



ACQUINTA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

CAMEL PROGRAM NO. 15

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1964
10:00 To 10:30 P. M.

CUE: (ACQUINTA BROADCASTING SYSTEM)
(.....30 seconds.....)

MUSIC: SMOKE RINGS

ANNOUNCER: (AFTER EIGHT BARS) Gangway, neighbors...here comes the Great Caravan again, brought to you by the makers of Camel Cigarettes and Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco...This is Walter O'Keefe speaking...The Broadway Hillbilly, and I had a hard day of it down in the cellar sifting the ashes and cleaning out the furnace. Let me welcome you tonight on behalf of the Three...Hillbills...Annette Headlaw, Glen Gray and Ted Husingo...Well, while I wake up Camella at the bare altar, you people amblin' to the boys playing something called... "Fuji"...Fuji... It sounds like baby talk but anyway here it is...Fuji.

MUSIC: BUJI (ORCHESTRA)

51453 0624



FROST: Newspapers, magazines, cigaration...rather blandest

O'KEEFE: Oh...hello, Camella. How are you?

FROST: I suppose so.

O'KEEFE: Oh...so you're late again, eh?

FROST: Yeah...your brother drove me down ...At least he drove me part way....Y'see he crashed into a brick building..and good bye Charlie...but it wasn't his fault....

O'KEEFE: What do you mean it wasn't his fault?....

FROST: The building didn't look where it was going

O'KEEFE: Say, Camella, I meant to speak to you about your voice....You know when you're selling things to people you've gotta have a sort of come hither quality in your voice....You've got to watch your inflection...do you know what an inflection is?

FROST: Oh, yes...once I stepped on a rusty nail and got a terrible inflection in my foot.....

O'KEEFE: Well, I brought that on myself...Oh, hello, Husing....

HUSING: Hello, Walter.....hahzit?

51453 0625



O'KEEFE: Hello, Ted. how was the Princeton-Yale game?

HUSING: A bit embarrassing...By the way I was talking to some people out there in New Jersey and they want to know why you call yourself the Broadway Hillbilly?

O'KEEFE: Oh, that goes back a long way, Ted....Hillbilly is the new word but in my father's time they called them rubes...My father was a rube. You won't believe this but on the very first day he landed in New York a guy sold him the Brooklyn Bridge.....

HUSING: (LAUGHS) What a chump!

O'KEEFE: What a chump! ...that's what you think. Listen Ted...the next day HE sold it to another guy for a profit. But ohhhh, did he have trouble trying to get rid of the Statue of Liberty.....

HUSING: Has he still got it?

O'KEEFE: No, he held on to it for a while...and then he traded it for Central Park...Can you imagine that?



-4-

HUSING: Yes, Walter...I can imagine that...You see my father was a rube too...He bought the Hudson River....

O'KEEFE: Noooooooo

HUSING: Yes...the family held on to it as long as we could but we finally had to let it go...We couldn't keep up the payments. By the way, Camella, how are you fixed for lunch?....

FROST: If that's an invitation, Mr. Husing, I'd love to sit down and eat...my feet are killing me...working at a news stand like this is nothing but a life of druggery....

O'KEEFE: What did you say?....

FROST: Druggery!..

O'KEEFE: I was afraid so...Camella, the word is "drudgery"...

FROST: Well, it depends on how you were brought up...see you later, boss.....

SORIN: Hello...hello...if my eyes don't receive me it's Mr. O'Kiffy.....

51453 0627



#5#

O'KEEFE: Hello, McGillicuddy...what's new with you?...

SORIN: Well, my good chappie...I am now the representative of the Insurance Company of Rosenbloom, Rosenbloom, Mushy, Love in Bloom and O'Brien....

O'KEEFE: How did O'Brien get in there....

SORIN: He married Gloria Love In Bloom...of course...of course...Tell me Mr. O'Kiffy...how you feeling.... you look terrible...

O'KEEFE: Not so good Mac...I feel rotten...

SORIN: Well, I'm glad to hear it...I am tickled to the biggest degree...So you've got tonsillitis...so you got lumbago... so you got athlete's tootsie...so you're sick.....

O'KEEFE: So what?.....(TAKES UP HEBE DIALECT) So I'll getting a policy of course, of course.....

SORIN: As one American citizen to another...we must pull together.....

