

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

CAMEL PROGRAM NO. 45

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26th, 1935

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 Amoking Tobacco... This is Michael O'Keefe's boy Walter, the Broadway Hillbilly, greeting you on behalf of Annette Hanshaw, Glen Gray and his boys and Ted Husing. Y'know, ladies and gentlemen... perhaps your papers told you that we New Yorkers were doing without elevator service last week. ..Of course, I don't have any trouble getting up thirty floors to my office because I get a lift with a Camel... ah ah... I see you people did the same thing. Well it's time to start off the evening's festivities and my spies tell me that the Casa Loma Boys are going to play that old favorite, "In My Sweet Little Alice Blue Gown" ...All right gents... earn your bread and butter.

MUSIC ALICE BLUE GOWN (ORCHESTRA)

O'KEEFE: Ladies and gentlemen...as we remarked a week ago it's a great pity that the world did not have radio during some of its most stirring historical events. Again tonight we bring you another highlight out of the past as it might have been presented if there had been radio at the time. We present the meeting of that famous old Romeo from Rome... Mark Antony and that famous siren of the Nile...Cleopatra.

BIZ: ORCHESTRA PLAYS SNAKE MUSIC INTO DIRGE

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen...the Egyptian Mummy Corporation presents the Antony and Cleopatra hour.

BIZ: GONG STRIKES

O'KEEFE: (VILLAINOUS LAUGHTER) This is the Mummy...how do you do, ladies and gentlemen...Never forget that a man's best friend is his MUMMY.
This program comes to you through the courtesy of the Egyptian Mummy Corporation...makers of Fine Mummies...
Let me ask you a question...How will you look two thousand years from today. Why don't you let us wrap you up in one of our suits with two pairs of pants...

(ORCHESTRA HITS BELL NOTE)

EVERYBODY SINGS

"MY MUMMY!"

O'KEEFE: Ladies and gentlemen...the big day has arrived at last... Mark Antony is about to meet the beautiful Cleopatra on her love barge. Let's shoot the microphone down to Cleopatra's dressing room where she will say a few words.

FROST: Well folks...I've never looked more beautiful in my life. Mark Antony doesn't stand a chance.

O'KEEFE: Thank you, Cleo...and now a word from the challenger... Mark Antony...a HB-man who has no use for the ladies. C'mon Mark will you say a few words.

HUNT: I'd rather face a cannon than a woman's mouth any day... a cannon doesn't make so much noise. Hullo Mom...how am I doing?

O'KEEFE: And now that you've heard from both contestants...just before this love feast starts I'll turn you over to our Nile columnist whose gossip of today is the kind your mummy used to read.

BIZ: SOUND EFFECT: TICKER MACHINE

JACK: Flash Flash! As prophesied by this reporter six thousand years ago Mark Antony is plenty that way about Cleopatra. (TICKER COMES UP) Rome Italy: This is exclusive. It will be denied in some quarters but I have it on good authority that the time is now exactly eight thirty BC Egyptian Standard Time.

O'KEEFE: Ladies and gentlemen...that was your Nile Correspondent...and now as the bell is about to ring we learn the official weights. (continued on next page)

O'KEEFE:
(cont'd)

In THIS corner...Cleopatra who weighs one hundred and twenty five pounds with a snake around her neck... In the other corner Mark Antony...weight two hundred and fifty.

BIZ:

GONG

O'KEEFE:

There goes the bell...Cleopatra edges over towards Mark Antony and leads off.

FROST:

Hiya Toots...Why dost ye not come up and see me sometime?

HUNT:

Don't you touch me you fresh thing...I've got a mind to tell Caesar on you...

FROST:

C'mon Big Boy...relax...

HUNT:

Oh don't...DON'T...Please don't.

FROST:

Listen Tall Dark and Handsome...you look plenty cute in that suit of armor and steel helmet. Take off your hat will ya?

HUNT:

May I drop it right here.

FROST:

Right there.

BIZ:

CRASH BOX

O'KEEFE:

I'd like to hear him drop his overcoat.

FROST:

Kiss me my fool...

HUNT:

No, no, no, no, no...

