

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY AND COMPANY
INCORPORATED

W. E. Esty
12/11/34
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COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

CAMEL PROGRAM NO. 22

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1934.

9:00 - 9:30 P.M.

CUE:

(COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM)

MUSIC:

SMOKE RINGS

O'KEEFE:

(AFTER EIGHT BARS) Gangway, neighbor...here comes the

Camel Caravan brought to you by the makers of Camel
Cigarettes and Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco. Well,
ladies and gentlemen, this is your city cousin...

Walter O'Keefe, the Man On The Flying Trapeze...

greeting you all on behalf of Glen Gray and his Casa Loma
orchestra...Annette Hanshaw and Ted Husing...The Grand

Old Man of Radio...I don't know how the cold wave is
affecting you...but over on my little farm on Broadway
the cows aren't giving milk anymore...they're giving

ice cream cones...I spoke to the milkman and he said

I'd have to talk to the cows about it...So I spoke to
the cow and she said "MOO....ME?"...Well, this isn't

getting us anywhere...let's have some music...When you
hear the sound of the musical note it will be the Casa

Loma boys playing "Rose Room".....

MUSIC:

ROSE ROOM (ORCHESTRA)

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O'KEEFE:

NOTE: This first
gag about Husing's
present fits in
here better than
in copy already
sent down for a
previous program.

Well, ladies and gentlemen...I went out Christmas shopping today...I wanted to get Christmas presents for Husing and Pee Wee Hunt and Glen Gray...and I wanted to get them all in one store...And let me tell you that it's no picnic walking around the Five and Ten Cent Store all day...not only that but the manager wouldn't let me open a charge account. I don't know...but when you break a half a dollar the rest of it goes just like water...And yesterday I went Christmas shopping with my Aunt Min...you've heard me speak of Aunt Min...she weighs about ten ounces less than Glen Gray's orchestra...What I mean is she's got plenty all over...and when I met her in front of the department store there she was sitting on the curbstone with a big crowd around her...When the traffic cop put up an argument Aunt Min explained that she was holding the parking space for a friend...I got her up on her feet and just as we started to cross the street a taxicab bumped into her...She almost rocked herself to sleep trying to get up...Well, anyway, she yelled at the cab driver..."Couldn't you have gone around me?"...And the guy yelled "Sorry, Madam...I didn't think I had enough gas!"...Well, we went into the department store and Min wanted to have some gin sent home...I forget the brand, but she said to the salesman, "How come this gin is so clean?"....He said, "Lady, you'd be clean too, if you just came out of the bathtub"...Well, then she wanted some Scotch...she wanted Iron Horse, and he said "Sorry, we haven't got any

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O'KEEFE:

(CONT'D) Iron Horse...why don't you take some Old Crow?
But Aunt Min said, "No thanks...I don't want to fly...I
just want to jump around a little"...Well, she must have had
thirty bundles when we were leaving...and she started down
the escalator...she thought it was a ski jump...anyway, she
fell and landed right on her Old Crow...tumbled down stairs
and landed on top of a little guy...Well, she was stunned...
she didn't come to until the little guy looked up and said,
"Sorry, Madam...you'll have to get off...this is as far as
I go"...Y'know Aunt Min is one of those practical women...
for example, this year she can't go down to Miami...you see
Aunt Min loves that salt air and sunshine...she's always
loved salt air and sunshine...so this winter she's going to
lie around under the sun lamp and have somebody wave a
herring under her nose.....Well, enough of this chatter...
later on in the program we'll take up the question of
Christmas shopping...but meanwhile give your ears a treat
while Annette Hanshaw sings "A Cheerful Little Earful"...

MUSIC:

CHEERFUL LITTLE EARFUL (ANNETTE HANSHAW)

VON ZELL:

Thank you, Annette, for that cheerful little earful. And
here's an additional "earful" which will be welcomed by
the Christmas shoppers in our audience. Avoid that last
minute rush by remembering that one of the most acceptable
Christmas presents is a gift of Camel cigarettes. It's
something that will really be enjoyed. It's also an
expression of your own good taste and discrimination, for



"Big" or
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VON ZELL:

Camels are found in every gathering of social and business leaders. And Camel's finer tobaccos give that pleasant extra "lift" in energy which is so delightfully appropriate to Christmas. Your dealer is ready to show you the handsome holiday packages of Camels. Both cartons of ten packages and boxes of four "flat fifties" have been specially decorated. Sending these gift packages is a most colorful and pleasing way to wish a friend merry Christmas -- so why not give your dealer the names of all smokers on your holiday list; for it is certainly true that "No smoker ever had too many Camels." (SLIGHT PAUSE) And you will delight any pipe smoker with a gift of Prince Albert. The one-pound tins and glass humidors are dressed up and ready for the holidays now in brightly decorated Christmas packages. Prince Albert is the year-round favorite of more men than any other pipe tobacco. This makes the "National Joy Smoke" doubly welcome at Christmas time.

