

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

CAMEL PROGRAM NO. 47

TUESDAY MAR. 12, 1935
10:00 to 10:30 P.M.

CUE: (COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM)
 30 seconds

MUSIC: SMOKE RINGS

O'KEEFE: (AFTER EIGHT BARS) 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...greeting you for Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Boys, Annette Hanshaw and Ted Husing. Right now I'm happy to make an announcement. Our engineers have been working on the accoustics here in the studio during the past week. The accoustics are now perfect. You can hear an egg drop in any part of the house. You'll notice the improvement immediately because here's where the Casa Loma Boys play "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny."

MUSIC: CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY (ORCHESTRA)

O'KEEFE: Well, ladies and gentlemen Spring is just around the corner... and already the roads are cluttered up with Sunday drivers. Of course, I don't have any objection to Sunday drivers...but I DO think they ought to obey one rule. They OUGHT to bury their own dead. Well anyway tonight we're going to take you to the home of John J. Citizen...the average man. Now by the average man I mean a good substantial man...the kind of a fellow who only has twelve more payments to make on his car. So here we go...the scene is outside any American home...the time Sunday morning.

BIZ: ORCHESTRA PLAYS "HOME SWEET HOME"
MOTOR COMES UP...BABBLE OF VOICES

O'KEEFE: Come on now, kiddies. Mind Papa...Oscar, Oscar...don't pull
Papa's hair or Papa will break Oscar's dirty little neck.

KELK: Mama...I want a hot dog.

JACK: Papa I want to ride on the running board.

QUILLAN: (SINGING WITH UKELELE ACCOMPANIMENT) Sweetie Pie!

FROST: (ALMOST A WHISPER) Papa...don't look now but there's Mrs.
Jones kicking her husband in the patio. (BRIGHTENING UP)
Oh look...she's waving at us...Let's wave goodbye...Goodbye
Mrs. Jones.

BIZ: EVERYBODY YELLS GOODBYE...GOODBYES OFF MIKE
MOTOR RACES...AND DIES COMPLETELY

O'KEEFE: Quiet, I'll crank it up again.

QUILLAN: (SINGING) Sweetie Pie.

KELK: (OVER SINGING) Mama I want a hot dog.

BIZ: MOTOR STARTS SPUTTERING...CHORUS OF GOODBYES...DOG BARKS

FROST: Oh there's Rover...Let's bring Rover too.

OKEEFE: Say listen...we've got eight people now in a four passenger
car. How can we bring along a two hundred pound Great Dane?

FROST: Aw Papa...let's bring him,

O'KEEFE: All right Herbie...you sit in the dog's lap.

BIZ: DOG BARKS

QUILLAN: (SINGING) Sweetie Pie.

BIZ: MOTOR ROARS

FROST: Ah...we're off.. This is a beautiful day for a drive, Oh Heavens...I left the water running in the bathroom.

QUILLAN: (SINGING) Sweetie Pie.

FROST: Ah it's so beautiful. I feel as if I'm floating on air.
(SHRIEKING) Stop...it's a red light.

KELK: Papa...turn left.

JACK: No Papa...turn right.

FROST: Go straight ahead Papa.

QUILLAN: (SINGING) Sweetie Pie.

O'KEEFE: Oh Baby, oh Baby...Oh Herbie...shut up will ya...turn on the radio.

SOUND EFFECT: CLICK AND STATIC

VON ZELL: (FILTERED MIKE) And so, ladies and gentlemen...you TOO can own a Pumpernickel Six Sedan...Watch the Pumpernickels go by... Take your family out for a quiet Sunday afternoon drive... It's something you'll never forget. And now...we present our Pumpernickel soloist.. Gerald Gargle...who will sing. Go to it Jerry.

JACK: (FILTERED MIKE) Thanks Harry...Sweetie Pie...da dad da da da da...Sweetie Pie (IDIOT LAUGH)

O'KEEFE: Stop that radio...stop that Sweetie Pie...I said turn off that Sweetie Pie. (SILENCE) Herbie...I'd rather hear YOU sing Sweetie Pie. Play it.

QUILLAN: How does it go Pop? I don't know it.

SOUND EFFECT: BLOW OUT

FROST: Ahhh... a blowout eh? I thought so. I TOLD you you should have gotten the oil changed.

KELK: Mama...I want a hot dog...with MUSTARD.

QUILLAN: Sweetie Pie, etc.

BIZ: CORNET PLAST

VON ZELL: And now, ladies and gentlemen...here is the same family three hours later.

SOUND MOTOR

QUILLAN: (STILL SINGING) Sweetie Pie.

