

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

GAMEL PROGRAM NO. 60

THURSDAY APR. 25, 1935  
9:00 to 9:30 P.M.

CUE: (COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM)  
( 30 seconds )

MUSIC: SMOKE RINGS

O'KEEFE: (OVER MUSIC) 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 over here in your loudspeaker, saluting you in behalf of the glamorous Annette Hanshaw and Glen Gray and his Casa Loma orchestra...and Harry Von Zell. And now while I run out and see what's burning in the kitchen, the Casa Loma lads will soothe you playing: "Lady Be Good."

MUSIC: LADY BE GOOD ORCHESTRA

O'KEEFE: Well, ladies and gentlemen, in response to many requests we bring back our Scottish players in a little Scotch highball entitled "Smoke Gets in Your Bagpipes"...the scene is laid in the little village of Bonnie Buhlochloch on the Echle Fechle, which is three miles away from Burr rrrrr rrrr and three miles south of Ohhohh...Now that you know what it's all about...Sandy Von Zell will give you the details..

BIZ: BAGPIPES

VON ZELL: The scene - the cottage of the McCampbell family...the time - the present...starring Walter O'Keefe in the role of Duncan McCampbell..

BIZ: BAGPIPES UP

O'KEEFE: Angus...ANGUS...Put on a pot of tea and stop scurrrlin' the bagpipes...

JACK: JABBERS

O'KEEFE: Oh sure, Angus...I know you're a good bagpiper...but I'm trrrryin' to wrrrite a letterrrrto my sweetheart....How do you spell "dear?"

JACK: JABBERS

JABBERS...ENDING WITH A LINGERING "R"

O'KEEFE: Thanks...I thought there were only four "r's" in it.

BIZ: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

GARD: Hello lads...put on a pot of tea..

O'KEEFE: Hello Annie...How's fayther feeling?

GARD: (STARTER ROLL TO RRRRS) Well he's got arthritis... rrrrrheumatism...hay fevrrrr (SLOWING DOWN) rrrr

O'KEEFE: Annie...your battery's low.

GARD: Neuritis...pleurisy...and grrrrrippe.

O'KEEFE: Tell me Annie...d'ye think he'll be able to go to the ball game tomorrow.

GARD: No...I don't think he'll last thrrrrrough the night!

O'KEEFE: Well...I'd betterrrr go out now and sell his ticket.

GARD: Aren't you going to call the doctorrrrrrr?

O'KEEFE: Aye....Operator.....operator...

BIZ: CLICK OF TELEPHONE

O'KEEFE: Get me Doctorr MchGormach...on Kirkunbrrrricht Rrrroad  
Kilmarnocht-on-the-Pockmark...Echell Fechell County..  
Hello---Hello...Doctor..

VON ZELL: (FILTERED MIKE) SCOTCH JABBER

O'KEEFE: Thank you, Doctorrrrr...good bye...

BIZ: CLICK OF HOOK

O'KEEFE: Hello Operator...on that call to Echell Fechell...Reverse  
the charges.

BIZ: PHONE CLICKS

SORIN: (WAY OFF MIKE...GROANS...AD LIB)

GARD: Duncan...ye better go in and see your fayther.

O'KEEFE: Aye....o'mon Angus.....shhhhhhh.

BIZ: DOOR OPENS

(RUN FOLLOWING SPEECHES TOGETHER)

O'KEEFE: Hullo Fayther.

JACK: (JABBERS)

GARD: Fayther...how are you?

SORIN: (GROANS) Hullo hullo hullo kiddies...What's new to you?

(EVERYBODY AD LIBS)

BIZ: HEARTS AND FLOWERS

SORIN: Lissen Kiddies...I'm ganging awa' and lay me doon and dee...  
of course, of course. I'm leaving money by the dozen..  
you'll bet it...if you make me one teentsie weentsie promise..  
EVERYBODY CRIES....YES FAYTHER...AYE..

SORIN: You Duncan...you Angus...Promise not to getting married  
with that vampire Becky MacLaughlin..Now remember...make  
with promises...and when you're inheriting the tailor shop..  
sew on the buttons like anything...make with the stitches..  
and always look in the pockets before prassing the pants.

O'KEEFE: Fayther don't get out of bed...I sent for a doctor!

