

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY AND COMPANY
INCORPORATED

R.R. John
5/7/35
5/9/35

WILLIAM ESTY AND COMPANY SYSTEM

WILLIAM ESTY AND COMPANY

WILLIAM ESTY AND COMPANY, 1935.

10:30 - 10:45 P.M.

CITY: (COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM)

TITLE: SMOKE RINGS

SYNOPSIS: (OVIE MUSIC) Gangway neighbor...here comes the Camel Caravan again brought to you by the makers of Camel Cigarettes and Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco...The cast is here assembled tonight. Reading from left to right, we have Glen Gray and his boys, the dainty Annette Hanshaw and Ted Husing, the pride of the Bowery. This is Walter O'Keefe, recently known as Papa O'Keefe. By the way, I went into the nursery to say hello to the baby this morning and is he smart...I know you won't believe it, but I said "Hello" to him, he looked me right in the eye, then he breathed. Well, I'll be back before you can say Aloysious McGonigle and in the meantime Glen Gray and the boys officially open the festivities playing "Blue Room."

TITLE: BLUE ROOM (ORCHESTRA)



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OKLAHOMA:

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Ladies and gentlemen...tonight we heed the call of the sea...At this season of the year when American travellers are about to sail the seven seas we take you on a thrilling voyage to distant shores...to a faraway land of quaint beauty and native customs...we take you from New York to Hoboken...on that ocean greyhound the Ferryboat S.S. Magnesia...Nothing tugs at your heart more than a bon voyage party, when loved ones are embarking on the treacherous waters of that old dabbil Hudson...two whole miles of whirling rapids and drifting salami...the tears, the laughter, the gayety, the promises to write...it's all in the picture of a sailing for Hoboken...Hoboken, that fairy-land where Mother Nature has bedecked and garlanded herself with leafy trees...shady dells...budding flowers...railroad yards...warehouses and breweries...So follow me now to the pier at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street where my ferryboat, the S.S.Magnesia is about to sail due west a mile and a half...



ME:

ORCHESTRA PLAYS "SAILING, SAILING OVER THE BOUNDING MAIN."

STEAM WHISTLES LIKE FERRYBOATS

EVERYBODY YELLS "GOOD-BYE"

JACK:

I'll write as soon as I get there...

GIRL:

(CRYING) Abner...Adieu...Adieu Abner...

JACK:

(OFF MIKE) Bon voyage!

GIRL:

Oh, steward...steward!

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JACK:

Yes, Miss...

GIRL:

Where is the Captain...

JACK:

The Captain is forward...

GIRL:

(GIGGLES) I don't care how forward he is...this is a pleasure trip...

JACK:

There he is now...giving instructions to the crew...

OFFICER:

Yo ho me hearties...blow out the flying jib...

ALL:

Aye aye sir!...

OFFICER:

Hoist the fore gaff topsail abaft the main top gallant spanker...ginsle campsle focsle...

ALL:

Aye aye sir!...

SORIN:

All ashore that's goin' ashore...All ashore that's goin' ashore...

FROST:

(FADING IN) Oh Walter...Walter...my darling...

OFFICER:

There...there...don't go to pieces...sweetheart...You must be brave...the sea is calling...that old dehbil sea...the salt is in my blood...

FROST:

Yes and there's ketchup on your tie...Oh Walter...I'm so afraid of those native girls at the end of your journey...

OFFICER:

The Hobokenese...

FROST:

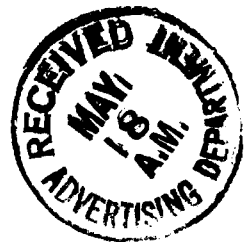
Yes...I hear tell of sailor men in far away Hoboken...the climate gets you...there's something in the air (PAUSE) out there...something...in...the...air...

OFFICER:

You're telling me...That's why I won't breathe easy until I come back to you again...But come sweet...what can I give you for a keepsake...



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FROST:

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O'Keefe...O'Keefe...O'Keefe me something to remember you
by...Give me your sailor hat...

O'KEEFE:

Here...

FROST:

Give me your coat...

O'KEEFE:

Here...take my coat...

FROST:

I'll have the coat stuffed...I'll put it on a clothing
store dummy and it will look just like you...

