

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

CAMEL PROGRAM NO. 24

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1935

9:00 to 9:30 P.M.

CUE: (COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM)

ANNOUNCER: 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 the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, makers of CAMEL cigarettes...This is Santa Clause O'Keefe coming down your chimney with a bagful of entertainment including Glen Gray and his Casa Loma boys, Deane Janis and Ted Husing. By the way, I've got almost all my Christmas shopping done except a present for Pee Wee Hunt. I had planned to get him a book... but I found out that the only time he ever reads is when he gets his eyes examined. You know going around Christmas shopping I have seen so many Santa Clauses...thousands of them. As a matter of fact, at dinner tonight it was strange to see a bottle of ketchup on the table without a long white beard. Speaking of long white beards, here comes Glen Gray and his mustache playing "SUGAR."

MUSIC: SUGAR (ORCHESTRA)

BIZ: APPLAUSE

51453 1783

O'KEEFE: AD LIBS INTO:
Ladies and gentlemen, with Christmas only a few days away it is only appropriate that our studio audience should sing a Christmas carol. For hundreds of years this has been sung in England by strolling carolers. It is entitled, "ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID BUT NEVER A BRIDE". All right girls, could I hear that? All right boys....That's fine. Thank you, men.

MUSIC: "ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID"

BIZ: APPLAUSE

ANNOUNCER: There are only four shopping days remaining before Christmas. However, this fact needn't put you in a panic. There's an easy way to check nearly every name on your Christmas list with thoughtfulness and good taste. Just listen to this:

WOMAN: (VERY CLEAR AND GRACIOUS) For Cousin Alice-- CAMEL cigarettes -- she'll like the box of four "flat fifties" for her bridge club afternoons. And the Christmas package is so gay and cheerful!

MAN: [HEARTY] Don't forget Uncle Fred would appreciate being remembered. He's a pipe smoker, so Prince Albert is the answer. That pound humidor in Christmas wrapping will more than fill the bill!

GIRL: (CHEERFUL, YOUNG) All the young people you'd like to be really nice to want ca tons of CAMELS this year. Two hundred swell cigarettes that every one likes, in a smart packing that fits in the Christmas picture!

YOUNG MAN: (BREEZEY) And don't forget, young pipe smokers go for "P.A." just like the older men. You ask Brother Bob. He'll tell you that full pound Prince Albert tin in the holiday box is his idea of Christmas cheer that means something.

ANNOUNCER: And let us add, on behalf of your tobacco dealer, the gay gift packages of CAMELS and Prince Albert are ready for your inspection at any time. This Christmas, give real pleasure to your friends!

MUSIC: SO THIS IS HEAVEN (ORCHESTRA & SARGENT)

O'KEEFE: Ladies and gentlemen, that was Kenny Sargent singing "SO THIS IS HEAVEN", and here comes Man Mountain Hunt. I've got a great idea about Pee Wee today. You know, I've been reading about these big Trans-Atlantic liners...France has its Normandie...England is sending over the Queen Mary which is bigger still...but American can absolutely top the both of them. We're going to put an outboard motor on Pee Wee Hunt.

BIZ: APPLAUSE

MUSIC:

"I HOPE GABRIEL LIKES MY MUSIC" (ORCH. & HUNT)

APPLAUSE

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

HUSING: Thank you, Paul.

Last year, a young newspaperman in New York conceived the idea of a series of basketball double headers to be played at Madison Square Garden. Attracted by curiosity, a mixed group of fans witnessed the opening game, which, by the way, was a titanic struggle won by New York University over Notre Dame and they came out applauding and cheering. As the season wore on, teams from all parts of the nation came to the Garden. Peculiar as it sounds, basketball -- in one fell swoop -- became a fixture in New York's sport life. And so, last night Madison Square Garden opened its present season -- a season of 10 Wednesday night double headers, featuring the acknowledged national champions -- New York University's Violets....