SORIN: What d'ye talking...a doctor...My Scotch blood is boiling  
and sizzling. I'm going away to die on the banks of Loch  
Lomond. Catch me my bagpipes...I'm off..

BIZ: BAGPIPES...COME UP..  
DIE OUT...SEGUE TO MOZZLETOFF

O'KEEFE: And so, ladies and gentlemen...we leave the old man J. Isidore  
McC Campbell facing into the setting sun of Loch Lomond as Wee  
Annette Hanshaw sings "With a Song in My Heart."

MUSIC: WITH A SONG IN MY HEART (ANNETTE HANSHAW)

VON ZELL: Harry Von Zell speaking. If you men who smoke pipes are bothered by tobacco that's improperly packed -- just start using Prince Albert, packed right, in the light, neat, cheerful red tin that's been serving pipe smokers well and faithfully for many years. Yes, Prince Albert is packed right, as such fine tobacco deserves to be. It's the National Joy Smoke, you know, a blend that's always friendly, a flavor that's rich, mellow and mild. And any harshness or bite is removed by a special process. "Get acquainted today with good old 'P.A.'"

MUSIC: PARDON MY LOVE (ORCHESTRA AND HUNT)  
(O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTRODUCTION OVER MUSIC)

VON ZELL: And now, ladies and gentlemen, we return you to the moors of Scotland in Walter O'Keefe's thrilling Scotch drama entitled "Smoke Gets in Your Bagpipes." In the last scene J. Isidore McCampbell left the house to lay him down and dee on the bonnie bonnie banks of Loch Lomond...and now we pick up the family back at home.

BIZ: BAGPIPES PLAY AND DIE DOWN

O'KEEFE: Ladies and gentlemen...that was Pee Wee Hunt singing Annie Laurie.

BIZ: KNOCK ON THE DOOR

O'KEEFE: Come in..

BIZ: DOOR OPENS

HUNT: I've got here a wee wirrre....a telegram...for Mr. Duncan  
McCampbell the necht tenecht...Hi y'all?...Hoot mon.

O'KEEFE: Hand it here lad.

HUNT: It's collect...fourrrrrerowns....fourrrrrshillings...  
Thrippence tuppence farthings.

O'KEEFE: Here...I'll gie it to you...Wait till I open my purse.

BIZ: HIGH SQUEAKY SOUND EFFECT

O'KEEFE: Here wee Pee Wee. Angus...read the message.

JACK: JABBERS stop JABBERS stop JABBERS stop.

O'KEEFE: ooooh...I'll have totell Annie...Annie...we've got bad news.

GARD: What is it Duncan.

O'KEEFE: Payther has passed awa'. The message says he laid him doon  
an deed on the banks of Loch Lomond.

GARD: Hurrah...I mean that's too bad. How much money did he leave  
Angus.

JACK: (JABBERS)

O'KEEFE: Oh...he left more than that.

GARD: (PAUSE) Come in. Come in.

O'KEEFE: Wait till he knocks on the door...

BIZ: HEAVY KNOCKING ON DOOR

O'KEEFE: You're a little late there..

BIZ: DOOR OPENS

O'KEEFE: Ah it's you Becky.

FROST: (TO AD LIBS BY CAST) Hellooooo Duncan. Hellooooo Angus.

O'KEEFE: Becky...come over here in the corner. I've got some bad news for you (WHISPERING) Becky...my fayther has passed awa'.

FROST: (WHISPERING) That's swell...I mean that's too bad. How much money did he leave?

O'KEEFE: Enough for us to get marrit on. Will you marry me lass?

FROST: (GIGGLES) No. My heart belongs to anither.

JACK: JABBERS

FROST: Coming Angus.. What do you want?

JACK: JABBERS WITH SENTIMENTAL INFLECTIONS

FROST: Aw...I'll bet you tell thot to all the girrrrrrrls.

JACK: Uh huh. (JABBERS AGAIN)

FROST: I know two can live as cheap as one but Angus..

JACK: HYSTERICAL JABBER

FROST: (GIGGLES) No. My heart belongs to anither. I canna marry you.

JACK: CRIES OFF AND OUT

BIZ: BAGPIPES UP AND SEGUE INTO MOZZLETOFF

SORIN: Ah hah...So...hoh. You cheap chiselling ingrates...

