

- You see what I mean, Buddy? Those not-so-subtle nuances. I mean, what a polished and sophisticated performer she was.
- Well, not only did they do it on the radio and in the clubs. The Marx brothers did it in film.
- Yeah, but--
- Nancy Fields did it in film.
- But it was never this obvious. These records were available in the '30s, but it's not really stuff you heard on the air. Because that's really a little too spicy. And you have to remember, there were such things as the Hays Code in the movies?
- That's right.
- And the censorship was really bad. So people like Nan Blackstone, Ray Bourbon. He mentions Dwight Fiske. He calls Park Avenue's Jimmy Durante. Now, Dwight Fiske, I don't have any selections by Mr Fiske, but Dwight Fisk was a gay man who was very popular in the New York clubs. He was much more sophisticated than Ray Bourbon. I mean, he would never say, Mary, this or anything, but he was very popular, made a lot of records which really appealed to the society highbrow set.

And another name that Ray mentioned, of course, is Sophie Tucker. And a lot of us now know Sophie Tucker through Bette Midler's recordings.

- That's right. Bette Midler, who's also played a lot of gay clubs and a lot of gay bands.
- Sure. But I don't really think that Sophie was as blue as Bette Midler made her out to be. But, anyway, I have a selection from 1928 of Sophie, and she's singing a song called, "He Hadn't Up Until Yesterday." Well, that was Sophie Tucker, another one who raised contemporaries, singing, "He Hadn't Up Until Yesterday," 1928.

We're going to move along and feature Ray again, since we've spotlighted some of his contemporaries, and Ray's continued recording throughout that time. This was the era of the 78 record, through the '40s and up to the '50s. And like I mentioned previously, in the '50s, of course, that was the advent of the LP, long play record.

And when LPs first came out, you had a 10-inch version, the smaller records. Sometimes you see them at record stores, not too much anymore. And then, of course, the familiar 12-inch LP.

- Oh, I guess Ray liked the 12-inch version better than it did the 10-inch.

- Well, listen to what he said about it.

- OK.

- Well, we have to watch the time on these records. Because you think, the standard size of record, I usually do is 10 inches, but 10 inches is rather small. So we felt we should do this on a 12-inch record. 12 inches gives you a couple of more inches that you didn't expect in the first place. And if you had two more inches than you actually plan on, then--

[LAUGHTER]

--you'd be amazed how much difference two inches can make on the record. On this record, I imagine, it makes that sort of a difference.

[LAUGHTER]

Oh.

[LAUGHTER]

- What a laugh. I tell you, this guy. Well, let's see, we have to compose ourselves here.

- What about my favorite piece?

- Oh, yeah, we're really going to lead up to Buddy's favorite piece off of the same album here. This is his first album, UTC number 1, *An Evening in Copenhagen*. And Ray did-- gosh, these are a couple of my favorite routines as well, two of his funniest routines. They're called "The Wedding" and "The Raid." And Ray speaks from experience in this.

Although this is hysterically funny, I must caution you, the radio listener, to please try not to laugh too much, and cock your ear to the speaker there. Because Ray speaks very rapidly, and you really have to keep on top of it to be advised as what's going on. So listen to--

- Just kind of close your eyes and listen, and enjoy, because there's going to be a raid.

- No, a wedding.

- A wedding?

- A wedding--

- Getting a raid first?

- We're going to have a wedding first, then a raid.

- OK, there's going to be a wedding. Here comes the bride.

- This occurred in Chicago several years ago in the '19 and '20s. I won't say it was funny, because, after all, why should I give my age away. Not that you all don't know that I'm over sixteen. But this big bitch and myself, Miss Sherry-- you know her, she looks exactly like a bottle with legs spread. Man, when she sits down, you've never seen so much in your life, all over the chair. You could cut enough off and feed the hogs for a week.

So anyway, we were working in Chicago, so to speak. And these two friends of ours, they decided they were going to get married to each other. Well, even in Chicago, in those days, you just didn't do that kind of goings-on.

[LAUGHTER]

That is, not as openly as they planned on doing it. But they decided they were going to defy convention. They sent out 100 engraved invitations to the wedding. They were going to have it in a church, no less, on the North side. You can check all this on the police records. It's all there, headlines and everything.

So they decided they going to have this church wedding, and they were going to have it on a Thursday. Well, the minister of a church was going into the Wisconsin Northwoods, whatever he was going into the Northwoods for, that's what he went. And his son was 20 years old, who had been under suspicion for ages, but after this mess, they proved it on her. She was going to perform the ceremony.

[LAUGHTER]

So we got a hold of an engraved invitation and away we went to the church. And I said to her, I said, do you think we really ought to go into the thing? She's, Mary, I wouldn't miss it. She called me Mary for short. I don't know why, but we always could use that name to dispense with each other.

So we ducked into the church. I have never in my life seen anything like it. There was young men turning into young women right in front of my very eyes, lipsticks, powder puffs, oh, it was grand. And I said to Miss Sherry, I said, let's go back into the anteroom and say hello to the two who were getting married.

