

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

CAMEL PROGRAM NO. 13

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1935
9:00 to 9:30 P. M.

CUE: (COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM)
(. . . . 30 Seconds)

ANNOC'R: Athlete's say, "CAMELS don't get your wind!"

MUSIC: SMOKE RINGS

O'KEEFE: (OVER MUSIC) Gangway neighbor ... here comes the
CAMEL Caravan again through the courtesy of R. J.
Reynolds Tobacco Company, makers of CAMEL cigarettes...
This is Walter O'Keefe, the Broadway hillbilly
greeting you once again to this Tuesday night party
of ours and it's an interesting set up we have here
in the studio. The first ten rows are filled with
Deane Janis' boy friends, the next twenty rows
are all the girl friends of the Casa Loma boys,
Ted Husings relatives have taken over the balcony ...
and that fellow hanging on the chandelier ...
that's my Pop. Hold everything everybody ..
the show starts off with the Casa Loma first
string backfield playing "Lady Play Your Mandolin".

MUSIC: LADY PLAY OUR MANDOLIN (ORCHESTRA)

(APPLAUSE)

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O'KEEFE: Right here, ladies and gentlemen, I want to put in a plug for Ted Husing's new book entitled "Ten Years Before The Mike". This book will amaze you .. it amazed me. I didn't even know he could write .. Of course, it grips your interest from cover to cover... I found another book that was written by Ted ... It's better than the first one. It has a very exciting opening. It starts off "Maele ... Blonde ... Stuyvesant 7-7989" and it holds your interest right down to "Iulu ... Wickersham 2-5200". If a dog answers, hang up. It's a wonderful book but why should I plug Husing when we've got so much talent right here in the studio. Wait till you hear these people sing ... What power! Move back a little and hid on to your hats. Here we go again. All right Lemuel ... gimme the pitchpipe.

MUSIC: "MY MOTHER WAS A LADY (WAITER O'KEEFE)

(APPLAUSE)

O'KEEFE: Thank you ... And now here's Paul Douglas, the man with a message...

DOUGLAS: There's just one thing you need to remember when you pick out your cigarette: Simply ask yourself the question, which cigarette is really mild? And that question is easily answered when you note that athletes, who must guard "condition", speak out in large majority in favor of CAMELS. Just for example, let's quote Bill Tilden, outstanding iron man of sport, formerly greatest of amateur tennis players, now a leading professional star. Mr. Tilden says: "I must keep in 'condition', I smoke CAMELS, the mild cigarette. CAMELS don't get my wind or upset my nerves."

Mr. Tilden is typical of the many great athletes who state from their experience that they smoke CAMELS as much as they like, without interfering with healthy nerves or good "condition". The champions demand a cigarette that's mild. They find it in CAMEL. And that mild cigarette that is smoked by athletes is the mild cigarette for you too. Keep in "condition". Smoke CAMELS. Smoke as many as you like. CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TURKISH AND DOMESTIC TOBACCOS THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND.

MUSIC: WHEN APRIL COMES AGAIN (ORCHESTRA AND BARGENT)

(APPLAUSE)

O'KEEFE: Ladies and gentlemen, that was Kenny Sargent, the
Lothario of the Ario waves singing "When April Comes
Again". And the next vocal chorus will be by
Old Man Rhythm himself ... Pee Wee Hunt.
Pee Wee has written a sequel to Husing's book
"Ten Years Before The Mike". ... Pee Wee's book is
entitled "The Years Behind The Right Ball" or
"How to Make Pancake Batter in the Bathtub".
Go ahead, Pee Wee ...

MUSIC: "I'VE GOT A FEELING YOU'RE FOOLIN'" (Orchestra and Hunt)

(APPLAUSE)

DOUGLAS. And now we present Ted Husing, GANGL star reporter ...

HUSING: Thank you, Paul. Here we are in the rearing close of
the football season, with much to say, and a very little
time to say it. Across my mind fly the impressions gained
in six trips to the Middle West so far this year, one
to the South and one in the East -- to witness the modern
gidiron machines in action. So with your permission
- I'll ramble the collegian road,
California stands alone on the Pacific coast, while
Southern Methodist and Texas Christian lead the way
in the Southwest, North Carolina leads the South,

HUSING: Minnesota paces the nation with Marquette sharing honors in the Midwest, while Princeton paces the East with Syracuse, Dartmouth and New York University. Of men, my mind's eye still recollects Ozzie Simmons of Iowa for his sterling play against the Gophers, it retains thrills given by Gomer Jones of Ohio State, and Jerry La Noue of Nebraska, while my ears hear tales of Jay Berwanger of Chicago, of Olem Faust and Whitney Painton of St. Bonaventure, of Bill Benner of Michigan and Bill Wallace of Rice ...

Of plays, Harry Martin of Virginia's end zone mouse trap that gave his team a 107 yard run for six points, against Navy, the famous razzle dazzle double reverse, lateral and forward pass used by Illinois against Southern California -- appropriately titled -- "The Man on the Flying Trapeze" --- without benefit of Walter O'Keefe. And of kicks -- 90, 81, 80 and 70 yards by Bill Shakespeare of Notre Dame...

