

# RADIO

## WILLIAM ESTY AND COMPANY

INCORPORATED



12/13/35.

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

CAMEL PROGRAM NO. 25

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1935.

9:00 - 9:30 P.M.

CHIEF: (COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM)

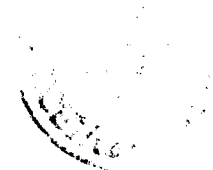
ANNOUNCER: CAMELS never get on your nerves!

MUSIC: SMOKE RINGS

ANNOUNCER: (OVER MUSIC) Merry Christmas, ladies and gentlemen... here comes the CAMEL CARAVAN wrapped in cellophane, tied up with a red and green ribbon...and dropped down your chimney by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company...makers of CAMEL cigarettes...this is Walter O'Keefe and let me warn you that there are only ~~200~~ more shopping days until Christmas...Here in the studio tonight we're going to have a party of our own...with Deane Janis, Glen Gray and his Casa Loma boys...and Ted Martin. And as soon as the broadcast is over we're going to tear down Poe Wee Ewe and put up a Christmas tree. Now, the first present to be unwrapped is the contribution of the Casa Loma boys. In honor of the Yuletide season they have gone way back and...

*Remember next year is Leap year!*

*792*



51458 7007

01/13/77

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U.S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE



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*That's a secret.*

...singing and dancing singers for hundreds  
of years. It's entitled "Panama"...

MUSIC: PANAMA (SACCHESERA)  
APPLAUSE

...and gentlemen...that was "Panama"...played by  
Clarence and his little reindeers.

MUSIC: Merry Christmas, Walter.

MUSIC: Same to you, Deane...by the way before the broadcast is over  
I'm going to have everyone on the program and everyone in  
the studio drop into my house for a Christmas party. I'm  
gonna be Santa Claus.

MUSIC: Oh, Santa Claus, eh...what are you going to put in my  
stocking.

MUSIC: What?

MUSIC: What are you going to put in my stockings.

MUSIC: Nothing...I ~~like to put in them already.~~ Ladies  
and gentlemen...Miss Deane Janis will now sing "Treasure  
Island"...All right, Deane.

MUSIC: TREASURE ISLAND (DEANE JANIS)  
\* APPLAUSE

ANNOUNCER: Here's a preview of tomorrow morning in many happy  
American homes:

MUSIC: (TOMMY BRASSETT) Say...can I believe my eyes! Santa Claus  
has actually brought me something I like -- good old P...  
Man! This pound humor of Prince Albert is going to get  
a merry Christmas for me and my pipe!

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NOTES:

(YOUR, FRIENDS WERE PLEASED) Look what I've got -- CAMEL  
a box of four "flat fifties" -- such an attractive package  
and so useful when we entertain at holiday parties! Wasn't  
somebody thoughtful!

*everywhere*

ANNOUNCES:

Smokers are ~~always~~ happy when they receive a gift of  
CAMEL or Prince Albert. So if you have a guilty feeling  
that you've neglected some of your friends this Christmas,  
~~remember there are plenty of places open right now where~~  
~~you can~~ get the attractive gift packages of Prince Albert  
and CAMEL cigarettes -- the Prince Albert in pound tins or  
glass humidors, the CAMELS in boxes of four "flat fifties"  
or cartons. The mellow goodness of Prince Albert and the  
cheerful "lift" of CAMELS--either make a wonderfully  
appropriate Christmas gift! And there is still time to  
remember every smoker on your Christmas list with good  
Prince Albert or nice, fragrant CAMELS!

*How many find some  
dealer who can  
still supply*

MUSIC:

MR. RHYTHM MAN (ORCHESTRA AND HORN)

APPLAUSE

OKAYEWE:

Ladies and gentlemen...that was Pee Wee Hunt singing

"Mr. Rhythm Man...Merry Christmas, Pee wee...

WALTER:

So what!

PEE WEE:

Pee wee I've managed to find the ideal Christmas present  
for you.

WALTER:

Sorry, Walter...I'm on the wagon.

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O'KEEFE: No...this is an alarm clock...the latest thing for getting  
time in the morning. Look...here's how it works...

BIG: TICK TICK TICK...BIG BEN RINGS (BIG BELL)

HUNT: That's wonderful.

O'KEEFE: But that's not all. The minute the bell stops ringing...  
your bed collapses...and the hands on the clock reach down  
and pull on your pants.