The initial team to test the New Yorkers was the huge California quintette from Berkley, California -- making their first appearance in the East.. These tall basket tossers, runners-up in the Pacific Coast loop last year, went down to defeat by a score of 41-26 at the hands of a team that has taken only one lacing in two seasons-- (Continued next page)

BUSING: (CONT'D) Last night's game marked a variety of styles of play. NYU starting slowly against the Westerners. Once the scoring touch was found, NYU ran away from the Bears.. Great play at the backboards, accurate tosses to the corners, fast feints and quick breaking plays mark the Violet game -- and none seems able to stop it ...

Basketball is in the throes of a new impetus. And it seems destined to be even a greater, more enjoyable game as it becomes standardized, for rule interpretations at present, keep the game from being the same the nation over.

But regardless of minor rule variations, basketball today is a hard, pounding game wherever it's played. It calls for supreme coordination of muscle and nerve. And here's a basketball player's opinion on smoking, offered by James Lancaster, captain of a champion NYU team. He says: "I'm a regular CAMEL smoker. One of the biggest points about CAMELS is that I can smoke all I want and still keep in good condition for basketball." Right, James Lancaster-- you've found, like other CAMEL smokers, that CAMELS ARE SO MILD, they never get on your nerves!

MUSIC:

TAG (NYU TUNE)

BIZ: APPLAUSE

O'KEEFE: Now, ladies and gentlemen, Deane Janis sings
"IN MY SOLITUDE". You remember how it goes,
"In My Solitude You Haunt Me."

SORIN: By the way, Mr. O'Kiffy, I like the way you sing a song.
When you sing a song it haunts me.

O'KEEFE: Haunts you?

SORIN: You murder it.

O'KEEFE: Ladies and gentlemen, Miss Janis will sing "In My
Solitude". McGilllicuddy, let's take a walk in the
alley.

MUSIC: IN MY SOLITUDE (DEANE JANIS)

APPLAUSE

O'KEEFE: Well, ladies and gentlemen, tonight we ride the range
in a two-fisted, doubled-barrelled, double breasted,
rootin' tootin' four star Western sandwich entitled,
"Horsetails In The Sunset." The scene is laid in the
little frontier town of Rustler's Pass one mile from
Tenderfoot Pass, two miles from Forward Pass, three
miled from the British National Museum and only four
more shopping days till Christmas. Now that you
know exactly where we are we all put on our boots and
saddles and we listen to the cowboys riding into town
singing a song of the range.

CAST SINGS: "BOOTS AND SADDLES" OVER HOOF BEATS...
SEGUES INTO "SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN"
HORSE NEIGH...

JACK: Waal sheriff...your singing mighty purty these
 days.

O'KEEFE: That isn't me ...that's the horse.

DOUGLAS: Say, sheriff...I heerd as haow you had a close
 call with them Indians yesterday.

O'KEEFE: Yep...I was a-ridin' the range when five thousand
 redskins come at me.

JACK: Five thousand... what did you do, sheriff?

O'KEEFE: I surrounded them...

DOUGLAS: It's a good thing they didn't scalp you, sheriff.

O'KEEFE: They did scalp me. They sold me two tickets to the
 Rose Bowl Game and charged me fifty bucks.

BIZ: EVERYBODY YELLS ...WHOA.

(NEXT PAGE)

JACK: Say, sheriff...looks as if you ain't feeding your horse right....Looks awful skinny to me.

O'KEEFE: Skinny! I'll say. I have to tie a knot in his tail to keep him from slippin' through his collar.

DOUGLAS: Let's go into the saloon and have a game of cards, boys.

CAST: Okay.

BIZ: DOOR OPENS....PIANO AND CROWD NOISES

O'KEEFE: Quiet....It's too noisy in here...Quiet!

BIZ: AD LIB CRIES

JANIS: Shhhhh....the sheriff.

SORIN: (OFF MIKE) HUMMING A COWBOY SONG...LAST ROUND UP.

O'KEEFE: Hey, you ornery critter....I said quiet!

SORIN: (HUMS AND THEN LAUGHS NASTILY)

O'KEEFE: Shut up....I said....Who are YOU ~~kahafx~~ tenderfoot?

SORIN: Tenderfoot my foot...I'm Snake Eyes Gottlieb, podner....a tough hombre from Marshmallow Gulch and this is my night to howl. Yahoo. I reckon you heard of me...the Lone Cowboy.

