

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY AND COMPANY
INCORPORATED

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10/8/35.



COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

CAMEL PROGRAM NO. 7

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1935.

8:00 - 9:00 P.M.

CUE: (COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM)

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 speaking for my good friends, Deane Janis, Glen Gray and his Casa Loma Orchestra and Ted Husing...I wish you could see our audience here tonight...they all seem very relaxed, - very much at home...of course, there's one fellow who's over-doing it...he's taking off his shoes...but it's all in the spirit of fun and here comes the Casa Loma team marching down the field playing "Three Little Words."

MUSIC: THREE LITTLE WORDS (ORCHESTRA)

1947



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ANNOUNCER:

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Ladies and gentlemen...the latest vogue in radio programs is the inquiring reporter...The man who gives you the voice of the people...Vox Populi...Tonight YOUR inquiring reporter, Walter O'Keefe, is in the middle of a crowd at Broadway and Forty-fourth Street and we take you there now to find him asking questions of the Man in the Street...

HIZ:

TRAFFIC NOISES UP AND DOWN

MURMUR OF VOICES

O'KEEFE:

Just step in closer to the microphone folks...we mustn't block traffic...Now you...young lady...what is your name?...

FRONT:

My name is Barbara Martin...189 Madison Avenue, New York City...Post Office Box No. 234 or care of General Delivery...

O'KEEFE:

Is that your maiden name?...Now Barbara...if you'll pardon me, I'd like to ask you your age...How old are you?...

FRONT:

Well, I'm...uh...(HIGH CACKLE LAUGH)...

O'KEEFE:

Is that so...you don't look a day over (CACKLES)...Now Barbara...A little problem in arithmetic...How many make a dozen?...

FRONT:

Twelve...

O'KEEFE:

And how many make a gross?...

FRONT:

One hundred and forty-four...

O'KEEFE:

And how many make a million...

FRONT:

Very few people...

O'KEEFE:

Thank you Barbara...now you...young man...you look like a bright young man...where do you hail from?...where do you live?...

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HUNT: Abner Appleknocker...

O'KEEFE: And what is your name?...

HUNT: Atlanta, Georgia...

O'KEEFE: Very good...

HUNT: Thank you, Mr. Uh...

O'KEEFE: Just call me Hartford, Connecticut...now one more question,
Abner...Have you ever heard me on the air before?...

HUNT: Just once...

O'KEEFE: Only once....

HUNT: Yes...that was enough...

O'KEEFE: Now Abner...I'll apologize for the next question...But here
it is...Do you think you're handsome?...

HUNT: Well no...but I think I'm cute...

O'KEEFE: Very funny, Mr. Appleknocker...I hope the next time I see you
you'll be a radio comedian...

HUNT: The same to you....

O'KEEFE: (NERVOUS LAUGH) Three thousand people walking by here and
I had to pick on him...Ah...you...young lady...what is your
name please...

JANIS: (INTENSELY) Fifi La Belle...

O'KEEFE: All right, Miss La Belle...Let me ask you a question...Do you
use a telephone?...

JANIS: Certainly...My number is Plaza 7 - 7927...

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



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O'KEEFE: out out of here, Husing...I'm sorry Miss La Belle...Husing
interrupting like that...it's disgraceful...I really don't
know what to say....

JANIS: That's all right....

O'KEEFE: by the way...I didn't get that number...what was it?...

SOBIN: Plaza seven seven two two seven....

O'KEEFE: Ladies and gentlemen...that was Fifi McGillicuddy...Now
you over there, sir...with the beard...what's your name....

JACK: (ACCENT) My name is Nicholas Stanislaus Popitoff Ivanoff
Romanoff...

O'KEEFE: You had me fooled...When I first saw you I thought you were
a Russian...

JACK: I am a Russian...I am Nicholas Stanislaus...

O'KEEFE: All right...so you're a Russian...

JACK: Kowsah yowsah...I mean Yas..Yes...

O'KEEFE: Well Nick...I have often wondered why Russians wear beards...
You see once I 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: One more question...All Russians love music...Tell me...What
is YOUR favorite number...

