

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

CAMEL PROGRAM NO. 23

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 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 brought to you by the makers of
Camel Cigarettes and Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco.
This is Walter O'Keefe speaking and greeting you on
behalf of Annette Hanshaw, Glen Gray, who is now
blowing "Smoke Rings" with his clarinet and Ted Husing
who is now blowing soap rings with his bubble pipe...
That's the set-up and I'll see you later...Meanwhile
Glen Gray starts things off playing "Love Me Or
Leave Me." ...

MUSIC: LOVE ME OR LEAVE ME (ORCHESTRA)

BIZ: ROLL ON THE DRUMS

VON ZELL: Tonight again, ladies and gentlemen, Professor O'Keefe
scoops the world with his newsreel, which is always
the last with the latest...Presenting Professor
O'Keefe's news...the eyes, ears and news of the world...

BIZ: PHONEY TRUMPET BLAST

O'KEEFE: New York, N. Y....Prominent educators discover a bumper crop of child prodigies...enough to last us through the winter. A child prodigy, for the benefit of those who don't know...is a kid who can sit down and make out the old man's income tax... The O'Keefe News discovers little Julius Phink, aged seven, who has quit school in the second grade to support his family. Now we take you behind the scenes and show you the child wonder at work in his brokerage office in Wall Street...

BIZ: ORCHESTRA PLAYS # "YES SIR THAT'S MY BABY"

DOOR SLAMS

O'KEEFE: Mr. Phink, my name is O'Keefe...I'M from the O'Keefe News...I understand your son Julius is president of this firm...

JACK: Yes, that's right...he was seven years old yesterday...

O'KEEFE: I wonder if I can see him?

JACK:- I'll try to get him to see you but I think he's tied up in a conference right now...he's playing marbles with the vice-president...Let's go inside.

BIZ.: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

KID: And by the way, Miss Smith...add a P.S. to that letter.

JACK: Shhh...that's Julius dictating...

KID: Let this be a lesson to you. The next time you look horns with Julius Phink you won't have a pot left to cook in...

JACK: Oh, Julius...this is Mr. O'Keefe...

KID: So what?...

JACK: Mr. O'Keefe is one of your clients...he'd like to have a few minutes with you...

KID: Certainly...you run along father...this is business.

JACK: Yes, Julius...Aw gee, you treat me like a kid...

KID: None of your lip, father...scram

BIZ: DOOR SLAMS

KID: You'll pardon me, O'Keefe...but I have to use the rod on him...You know the old saying...spare the rod and spoil the old man...Well, what's on your mind...

O'KEEFE: Master Phink...a month ago after your speech at the Banker's Convention, I turned over to you fifty thousand Dollars. I told you how it ought to be invested...

KID: Ah, yes, O'Keefe...Of course I threw your advice right into the ash can in favor of my own better judgment...

O'KEEFE: Naturally...You big fellows, being on the inside track, know more than we small fry...

KID: Exactly...Well,, through uh...shrewd, uh, shall I say... uh...buying and selling, I cornered the market and I'm glad to say that to date I've made you a cool million and made a small killing for myself....

O'KEEFE: I'll bet you had a great laugh...

KID: (LAUGHS) Oh yes...It was very funny...We wiped out fifteen brokers and threw Peter McNally and Company out of business..

O'KEEFE: Well, McNally was pretty old for the racket, wasn't he?....

KID: Oh sure...he had his tenth birthday last April....

O'KEEFE: Say, Mr. Phink...as a special favor I wonder if you'd handle my account for the next five years?...

KID: Tut, tut, tut...I'm no McNally, I know when to quit... I'm seven years old right now...I've got a million dollars in annuities maturing when I'm nine years old ...then I think the little woman and I will take a trip around the world...

BIZ: PHONEY TRUMPET BLAST

O'KEEFE: And now, ladies and gentlemen, it's time for Annette Hanshaw to charm the birds off the trees singing "Dancing On The Ceiling."....

MUSIC: DANCING ON THE CEILING (ANNETTE HANSHAW)

BIZ: TELEPHONE BELL

WOMAN: Hello? Yes, John. Oh, don't worry - this year there isn't going to be a last minute shopping rush. For George, and Joe, and Uncle Ed - Prince Albert! They love it so -- and the holiday packages are so cheerful! And for our other friends, Camels! The gift boxes are very smart! No, you don't need to do a thing about it, dear. I've already given my list to your tobacco dealer!

VON ZELL: As easy as that! And may we suggest that you, too, solve your Christmas difficulties the same way.

(continued on next page)

VON ZELL;
(cont'd)

A Christmas gift of Camels will really be appreciated - no smoker ever had too many. Camels are smoked by leaders everywhere, and so reflect the giver's good taste. Cartons of 10 packages and boxes of 4 "flat fifties" are now gayly decorated for the holidays. And those finer Camel tobaccos give a pleasant "lift" in energy - something to add zest to the enjoyment of Christmas. (SLIGHT PAUSE) And any pipe smoker will be delighted with a Christmas package of Prince Albert. One-pound tins and glass humidors are both ready in specially decorated Christmas boxes. More men smoke ripe, mellow Prince Albert than any other pipe tobacco made -- so you can be sure they'll welcome this year-round favorite "Joy Smoke" at Christmas. There are only five more shopping days -- stay out of the hectic last-minute rush and ask your dealer for Camels and Prince Albert - ideal Christmas gifts for smokers.

