

RADIO

WILLIAM ESTY AND COMPANY
INCORPORATED

Alvin R. [unclear]
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COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

CAMEL PROGRAM NO. 78

TUESDAY MARCH 18 1934

10:00 - 10:30 P.M.

CUE: (COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM)
(20 seconds)

MUSIC: SMOKE RINGS

ANNOUNCER:

(ON CUE) Camel cigarettes.

(PAUSE) They never get on your nerves.

(PAUSE) This program is sponsored by the makers of Camel cigarettes and Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco.

(SLIGHT PAUSE) Tonight the Camel Caravan brings Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd...

(SLIGHT PAUSE) Miss Connie Boswell...

(SLIGHT PAUSE) And Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra!

MUSIC: HERE THEY WELCOME TO HARLEM (Orchestra)

H. Good evening, friends. It has seldom been the custom of the Colonel and me to give you beforehand a slight resume of what is to follow, but tonight we are going to diverge a bit from our usual procedure and try to give you a word picture of some of the funny things which are to follow.

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First I shall ask the Colonel to play our theme song on the mighty gaspipe organ, to give you an inkling of our desire to have funny stuff on tonight's program. Go ahead, Colonel.

BIZ: (ORGAN THEME EIGHT BARS)

And now that that is over, I am going to ask the Colonel to tell you what he has in mind for tonight's show.

BIZ: (CLICKS IN GREAT NUMBERS)

T. What's that clicking noise, Budd?

H. Those are radios being shut off.

T. I'll fix that alright. Well, folks, in giving away this hundred thousand dollars in cash tonight --

BIZ: (CLICKS IN EVEN GREATER PREPONDERANCE AND LOUDER)

Hear those clicks, Budd? Now they're turning on their machines again. Just mention money, and...

H. I know, but if they had their radios shut off, how did they hear you mention the money?

T. So the first thing we are going to do is...

H. How did they hear you, then?

T. So after the orchestra plays a couple of times, I come on the microphone, and I say to Budd: Budd.....

H. And then later on, we do a drama entitled....

T. And after that, we....

H. So then....

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T.

But.....

MUSIC:

SNOWFLAKES (Connie Boswell and orchestra - segue to next number)

MUSIC:

DALLAS BLUES (Orchestra - segue to harp background)

ANNOUNCER:

(ON CUE OVER HARP BACKGROUND)

Jangled nerves have definite danger signals. Watch for them. Are you disturbed by such normal sounds as rustling papers and ticking clocks, and do you jump convulsively at sudden noises? Better check up on nerve condition.

Here's a test you might like to try after the program this evening. Put an ordinary cork upside down on top of a bottle. Stand six paces away, extend your right arm, and aim your right index finger at the cork. Then walk rapidly toward the bottle without wavering your arm and see if you can knock off the cork with a flip of your finger! Most people try this test six times before they succeed. More successful was Anton Lelang, former United States ski jumping champion, who flipped off the cork on his first try. Needless to say, Mr. Lelang is a Camel smoker, like so many athletes who know the importance of good condition. About Camels, Anton Lelang says: "A day's last Camel tastes just as good as the first one....and they never interfere with healthy nerves." Mr. Lelang's statement is correct. Camel's costlier tobaccos never tire the taste, never upset the nerves.

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MUSIC: THE NIGHT WE MET (Orchestra - chorus by Sargent)

H. Colonel, do you remember a week or so ago when we put on the Stoopnagle and News Buddreel of the Air?

T. I have a faint recollection, Budd -- yes. Why?

H. Well, we've had numerous requests, not to repeat it, but to give further versions of it. So tonight -- right now, in fact, let's have another newsreel.

