

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

CAMEL PROGRAM NO. 19

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1935

9:00 to 9:30 P.M.

CUE: (COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM)

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 saying "hello" to you on behalf of Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra... Deane Janis and Ted Husing...well, ladies and gentlemen...I bought a new automobile... it's such a swell little car that I tried to get some of the boys on the program to buy one but they wouldn't listen to me...McGillicuddy says that he doesn't need a car... he does most of his riding in a patrol wagon... and Pee Wee Hunt has such big feet that he doesn't need a car ...either, he's just going to put four wheels on one of his shoes and let it go at that... Well, I'll see you later...meanwhile the Casa Loma boys tear into "WHO'S SORRY NOW?"

MUSIC: "WHO'S SORRY NOW?"

**O'KEEFE:** Well, ladies and gentlemen, we've got a studio audience full of hillbillies tonight...as fine a bunch of mountaineers as ever came down out of the hills back of Brooklyn Heights...and incidentally, I know what I'm doing with this community singing... I've got five hundred people singing with me... so that I don't have to take the blame alone...Now follow the bouncing ball, children...well, we haven't exactly got a bouncing ball...we're going to use Ted Husing's check book....

**MUSIC:**

**"GAMBLER'S WIFE"**

**(APPLAUSE)**

**O'KEEFE:** Thank you... and here is Paul Douglas, the man with a message.

**DOUGLAS:** This is what you hear everywhere about CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCO'S! Homemaker -- Mrs. Phyllis L. Potter!

**GIRL:** CAMELS NEVER GET ON MY NERVES!

**DOUGLAS:** Captain Frank Hawkes - famous speed flyer!

**MAN:** CAMELS ARE SO MILD, THEY DON'T IRRITATE MY THROAT.

**DOUGLAS:** Dorothy Herbert -- star of the circus!

**GIRL 2:** I GIVE MY ENERGY A "LIFT" WITH A CAMEL!

DOUGLAS: Executive -- Frederick W. Watson!

MAN 2: (COMMANDING VOICE) CAMEL'S FINER TOBACCOS HAVE THE  
GRANDEST FLAVOR OF ALL!

DOUGLAS: Typical reactions from delighted people who know what  
CAMEL'S costlier tobaccos mean! And because you too  
will find a new thrill in CAMEL'S costlier tobaccos, we  
invite you to accept CAMEL'S "try-ten" invitation. Here  
it is, in the form of a statement from the makers: They  
say: SMOKE TEN FRAGRANT CAMELS. IF YOU DON'T FIND THEM  
THE MILDEST, BEST-FLAVORED CIGARETTES YOU EVER SMOKED,  
RETURN THE PACKAGE WITH THE REST OF THE CIGARETTES IN IT  
TO US AT ANY TIME WITHIN A MONTH FROM TONIGHT AND WE WILL  
REFUND YOUR FULL PURCHASE PRICE PLUS POSTAGE. SIGNED:  
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH  
CAROLINA. That's the "try-ten" invitation: the makers  
add, "We cordially ask you to accept it. Other smokers  
have been so enthusiastic in praise of CAMEL'S costlier  
tobaccos -- we know you'll like them too!"

MUSIC:

PLEASE BELIEVE ME (ORCHESTRA & SARGENT)

APPLAUSE

O'KEEFE: Ladies and gentlemen, that was Sargent Kenny Sargent .. the singing policeman...pounding his beat to the tune of "Please Believe Me"... Ladies and gentlemen, as you've probably read in the newspapers several of the large beauty salons are being patronized by the tired business man ... These men about town figure that there's nothing like a beauty treatment to give them that youthful look so necessary in business... So we now take you to New York's first beauty parlor for ~~men only~~...

BIZ: EIGHT BARS OF "KEEP YOUNG AND BRAUTIFUL"  
DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

O'KEEFE: Hello, Francois ...

