

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

CAMEL PROGRAM NO. 13

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1934

10:00 to 10:30 P. M.

CUE:            {COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM}  
                  {.....30 seconds.....}

MUSIC:                       SMOKE RINGS

O'KEEFE:       (AFTER EIGHT BARS) Gangway, neighbor...here comes the Camel Caravan again...brought to you by the makers of Camel Cigarettes and Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco... By the way, this is Walter O'Keefe, the Voice of Inexperience, and I don't like to worry you but this is the thirteenth day of the month (not that I'm superstitious) but this is also the thirteenth broadcast for this program...there are thirteen hairs in Pee Wee's moustache today...Camella is thirteen years old today...

HUSING:        Yes, Walter, and your jokes are thirteen years old today.

O'KEEFE:       I knew something would go wrong today...That was Ted Husing, my frands, the man who washes his own laundry.. By the way, Ted...I don't like that shirt you're wearing..

HUSING:        That's not a shirt...that's me....

O'KEEFE:       Well, ladies and gentlemen...I'm going down to my news stand while the boys play "Panama."

MUSIC: PANAMA (ORCHESTRA)

BIZ: CASH REGISTER

FROST: Newspapers, magazines and cigarettes.

JACK: Hello Walter, did you have a good time at the hotel last night?

O'KEEFE: Yes, I did Montmorency.

JACK: Say, you must come over again...We've got a new drink...The Football Cocktail...three drinks and you kick off.... (IDIOT LAUGH)

O'KEEFE: Ladies and gentlemen...that was "The Indian Love Call" ..Why yes, Monty, I tried that football cocktail...Boy was that strong!...Honestly, I had to cool my breath off with a blowtorch!...

FROST: Oh, Mr. O'Keefe...I had the swellest time dancing with you...

O'KEEFE: Well, I like dancing with you Camella...you never let your left foot know what your right foot is doing... But I like to dance with you...because you're so light on MY feet...

FROST: Tell me...how did you like my girl friend?...Ain't she refined?...

O'KEEFE: Yes...very refined...she chews her gum with such non-chalance...Oh, and I meant to speak to you about her... when she dances...well, remember when she was dancing with J. Isadore McGillicuddy? She shouldn't hang on to a guy like that...

FROST: Oh Mr. O'Keefe, she wasn't dancing...She fainted...

O'KEEFE: Oh, yes, I remember now...I mean why she fainted... she was doing a waltz with McGillicuddy and all of a sudden McGillicuddy threw in a couple of cariocas...

SORIN: (OFF MIKE) We'll dance to the new Carioca...

O'KEEFE: Say Isadore, we were just talking about you. How come you dance the Carioca so well?

SORIN: Mr. O'Kiffy...it's the Spanish in me...

O'KEEFE: Personally I think it was the Scotch in you...You know, Isadore, when you get dancing out there I could close my eyes and swear it was Nijinsky...

SORIN: Who...Minsky?..

O'KEEFE: No, Nijinski...

SORIN: Oh, if you're talking about hoofers!!!

HUSING: Hello, Walter...hello Mac...Camella...Say, Walter, what kind of a time did you have?...

O'KEEFE: I suppose so...Ted, I'll tell you what kind of a time I had...When I got home that night I had a lot of trouble... I tried to take my trousers off my head...

HUSING: I can't understand that, Walter...I did it last night....

O'KEEFE: Well, Ted, there's an awful lot of bad ginger ale floating around...

FROST: Say Mr. Husing...how did you like my girl friend?...

HUSING: I suppose so!...Well, I'll tell you what happened... She got up and danced with the waiter...then she called me over and asked me for the check...

O'KEEFE: Well Ted...if you'd buy a suit instead of renting one, people wouldn't make those mistakes...

HUSING: Oh, so you don't like my suit, eh?...Listen Walter... I'll tell you something...I had this suit made for me in London!.. It's to

O'KEEFE: It's too bad you weren't there at the time...Whaddye say, Glen, let's have some music! ...

MUSIC: PARDON MY SOUTHERN ACCENT (Annette Hanshaw)  
(O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTRODUCTION OVER MUSIC)

HUSING COMMERCIAL

HUSING: Thank you, Harry.

Well, another week-end has gone by, but it left me with a handful of predictions that went wrong, and a lot of telegrams from Navy and Syracuse.

Which just shows that football teams won't believe what I say, and then go out to prove I'm wrong.

