

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY AND COMPANY
INCORPORATED

5/29/34
5/28/34

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM



CAMEL PROGRAM NO. 51

THURSDAY MAY 31 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.

(PAUSE) Tonight the Camel Caravan brings Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd...Miss Connie Boswell...and Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra!

MUSIC: 'BUJI (Orchestra, segue to next number)

MUSIC: I'LL STRING ALONG WITH YOU (Connie Boswell and Orchestra)

H. Connie Boswell's song, ~~I'll String Along With You,~~ reminds me of the time they almost strung the Colonel.

T. Budd, please. After all, there are times for everything.

H. Several horses were missing from the H Bar O ranch.

Old Ned Striker, the owner of the H Bar O, was kind of suspicious that the Colonel was the horse thief.

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T. Budd, please.

H. So one morning he peered out the ranch-house window, and there was the Colonel, sneaking out toward the corral.

T. And right behind him was Budd, who was also in on the deal. All in a sudden, the Colonel looked behind him, and there was Old Ned Striker, the owner of the H IAR O, coming running. "Don't steal that horse, Budd," begged the Colonel. "If you do, you'll hang for it." "We'll both hang, Colonel," said Budd. "Together?" I asked. "Yes," said Budd, "I'll string along with you."

H. And now, Peewee Hunt, the long, tall, muscular man from the south, will sing for you Honeysuckle Rose.

T. Which by any other name would sound as sweet. Alright, Glen.

MUSIC: HONEYSUCKLE ROSE (Orchestra, chorus by Hunt)

BIZ: (CLOSE DOOR)

YOUNG WOMAN:

O-oh...dear. I'm certainly glad to get home. If I had to carry this shopping bag another foot I think I'd expire.

OLDER WOMAN:

Now take it easy, Jane. You can't be as tired as all that.

YOUNG WOMAN:

Maybe not...Mother...but you know how it is -- this is just one of those times when I feel like I couldn't do one more thing.

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OLDER WOMAN:

(CHUCKLES) You'd better stop, and have a smoke. Here --
light up a Camel. Here you are, take one from my pack.

YOUNG WOMAN:

Thanks...

(MATCH SCRATCH)

YOUNG WOMAN:

(EXHALES) I guess you know best, Mother. ~~if anybody ever~~
~~in the world, it's me right this minute...~~ (AD LIB OUT)

ANNOUNCER:

(ON CUE) That's a moment in the day of a busy young
housewife. Jane helped her natural energy to come back --
by smoking a Camel! You know, there's an "energizing
effect" in smoking Camels which is a truly delightful
and harmless way to banish irritability and fatigue. Camel
smokers have known this fact before from their own experience.
Now from a famous New York research laboratory comes the
scientific confirmation. When you smoke a Camel you
enjoy an increase in your flow of energy. As you enjoy
Camel's cool pleasing fragrance you feel a new "lift."
You've helped your body to help itself. And you may
enjoy this benefit from smoking Camels just as often as
you wish -- time after time -- without upsetting your
nerves.

MUSIC:
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JUST A MEMORY (Orchestra)



T. That number is called Just A Memory, and was played by Glen Gray and his Casa Loma Orchestra, who are indeed a likely bunch of lads. I wish I might describe them to you one by one, folks, but -- well, wait a moment, here comes our demon orchestra-describer, Budd. Take it, Budd.

H. I can't. Well, you have heard somewhat of a vague description of these boys by the Colonel, ladies and gentlemen, how they sit in their chairs and play sweet and hot music for you, how they have for their leader Glen Gray, a likely chap, but...wait a minute, here is the Colonel. Take it, Colonel.

T. I can't. Well, I see way down on the field there a slight form coming toward me. I think...it's Connie Boswell. Yes, it's Connie Boswell. See if that's her number, number 22. Take it Budd.

H. I can't. Yes, it's Connie, number 22. Guess she's going to sing today alright. At first we thought she was going to be on the bench. What a day for this game. What a game for this day! Phew! Take it, Colonel.

T. I can't. Well, folks, I guess it's about time for this thing to begin. The crowds are beginning to get a little restless. There go the referees, and there is great excitement. Take it Budd.

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H. I can't. Take it, Colonel.

