

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

CAMEL PROGRAM NO. 18

THURSDAY NOV. 29, 1934  
9:00 to 9:30 P.M.

CUE: (COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM)  
(30 seconds)

MUSIC: SMOKE RINGS

O'KEEFE: (AFTER EIGHT BARS) Gangway Neighbor...here comes ye Camel Caravan, brought to youse by ye makers of Camel Cigarettes and ye good olde Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco...This is Walter O'Keefe speaking...the Pilgrim Father...expending to you the heartiest of Thanksgiving greetings on behalf of Glen Gray and his boys, Annette Hanshaw and Ted Husing. Well...the braves of the Casa Loma Tribe have picked an old-fashioned American folk song for Thanksgiving...It's called "Avalon."

MUSIC: AVALON (ORCHESTRA)

O'KEEFE: Well, Camella...How are you?

FROST: Thanks very much'...Mister O'Keefe...this is Thanksgiving Day...What have you got to be thankful for?

O'KEEFE: Plenty, Camella...I'm the happiest man in the world...I'm proud to announce a Blessed Event in my family.

FROST: (AMAZEDLY) Noooooo!!!

O'KEEFE: Yessssss...my father has finally landed a job,

FROST: How long was he looking for a job?

O'KEEFE: I don't know...we lost his birth certificate...Well, to celebrate we had a real old fashioned New England Thanksgiving dinner...you know the kind they serve up around Boston.

FROST: What did you have?

O'KEEFE: Beans.

FROST: Y'know, Mister O'Keefe...I'm a real Pilgrim...My ancestros came over on the Mayflower.

O'KEEFE: That's funny, Camella...I didn't know the Mayflower had a Steerage Class.

FROST: Well, I guess we all learn something new every day.

O'KEEFE: Y'know, Camella...we had a swell dinner at our house...Uncle Tim was there...Uncle Tim is about ten minutes older than Fanny Ward and he's more fun than a barrel of corn...Just as we sat down to the festive board, Uncle Tim started things off with a bang...He jumped, banged on the table and yelled, (IRISH) "Well, I wonder how many of us will be here this time next year."...Oh, he's a pile of fun.

FROST: Oh, Mister O'Keefe...Did WE have a dinner...Good-bye Charley... We had celery, olives, ravishes...W<sup>~</sup> had a goose...a turkey... stuffing, cranberries, mashed turnips...and whaddye think we had for dessert?

O'KEEFE: Bicarbonate of soda.

BIZ: DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS

FROST: Oh boss...here's what I've got to be thankful for...  
Montmorency, the drummer...Hello Monty.

JACK: Hello darling...Hello Walter...I'm just going out for my  
Thanksgiving dinner...boy...am I going to have the works...  
Good bye Charlie...

O'KEEFE: Where are you eating?

JACK: The Hamburger stand at the corner.

O'KEEFE: Oh that's a shame...hamburger on a day like this.

JACK: Yeah...but these hamburgers have feathers on them (LAUGH)  
Hey Camella...how about having dinner with me.

FROST: Oh, I've had one already...but there's always room for one more.

JACK: Gee that's swell.. call up your mother and tell her we'll be  
over in a half hour.

O'KEEFE: Hey Monty...I wish you'd pick up a book and leave it at the  
hospital for my Aunt Emma.

JACK: Sure Walter...maybe she'd like to read Anthony Adverse.

O'KEEFE: Read it? She isn't strong enough to lift it. Y'know it's  
a funny thing about Emma...she's a maiden lady, a spinster...  
and the woman in the next bed to her has just cremated her  
fourth husband. It makes Emma furious...she simply CAN'T  
get a man and other women have husbands to burn.

FROST: Oh boss...look at this picture in the paper. Did you ever see such a funny lookin' turkey...I'll bet that bird weighs fifteen pounds.

O'KEEFE: Camolla...that's NOT a turkey...it's Mahatma Gandhi.

FROST: Well I can't help it...he looks as he's gonna cackle.

SORIN: Hello, hello, hello, Mr. O'Kiffy...as I live and try to breathe with adenoids. I just dropped in to wish you a Happy Denkyousgiving...of course, of course.

O'KEEFE: Tell me McGilllicuddy...on Thanksgiving Day have you got something to be thankful for...Where are you working?

