

**COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM**

**CAMEL PROGRAM NO. 80**

**THURSDAY DEC. 5, 1935**

**9:00 to 9:30 PM**

**CUE: (COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM)**  
**(\_\_\_\_\_ 30 seconds \_\_\_\_\_)**

**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, the Broadway Hillbilly...giving you the big how de ye do this December evening for our mutual friends...Deane Janis, Glen Gray and his Casa Loma orchestra and Ted Husing. Glen was just telling me that the Casa Loma boys are not going to have any Christmas tree this year. Instead they're going to cover Pee Wee Hunt with bulbs and tinsel. Tonight the orchestra for the first time on the air introduce a grand brand new song. I can safely predict that this will be a hit...it's entitled: "Japanese Sandman."

**MUSIC: JAPANESE SANDMAN (ORCHESTRA)**

**APPLAUSE**

51453 1745

**O'KEEFE:** Thanks boys...this is Walter O'Keefe again, ladies and gentlemen, and it's time for Deane Janis and myself to blend our tonsils in a rash of melody. Imagine the scene - the curtains part, a sky studded with stars, a full moon, a boy and girl silhouetted against the moonlit waters drifting dreamily, lazily up the azure blue water of the Bronx River.

MUSIC: YOU EXCITE ME (WALTER O'KEEFE AND DEANNE JANIS)

DOUGLAS: Here's what smokers are saying about CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS! Jack Shea, Olympic skater:

MAN: CAMELS NEVER DISTURB MY NERVES!

DOUGLAS: Business girl - Eve L. Miller:

GIRL: I LIKE CAMEL'S RICH, DELIGHTFUL FLAVOR.

DOUGLAS: Farmer - Robert Smyth:

MAN 2: CAMELS NEVER GIVE ME ANY THROAT IRRITATION!

DOUGLAS: Georgia Coleman, Olympic diver:

GIRL 2: CAMELS ARE SO MILD' THEY DON'T GET MY WIND!

DOUGLAS: This is what CAMEL'S Costlier Tobaccos mean in the experience of other smokers. They're so enthusiastic you may be sure you'll like CAMELS too! Therefore we propose this test - a money-back invitation offer to try CAMELS. The makers 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, AT ANY TIME WITHIN A MONTH FROM TONIGHT, TO R.J.REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA, AND THEY WILL REFUND YOU THE FULL PURCHASE PRICE, PLUS POSTAGE."

DOUGLAS: To this the Reynolds Company adds: "WE CORDIALLY  
ASK YOU TO ACCEPT OUR INVITATION. CAMEL'S COSTLY  
TOBACCOS MEAN SO MUCH TO OTHERS - WE'RE SURE YOU'LL  
LIKE THEM TOO!"

MUSIC: I'D RATHER LISTEN TO YOUR EYES (ORCHESTRA AND SARGENT)

APPLAUSE

O'KEEFE: That last little piece of lyric sentiment was enunciat-  
ed by Kenny Sargent, the Grand Old Man of Radio... and  
now for the big surprise of the evening... our guest  
artist... eminent nose and throat specialist who is  
getting down on one knee to sing "Black Joe". O'mon  
Pee Wee take off your hat and coat... you're going to  
be around here for a while... all right, "Black Joe",

MUSIC: BLACK JOE (ORCHESTRA AND HUNT)

APPLAUSE

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

### HUSING COMMERCIAL

HUSING:

Thank you, Paul.

Two post-season football classics will be played New Year's Day and both contests merit national attention. One is the famous Rose Bowl battle which takes place at Pasadena, California, and the other is the East-West All Star game which is played at San Francisco.

Southern Methodist will travel to the Rose Bowl to meet Stanford University. The lively Mustangs have already been installed as favorite, but with the game almost four weeks away, I'd like to pass on some information to you.

Both Stanford and Southern Methodist have remarkable ball clubs. They rate on par with the Nation's best. And both play a type of football that is uncommon to the other. The Mustangs, essentially a running-passing combination, are conceded to be a superior aerial circus. Stanford is a powerhouse team, featuring a running attack that is almost unstoppable. They are also a string defensive team, while the Mustangs are lacking in the thorough details of defense. This means that we should see Stanford, with a bone-crushing attack, tear into the Mustang line with Southern Methodist going air-minded!

HUSING:

(CONT'D) Stanford has yet to demonstrate any kind of defense against forward passes -- which means a lot.

Knowing this, both teams will depend entirely upon their attack, but will employ added defensive strength against each other.

Until the California game, Stanford didn't have a forward pass -- and all season long they tried only two laterals. Isn't it conceivable then, that Stanford's great running game will give way to tricky passes -- for believe it or not, Stanford has not yet been called upon to open up! Thus -- if and when they do -- they should add much to their strong attack and Southern Methodist will have to sling its passes with more abandon, adding to their already brilliant attack some element of surprise, in order to get the jump on the Indians.

