

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

CAMEL PROGRAM NO. 21

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1935
9:00 - 9:30 P.M.

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

DOUGLAS: CAMELS never get on your nerves!

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 Old Man of the Mountain, wiping his feet on the welcome mat and bringing into your loudspeaker Deane Janis, the cigarette girl, Glen Gray and his Casa Loma Band and Ted Husing, the Old Man of the Microphone. Y'know I've been saving my money this year for Christmas presents and I just invited Husing to join this Christmas Club I belong to...but Ted wanted to know if the club has a bowling alley and a swimming pool. What do you do with a guy like that? Well anyway... we're getting under way, throw another log on the fire, pull up a chair and lend an ear to Glen Gray's boys playing "The Jazz Band Ball".

MUSIC: THE JAZZ BAND BALL (ORCHESTRA)

APPLAUSE

51453 1758

O'KEEFE: AD LIBS INTO

A LITTLE BIT INDEPENDENT (WALTER O'KEEFE AND
DEANE JANIS)

APPLAUSE

DOUGLAS: There are just TWELVE MORE SHOPPING DAYS till
Christmas. You can simplify your shopping list -- and
be sure of pleasing your friends -- by giving CAMEL
cigarettes -- in CHRISTMAS PACKAGES. CAMELS are
always welcome. They're made from finer, more
expensive Turkish and Domestic Tobaccos than any
other popular brand. CAMELS are the accepted
cigarette in the social, business and athletic worlds
-- smoked by up-to-date Americans everywhere! And
for Christmas what's more appropriate than CAMELS!
pleasant, cheering "LIFT"? Your nearest dealer has
the new Christmas packages now. Choose either the
special boxes of four "flat fifties" -- in new holiday
dress -- or the Christmas cartons with 10 packs of
"tventies" -- 200 cigarettes. There's no time better
than Christmas to give mild, fragrant CAMELS to the
friends you really want to please.

MUSIC: TOO MUCH IMAGINATION (ORCHESTRA DN SARGENT)

APPLAUSE

O'KEEFE: Thank you, Kenny. That was Kenny Sargent, folks... singing Too Much Imagination and now Pee Wee Hunt... the baby of the Casa Loma family will sing "If I Had Rhythm In My Nursery Rhymes"...It's a baby song ...his nurse is carrying him down to the microphone and he's got his bottle in his hands. I never saw a baby with such a bottle...It's got three stars on the label and a cork in it.

MUSIC: IF I HAD RHYTHM IN MY NURSERY RHYMES (ORCHESTRA AN HUNT)

APPLAUSE

DOUGLAS: And now we present Ted Husing, CAMEL star reporter...

HUSING: INSERT A

MUSIC: TAG

APPLAUSE

O'KEEFE: Friends, Romans and Radio Listeners...lend me your speakers because here comes the darling of the Camel Family...Deane Janis...pretty, petite and sweet...as trim and tiny and tidy and tasty and toothsome a tid bit as over these old eyes have seen. She's going to repeat by popular demand that lilting lament "Every Now and Then". In this corner...Deaner Janis.

MUSIC: EVERY NOW AND THEN (DEANE JANIS)

APPLAUSE

INSERT A-1

HUSING COMMERCIAL

HUSIN G: Thank you, Paul.

In the sunshine of the South and the West, the pigskin year extends thru to the first of 1938.

On New Year's Day, we'll have the Rose Bowl game, the annual East-West charity game at San Francisco, the Sugar Bowl battle at New Orleans, the Orange Bowl contest at Miami, and a few others, North against South, and this against that. We might have had the Cotton Bowl at Memphis, but the plans were arranged too late and we missed the inaugural of the Catholic East-West game by inches. Which means that they have designated New Year's day as post season-classic day -- a day that puts the final stamp of approval on a great football activity and lines up outstanding college elevens against each other.

The Rose Bowl leads the parade with the leading Pacific Coast team selecting its opponent anywhere else in the country -- while the East-West game pits actual all stars against each other -- the majority of them named on All-American teams from coast to coast. The Sugar Bowl, inaugurated last year with great success, brings the best Southern representative

INSERT A - 2

HUSING
(CONT'D)

against an outstanding team, usually from the North, Midwest or South-west...

The Orange Bowl will prove to be a grand outgrowth of what was formerly the Palm Festival game -- and the Miami committee has unusually brilliant plans in mind to make that contest as sensational as the rest. As for predictions of the games' outcomes -- listen in December 31st to our New Year's Eve show -- and I'll help you start the New Year right...If I'm wrong, I lose...but it's all in fun...However, there's one thing you up-and-coming sport fans will take my word about, I think, and that's the overwhelming popularity of CAMEL, the athletes' cigarette, with modern-minded Americans everywhere. Who doesn't enjoy the flavor of those costlier tobaccos, and the "lift" that comes from smoking a CAMEL! And it's grand to know CAMELS are so mild that athletes say, "They don't get your wind!"