JACK: Ah... Monsieur O'Keefe...you look terrible...qu'est-ce que cel..

O'KEEFE: Oh, Francois... I just thought I'd drop in for a mud pack...I've had a hard day shopping and my feet are killing me...

BIZ: KNOCK ON DOOR

JACK: Come in...

HUSING: Hello everybody...well...well...Walter O'Keefe... what are you doing here...I didn't know you had your face done at Francois...

O'KEEFE: Oh yes... I had to drop in...these bags under my eyes  
are driving away the customers...

HUSING: Well, how nice...do come inside and have a mud pack  
on me...

JACK: All right, gentlemen...rrrrrrright thrrrr this door...

O'KEEFE: Okay...Frrrrrrrancois...

BIZ: DOOR OPENS

O'KEEFE: Passt Ted...take a look...there's Glen Gray and he's  
still wearing last year's hat...

HUSING: Oh, quite...say, by the way, Walter, aren't you getting  
a bit stout?...

O'KEEFE: Oh, not stout... I just think I'm pleasingly plump...

JACK: (COMING IN OFF MIKE) Well, here you are, Sir... your  
mud pack is ready...

O'KEEFE: Okay ... slap it on...

JACK: Right...well, here's mud in your eye...

BIZ: HEAVY PLOP  
DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

FROST: (FADING IN) I want Mr. O'Keefe... Mr. O'Keefe...where is Mr. O'Keefe...

O'KEEFE: Pssst...boys...better get out of here...it's my wife... Hello, dear...

FROST: Don't soft-soap me...get up out of that chair...This is your third mud pack this week...I work my fingers to the bone and this is how you spend my money...

O'KEEFE: But darling...you want me to look as nice as the other men in our crowd, don't you... For heaven's sake!...

FROST: But I can't afford it...

O'KEEFE: Oh, bosh and tish... look at Kenny Sargent...why he does to the beauty parlor three times a week and HIS wife doesn't complain...

FROST: But honey...Every day you stop in here and sometimes you get massaged around mid-town...

O'KEEFE: Well...you know I can't afford to look heavy around mid-town... For business reasons...and speaking of expenses... what about you and your pool hall?...shooting pool all night long with those tough girl friends of yours...don't talk to me... I won't listen... get out...

FROST: yes, dear...

SORIN: (SINGING) "I'm in the Mud for a Mud Pack...da da da da"...

O'KEEFE: Hello, McGilllicuddy.

SORIN: Oh, hello, Mr. O'Keefe... Say, do you know what the stylists are whispering, my chappie... Parisian cloak and suiters say that next year we will be wearing our pants two inches above the knees...

O'KEEFE: Oh Yes, Mac... and I hear that we men will be delighted with our new overcoats... they're cut extremely low in the back...

SORIN: (INTAKE OF BREATH) Ohohhh how daring... how revealing... well, toodle oo, see you later... I've got to be getting my treatment... I lost three customers from my push cart already... Francois!...

JACK: Yes sir...

SORIN: I got to do something about prettying up my mugg...

JACK: I see... do you want your face lifted?

SORIN: Sure... that would be fine... How much?

JACK: We'll lift your face for fifteen dollars...

SORIN: Fifteen dollars? What an insult... what a robber... what a schlemiel... no thank you...

JACK: Hey, where are you going? Don't you want your face lifted?

SORIN: Not at those prices... I'm going out and get a lift with a Camel!

MUSIC: YOU TOOK ADVANTAGE OF ME (ORCHESTRA & HUNT)

APPLAUSE

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

HUSING: Thank you, Paul. For the past six years, I have been making public an all-radio team, composed of the outstanding men I have seen in action, in those games I have broadcast over these stations. It has been in no wise an All-American team, but a selection of the fine players I have been fortunate enough to see.

So tonight, with the assistance of Les Qualley, radio's outstanding analyst, I give you the Seventh Annual "All-Radio" Eleven...