MUSIC:

FUTURISTIC RHYTHM (ORCHESTRA)

O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen, that was the "Futuristic Rhythm" played by Glen Gray and his Casa Loma band...Perhaps you know that New York has suddenly gone crazy over the plays that were popular in the gas-lit era, the kind your Mother used to make...such as "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model" and "Ten Nights In A Bar Room"...Going back to the gas-lit days and the days of the horse-car, we present a real old-fashioned melodrama entitled "Ten Nights In A Bathroom"... (continued on next page)

O'KEEFE:
(cont'd) Needless to say this is very clean, as all the action takes place in the bathtub...I will turn on the water and Ted Husing will take a bath...he needs one...As the curtain rises we see the heroine...Little Nell...She's got flowers on her hat, buckles on her shoes...and a bustle on her...Well, anyway, she's at the railroad station. As she waits for her fiance to come bid her farewell we hear her singing softly to herself...Let's pick her up...she's used to it.

BIZ: "ROSE OF NO MAN'S LAND"

FROST: (SINGS - CHEER CHEER FOR OLD NOTRE DAME - 8 BARS) Oh, whar, oh whar kin he be Pappy, hanh?...

O'KEEFE: Hey, Camella, drop that hillbilly accent...this is New England...

FROST: Oh, where, Oh where can Roderick be...Hark, hark I see footsteps coming...Yes, yes, it is him...I mean it is he... alas! Hark!...

BIZ: HEAVY FOOTSTEPS

JACK: Hello, Nell...I brought mah dogs with me....

FROST: So I hear...

JACK: Where ya going Toots?...

FROST: I am going to my brother Outhbert who has fallen on evil ways in the big city. I fear the worst, but he is my kith and kin, blood is thicker than water, and get a lift with a Camel...

BIZ: WHISTLING AND STAMPING

FROST: Outhbert ith my kith and kin...

JACK: Kin I kith you?

FROST: Yeth, you kin...

BIZ: FUNNY KISSING EFFECT

JACK: What are you doing after the program? (SERIOUS VOICE)
I must go with you...Let us hasten...I would indeed be a
poor specimen of man if I were not to spring eagerly to
the defense of American womanhood....

BIZ: HEAVY APPLAUSE

O'KEEFE: And so off they go to New York and search for her scape-
grace brother...Little Nell goes against the wishes of her
family. Her parents are furious. Her mother is boiling
and her father is stewed...Meanwhile, Outhbert in the big
city has become a swimming instructor and now we see him
down on the Bowery going into a dive.

BIZ: BABBLE OF VOICES

O'KEEFE: (POUNING ON TABLE) Bartender, bartender...another one of
the same!...

HUSING: Why, Outhbert, you have had three...I can smell them on
your breath...

O'KEEFE: I didn't come in here for advice...give me what I ordered...
I still want another ~~banana~~^{banana} split with marshmallow and gobs
and gobs and gobs of whipped cream!

HUSING: Oh, for pity's sake, here!...you swine!....

BIZ: APPLAUSE

O'KEEFE: Ah, heaven help me... (IDIOT LAUGH)...I rue the day that
Jack Dalton got me in his clutches...Gadzooks, od bodkins
and yea man...Here he comes now!...Presenting the
villain!...

SORIN: (VILLAINOUS LAUGH)

BIZ: MYSTERIOUS MUSIC
BOOS AND HISSES

SORIN: Cuthbert, I started you on the road to ruin and now I'm going to finish you!!!. Bartender, another raspberry crush for Cuthbert!...

BIZ: HISSES AND BOOS

O'KEEFE: Mercy me...for pity's sake!...

HUSING: Hey, watch your language around here...there are ladies present...

BIZ: APPLAUSE

O'KEEFE: Ladies and gentlemen, there will be an intermission for a few minutes, during which Kenny Sargent will sing ... "Blame it On My Youth."

MUSIC: BLAME IT ON MY YOUTH (ORCHESTRA AND SARGENT)

HUSING: HUSING COMMERCIAL

Thank you, Harry.

Tonight we'll glance at the ice hockey situation. The Canadian national game, an outgrowth of Indian lacrosse, has taken firm hold on the American public. Crowds flock to the arenas night after night, see the speedy brand of hockey play that is featured literally throughout the nation. And that is correct too, for even in Sunny California the arenas are piped with ice refrigerating machines that transform fight areas into silver sheets. Colleges, schools, professional and semi-pro teams perform in all parts of the country. (continued on next page)

HUSING;
(cont'd)

But wherever played the game stands by itself. Sixty minutes of fast, furious action in a simple game to watch and understand. Sextettes with fast forward lines shoot the puck into the defenses and storm the netted cage in desperate attempts to score by speed alone. The defenses work even harder to bump the attack into the ice, and the resultant combination of flashing skates, expert stick handling, dodging and feinting, hard body checks and bumps, frequent flare-ups of temper and intermittent banishments from the game, plus the thrill of long shooting for the net, have made the sport popular wherever I have travelled. It's fast - dangerous - as rough and tiring a game as men have ever played.