So we went on back at the anteroom and said hello to the aunties, and then we said hello to the two men getting married. And they were having a heated argument over which one was going to wear the veil.

[LAUGHTER]

I said, why not tear it in two and both of you wear it? So they drew straws, they drawn everything else, and decided they would tear it in two and wear it. So, Mary, they looked lovely. I have never seen anything so grand. As they come down, there is a [? laos ?] stocking up the [INAUDIBLE] when all of a sudden, they got right up to the thing.

And the young man who was going to perform the ceremony was standing and looking as gay as a lark. Oh, she looked grand. You couldn't tell who was the bride with her standing there. And she looked down at these two and said, do you-- before they get to night, the law came in.

[LAUGHTER]

I have never seen so many police in my life. If they had all flashed their badges once, we would be completely blind with the reflection of the light. But I heard such a commotion as happened. Everybody was stripping drag off. The bitches or running for cover. And I said to Miss Sherry, this is no time to run, they'll catch her, sure as hell.

So I said, let's hide in the organ. She says, where is one that size? And I don't start a little argument at this time of the day. I said, not that, the pipe organ. She's, well, how? I said, come, come, come, dear. So we flew around behind the organ and climbed up these steps, and we got in these great big pipes. I got in F and she got in G.

I said, don't slip too far down in this thing, you know you to get out of it eventually. So I said, we'll just hang with the armpit. Somebody played deep in the heart of Texas, we had of froze to death. So there we hung. But you have never seen such a commotion in your life. The bitch was running for cover.

It's the first time I've ever seen faggots go down Michigan Boulevard with stained glass halos on, right through them windows, vroom, like that. So there we hung. And the wagons were backing up, and the syringes were blowing, and the police were fainting. Such a commotion.

When finally it cleared away, everything was quieted down, lipsticks-- a lipstick and powder puffs, I've never seen it. It looked like somebody had thrown a hand grenade in Elizabeth Arden. So I said to Miss Sherry, I said, Mary, come, let's get out of this organ and get on away from here. I am fit to be tired, I'm tired.

So anyway, the stunt of this thing was, we got out of this organ. I got up out of F, and she started to get out of G and couldn't budge. So I said, all right, Mary, hold still. I'll go down and turn the organ on and blow you up out of it. So I got downstairs and turned this great, big, electric organ on, and find the key, finally, I did.

All it would do is just shudder and make her cheeks get red, wouldn't budge her. Honestly, if she'd had false teeth, it'd blown every one of them right out of her mouth. I have never heard Sid scream, so I said, all right, you hold still. I'll go home and get Lil, and we'll drag it down. Diamond tooth Lil with our landlady, a great, big, blonde faggot. When she couldn't get gin, she'd drink Blondex. And you know, in the '20s, Blondex it made your hair snow white and made you transparent.

We knew when she had to go half the time before she did. You could see her every move from the time her food left her mouth until it left the body. She was a camp, always. We'd say, go, go, dear, go go go, quick. Go blows up the parlor. So I went home by alleys and devious roots, and finally, when I got there, I banged on the door, Lil!

She says, go away, Mary, I'm busy, my nerves upset. So I open the door and I said, what a time of day for this. I said, look, Miss Sherry is in trouble, she's in dirt. She said, that is not new. So I said to him, come on, let's go back. So there's six of them, got them put the uniforms on, and eight of us went back to the church, and we dragged her out of this organ.

Well, as you know, Lil was such a camp. She had a diamond in one of her teeth on the side, not the front tooth, on the side. And at home, she was always smiling with that tooth where you would see it. But when she went out at night, she smiled with her lip down.

So when that, she forgot the smile at the wrong time, a great, big sailor knocked her tooth right out of her mouth into a urinal. I have never seen such grabbing for a tooth in my life. Finally, she got a hold of it and swallowed it. Oh, what the diamonds went through before we got it back.

[LAUGHTER]

We kept her on paper for 11 days. Finally, we got it back at a high polish, but we did get it back. So anyway, we went on home by devious route, and we had some tea required and everything. I said to Lil, I said, Mary, this is going to be a camp, there's going to be a lot of scandal come from this whole mess. She says, well, that ain't nothing new, after all.

So we were planning that night to have a little kind of a soiree, and I said, I don't think we should have a part in that because the law might come. She says, oh, Mary, what difference does it make? So I said, all right. So we decided we would have what is called a drag. All you had to do was give her a four inches of string and a feather fan and she was in drag. That one was a camp.

So they gave the party, and we were drinking and screaming eleven. All I was wearing was a bungalow apron, because I realized, if I had anything else on, puked on myself, I couldn't get rid of it, and just stay with the bungalow apron on. And I wore a blonde wig, it had heavy Marcel wave in it, and French heeled shoes.

And Lil wore the same thing. We were always prepared, you know what I mean. If you spilled anything on you, that was quite all right. So she got a little sick, and she was mad anyway, so I said, come on in the bathroom, Mary, and then you're sick as you are, you might as well hit the tub. She couldn't hit the Pacific Ocean if she aimed in a westerly direction, but we aimed for the tub this time.