Each man has been carefully selected. We have charted his opposition, ~~then~~ his ability, and his value to his team's system of attack or defense. We have picked two teams -- for we can't decide which is the better... Here are the All-Radio Elevens!



HUSING:  
(Cont'd)

L. E. Rutherford B. Hayes of Kansas.  
L.T. Dick Smith of Minnesota  
L. G. William Biff Glassford of Pittsburgh  
C. Gomer Jones of Ohio State  
R. G. Edmund Franco of Fordham  
R. T. Ed Widseth of Minnesota  
R. E. Trevor James Rees of Ohio State  
Q. B. Ken Sandbach of Princeton  
H.B. Ozzie Simmons of Iowa  
H. B. Bill Shakespeare of Notre Dame  
F. B. Sheldon Beise of Minnesota

And the other team...

L. E. Wayne Miller of Notre Dame  
L. T. Charlie Toll of Princeton  
L. G. Nat Pierce of Fordham  
C. Dale Rennebohm of Minnesota  
R. G. Dante Dalle Tesse of Pittsburgh  
R. T. Floyd de Herre of Iowa  
R. E. Gil Lea of Princeton  
Q. B. Glen Seidel of Minnesota  
H. B. Monk Meyer of the Army  
H. B. Jerry La Noue of Nebraska  
F. B. Sam Patrick of Pittsburgh.

HUSING:  
(Cont'd)

These are the All-Radio Elevens -- my pick of the athletes I've seen during the past season of broadcasting. No doubt you have your favorites too, so let's still be friends even if we disagree -- because there's one nomination we all favor -- and that's CAMEL for all-American cigarette. My observation ~~is~~ has shown me the athlete's cigarette is America's cigarette also, for smooth flavor and the pleasing "lift" that CAMEL smokers enjoy. Athletes say "CAMELS are so mild -- they don't get your wind!"

MUSIC:

TAG

O'KEEFE:

And now, ladies and gentlemen, imagine the scene... it's Deane Janis' apartment...the party is just breaking up... they are lowering Pee Wee Hunt down from the chandelier... Husing is putting wheels under the ice-box and rolling it out the door... McGillicuddy with a tear in his eye and a herring in his teeth... is drinking his last bowl of borscht...It's a very beautiful scene...here's Deane to tell you about it...

MUSIC:

SO NICE SEEING YOU AGAIN (DEANE JANIS)

APPLAUSE

HUSING: Ladies and gentlemen, recently an information booth was established on Time Square for the benefit of the visiting tourist within our gates. If you want to know where to go ...what to do...how to do it...this fountain of information will tell you anything, answer any question. We now take you by remote control to Walter O'Keefe who is handling this information booth at the double cross roads of the world...

BIZ: FORTY-SECOND STREET- TRAFFIC NOISES UP & DOWN.

O'KEEFE: Well, sir...what can I do for you...

DOUGLAS: Brother... I'm a stranger in town...just come in for a convention...the Morticians Convention (LAUGH) Say I'd like to go to a night club... I've got fifty cents and I want to shoot the works.

O'KEEFE: Fifty cents, eh? Well, listen to Diamond Jim Brady... Right across the street is the Eldorado...see the sign? Seven course dinner...dancing till dawn...a hundred beautiful hostesses... and all the scotch you can drink... fifty cents.

DOUGLAS: Fifty cents...Gosh. The scotch can't be much good.

O'KEEFE: Oh, go ahead...you're only young once...

DOUGLAS: Well, excuse my dust...whoopie. (EXITS)

JACK: Aye Guvnor...where is the 'Arriman Bank.

O'KEEFE: Wait a minte .. how do you spell that?

JACK: Arriman. A haitch...a hay...a Harr a Harr...a high...  
a hem.. a hay...and a hen. Arriman.