SORIN: A delicatessen...Ye Olde Colonial Delicatessen..Shoppe... established 1934...Telephone Salami seven, seven, six, ten... with salami...with pickles...with chopped livers...with sausages...open day and night.

O'KEEFE: How about ham?

SORIN: Who's talking about ham?

O'KEEFE: McGilllicuddy...don't change the subject. What have you got to be thankful for?

SORIN: I am thankful for a real old fashioned Thanksgiving dinner... with cranberries, squash, stuffing, sweet potatoes, punkin pie and a fifteen pound herring. But how's it with you O'Kiffy...what have you got to be thankful for?

O'KEEFE: I'm thankful that I can sit down for a while and enjoy myself while Annette Hanshaw sings..."When My Ship Comes in."

MUSIC: WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN (ANNETTE HANSHAW)

HUSING: Thank you Harry.

As the season comes to a close this Saturday, topped off by the National Sugar Bowl Classic at New Orleans with Pitt and Alabama the probable contenders, and with the Rose Bowl battle bringing Stanford and Colgate together, we look back with amazement at the achievements of the leading teams.

Yes, sir - a great season - packed with hard work for the newspapermen and press telegraphers who have to get these thrilling games on paper for you. T.L. Walsh, expert press telegrapher says: "Working a wire to catch the play-by-play story of a fast football game as quick as it happens - that's my job, and it's a tough one! The strain and excitement use up tremendous amounts of energy. So I thank my stars that I can smoke Camels on this job! For a Camel gives me real relief from the exhausting strain. I can feel the quick 'pick-up' in my energy. And I feel more alert -- able to work faster and more accurately."

Despite the lack of a sense of humor evidenced by my Minnesota constituents, I admit that Minnesota ranks number one in the national listing. Excited followers of the Gophers go so far as to suggest the team as the greatest of all time - and they can't be far wrong. Unfortunately, I didn't get to see them in action, but what I saw last year, was convincing enough. So hail your national champions -- The Minnesota Gophers!

The final splurge of football gives me the chance to make these predictions:

HUSING:

Baylor plays Rice and Rice wins.

Boston College will lose to Holy Cross.

Washington State will just nose out Detroit.

Florida takes Stetson into camp.

Georgia will overwhelm Georgia Tech while Tulane will lose to Louisiana State and lose by a whisker. Southern Methodist will beat the surprising Texas Christian team and I beg off predicting Army and Navy because I shall be broadcasting the service battle. And finally, Mississippi should win out by a point from Mississippi State -- and so we draw the curtain on the season...And on the predictions for the year.

MUSIC:

COLLEGE RHYTHM (ORCHESTRA AND HUNT)

O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen...that was "College Rhythm" sung by Pee Wee Hunt...and now we approach our own celebration of Thanksgiving. Of course, you remember the pictures of the old time Puritan Pilgrim Thanksgivings. The picture would show the Pilgrim Father.. you know he'd just been out fighting five or six hundred Indians...well the picture would always show him leaning over the sink washing his face while his wife is pulling a few arrows out of his back. You see he got shot in the stockade. His rear end usually looked like a punch board. Now in our play tonight it's different...we show you Thanksgiving Dinner, Modern Style. The three children are returning home to the farm from the city...The oldest boy is a poet from New York. The youngest boy is a comedian.. he's a very funny fellow...

O'KEEFE: he's coming home on a bus...and the poet's coming home on an empty stomach. The daughter is a stenographer.. and out in the yard we hear the donkey braying. The donkey will be played by Ted Husing...

BIZ: DONKEY NOISES

O'KEEFE: Not yet Ted...wait till we get started. Well people...here we go boys...let's have a little Pilgrim music.

ORCHESTRA PLAYS "ST. LOUIS BLUES"....VERY HOT

As this ends we hear a series of wintry sound effects...

WIND WHISTLE

SLIGHT BELLS

RENWICK: (SINGING) We're having a heat wave.. a tropical heat wave.. etc.

BIZ: WHISTLING AND THUNDER

RENWICK: My heavens Paw...it's gittin' cold.

O'KEEFE: Now...throw another hog on the fire.

RENWICK: Say Paw...take another look at the turkey will you?

BIZ: STOVE DOOR OPENS...AND SIZZLE

O'KEEFE: He's still in here...walking around with one foot in the gravy.

RENWICK: Good grief.. it's high time those children of ours got here.