One of these teams was Navy, which handed Notre Dame a decisive defeat in face of perilous odds. I had predicted that the Irish would submarine the Middies, but instead the Navy broadside sank the Nomads without a trace right in front of my eyes.

In Saturday's game against Notre Dame, I noticed this. Navy played its own game and won by simply refusing to do anything else except bombard the Irish from the air.

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HUSING  
COMMERCIAL;  
(cont'd)

Navy's courageous team, outweighed and out-powered, was in a hole from the start. Notre Dame received the kick-off and marched 80 yards to the two yard line, where Navy took the ball on downs. It was magnificent to see the light cruisers of the Naval forward wall pepper the dreadnoughts of the Irish line.

Alert to Irish mistakes thereafter, and using Bill Clark to boom punts downfield, Navy blocked a kick and recovered. Then Buzz Borries, the Naval star, began an end run, wheeled sharply and whipped a return diagonal forward pass to Dusty Dornin, his basketball helpmate, and Notre Dame was in desperate straits. Navy kicked a field goal to lead 3-0... Thereafter Navy played courageously against man power and superior football tactics. Three quarters passed by with Notre Dame stymied by fumbles, interceptions and penalties at crucial scoring moments. With minutes left to play, an intercepted pass put Notre Dame back on its goal line, Navy owning the ball. Again Borries started that end run, again he turned and whipped that pass over his left shoulder, and again Dornin caught it -- but this time for a score... Then -- Notre Dame did in two plays what it couldn't do all day -- moved the length of the field. Pilney ran the kickoff back 62 yards and passed to Peters for a touchdown. But it was too late -- the Navy had sunk the Irish.

HUSING  
COMMERCIAL:  
(cont'd)

Down South I notice that Georgia Tech lost to Auburn 18-6. Looks like Tech might have used some of the old ginger Doug Wykoff is justly famous for. Wykoff, now a professional football star says: "Any football player who is keyed up for hard, fast action on the field, knows the big let-down that comes after the final whistle is blown. But like a good many others, I have discovered one good way of bringing back my energy when the final score is chalked up. I enjoy a Camel. And it's great how quickly I notice renewed vigor...a feeling of alertness and well-being."

And now I hope that Walter O'Keefe's All American prophet will profit by his last Thursday's mistakes, and make Syracuse happy by making the right answer in the Colgate game...

MUSIC:

STARS FELL ON ALABAMA (Orchestra and Sargent)  
(O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTRODUCTION OVER MUSIC)

O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen for some time there has been a vogue to encourage amateur talent on radio...So far it's been confined to independent stations and tonight we intend to give some of these hopeful amateurs their first big opportunity on the network...to you amateurs here in the studio ...you boys and girls, let me explain one thing.. when you hear the sound of the musical gong...you will know it is exactly time for you to quit. ....(continued on next page)

O'KEEFE:  
(cont'd)

First of all I have here a young gentleman whose name is  
Laughing Lazarus Gilhooly...Will you say a few words,  
Lazarus...

JACK: (MIRTHLESS LAUGH)

BIZ: BELL RINGS

O'KEEFE: Go ahead, Lazarus...I just wanted to be sure this works  
...Tell me, Lazarus...what kind of an act do you do?...

JACK: Morning exercises...you know the old saying...the early  
bird catches the worm...Ha, ha, ha...

O'KEEFE: Ladies and gentlemen, did you ever hear a worm laughing?

BIZ: ROOSTER CROWS

O'KEEFE: Wait a minute, Lazarus...Hey, that name is too long, I'm  
gonna call you Lazy...and boy are you lazy...

JACK: (MIRTHLESS LAUGH) That's the way I start my act...I'll start  
it all over again...

BIZ: ROOSTER CROWS.

JACK: (MIRTHLESS LAUGH) Good morning, boys and girls...this is  
Laughing Lazarus Gilhooly...get up you lazy sleepyheads  
...what are you doing lying there in bed... Ohhhhhh...it's  
time you were singing in your showers... (SINGS A FEW  
NOTES)...now for the first exercise...the eye opener...  
Take two parts rye, one part gin...shake well with ice...  
now drink it...go ahead, drink it down...my isn't that  
good...keeps your cheeks rosy and your nose red...little  
Lazarus had six of those this morning...makes your head  
clear as a bell...

O'KEEFE: That gives me an idea, Lazarus...