Here's an interesting statement from Paul Thompson, leading score maker of the National League, and speedy front line player of the Chicago Black Hawks, winners last year of the Stanley Cup, emblem of the world's professional hockey championship. Paul Thompson says: "Hockey has often been called 'the fastest game in the world', and I know it's one of the most tiring. When I come off the rink, dead tired, there's just one thing I want, and I want it quick -- a Camel! Camels have a way of bringing back my 'pep'... taking the load off my shoulders."

Yes, sir -- Paul Thompson and his mates are now fronting the American division of the National League, pro hockey's big time. And in the Canadian division of the same league the Toronto Maple Leafs are pacing the pack. Well - more of this later, friends - see you again on Thursday.

MUSIC: BELIEVE IT BELOVED (ANNETTE HANSHAW)
(O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTRODUCTIONS OVER MUSIC)

O'KEEFE: And now, ladies and gentlemen, with the intermission over we continue with our play of the gas-lit day called "Ten Nights In A Bathroom"...as you know, Outhbert, the scape-grace brother of little Nell, our heroine, has fallen into the clutches of Jack Dalton, the villain... On with the show...

BIZ: ORCHESTRA PLAYS "HEARTS AND FLOWERS" VERY VERY BADLY

O'KEEFE: Ah, chamber music!

BIZ: KNOCK ON DOOR

O'KEEFE: Come in!...

BIZ: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

SORIN: (VILLAINOUS LAUGH) Ah, you lily-livered welscher!... You've been gambling with me for eight years...and you've lost every time...Now pay up or get out!!!

BIZ: HISSES

O'KEEFE: How much do I owe you altogether, you cad!...

SORIN: A dollar and a quarter....

O'KEEFE: I never thought I could lose that much money. That's what you get for matching pennies...All right, I'll pay you! My family has been paying off debts for two centuries...Let it never be said that a Outhbert welched on an honorable debt!!!

BIZ: CHEERS AND APPLAUSE

SORIN: How are you going to get the money?

O'KEEFE: I'm going to take up a collection from the people in the audience!...

BIZ: BOOS AND HISSES

O'KEEFE: Well, it looks like I'll have to take up a collection at another performance...But where is my sister?... Where, where, where????

FROST: Here I am!...

O'KEEFE: Gee, you got in here fast...

FROST: I'm sorry to see you in such a mess, Walt-Cuthbert, but I want you to meet my fiance Roderick Bradbury...

O'KEEFE: Hiya, punk!...Have you got a dollar and a quarter?...

JACK: Do you think if I had a dollar and a quarter I'd be engaged to your sister, alas?...

SORIN: (VILLAINOUS LAUGH) So you've got a pretty sister, eh?... Ah, missy, what beautifulteeth you've got!...How much did you pay for them?...

O'KEEFE: Unhand her, you wretch! Beat me if you will, knock out my teeth...but touch not a hair of yon head...She can't take it.....

SORIN: Ahhhhh, kiss me my proud beauty!...

O'KEEFE: Who, me?...

FROST: No...me!...Leave him alone...he knows what he's doing...

BIZ: APPLAUSE

SORIN: Ahhhhhh, my proud and haughty damsel, come into my arms...

FROST: You cad, you bounder, you reprobate, you big sissy! Take one step closer and I'll smash this pitcher on your bald pate...

BIZ: CRASH

O'KEEFE: They're off...she leads with a water pitcher...he counters with a long left to the kisser...but she can't take it...she feints with her left...she feints with her right... and the villain is down...

BIZ: CRASH - BOOM

O'KEEFE: She screams!...

FROST: SCREAMS

O'KEEFE: He curses!....

SORIN: Oh, fudge!..

O'KEEFE: Now she makes her last appeal for mercy...

FROST: Ah, if only my no-good brother was here...

O'KEEFE: Here I am...

BIZ: TWO SHOTS

FROST: Mercy's sakes...you shot the villain...what did you shoot him for, for mercy's sakes?...

O'KEEFE: For pity's sake I had to...I couldn't think of any other way of ending this program...alas, for pity's sakes... and besides I want to hear the band play

MUSIC: "THAT'S A PLENTY" (ORCHESTRA)

VON ZELL: The Camel Caravan is presented by the makers of Camel Cigarettes and Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Five more shopping days till Christmas. Avoid the last-minute stampede - just ask your dealer for Christmas packages, Camels and Prince Albert, for every smoker on your gift list.

MUSIC:

SMOKE RINGS

O'KEEFE:

Well, ladies and gentlemen, here goes the Camel Caravan again and thanks for turning your dials our way... Again on Thursday night at nine o'clock eastern time and nine thirty mountain time we will be back with Annette Hanshaw, Glen Gray and Ted Husing the child prodigy... This is Walter O'Keefe, the grand old man of radio, saying good nate and gwan to bed.

THEME UP AND OUT

STATION CUE