Of thrills -- Notre Dame's finish against Ohio State -- which prompted the Buckeyes to try it against Chicago the following week-end.

Of suggestions --- Marquette and California in the Rose Bowl, Southern Methodist and Fordham in the Sugar Bowl -- and for you -- my friends, this suggestion -- as the season advances, and when it is over, always ask for CAMELS when you're ordering cigarettes.

HUSING: The cigarette that's mild enough for athletes must
be mild enough for everybody. Try CAMELS.
Athletes say, "They don't get your wind!"

MUSIC: TAG

(APPLAUSE)

O'KEEFE: And now, ladies and gentlemen, for the first time on
the air we present "Don't Mention Love to Me",
sung by Deane Janis, that smooth, svelte, sleek,
soignee, sophisticated siren of song ... Pardon me,
Deane, while I go out and comb the S's out of my
beard ... Sing, sister, sing ...

MUSIC: "DON'T MENTION LOVE TO ME" (DEANE JANIS)

(APPLAUSE)

O'KEEFE: Thank you. This is Walter O'Keefe again, ladies
and gentlemen, and now we bring to the stage of your
loud speakers our celebrated troupe of Scottish
Players, fresh from their triumphs in Edinburrrrrrrrrrh,
and after a tour of the provinces through Bonniebur,
Ballyburr and Bullyburr in Huckle Mucklechrr-churr.
This little dash of scotch and soda is entitled
"Top Hat, White Tie and Kilts" adapted from that
classic by Sir Walter Scott entitled "Mutiny on
The Bagpipes."

BIZ: ORCHESTRA PLAYS "THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING"

ANNC'R: (MUSIC DIMS DOWN) The time, the present ... the scene, the thatched roofed cottage of the Campbell family starring Walter O'Keefe in the role of Fergus Campbell. Mrs. Campbell is singing the baby to sleep.

BIZ: MUSIC UP AND OUT

FROST: (SINGS) When I get back again to Bonnie Scotland with a hey bonny bonny and a scotch cha cha...

JANIS: Maytherr ... what time'll Faytherrrr be home...hame...

FROST: Here he comes the noo the necht tenecht.

BIZ: POUNDING ON THE DOOR

FROST: Come in.

BIZ: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

O'KEEFE: Hellooooo Maytherr ... Hellooooo Daughterrr...

BOTH: Hellooooo Faytherrr.

O'KEEFE: Maytherr gie me a kiss ...

FROST: I'll gie you nothing till ye gie me yer pay envelope. Hand over.

O'KEEFE: It's in my purse ... wait till I open my pocketbook...

BIZ: RUSTY HINGED DOOR LIKE HILLBILLY DOOR

O'KEEFE: It's a little rusty ... Here y'are Maytherr...

FROST: (FURIOUS) Umamah ... ten twenty thirty forty ...
Ah hah ... Yere one penny short ... one penny short
ye are. What did you do with it?

O'KEEFE: I came home from work in a taxicab...

FROST: Ye lie, Fergus Campbell..ye can't get a taxicab
for one penny.

O'KEEFE: I know Mayther...but there were thirty five ither
fellows in it with me.

JANIS: Oh Fayther, how could ye do it, How could ye spend
a whole penny?

O'KEEFE: I don't know, daughter ... I guess I'm just a playboy.

JANIS: Yere a spendthrift.

FROST: Yere a squanderer.

O'KEEFE: Shut yere traps ye two scrimy harpies ... I'll disinherit
ye. When I die I'll take all my gold with me.

FROST: It'll melt where you're going, Fergus Campbell.

BIZ: KNOCK ON THE DOOR

O'KEEFE: Who's there?

HUSING: (OFF MIKE) It's me ... Angus McHusing.

BIZ: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

HUSING: Hoot mon ...

O'KEEFE: What brings ye here the noo the night tonight the night
the noo the night.

HUSING: I want ye to fix my bagpipes.

O'KEEFE: Gie 'em to me ... I'll gie em a skirl and a squeeze.
Here ... I'll play ye a tune my father used to sing.

BIZ: BAGPIPER PLAYS RECOGNIZABLY "CHIEEK TO CHIEEK"

HUSING: Well done ... I can't play that tune myself because
it always takes the wind out of me.

O'KEEFE: Well play "The Camels Are Coming" because athletes
say Camels never get your wind.

HUSING: Aye, Fergus, Aye. Tell me ... what is the news in
the village.

FROST: Father tell him about poorr Wee Willie McMurdoch.

HUSING: Wee Willie Mc who?

O'KEEFE: McMurdoch ... M-A-C-M-U-R-D-O-Chhh.

HUSING: Aye ... I heard he passed awa., how did he die.

O'KEEFE: He bent over to tie his shoelace in a snowstorm and he froze to death.

