

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

CAMEL PROGRAM NO. 77

Tuesday, June 25, 1935  
10:00 to 10:30 P. M.

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

MUSIC: SMOKE RINGS

O'KEEFE: (OVER MUSIC) Gangway neighbor .. here comes the Camel Caravan again brought to you by the makers of Camel Cigarettes and Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco. This is Walter O'Keefe, the Man on the Flying Trapeze, wiping his feet on the Welcome mat in front of your door ... and I'd like to have you meet Annette Hanshaw, Glen Gray and his Casa Loma Orchestra and Ted Husing ... Incidentally, over the week-end Ted Husing and Harry Von Zell went hunting up in the mountains ... Von Zell killed two rabbits and Husing killed two quarts ... Well, now take off your shoes and enjoy yourself ... Let's not be formal ... and it's time for the Casa Loma boys to kick off playing "Ballin' the Jack".

MUSIC: BALLIN' THE JACK (Orchestra)

HUSING: Say Harry ..

VON ZELL: Yes Ted.

HUSING: Where's Walter?

ZELL: He went out to telephone. He'll be right back.

HUSING: Say, have you noticed anything funny about Walter lately?

ZELL: Yes .. For ten days he hasn't said a thing about his baby.

HUSING: I think it's our fault. We discouraged him

ZELL: That's right, Ted. The baby is two months old today.  
Do you remember how he used to tell us that the baby  
had gained three ounces?

HUSING: Yes, and the time the baby was worried and kept walking up  
and down his bassinet day and night,

ZELL: I was over to his house Ted, when the baby was taking his  
bottle.

HUSING: Yeah, and Walter was taking his bottle too! I've got an  
idea Harry. Tonight we'll really give him a chance to  
talk about his baby.

ZELL: Here he comes now. Let's ask him about the youngster.

HUSING: I'll get him started. Hello Walter,

O'KEEFE: Hiya Ted .. Hello Harry,

HUSING: Well how's the baby? How's young O'Keefe?

O'KEEFE: (Stalling) Oh yeah? .. the baby? WHAT baby .. Oh yeah ... the baby ... Say did I tell you about my new automobile?

ZELL: (SOTTA VOICE) Ted, let me handle it. The baby was born two months ago tonight. That'll get him. (LOUDER) Say, Walter .. don't you remember two months ago tonight .. (ROMANTICALLY) Wasn't something precious delivered to your home?

O'KEEFE: Oh no Harry .. it was brought over today but I ordered it two months ago. And it's the best looking car you've ever seen.

HUSING: Walter ... Walter ... wait a minute ... The baby? What does he weigh now?

O'KEEFE: Oh, it weighs about twenty-two hundred pounds ... but that's with two extra tires and a trunk on its back.

HUSING: Do you wash it as much as you used to?

O'KEEFE: No, I just polish it .. wipe off the windshield and it's okay.

ZELL: (EXASPERATED) Listen O'Keefe, what's the matter with you? We're talking about your baby .. your boy, your son, Michael. How is he?

O'KEEFE: Oh .. him .. I guess he's all right.

HUSING: Come on, Walter ... what's the matter? Why don't you want to talk about the baby? Out with it!

O'KEEFE: All right ...if you really want to know I'll tell you ... Ten days ago was Fathers' Day .. and he didn't even remember to send me a telegram.

HUSING: Oh Walter .. you're being ridiculous.

O'KEEFE: Ridiculous eh? Is it ridiculous if a father expects a little consideration from his son?

ZELL: Walter ... don't talk nonsense.

O'KEEFE: Nonsense eh? Listen Harry .. he's over in the park all day. He could get out of his carriage and pick me a few flowers.

HUSING: Well maybe.

O'KEEFE: Maybe nothing. AND it isn't the FIRST time I've been hurt by his neglect.

ZELL: Has he hurt you before?

O'KEEFE: Yes .. he forgot to remember me on Mothers' Day.

SORIN: Hello hello hello Mr. O'Kiffy.

O'KEEFE: Hello McGillivuddy.

SORIN: (RHYME SCHEME E-E-I-S) I would liking to read a little poem I received from my son and heir on Father's Day .. quote .. to my fadder .. unquote ...

SORIN: Who is it settles all your bills  
Who buys the food for all meals  
When you're getting in trouble he never squeals  
Your fadder ...  
Who says to you "Boy, you're the tops"  
And sometimes when your spirit drops  
Who is it fills you up with schnapps  
It's you yourself, of course, of course  
Who sticks to you from bad to worse  
With a hey nonny nonny and a ha cha cha .. unquote

O'KEEFE: McGilllicuddy .. that's a beautiful sentiment ... and  
you read it with feeling. I'm not sure at my son anymore.  
I'm going to make up with him and take him out in the  
carriage ... Mac ... did you ever know the thrill of  
wheeling something near and dear to you?

SORIN: Yes ... I used to have a pushcart on Delaney Street.

BIZ: PHONE RINGS

ZELL: I'll answer it.

BIZ: PHONE CLICKS

ZELL: Hello? ... Here he is ... Walter, it's for you.