BIZ:

SOUND EFFECT: KISSES

O'KEEFE:

Well folks...you have just heard the meeting of Antony and Cleopatra...and now we turn you back to our main studios where the Cleopatra of Song, Annette Hanshaw will charm the mummies out of their bandages singing "In My Solitude."

MUSIC: IN MY SOLITUDE (ANNETTE HANSHAW)

VON ZELL: If you're a pipe smoker, you owe it to yourself to find out about Prince Albert - right away! Men, here's a crimp out, cool-smoking pipe tobacco that can't tire your tongue: a special process makes sure it won't. And good old P. A. has a flavor that you don't get tired of, either -- the grand, mild mellowness of top-grade tobaccos -- in a secret blend that no other brand can give you! Prince Albert is extra-value smoking too -- long burning, with two ounces in every handsome red tin. These are some of the reasons Prince Albert has won its distinguished, world-wide acceptance, why it's smoked by more men than any other brand of pipe tobacco. Ask any Prince Albert smoker. He's say, "Brother, don't hesitate. Step up and get acquainted with the National Joy Smoke!"

MUSIC: "HERE COMES COOKIE" (ORCHESTRA AND HUNT)
 (O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTRODUCTION OVER MUSIC)

O'KEEFE: Tonight, ladies and gentlemen...we pour into your loud-speakers a bit of Scotch...with all the fragrance of the heather and the highlands of Bonnie Scotland...it is entitled "The Bagpiper's Revenge"...Now while I try to stop the draft from creeping up my kilts Sandy, Von Zell will set the stage. Take it away Sandy.

BIZ: BAGPIPERS PLAY "THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING"

VONZELL: The time the present---the scene a cottage on the Scottish moors...starring Walter O'Keefe in the role of Duncan Campbell...

MUSIC UP AND OUT

WIFE: Duncan...what are you doin' Duncan?

O'KEEFE: I'm duncan doughnuts...Mither...Where's my daughter Annie...
out on the Mooorrrrrrrrr?

WIFE: Is thot the telephone ringing?

O'KEEFE: No I got stuck on one of me Rrrrrrrrrs. Put on a pot o'
tea, mither.

WIFE: Hannh?

O'KEEFE: I said put on a pot o' tea...and don't make me waste my
worrds.

BIZ: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

FROST: Hullo Fayther.

O'KEEFE: Hullo Lass.

FROST: Hullo Mayther.

WIFE: Hullo Daughterrrrrr.

FROST: Put on a pot o' tea, Mayther...Anus McPangus is comin'
doon the McRoad.

BIZ: KNOCK ON THE DOOR

FROST: Here he is noo...Oh Fayther...Angus is a bonnie lad. He's
got the thickest accent on the Scottish Moooooorrrrrs.
Come in Angus.

BIZ: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

O'KEEFE: Well Angus McPangus...I'm glad to meet the lad who's the
sweetheart of my daughter. How are you?

JACK: (SCOTCH JABBER) Fine.

O'KEEFE: Annie...gie me a match...for to light up a candle so I can take a wee peek at your sweetie Angus...

BIZ: SOUND EFFECT: HEAVY SCRATCH...

O'KEEFE: Aye...he's a bonnie lad. (BLOWS OUT CANDLE)

FROST: Ah Fayther...you shuddent hae bloon oot the candle I wanted to show ye the rrrrrring that Angus brought me.

O'KEEFE: Well here...I'll light the candle again. It's a pity to waste anither match...

AD LIB CRIES "AYE AYE AYE"

O'KEEFE: But we ought to have a wee squint at the ring.

BIZ: SOUND EFFECT: HEAVY SCRATCH...

O'KEEFE: Aye it is a bonnie ring.

FROST: Blow oot the candle Fayther.

O'KEEFE: Aye ... (BLOWS OUT CANDLE)

FROST: Aye, Angus McPangus...a beautiful ring.

O'KEEFE: And it will look even better when you put a stone in it. Angus...is it a job you're havin'...What sort of Worrrrrrrk do you do?

JACK: (SCOTCH JABBER)

O'KEEFE: Well it's nice work if you can get it.

WIFE: Aye Fayther...you SHUD hear Angus skirl the bagpipes...