O'KEEFE: (MIMICKING) 'Erre's 'ow you get there...a block ahead...  
then hup the 'ill then down the file...hasross the wye...  
and there you harr...with an 'ey naway naway and an 'owtch  
ohaw ohaw...'Arriman. Teedle oo, old fruit.  
Now, Madam, ...sorry I kept you waiting...can I help you...

FROST: (CACKLE) Certainly can young fellow...where can I find a  
dancing partner for tonight...

O'KEEFE: Well, an old lady like you...you got me, we don't have  
many old-fashioned dances in New York...the polka... the  
minuet... the Virginia Reel...

FROST: Fiddlesticks... I want a g'gole who can dance the piccolino...

O'KEEFE: Well, uh... I'll try to get a nice young fellow about your  
age...By the way... how old are you...

FROST: Well, I'm uh... (HIGH CACKLE)

O'KEEFE: Really... you don't look a day over (HIGH CACKLE)

BIZ: MOTOR UP AND DOWN...HORN TOOTS

O'KEEFE: Here comes a gigolo now...

BIZ: MOTOR DOWN

HUSING: (OLD MAN) Hiya babe...which way you goin'...

FROST: Any way you're goin'... Romeo...

HUSING: Well, hop in Toots, but don't sit on my crutches...

BIZ: MOTOR RACES AND FADES OUT

JANIS: Pardon me, sir...but I've lost my dog...my Pekinese.

O'KEEFE: Well, I'll scour the town to find your dog... we'll search from pillar to post. I'll communicate with you... what is your name please.

JANIS: My name is Fifi La Belle...139 Madison Avenue...New York City...Post office box number 254 or care of General Delivery.

O'KEEFE: 139 Madison Avenue...General Delivery... Well, that's a pretty name for a girl... What's your telephone number.

JANIS: Plaza seven seven...two two seven...

DOUGLAS: Pardon me, baby... I didn't get that number... Run over it again, will you?

SORIN: Plaza seven seven two two seven... I'll call you later sweetmeats.

O'KEEFE: Ladies and gentlemen...that was Fifi McGillicuddy.

JACK: (RUSSIAN VOICE) Hello Comrade... where is Union Square?

O'KEEFE: Listen Nijinsky.

JACK: My name is not Nijinsky. I am Nicholas Stanislaud Popitoff Ivanoff Takeitoff...off.

O'KEEFE: A Russian, eh?

JACK: Y owsah...yowsah.

O'KEEFE: Listen Popitoff... let me ask a question for a change. I've often wondered why you Russians wear beards. You see I once had a beard like yours...but when I realized it was hiding my face... I cut it off.

JACK: Well, I once had a face like yours and when I realized I couldn't cut it off... I grew this beard.

O'KEEFE: (PROP LAUGH) Very funny... I hope the next time I see you...you'll be a radio comedian.

JACK: The same to you...(SINGS VOLGA BOATMAN)

O'KEEFE: Now just one more question Popitoff... All you Russians love music. Tell me... What is YOUR favorite number.

JACK: Please seven seven two two seven.

APPLAUSE

MUSIC: PUT ON YOUR OLD GRAY BONNET

APPLAUSE

MUSIC: SMOKE RINGS

DOUGLAS: The CAMEL Caravan is a presentation of R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina, makers of CAMEL cigarettes and Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco. Don't forget to try ten CAMELS on the money-back invitation of the makers. And Prince Albert also gets the same backing: the Reynolds Company is so sure Prince Albert will please pipe smokers that the following offer is made: Smoke twenty pipefuls out of the red packet tin of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to the makers at any time within a month from tonight and they will refund the full purchase price plus postage.

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

O'KEEFE: And so it's "Smoke Rings" again, ladies and gentlemen....the jig is up...it's time out until next Thursday night, when we will return again, bringing with us Deane Janis, Glen Gray and all the boys, and Ted Husing....this is Walter O'Keefe... Chief Smoke Gets in Your Eyes saying good night until this time next Thursday...

THEME UP AND OUT

STATION CUE