O'KEEFE: Hello ... Pardon me, boys ... it's my wife. ... What? ... the  
baby wants to talk to me? ... All right, put him on.  
Hello son ... what? .. Oh, I accept your apology ... after  
all you're only eight weeks old .. No ... I don't hold it  
against you ... all right ... Goodbye.

VON ZELL: What did he say?

O'KEEFE: He said "Glug...agoo...da da...gagagag..."

MUSIC: "FLOWERS FOR MADAM" - Annette Hanshaw

(O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTRODUCTION OVER MUSIC)

VON ZELL: And now we present Ted Husing, Camel Star Reporter.

HUSING: Thank you, Harry, Let me tell you this evening about one of the most dramatic races ever staged -- another event from the Olympic games of 1932. It's the four hundred meter free style swim. Jean Tarris of France is favored to win with Tsutomu Oyokata of Japan, also highly regarded by the experts. America's entry is Clarence (Buster) Crabbe, a Los Angeles local boy, who is not taken too seriously in the preliminary dope. His friends say .....

BIZ: CROWD EFFECT UP AND DOWN

MAN 1: Better save yourself for the 1500 meters, Buster. These boys sprint too fast.

CRABBE: I might as well take a cut at it, anyhow.

MAN 2: Yep, might as well, Buster. But you'll have to break all the records to win.

**MAN 1:** Here's my advice - try to trail Oyakata. With six champions against you, third place wouldn't be half bad,

**BIZ:** CROWD UP AND DOWN.

**HOSING:** But the dark haired Los Angeles athlete had a desire to win. At the starting gun, he goes to work to shake off the little Japanese. Then Jean Tardis draws a length and a half ahead at one hundred meters. It looks bad. At the half way mark it looks worse - Tardis is now two good lengths in the lead. Suddenly Buster Crabbe turns on the reserve power and begins to knife through the water. At the next turn the Frenchman is only a length and a half ahead. At three hundred meters - just a length. And now, twelve thousand people scream themselves hoarse as Crabbe rapidly closes up the distance. He lets out the last notch of reserve power to pull even with his rival. They're now a scant three yards from the finish and Buster, with a final heave, touches the finish mark a tenth of a second ahead. Another victory for America, and a new Olympic record, four minutes, forty-eight and four-tenths seconds for the four hundred meters. Anyone who can come on from behind to win an Olympic swimming race like this one, must know how to preserve condition and endurance.

(CONTINUED)

HUSING: Here's what Buster tells you he's found <sup>out</sup> about smoking and training for important swimming events. He says:

CRABBE: "I find that Camel's are so mild, they never get my wind, never jangle my nerves, and never interfere with my endurance.

HUSING: Ladies and Gentlemen, that statement is correct. Buster Crabbe, like so many other champions, speaks from actual experience of Camel's real mildness and gentleness. Famous athletes say: "Camels don't get your wind."

MUSIC: SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET (ORCHESTRA AND HUNT)

(O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTRODUCTION OVER MUSIC)

O'KEEFE: Ladies and gentlemen ... at this time of year thousands of people are looking for a quiet spot where they can spend a two weeks vacation. Now, of course, I know that some people like the seashore, some like the mountains but we've got a place in the country that's got everything -- home cooking, home comforts -- in other words a real homey atmosphere.

BIZ: VIOLIN AND PIANO PLAY "HOME SWEET HOME"

VON ZELL: Nestling in the hills of Connecticut is the little town of Fallen Arches, and now we take you to the lobby of HANGOVER HOUSE .. the hotel with the homey atmosphere ---



BIZ: MUSIC UP AND OUT

O'K: Oh hello ... My name is O'Keefe ... Walter O'Keefe ..  
I wired you for reservations.

FROST: (Furious) Oh .. so YOU'RE the guy. I've been waiting  
for since four o'clock and here it is eight. Where have  
you been? What have you got to say for yourself?

O'K: Well, you see I ...

FROST: (Rising) Oh no you don't ... None of your cheap excuses.

O'K: Well I thought as a guest I could ..

FROST: (Beginning to cry) Oh you THOUGHT did you, A lot you  
thought about me .. me down there at the station with all  
those men staring at me ... I spent the best two hours  
of my life waiting for you. You brute! (Dropping Voice)  
What's your name?

O'K: My name's O'Keefe.

FROST: My name is Twitch ... Mrs. Twitch.

O'K: I want two rooms and a bath, Mrs. Twitch.

BIZ: TELEPHONE BELL RINGS

FROST: Shut up while I answer the phone.

(PHONE CLICKS)

FROST: (Sweetly) Hello ... Hangover House ... The Hotel of the Homey Atmosphere.

O'K: Oh it's very homey

FROST: Oh yes, we run this hotel just like your own home.  
Thank you. Goodbye.

BIZ: PHONE CLICKS AGAIN

O'K: Say, you're the manager here .. where can I get a drink.

FROST: (Shrewishly) A drink! You've been drinking TOO much.  
Look at your nose. It looks like a tail light.