HUNT: It won't do ME any good, Walter.

O'KEEFE: Why not?

HUNT: I sleep with my pants on. Ladies and gentlemen, I now  
present a song called "Why Shouldn't I." It will be sung  
by Kenny Sargent...He's good too!

MUSIC: WHY SHOULDN'T I (ORCHESTRA AND SARGENT)  
APPLAUSE

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

HUSING: TO BE INSERTED

MUSIC: TAG  
APPLAUSE

MUSIC: AVALON TOWN (ORCHESTRA)

O'KEEFE: Thank you, Glen...thank you, boys...and now I want to  
invite everybody in the studio over to my house for a  
Christmas party.

HUNT: Where do you live?

O'KEEFE: Right across the street, Ted...Come on, everybody...let's

SFX: STAMPING OF FEET...HOWLING...TRAFFIC NOISES  
THEY DIV IOWN.

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Best Copy

HUSING: Say, Walter...who's that man following us.  
O'KEEFE: That's the studio audience...Wait till you meet my father.  
Ted...Well, here is my house. Come on in everybody.  
BIZ: DOOR OPENS...AD LIB NOISES.  
HUSING: Say...this is a nice place, here. Who's that guy over  
there...Is that your father?  
O'KEEFE: No...that's my chinese cook. Hey...Mah Choo...  
CARBOCH: (JABBERS)  
O'KEEFE: Merry Christmas to you, too.  
DOUGLAS: (BARKS) Arf Arf Arf.  
O'KEEFE: That's my dog, Fido.  
DOUGLAS: (BARKS) Arf Arf.  
O'KEEFE: Hey Fido...get away from that Christmas tree.  
DOUGLAS: Walter.  
O'KEEFE: Yes, Paul.  
DOUGLAS: On behalf of everybody on the program...we all love you...  
I've got something I want to say.  
O'KEEFE: Oh Paul...not now...I'm modest. I don't like to have  
people make speeches about me...and besides wait till  
everybody gets there.  
BIZ: KNOCK ON THE DOOR  
O'KEEFE: Wait a minute, I'll open it.  
BIZ: DOOR OPENS  
O'KEEFE: Hello See See.  
BIZ: Merry Christmas. What have you got to eat?

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O'KEEFE: Maybe the dog will give you his bone...Happy New Year.

HUSING: Say, Walter...where's your phone.

O'KEEFE: Right over there...where's your nickel.

HUSING: Here!

O'KEEFE: Nobody's going to cheat me.

BIZ: PHONE CLICKS

HUSING: Operator, get me San Francisco, California. Frisco 2000.

O'KEEFE: Uh uh...Ted. What do you take me for...Five cents for a call to California. Huh! Give me that other nickel.

HUSING: Yes...that's right operator. (SOTTA VOCE) I'm calling my mother...my dear, dear mother...(HUMS) Hullo Babe...this is Toots.

O'KEEFE: Ah that's nice...mother and son...Babe and Toots.

HUSING: I'm over at Walter O'Keefe's house...He's a what?...I know but I can't avoid him all the time...I know he did that...but he served his ten years...he's paid his debt to society

O'KEEFE: It's a lie...I got three years off for good behavior.

HUSING: Well, good bye Babe.

BIZ: PHONE CLICKS

O'KEEFE: What did your mother say?

HUSING: She wanted to wish you a merry Christmas.

CABOOCH: (JABBERS)

O'KEEFE: Yes, Mah Choo...you did a nice job on the Christmas tree. Do you have Christmas trees in China.

CABOOCH: (SHORT JABBER)

O'KEEFE: No...trees...you chop trees...chop trees.

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CASBOGH: No no...chop suey.

O'KEEFE: Get back in your kennel.

JANIS: Oh Walter...

O'KEEFE: Yes, Deane...

JANIS: I think this is a wonderful party and I brought you a Christmas present. It's a sweater.

BIZ: UNWRAPPING OF PAPER

O'KEEFE: A sweater, eh. It's just what I needed. Why Deane...it's only a ball of yarn and a couple of needles.

JANIS: Sure...but just start knitting and before you know it you'll have a sweater.

O'KEEFE: Well thanks, Deane...Here's my present to you...A couple of wrist watches...one for the left and one for the right hand.

JANIS: But Walter...I can't use two watches.