OKEEFE: Tonight, ladies and gentlemen...we turn back the page of time and show you New York in the days of the Horse car, the Bustle and the Mustache Cup. This stirring melodrama of New York in the gay nineties is entitled "Go Roll Your Hoopskirt." The scene opens in a little New England village of two thousand souls and a couple of heels. As the curtain rises we see our heroine Penelope Phillipot kicking the gong around...around the railroad yards where she's waiting for Old Ninety Seven to come puffing around the bend.

BIZ: MENDELSON'S SPRING SONG

PROST: Oh where...Oh where is Marmaduke Marblehead, my sweetheart? He promised to meet me here at ten o'clock and 'tis already eight thirty...and he ain't here yet. The big lug. It must be ten o'clock because here comes the five o'clock train.

BIZ: SPUTTERING RAILROAD TRAIN, UP AND DOWN
BURLESQUES EFFECT...RATTLES TO S TOP

JACK: All aboard...all aboard.

PROST: Oh Mr. Engineer...have patience...Take your hand off the bottle...throttle...I am waiting for Marmaduke, my sweetheart.

JACK: Can't wait...Ma'am...this is our crack train. We ain't got a minute to spare...

PROST: But Mr. Engineer...

JACK: Un huh. It's two hundred and forty miles to New York and we've got to make it by the end of next month or bust.

BIZ: AUDIENCE CHEERS.

FROST: Hark...I hear hoofbeats...It must be Maxmaduke, my sweetheart.

BIZ: STARS AND STRIPES...WILD CHEERING
WILD HOOF BEATS

O'KEEFE: Whoa Dobbin...

BIZ: HOOFBEATS CONTINUE

O'KEEFE: Whoa Dobbinn...

BIZ: HOOFBEATS CONTINUE

O'KEEFE: Whoa sound effects...let me off this horse, will ya.

BIZ: HOOFBEATS STOP

FROST: Oh Mr. Engineer...this is Marmaduke, my sweetheart.

JACK: Well...glad to know you Marmaduke, my sweetheart.

O'KEEFE: Kiss me, my sweet...

FROST: Yes dear...

BIZ: EXAGGERATED KISSING SOUND

O'KEEFE: Hey...you're kissing the horse...here I am up here.

BIZ: APPLAUSE

FROST: Oh bless you for coming, Marmaduke, my sweetheart...
The world has forsaken me...You're ALL I have...my
life depends on you...all I have is YOU, Marmaduke,
my sweetheart.

JACK: Boy, what a spot you're in...

O'KEEFE: Ah Penelope... you should not go to New York for it
is indeed a wild place, I hear tell that people stay
up till ten o'clock at night.

FROST: But Marmaduke, my sweetheart...this glorious voice
of mine...I must sing...I must give this voice to
the world. (VOCALIZES)

BIZ: AUDIENCE BOOES

#6-

O'KEEFE: But I must go with you to the city...I must protect you.

JACK: With a voice like that she'll need protection.

O'KEEFE: We must never be separated.

FROST: In that case we'll take the train together...and I shall sing to you all the way.

O'KEEFE: In that case I'll take the next train.

JACK: All aboard...all aboard.

BIZ: TRAIN CHUGS OUT

ORCHESTRA PLAYS "HEARTS AND FLOWERS"

DOUGLAS: Years have passed. Penelope and Marmaduke, my sweetheart have drifted apart and we now discover the lovesick swain in a tap room on the Bowery still looking for his Penelope.

BIZ: MUSIC DIES

O'KEEFE: Alas...life is hard. I've been standing at this bar for two years waiting for her. I'll wait one more year and if she doesn't show up our engagement is off. Bartender...bartender.

DOUGLAS: Hey brother...you've been in here a lot. We may as well know each other. What's your name,

O'KEEFE: Marmaduke, my sweetheart. And I'm going to drown my sorrows in drink. Give me a pineapple ice cream soda.

BIZ: AUDIENCE BOOS

O'KEEFE: Well the audience is full of boos tonight. Not a bad idea... give me a whiskey.

BIZ: AUDIENCE CHEERS

DOUGLAS: Here it is...that'll be five cents.

O'KEEFE: I have no money but I'm sure some kind soul in the audience will pay for my drink.

BIZ: AUDIENCE BOOS AGAIN.

O'KEEFE: How do I know this is good licker...

DOUGLAS: Well brother I've got a very simple test. Stick your finger in the glass...if your fingernail drops off...it's okay...but if you lose your finger...look out.