O'KEEFE: For Rosenbloom, Rosenbloom, Love in Bloom and O'Brien

51453 0628



SORIN: All one hundred per cent like myself.....

O'KEEFE: You mean that you're naturalized...I mean
housebroken....You see your dialect led me to think...

SORIN: Well, can I help it if my English teacher had an
accent?....

O'KEEFE: Well, Mac....I've got a policy...you take it up
with Camella...I want to hear Kenny Sargent sing
"Maybe I'm Wrong Again "

MUSIC: MAYBE I'M WRONG AGAIN. .ORCHESTRA & SARGENT.

HUSING: Thank you Harry.

And by the way, that little discussion of ours,
regarding the Yale-Princeton game I broadcast last
Saturday, certainly whipped me into fine fettle for
tonights chat with these Camel Fans.

The game, as you all remember, was packed with
thrills but one thing I noticed was the continuous
frenzy of cheering on the Yale side. Cheering is
certainly part and parcel of the great game of
football.

(Continued next page)

HUSING:
(CONT'D)

Here's what Kenneth Bonnet, undergraduate cheer leader, has to say - "Let me tell you cheer leading is hard work -- I'm tired all the way through at the end of the game. Of all the times that a Camel tastes good -- that is the best! Because, as I enjoy its smooth, mellow flavor, that 'all in' feeling slips away, and I feel refreshed and cheered up -- as good as new again."

Now let's give you an inside story that may tell you why it is that Friday afternoon decides more football games than the actual game on Saturday does.

Thanks to Ducky Pond, Les Quailley and myself were the only two outsiders allowed in the Princeton Stadium, Friday afternoon for Yale's final tune-up. Behind barred gates, Yale went through a session that was little short of discouraging. Here was a team that looked due for a merciless beating, but as we passed off the field, Larry Kelly the Yale end, turned to us, and said--"We may miss 'em in practice, Ted, but that means we'll catch 'em tomorrow!" And how right he was!

HUSING:
(CONT'D)

Later on, Coach Fritz Grisler extended the same courtesy to us that had been given by Yale, and we watched three precision matches, tear up and down the field behind the most amazing deception that it has been our pleasure ever to witness. When we left the shadows of Palmer Stadium, I figured three touchdowns difference in the score.

Came the game. Princeton was caught in a high state of tension right from the start. The precision vanished and that easy indifference to a bad practice session gave the wild indians on the Yale team what they needed -- ease, punch and drive. Undoubtedly Yale had the jump. Smart thinking sent Yale into kick formation on third down thirteen to go. Roscoe faded from number two, tossed a stilted pass to the Locquacious Kelly, and the game was over, even though the Tiger raced to three probable touchdowns, once on the one yard line, once on the 7, and once on a too long pass through the end zone. Eleven Yale men played under the slogan "We'll catch 'em tomorrow!" And how they did! And how I hope to catch those predictions next Thursday night.

MUSIC: EARFUL OF MUSIC (ANNETTE HANSHAW)

(O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTRODUCTION OVER MUSIC)

O'KEEFE: About ten days ago we presented a drama of the Hillbilly Country portraying the foud between the Carstairs family and the Hatfield clan, both of Stoopbagle county.....As we told you then, all the action takes place in the town of Goldberg, Nevada....named after Romeo Goldberg, the first Spaniard to bring a bar of soap west of the Mississippi. The feud las broken out again tonight and we peek in on the Hatfield home. Old Pappy Hatfield...I don't know how to describe him to you...well, he looks like a bag of old wash.... The son is out harvesting the corn...he's bringing home a gallon and the daughter has just come in from work. She's an artist's model...she poses for those before-and-after advertisements in the magazines. She's always the before part. Right now she's bending over the stove cooking up some feud...she stands there smelling the feud and she's smacking her lips... with a saddle bag.

(Continued next page)

O'KEEFE: Tonight's a big night with the Hatfield's because
(CONT'D) their son Ezry is coming home after a long absence.
You see, the son went out to see the world...he
went to Bridgeport....All right, ladies and
gentlemen...here we go....

BIZ: CHORUS OF OLD HILLBILLY BALLAD "THERE WAS BLOOD
ON THE SADDLE".

IN THE MIDDLE OF CHORUS IS A SHOT.....