HUSING: (FADING IN) Oh Mrs. Twitch ... I'm Ted Husing in 418 ..  
and I ..

FROST: I know who you are. I've been up in your room ... it's a mess.

HUSING: Here's my key. I thought I'd go out ..

FROST: (Angrily) Oh no you don't. You were out last night and  
the night before. Tonight you stay in.

HUSING: (BOYISHLY) Aw gee ... I never have ANY fun.

FROST: Ted Husing ... You march right back upstairs and make  
your bed ... and THIS time see that you sweep UNDER the  
bureau.

O'K: Say, Mrs. Twitch can I get something to eat.

HUSING: (HOWLS WITH LAUGHTER) He thinks he's going to get something to eat. He's nuts.

O'K: Say listen ... I've just travelled a hundred miles to get here. I'm hungry, I'm starved.

FROST: (SARCASTIC AMAZEMENT) Saay ... what do you think this is? A HOTEL? Listen young man ... you'll go to bed without any supper.

HUSING: Come on, O'Keefe ... I'll show you your room. It's upstairs.

BIZ: SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS ON STAIRS

O'K: Say, what kind of a hotel is this?

HUSING: It's pretty strict .. but listen ... ahhh, I'll tell you what we can do ...

O'K: What?

HUSING: After SHE goes to bed ... I'll tap three times on your wall.

O'K: And then?

HUSING: And then you sneak over to my room and I'll make some fudge. Well ... here's your room. Good night.

BIZ: KEY IN LOCK ... DOOR OPENS

O'K: Oh hum ... oh dear ... I'm tired. Homey atmosphere.

BIZ: TELEPHONE BELL RINGS  
PHONE CLICKS

O'K: Hello. Who's calling?

FROST: (ON REVERSE MIKE) This is Mrs. Twitch. I notice your light is burning.

O'K: Well, I wasn't through undressing.

FROST: Never mind ... turn it off ... Undress in the dark.

O'K: Good night, Mrs. Twitch. I'll go to bed with my clothes on.

BIZ: PHONE CLICK

O'K: (HUMS ... YAWNS) Well at last .. a chance to get some sleep.

BIZ: KNOCK ON THE DOOR

O'K: Come in,

BIZ: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

O'K: Who are you?

JACK: (OLD MAN) I'm Uncle Homer

O'K: Who's Uncle Homer?

JACK: Mrs. Twitch's Uncle Homer. Have you got an extra pair of pajamas?

O'K: What for?

jack: I'm going to sleep with you ... MOVE OVER

O'K: Be it ever so humble there's no place like Home.

MUSIC: PARIS IN THE SPRING ( ORCHESTRA AND SARGENT )  
(O'KEEFE AD LIBS OVER MUSIC)

VON ZELL: What athletes ask for in a cigarette is real mildness -- and real mildness is what they insist on getting. Therefore, it isn't surprising that America's champions overwhelmingly elect CAMEL the cigarette of their first and only choice. You'll find folks like James "Rys" Collins, St. Louis Cardinals, Melvin Ott - heavy hitting N. Y. Giant, Hal Schumacher, his brilliant pitching team mate -- Cyril Harrison, the seven goal polo star -- and lovely Georgia Coleman of Olympic diving fame -- all enthusiastically testifying that CAMELS are so mild, they smoke all they like, yet keep in good condition. Bear this in mind when making your own choice -- the mild cigarette the athletes smoke is the mild cigarette for you. S(LIGHT PAUSE)  
Famous athletes say: "CAMELS DON'T GET YOUR WIND!" Here's Annette Hanshaw's idea of the way she heard a night club singer sing SHANTY IN OLD SHANTY TOWN"

MUSIC: SHANTY IN OLD SHANTY TOWN (ANNETTE HANSHAW)  
(O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTRODUCTION OVER MUSIC)

MUSIC: WHOA JOSEPHINE (WALTER O'KEEFE)

MUSIC: THREE LITTLE WORDS (ORCHESTRA)

VON ZELL: This program, the Camel Caravan, is heard with the good wishes of R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston Salem, North Carolina, makers of Camel Cigarettes and Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco. Good old "P.A." has delighted more smokers than any other brand -- the cool, long-burning blend that tops them all for mellow goodness. And a special process removes any trace of roughness from the National Joy Smoke.

MUSIC: SMOKE RINGS

O'K: Well, ladies and gentlemen, we have to run off like this but our time is up until Thursday night at nine o'clock Eastern Daylight Time .. eight-thirty Mountain time and seven-thirty Pacific Coast time ... At that time we will present for the last time in this series, Annette Hanshaw, Glen Gray and his Casa Loma Orchestra and Ted Husing ... By the way, I want to congratulate you people here in the studio for the way you sang tonight ... You sang better than any audience we've ever had ... That's what I always say ... but there's only one way to reward you ... I want the whole lot of you to come up to my house and see the baby. This is Walter O'Keefe saying good night and a goo ... glug .. da da and blupp,..., unquote ...

THEME UP AND OUT

This is the COLUMBIA .... BROADCASTING SYSTEM

STATION CUE