BIZ: BELL RINGS

O'KEEFE: And now, ladies and gentlemen, we present T. Sebastian Snoop and his Twilight Troubadours...the boys are anxious to get a job in a Chop Suey joint playing chamber music... it's a four piece band...drums...tuba...sweet potato... and a bodyguard...all right boys...let's hear it...

BIZ: DRUM, TUBA AND SWEET POTATO PLAY

"WHO'S AFRAID OF THE BIG BAD WOLF"

BIZ: BELL RINGS

O'KEEFE: Ladies and gentlemen, that was the Rhapsody in Blue.... Boys I've got just the job for you...

BIZ: THREE VOICES (INCREDULOUSLY) "NO"

O'KEEFE: Yes, I've got just the spot for you...playing in a floor show in a lunch wagon...Now I know the ladies will be interested in hearing from Miss Prunella Potts, a kitchen expert...stomach enemy number one...Miss Potts, will you address the ladies...

RENWICK: (FRENCH ACCENT) We are now ready to make my favorite dish, "Smelts a la Goldberg"...First throw in a fish.. be sure it smelts...

O'KEEFE: I can smelt it already...

RENWICK: Now pour half a bottle of sherry wine into a saucepan and drink the sherry...then while the water is boiling pour out the rest of the sherry and drink it...adding slowing a quart of cham pagh ya... By the time the fish is boiled.

BIZ: BELL RINGS



O'KEEFE: Thank you Miss Potts...by the time the fish is boiled you should be stewed...Now, of course, no amateur program would be complete without a singer...so I am happy to present Mr. Dionysius Doolittle...the leather lunged tenor...Mr. Doolittle will sing "I Love Life"....

JACK: (BURLESQUE VOICE) SINGING

Ho Ho me me me

O'KEEFE: No, no, no, Dionysius..that's not the microphone...That's Ted Husing's mouth..it's always open...all right Dionysius..hang on to your hats, boys and girls...here we go...

JACK: (SINGING) I love life.... (JACK SINGS EIGHT BARS)

BIZ: BELL RINGS

JACK: (CONTINUES SINGING)

BIZ: BELL RINGS INSISTENTLY FOLLOWED BY FIRE SIREN,  
FOOTBALL WHISTLE, AMBULANCE BELL, THEN SHOTS.

O'KEEFE: Is there a doctor in the house?...it's too bad he had to go...He was a good guy when he had it and he did love life...too bad...too bad...

MUSIC: I AIN'T GONNA SIN NO MORE (orchestra and Hunt)

VON ZELL: Here's a letter typical of many received by the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, makers of Camel cigarettes. The correspondent says in part: "My job takes a lot of energy, and I find that smoking a Camel is a marvelous pick-up when I'm tired. Believe me, it surely helps a lot to have such a pleasant way of turning on more pep." That correspondent's experience is confirmed by millions of other smokers, and by scientific research as well.

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VON ZELL:  
(cont'd)

You do "get a lift" when you smoke a Camel. Try it for yourself -- You'll find that the enjoyment of Camel's rich firm flavor is a wonderful help to poise and cheerfulness. Take full advantage of this benefit -- smoke as many Camels as you like. Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos -- Turkish and Domestic -- than any other popular brand. And these costlier tobaccos... will not jangle your nerves.

MUSIC:

WERE YOU FOOLING (Annette Hanshaw)

(O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTRODUCTION OVER MUSIC)

O'KEEFE:

Now, ladies and gentlemen, we continue with our big array of amateur talent...and I'm very happy to present now a couple of very funny fellows...Bitters and Jitters ...

JACK AND  
SORIN:

(OFF MIKE AND LAUGHING IN) Well, O'Keefe, you can go home now...we're gonna kill them...

BIZ:

THEY LAUGH

JACK:

Whooh...is this gonna murder you!...

O'KEEFE:

Now listen Bitters...don't be so bashful...and you too, Jitters, you mustn't be nervous like this...

SORIN:

(HIGH PITCHED VOICE) Me? Nervous?...Say, Camels never get on your nervous. Haw, Haw... that's a Jim Dandy...

O'KEEFE:

Hey, that's great!...(SUB ROSA) What did I do with that bell?

JACK:

Unbutton your vest, gents...we're just a couple of button busters. All right, Hooley.

SORIN:

Okay, Phooey.