So lo and behold, while we in there, the law came into the thing again. Now I-- They just kicking doors down like things. And I said to her, look, the law is here. And the house was built on the side of a hill anyway, and we'd go in on the ground level. And it was three floors down and back. I said, how do we get out of here? She said, come, Mary, we'll open the window and fly out of this place.

So we opened the window and flew out of the place, and fell three floors down into the arms of the biggest policeman I have ever seen in my entire life. And he fell right on top of me, of all times. Any other time, I wouldn't mind it so much, but he fell on top of me.

And she jumped up and was running down the alley. I said, come back here, broad, and roll this guy off of me. So she came back and rolled him off me, and then she rolled him, and we flew on down around the block. I said, we can't go home this way, good heavens, you know that as well as I do, because we're going to be spotted. So she says, well, I'll flag a cab.

So I said, where are we going to get a cab? So we flagged a cab, or she flagged the cab, because we didn't have a stinking dime on us, and led over to a friend's house of ours. And she didn't have any money either so-- but anyway, Diamond tooth will pay the bill. It's amazing how she can get out of situations like that. Another time, I'll tell you another experience.

[LAUGHTER]

Goodbye.

- Well, like Ray says, in Chicago in the 1920s, you just didn't do that sort of thing.

[LAUGHTER]

- What a wedding.

- Oh, but, gosh, I mean, just the rapid-fire delivery and the gags, I mean, what a comedian this guy was.

- It gets even better next if we can play my favorite piece.

- Oh, yeah. OK, folks, we've had a wedding, and now Ray Bourbon's going to tell us about--

- The Raid.

[LAUGHTER]

- This-- Join your chair's up real close to this Victrola, because you're going to hear something that you've been gouging here to about for some time. Because I know what you say about me, but that's quite all right, as long as you buy these records. This occurred, oh, a couple of years ago, maybe longer than that, in San Francisco. I was working for a friend of mine up there.

She is a mess. She has a face like a wet sponge. And her double chin hides-- well, it hangs down so far it looks like a white calendar without numerals on it, because her lower lip covers most of that too. But anyway, she runs a cafe up there, nightclub, so to speak, and what a camp that is.

But anyway, one night she decided--

[LAUGHTER]

Come closer. One night, she decided that she was going to give this party up at her apartment. Her apartment is on Stockton Street. It used to be a piano company's building, but the piano company moved out, and now they just play whatever instrument they happen to find in the building. But anyway, she said to me in a loud tone of voice, she's that camp, really, she is.

She's the only one in the world keeps her hat on by suction. She has all of her hats lined with a end of a toilet plunger. Every time she takes her hat off, some of them in cork in the John, went-- shoop to.

[LAUGHTER]

That's just the way it sounds on the cork. I said to her, I said, are you really going to give a party? She said, I'm going to give the party up at my apartment this very night. I looked at her in amazement because, after all, what can you do with a woman like that. And I said to her, I said, well, what's going to occur? And she says, well, the one that wears the most beautiful dress, I'll give her \$20,000.

Well, after all, good heavens, I look good in black sequin. So I put on a lovely thing. Because I like tulle better, but tulle with sequins is all right. So I wore a lovely thing. It's cut so low, to what it didn't show, it pointed at. And the party was going along grand.

Oh, Mary, the party was a camp. Everybody was drinking and screaming and dancing. But all of a sudden, there was a rap on the door. There was a type of a knock that you couldn't ignore, you had to answer. It's one of these things.

[KNOCKING]

And the lady said, nay, god, who's it that there. So she went to the door, and the man was standing with a badge behind his lapel, and he says, do you know who we are? And she--

[LAUGHTER]

--she says, you can't come in, you're not in drag. You know what drag means, of course. So I heard this commotion, I said, this is no time to lose the spangle, and we flew out onto the fire escape and went up the side of the building. Well, in San Francisco, in that direction is a definite novelty, but we went up the top of the building anyway. And you know how cold it is with that fog. Oh, we're at the camp.

We got on the building, and the fog is so hefty we have to have to lift it like you would a curtain, and say, why, Myrtle, what are you doing? And out of this whole [INAUDIBLE], they caught seven little, anemic bitches that got trampled in our [INAUDIBLE] Oh, I felt sorry for those kids, really, I did, because-- and then they said to the lady who was giving the party, she says, you have to come to the station with us.

She said, I don't mind going to the station, but you wait till I get my prop first, rephrasing the thing with a black chenille bath mat with white mascara down the side.

[LAUGHTER]

So they got her down to the wagon. Mary, I'll never forget this if I lived to be normal. They dragged her down to the wagon, her with all this guts. And they get her out into the street, and that narrow, the thing on the wagon the door, you can't get her through it. So [INAUDIBLE], she said, we'll lead it to the station, like it was an old cow in heat, [INAUDIBLE].

So they took her by hand and dragged her on down. When she got down to the station, I have seen mad broads, I have seen mad women, but this one.

[LAUGHTER]

Oh, honey, she was frothing at both ends. When they got her down to the station, this woman who was giving the party, oh, it was a positive camp. I have never in my life heard anything like it. So she said, I want to know what the bail is here? The man says, \$5 a head. She's, well, how many of us are there, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7-- 8, where'd you come from?

