

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

CAMEL PROGRAM NO. 53

TUESDAY, APRIL 2, 1935.

10:00 - 10:30 P.M.

CUE: (COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM)

MUSIC: SMOKE RINGS

O'KEEFE: (OVER MUSIC) Gangway neighbor...here comes the Camel Caravan again brought to you by the makers of Camel Cigarettes and Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco...This is Walter O'Keefe, the April Fool, saying "Hello," "Comment ce va," "Buenos Noches," for Glen Gray, the King of Syncopation, Annete Hanshaw, the Queen of the Nightingales...and Ted Husing, the Queen of the May...The Casa Loma lads kick off playing "The Cobra and The Flute."

MUSIC: THE COBRA AND THE FLUTE (ORCHESTRA)

O'KEEFE: Well, ladies and gentlemen...tonight we start in a new serial dramatizing life in the underworld... Our story deals with a band of bad boys who are fighting desperately to control the Peanut Brittle business...I will play the role of Snake Eyes O'Keefe... the Peanut Brittle Czar...who is putting up a fierce battle against his rival...Pretty Boy McGillicuddy, Public Enemy Number 4711...The scene is the headquarters of the mob and the boys are listening in on their favorite radio program...

VON ZELL: (IN THE GLASS) Calling all cars...calling all cars... A Peanut Stand wrecked on Canal Street...The owner was shot...between the Holland Tunnel and the Battery... Pick up all suspects...That is all...This is Cassidy saying Good Nate and Gwan to Bed...

O'KEEFE: (LAUGHING) Ah...the boys did a good job...Now remember you mugs...we don't know nothing about this...

JACK: But chief...You don't think I'd squeal...Me?...Tongue Tied Tetley...the Gonif...

O'KEEFE: Epok...I don't know nuthin'..No you don't know nuthin'.. No he don't know nuthin'..No nobody don't know nuthin'.. No Boy, is my grammar rotten...

BIZ: KNOCK ON THE DOOR

O'KEEFE: Shhh...get down on the floor...Everybody...

BIZ: THUDS AND SCUFFLE SOUNDS

KNOCK ON DOOR

O'KEEFE: Who's there?...

HUNT: Baby Face Hunt...

O'KEEFE: Come in...

BIZ: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

HUNT: Hullo Boss...I don't know nuthin'...

O'KEEFE: You're telling me...

HUNT: Chief...I was just playin' leap frog down on Canal Street...The Peanut Vendor was bumped off...

O'KEEFE: Did you do it, Baby Face?...

HUNT: No...

O'KEEFE: You didn't shoot him?...

HUNT: No...

O'KEEFE: Where dija throw the gun?...

HUNT: In the river...

BIZ: KNOCK ON DOOR

O'KEEFE: Shhh...down on the floor everybody...

BIZ: SCUFFLES AND THUDS

O'KEEFE: Who's there?...

HUSING: (SHOUTING OFF MIKE) Sherlock Husing!...

O'KEEFE: Jiggers...the cops...Come in, Detective...

BIZ: DOOR OPENS

HUSING: Hello...Snake Eyes...

O'KEEFE: Hello Flatfeet...What d'ye know?...

HUSING: I don't know nuthin'...I won't pick you up on that Canal Street job, but Pretty Boy McGilllicuddy broke out of the Big House this morning...

EVERYBODY: (IN A HUSHED WHISPER) Pretty Boy McGilllicuddy!...

HUSING: Yeah...Well, see you later, boys...

BIZ: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

O'KEEFE: Umh...Pretty Boy...Hey Baby Face...call in the boys.. We're going to have a meeting...

HUNT: Oh goody goody...

BIZ: DOOR OPENS

HUNT: Oh boys...yoo hoo...come on in, we're going to have a meeting...Last one in's a rotten egg...

BIZ: SCRAMBLE AND SHUFFLE...AD LIB CRIES
RAP OF GAVEL...BABBLE DIES DOWN

O'KEEFE: Listen you mags...I want to call the roll...lumpy Legs Molumpy...

VIC RUBEY: Present...

O'KEEFE: Peeping Willie the Weeper...

JACK: (CRYING) Present...

O'KEEFE: Laughing Lazarus Gilhooley...

VON ZELL: (LAUGHS) Present...