And finally -- Stanford has been flunked in the Bowl. Its team of Seniors is anxious to redeem itself. So I give you -- the Rose Bowl Game -- with an eye to Texas Aggies playing the Mustangs this Saturday.

National sporting interest centers on such great post-season meetings, with partisans touting the chances of either side. But one thing nearly all the fans agree on is in their preference for GANGL cigarettes. The athlete's cigarette gets the nod from alert sport followers who appreciate fine flavor and that pleasing "lift!" GANGLS are so mild, athletes say, "they don't get your wind!"

MUSIC:

TAG

APPLAUSE

51453 1749

**O'KEEFE:** And now, ladies and gentlemen, we come to the piece de resistance of the menu... Deane Janis, the Red Headed Woman, singing "Red Sails in the Sunset." In case I haven't told you before, Ted Husing is jealous of Deane's red hair... Ted would love to have RED hair... as a matter of fact he'd like to have any kind of hair. Always willing to put in a plug for you, Ted... All right, Deane... **RED SAILS IN THE SUNSET."**

**MUSIC:** **RED SAILS IN THE SUNSET (DEANE JANIS)**  
**APPLAUSE**

**O'KEEFE:** Tonight, ladies and gentlemen... we go back a hundred years and walk up the gangplank of that four-masted sailing vessel, that stury old frigate... the S. S. Marshmallow. Our story deals with men who went down to the sea in ships... in the days when a schooner meant something besides a glass of beer. Our story is entitled "Top Hat, White Tie and Sails"... and in it Deane Janis plays the role of Goona Goona, the daughter of Boola Boola... and sister of Walla Walla... while Pee Wee Hunt plays the role of a cocconut tree in the tropics... I'm the skipper and Husing is my first mate... a grizzled old salt who is tateced from the top of his tip to the tip of his top... as a matter of fact he's got so much stuff written all over him that you could send him through the mail as second class mail matter.

BIZ: ORCHESTRA PLAYS "SAILING, SAILING OVER THE  
BOUNDING MAIN"

CAST: (SINGS) Fifteen men on a dead man's chest  
Yo ho ho and a Dry Martini...

O'KEEFE: (OFF MIKE) Quiet you fools...

JACK: Shh... the captain.

O'KEEFE: Quiet, I said...you scoundrels...you scoundrels...you  
crooks...you cut throats...you thieves...you you you...  
you naughty boys. Attention... I said attention, Husing...  
not at ease.

HUSING: I am at attention, sir... it's my uniform that's at ease.

O'KEEFE: Ship's company...count off.

HUSING: One...

ORCHESTRA: (OFF MIKE) (EACH MAN COUNTS A NUMBER TILL THEY REACH TEN)

DOUGLAS: Jack...

SORIN: Queen...

HUSING: King...

JACK: (HIGH VOICE) Aye...

O'KEEFE: I get it...aces high...Who said that?

JACK: (LOW VOICE) I did.

O'KEEFE: Oh, you did, eh... what's your name?

JACK: I'm Popeye the sailer man... (WHISTLES)

O'KEEFE: So you'll jest with me, eh? Captain O'Keefe...the old Sea Lion (LION ROARS). It must have been the radishes. Well sir, play with me and you'll feel the lash of my anger. Take off your shirt.

BIZ: AD LIB CRIES OF TERROR

JACK: No no ...

O'KEEFE: Take it off, I say (LION ROARS) Now walk up to that blackboard and write "I HAVE BEEN A BAD BOY" one hundred times.

BIZ: AD LIB CRIES

The demon... the fiend...the monster...

HUSING: Captain O'Keefe,...what is our exact position?

O'KEEFE: Latitude...34...Longitude 20... Army 28, Navy 6 (SCORE TO BE CORRECTED AFTER GAME)

HUSING: ~~Hummmmm~~..Latitude 34, eh? What is that piece of land off the starboard side?

O'KEEFE: Wait a minute...

BIZ: SERIES OF AUTOMOBILE HORNS

O'KEEFE: Sounds like Cape Horn. Looks like we're heading to the tropics, Mr. Husing...anybody on board know these islands.

HUSING: The ship's doctor does...I'll call him... Hey Doc.

SORIN: Hullo hullo hullo, Skippy O'Keefe...ahoy...ahoy...

O'KEEFE: Ahoy what...



SORIN: Ahoy, yoy, yoy...

O'KEEFE: Say Doc...you're a new man on my ship... what boat did you get your experience on...

SORIN: The Albany Night Boat...

O'KEEFE: Listen Doc...we're going to put in at the island of Pango Pango... and we're going to have trouble...YOU'VE got to fight Malaria.

SORIN: Say... I'll fight Malaria and knock him out in the first round.

HUSING: (OFF MIKE) Heave ho.

JACK: (OFF MIKE) Heave Ho.

BOTH: Heave ho heave ho ... heave ho see heh see heh.

HUSING: Full speed ahead...