O'KEEFE: The Lone Cowboy, eh?

SORIN: (MIMICKING) Yeah! I loan money at ten percent.

O'KEEFE: Well listen.....I'd advise you to make yourself scarce around these hyah parts. I Don't like your looks.

SORIN: Well...you're not such a cutie puss yourself, sheriff.... besides...you and I don't speaking the same language.

O'KEEFE: I hope not. What's your line, Gottlieb...horse thief?

SORIN: Please to keep your mouth....kid...Me, a horse thief?(LAUGHS)
Absolutely not...I rob stage coaches...

O'KEEFE: Waal...nice work if you can get it...but listen here, stranger...you cain't get it around here.

JACK: C'mon sheriff...leave him alone. Let's have a drink.

O'KEEFE: Okay boys...up to the bar...bartender, what have you got to drink?

CABOOCH: Well, sheriff...glad to see you...you're welcome. Don't mention it. Excuse you....

O'KEEFE: Merry Christmas!

CABOOCH: Okay....Same to me? What have I got?

O'KEEFE: Boy, I love that western drawl of yours.

CABOOCH: How about a dash hund...I mean a doxhund special.

O'KEEFE: What's that?

CABOOCH: One drink and you get a long little doggie. (LAUGHS)

O'KEEFE: No....give me a Santa Claus cocktail.

CABOOCH: Hey, what's a Santa Claus cocktail.

O'KEEFE: I don't know...we couldn't get a gag for it. Mix me up anything.

CABOOCH: Okay. One slug of gin...one slug whiskey....a little vermouth....a dash of brandy...

O'KEEFE: Don't forget the ketchup...

CABOOCH: That's right...the ketchup...witch hazel...pineapple... an inner tube...overalls.

O'KEEFE: Hey are you mixing a drink or taking inventory?

CABOOCH: A jigger of Jamaica Ginger...throw in a spoonful of Anti-Freeze.

O'KEEFE: Throw in the spoon.

CABOOCH: Throw in the spoon....Excuse you....I'm welcome...One quart of oil...one windshield wiper...

O'KEEFE: Put a license plate on that and give it to me.

CABOOCH: O.Q...Now...we shake him up....one, two, three...

BIZ: CONCRETE MIXER...
INTO EXPLOSION
(AD LIB YELLS FROM BOYS)

O'KEEFE: Ladies and gentlemen, if any of our cowboys were blown into your loudspeakers send them back care of this station.

BIZ: HOOF BEATS

JACK: (OFF MIKE) Hey sheriff...here comes the stage coach with the new school teacher.

DOUGLAS: Say, the new school maam, eh?

BIZ: EVERYBODY CHEERS....HOOF BEATS STOP

O'KEEFE: Come right in, Missy....I'm Sheriff O'Keefe.

FROST: (A LITTLE SIGH AND EXCLAMATION)

O'KEEFE: Welcome to Rustler's Pass, Missy...our young uns certainly need some of that thar book larnin' you eddicated folks have.

FROST: Tanks ~~Flatfoot~~ Flatfoot. Youse soitinly is a swell guy.

O'KEEFE: Ah, a Boston girl, he?

FROST: I'll loin them brats in jig time...nobody ain't never gonna make no chump out of Lizzie Slots, Ph.D.

SORIN: Hello dar Lizzie, my little cactus cutie.

FROST: Well, if it ain't Snake Eyes.

O'KEEFE: Say, wait a minute...do you all know each other.

SORIN: Humph...we certainly do, I reckon we do, I'll tell you dot... why Lizzie hails from my home town...she was the school ma'am up there. I recommend her very highly as an English teacher...she taught me.

HUSING: (COMING IN, OFF MIKE) Hey, sheriff...somebody just held up the bank and got away with a lot of dough...everything we had in the valut.

O'KEEFE: How much?

HUSING: Fifty cents.

O'KEEFE: Fifty cents...shucks...thirty five cents of that was mine... whoever pulled that job went too far this time...but I'll get him...I'll track him down and kill him like a dog... thirty five cents...gee, I was saving that money to buy myself a new cowboy suit for Christmas...