T. I can't. Take it, Budd.

H. I can't.

REZ:

(GUN TWICE)

T. Well, they're off. Connie Boswell and the orchestra, with How Do I Know It's Sunday in the lead. Take it, Glen.

H. HE CAN!

MUSIC:

HOW DO I KNOW IT'S SUNDAY (Connie Boswell and orchestra, segue to harp background)

ANNOUNCER:

(ON CUE OVER HARP BACKGROUND)

Have you ever been so "all in" from fatigue and worry that you felt you just couldn't go on to the next thing? That's a very good moment to light a Camel. Enjoy the mild delightful flavor -- and notice that as you enjoy it, you also feel your natural energy come flooding back. That "drained-out" feeling drops away. Fatigue vanishes. Of course, Camel smokers have known about this fact from their own experience, and now science also agrees that there is this "lifting power." The effect is produced by Camels in a wholly safe, natural and utterly delightful way, truly a pleasure. And it's a pleasure that helps you to maintain your energy. And you need never worry about your nerves, for the finer, more expensive Turkish and Domestic tobaccos in Camels never get on your nerves.

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(PAUSE)

The largest selling pipe tobacco in the world is also produced by the Camel cigarette people, down there in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. That's Prince Albert, the "National Joy Smoke." Look at the stamp on the Prince Albert tin -- two ounces and better smoking as well. Good old "P.A." is put through a special process that removes every bit of bite. What's left is cool, full flavored smoking that will never trouble your tongue.

MUSIC:

RIP TIDE (Orchestra, chorus by Sargent)

- T. Budd, I heard a peachy riddle today. See if you can answer it.
- H. A riddle, huh?
- T. Once upon a time there was a wealthy man who was in high society. See?
- H. I give up.
- T. No, that's just the first part. This wealthy man owned a lovely yacht.
- H. A lovely what?
- T. Yacht.
- H. What was the yacht's name?
- T. That doesn't enter into the riddle. This society man also had a debutante daughter.
- H. A what daughter?

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T. Now the question is, when the man woke up one morning and his daughter was gone, how did he find her?

H. Called her by name?

T. Nope. Guess again.

H. Sent one of the sailors after her?

T. No, she wasn't anywhere on the ship. She had disappeared entirely. How did he find her, his debutante daughter?

H. Give up. Is it alright to say that now?

T. Yes. He found her by DEB RECKONING.

H. By deb reckoning.

T. Like it?

H. What did he want to find her that way for?

T. Skip it. It may come to you after awhile. Listen, do you remember the series of letters we got sometime ago about the snores?

H. His daughter was snoring?

T. No, we're all through with the deb reckoning story. This is something entirely new. A fellow wrote in and suggested that if you snore too much and wake yourself up, the thing to do is move into the guest-room and leave the snores in your own room. Then you won't wake yourself up snoring.

(SOTO) How did he find his daughter? She was a debutante.

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T. So we got another letter today from another fellow who is still worrying about the snoring. He says that suppose you have moved into the guest room and company comes to the house. Then the company has to sleep in your room, where you left the snores. So what will the company do about sleeping? The company will wake up on account of the snores you have left in your own room.

H. Possibly, I think, although there must be some other way out.

T. So he suggests that you sell the house to someone you don't like. Then you don't care whether the snores wake him up or not, and there you are. What do you think of that idea?

H. I've got it! I've got it, Colonel!

T. Alright, what is it?

H. He found her by deb reckoning!

(BELL)

T. Fudd, do a slight favor for me, will you please?

H. Yes, Colonel. Is it the same favor you asked of me at rehearsal today?

T. Of course. Call up the weather bureau and see if it's going to rain tomorrow.

H. What's the number?

RADIOT. Guess 6 - 9876.

**RADIOT.
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BIZ:

(PICKS UP RECEIVER)

- H. Hello, operator? Gimme Guess 6 - 9876. Hello, is this the weather bureau?
- T. Quick work.
- H. Listen. Is it going to rain tomorrow? (The guy wants to know if we're going on a picnic)
- T. Tell him 'yes', we're going on a picnic.
- H. Yes, we're going on a picnic. (He says 'rain')
- T. Tell him we've changed our mind and we're going out to try out a couple of new raincoats.
- H. Hey, weather bureau! We've changed our minds. No picnic tomorrow -- we're just going out to try out a couple of new raincoats. (He says 'sunshine' all day)
- T. Just what I expected. Now tell him we've changed our minds again and we're going to a picnic with raincoats on. That ought to floor him.
- H. Hey, weather bureau! We've changed our minds once again and we're going to a raincoat with picnics on. How about the weather now? Eh? (He says 'occasional thunder showers with spells of warm sunshine'.) (What'll I say now?)
- T. Say 'goodbye'.
- H. Goodbye.