MUSIC:

JUST A FAIR WEATHER FRIEND (ORCHESTRA AND SARGENT)
(O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTRODUCTION OVER MUSIC)

BIZ:

ROLL ON THE DRUMS

VON ZELL:

Ladies and Gentlemen, again we bring you Professor O'Keefe's News...all the news that's fit to throw in the ash can... Keep abreast of yesterday with Professor O'Keefe's News... the Eyes, Ears and Throat of the World!....

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SORIN: Sees all!...

JACK: Hears all!...

O'KEEFE: And gargles!!!

BIZ: PHONEY TRUMPET BLAST

O'KEEFE: New York, N.Y....Department store merchants report the biggest Christmas rush in recent years...Employers take on additional help to meet the demands of this tidal wave of buying...Into one of New York's leading department stores the O'Keefe News now takes you and lets you peek into the employment office....

BIZ: KNOCK ON DOOR

O'KEEFE: Come in!

BIZ: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

JACK: I hear you want to hire a store detective..well, I'm your man...Philo Pants...the Human Bloodhound...

O'KEEFE: Come around and bleed for me some other time...I'm busy...

JACK: No, no...you don't understand...I'm the Human Bloodhound...
I track down the thief with my sense of smell...

O'KEEFE: No...no...you're too old a man for the job... *fat*

JACK: Well, I may not see very good...I may not hear very good...
but I SMELL all right!...

O'KEEFE: Not to me you don't...

BIZ: PHONEY TRUMPET BLAST

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O'KEEFE: This year Santa Claus has to work in shifts...Let's listen in as Santa Claus Number One...is relieved for lunch by Santa Claus Number Two...

BIZ: ORCHESTRA PLAYS "JINGLE BELLS"

JACK: Hello, Santa Claus....

SORIN: Hello, Santa Claus...I was just talking to Santa Claus down the street. He's sore because his boss made him take a ten percent cut...By the way...how's tricks?...

JACK: I had a tough morning with those little brats, so I'm going down the street and catch my reindeer...

SORIN: What do you call your reindeer?...

JACK: The Bronx Park Express...Look, here comes a kid now...

SORIN: Go ahead, I'll take care of him...So long, Santa Claus...

JACK: So long, Santa Claus....

RENWICK: Oh, Santa Claus...I brought little boy Willie in to see you

SORIN: Well, Willie...you're a bright little boy...

RENWICK: Come Willie...say Hello to Santa...

JACK: (GRUNTS) Unnnh...

SORIN: Well, isn't he a bright little boy....

RENWICK: Oh, yes...quick, Willie...how much is two and two...

JACK: (GRUNTS) Unh Unh Unh Unh.

SORIN: Oh, he's a fine little man...and tell me...Willie, how old are you?...

JACK: Unh unh unh...but next year I'll be unh unh unh unh!

BIZ: PHONEY TRUMPET BLAST

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Of course, nobody in a department store has a more difficult job than the floorwalker...Next we listen in on one of these gentlemen...as he answers the many questions put to him...

FROST:

Cash...Cash...

BIZ:

HUBBUB OF VOICES

RENNICK:

I'd like to get something for my complexion...

O'KEEFE:

Sandpaper...in the second floor rear....

JACK:

(COUGHING AND SNEEZING) Say Mr. Floorwalker...what's good for a cold besides whiskey?

O'KEEFE:

Who cares?...

SORIN:

I'd like to see some ladies underwear....

O'KEEFE:

So would I...Do you want something expensive or are you getting it for your wife?...

SORIN:

Yes...Oh, and I've got to get something for my father...I want something that will come close to his heart....

O'KEEFE:

How about a suit of long underwear?...

SORIN:

No, he's got one...

BIZ:

TRUMPET BLAST

O'KEEFE:

For the housewife in the house furnishing department science has brought many a new labor saving device...Let's listen in as a salesman demonstrates his wares...In other words, let's pick up this handsome fellow before some girl does...

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HUSING:

Now, Madam...this is the new suction vacuum cleaner...
Suppose you have a party...on the morning after your house
is strewn with things to be cleaned up...This vacuum
cleaner even picks up any of the guests who have slept all
night on the floor...Let me show you...Just lie down on
the floor there....

BIZ:

BUZZ OF MOTOR FOLLOWED BY RENWICK SCREAM

MUSIC:

LOVE IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER (ORCHESTRA AND HUNT)
(O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTRODUCTION OVER MUSIC)

HUSING:

TO BE INSERTED

MUSIC:

I'VE GOT AN INVITATION TO A DANCE (ANNETTE HANSHAW)

BIZ:

ROLL ON DRUMS

VON ZELL:

And so, ladies and gentlemen, we continue with the news
of the day through Professor O'Keefe's newsreel...the Eyes,
Ears and Nose of the World....