O'KEEFE: Napoleon Bonaparte Fink...

VIC RUBEY: Present...

O'KEEFE: Annette Hanshaw...

SORIN: (BASS VOICE) Present...

O'KEEFE: Sawed Off Sam the Shotgun Man...

HUSING: Just as present as can be, Teacher...Yoo Hoo...

O'KEEFE: All right now, boys...We got a fine legitimate racket here in this Itzee Bitzee Peanut Brittle Bar...You heard what Detective Husing said...Pretty Boy McGilllicuddy got sprung from the big house and I've got a hunch he wants to muscle in...Think of the millions we can sell to...every baby with two teeth in its head can eat peanut brittle...All you got to do is shove it in his mouth...And so we're gonna put on a radio show for the kiddies...just for the little brats...

JACK: (YELLING OFF MIKE) Hey Chief...are you gonna be in the radio program?...

O'KEEFE: Me?...sure///I'm gonna be the star...I'm gonna be Uncle Snake Eyes...Come boys...let's go to the radio station.

BIZ: AD LIB CRIES "OKAY CHIEF"...

MUSIC: LOVELY TO LOOK AT (ANNETTE HANSHAW)

(O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTRODUCTION OVER MUSIC)

VON ZELL: Harry Von Zell speaking, with a few facts about Camel cigarettes. Light a Camel and check up on the following points:

VON ZELL (CONT'D) First, Camels have the zestful but mild flavor that only superior tobaccos can give. This fine flavor may be enjoyed as much as you like, for your taste doesn't tire of costlier tobaccos. Second, smoking a Camel gives you a "lift" in energy when you're tired. That "energizing effect" is scientifically confirmed, and also reported direct to us by many hundreds of Camel smokers. Third, as many steady smokers have verified, Camels don't disturb healthy nerves. Fourth, Camels are the modern cigarette, smoked by leaders everywhere, by champions and celebrities and by hard working, wide awake men and women in all walks of life. From their own experience, Camel smokers have verified the truth of the well known statement, signed and authorized by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, which reads as follows: (SLIGHT PAUSE) "CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXTENSIVE TOBACCOS...TURKISH AND DOMESTIC...THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND!"

MUSIC: TWO LITTLE SLIPPERS (ORCHESTRA AND HUNT)

VON ZELL: Ladies and gentlemen...that was Baby Face Hunt singing "Two Little Slippers"...and now we return you to the Peanut Brittle Case...We now tune you in on the radio station where the Itzee Bitzee Peanut Brittle Program is going on the air...

BIZ: FAN FARE.

JACK: (STRAIGHT VOICE) The Itzee Bitzee Peanut Brittle Program is on the air...You mags.

BIZ: SIRENS...YELLS...MACHINE GUN BULLETS

QUARTET: (TUNE OF "MAGGIE")

I wonder tonight what we'll eat Maggie

FROST: An Itzee Bitzee Peanut Brittle Bar

QUARTET: Do the peanuts get stuck in your teeth, Maggie

FROST: They do.do.do.do.do.do.do..

BIZ: SOUND EFFECT OF ROARING MOTOR

JACK: Well kiddies...stand by...here comes Uncle Snake Eyes in a black sedan...

BIZ: AUTO CRASH

SORIN: (STRAIGHT VOICE) What'd you wreck the car for?...

O'KEEFE: That's all right...we can get another when we leave this joint...Hullo...little kiddies...this is your Uncle Snake Eyes...

BIZ: PIANO BACKGROUND

O'KEEFE: Hullo little friends of mine...I hope you're feeling fine...because I am...How's the old man?...Look under the table and see if he's awake yet?...Hullo little friends...hullo...Well kiddies, have you eaten your peanut brittle today?...Remember the Itzee Bitzee slogan...it's good for your gaffers...Beware of imitations...look out for phoney peanut bars...

O'KEEFE: (CONT'D) You will always know de genuwine by de way it cracks...Now the phoney cracks like this...

BIZ: LIGHT CRACKLE

That was the phoney...but now listen to the Itzee Bitzee Bar...this is the real McCoy...right off the boat...listen...

BIZ: BREAKING OF WOODEN BOXES

Now stand by kiddies while the Peanut Brittle tenor.. Lumpy Legs Molumpy stuffs his mouth with peanut brittle and sings "The Road to Mandalay"...

