

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

CAMEL PROGRAM NO. 55

TUESDAY, APRIL 7, 1936

9:00 - 9:30 P.M.

CUE: (COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM)

ANNOUNCER: CAMELS never get on your nerves!

MUSIC: SMOKE RINGS

O'KEEFE: (OVER MUSIC) Gangway neighbor...Here comes the CAMEL Caravan again thru the courtesy of R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, makers of CAMEL Cigarettes. This is Michael O'Keefe's boy, Walter, wading into another come-all-ye along with Deane Janis, Glen Gray and his Casa Loma Orchestra...Theodore Jusing and, of course, that sartorial fashion plate...Pee Wee Hunt...who is grooming himself for the Easter Parade.. Of course Pee Wee's idea of a new complete spring outfit is to have his hat cleaned and blocked..but this year he's going overboard..he'll be dressed in the height of fashion next Sunday....shiny black top hat, wing collar, striped morning trousers and a outaway coat..one of those coats with the tails.. He has to wear tails to hide the patches on his pants.. He looks like everything the well-dressed man will shun.. Tonight Glen Gray salutes this Beau Brummel of the Band...He plays a song entitled "Eccentric"....

MUSIC: ECCENTRIC (ORCH STRA)

APPLAUSE

O'KEEFE: AD LIBS INTO GEE I'M MARVELLOUS IN THE BATHROOM

APPLAUSE

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

HUSING: Thank you, Paul.

Just a year ago tonight I was standing before this microphone talking enthusiastically about some super-special golfing by that renowned expert of the course, Gene Sarazen. For the former caddy had just made a great stretch run featured by his sensational double eagle to overtake the blonde Apollo - Craig Wood - and thus win the Second Annual Masters Invitation Tournament at Augusta. This year again the front runner was overhauled and beaten out in the last stride. For Light Horse Harry Cooper, blazing thru the first two rounds of the rainswept classic, posted himself way out in front of the field at the turn and held on until the end. Here Horton Smith, the Joplin, Missouri ghost, began to show the form that projected him into the limelight six years ago. Battling to win on a rain drenched, tornado threatened course, Smith captured the golfing classic by one stroke as all of his shots held true in the face of the devastating weather.

NEWS:

(CONT'D)

He sank a forty foot putt on the fourteenth for a birdie. He screamed a whistling brassie over the flooded fifteenth green and sighed happily as the ball just hung precariously on the edge. He chipped up for another birdie and yelled, "I'm on fire - I'm really hot." Thus Smith has won the Master Tournament twice in its three year history and today enjoys the ~~xxx~~ applause of all golfers.

Golf is a might tough game - whatever the weather is like. That's why, in every major golf tournament, you'll find that so many players in the top bracket smoke CAMELS. Among the CAMEL smokers at Augusta, for instance, were Denny Shute, Henry Picard, Johnny Revolta, Craig Wood, Johnny Farrell, Tommy Armour, Lawson Little and Gene Sarazen...and they all gave a good account of themselves. The experience of Lawson Little, the most recent notable addition to the ranks of the pros, is interesting: - this is what he says: "CAMELS give me a lift when I'm done in with the furious excitement at a tournament. There's a lot to that saying 'CAMELS set you right' -- and I ought to know, since I smoke them all the time! Right you are, Lawson Little! You and thousands of other CAMEL smokers have discovered that CAMELS never tire your taste, never get on your nerves!

MUSIC: TAG

APPLAUSE

MUSIC: I'D RATHER LEAD A BAND (ORCHESTRA AND HUNT)

APPLAUSE

O'KEEFE: That was Pee Wee Hunt singing "I'd Rather Lead A Band" and now, ladies and gentlemen, Deane Janis is standing here about to sing "Lights Out"...Ah, I wish you could see her - the incarnation of the Grecian ideal of beautyshe's the quintessence of maidenly charm and appeal...her titian tresses form a halo of flame that frames the delicate tracery of her exquisitely chiseled features...in other words, gents...from the top of her tip to the tip of her top, she's a girl at big order of hootcha matoocha...Swing it, Glen..Yeah..