JACK: Say Hooley...I'm going fishin'.  
SORIN: You got worms?  
JACK: Yeah...but I'm ~~xxx~~ going anyway. Whooo...I knew that'd  
get 'em. Am I hot? I don't know where I get 'em.  
O'KEEFE: I know where you can go with them.  
SORIN: Do you know what I'd like.  
JACK: No, Hooley, what would you like?  
SORIN: I'd like some old fashioned loving!  
JACK: Old fashioned loving eh? Well come on home and meet  
my grandmother (HOWLING LAUGHTER)

BIZ: BELL RINGS

SORIN: Hey we're not through yet.

O'KEEFE: Oh yes, you are...

BIZ: BELL RINGS AGAIN

O'KEEFE: Next ladies and gentlemen---we have another aspiring  
amateur...a young lady who will deliver a health talk.  
Miss Mary Lou Fink. Papa Fink has just treated his  
daughter to an appendicitis operation...but it's a  
Christmas gift...so she's not to be opened till  
Christmas. Miss Fink.

FROST: (IN ZASU PITTS VOICE) There's no reason for anyone to  
be weak or feeble. (SHE COUGHS FOR A SPELL)

O'KEEFE: Go ahead...Madam I'll hold you up.

FROST: Thank you (SNEEZES) For years I was very unhealthy.  
I suffered untold agonies in the lower section of  
Brooklyn Heights. I saw spots before my eyes, couldn't  
sleep, couldn't eat, -- and besides I didn't feel so  
good. All I did was sit around the house..then I took

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FROST: up horseback riding...as a result I haven't sat down for  
(cont'd) a week. Thank you. (SNEEZES HER WAY OFF.)

O'KEEFE: Thank you, Miss Fink...I hope you feel better. And now,  
my friends, we like to encourage new talent and we have  
a young lad here who is a great mimic...I won't tell you  
the famous man he's going to imitate...it'll be a big  
surprise to you.

JACK: (IMITATES CHEVALIER) Ladies and gentlemen...I'm going to  
sing a song for you...not tomorrow...not yesterday.. but  
RRRRRight Now.

BIS: JACK SINGS EIGHT BARS OF

"YOU BROUGHT A NEW KIND OF LOVE TO ME"

JACK: Boy am I lazy? Ring that bell!

BIZ: BELL RINGS

JACK: You know who I was imitating didn't you?

O'KEEFE: Oh yes...lad...if you had whiskers on I'd swear it was  
George Bernard Shaw! Well, ladies and gentlemen...it  
seems that Husing has a rival. We've dug up a new sports  
commentator...who specializes in football. His record  
reads Harvard 1918...Sing Sing 1928. May I present our  
new football reporter...

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SORIN: O. K. You said it!...I got it!...What a game!.. What a  
controversy....It's terrifical...The peoples trill into  
teensie-weensie pieces....Pennsylvucky versous Technical  
Tech...now is lined up the backfield...They hike to the  
right...They hike to the left....in fact, they hike.  
Rosenberg takes the ball...look at that Rosenberg...Ahhh!

(continued on next page)

SORIN:  
(cont'd)

Those fighting Irishers...Look at them go...He's down  
...He's up...He's down...I mean the timekeeper, not  
Rosenberg...And he's over the line...another victory  
for Pig Skin Rosenberg and Technical Tech,,, Thank  
you, folks.

BIZ:

BELL RINGS

SORIN:

There goes the bell!

O'KEEFE:

Take off your whiskers...McGilllicuddy. We know you.

MUSIC:

BLUJAZZ (Orchestra)

VON ZELL:

The Camel Caravan is presented by the R. J. Reynolds  
Tobacco Company, Makers of Camel Cigarettes and Prince  
Albert Smoking Tobacco. Good old "P. A.", the national  
Joy Smoke, is made down in Winston-Salem, North Carolina,  
with a special process that takes out any hint of bite.  
And there are two ounces of tobacco in every tin.

MUSIC:

SMOKE RINGS

O'KEEFE:

Well ladies and gentlemen...we again come to the parting  
of the ways...until we meet again here Thursday night  
at nine o'clock Eastern time...with a second show for  
the Mountains and the Pacific Coast at 9:30 Mountain time.  
Again the Camel Caravan will bring you Annette Hanshaw...  
Glen Gray and his boys...and Ted Husing, the world's  
most exotic sports announcer.

SORIN:

And that reminds me of a little story. This is going  
to kill you, Walter.

BIZ:

BELL RINGS

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O'KEEFE: Jitters will you go quietly or have I got to slug you?  
This is Walter O'Keefe saying Good Nate and G'wan to  
bed.

THREE: UP AND OUT  
STATION CUE

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