O'KEEFE:

You don't mean that dummy I caught in your closet last
night...the one that sneezes...

ELIZ:

GONG SOUNDS...WHISTLES BLOW AGAIN

SORIN:

(OFF MIKE) All ashore that's going ashore...all ashore
that's going ashore...

O'KEEFE:

Goodbye sweetheart...I'm coming back...

FROST:

(TRAILING OFF) Goodbye Walter...goodbye...goodbye...

O'KEEFE:

Mate...lower that mizzen topgallants studded (SCHHH)
spinnaker boom...throw some ballast down the booby hatch
and throw a bone to the dog...

ELIZ:

THROBBING ENGINE EFFECT IN BACKGROUND...

MORE WHISTLES

VON ZELL:

Aye aye sir!...

O'KEEFE:

I'll stay here on the bridge...Riley...you go astern...
Mullins...you go below...Byfield...you go to port...

HUSTON:

Where will I go?...

O'KEEFE:

You go to (WHISTLE)...well...never mind...Hoist anchor!...

WOMAN:

Oh Captain...look...look...one of the natives is diving
for pennies....

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O'KEEFE:

He could dive a lot easier if he took off that derby hat...

WOMAN:

Oh dear...my pennies are all gone...What would happen if
I threw in a nickel...Here...I'll throw in this nickel...

O'KEEFE:

Don't throw a nickel...You'll have the Statue of Liberty
diving...

BIZ:

WHISTLES BLOW...BAND PLAYS "SAILING SAILING"

EVERYBODY:

Goodbye...goodbye...goodbye...

VON ZELL:

Well, ladies and gentlemen...we now leave Captain O'Keefe
and his merry crew...as they hoist anchor...They'll be
back later...and meanwhile Annette Hanshaw will sing...
"I'm Just An Ordinary Human."

MUSIC:

I'M JUST AN ORDINARY HUMAN (ANNETTE HANSHAW)

VON ZELL:

Harry Von Zell speaking...you've heard of the famous
athletes who say "Camels don't get your wind." When these
people talk of keeping in condition, they speak with
authority...they know. Take people like Bill Miller, the
sculling champion, Georgia Coleman, Olympic diver,
Gene Sarazen, dynamic golfer, Jim Lancaster, basketball
ace, John L. Skillman, squash racquets champion and
Melvin Ott, the home run puncher. All these athletes...
and many, many more...engaged in many different kinds of
hard, competitive sport, agree that Camels are the mildest
cigarette. And for us less active folks this is just as
important. Wherever you are, at home, at work, on vacation,
condition counts. You can keep in condition, yet smoke
all you please. Make Camels your cigarette. Their

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VON ZELLE:

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(CONT'D) costlier tobaccos are so mild, you can smoke
all you want. (SLIGHT PAUSE) Athletes say, "Camels don't
get your wind."

MUSIC:

THE IMAGE OF YOU (ORCHESTRA AND HUNT)

(O'KEEFE AD LIES INTRODUCTION OVER MUSIC)

VON ZELLE:

And now, ladies and gentlemen...we return to the bridge of
the ocean greyhound...the Ferryboat S. S. Magnesia...bound
for Hoboken, two miles across the Hudson River from
New York...with Captain O'Keefe in command...

MUSIC:

STEAMBOAT WHISTLES...RATTLE OF CHAINS

ORCHESTRA SINGS "ALOHA OE" VERY SOFTLY

EVERYBODY YELLS "GOODBYE...GOODBYE...GOODBYE"

O'KEEFE:

Ah Mate...

MUSING:

Aye aye sir...

O'KEEFE:

I've made this ferryboat trip hundreds of times...and
parting is such sweet sorrow...it's tough to realize that
we've left New York...that we're out on the bounding main
and won't be back home for twenty-five minutes...I'll miss
the musical cry of the taxicab as it calls to it's mate...
I'll miss the birds...I'll miss the trees...

MUSING:

And Minskys...

O'KEEFE:

I'll miss the skyscrapers...the parks...and lakes and
drives...

MUSING:

And Minsky's...Captain, you must have known many a wild
night at sea...

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OF NEW YORK:

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Aye Mate...aye...I remember the time I was marooned on Coney Island...I was skipper of the Patrick Aloysious Gilhooley...Coal Barge...One night in the inky blackness we were washed ashore...on the shores of Coney Island... Well sir, I lived with natives in their quaint little bath houses...nothing grew on the trees but hot dogs and hamburgers...