T. That would be peachy with me. You make the announcement.

H. Ladies and gentlemen -- the Newsnagle and BuddStoopreel of the Air!

MUSIC: (ORCHESTRA PLAYS "ANCHORS AWEIGH" FOUR BARS, FADING BEHIND:)

BIZ: (SOUND EFFECT OF OCEAN)

T. Well, here is part of Uncle Sam's Navy, ploughing through the waters off our eastern shore.

H. Boom.

T. There goes a volley from the portside guns.

H. Boom, boom.

T. And still another from the starboard guns. Now the great ships are practically hidden by the dense smoke from the guns. The ships are indeed going great guns. Oh, oh!

BIZ: (CUT ORCHESTRA SHARPLY)

MUSIC: (ORCHESTRA PLAYS: JINGLE BELLS, FOUR BARS, FADING BEHIND:)

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H. New York City. As the great cakes flow from upper New York State down the Hudson River to the sea, Mr. Emmet Q. Shivertimber takes his yearly plunge in the icy waters, proving that the human frame can stand almost any kind of punishment.

BIZ: (SPLASH)

Whoops! There goes Emmet, for an icy plunge into the frigid waters of the river. And here he is again, not much worse for his experience, to tell you why he does it.

T. (SHIVERING) Wwwwell, I always ssssay that if a fffellow puts his mmind to it, and concentrates enough, he could even jump into a pot of boiling water. I wish I had a pot of bbboiling water to jjjump into right nnow!

H. Mr. Shivertimber, how come you are always the one to have your picture taken this time of year swimming in the icy water?

T. Well, you sssee, it's this wwway.....

MUSIC: (ORCHESTRA PLAYS "ANCHORS AWEIGH" FOUR BARS, FADING BEHIND:)

BIZ: (SOUND EFFECT OF OCEAN)

T. GUANTANAMO BAY! Well, here are several of the fighting ships of Uncle Samuel's Navy, in manoeuvres. Uncle Sam indeed keeps his fighting navy men in shape to defend our shores...And here is a shot of three of Uncle Sam's

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husky jobs, in an off moment, singing a song.

MUSIC: (TRIO SINGS "SAILING, SAILING")

And here is Admiral Horace Hornpipe, addressing the ship's crew.

H. (DRAMATICALLY) Well, men, I....

MUSIC: (ORCHESTRA PLAYS "TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME"
FADING AND OUT TO:)

BIZ: (SOUND OF BATTING AND CATCHING. ALSO SHOUTING
AND TALK)

H. Well, here we are at Miami, Florida, where Connie Terry's New York Red Sox are putting on the finishing touches before the baseball season begins. The boys have run around the field two hundred times and now they are getting their batting eyes by tossing the pill through these rubber tires. Left to right, Eagle Eye Flipkin, ace pitcher of the Chicago Black Hawks, and Sonny Boy Smiling Dave Dipkin, of the St. Louis Red Wings....And here is manager Connie Terry, to give you a word or two about the chances of his team.

T. (SLOWLY) Well, the boys seem in pretty good shape this year. We have been handicapped by a few salary holdouts and a few charlie horses, but I think everything'll work out satisfactorily. It looks to me like we'll end up

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in the first division, alright, if we can hit the pill and do the fielding we done -- er, did, last year. Th' Babe is in good shape now, and hitting 'em with his usual -- er, with his usual, er -- that is, he's hittin' 'em right out there, and it looks like with a little luck and stuff, we ought to have a real ball club this year. Thank you very much.

MUSIC: (ORCHESTRA PLAYS CHARACTERISTIC ITALIAN MARCHING TUNE. TALKING AND LAUGHTER)

France

T. Nice, Italy! Well, the carnival is at its height again and here we see the giant figures parading down the main street. When the people of Nice decide to parade and have a carnival, they have indeed a carnival, the like of which can't be seen anywhere in the world, except, perhaps, New Orleans during Mardi Gras. And here is the king of Carnival on his great, rose-covered float, bowing right and left to the admiring crowds of pleasure-seekers.

BIZ: (GREAT CHEER IN ITALIAN)

What a throng! What a float! Wouldn't it be funny if the king got on th-wrong float! Oh, oh!