HUSING: It was a woman what pulled this job sheriff...she posed as a school teacher...broke in the front door and got away with the loot afore we knew it.

O'KEEFE: School teacher, eh...say, Lizzie, what do you know about this?

FROST: Nothin...I don't know nothin...not a thing...you can't accuse me...I never broke in the front door of that place... I went in through the window.

O'KEEFE: I knowed you was a crook all the time...and I think you and Snake Eyes are working in cahoots...stick'em up, Snake Eyes....

SORIN: No, I won't do it....

O'KEEFE: Why not?

SORIN: My suspenders is broken, podner.

O'KEEFE: C'mon up with the hands...that's better...now, Snake Eyes...
I'm going to give you what's coming to you.

SORIN: Humph...you wouldn't bully me if you didn't have dot gun
behind you...if you didn't have the nozzle in my schnozzle.

O'KEEFE: I'm a-goin' to give you a gun, too, Snake Eyes....I'm a-goin'
to call off my men what's got ya covered..I'm a-goin to
give you a sporting chance...opt here in the west everything
is fair and square...we'll start off even.

SORIN: You mean we're going to fight a duel?

O'KEEFE: Yeyes - a mayan to mayan docell...with our backs together
we walk in opposite directions.

SORIN: Hokay...we'll walk ten paces.

O'KEEFE: Oh no...five paces...ten paces with your big feet would
carry you out to Wyoming.

SORIN: Hokay...you're being mighty true blue with me, giving me
this chance, sheriff.

O'KEEFE: You bet I am...I'm fair and sqaure clear through...(SOTTO)
Husing, if this guy gets too touch, plug him.

SORIN: Okay, here we go...count off...one...

O'KEEFE: Five!

BIZ: VOLLEY OF SHOTS - SOUNDS OF BOMBS BURSTING ETC.

SORIN: You got me, sheriff, you got me.

BIZ: VIOLINS PLAY "LAST ROUND UP" SOFTLY

SORIN: I'm dying...oh, Bury Me Not On The Lone Prairie...I'm
Heading For The Last Round-Up...take my Boots and Saddles..
soon, I'll Be Comin' Round The Mountain...to my Home On The
Range...

O'KEEFE: Wait a minute...are you dying or selling songs?

SORIN: Yes..Listen Podner...I'm kicking the bucket...I'm hitting
that lonesome road for the happy hunting ground...but
before I go...I want to tell you all who I really am...I'm
not Snake Eyes Gottlieb...I'm your Uncle Julius.

O'KEEFE: Uncle Julius...

FROST: And I'm not Lizzie either...I'm a campfire girl.

O'KEEFE: Well, I might as well make a clean breast of it, too. I'm
not the sheriff...I'm the bride of Frankenstein...(SEA LION
SNORT EFFECT)

CABOOCH: Hey, Frankenstein, don't you remember me?

O'KEEFE: No...who are you?

CABOOCH: I am your mother...kiss me kid.

AD LIB CRIES...MOTHER, DAD, UNCLE JULIUS, ETC. INTO
APPLAUSE

MUSIC: DO YOU EVER THINK OF ME (ORCHESTRA)

APPLAUSE

ANNOUNCER: The CAMEL Caravan is presented with the good wishes of
R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North
Carolina, makers of CAMEL cigarettes and Prince Albert
Smoking Tobacco. In the four shopping days that remain
till Christmas, simplify your gift problem and relieve

ANNOUNCER: (CONT'D) the strain of last minute buying by giving CAMELS and Prince Albert. The special Christmas holiday packages are smart and attractive. Your nearest tobacco dealer will be glad to show them to you. Remember, CAMELS and Prince Albert are THE MOST TRULY APPRECIATED GIFTS THAT you can give to smokers.

All right, Walter...it's yours...

MUSIC:

SMOKE RINGS

O'KEEFE:

Well, ladies and gentlemen...we've come to the end of the road for tonight...you go your way...we'll go ours...and don't forget we'll shinny up your Christmas tree on Tuesday night at this same time...This is Walter O'Keefe saying good night.

THEME UP AND OUT

STATION CUE