HUSING:

How did you manage to leave Coney Island and get back to civilization...

O'KIFFY:

Oh yes..well, I taught one of the natives how to speak my language...He was so grateful that he gave me subway fare back to New York and he's been with me ever since...He's here on the boat with me now...my man Friday...Hey... Friday...

SORIN:

Hullo hullo hullo, Skipper O'Kiffy...

O'KIFFY:

That was McGillicuddy with his pants on backwards...

SORIN:

Fancy meeting you here on the focsle giblets staysail boom when all the time I was looking for you on the mizzen mast musseltoff with the topsail in the cabin in the cotton... Ahoy...ahoy oy oy oy...

HUSING:

Tell me Friday...what's our location just at present...

SORIN:

Says the barometer in the ships log reading from left to right...Flash...S O S...longitude twenty-eight...latitude ...seventy-seven...Consolidated Can...Twenty six and three eights...Giants seven...Yankees six...Altogether fog... heavy fog... ?



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O'KEEFE: (AHEAD) Does it look as if the fog will lift?
SOBIN: Not unless it gets a lift with a Camel...Why Skipper...
the fog is so thick I can't see my nose in front of my
face...
O'KEEFE: That's a lot of fog...
SOBIN: Well...that's a lot of nose...
O'KEEFE: Friday...turn on that radio...let's get a report on our
position...Husing...all hands on deck...
HUSING: Aye aye sir...
O'KEEFE: Stand by for an emergency...
MIKE: BELLS RING ALL OVER THE PLACE...EVEN COWBELLS
O'KEEFE: Boys...we're lost...our only hope is radio...
MIKE: WOMAN SCREAMS
O'KEEFE: Come on Friday...what do you hear?...
SOBIN: I got it...uhhh...I got it...it's coming in stronger...
Listen...
JACK: (ON FILTERED MIKE) Looky looky looky...here comes cookie...
MIKE: BELLS RING...STEAMSHIP WHISTLES
MUSIC: WOULD THERE BE LOVE (ORCHESTRA AND SARGENT)
(O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTRODUCTION OVER MUSIC)
HUSING: TO BE INSERTED
MUSIC: I WON'T DANCE (ANNETTE HARSHAW)
(O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTRODUCTION OVER MUSIC)



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VON ZEH:

-9-

And now once again, ladies and gentlemen...we take you back on board the Ferryboat S. S. Magnesia...the sister ship to the S. S. Van Dyne...Captain O'Keefe in command... We now pick up the angry Hudson trying to swallow the Magnesia which is lost in a fog...

MIKE:

ORCHESTRA PLAYS "LOST IN A FOG" VERY BADLY
STEAMSHIP WHISTLE...FOG HORNS...BILLS...

O'KEEFE:

Friday...Friday...Look up there...Aren't those sea gulls... gulls...

SORIN:

I don't know whether they're gulls or boys...Hey skipper... look over portside...look at the big thing flopping around in the water...That's the sea serpent...

MIKE:

That's not a sea serpent...that's Pee Wee Hunt. .in his new bathing suit...Hey Husing...I can't see very well...but look over the starboard side...ain't that land over there?

HUSING:

That's not land...that's Brooklyn. Hey skipper there's a seaplane.

MIKE:

AEROPLANE MOTOR FADES IN AND IDLES

O'KEEFE:

We're saved...the plane is flying overhead...Listen...the pilot is yelling...

MIKE:

MOTOR IDLING

JACK:

(OFF MIKE IN DISTANCE) Is Ted Husing aboard...

O'KEEFE:

Who?

JACK:

(OFF MIKE) Ted Husing...

O'KEEFE:

Yes...Ted's here.



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JACK:

-10-

(STILL OFF MIKE) His mother's afraid he'll catch cold so here's his long underwear...Catch it.

BIZ: TERRIFIC THUD

SORIN: Urkay...you said it...I got it...

O'KEEFE: ~~Friday...look over to portside...Isn't that an iceberg...~~

SORIN: ~~No...that's a Ginsberg...~~

BIZ: FOG HORNS AND WHISTLES...