KELK: Hey Mama...stop the car...let me out...let me out.

FROST: Papa...stop...Herbie wants to get out.

O'KEEFE: No we can't stop now. You should have told mother before we left home. You'll have to wait.

FROST: Papa...slow down...I'm sure we're lost. Are you SURE we're on the right road.

O'KEEFE: I'm sure we're on the wrong road...We're going in circles. See that over there lying beside the road.

FROST: You mean that man?

O'KEEFE: Yes...that's the same man we ran over this morning.

BIZ: CORNET BLAST

O'KEEFE: And now ladies and gentlemen...pardon this rowdy interruption... here's where the evening goes artistic as Annette Shaw sings "Isle of Capri."

MUSIC: ISLE OF CAPRI (ANNETTE HANSHAW)

VON ZELL: Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco is more widely used today than any other brand. It's the favorite with young executives and business men. And old timers who know what's what in pipe smoking have been happily using Prince Albert for many, many years. Here are some reasons for Prince Albert's universal acceptance: "PA." has an unforgettable, rich mellow flavor -- that's because it's a secret blend of only first quality tobaccos. No other brand can reproduce this blend. "P.A." is cool smoke, that never troubles your tongue. That's because of the special Prince Albert process, that takes out harshness and bite. Above all, Prince Albert is a friendly smoke--it can't wear out its welcome. Try some in your pipe. There's no pipe smoking pleasure that's quite the equal of your first meeting up with "The National Joy Smoke!"

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MUSIC: I'D RATHER BE WITH YOU (ORCHESTRA AND HUNT)
(O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTRODUCTION OVER MUSIC)

VOK ZELL: Ladies and gentlemen...following that famous tradition of all great prizefighters Jack Dempsey has opened a restaurant. In fact all over the country famous prizefighters are opening chop houses. Therefore, it won't surprise you to know that tonight marks the opening of Knockout O'Keefe's Chop House... a restaurant run in a real prizefight atmosphere. The next voice will be that of Knockout O'Keefe.

BIZ: CROWD NOISES IN BACKGROUND

O'KEEFE: Well, ladies and gentlemen...welcome to my new chop house. The ringside tables are filling up with celebrities. Champions and their families crowd the tables. This is still O'Keefe chop house...and that was our chef beating up an omelet.

BIZ: NOISE OF PUNCHING BAG BEING HIT

O'KEEFE: Here come another prizefight fan...Canvas Back McGillicuddy. Hello Mac...what's new with you.

HUNT: Yes Knockout...I'll have the dinner.

O'KEEFE: Okay...take your clothes off and weigh in on the scales here.

HUNT: You said it, you said it, you said it.

BIZ: HEAVY THUD OF HAMMER ON IRON

O'KEEFE: That was Gorilla McGillicuddy dropping his heavy underwear. Now hop on the scales...Let's see...156 pounds. All right.. grab a stool and sit in this corner.

HUNT: Gosh I'm hungry...what's this here on the menu.

O'KEEFE: Just a couple of gravy stains, forget it. How about a Madison Square Garden Special...some Tunneyfish salad. Or maybe some fish...Broiled Sharkey,

HUNT: How is your liver?

O'KEEFE: Fine...how's yours? I've got something I know you'll like... PRIMO ribs of beef.

HUNT: Fine...give me an upper cut.

BIZ: PUNCH OF GLOVES...HUNT GROANS AND DROPS

O'KEEFE: All right. You asked for it and here's the check. You know folks, it's kind of tough trying to pick up a check with boxing gloves on.

JACK: Say O'Keefe...I've got a complaint to make. I ordered spinach and the waiter brought me coleslaw.

O'KEEFE: Don't let that worry younister...here's a pair of green glasses.

JACK: Thanks...now what else have you got to eat?

O'KEEFE: Hey waiter...take care of this gentleman.

FLICK: (ACCENT) Eat...I give you tomato juice socktail...smashed potatoes...one round steak...slammed chop and fried wallops.

JACK: I'd rather have a chicken but it must be very young.

FLICK: Very young...okay sporrrt...Here's an egg.

BIZ: DISH EFFECT ON TABLE

JACK: Phew...there's something wrong with this egg.

FLICK: Well don't blame me...I only laid the table. Hey boss... what's this customer want?

O'KEEFE: Yes sir...what can I do for you?

SORIN: (STRAIGHT VOICE) Well Mr. O'Keefe...I don't like everyone to know...bend down and I'll whisper it.

BIZ: WHISPERING

O'KEEFE: Sure I can get you that...right away. Nick...here's this gentleman's order for dinner.