O'KEEFE: Oh yes you can! They work like this...the one on the left arm is seventeen minutes slow...and the one on the right is thirty seven minutes fast...so all you've got to do is divide by three and multiply by four and you know exactly what time it is...if you look at a good clock.

DOUGLAS: Walter...

O'KEEFE: Yes Paul.

DOUGLAS: You know you're a such a swell guy and on such an auspicious occasion...on behalf of the whole gang here I'd like to say a few words...

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O'KEEFE: Paul...just give me the present...forget the speech...  
Hey, Mah Choo...Is the chop suey ready?

CABOOCH: Yes...I did my Christmas chop suey early. (LAUGHS) Velly  
fine American joke. I kill myself.

O'KEEFE: Deane, I want you to meet Mah Choo. For years he's been  
one of the family.

JANIS: Yes...I can see there is a resemblance.

CABOOCH: Am I embarassed. Is my face yellow!

O'KEEFE: You'll like him, Deane...he's a singer too.

CABOOCH: Yes...they call me the Chinese Pee Wee Hunt.

O'KEEFE: Oh...I thought you were known as One Lung Sargent. Well,  
come on, Mah Choo...sing us a Christmas carol. What's the  
name of it.

CABOOCH: (JABBERS)

O'KEEFE: Presenting Mah Choo...singing...(PAUSE)

CABOOCH: (JABBERS)

O'KEEFE: You took the words right out of my mouth.

CABOOCH SINGS...DOUGLAS BARKS.

O'KEEFE: I think they make a good duet.

HUSING: Hey Walter...You don't get the Christmas spirit unless  
you've got some kids around...so I brought in these two  
youngsters. Sonny...this is a big night for you...you've  
listened to the radio...this is Walter O'Keefe.

JACK: So what!

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OWEN: Well a polite little fellow...and this is your sister eh? Young lady you're welcome...the house is yours my little darling. Is there anything you want?

FROST: (LITTLE GIRL VOICE) Yes...where's the bar? I want an ice cream soda.

JACK: Say Wallie...I've got a present for you...

OWEN: (GASPING) Really...you don't say...

JACK: Yes...it's a chicken from my father's farm. Here it is.

OWEN: What do you mean chicken...it's an egg.

JACK: Yes...but if you sit on it a couple of years you'll have a chicken.

HUSING: Walter...I'll get the kids a soda while we're waiting for Santa Claus.

THEY EXIT - AD LIB.

OWEN: Leane...don't tell the kids...but McGillicuddy is coming as Santa Claus...dressed up in a red suit.

BIZ: KNOCK ON DOOR

JANIS: There he is now...Come in Santa Claus.

BIZ: DOOR OPENS

SORIN: Well kiddies...greetings of the season. Here is coming Santa Claus.

OWEN: McGillicuddy...what are you dressed up like that for?

SORIN: Well you told me to wear a red suit.

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O'KEEFE: Yes...but not red underwear. Well look...we've got some kids here...Put on your act and tell them you're coming to their house later.

SORIN: Come here kiddies.

O'KEEFE: Sonny this is Santa Claus. Say hello.

JACK: Hiya punk.

SORIN: Well come on sonny...scamper along home and I'll be coming down your chimney at midnight.

JACK: You can't come down our chimney...you've got to come in the door.

O'KEEFE: No little man...Santa always comes down the chimney.

JACK: Not in our house. The chimney is boarded up.

O'KEEFE: Boards across it why?

JACK: To keep the stork away...

O'KEEFE: To keep the stork away...what's your name.

JACK: My name is Lionne. I'm a quintuplet.

DOUGLAS: Walter on this suspicious occasion...I'd like to make my speech now.

O'KEEFE: All right...what have you got to say to me.

DOUGLAS: Oh it isn't only for you....it concerns everybody.

DOUGLAS: This CAMEL Caravan is sent you with the season's greetings of R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., makers of CAMEL Cigarettes and Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco, who ask us to say to all who have heard our program. "A Merry Christmas...and a happy and prosperous New Year!"

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TO: [illegible]  
FROM: [illegible]

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RECEIVED:

AD LOSS INFO

THROW ANOTHER LOG ON THE FIRE (WALTER O'KEEFE  
AND DEANE JANTS)

PATTER

EVERYONE WISHES MERRY CHRISTMAS

WASH UP AND GET

STATION CUE:

51458 7025

11-11-68  
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