O'KEEFE: Don't worry old pot walloper.. those kids'll be here... they never missed a free meal yet.

RENWICK: Maybe they are delayed...

O'KEEFE: Waaal.. hitch hikin' ain't what it used to be...but Maw I want to have a few minutes with you alone. Maw...three hundred years ago today...our Pilgrim fathers feasted and sang. Come on Maw...play me some of that good old Pilgrim music. YOU play and we'll both sing.

BIZ: SHORT VAMP ON PUMP ORGAN SEQUES INTO EIGHT BARS  
FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE

O'KEEFE: Boy am I hot?

RENWICK: Yeah man.

O'KEEFE: Maw you're certainly a terrow with that Mighty Gas Pipe Organ.. Hey looky Maw.. down the road yonder.. here comes our son Throckmorton...the poet.

RENWICK: Lookit that racoon coat he's wearin'.

O'KEEFE: That's not a racoon coat.. that's his hair.. he's been living in Greenwich Village for two years.

BIZ: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS  
AD LIB ORIENTINGS

SORIN: (SNIFFS...THEN USES STRAIGHT VOICE...POLISHED) Aha.. a turkey!!  
I think that I shall never see  
A poem lovely as a turkee  
Turkeys are eaten by fools like me  
The correct time is now nine twenty three.

O'KEEFE: What time are you leaving Throckmorton?



RENEWICK: Why Paw...looky.. here comes our son Dionysius.. the comedian.

O'KEEFE: Dionysius, eh...why I haven't seen him since he was knee high to the Empire State Building.

RENEWICK: (EMOTIONALLY) Oh Dionysius...how are you...Gee you're lookin' swell..

O'KEEFE: Wait a minute Maw...he isn't in yet. Come on in, Dionysius...it's your turn.

BIZ: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

JACK: Hello.. hello..hello...listen to this one Dad.. this is gonna kill you. Travelling salesman on the road...see? Gets a wire from his wife...says "Twins arrived tonight... more by mail." (LAUGHS)

EVERYBODY IN UNISON

WHAT TIME ARE YOU leaving Dionysius?

RENEWICK: Hush children...here comes your sister Wilhemina... Wilhemina's a stenographer in the big city...Here she is.

BIZ: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

EVERYBODY: HELLO WILHEMINA

FROST: Hello everybody comma dash...Gee comma it's good to see you all. exclamation point...how's tricks question mark. Now paragraph.

O'KEEFE: New paragraph...Kenny Sargent will now sing comma "P.S. I Love You" question mark...

MUSIC: P.S. I LOVE YOU (ORCHESTRA AND SARGENT)

VON ZELL: This afternoon at the football game, I was impressed by the number of people around me in the stands who were smoking Camels. No doubt all of you who went to Thanksgiving Day games noticed the same thing, and this is the reason why. Watching a thrilling game, or any strain or excitement for that matter, is a great consumer of energy. And when your energy supply is low, the feeling of fatigue will spoil your pleasure. But thousands and thousands of people know that this is just the time to get a "lift" with a Camel. They enjoy the fresh, fine flavor -- the taste that's neither flat nor sweet, but just right, smooth and mellow -- and at the same time, as they smoke these good Camels, they feel pepped up, while fatigue fades away and cheerfulness and ease return. Yes, this is the "energizing effect" of smoking Camels -- confirmed by science, and always available for you wherever you happen to be. Smoke all the Camels you want. They're made from finer, more expensive Turkish and Domestic tobaccos than any other popular brand. They never get on your nerves.

MUSIC: OOH THAT KISS (ANNETTE HANSHAW)  
(O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTRODUCTION OVER MUSIC)

VON ZELL: And now, ladies and gentlemen, we take you back to the New England farmhouse where the Winterbottom family is now devouring Thanksgiving dinner. They are now drinking the soup.

BIZ: SOUP GURGLING

O'KEEFE: Waal, children, it's good to have you home with us.

BIZ: SOUP GURGLING

O'KEEFE: It's good to hear your voices again, too.

BIZ: SOUP GURGLING

O'KEEFE: I'll tell you one thing, Maw...I certainly like this spaghetti you put in the soup.

REHWICK: That ain't spaghetti. It's your whiskers. Come on children.. remove your dishes.

BIZ: PLATES CRASH TO PIECES

FROST: Dear father semicolon...received your soup. Parenthesis very good...close parenthesis. When do we get the turkey question mark...signed affectionately yours comma your daughter, Wilhemina. P.S. Please reply across the table.