FLICK: Shoot!

O'KEEFE: First bring him bicarbonate of soda.

FLICK: Right.

O'KEEFE: Then give him dessert.

FLICK: Right.

O'KEEFE: Then meat and potatoes.

FLICK: Right.

O'KEEFE: After that he'll have the soup..then give him celery and olives and appetizer...Understand.

FLICK: Sure I understand...you're crazy.

O'KEEFE: You heard me...repeat the order.

FLICK: First I give him bicarbonate...then dessert...then meat and potatoes...then soup...then appetizer. You want me to give him the whole dinner backwards?

O'KEEFE: Yes backwards...he's got an upside down stomach.

FLICK: Okay you're the boss.

MUSIC: TWO HEADS AGAINST THE MOON (ORCHESTRA & SARGENT)
(O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTRODUCTION OVER MUSIC)

HUSING: Thank you Harry.

Tonight I have a sportslant that is unusual for we're going to spout some facts about the last few sensational field campaigns.

Only the other day, Henry Dreyer of Rhode Island State, tossed a 35 lb. steel ball so well and so far that all records, world and otherwise, were tumbled into the discard. Dreyers thrilling heave of nearly 58 feet, with a foul toss of 61, smashed the 22-year old world record, set a new collegiate mark, and revived great interest in that dormant weight event. Certainly a legitimate world mark merits attention, eh wot?

HUSI NG: In the pole vault, another field event, Keith Brown has continued his unmatched three year campaign by again vaulting to within a fraction of an inch of his record, which is 14 feet 4 inches. (On a last try two weeks ago, he failed by the merest margin to set a new all time world mark, indoors or out, when he missed 14 and a half feet. That type of performance never fails to excite the gallery.)

Last year Jesse Owens of Ohio State, set a new world indoor mark in the broad jump. Last week, Ben Johnson of Columbia this years indoor sprinting champion, broke the intercollegiate broad jump mark, and showed signs of surpassing Owen's record.

The high jump wherein first George Spitz of NYU and then Walter Marty of Fresno State leaped to unheard heights in 1933 and 1934, saw a new entrant, Cornelius Johnson of Compton Jr. College closely approach the 6 feet 9 inch mark. (With a little more stylish application of the famous California roll, the so-called swan-dive in high jumping, Johnson may yet reach 6 feet 10 inch - and that will be a thrill.)

The fifth and final field event is the shot put. The recognized indoor world's record is held by Leo Sexton of the NYAC, who also holds the present Olympic record for the 16 pound steel ball toss. The mighty-musoled Sexton is likewise the king of the medley event - indoor and outdoor - which involves tossing the 8, 12 and 16 pound shot. In addition, Leo Sexton has never been defeated in the U.S. National Championship weight throwing event - this weight, by the way, is a mere matter of 56 pounds.

HUSING: And here's an interesting statement by Leo Sexton about cigarettes. Leo says: "After a tough meet, I've found that smoking a Camel gives me a 'lift' and a feeling of new strength and vigor. Camels never jangle my nerves or upset my timing."

So take time to lend a hand to the gallant field champions -- and I'll report to you again next week.

MUSIC: LULLABY OF BROADWAY (ANNETTE HANSHAW)
(O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTRODUCTION OVER MUSIC)

VON ZELL: And now back we go for a second helping of Knockout O'Keefe's Chop House right near Medicine Square Garden. Take it...
O'Keefe!

O'KEEFE: Hello folks! There's some great bouts on the dinner card tonight. Here we go into the preliminary...between Sandy Celery and Mike McGloin. All set...

BIZ: PRIZE FIGHT BELL...SUSTAINED CROWD ROARS...BREAKING OF WOOD...
ETC...A LA CELERY BEING CHEWED PRIZE FIGHT BELL...

O'KEEFE: McGloin finished celery in one round. And didn't even use salt. Here we go into the semi-windup before the main event. A battle for Soupremacny of the Soups. The local favorite... Ox Tail...and an out of towner...Philadelphia Pepperpot. The soups are ready to go.

BIZ: FIGHT BELL...CROWD NOISES THROUGHOUT
LOUD "ZIPPING OF SOUP" EXAGGERATED...FIGHT BELL

O'KEEFE: The winner...Philadelphia Pepperpot. Pepperpot made it too hot for Oxtail. I could tell you an old joke about Ox Tail but that's going way back.

MAN: (OFF MIKE SHOUTS) The Main Event of the Evening!