SORIN:

Sees All!....

JACK:

Hears All!....

O'KEEFE:

And has a smell...

BIZ:

PHONEY TRUMPET BLAST

O'KEEFE:

Boston, Mass...December 4th...Boston lady in the dark on
Boston Common leaps out of the bushes and plants a resounding
smack on the cheek of Boston gentleman going home to meet
his wife...This Cleopatra of the Commons explains why
she picked on a stumpy little runt of a man who was unable
to defend himself...Will you say a few words, Madam...

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FROST:

(IN A VAGUE VOICE) Oh, dear...I'm forty-four and I never felt this way before...Of course, I've never been married and never been kissed and isn't it just my luck to find out he had a wife at home waiting for him...Oh, dear...I feel like a new woman...I don't know how to explain it...it must be the tomboy in me...Well, I guess I'll go over to the park again...Wheee!....

O'KEEFE:

Playing Romeo to her muscular Juliet the gentleman in the case was a Boston taxi driver...who had just checked his cab at the garage after a hard day's work...Will you say a few words fella?....

JACK:

(TOUGH VOICE) I've always had a way with wimmin...I guess it must be me charming old Boston culture...Well, I can't blame the gal...because me wife is nuts about me too!...If the women keep doing this to me I guess I'll have to raise the rates on my taxicab...

BIZ:

PHONEY TRUMPLT BLAST

O'KEEFE:

New York follows the lead of Boston as an epidemic of flirtation by the weaker sex sweeps through Central Park... In a Fifth Avenue house we show you a mother instructing her boy, a former all American at Yale to beware of Flirtation Walk in Central Park...

BIZ:

HOME SWEET HOME (ORCHESTRA) 8 BARS

RENWICK:

(OLD LADY VOICE) Now, Cuthbert, you be careful of those fresh flirts in the Park...you go right down to the store and get a quart of buttermilk...

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HUNT:

Oh, Ma...can't you come with me to protect me?...I'm afraid!

RENWICK:

No, Cuthbert...you're a big boy now and there comes a time in the life of every man when he has to go out into the world and come home with a quart of buttermilk...Run along now...

HUNT:

Aw gee...aw shucks..aw whizz....

BIZ:

DOOR SLAMS

O'KEEFE:

And now let's pick up Cuthbert in the park, before somebody else does...

MUSIC:

I WAS STROLLING THROUGH THE PARK ONE DAY - 8 BARS

FROST:

Hiya toots...goin' my way?....

HUNT:

You leave me alone you fresh thing you....

FROST:

Aw come on now...don't be like that....

HUNT:

I wish I had my girl here...she'd take care of you...Now you go away...or I'll call a policeman...

FROST:

How about a little kiss, babe....

HUNT:

Please don't...don't you touch me...MOTHER!!! Mother... Mother...(VERY FAINT)...Mother.

FROST:

KISSING SOUNDS

BIZ:

POLICE WHISTLE

SORIN:

Stop in the name of the law...What's going on here?...

HUNT:

Officer, I was going along minding my own business...and this fresh thing here jumped out of the bushes...

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SORON:

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So it's you is it?...Kissing Katie...a fourth offender...
I'll take you right over to court now...Come on, get goin'

BIZ: PRISONERS SONG- 3 BARS
HUEBUB OF VOICES
RAP OF THE GAVEL

JACK: Order in the court...order in the court...first case -
Kissing Katie...charged with flirtation...

O'KEEFE: Here again, eh, Katie...you've got to get over this habit.
We've got to keep the streets of this fair city safe for
American manhood...Fined ten dollars...Have you anything
to say, Katie....

FROST: It was worth it...and I'll keep it up as long as my money
lasts...Can I go now?....

O'KEEFE: Which way are you going?....

FROST: I'm going through Central Park...

O'KEEFE: Wait a mintue I'll go with you, darling...Court's adjourns

MUSIC: WASHINGTON AND LEE SWING (ORCHESTRA)

VON ZELL: The Camel Caravan is sponsored by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco
Co., of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, makers of Camel
cigarettes and Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco. Your dealer
is now showing the specially decorated holiday packages
of Camels and Prince Albert, which are ideal Christmas
gifts for any smoker.

MUSIC: SMOKE RINGS

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O'KEEFE:

Well, ladies and gentlemen...I'd like to stay out here indefinitely but I've really got to go out and address the overflow in the alley. The Camel Caravan now fades off into the distance carrying with it Annette Hanshaw, Glen Gray and his orchestra and Ted Husing on the buckboard. Of course, we're leaving on a round trip ticket so we'll be back here again on Tuesday night at ten o'clock Eastern Standard Time. Tie a string around your finger...I guess that's all...this is Walter O'Keefe saying Good nate and G'wan to bed.

MUSIC:

THEME UP AND OUT

STATION CUE

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