Well, I thought that was a little bit [INAUDIBLE] looking, so to put it. And so they all came back to the apartment. I said, well, let's keep this thing going, no time to go to court in the morning with that drool. If I'm going into a courtroom when I've been dragged in and changed by the hair on the head and screaming sanctuary was definite novelty for me.

So we got her in a little black dress and pull the gut up with an inverted nail gag, something she had never had at that high before in her entire life. And we gave her a little magazine called *Town & Country*. The bitch can't read the word, she had *Town & Country* on the arm and slick paper, what else could she do but look at it.

[LAUGHTER]

Don't joke. Anyway, with this goings-on, it came time to go into the courtroom. So I didn't want to be recognized too quick, so I put on my veil and my long lashes. And I was skipping to the courtroom, somebody says, hello, Miss Bourbon. I said, hello, dear. I gave myself away before I could think. I'd been charading it for so long, I couldn't figure why I charge it in the courtroom.

So we skipped into the place, and, Mary, you have never in your life seen such a camp. The courtroom was a mess. Everybody was accused of everything. Which was a lie, because there hadn't been time. One little old lady, god love her, she's dead now. She dropped dead in the toilet in Long Beach. Her name was Mother Kennedy.

And then, she skipped into the courtroom, screaming, it's a lie, it's a lie. Well, now how would we know it was a lie with her, because, after all, she was up there cruising them halls anyway. And poor old thing, she was as bald as a billiard ball. And she always wear a toupee with a part down the middle, but this morning, she had the part on cross-way, the bangs and a flange up and back. She looked like Wu Flange down right out of Chinatown, winning things.

So the judge says to lock her up till she likes and we'll find out what the hell she's talking about, see? So anyway, they said, this woman who gave the party--

[LAUGHTER]

--they said, do you want to take the witness stand? And she said, no, I don't want to take the witness stand, but I'm going to take the witness stand. There's a couple of things in this courtroom, I want to tell you about them. So lo and behold, she took the witness stand. And when she sat down, you could hear the girdle give. I was scared that it was going to pop and things would come out through the cracks of them barrel staves.

So anyway, she looked up at the judge with a kind of a faint recognition on her face. Then, all of a sudden, the entire face went blank, a double chin fell and the eyelashes fluttered. And she says, you're Annie, you've been in my club. The judge looked down at her with a very coy expression, he says, I don't think so.

She says, oh, yes, you have. I run a very respectable house-- a place in this town. And you have been in my club. And furthermore, they call you Market Street Myrtle.

[LAUGHTER]

Mary, with that, I laid right down on the floor. I thought that was the natural thing for me to do.

[LAUGHTER]

So I did. And the case is dismissed and bitches all skip back to the apartment, had a good morning cap for the whole thing.

- What do you think happened to Market Street Myrtle?

[LAUGHTER]

- I can see these queens. This is funny, especially, because I've worked in the court systems before.

- Mm-hmm.

- And I have seen things almost as close as that happening. And you can just close your eyes and see it, and it's fun.

- Well, you remember the old stories about night court and everything? I mean, I'm sure there was many a drag queen hauled before a judge in the wee hours.

- I've seen that in day court.

- Oh, really?

[LAUGHTER]

- Right here in Houston.

[LAUGHTER]

- Well, I mentioned Ray's career. Well, Ray just performed and performed and performed. I mean, he was-- he performed, as he said it, in some of the biggest places and some of the damndest little places you've ever seen in your life. He went overseas. He performed-- he gave a command performance for King Edward of England at Belvedere Castle. And he also gave a special performance for General Fransesco Franco in Spain.

- David, was his talent as well-known or as well-received as it should have been?

- Well--

- At the time he was doing it, was he as popular as-- [INAUDIBLE]?

- Ray Bourbon was never a mainstream performer because he was gay. I mean, and like I said before, a lot of Hollywood celebrities knew of him. Like there was reference he performed in San Francisco a lot. And also, in Los Angeles, I think, he had a place called Bourbons.

And it was even rumored that Bing Crosby and Bob Hope even mentioned on their radio shows that they had spent the afternoon at Bourbons. That's all they said. And Dorothy Lamour, Errol Flynn, a lot of entertainers, Walter Winchell, knew about it.

- How did he get the money then to produce some of these records?

- Well, somebody, I think, produced them for them, of course. I know the 10-inch LPs were produced in New York City. But, like I said, his recording career went back to the '30s. So obviously, someone thought he was unique enough and could target him for a specific audience. And that audience was a gay audience.

- Which then was as large as it is now.

- Well, sure, but it was just so terribly under wraps, except for Mr Bourbon, who was not under wraps.

- What do we have to look forward to in the second hour of our program?

- Well, we're going to take a Sunday drive. We're going to go to the cafeteria. We're going to hear a bedtime story. And we're going to hear Ray sing a number.

- Sounds good. Speaking of singing.