HUSING: Ye mean he died all doubled up like that?

O'KEEFE: Aye...they couldn't straighten him out so they had to bury him in a bass drum.

BIZ: KNOCK ON THE DOOR

FROST: Who's at the doooooor?

JACK: (OFF MIKE) (SCOTCH DIALECT)

O'KEEFE: Come in.

(DOOR OPEN AND SHUT)

O'KEEFE: McHusing, this lad is my daughter's sweetie. He comes from Aberdeen...

HUSING: Aberdeen County ...

O'KEEFE: Noo...Aberdeen Janis. They've got a much thicker accent up there...

FROST: The poor man looks chilled to the bone.

O'KEEFE: That's because he never wears a hat. Sandy, would you like a drink?

JACK: (JABBERS)

HUSING: What mon ye don't want a drink,??

JACK: (JABBERS)

O'KEEFE: Make up your mind...yes or no.

JACK: Uh huh uh huh uh huh...I said yes.

O'KEEFE: Go on out in the kitchen. My daughter will take care of ye.

JACK: Uh huh.

BIZ: (DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS)

HUSING: Angus...my old friend...yere daughter should be marrying MY lad.

O'KEEFE: Nay...she'll marry Sandy. I've given my word...my word is my bond. I wouldn't break it for luv nor money.

HUSING: Buy my boy has made a million dollars...

O'KEEFE: Well, why didn't you say so. I'll have her marry your boy tomorrow. Where is he now.

HUSING: He just left America this morning by boat.

BIZ: (KNOCK ON THE DOOR)

HUSING: Here he is now.

O'KEEFE: (NATURAL VOICE) Say, he must have had a nice leisurely trip.

HUSING: Come in, Angus.

(DOOR OPENS)

SORIN: (SINGING) I've got a lassie who's got a classic chassie. Hoot mon, fayther. What's new to you this broad brikt moonlight night.

O'KEEFE: That was McGilliouddy wearing a suit with two pair of kilts.

HUSING: Angus, my guid lad, is it true you are a maelyonnaire the noo.

SORIN: Please, Popper, stop talking...you'll killing the King's English. You are speaking too much with a dialect.

JACK: (OFF MIKE AS THROUGH DOOR) (JABBERS)

SORIN: Say, dot's an amusing accent...Scotch-Irish...It reminds me of my office in New York...You see I belong to a Scotch-Irish firm...McRosenblatt and O'Stein...

HUSING: Now's your chance, Fergus...Break the news to my son...

O'KEEFE: Aye...Angus, how would you like to get married?...

SORIN: Plize, Mr. Campbell...this is so sudden... I hardly know your...

O'KEEFE: But Angus, I...

SORIN: Hoot mon, I'll admit you've got a pretty face, but can you cook?

HUSING: Angus, you don't understand...he wants you to marry his daughter!...She's crazy to meet you...

O'KEEFE: She's mad to meet you!...Daughter! ...

JANIS: Aye, Fayther...

O'KEEFE: I want you to meet Angus...

JANIS: Gee, what a funny looking mug...

SORIN: Denk you...

O'KEEFE: I can't help it...but this is what you've got to marry...

JANIS: (SCREAMS) Oh Fayther...not that!

SORIN: (QUIETLY) I can see she's nuts about me...Come on sweetmeats...give us a little smooch...What about a little catch as catch can.

JANIS: But fayther...fayther...I'm going to marry Sandy... he's got a plan to make a million dollars...

O'KEEFE: A million dollars, Sandy! ...How are you going to make it?

JACK: (JABBERS)

O'KEEFE: (OVER JABBER) Really!...you don't say! ... It's a great idea! ... You're a smart lad...

HUSING: What did he say...how's he going to make a million dollars?

O'KEEFE: He's going to sell shoes to the Ethiopians...

BIZ: BAGPIPES PLAY

APPLAUSE

O'KEEFE: And so, ladies and gentlemen, as the bagpipes give their last gasp, their dying wheeze, our Scotch players stagger into a Scotch mist, while the Casa Loma boys take you on a sightseeing trip to "Chinatown."

MUSIC: CHINATOWN (ORCHESTRA)

ANNO'R: The CAMEL Caravan is presented by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina, makers of CAMEL cigarettes and Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco. Every pipe smoker will enjoy the mild mellowness of good old "P.A." And if you aren't acquainted with this friendly prince of pipe tobaccos, you don't know what a treat smoking a pipe can be. The "P.A." special process prevents

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(MORE)

ANNOC'R:
(Cont'd)

and bite...and in every near red Prince Albert tin,
there are two full ounces. It's the National Joy
Smoke!

MUSIC:

SMOKE RINGS

O'KEEFE:

Time's up, my friends. (FACTORY WHISTLE) There goes
the factory whistle...and now while I take off my
overalls, Deane Janis, Glen Gray and Ted Husing knock
off and punch the time clock. This is Walter O'Keefe
saying good night until this same time Thursday.

APPLAUSE

THEME UP AND OUT

STATION CUE