O'KEEFE: Well, slap my saddle!....somebody shot Hezekiah!...

JACK: I did Pappy...he was a-singin' off key.....

O'KEEFE: Well, let's get on with the song...

BIZ: THEY SING TO FINISH

RENWICK: Say, Pappy...ain't it about time for Ezry to be
comin' home from the city...eh Pappy?

O'KEEFE: Yea, Mappy, and he's bringing home a present for
Zuke....Seke he's bringin' you a bar of soap....

JACK: Hey Pappy....what's a bar of soap? Hanh?....

O'KEEFE: Well, Zeke...soap is one of them new fangled inventions...don't worry....it ain't come to stay....It's somethin' that floats around in a bath tub.....

JACK: Hey, Pappy, what's a bath tub...Hanh?

O'KEEFE: It's a rowboat without any oars...And hey, Emmy Lou, gall

FROST: Spit it out, Pappy.....

O'KEEFE: I heard tell Ezry's bringin' home a present for you, too..... It's a comb.....

FROST: Hey Pappy...what's a comb..? Hanh?....

O'KEEFE: Hanh?

FROST: What's a comb?

O'KEEFE: Oh, it's somethin' like a mouth organ...you put a piece of tissue paper over it and it blows music...

FROST: Let's look down the road a piece Pappy...and see if Ezry's a-comin'.....

O'KEEFE: Doater....I can't see through this window....

FROST: Hehre Pappy....I'll open it

BIZ: CLASH OF GLASS

O'KEEFE: That's better....(SNIFFS INTO MIKE).. What's that funny smell?

FROST: That's fresh air, Pappy

JACK: Hey Pappy...what's fresh air? Hanh?

O'KEEFE: Zeke, you're a big boy now....you're thirty-five. Going on thirty-six...I'll bet you don't know that two and two makes four.....

FROST: Hey Pappy....what's four (IDIOT LAUGH)

O'KEEFE: Ladies and gentlemen...that was Montmorency's kid sister....

BIZ: HOOFBEATS ENDING IN HORSE'S WHINNY

RENEWICK: Hey Pappy...is that Ezry and his horse.....

O'KEEFE: No...Just Ezry...(HORSE WHINNES AGAIN)..Gee, it's good to hear his voice again

BIZ: BANG ON DOOR - VERY LOUD

O'KEEFE: That's Ezry all right...He always does things different...Listen to him bang his head on that door....Come in, Ezry.....

BIZ: TERRIFIC SPLINTERING OF WOOD

BIZ: AD LIB CRIES OF "HELLO" AND GREETING.

VON ZELL: Pappy....I brought presents for everybody...but the first thing I want to show you is a brand new radioLook....you turn on this switch and listen to Pee Wee Hunt singing "A Hundred To One It's You".

MUSIC: A HUNDRED TO ONE IT'S YOU (ORCHESTRA AND HUNT)

VON ZELL: The other day a friend of mine told me that he had just started to smoke Camels. Let me quote him. "Harry", he said, "it's really remarkable, the comfort and ease I get from those good Camels. In my job I burn energy fast and frequently feel let down and tired out. But I've noticed that if I light a Camel, well, fatigue and the blues do a fast fade-out."

(Continued next page)

VON ZELL: Boy, smoking a Camel is just the finest way I've
(CONT'D) found to snap my energy back and cheer me up again!"
(SLIGHT PAUSE) The benefit this friend gets from
smoking Camels has been experienced by thousands of
other people -- and confirmed by science too.
That's the "energizing effect" that makes it
possible to get a lift with a Camel. And you may
smoke Camels steadily. They are made from finer
more expensive tobaccos - Turkish and Domestic --
than any other popular brand. And these costlier
tobaccos "never get on your nerves."

MUSIC: MY MAN (ANNETTE HANSHAW)

(O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTRODUCTION OVER MUSIC)

VON ZELL: And now, ladies and gentlemen...we continue with our
prize winning play, "It Must Have Been Something I
Et." There has been a truce between the Carstairs
and the Hatfield Clans...so let's listen in on the
Hatfield Home where they are celebrating the return
home of Ezry....the son who went to the city!

HAND ME DOWN MY WALKING CANE.