FROST: Aye Fayther...he blows a guid bag. An he's got a great voice to boot.

O'KEEFE: Angus...I blow a mean bag mysel...C'mon Angus...I'll squeeze the bag and you sing one of the auld Scottish Airrrrrs. What would ye ken to sing?

JACK: (SCOTTISH JABBER)

O'KEEFE: Aye...that's the song me mayther used to crrrrron to me.

BAGPIPER PLAYS AND JACK SINGS

O'KEEFE: It sounds as if you were squeezin' Angus instead of the bag.

O'KEEFE: Ladies and gentlemen there will be a short intermission before the second act of "The Bagpiper's Revenge." And meanwhile Kenny Sargent will sing "My Heart Is An Open Book."

MUSIC: MY HEART IS AN OPEN BOOK (ORCHESTRA AND SARGENT)

HUSING COMMERCIAL

HUSING: Thank you, Harry. This evening I want to give you a flash from the career of Gene Sarazen, one of the greatest golfers in the world. Let's turn back the pages of sport history to the summer of 1932 -- when Gene competed in the British Open at Sandwich in Merry England. On his first round, Gene shot a seventy. The next day he turned up a breath-taking 69 -- and the gallery was his. Four thousand strong, the following day, they watched the sturdy American come home with just seventy strokes on his card! But it was tough going with this huge crowd hugging close by -- and the pressure began to get him. On the tenth tee -- Gene pulled his drive! It's a bad lie -- 3 to the green -- 2 putts. On the eleventh tee, Gene drives short. The ball comes to rest in a clump of grass, well into the rough, with traps ahead. Then Gene strolls up, puffing an American cigarette -- it's a Camel. He studies for awhile and calls for his trusted mashie. And then the ball sails over a dozen traps -- to the pin! Gene taps it in -- he steadies -- and on the fifteenth green, he sinks a twenty-foot putt for a birdie 2! It's all over now but the shouting! Sarazen comes home with the record breaking low total of 285.

ENGLISHMAN: (USE ECHO CHAMBER FOR OUTDOOR EFFECT) Mr. Sarazen -- the best man has won today.

SOUND: PATTERN OF APPLAUSE, MILD CHEERS

ENGLISHMAN: Accordingly, I have the pleasure of presenting you with this cup which must now cross the ocean -- for the ninth time. But we ask you to be sure and come back next year--
(CHUCKLE)

SOUND: CHUCKLES, LAUGHTER

SARAZEN: (MODEST) Thank you -- I only hope I shall be a champion as worthy as those whose names are on this cup!

SOUND: APPLAUSE, CHEERS

HUSING: (ECHO CHAMBER OUT FROM HERE ON) And a great reception awaited the modest American golf hero when he returned to the United States. And you know, Gene Sarazen is modern-minded in other things beside golf. Speaking of smoking, for instance, he made this remark the other day:

SARAZEN: "When I need some more 'pop', I smoke a Camel. A Camel always cheers me up and makes me more energetic."

HUSING: Right you are, Gene -- and with that statement we all agree! This is Ted Husing, I'll report to you again next week.

MUSIC: EVERYBODY LOVES MY BABY (ANNETTE HANSHAW)
(O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTRODUCTION OVER MUSIC)

VON ZELL: And now again we present Walter O'Keefe's beautiful play of the Scottish moors entitled "The Bagpiper's Revenge." The scene is still laid in the cottage of Duncan Campbell.

BIZ: BAGPIPES PLAY "CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'"

WIFE: Fayther...Angus McPangus is wearin' out a lot of shoe leather comin' to see our Annie.

O'KEEFE: Why shouldn't he...Annie is a Campbell and as Angus says himself..."I'd walk a mile for a Camel."

WIFE: Aye Aye!

BIZ: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

FROST: Mither...Fayther...Angus McPangus' Fayther has just laid himself doon and deed.

O'KEEFE: Ye don't say noo...what happened.

FROST: He was doon at the taproom and when the bartender offered to buy a drink on the hoose he dropped deed from the shock.

O'KEEFE: Ah it's too bad...he was a guid mon MrPangus...I'm sorry to hear he's passed away. He was a good fayther...a good husband...and how much money did he leave?