JACK: (SINGS) On the road to Mandalay...where the flying fishes play...And the dawn comes up like thunder off in China 'cross the Bay...

BIZ: SOUND EFFECT: GONG RINGS

O'KEEFE: Well kiddies...don't forget to tune in at this same time tomorrow evening and we'll tell you the thrilling story of how Paul the Pickpocket escaped from the Big House and got control of the North Side...

BIZ: O'KEEFE SINGS HIMSELF OFF

VON ZELL: There goes Uncle Snake Eyes O'Keefe...and we'll continue in a few moments with the peanut brittle case...Meanwhile
(ANNOUNCES NEXT NUMBER)

MUSIC: ONCE UPON A MIDNIGHT (ORCHESTRA AND SARGENT)

HUSING COMMERCIAL

4/2/35

HUSING: Thank you Harry.

One of our Camel smokers has asked me to comment on the golf outlook for 1935...

Quite briefly, this is it:

1- The amateur field is definitely dominated by Lawson Little.

2- A new women's champion will rise this year. And

3- The pro title is as wide open as a barn door in summertime.

Here's how I dope the coming year:

Lawson Little won the British and American amateur titles last year, which was enough to convince everyone of his superb handling of the clubs. He dominates a field which includes such stars as Johnny Goodman of Omaha, a brilliant medalist, the sensational Goldman of Dallas, Eaton, the Western Champion, Gus Moreland, who, has indicated that he is again a contender; Johnny Fisher of Cincinnati, who is winning many medal competitions; Willie Turnesa who is burning up many a course; and Charlie Yates, a long hitter possessed of the ability to top the field -- all these Little dominates -- and I shoot with him -- to remain the amateur king.

HUSING:

(CONT'D) The women need a new champion. The former big four are going West by degrees. Helen Hicks is now a pro, Virginia Van Wie, despite denials, will not play this year due to an injured back, Maureen Orcutt has been trounced thruout the winter, and Glenna Collett is way under her best form. Then who will take their places? Well, there's Charlotte Glutting, who provides a new note, Jean Bauer of Providence who is improving, Dorothy Traung, a husky powerful golfer, the brilliant Marion Miley of Kentucky, sixteen year old Betty Jamison, the southern champion, and the up and coming Barbara Stoddard, daughter of Louis Stoddard of polo fame. I'll venture Dot Traung to come thru this year.

And now to the pros, where the field is wide open. On the basis of winter competition you have Paul Runyon, Ky Lafoon, Hal McSpaden, the coast sensation, with Olin Dutra, Johnny Revolta, Henry Picard and Tommy Armour, all knocking at the title door. Funny thing about Armour, the big Scot: Winner of the 1927 American open, he hasn't failed to pop up in winning columns since, -- and from Tommy's own words -- "watch me this year"...

Tommy Armour, by the way, like most big time golfers, is a Camel smoker too. Here's his interesting statement:

HUSING: (CONT'D) "If I feel 'all in' I smoke a Camel and soon I get a 'lift'. My energy returns and I feel like my real self again."

Righto, Tommy Armour! We agree with you there.
This is Ted Husing, reporting again next week.

MUSIC: DUST OFF THE OLD PIANO (ANNETTE HANSHAW)
(O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTRODUCTION OVER MUSIC)

VON ZIEGL: Once again, ladies and gentlemen, we resume the thrilling story of the Peanut Brittle Case and the scene is once more the headquarters of the mob where Snake Eyes O'Keefe is listening to his favorite radio program...

HUSING: (INTO GLASS) Calling all cars...calling all cars...
Keep your eye open for Pretty Boy McGillicuddy who escaped from jail this morning...That is all...and now, in answer to a request from Patrol Car No. 478, I'm going to sing "Lookie, Lookie, Lookie, Here Comes Cookie"..

BIZ: HUSING SINGS EIGHT BARS

HUSING: This is Flatfoot Husing, folks...Hello Ma..How'm I doin'?

BIZ: HUSING RESUMES SONG

O'KEEFE: Hey Lumpy Legs...shut off that radio...

JACK: What time is it?

O'KEEFE: What time is it, eh?...Listen Lumpy, you're gettin' to know too much...Smart guys don't ask questions...