- Oh, now we're going to hear-- we're going to give Ray a little rest and hear a sort of unusual song. It's called "Let's All Be Fairies." It was recorded in 1933 by a British dance band, The Durium Dance Band. So let's go back to the Depression in England and hear a novelty song.

- Sounds like a good idea to me.

- Oh, well, I tell you, those novelty songs are something else, aren't they? We're going to hear one more by Ray Bourbon here, it's called, "Mr Wong." I forgot to mention, when I was name-dropping on the celebrities that Ray hobnobbed with, he was a very close friend of Mae West. And Ray stopped touring for two years to appear with Mae in two productions that she was in.

From 1945 to 1947, he appeared in Mae's production of *Catherine Was Great*, where Mae played Catherine the Great of Russia, and Ray played Florine, her hairdresser or couturier or something. And then also, he played at New York's Shubert Theater for a three-year tour as Bowery Rose in Mae's production of *Diamond Lil*. But let's go back to Ray and hear him talk about "Mr Wong" of Chinatown.

[MUSIC PLAYING]

- And you're listening to After Hours on KPFT Houston, 90.1 FM. And now we go to the second hour of our Ray Bourbon program.

[MUSIC PLAYING]

- And masculine women, feminine men, why did we choose that as the title theme, Dave?

- Well, it's because our person that we're giving a tribute to tonight, Ray Bourbon, was a female impersonator, a Cabaret entertainer popular in the '30s, '40s, '50s, '60s, and someone, I think, that has been overlooked in gay history, well, entertainment history, to tell you the truth.

- And my name is Buddy Johnson.

- I'm David McCain.

- And you're listening to Ray Bourbon, a tribute. Right now we're going to--

- Now we're going to feature two cuts by Ray, one called "I Must Have a Greek," and another one of my favorite routines, called, "The Party Line."

[MUSIC PLAYING]

- Sometimes I take a middle trip around the world and try to picture the perfect man I seek. But in my love parade, all other nations fades. I want to have, I got to have, I have to have, I'm going to have a Greek with cheek. Some girls I know are dying for a lei from Hawaii with a wicky, wacky, wockerky physique.

Some girls go completely jerky when they meet a thing from Turkey, but me, Greek. Other girls would give a million to be true with the Brazilian, or engage a Portuguese in hide and seek. But for rolling on a haystack, or as a jockey on my race track, Greek. Not a freak.

If I should ever a bask in an affair with them in Alaskan, the heat would make the igloo spring a leak. And though they say the going's meaty when you have a sweetie, sweetie, oh, gorgeous, drag me in an old, tired lobster break. A Frenchman knows his angles and the gypsy knows he's mangled, and a Pole won't care what language you might speak.

And a golden bronze Tahitian is nice, but not as Grecian as a thoroughly domesticated Greek. Ain't that the truth, girl. You know it's the truth, you know it. Now in some parts of Italy, they do it rather wittily, but I never liked spaghetti, so to speak. And the Swiss are small and cheesy, and the Eskimos are sneezy, who the hell wouldn't rather have a Greek.

Some girls can't help feeling skittish in the arms of someone British. On the other hand, some ladies go quite weak at the sight of a Scotsman kilted, and especially if this kilt is tilted, but me, Greek. So unless your inclinations can stand on Greek foundations, you can paddle your [? pappouli ?] you up the creek. I may weaken for a weak god, but he's going to be a Greek god, I'm going to have a Greek with cheek. Not a freak. Greek.

- Oh, that's one of my favorites.

- Oh, it's pretty interesting.

- Oh, yeah.

- Kind of remind you of the 976 service is currently running rampant across the nation? [INAUDIBLE].

- I guess Ray Bourbon would get off the wire indeed. Yeah. We know through my research on Bourbon, I've collected just a few short press clippings. And one I'd like to read really goes back to one of the first skits we played on the show, called, "The Raid." Well, as you know, they used to do quite a bit of raids on gay bars in the past. And Ray found himself on the police page in quite a number of cities and quite a number of columns there.

This one is a clipping from the New Orleans Times-Picayune dated January 25, 1956. In a small column on the police page was this small headline, female impersonator is charged in arrest. Ray Bourbon, 53 of Los Angeles, California was arrested about 10:15 PM Tuesday at a club at 554 Bourbon Street, and booked in the first District Police station as a female impersonator, wearing the clothes of the opposite sex.

And that's all the-- that's all it says. There's a follow-up short blurb in the paper of the following day, January 26th, 1956. It says impersonation count dismissed. Ray Bourbon, 53, Los Angeles, California was not found guilty of impersonating a female and wearing the clothing of the opposite sex.

Bourbon told Judge Andrew G. Bucaro that he was a paid performer at a club at 544 Bourbon Street, where he was arrested Tuesday night, and had not appeared on the street in female attire. So you see, you could, obviously, you could be in a club as part of your act, but you couldn't appear on the street in drag. And I'm sure that, as I said, that happened to him quite a lot.

- Two things to point out, David, what was the date on the article again?

- 1956.

- And what was his age?

- Well, he was 53 then.

- So was 53-year-old drag queen running around and getting arrested.