FROST: I dinna ken...but here's Angus now.

BIZ: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

O'KEEFE: Angus it's too bad...too bad. Buck up. My lad.

JACK: (CRIES AND JABBERS)

O'KEEFE: Why don't you try bicarbonate of soda.

JACK: (CRIES AND JABBERS)

O'KEEFE: Ah the lad is all broken up aboot his fayther passing away.

FROST: Fayther it ain't thot as makes him cry...He's crying cause his fayther didn't tell him where he left the money.

O'KEEFE: Get me my ouija board...and I'll do everything in my power to get a message from your fayther's spirrrrrrrit. I'll ask your fayther where he hid the money...I'm sure he'll have a message forrrr you.

JACK: (CRIES AND JABBERS)

FROST: What did he say?

O'KEEFE: He wants to know if the message is coming collect. Whisht wie ye noo...I'm gonna rap on the ouija board and talk to the spirit of Sandy McPangus.

BIZ: SOUND EFFECT: RAPPING ON TABLE

O'KEEFE: Sandy McPangus...Sangy McPangus...calling all McPanguses.

BIZ: SOUND EFFECT: WHISTLE DESCENDING SCALE

SORIN: Whooooo Whooooo Whooooo.

O'KEEFE: That was Pee Wee Hunt singing "Whooo that Kiss." Sandy MoPangus...say something...speak to me...

SORIN: (WHISTLE) Whooo...Whooo...McWhooooo.

O'KEEFE: Speak to me MoPangus...

SORIN: Hello, hello, hello Mr. O'Campbell...How's with you. It is gradually being a broad bright moonlight night the necht...

O'KEEFE: That was McGillicuddy with a whiskbroom on his stomach. Tell us a spirit MoPangus...are you really MoPangus, the great Scottish bagpiper.

SORIN: Aye.

O'KEEFE: Aye what?

SORIN: Aye Am.

O'KEEFE: Ken you...Play us a Scotch air.

SORIN: Aye.

O'KEEFE: Aye what?

SORIN: Aye aye Aye Aye Mozzletoff. Hoot mon...Now listen while I gradually play to you on my bagpipes...

BIZ: OBOE

O'KEEFE: Come on Sandy...you were the richest mon in Scotland... You passed on wie out leavin' a halfpenny to yere loved ones. Let me ask you a question.

SORIN: Udkay...you said it...Hoot mon. 51453 1014

O'KEEFE: Sandy you died with a fortune...what did you do with the money.

SORIN: When I died I took it with me, of course, of course.

O'KEEFE: But Sandy...you had millions...ye had money to burn.

SORIN: Aye...money to burn.

O'KEEFE: But where you are now...you don't need it.

SORIN: Where I am now I could burn all the money I could get hold of.

BIZ: BAGPIPES

O'KEEFE: And that, ladies and gentlemen... is the last act of "The Bagpiper's Revenge." Right now it's time for Glen Gray and his Scotch highlanders to pick up their pipes and play "Three Little Words."

MUSIC: THREE LITTLE WORDS (ORCHESTRA)

VON ZELL: The Camel Caravan is presented by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, makers of Camel Cigarettes and Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco. Camels are made from finer, more expensive Turkish and Domestic tobaccos than any other popular brand -- and they never get on your nerves.

MUSIC: SMOKE RINGS

O'KEEFE: Well, ladies and gentlemen...that's the end of the trail for the Camel Caravan tonight...We'll be back again on Thursday night at nine o'clock Eastern Standard Time and, of course, we'll stage another olambake at nine thirty mountain time...which as you know is eight thirty Pacific Coast time. (continued on next page)

O'KEEFE:
(cont'd)

This is Walter O'Keefe, of course, of course, and I want to say Au Revoir for Glen Gray and his Casa Loma lads, for the pride of the Hanshaw clan, Annette and Ted Husing.

JACK:

(SCOTCH JABBERS)

O'KEEFE:

That was Angus McPangus, saying Goodnate and Go on to MoBed.

THEME UP AND OUT

STATION CUE

This is the COLUMBIA.....BROADCASTING SYSTEM

(FADE THEME 20 SECONDS)

WABC NEW YORK

or