BIZ: KNOCK ON DOOR

O'KEEFE: Who's there?...

SORIN: (OFF HIDE) Pretty Boy McGillicuddy, of course, of course...

O'KEEFE: The door is locked McGillicuddy...you can't get in...

SORIN: I'll come in anyway!...

BIZ: SPLINTERING OF DOOR

SORIN: Hello, hello, hello, Mr. O'Snake Eyes...

O'KEEFE: How's wit you?...How did you get out of the Big House?...

SORIN: Smart guys don't ask questions...Get rid of this gorilla here...this Lumpy Legs...this is just a social visit...

O'KEEFE: Scram Lumpy...I can take care of this Chocolate Soldier..

JACK: Okay Chief...

BIZ: DOOR SLAMS

SORIN: Seven years ago you framed me kid...and I ain't forgetting little favors like that...Stick 'em up Snake Eyes...Reach for the ceiling and back to the wall...

O'KEEFE: Hey Pretty Boy...don't don't...don't shoot...

SORIN: Umhhh...So you can't take it, eh?...Listen Snake Eyes...I'm going to rub you out and put you on the place...

PROST: Don't move McGillicuddy or I'll shoot you in the back... Drop that gun...

BIZ: THUD ON FLOOR

PROST: Come on!...Drop all of them...

BIZ: SERIES OF GUNS DROPPING

O'KEEFE: Thanks Gertie...you saved my life...Pretty Boy, I want to have you meet Machine Gun Gertie...

SORIN: Hello Gertie...How's wit you?...

FROST: Smart guys don't ask questions...Now listen you migs
the cops trailed McGilllicuddy here and the riot squad
will be here in a minute...

BIZ: SIREN... FAINTLY

O'KEEFE: We got to get out of here...

SORIN: It's too late...we'll have to shoot it out...

BIZ: EXCHANGE OF SHOTS

HUSING: (OFF MCKE) Come out or I'll drive you out with laughing
gas...

BIZ: MORE SHOTS

HUSING: All right, boys...give them the laughing gas...

BIZ: EXPLOSION

O'KEEFE: (SNIFFING) Hey Gertie...it's laughing gas...(LAUGHS)

FROST: It's all over the room...(LAUGHS)

SORIN: Oh boy, am I laughing...(LAUGHS)

JACK: Boy, this will get me historical...(LAUGHING)

BIZ: SHOTS

O'KEEFE: (HOWLING WITH LAUGHTER) Wheee...They got me three times
in the right arm...

FROST: (HOWLING WITH LAUGHTER) I got a bullet in the right ear...

BIZ: AD LIB LAUGHTER

ORCHESTRA PLAYS "CHICAGO" PAST

O'KEEFE: And so, ladies and gentlemen, ends the first installment
of the Peanut Brittle Case...We'll give you the solution
in a future program...meanwhile, the Casa Loma boys play
"Casa Loma Stomp"

MUSIC: CASA LOMA STOMP (ORCHESTRA)

VON ZELL: The Camel Caravan is a presentation of R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina, makers of Camel cigarettes and Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco. "P.A." is the pipe tobacco most men prefer. It's a friendly smoke, cool, long-burning and mellow -- top quality $\frac{1}{2}$ tobaccos only, in the private blend that can't be reproduced in other brands. Prince Albert is fine for steady pipe smokers: a special process takes away any harshness or bite. Your dealer will be delighted to introduce you to this prince of pipe tobaccos, good old "P.A." Two ounces in every handsome red tin.

MUSIC: SMOKE RINGS

O'KEEFE: (OVER MUSIC) Well, my dear parishioners, this is "au revoir" until Thursday at nine o'clock Eastern Standard Time, nine thirty Mountain Time, eight thirty Pacific Coast Time and at three o'clock in the afternoon if you are in Shanghai, China. Again we will bring you Annette Hanshaw and Glen Gray and now you will have to excuse us because we're all going over to Ted Husing's Birthday Party. Pee Wee Hunt has baked a cake for the occasion, a cake with 78 candles on it and from the look of the cake I think I will eat the candles. This is Walter O'Keefe saying Good Nate and Gwan to Bed.

THEME UP AND OUT

STATION CUE