O'KEEFE: And now we come to the main event of the evening. A fight to the finish between Canvas Back McGillicudy of the New York Tenderloin and Porterhouse Steak of Chicago's Stockyards. McGillicudy is 156 pounds...never been beaten. Porterhouse Steak weighs 2 pounds...never been eaten.

BIZ: (SUSTAINED CROWD NOISES THROUGHOUT ENTIRE SEQUENCE, INCREASING IN VOLUME PROPORTIONATE TO EXCITEMENT OF O'KEEFE'S NARRATIVE)

O'KEEFE: Canvas Back McGillicudy looks nervous. He's dressed in pink tights and has a knife and fork in each glove. Steak is on his plate...sizzling with excitement. He looks in fine shape. Just a little FAT around the midsection. Steak is talking to his seconds. French Fried Potatoes and Tomato Ketchup. Stand by...and now the big fight. Referee Husing is giving last minute instructions to McGillicudy and Porterhouse Steak. Listen!

HUSING: And now you kids, remember!...come out fighting...don't use nothin' but steel knives and forks...and no biting in the clinches. Okay...go to your corners.

BIZ: "YAY...YAY"
"COME ON"
"CHOKER HIM STEAK"

O'KEEFE: All set now...folks...

EFFECT: BELL RINGS SHOUT OF CROWD...ATMOSPHERE

O'KEEFE: (FAST) Porterhouse jumps out of his plate and rushes Mac against a Rye Bread. Mac snaps at Porterhouse Steak but misses and bites Rye Bread. Here they come again...Mac jabs with a fork...He's rolling the peas off his knife. Now Mac jabs at Steak...and Steak hides underneath a Potato. They're in the center of the table again. Mac is tiring rapidly. Now he slashes with his knife...the Steak is out...and badly bruised. Mac follows up with a dash of Mustard right in the Steak's eye...The Steak is blinded but still he fights on gamely.. Look...he's backing Mac across the Butter Plate... Mac is down on the floor. He's up! Here comes the waiter with the check. Now Husing's on the floor. Mac is fainting for an opening. He's fainting...He's fainted!

BIZ: FALLING BODY...WHISTLES AND CHEERS..."YEAH STEAK"

O'KEEFE: (SHOUTS) Porterhouse Steak is the winner. Wait folks! We'll pick up a few words from the loser...McGilllicuddy. Say something...Mac.

HUNT: (PAINFUL GROAN)

O'KEEFE: And now...here's the winner...Porterhouse Steak...Say something to the folks...Mr. Steak.

PHONEY
VOICE: Hello Mom...I'll be right home.

O'KEEFE: Right home to the ice box. Folks...you're still in O'Keefe's Chop House and business is still good.

PROST: Yoo hoo...Mister O'Keefe...this waiter is impossible!

O'KEEFE: What's the matter...Nick?

FLICK: Listen...Mr. Bopeep...I bring this dame three orders roast beef...She keeps sending it back.

FROST: Exactly! I said I want the beef rare...and when I say rare I mean rare.

O'KEEFE: Well...how about this, Madam?

FROST: (LOUDLY) No! It's not rare enough.

O'KEEFE: Not rare enough? Then I'll get you some that's really rare.
(SHOUTS TO CHEF) Chef! Send out some beef...very rare.

SORIN: (SHOUTS BACK) One beef coming right out...very rare!

BIZ: LOUD CRASH OF STAMPEDE...TABLES CRASHING...GENERAL BEDLAM
LOUD COW MOO IN MIKE

O'KEEFE: (SWEETLY) Here's a cow, Madam...is this rare enough?

MUSIC: CHINA BOY (ORCHESTRA)

VON ZELL: The Camel Caravan is a presentation of R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, makers of Camel Cigarettes and Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco. People say "I'd walk a mile for a Camel," because it's a fact that Camels are made from finer, more expensive Turkish and Domestic tobaccos than any other popular brand. Camel's costlier tobaccos never get on your nerves.

MUSIC: SMOKE RINGS

O'KEEFE: Well, ladies and gentlemen, another day's work is over for the Camel Caravan and we'll leave you now until Thursday night at nine o'clock Eastern Standard Time...and nine-thirty Rocky Mountain Time. In other words, this is farewell tonight for Glen Gray and his Casa Loma orchestra...for Annette Hanshaw and for Ted Husing. I'm glad to report that Ted has completely recovered from his automobile accident the other day. Out on Long Island the other day he was thrown out of a car and the only damage was two broken bottles. Well, enough for tonight...this is Walter O'Keefe, the Broadway Billbilly, saying Good nite and g'wan to bed...

THEME UP AND OUT

This is the COLUMBIA.....BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

(Fade theme 20 seconds)

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