O'KEEFE: Good heavens...do my eyes deceive me...Who is this girl coming through the door? Why...it's Penelope. She must not see me in this tattered raiment...I'll back up against the wall so she won't see this patch in my pants.

BIZ: MENDELSONN'S SPRING SONG...TWITTERING

FROST: Tell me, Mr. Bartender...you with the red nose...do you have a job for a beautiful girl like me. I can sing too...

VOCALIZES...HIGH AND LOW NOTES

O'KEEFE: She still sounds like the Old 97 comin' around the bend...

DOUGLAS: Here comes the boss now...he's a tough man...his name is Brutus Brutalberg.

BIZ: MYSTERIOUS MUSIC

SORIN: (LAUGHS FIENDISHLY)

BIZ: AUDIENCE BOOBS

SORIN: Hey Bartender...tea with lemon...we're paying already too much for the chorus girls. Fifty dollars a month. From now on pay them thirty five a week.

BIZ: APPLAUSE

FROST: Oh Mr. Brutalberg...I am an innocent girl from the country sadly in need of employment.

SORIN: Well sweetypuss...what experience you got?
FROST: I worked at the Elite Theater...I was in the pony chorus.
O'KEEFE: (SOTTE VOCE) Yeah...she was the old gray mare on the end.
BIZ: APPLAUSE FROM AUDIENCE
SORIN: Well, we don't have no blisters in here...you got to be a pretty kid to work in here. Pull up your sleeves and show me your writs.
FROST: Must I expose them?
O'KEEFE: Oh the fiend...the beast.
SORIN: You look good to me...Kiss me kid...
FROST: (SCREAMS)
SORIN: Come with me, kid...I'll teach you not to toy with Brutus Brutalberg, the Gable of the Ghetto...(LAUGHS)
BIX: HISSES AND BOOES
DOOR SLAMS
O'KEEFE: HEY bartender...where's he taking her?
DOUGLAS: Down to the railroad tracks. He's going to tie her to the tracks in the path of the eight fifteen.
O'KEEFE: Eight fifteen...why it's eight fourteen now...I haven't got a minute to lose.
DOUGLAS: (EXCITEDLY) What are you going to do...
O'KEEFE: Give me another drink.
DOUGLAS: Okay
O'KEEFE: I must get my horse...(WHISTLE)...Come here, Dobbin.
BIZ: HOOFBEATS RACE TO STOP

O'KEEFE: To the railroad tracks, Dobbin...and never mind the red lights...

BIZ: PIANO PLAYS CHASER MUSIC...OVER HOOFBEATS...
TRAIN WHISTLE...

SORIN: (LAUGHS)

BIZ: AUDIENCE BOOES AND HISSES

SORIN: I'll leave you now in the path of the eight fifteen...
Toodle oo...

BIZ: TRAIN IN DISTANCE...HOOFBEATS UP AND STOP

FROST: Oh alas..hark...here I am strapped to the tracks by that villain. Here comes the eight fifteen. Where is Marmaduke, my sweetheart. (HOOFBEATS) Here he comes rushing to the rescue...just in the nick of time.

BIZ: STARS AND STRIPES
APPLAUSE

FROST: Save me, save me...

O'KEEFE: It's too late, Penelope...there's not time to unstrap the bonds. But if YOU must die...I'll die with you. I'll die too...

BIZ: AUDIENCE APPLAUDS
TRAIN COMES UP AND STOPS

O'KEEFE: Look...we're saved...it's the Old 97. Oh Mr. Engineer... you remember me.

JACK: (OFF MIKE) Why yes...you're Marmaduke, my sweetheart.

FROST: And I am Penelope...strapped to the tracks...You remember me...I sing. (VOCALIZES)

JACK: Yes...I remember you...Full steam ahead boys. Let's go.

BIZ: TRAIN ROARS OUT

APPLAUSE

MUSIC: HALLELUJAH (ORCHESTRA)

MUSIC: SMOKE RINGS

D UGLAS: The CAMEL CARAVAN is presented for your entertainment by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Remember there are twelve more shopping days till Christmas. Give CAMEL cigarettes -- they're always welcome. And for pipe smokers, there's no more appreciated gift than mellow, mild PRINCE ALBERT. Your dealer now has the special Christmas gift packages of "good old P.A."-- full pound tins or pound glass humidors. Any pipe smoker will be delighted to have you make this a Prince Albert Christmas! All right Walter...it's yours...

O'KEEFE: And so, ladies and gentlemen...we throw another program on the fire and to the tune of Smoke Rings we do an off to Buffalo into the night. Don't forget our date next Thursday night...same cast...same time...This is Walter O'Keefe saying good night.

THEME UP AND OUT

STATION CUE