaler -- for two pins and sixty per cent of the purse I'd knock your block off!....You want to fight me!

GORDON:

Yes -- and I'll fight you Marcus of Gooseberry Rules!

CANTOR:

You crazy Russian -- he'll kill you....Did you ever see Max Baer fight?

GORDON:

No -- I only saw him in the ring!

CANTOR:

Ah, he'll murder you for that!

GORDON:

Let him come ahead, let him come ahead! I'll tear him limb from limb! I'll bend him in half! I'll break every bone in his body!! And if he hollers lemme go --

CANTOR:

Yes?????

GORDON:

Eenie, meenie, miney, moe!!!

(23:15)

BAER:

All right, Russian, you asked for it -- hit me first. Come on, hit me in the stomach!

CANTOR:

Go on, Russian -- hit him -- hit him!!

GORDON:

I'll kill him!!

BAER:

Come on -- hit me in the stomach.

GORDON:

All right....here it comes. (SOUND OF BLOW)

BAER:

(DISGUSTED) Oh come on -- hit me hard!

GORDON:

I'll try my left hand this time! (GRUNTS)  
(SOUND OF BLOW)

BAER:

Oh quit kidding, Russian -- hit me hard!!

GORDON:

This time I'll have to kick you.

BAER:

Why?

GORDON:

Mine both hands are broken!

CANTOR:

I told you, Russian, he's tough!

GORDON:

I'm tough, too, -- let him hit me, once!

CANTOR:

Russian, if Max Baer hits you -- with those ears of yours -- you'll land in Newark Airport!!!

GORDON:

He can't hurt me -- let him hit me on mine head!  
Haddie Camphor, I got a head???

CANTOR:

You won't have long!!

BAER:

Stand back, Cantor, he asked for it, and he's gonna get it -- right on top of the head!  
(GRUNTS AND SOUND OF TERRIFIC BLOW)

CANTOR:

Russian -- Russian -- where are you?

GORDON:

(MUFFLED VOICE) I'm way down here in the cellar!

CANTOR:

(24:45)

Are you hurt?

GORDON:

No -- but I'm going to be a millionaire.

CANTOR:

How come?

GORDON:

I just struck oil!

(APPLAUSE)

CANTOR:

Well, Max -- thanks for dropping in -- and for being such a good sport about the ribbing we gave you...And in your climb back to the championship -- you know I wish you the best of luck. (APPLAUSE)

BAER:

Thanks, Eddie -- I know you mean that...lots of my friends have said the same thing to me lately, and I'm going to do my level best not to let them down...Goodnight.

(BAER EXITS...APPLAUSE)

(25:35)

CANTOR:

Stick around, Max, while I sing a new number --

"Romance Runs in the Family."

ORCHESTRA: (INTRODUCTION)

CANTOR:

Romance runs in the fam'ly,  
So honey, what can I do?  
My ma's romantic, my pa's romantic  
And I'm that way about you.  
Romance runs in the fam'ly  
It's always played a big part.  
For generations we've been sensations  
In all affairs of the heart.  
Ev'ry one of our descendants  
Down through the centuries  
Gave away their independence  
For moments like these 'n that's the reason  
Romance runs in the family,  
So honey, what do you say?  
My folks would like it  
If we could strike it the same sweet way.

Now all of my relations  
Down through countless generations  
Have established reputations  
For romantic inclinations (BREATHE)

...Many situations  
In the destiny of nations  
Were begun by my relations  
And their wild infatuations --

(BRASS) To the man --  
(BRASS) The Cantor Clan --  
Have been chased by  
women just like  
Caliba-a-a-an!

Take the case of Svengali,  
That ace of love-making guys --  
From him I capture that look of rapture  
I get when I roll my eyes.  
From Romeo I inherit,  
Love's most romantic routine --  
To be specific, I'm quite terrific  
In any balcony scene!  
And unless I've made an error,  
Reading my history,  
Rhett Butler and Scarlett O'Hara  
Came from my fam'ly tree  
So take it from me  
That Romance runs in the fam'ly,  
We're lovers all the way through,  
So come on stop stallin'  
It's time you're fallin'  
'Cause I -- Love -- You!

(BAND SWELLS) (APPLAUSE)

(27:40)

CANTOR:

We've had a lot of fun here tonight, ladies and gentlemen, and now, if you'll permit me, I'd like to say something a bit more serious. Here in Los Angeles a few days ago, we had a rather disturbing windstorm. I was walking along Sunset Boulevard at the time, and like the other pedestrians, I ran for cover as the gale swept down. There were a number of stores nearby, but something guided me toward a building across the street. I stood there in the archway several minutes, I guess, before I realized where I was. I had taken refuge in the doorway of a church -- and it set me to thinking. This world today is going through something far more threatening than a windstorm. Every single one of us needs refuge of one kind or another. And I know of no better place to go for it than a church. Y'know, the church must be a very strong and righteous thing -- for it has survived every enemy it has ever had! And the book which embodies the principles of the church -- the Bible -- is still at the top of the best-seller list. We are extremely fortunate to live in a country where we can worship as we please, when we please. Let's make the most of this blessing. Go to church...Whatever your race or creed...You'll meet old friends -- and make new ones. The greatest calamity that can befall a people is the loss of religion. Don't let it happen here. Go to Church...and so, until next week, please remember --  
(29:20)

CANTOR:  
(Cont'd)

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)  
(29:50)

PARKS:

Next time you buy Cigarettes -- remember this:  
Camels are a matchless blend of finer, more  
expensive tobaccos -- Turkish and Domestic. That  
can mean a lot of things in cigarette enjoyment...  
including the fact that smokers find Camels  
costlier tobaccos are soothing to the nerves.  
Smoke six packages of Camels and see if it doesn't  
show you why Camels are the largest-selling  
cigarette in the world.

Remember to listen to Benny Goodman, The King of  
Swing, and Johnny Mercer tomorrow night at  
nine-thirty Eastern Standard Time.

Your announcer is Bert Parks.

(MUSIC AND APPLAUSE SWELL)

HANLON:

"Begin the Beguine" is from the Cole Porter  
production, "Jubilee."

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

(30:25)