SORIN: ~~Captain... Captain... we're saved... I see a sale.~~

O'KEEFE: ~~Where...where's the sale.~~

SORIN: ~~In Blooming-gale's basement...a suit with two pair of pants...dollar ninety eight.~~

O'KEEFE: Oh Friday...we're ten minutes out of New York...and still no sight of Jersey...It's getting me. Ration out the water.

SORIN: With me it's food...food...food I tell you. I'm going mad.

O'KEEFE: Steady Friday...don't go to pieces...here's a morsel I saved for an emergency. It's a piece of ham.

SORIN: Ham...unh...I lost my appetite...

ROBING: (WAY OFF MIKE) Hey skipper...quiet...I'm getting something on the radio....Listen. .

JACK: (ANOTHER VOICE OVER FILTERED MIKE) So that concludes our radio swimming lesson for today...Come to Lake Wannalaya ducka...learn to swim in ten easy lessons. If you go down for the third time your money will be cheerfully refunded to you. And now about fancy dives...listen...there's a



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RADIO,

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JACK:

-10-

(STILL OFF MIKE) His mother's afraid he'll catch cold so here's his long underwear...Catch it.

BIZ:

TERRIFIC THUD

SORIN:

Unkay...you said it...I got it...

O'KEEFE:

Friday...look over to portside...Isn't that an iceberg...

SORIN:

No...that's a Ginsberg...

BIZ:

FOG HORNS AND WHISTLES...

SORIN:

Captain...Captain...we're saved...a sale...I see a sale...

O'KEEFE:

Where...where's the sale.

SORIN:

In Blooming-gale's basement...a suit with two pair of pants...a dollar ninety eight.

O'KEEFE:

Oh Friday...we're ten minutes out of New York...and still no sight of Jersey...It's getting me. Ration out the water

SORIN:

With me it's food...food...food I tell you. I'm going mad.

O'KEEFE:

Steady Friday...don't go to pieces...here's a morsel I saved for an emergency. It's a piece of ham.

SORIN:

Ham...unh...I lost my appetite...

O'KEEFE:

(STAY OFF MIKE) Hey skipper...quiet...I'm getting something on the radio....Listen. .

JACK:

(ANOTHER VOICE OVER FILTERED MIKE) So that concludes our radio swimming lesson for today...Come to Lake Wannabuya ducka...learn to swim in ten easy lessons. If you go down for the third time your money will be cheerfully refunded to you. And now about fancy dives...listen...there's a

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JACK:

(CONT'D) dive over the West Side that's one of the
swellest jerntts...

BIZ:

CLICK

BUSING:

Look Chief...there's something looming out of the fog...
we're going to hit it...

BIZ:

BELLS RING...FOG HORN WHISTLE

O'KEEFE:

Shut off the engines...all hands on deck...Look out.

BIZ:

CRASH

POLICE WHISTLES AND SIRENS

O'KEEFE:

Ahoy down there...ahoy...where are we?

VON ZELL:

You're on the corner of 42nd Street and Broadway...Come
on...get the ferryboat off the street car tracks...You're
holding up the traffic...

BIZ:

WHISTLES START

O'KEEFE:

Full steam ahead...hoist the mainsail...jib boom sniakker...
spanker...(TRAILS OFF)

MUSIC:

DUSKY STEVEDORE (ORCHESTRA)

VON ZELL:

The Camel Caravan is sent you with the best wishes of
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston Salem, North Carolina,
makers of Camel Cigarettes and Prince Albert Smoking
Tobacco. Good old "P.A.," you know, is America's largest
selling brand of pipe tobacco. Prince Albert is properly
packed, in two-ounce tins, and friendly to your pipe and
tongue because a special manufacturing process removes any
harshness.

MUSIC:

SMOKE RINGS



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WILLIAM ESTY
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O'KEEFE:

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And so, mi amigos, the Camel Caravan and the S. S. Magnesia ride off into the night with Annette Hanshaw, Ted Husing and Glen Gray and his boys aboard. I'm feeling a little tired tonight. Last night I walked the baby until three in the morning, but he was awfully decent about it...tonight he's going to walk me for a change. This is Walter O'Keefe, climbing back on his flying trapeze and saying Good nate and Gwan to bed.

THEME UP AND OUT

STATION CUE



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51458 7845