MUSIC: (ORCHESTRA PLAYS "ANCHORS AWEIGH", FADING BEHIND:)

BIZ: (SOUND EFFECT OF SEA)

^H
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Well, well, if here isn't Uncle Sam's first line of defence, steaming along the western shore in manoeuvres off the coast

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of San Francisco. What a beautiful sight they make, as they plough up the salty waters at thirty knots an hour. Some say thirty miles an hour, but the sailing men say thirty knots an hour. It's miles to some, but knots to the sailing men. Oh, oh!

MUSIC:

(ORCHESTRA PLAYS FOUR BARS OF ANY WELL KNOWN TUNE AND STOPS)

T. Puckering Valley, Vermont. Here is Adelbert Q. Gladpebble, winner of the Kleptomaniac National Lottery. What a break for Adelbert! He found his ticket under an old ashbarrel and wasn't going to save it. But his little wife, Nasturtium, who stands here beside him, insisted that he keep it. And is he glad? My, my! Four hundred thousand dollars! I'll let him tell you what he's going to do with the money.

H. (HIGH VOICE) (BASHFULLY) Well, I guess I am quite a fortunate fellow, I guess, don't you think so, Nasturtium!

T. (FALSETTO) Well, I was the one who insisted.....

H. Well, as to what I am going to do with the money -- I have always wanted to travel, so I think I'll pack up my grip and go around the world, while Nasturtium sort of cleans up a bit around the place and gets things in shape.

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(FALSETTO) You'll do no such thing, Adelbert Gladpebble. If you start around the world, you start with me.

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H. I think I'll stay to home, I guess, and keep right on workin' around th' farm. Nasturtium and I got a little nest egg now and we won't want fer nothin'. Four hundred thousand is a lotta money, and.....

T. (FALSETTO) The gover'nment gets \$300,000 of it, Adelbert.

H. A hundred thousand dollars is a lotta jack, an'.....

T. (FAL) An' remember, we owe \$50,000 on the mortgage, too, Adelbert.

H. And the a.....

T. And \$50,000 back payment on the.....

MUSIC: (ORCHESTRA PLAYS "ANCHORS AWEIGH")

T. (REG) Well, Uncle Sam's fighting ships are steaming once more to Southern waters, where they will engage shortly in a series of sham battles with each other. And here is one of Uncle Sam's airplane carriers, with the deck spotted with planes which look like bees...up,up! Here comes one of the planes now. It has just been catapulted into the air.

BIZ: (NOISE OF PLANE SUDDENLY, CLOSE, THEN OFF FAST)

And another!

BIZ: (AGAIN)

And still another! My, my! And here they all come, in strict formation, ready for the sham battle.

(LOUD NOISE OF A FLOCK OF PLANES)

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T.(cont)

Wait a minute! One of them seems to be out of formation.
Yes, he's out of the sham battle. Isn't that a shame!
Oh, oh!

BIZ:

(BLARE OF TRUMPETS TO INDICATE CLOSING OF NEWSREEL)

ANNOUNCER:

And so passes another Newsagle and Budd Stoopreel of
the Air.

BELL

MUSIC:

I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE, BABY (Connie
Boswell and orchestra, segue to harp background)

ANNOUNCER:

(ON CUE OVER HARP BACKGROUND)

Before making any choice or decision, it's always wise to
get the facts. And here is a fact about cigarettes:

(SLIGHT PAUSE) Camels are made from finer, more expensive
tobaccos than any other popular brand. (In their great...

plant at Winston-Salem, North Carolina, the Camel people
spend millions of dollars more -- every year -- for the

express purpose of providing a better cigarette.) And to
those in our audience who have not already changed to

Camels, may we say: make Camels your cigarette. Then,

smoke as many Camels as you like. You may enjoy their
delicious mildness as much as you wish -- because those

*To be
Overdubbed*

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finer Camel tobaccos will not tire your taste, and cannot upset your nerves.