HUSING: Plaza seven seven two two seven...

MUSIC:

ISN'T THIS A LOVELY DAY (DEANE JANIS)
(O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTRODUCTION OVER MUSIC)



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ANNOUNCER:

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When you go out to the football games this fall, be sure that CAMELS go with you to your grandstand seat. It takes a lot of energy to cheer your favorite team on to victory! So be prepared to restore your energy quickly and pleasantly by smoking a CAMEL - the cigarette that gives you a "lift" with a scientifically confirmed "energizing effect." Another thing you'll appreciate is the fact that CAMELS are so mild that athletes say "They don't get your wind." That's important for any steady smoker, for anyone who wants to stay in "condition" for work and play. CAMELS ~~never~~ ^{do not} interfere with healthy nerves or good "condition." -- CAMELS are made from finer, more expensive Turkish and Domestic tobaccos than any other popular brand.

SUBJECT:

FROM THE TOP OF YOUR HEAD (ORCHESTRA AND HUNT)

(O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTRODUCTION OVER MUSIC)

O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen...what with Hollywood and Broadway reviving the plays of William Shakespeare we feel it our duty to bring these immortal dramas to the wireless...In this and succeeding weeks our Shakespearean troupe will present such classics as "The Merchant of Venice" and "As Youse Like It".....For centuries scholars have maintained that Shakespeare's dramas were written by Francis Bacon... Personally, I like Shakespeare and I like Bacon too...especially if it isn't too greasy...You can see this is high class stuff...Tonight, ladies and gentlemen...our first offering will be "The Taming Of The Shrew"....You will



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DICKENS:

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(CONT'D) recognize all the old Shakespearean favorites,
such as Antonio, Bassanio, Grandpiano and Salanio...

BEZ: ORCHESTRA PLAYS "O SOLO MIO"

BEZ: The scene: Padua, a market place...The time: 1590 Anno
Domini...Enter a couple of stooges in their stooge-coach...

BEZ: CLOP CLOP OF HORSES HOOFS

JACK: Driver...Avast Driver...Heave ho, Varlet...Hast I not told
thee stupid oaf, -- to come by way of the Lincoln Highway?...
Gadzook..Huh!...How much owest I thee to thou...

BUNZ: Fifteen lira for the first quarter of a mile and five lira
for each additional quarter mile...

HUSING: Oods bodkins...gadzooks and Yeah man!...Thinketh he that
we-ith are-ith a couple of college boyth?... Salanio...we
shall give him not a single penny...give him naught...

JACK: Bear me driver...naught...

BUNZ: Naughts to you, too...

HUSING: Get thee hence thou hogshhead before I conk thee on the noggin...

BEZ: HORSE HOOFS FAST AND OUT

JACK: Grandpiano...who cometh yonder?...

GRANCHIO: (VOCALIZING)

HUSING: That great singer...Petruchio...

GRANCHIO: (VOCALIZES AGAIN) I hath rhythm...thou hast rhythm...be
both rhythm when we're out together dantling check to checketh
...That ho!...Grandpiano and Salanio?...How are Obeckio,
Granchio and Harpio?...

BEZ: Fine...and thou?...



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OKLAHOMA:

Ah, too is me... Fortune is a fickle jade... empty is my
purse and desolate my cupboard... I have spent every last
piece of silver wining and dining and dicing and dancing
in yon Roseland Ballroom...

JACK: Meanest thou that thou are flat on thy...

OKLAHOMA: I...I...friend...I will do anything to make an honest penny...

HOSING: Bravo Petruchio...we have work for you...honest labor...

OKLAHOMA: Die upon you!...that's going too far...I don't work!...I am
a gentleman...I am an aristocrat...I am a nobleman...

JACK: You mean you're a bum...

OKLAHOMA: Aye...

HOSING: (STARTING IN SOUTHERN DRAWL) Say naow looky here, Walter...
I mean lookest here, Petruchio...In yon house lives a
lovely maid named Bianca...

OKLAHOMA: Ah Bianca...of the first national fiancas...