MUSIC: LIGHTS OUT (DEANE JANIS)

APPLAUSE

O'KEEFE: Ladies and gentlemen, our crew of newsreel photographers and radio reporters have been busy rounding up those people who held winning tickets on the Irish sweepstakes...Of course, this was hot news two weeks ago but you know our motto, "Always the last with the last"...Don't miss us next week, we've got a flash coming up on the Spanish American War....Well anyway, ladies and gentlemen...let's follow the newsreel reporters on their rounds as they track down the Sweepstakes Winners.....

BIZ: ORCHESTRA PLAYS "IF I HAD A MILLION"

BIZ: KNOCK ON DOOR

DOOR OPENS

O'KEEFE: Good evening, Mrs. Sturdevant de Peyster. I'm from the newsreel company and I understand that you won \$150,000 in the sweepstakes. I'd like to take a few pictures to illustrate your poverty...Now I imagine you are a poor girl...peniless...

FROST: No...I've always had money.

O'KEEFE: No...No...No...who ever heard of a rich woman winning the sweepstakes. I can't show that in a newsreel.. Tell your butler to beat it...Sweep those diamonds off the table and put that Social Register in the other room. Now let's see...the house looks a little too clean... Let's just throw a pile of dirt over in that corner.. and you sit on it...

FROST: Why...youyou...impudent thing...stop pushing me...

O'KEEFE: No...let's just tear the sleeves of your dress a little..

IZ: SOUND OF RIPPING OF FABRIC

FROST: Please leave me alone..

O'KEEFE: Your poor little babies are starving.. in rags..

FROST: I have no babies...

O'KEEFE: But we have...Joe..bring over the babies..Now..you hold 'em...Miss....

BIZ: BABY CRY

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FROST: I refuse to do this...I won't...

O'KEEFE: Break a little furniture, Joe...

BIZ: WOOD CRACKING AND CRASH

FROST: Oh...this is so....boohoo hoo hoo...

O'KEEFE: Ah...pefect...Joe...start the camera...

BIZ: CAMERA STARTSGRINDING..MAKE EFFECT DISTINCT

O'KEEFE: Action!....Cry, Miss...

FROST: (CRI'S)

BIZ: BABIES SCREAM

O'KEEFE: Ladies and gentlemen of the newsreel audience...
here we have a sweepstakes winner...a young
destitute mother with her little babies...shedding
tears of joy...At last! ...Food for herself and
milk for her babies...Won't you say something, Miss?...

BIZ: KEEP CAMERA GOING

FROST AND BABIES CRY LOUD

NEWSREEL MUSIC

DUGLAS: Also selected shorts, comedies, weeklies and novelities
but come.....
Continuing on his merry way, the newsreel cameraman
drops into the house of another sweepstakes winner...

BIZ: MOTOR UP

O'KEEFE: This is the house, Joe...

BIZ: MOTOR STOPS

O'KEEFE: Bring out the camera..Oh...hello, Miss...are you the
woman who won the fifty thousand dollars in the
sweepstakes?....

FROST: (ACCENT) Dot's me...I'm that personality...

O'KEEFE: Congratulations...are you in the habit of winning prizes like this?

FROST: Habsolutely not...this is my first piece of good fortunate I've ever had...I've always been unfortunate...look what I got for a husband..look at my son...look at ME...

O'KEEFE: Well...I'll tell you what I'm here for, Madame... I'm from the newreel company and I'd like to take some motion pictures of you...

FROST: What? you'll gonna put me in the movies...(GIGGLES) I'm feeling like a quvintooplet...wid a capital "K"...

O'KEEFE: You look awiul with a capital "L"...Now, Miss... all you have to do is smile...

FROST: Smile?...like dis?/..