EVERYBODY YELLS "FAYTHER...FAYTHER"

O'KEEFE: But fayther we were just crying our hearts out for you..  
We got a message that ye'd passed awa'.

SORIN: Uhhh...It's a fine way to make with the sadness...gin on  
the table and a vampire in the house. My little scheme  
clicked...you thought I was gang awa' tonight..

O'KEEFE: But the telegram, fayther..

SORIN: Don't make me laughing. I sant that telegram miself..  
Ah, the minute my back is behind me...when the cat's away..  
the Mickey Mouses will play, eh?

JACK: JABBERS AND CRIES

SORIN: Step out side and say that. O'mon..scram..put of here...  
you McRats. I'll talking to this vampire alone.

O'KEEFE: Come on Angus...let's leave them alone.

BIZ: AD LIB CRIES DYING OFF MIKE...DOOR SLAMS

FROST: Ohhh. Isidore.

SORIN: Come on sweetmeats...kiss me kid. I surrender dear.

BIZ: BAGPIPES...UP AND D E DOWN



O'KEEFE: And so/<sup>as</sup> the curtain descends we see the newly wedded McCampbells walking through a Scotch mist into the dawn of a new day and so we leave the heather and moors of Scotland -- the land of romance and laughter (ha ha) with the knowledge that here indeed live a quaint people who are happy in their own way and so we wave a reluctant farewell to "Smoke Gets in Your Bagpipes" and the bonnie bonnie banks of Aw nuts, here's where Kenny Sargent sings "Dancing on the Ceiling."

MUSIC: DANCING ON THE CEILING (ORCHESTRA AND SARGENT)

VON ZELL: Three interesting young Americans give their opinions of Camel Cigarettes. First, Pete Knight, champion rodeo bronk rider. His statement is:

ACTOR: (YOUNG, WESTERN) "Your smoke is just naturally richer and smoother. I don't like walking in high-heeled cowboy boots - but I'd walk a mile for a Camel."

VON ZELL: Mrs. Theodore W. Kenyon, sportswoman pilot. Mrs. Kenyon says:

ACTRESS: (YOUNG, PLEASANT) "I make it a rule to smoke Camels. They are the mildest cigarette I know."

VON ZELL: And here's what the famous managing director of a famous hotel has to say. Mr. James McCabe of the Hotel St. Francis, San Francisco speaks as follows;

ACTOR 2: (YOUNG, MIDDLE-WESTERN ACCENT, VIGOROUS) "One thing that helps me through a busy day is smoking a Camel whenever I get to feeling tired or listless. Camels ease the strain -- cheer me up."

VON ZELL: Pete Knight, James McCabe, and Mrs. Theodore Kenyon are typical Camel smokers -- alert, energetic, enthusiastic for Camel's added values. And all Camel smokers know, from their own experience, that it's true, as the makers tell you, that: CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOOS...TURKISH AND DOMESTIC...THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND. Smoke Camels yourself - and enjoy as many as you want. These costlier tobaccos in Camels will never get on your nerves.

MUSIC: WHAT'S THE REASON (ANNETTE HANSHAW)  
(O'KEEFE AD LIB INTRODUCTION OVER MUSIC)

MUSIC: DON'T GO NEAR THEM LIONS CAGES (WALTER O'KEEFE)

MUSIC: JUST ONCE AGAIN (ORCHESTRA)

VON ZELL: The Camel Caravan comes to you with the compliments of R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, North Carolina, makers of Camel Cigarettes and Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco. Camels are the cigarettes that are made from costlier tobaccos -- they give you a "lift" -- they do not tire your taste -- they never get on your nerves.

MUSIC: SMOKE RINGS

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O'KEEFE: Well, ladies and gentlemen, that's all there is -- there is no more. Don't forget that on Tuesday night at ten o'clock Eastern Daylight Saving Time we will return again with Annette Hanshaw, Glen Gray and his Casa Loma orchestra and Ted Husing, the world's most fascinating sports announcer. If you do not observe D.S.T. this program comes to you one hour earlier. But enough of this, my friends, I'll see you all at my house after the show... this is Walter O'Keefe speaking, so good nate and gwan to bed.

THEME UP AND OUT

This is the COLUMBIA.....BROADCASTING SYSTEM

(Fade theme 20 seconds)

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