JACK: Well, she hath a sister, Katherine...she hath...Katherine is
a mean ~~hussy~~...a harpy from Hades...

HOSING: Her tongue has the sting of a rattlesnake....

JACK; She's a fiend...

HOSING: She's a vixen....

JACK: She's a shrew...

HOSING: She's a spitfire...

JACK & HOSING: (SINGING) She's the mea--ee--nest ga--al in town...

OKLAHOMA: (ON BREAK) Boom boom boom boom...

JACK: Meanest ga--al in town...

CYMBAL CRASH





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ALL: Pow...

BIZ: HEAVY CHAINS RATTLE ON REVERSE MIKE - GHOST NOISES

BUSING: Hey...what's that noise...

O'KEEFE: That's Shakespeare turning over in his grave...

JACK: And so, Petruchio...if you will marry and tame this shrew,
her father will givest thou a million dollars...but I warn
thee....she looketh like the bride of Frankenstein...

O'KEEFE: Say, for a million dollars I'd marry Frankenstein himself...

BUSING: Here is yon house...Let us hie us hither hence...THOU...

BIZ: KNOCK ON THE DOOR

JACK: I wonder if sweet Katherine is at home....

BIZ: SOUND: BACK OF DOOR....FROST SCREAMS

FROST: Get thee hither....

BIZ: GLASS CRASH

FROST: Hie thee hence...

BIZ: GLASS CRASH

O'KEEFE: Ah yes...Katherine is home....

FROST: Hence thee hie thee hither hie dee ho...

BIZ: GLASS CRASH

O'KEEFE: Gentlemen, wait without...I'm going within to tame this
shrew...

BIZ: DOOR OPENS

O'KEEFE: Hiya Kate...I am Petruchio, your lover....

FROST: Thou my lover!...Fie upon you!...

O'KEEFE: Ah, sweet dove...with a voice like a lark...



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HOST:

Get thee gone, thou long-eared donkey...thou with thy pigs
snout and pigs feet...thou with thy hillbilly haircut...

O'KEEFE:

Ah Kate...never have I heard such flattery...Thou art my
life...thou art my love...thou art my soul...my house...
my barns...thou art my cows...my horses...thou...thou...
(FALTERING) Boy, am I thou see...

MUSIC PLAYS

ANNOUNCER:

And so the first act curtain rings down on "The Taming Of
The Shrew"...Walter O'Keefe's revival of this great
Shakespearean drama...The second act will be played shortly
...meanwhile Kenny Sargent sings "I'm In The Mood For Love."

MUSIC:

I'M IN THE MOOD FOR LOVE (ORCHESTRA AND SARGENT)

HOSTING:

TO BE INSERTED

MUSIC:

TAG

ANNOUNCER:

And now, ladies and gentlemen...back to our Shakespearean
Players led by Walter O'Keefe in their revival of that
dramatic classic "The Taming Of The Shrew"...we pick up
Petruchio O'Keefe at the window of his palace giving the
Shrew her first lesson in obedience...

BT2:

ORCHESTRA PLAYS "I SURRENDER DEAR"

O'KEEFE:

Ah, lookest thou hence Katherine...How brightly shines yon
sun...

HOST:

'Tis midnight Petruchio..that's not the sun...that's the moon

O'KEEFE:

Listen Shrew...if I say it's the sun...it's the sun...

HOST:

All right...it's the sun...



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O'NEEFE: It isn't the sun...it's the moon....

FROST: All right...it's the moon....

O'NEEFE: You lie...it's the sun...

FROST: It's the sun....

O'NEEFE: All right ...have it your own way...it's the moon...

FROST: Who is that beautiful girl coming towards us...

O'NEEFE: That's NOT a girl...it's the butler coming in with the food...

FROST: I couldn't tell...I was blinded by looking at the sun....

O'NEEFE: the moon!...

FROST: Aw...let's not go into that again...

JACK: (CHARGED VOICE) Would it please my noble lord to alleviate the pangs of hunger with some repast from the festive board...

O'NEEFE: If thou mean do I want to put on the food bag...