O'KEEFE: Uh huh...well...I guess we better skip the smile... (PAUSE) What a smile...it looks like a picket fence...start the camera, Joe...Say something... Madame...

FROST: Humulooooewerybahdy...Before I'll telling you about dis money...I'll sing a sizzling little song...(SINGS) "Daddy dear, Oh did you hear...

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FROST: (continuing) Heh, boy, who is this Deane Janisberg
already...

BIZ;

CAMERA GRINDS.

O'KEEFE: Okay, Joe...cut...cut...

BIZ:

TRUMPETS.

O'KEEFE: The Irish Sweepstakes pay off in every country
in the world...even in Russia...In the Red
Square in Moscow we now pick up Mr. Rinsky...
Try it onsky...take it offsky.. wrap it upsky...take it
homesky...sky...Jr...He is addressing a crowd of
fellow agitators...

BIZ:

RUSSIAN MUSIC

JACK: Listen to me comrades...the trouble with the
world is money...I tell you...Money is a disease.

FROST: How do you catch that disease, comrade?

JACK: Bah...Shut up...Now if a fortune should drop into
my lap today...As a true son of the revolution
I wouldn't think of...

DOUGLAS: (STRAIGHT) Comrade...here is a check for \$50,000...
You won it on the sweepstakes...

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JACK: As I was saying...I wouldn't think of turning
it down... I'm not that nuts...

BIZ: TRUMPET BLAST

O'KEEFE: The sum of three thousand dollars dropped into the
lap of Mr. Butch Strongheart...famous wrestler...
We drop in on Butch just as his wife comes home from
a shopping tour...

BIZ: ORCHESTRA PLAYS "HOME SWEET HOME"

BIZ: KNOCK ON THE DOOR

O'KEEFE: (BOOMING VOICE) Pardon me...I'm looking for Butch
Strongheart, the wrestler...

DOUGLAS: (WEAKLY) I...am he...

O'KEEFE: Congratulations...shake hands...

BIZ: SLAP OF HANDS.

DOUGLAS: (QUICK GROAN) Up...my goodness gracious...you
HURT ME... my hand! Gee...

O'KEEFE: Tell me Butch...how are you and the wife going to
spend this money...

DOUGLAS: That money is going to put my boy through school...
Here he is now...

JACK: (SHRILL VOICE) Hello, Puppaw...I've just been playing beanbag, Puppaw...I bested Egbert, Puppaw...

DOUGLAS: Yes...I'm going to spend the whole \$5,000 to send Junior through college...

O'KEEFE: Oh...You're going to throw it away, eh?

DOUGLAS: No sires...my wife is a thrifty woman indeed... she is...

O'KEEFE: Indeed!...

DOUGLAS: Indeed...no sir...she won't waste a penny...

BIZ: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

FROST: (BUOYANTLY AND SWEEPINGLY) Wheeeeeee...Aren't you proud of me Paw. Look at the new mink coat I bought with the sweepstakes money. They practically gave it away... only one thousand dollars.

DOUGLAS: (VERY HESITANTLY) But Sugarplum...did you buy my socks?

FROST: Don't interupt me...I got five dresses all marked down to two hundred dollars each...

DOUGLAS: Yes, but Sugarplum...my socks...two of them...did you remember them? Socks?

FROST: (OVER-RIDING HIM) Oh you should SEE the new spring outfit...gloves, hats, furs, jacket...

DOUGLAS: Socks? Sugarplum...my socks...

FROST: And the whole thing only cost five hundred.

JACK: Mama...Mama...what would I look good in?

O'KEEFE: A strait-jacket.

DOUGLAS: Then that leaves five hundred dollars out of the three-thousand...Then my socks...

FROST: Oh I almost forgot...I spend the five hundred dollars for an automobile for mother...Y'know Mother doesn't see enough of you. Now she can come over every night.