- Yeah, poor darling. I don't know, but if you could see the pictures of him on the back of that album though *Hollywood Expose*, being perched to the paddy wagon. They're quite funny. But I like to move along now and play something that I think really points out Bourbon's comic timing. I mean, of course, a lot of the skits that he did were gay themed, but he could also do things that were really sociological commentaries on people in general.

- So what we're going to hear?

- We're going to hear three in a row, and this is off an album called *Don't Call Me Madam*, and the selections are "Sunday Drive," "The Cafeteria," and "Bedtime Story." And Ray is playing a mother, and he's tending to his children in all three of these. And these are really funny.

[MUSIC PLAYING]

- Emma, Peter, darlings! Left the basket alone, I packed the lunch in the basket. I packed the lunch in the basket two hours ago. We're going to go for a ride when I can find your father. All right, then let up for just a minute, and stop that playing with the basket. Going to be handling of baskets, I'll do it. Now let up, right now, and I mean it too. Wait till I find your father.

Henry, where are you? In the bathroom? What are you doing, shaving, showering, or what?

[LAUGHTER]

You would be. When you come out, open the bathroom window. I'm going to the car with the kid. I'm going to-- he's making more noise, ma'am. Come on here, come on, come on, I'll take you back. Come on, hurry up now, let's get out in the car. Come on, come, come, come.

No, you're not going to sit together today. You sit together last time, you gave me nothing but trouble. You're not going to sit together. I'll slap you on top of the head. Sit over here. Emma, don't. Wait a minute, let your brother get in. Get in, Peter. Get in, Peter. Get, get in, sit over there. I'll sit the middle.

You're not going to sit next to your brother. You sit next to him last time, you had nothing with trouble. Sit here next to me, right here. I'm going to sit the middle and don't start no arguments whatsoever. And believe it-- oh, Mrs. Harman, how are you?

Wave at Mrs. Harman. I hate the old son. I just said, I don't like the woman. Behave yourself, will you? Honestly, I've never in my life seen like your father. He stays in that house for nine hours, we're going to be out here all day and we never get home and eat the dinner.

We have to go out and eat this food and fight the ants off it, now-- oh, Mrs. Jones. Wave at Mrs. Jones. I can't stomach her either, she's such a mess. Stop that. Roll the window down, I know it's hot. Then roll-- what do you mean is broke? It won't roll down? Then break the damn thing out.

Honestly, I've never seen-- are we going to go for a ride or sit here and broil? Well, you just came out of the car. Light your cigarette in, throw the matches out. You light the cigarette out and throw the matches in, you big jerk. Your father's a jerk. Yes, he's your father too. Why the question?

One more remark like that and I'll wash your mouth out with a whiskey sour. Get the hell, I won't. Now behave yourselves. You mind driving? Well, get going. You don't have to sit here, you know. We just sitting here broiling, that's all we-- oh, Mrs. Smith.

Oh, it's Mr Smith. You can't tell who's the wife in that family anymore. What? I heard that. Where did you hear that from? Your brother? Are you telling her things like that? Well, don't do it. I'm going to beat you on top of the head with something. It's a disgraceful thing.

I have never seen-- Henry, honestly, it's disgraceful the way these kids carry on. You could at least do something about it, but you-- oh, don't touch, it's a bee. Like a bee. I don't know which end sting, but don't touch either end. You won't find out. It may bite you for all I know.

Ask your father, he's been a complete, shall we say, a perfectionist on insects. He's an expert. He's got one he calls his secretary. Why don't you buy that poor sod a typewriter? What did you do? Bite initials in the letters?

That is the ugliest woman I've ever seen in my life, and I can't understand why you hire her. If you hired somebody pretty, I might be jealous, but honest to god, that one-- oh, hello, how are you? Who the hell is that? I'm waving at everybody here. When you pass somebody going in the same direction we are going.

Then do it, if you don't mind. We just eating the dust, that's all we do. Stop it, you gouging me. And believe you me, this-- what do you want? ? Already? Why didn't you think of that before we left the house? For heaven's sake. Well, the first bush you pass, stop and don't argue about it.

Honest, you'd think I'd give birth to a litter of pups the way these kids look for bushes. Five more years coming out here, we are the richest countryside in the world. We certainly are fixing it for somebody. This is utterly disgraceful. I was never seen in my life-- oh--

[LAUGHTER]

Oh, Petie, you're such a lovely kid. Stop wiping your nose on me. Wipe it on your father. And I bet you on top-- here's your bush, here's your bush. Go ahead, I'll stay here. Stay, you're not going with your sister. You're not going with your sister! Stay in the car, I'll tell you when.

Can't you turn around and watch him? Then turn around and watch him. Go behind the bush! Why do you think we stopped by a bar, to give you a background? Child got a lick of sense. She takes after your side of the family. Honestly, she really does. Well, you don't take a thing after my family. Don't stand up, you're a girl!

Some don't match, she's watching him again. Honestly, I've known my life, I've never seen anything like this pair. You never say one word when you come home from the office. And if you don't do it, I'm going to be very nasty. Never mind, button yourself up. You button your whole self up last time, you button up a whole sunflower in your pants. Come here.