O'KEEFE: The turkey will be here in a minute. Pour out some cider for yourself, Wilhemina.

BIZ: SOUND OF PROLONGED POURING

O'KEEFE: Oh, come on daughter don't be stingy,..fill er up...pour yourself a good drink.

JACK: Hey, paw paw...will you gimme a toothpick.

O'KEEFE: Here I can't reach. I'll throw it to you.

BIZ: HEAVY LOG FALLS

JACK: Oh oh, I missed it. Saw Paw paw...gob a new joke. This is gonna kill you. Just made it up fresh. Father...man sitting at head of the table. He's carving the turkey. One turkey...ten people around the table ask for a leg. Father says, "Hey whaddaya think I'm carving here...a centipede?" Like that joke Paw?

O'KEEFE: Yep. I like it better now than when I first heard it twenty years ago.

JACK: Here's another one. This will kill you...

SORIN: Listen, this poem is entitled, "To My Brother," Roses are red...violets are blue...One more joke and I'll kill you.

O'KEEFE: By the way, my dear friends, if this program sounds goofy...you can still leave the house and go out to a moofie...

BIZ: SOUND...PLATE LANDING ON TABLE

KENWICK: There you are father. I gave you the drumstick...

O'KEEFE: Waal...I hope you folks don't object but I'm gonna eat this drumstick with my fingers. Here, Throckmorton...I'll break it and give you half.

BIZ: CRATE CRACKS

O'KEEFE: All right now. You're all served. Let's forget about talking for awhile and just eat. On your marks, get set, GO...

BIZ: EATING NOISES GROWLING AND SNARLING

O'KEEFE: Maw, pass me the nuts...

HENWICK: What's that?

O'KEEFE: Nuts...

HENWICK: And the same to you...

JACK: Say Paw Paw...will you pass me that fingerbowl.

O'KEEFE: O.K. but I want you to use it son...

JACK: I'll use it right now...

BIZ: SOUND EFFECT: GREAT SPLASHING ABOUT IN WATER

JACK: Gee, this is the first decent bath I've had in six months...

FROST: Dear folks comma dash...Your Thanksgiving favor received..  
contents noted and digested. Period...I'll return next  
Thanksgiving. Very truly yours comma...your daughter period.  
Sorry but I've got to go. Here's where I soram.

BIZ: DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS

O'KEEFE: Waal, when you gotta go you gotta go.

SORIN: To part from you so soon like this  
It brings a lump in my throat  
I really had a dandy meal  
But where's my hat and coat.  
That's where you soram.

BIZ: DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS

O'KEEFE: Waal, Dionysius, how soon can you get out of here?

JACK: Well Paw Paw before I go..I've got one gag that will  
assassinate you (LAUGHS).

O'KEEFE: Good bye Dionysius.

JACK: I know a fellow who's got a wooden leg but he only paid three  
cents for it. Imagine it...three cents for a wooden leg.  
Y'see ...he figured...

O'KEEFE AND

JACK: That he could go anywhere on a three cent stamp.  
That's where you scam.

BIZ: DOOR SLAMS

RENWICK: Well Paw...here we are alone.

O'KEEFE: You bet you're alone Maw...I'm going down to the Elks.

RENWICK: But Paw...who's gonna do the dishes...

O'KEEFE: That's where I scam. Good night, Maw.

MUSIC: LIMBOHOUSE BLUES (ORCHESTRA)

VON ZELL: The Camel Caravan is presented by R.J. Reynolds Tobacco  
Company, makers of Camel Cigarettes and Prince Albert Smoking  
Tobacco. You know, good old "P.A." is made in Winston-Salem,  
North Carolina, with a special process that takes <sup>away</sup> any harshness  
or bite. And there are two ounces in every tin of "The  
National Joy Smoke."

MUSIC: SMOKE RINGS

O'KEEFE: And so we drift off into the night...and I hope you  
listeners have a great Thanksgiving...as for me I'm going  
home and raid the ice box...maybe there's a giblet left.  
Let me say good night for the Casa Loma Band, Annette  
Hanshaw and Ted Husing. This is Walter O'Keefe...saying  
good nate and g'wan to bed,

THEME UP THEN OUT

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

(Fade theme 20 seconds)

WABC NEW YORK