JACK: Aye Aye Sir.

BIZ: PUT PUT OF OUTBOARD MOTOR

SIREN AND WHISTLE

HUSING: Look skipper...there's the police boat chasing us... The traffic cop is yelling at you.

DOUGLAS: (OFF MIKE) Hey you...pull over to the curb.

BIZ: MOTOR DIES

O'KEEFE: I'll handle this, mate...Officer I didn't realize we were going so fast.

DOUGLAS: I'm not pinching you for speeding...

O'KEEFE: Well what is the charge.

DOUGLAS: You were driving the wrong way up a one-way ocean. Here's your ticket.

BIZ: MOTOR SPUTTER UP AND OUT.

O'KEEFE: So you got me in a jam did you...me...Captain O'Keefe...  
the Sea Lion (LION ROARS) I'll teach you.

JACK: I'm sorry, skipper.

O'KEEFE: Sorry eh? I'll give you something to be sorry for. Your  
punishment will be to sing eight bars of Dinah.

JACK: Not Dinah...

O'KEEFE: Yes Dinah!!!

JACK: (STARTS TO SING) Dinah, is there anyone finer...(You'll  
answer for this when we get back to America)... In the  
State of Carolina...(Why don't you put me in irons instead  
of tormenting me like this)...if there is and you know her..  
show her to me...(Ahhhh...you're MURDERING me)...

O'KEEFE: Well, you're murdering Dinah... and you're not doing the  
audience any good either.

HUSING: Aw, can't you let him go now, skipper?

O'KEEFE: No... I'm not through with him yet. Take him below and  
make him listen to Pee Wee Hunt's record of "Love in  
Bloom."

JACK: (SCREAMS) Ohhhhh...Pee Wee Hunt...(EXITS)

SORIN: Skipper... what's that island over there?

O'KEEFE: I can't see very well without my glasses. Hey, Husing,  
give me my glasses...and not too much ginger ale in them  
this time.

HUSING: (EXCITEDLY) What do you see, Chief?

O'KEEFE: Shh...quiet...the ball's on the ten yard line...  
second down...Monk Meyers takes it and he's over for  
a touchdown. The crowd goes wild.

BIZ: CROWD NOISES...ORCHESTRA CHEERS,

HUSINI: Land ho...Captain O'Keefe... Land ho, A bunch of islands  
off starboard...

SORIN: Say Skippy... I know all these islands...There's the  
island of San Domingo...Haiti...Havana...the isle of  
Jamaica...

O'KEEFE: Do you know the isle of Capri...

SORIN: (SINGING) (VIOLIN PICKS UP ISLE OF CAPRI) Sure. Twas  
on the isle of Capri that I found her...(HUMS TUNE) Y'know  
Skippy...eight years ago I married up with a little sweet-  
meats down here on this island... we were happy with our  
little baby... Then came the war...Brother was pitted  
against brother...mother was pitted against father...  
Father was playing first base...and Uncle Julius was at  
bat with the bases full. What a ball game. Pfui...  
Denk you...Unquote!

O'KEEFE: Don't worry, Doc...some day you'll find your little  
brood. Let's go ashore.

BIZ: MOTOR RACES AND DIES...TOM TOM BEATING

O'KEEFE: Well, here we are...that didn't take long.

BIZ: ORCHESTRA MAKES NATIVE NOISES

HUSINI: What's that?

O'KEEFE: Quiet...These savages are performing in ancient tribal ceremony. Listen...

DOUGLAS: (PIDGIN ENGLISH) Now as chief of tribe I take honor in presenting next amateur on program...Yokey Hoola, 200 Pineapple Avenue...Him sing Dinah...

HUNT: (SINGS DINAH WITH TOM TOM ACCOMPANIMENT)

BIZ: GONG SOUNDS (AMATEUR)

HUNT: Aw shucks Major...Gee Whiz...Gosh...

BIZ: ORCHESTRA YELLS AGAIN

HUSING: Look Skipper...here comes a native dame.

SORIN: Well shiver my timbers...and blow me up and down... it's my wife, Goona, Goona. Listen, Skippy - she taught me the native language. Listen to her. Hello hello hello hello, Goona.

FROST: Hullo hullo hullo McGilllicuddy...it's good already to having you back on the island.

BIZ: TOM TOM COMES UP

APPLAUSE

MUSIC: WILD GOOSE CHASE (ORCHESTRA)

SMOKE RINGS

(NEXT PAGE)

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 pocket 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.

BIZ: RUBY STRIKES SHIPS BELLS.

O'KEEFE: Eight bells and all's well, ladies and gentlemen...and the S.S. Marshmallow fades off into the distance. I just hope I can get these sailor pants off. Needless to say we'll be back with you again come this same time Tuesday... same cast...and now our time is up. This is Walter O'Keefe saying good night until Tuesday.

APPLAUSE

THEME UP AND OUT

STATION CUE