All right, turn around. I can't button you up face first, I ain't no octopus. What do you mean, could be? I'll remember that when we get home, don't think I won't. Get in the car. Don't walk on the cake. It's flat now.

Yes, it's flat, Harry, and you know as well as I do why it's flat. You slam the crapper door. Why don't you fix the lock on the door? Slamming the door will do no good at all, you know that. That bathroom lock has been broke for four years. All you do is go in and bang the door and the cake falls. Honestly, I've never in my life-- stop it.

I smell something. What is this? On you? Is it peanut butter or what? Let Mother smell. Thank heaven, it is peanut butter. But you don't have to roll in the sandwich. Going to eat them in a minute. You don't go rubbing your father's hair. This is the last Sunday I'm coming out on these rides, it really is.

Honestly, coming out with you kids and coming out with you is enough to drive me out of my mind. I'm not going to do it again. I'm just going-- what do you want? You too? Suppose we were in Texas where there wasn't any bushes, then you'd have to use a gopher hole.

[LAUGHTER]

Aha, Henry, he says, who'll hole the gopher?

[LAUGHTER]

Vulgar, you. If you ever say a thing like that again, really, bless you. Here's your bush, get out. Go behind the bush. Go ahead. Stay in the car, and remind your brother, stay in the car. Go on behind the bush, I'll bet you are-- oh, Mrs. Smith. There go the Smiths. They've had their lunch, they've had the ride. All we're doing is getting rid of breakfast.

Every single-- Henry, Henry, Henry, look. Peter is getting to be a big boy, isn't he? He sure as hell don't take after you.

[LAUGHTER]

I love it. Who am I waving at now? I never saw those people before in my life. Get this car. Get in the car. Now you had your stop and you had your stoppening, ain't going to be any more stopping. I don't care whether you like or not. This is the very last time-- nothing's the matter with Mother, just stay where you are.

I said, nay, stay where you are and don't argue with Mother. Stay in the car now. Just be nice. Now drive, Harry. Honestly, I'm not-- Ooh. Yes, stop the car. Never mind the bush, it's me. Just stop the car.

[LAUGHTER]

[MUSIC PLAYING]

Are we going to dinner or standing in the middle of the street and carrying on? If we're going to go to dinner, let's go to dinner. If we're not going to dinner, I'm going to go to home. Where do you want to go? In there? It's a cafeteria. Don't I carry enough crap during the middle of week without carrying my own dinner on Sunday?

Oh, you want to see what you're getting before you get it. Too bad they didn't have that idea when I married you, ain't it? All right, we'll go here to dinner. But I'm not coming out again. I'm going to stay at home and lay down on the cool bathroom floor. I'm just not going to-- Emma, Peter, go with your father.

Stop goosing your sister. All right, then don't do it. Go in there with your father. I'm coming alone. Don't be a lady and bust a gut, go with your father. Honestly, I've never seen like those kid in my life. Oh, I never know what might come in these joints, my eyes are always bigger than my belly.

I'll take my tray scoot down lines where they always cooking along here. Now let me see. Oh, what did you say, Miss, my knife and fork? Oh, thank you. It's wrapped up so lovely. It looks like it's been wounded, don't it?

Now let me see here. What is in this pan right here? Are you waiting on this counter? You're not? You work here? Where? Oh, down the other end of the counter. Well, why ain't you down there staring at people? Well, put your eyeballs back in your face and skip. How do you know there's nobody down there?

Are you waiting on this counter? Oh, you ain't waiting to wait either? Where's the broad that is? Oh, she had to go to the--

[LAUGHTER]

Well, it-- oh! Madam, you mind putting the corner of that tray somewhere else? No dear, it didn't hurt, but I don't like to be teased. You've got 90 feet to walk around in. Why the hell don't you walk around in it? No, I am not a lady and you ain't one either, you're a big, pot-gutted heifer. Go on down the line before I whack you with a tray.

Honestly, I've never seen anything-- oh, you got back. Good. Wash your hands and give me something to eat. What is this in this tray here? Right here. Rhubarb? It is rhubarb?

[LAUGHTER]

Looks like it's already been digested, don't it? No, I don't want to know what the hell it was. What do you mean, how do I look in rhubarb? Start something, we'll find out how we both look in rhubarb. Henry, what are you having for dinner?

What are you having for dinner? Steak? Make them show it to me before they throw it on the fire. You throw a cold piece of meat on a hot griddle, it draws up. The hell it don't. I fried more than you have. And you're vulgar too.

[LAUGHTER]

I'll stay on my diet. You mind selling me a quarter head of lettuce? What do you mean, you don't sell a quarter of a head of lettuce? You'd sell your own body for \$0.50. Give me some lettuce. All right, put some dressing on it. I don't care what kind, throw something over. As long as it isn't a towel, I don't give a damn. How much is it? \$0.16? Thank you.

Henry, I'm going out and get a table. Table. Watch the kids-- I don't have to move. Walk around, you ugly hag. How the hell do you drink milk with that face? I'm going out and get a table. Don't let the kids buy everything because they won't eat it, no way. All they do is just sit there and flip it around the room with a fork. And furthermore, hurry up!