(PAUSE)

For pipe smokers we have a word of friendly greeting from Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco. Made by the same people who make Camels, Prince Albert undergoes a special process to remove every bit of bite and harshness. And there are two full ounces in every tin of Prince Albert. Try it -- and find out why good old "P.A." is rightly called "The National Joy Smoke."

MUSIC:

DOIN' THE NEW LOW DOWN (Orchestra)

H. Colonel, there's man waiting outside to see you. He says he's from the Bijou Theatre.

T. Tell him I don't want any theatres.

H. No, he's very much in earnest.

T. Send him in.

BIZ:

(DOOR OPENS)

Yessir. What can I do for you?

H. (LOW) Mr. Stoopnagle?

T. Lemuel Q. Yes.

H. Mr. Stoopnagle, I am the manager of the Bijou Theatre. Last night there was a riot at my theatre and for a long time, we didn't know what caused it. After sifting the thing down, we finally found a fellow hiding in the

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box office who finally admitted starting the riot. When we asked him his name, he said it was Bopp, B-o-p-p, and that you would vouch for him.

T. Bopp, huh. Well, I know him, alright, Mr.--

H. Aisle.

T. I know him, alright, Mr. Aisle, but as to vouching for him, that's different.

H. Well, I had him arrested for inciting a riot, and he's out now on a \$1000 bail, furnished by his wife.

T. Quaintface.

H. What'd you call me?

T. That's Bopp's wife's name, Mr. Aisle -- Quaintface.

What do you want me to do about it?

H. Well, I just thought I'd warn you, Mr. Stoopnagle...

Mr. Bopp will be here any minute now to tell you about it. Goodbye.

T. Goodbye, Mr. Aisle. Nice of you to drop in.

BIZ:

(DOOR CLOSSES)

Well, Budd. What do you think of that?

H. (REG) I think I'll go home or something.

T. No, no. It's your turn to stay. You can tell me about what Bopp has to say when I return.

H. That's a mean trick, Colonel. In the first place.....

(DISTANCE) Hurray! Yeal etc.etc.

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H. Hide, Colonel, quick. Here's Bopp.

HIZ: (DOOR OPENS)

BOPP: Hello, Budd! Yea! Where's the Colonel?

H. What can I do for you, Mr. Bopp?

BOPP: I jest got inna jam, and boy, was it a close one for me.
Some fun!

H. You mean in the Bijou Theatre?

BOPP: Yeah. Who told yu?

H. Never mind about that. How did you get in the jam?

BOPP: Well, they had a picture called Murder By the Dock, and was it a swell murder mystery! Phew! A fellow gets shoved off a dock into the river at midnight and nobody knows who did it until the very end of the play. Everyone thinks it's the guy with the whiskers. But it isn't at all!

H. What on earth has that to do with a riot?

BOPP: The guy who shoves him off the dock isn't a guy at all, it's his own sister!

H. I still don't see what caused the riot.

BOPP: Wait'll I tell you. So I saw the picture the other day and discovered that it was the guy's sister, so the next day -- that was yesterday, I went back to the theatre, and when it came to the place where the guy was shoved off the dock, I got up and ran up and down the aisle

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yelling: 'His own sister did it!', 'His own sister did it!' And did that make everybody mad! Boy, oh boy, what fun that was!

H. And that's how the riot started.

BOPP: It was worse than a riot. They chased me all over the place. And everybody finally left the theatre. And was that manager mad. Oh boy, some peachy fun, some dandy fun! Yea. Yea!

(AND OUT)

MUSIC: SMOKE RINGS (Orchestra)

ANNOUNCER:

(ON CUE OVER SMOKE RINGS) The Camel Caravan is on the air again next Thursday evening at the same time... bringing Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd, Miss Connie Boswell and Glen Gray and his Casa Loma Orchestra. This program was broadcast from the Colonnades of the Essex House in New York City.

MUSIC: (THEME UP)

ANNOUNCER:

(ON CUE) Harry VonZell speaking. This is the Columbia Broadcasting System.

MUSIC: (FADE THEME)

20 seconds

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