O'KEEFE: Well, Ezry....it looks as if them city ways has made a sissty outen you. What's this I heard about you putting on a clean shirt every two months?....What's that you tell me about combing youah hair....I understand you comb your hair as often as once a week....

VON ZELL: We don't comb ouah hair once a week 'ceptin' when we're on a radio program. Tell me, Pappy...who's all ouah kin and the Carstairs kin? Kin our kin still whip their kin?

BIZ: EVERYBODY SINGS: "WE CERTAINLY KIN...KIN KIN".

VON ZELL: Hey Emmy Lou...Glad to see you cookin'...You cooked me a mighty powerful hash when I left home six months ago....What you cooking naow?

FROST: I'm warming up the same hash for you. I've been saving it for six months.....

VON ZELL: Well, ahm goin' out to shoot a couple of Carstairs before dinner.....

51453 0638

O'KEEFE: Hey, Ezry....put down that machine-gun. Our kin and the Carstairs kin have declared a truce.....

JACK: Hey Pappy....what's a truce, Hanh?.....

O'KEEFE: I won't tell you....you're learnin' too fast. Yes Ezry...the feud is over. Carstairs hez learned to shoot better and we Hatfield's are tired of being Clay pigeons.....

BIZ: HOOFEATS AND YAHOO'S AND YIPEES OFF MIKE

O'KEEFE: Here they are now....they're a coming over to welcome you home.....

BIZ: ORDINARY RAP ON THE DOOR.

O'KEEFE: Zeke...you lazy critter...get up off the floor...you bin layin' there for two hours jest a-wiggling your toes.....

JACK: Well, you know me Pappy...I ain't the kind to set around all day doin' nothin'....(LAUGH)

BIZ: DOOR OPENS-HUBBUB OF VOICES IN GREETING.

SORIN: (COMBINATION HILLBILLY AND HEBE)

Well, Hecfieldy...ah reckon your kin and my kin
will have a little catch as catch can...of course,
of course....

O'KEEFE: I love that hillbilly accent...By the way Colonel
Carstairs, and while I think of it...how did you
become a Colonel?.....

SORIN: I made a touchdown for the Louisiana State Football
Team....

O'KEEFE: Well, gather round folks...pull your chairs around
the table...We're going to eat this here pig...This
is going to taste good.

RENWICK: It would taste a lot better if you'd kill it first...
It ain't cooked....

JACK: Maybe it ain't cooked but it's plenty sunburned
(LAUGH)

O'KEEFE: Well, I got my gun here...I'll take a shot at it....

BIZ: TWO SHOTS

O'KEEFE: Well, slap my saddle....I hit Carstairs.....

SORIN: (YELL OF PAIN) I knew that ham would get me in trouble.....

ORCH: ORCHESTRA STRIKES UP "COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN"
FORTE.....SIMS DOWN AND VON ZELL COMES IN, IN
STRAIGHT VOICE.....

O'KEEFE: And so ladies and gentlemen...we leave the Carstairs
and the Hatfields shooting it out...But the feud is
on again and don't forget to hear the next thrilling
installment of our prize winning play "It Must Have
Been Something I Et" in the near Future. Meanwhile
the band plays I GOT RHYTHM from Girl Crazy.

MUSIC: I GOT RHYTHM.....(ORCHESTRA)

VON ZELL: The Camel Caravan is presented by the Makers of
Camel Cigarettes and Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco,
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company of Winston-Salem, North
Carolina. Good old "P.A." the national Joy Smoke, is
made with a special process to remove any sort of
harshness. And in every tin of Prince Albert there
are two full ounces.

MUSIC: SMOKE RINGS

O'KEEFE: Well, ladies and gentlemen...so it goes...Another program goes up in Smoke Rings blown by Glen Gray and his Casa Loma Five and Drum Corps....Again on Thursday night we'll bring you Annette Hanshaw and Ted Husing's football predictions. This is Michael O'Keefe's oldest boy.....Walter....

JACK: Hanh!

O'KEEFE: I said Walter O'Keefe!

SORIN: (HILLBILLY) You all being so kindly as to listen to me Pappy Hatfield.

O'KEEFE: Listen, Colonel...the feed is on...and I'll never make up as long as there's a drop of tobacco left in my body.....Good night everybody.....

MUSIC: THEME UP AND OUT
STATION CUE.

Ec

51453 0642