JACK: Yowsah!...

FROST: Egadi...At least some food...I'm famished...I'm starved... I'm empty...I haven't eaten for three days....

O'NEEFE: Tut tut tut, my little hawking bird...food would fatten thy lovely figure....

FROST: Couldst I have a slab of mutton?...

O'NEEFE: No...bad for your complexion....

FROST: A hunk of pie....

O'NEEFE: Too rich....

FROST: A dog biscuit....

O'NEEFE: Too light....

FROST: Two dog biscuits...

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O'KEEFE: Too heavy...Shhh...Hark...Ah, a minstrel... street singer...
SARGENT: (SINGS "I WISHED ON THE MOON" - GUITAR ACCOMPANIMENT)
O'KEEFE: (YELLING) The sun!...
SARGENT: All right...the sun...
O'KEEFE: You lie, varlet...it's the moon...
SARGENT: Have it your way...it's the moon...(SINGING AGAIN)...I wished
on the sun....
O'KEEFE: Well, I'm glad we straightened that out...
JACK: Prithee, my lord...the costumer, the couturier...Monsieur
Le Jacques...lady's dressmaker...
LIZ: FLOURISH OF TRUMPETS
SORIN: Hello hullo hullo, Mr. O'Kiffy...
O'KEEFE: Hold your tongue, varlet...Pie upon you...
SORIN: Phooey on you too...
O'KEEFE: Listen...this is Shakespeare...Go out and try that over again...
SORIN: Okay...you said it...I got it...
LIZ: FLOURISH OF TRUMPETS
SORIN: To be or not to be...dot is the question mark...
FROST: Alas...art thou Jacques...the couturier?...
SORIN: Verily...I am Jake the Tailor...And even now hast I comest
to talking with thou...
FROST: I would like to see a dress that would fit me...
SORIN: So would I sweatmeats...so would I...How dost thou like dis
dress here?...
FROST: Ah Jake, it pleaseth my fancy...
O'KEEFE: Quiet wife...None of your fripperies...Jake I want something
conservative...A stylish stout...size fifty-two...

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SORIN: You'dst have an idea of the color?...

O'KEEFE: Ye...verilly...red white and blue organdy with yellow checks. I want the buttons made out of neon lights and hang a red lantern in the back....

SORIN: Now about a steering wheel in the front?...

FROST: Ah Petruchio...my lord...my master...What taste you have...
Egad, what taste...I can see now that thou art my master and who knows...someday, we may have a son...



O'KEEFE: What?...

FROST: We may have a son...

O'KEEFE: A son...

FROST: A son...

PIZ: **BELL RINGS**

O'KEEFE: Who's ringing that gong?...

JACK: Major Shakespeare...

PIZ: **GONG RINGS AGAIN**

MUSIC: **AFTER YOU'VE GONE (ORCHESTRA)**

ANNOUNCER: This program is presented by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina - makers of CAJOL Cigarettes and Prince Albert smoking tobacco. Experienced pipe smokers just say this about Prince Albert: "Once you've tried it, you never forget the smooth, mellow friendliness of 'good old P.A.!'". Try "the National Joy Smoke" in your pipe! The "no-bite" process protects your tongue. And there are two full ounces in every Prince Albert tin!

PIZ: **SMOKE RINGS**

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O'KEEFE: And so, ladies and gentlemen, we ring down the curtain on Glen Gray and his Casa Loma band, Beane Janis and our Shakespearean Players...

HUSING: Walter...

O'KEEFE: Oh yes, and Ted Husing...

HUSING: By the way, I liked that play "The Taming Of The Shrew."

O'KEEFE: Well Ted, we can't take all the credit...Shakespeare wrote it...we only improved it...

HUSING: Shakespeare?...

O'KEEFE: Yes, William Shakespeare, you heard of him...

HUSING: Heard of him? I've seen him! He plays left halfback for Notre Dame and he's the greatest football player...

O'KEEFE: Ladies and gentlemen, this is Walter O'Keefe's saying good night until this same time Thursday...

MUSIC UP AND OUT

STATION CUE



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