BIZ: TRUMPET BLAST

O'KEEFE: And now, ladies and gentlemen... into the hands of another fortunate fellow there dropped a pot of gold containing one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.. His ticket was signed "SHAMROCK of the Shannon" We have him right here and he will now say a few words in Gaelic to his friends in Ireland. Presenting Ticket Number 4653... Shamrock of the Shannon.

SORIN: Denk you...(FEW WORDS OF JABBER)

O'KEEFE: Now will you translate that into English...

SORIN: ALL I GETTING TO SAY IS QUOTES IRELAND must
be heaven cause my money comes from there.
Unquote. Denk you

O'KEEFE: Now translate that into English/

music; NEWSREEL APPLAUSE

O'KEEFE: And now, ladies and gentlemen, Paul Douglas.

DOUGLAS: Here in New Y^hrk, one of smart Park Avenue's
favorite diversions is dining at the beautiful
Trianon room of the H^htel Ambassador. It is one
of the few places that gracefully mingles the
gaiety of the debutantes with the dignity of
their elders. But let's go there ourselves to
a table for two by the floor...

FADE IN LIGHT MUSIC AND GENERAL
HOTEL SOUNDS.

Betty: (FLUSTERED) Oh, Bob, I'm so sorry I'm late.

BOB: It's all right darling, only I've gone ahead and
ordered. And what a dinner you're going to
have!

BETTY: I know, the food is grand here.

BOB: We're going to start off with bluepoints, then
consomme -- consomee chiffonade, then some
lamb...it's very fine here... crown of baby
lamb Dauphine, Pointes d'asperges.

BETTY: Mmmmmmmmm!

BOB: I'll leave the dessert to you.

BETTY: Why that sounds marvelous! Now all I need to make
everything perfect is a CAMEL.

BOB: Oh..oh..I just smoked the last one..but they're
not hard to get here. Louis, the maitre d'hotel, told
me last night CAMELS are the most popular cigarette
here. But look, he's coming over now.

LOUIS: Good evening, Mister Martin.

BOB: Good evening, Louis -- may I have a pack of
CAMELS?

LOUIS: Yes sir. (ASIDE) A package of Camels for Mr.
Martin.

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ANNCR: The CAMEL Caravan is a presentation of R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, the makers of CAMEL Cigarettes and Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco. You know men, P. A. is every pipe smoker's best friend, once he's tried it! And there's a mighty good reason why more men smoke Prince Albert than any other brand: Our special process has removed all bite from this milder, mellow tobacco before it is packed in that big, red, two ounce tin. Try one pipeful of Prince Albert yourself and we're positive that you'll never want any other kind.

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

O'KEEFE: Well, there it is again. The half hour is over and we've all got to punch the time clock on our way out...Thursday night we'll be on your doorstep again at the same time with the same crowd... Doane Janis...the Casa Loma boys and Ted Husing... This is Walter O'Keefe saying good night until then...

THEME UP AND OUT

STATION CUE

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM

FADE THEME 20 SECONDS

WABC

NEW YORK

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BOB: I was just saying that CAMELS ARE A PRETTY POPULAR
cigarette here. Isn't that true?

LOUIS: It certainly is. It's interesting to see how
our guests agree in their preference for a
cigarette - CAMELS. I notice that those who
most appreciate dining here also appreciate
the delicate flavor of the finer tobaccos in
CAMELS. CAMELS are an overwhelming favorite
at our tables.

MUSIC UP AND FADE

DEUGLAS: And this is true in so many of the leading
hotels and restaurants from coast-to-coast.
Good food and good tobaccos do go together.
CAMELS - with their delightful fragrance
and aroma -- actually help digestion -- make
food taste better. No wonder that wherever
good food is enjoyed, CAMELS are so popular.

MUSIC: LOST (ORCHESTRA AND SARGENT)

APPLAUSE

O'KEEFE: That was Kenny Sargent singing "LOST" and now
Glen Gray and the boys give us "JUNGLE JITTERS".
All right, Glen.

MUSIC: JUNGLE JITTERS (ORCHESTRA)

APPLAUSE

SMOKE RINGS.