Are you the checker? The man down there with big gut is my husband. Those kids are his too. Yes, I'm sure they're his. You're not trying to be funny?

[LAUGHTER]

Don't tempt me. I'll sit right here. It's as good a place as any. Oh, my, it feel so good to sit down, it really does. Over here, Henry! Over here, Henry! No, the seats are taken, all three of them are taken. No, I didn't turn the chairs at my words because they turned up cheering. Well, if you don't think so, set them on the table and watch it fly off. I dare you.

What a mess. Over here, Henry! I don't have to shut up. You're the floorwalker, keep walking. With those feet, why ain't you stomping grapes in California? Henry, sit in front of me. Henry, sit in front of me. Don't argue back with me, sit in front of me.

Emma, sit on my right-hand side. Peter, come on my left. Don't argue with me either, come over here on my left. I'll slap you. Sit here. That's right. How am I? I've never seen anything like you in my life, honestly. Sit down and behave yourself. It's got to be a point-- don't argue with Mother.

I'm going to whack you right on top of the head. You've got to be one of the worst people I've ever seen in my life. The way you're growing up, it's a real mess, honestly said. Oh, it's just maddening. Henry, I'm not going to come out again on Sunday. It's just not worth it at all.

These kids carry on something terrible and you don't do a thing about it. It's got-- oh, sauerkraut and wieners. Give Mother a bite, will you? No, I don't want no kraut. You hurt Mother's feelings. No, no, no, stop wiping your feet on your mother, Emma. Put your feet on the floor.

I've told you about that before, wiping don't you feet on your mother? Do it again, I'll whack you around on top of the head. Honestly, I've never seen [INAUDIBLE] and the child's life takes after your sister's, she always got her feet over her head.

Never mind what I said to your father. You don't know what I'm talking about no way. What do you mean, the hell you don't? Did you hear what she said to me? Isn't that disgraceful? I can't stand that another minute. I'm really not going to put up with at all.

I'm just not going to do it. Eat your dinner. Now eat every-- oh, Henry, what a piece of meat you got there. Give me a bite, will you? You won't give me a bite either? I'll have some when want a bite of some time, you sure as hell won't get it.

I certainly do know how to get back at you, always have and always will. And furthermore, if you don't think I'm going to get-- don't gouge me with the wienie, I'll slap you with it. Now you bought the wienie to eat. Eat it and stop measuring it.

Honestly, I'm just not going to come out at all, I'm just not going to do it. It got to be too much for me. I'm just going to go about-- [INAUDIBLE], what? Where are they sitting? They're sailors, dear. You can tell. They wear the most beautiful uniforms in the world, blue with three white stripes.

What do you mean, how do I know sailor? I went with two before I married you. And I'm damn sorry I didn't marry both of them, because the very day I married you, were out on bail. And if you-- don't gouge me with the wienie, I'll slap you in knots. Put it down in behave yourself.

And don't let me hear you ask me another question. And if I catch you out on the sidewalk again with a piece of chalk, writing four-letter dirty words, I'm going to blister you. Out all day yesterday writing four-letter dirty words. And they are four letters, don't put an E on the end and they look lousy.

Besides, I don't want people to think you were illiterate as well as vulgar. And dirty stories, everybody in the neighborhood's complained about this kid telling dirty stories. She has told the dirtiest stories ever. And she come running in the house the other day, and said to her brother, how do you tell an old man the dark? He says, it ain't hard. And I don't know where they get those from.

Where did you get that from? Your father? Are you telling her the dirty? Oh, your brother told you? How did you hear it? Did your father tell it to you? He didn't? How did you hear it? Oh, out the bathroom window.

Henry, why didn't you go out to the fence and tell old man Jones those gags? You know the old man. Debbie's got a plug stuck in his ear, the old farm bitch been doing that for 40 years. Why don't you tell him where to stick the batteries?

I couldn't believe it-- don't gouge me with the wienie. I'll take it away from you and stick it to your sister. Now this is the last time-- oh, don't eat another bite. Look, a fly leg in that child's food throwing lettuce into the wind, doing more things than I've ever seen.

Now hold the bite. Just stay right there, don't move with them. Manager! I don't care what you're doing, let go and get over here. What do you do, train the vermin in this dive? A fly laying there feathers back, doing things that a piece of lettuce Sally Rand couldn't do with a fan. And if you have any id--

Oh, we don't have to pay for the dinner. That's very nice. But if the child is sick, I'm coming back to scream this drive down brick by brick. You're damn tootin' I can, and don't get messy about it, Myrtle. Come on, Henry don't lick the plate. You licked everything off though, weren't bred in China.

No, gods, the fly is having a good time in the gravy. You get through wading through the gravy, the fly [INAUDIBLE] wipe it on [? the lens ?] Come on here. Are you the cashier? The manager said we didn't have to pay for the dinner because there was the louse in the lettuce. What do you mean it could have jumped off of me?

[LAUGHTER]

No.

[MUSIC PLAYING]