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(HANG UP)

Best Copy

T. There now. You've proved to me just what I always thought. The weather bureau figures stuff out according to what kind of a celebration you're going to have. If there's going to be a parade, then it'll rain. If the farmers want rain, then it'll be a hot day. Budd, there's one fellow at the weather bureau I'd like to meet. He's the guy in charge of storms that never arrive.

H. In charge of storms that never arrive? I don't quite catch that one, Colonel.

T. Well, I've often wondered what happens to the storms that the weather bureau says are coming tomorrow which never arrive on account of when you expect them and look for them, the sun is shining and you wonder why it was that yesterday the guy at the weather bureau told you there was going to be one but there wasn't.

H. The fellow who does that -- that's the fellow you'd like to see.

T. Call him up. His name is Shifty -- Napoleon G. Shifty.

BIZ: (LIFTS PHONE)

H. Say listen, Mr. Shifty.

T. You have to call the number first.

H. I'm saving time. Everybody knows we don't really call the numbers we say we do anyway. Listen, Shifty. This is Budd, of Stoopnagle and Budd, radio fellows. Come over to the studio a minute, will you? (He says he's practically here)

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BIZ:

(DOOR OPENS)

- H. See, there he is now.
- T. Radio is a wonderful thing, isn't it?
- H. Hello, Shifty.
- T. (HIGH)Hi, fellahs. I'm Napoleon G. Shifty. I have charge of the storms that never arrive.
- H. Well, that's interesting work, I imagine, Mr. Shifty. Have you any storms with you now? I'd like to see a nice storm.
- T. Well, in this here pocket here, I have the storm that didn't arrive this morning at seven o'clock. Want to see it?
- H. Yeah.
- T. Look.

BIZ:

(WIND AND RAIN SUDDENLY)

- H. Whoa! Put that back again. Whew! You nearly blew my toupee off. Be careful, Mr. Shifty.
- T. That was a peachy storm, wasn't it? Then in this pocket I have the rainstorm which was supposed to come last night at midnight, but didn't. Look!

BIZ:

(RAIN STORM EFFECT. OFF AS SUDDENLY)

- H. Looka that! Now I'm drenched.
- T. That's alright; I didn't get wet.

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- H. I see. Now listen, Mr. Shifty, tell us way it is that the storms the weather bureau says are going to arrive sometimes don't arrive. I understand you have charge of these, so naturally you should be able to tell us something about them.
- T. Well, you see, it's this way. There's a storm coming towards New York, see?
- H. Yeah.
- T. It's going for New York like merry Ned, see?
- H. Like merry Ned. Whizzing, you might say.
- T. Whizzing frightfully. So we publish in the paper that it is going to storm at eleven o'clock tomorrow.
- H. How do you know it's going to storm just at that particular hour?
- T. Oh, we look in the almanac sometimes and sometimes we toss a coin.
- H. But if it doesn't arrive -- then....
- T. If it doesn't arrive, then we just make some excuse, like say, the wind shifted or the storm shifted or something or other shifted, and....
- H. ...that's why they call you Shifty.
- T. Yeah, that's why they call me Shifty, I guess.
- H. And why do they call you Napoleon?

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- T. Because my reign ceases so suddenly, I guess. That was a peachy joke, wasn't it? But I think I'll get out of the storm-that-never-arrives business. These storms I carry around with me are very uncomfortable. Very uncomfortable.
- H. I would imagine as much.
- T. I have a typhoon in my pants pocket and a blizzard in my vest pocket. Uncomfortable.
- H. Yeah. So what business are you going into. Something I suppose, that you can carry around in your pocket with comfort.
- T. Yeah. I'm going into the business of furnishing one sandwich to overseas flyers.
- H. One sandwich?
- T. Yeah. You know; when a fellow starts off for France -- to fly to France, he never takes a decent meal. He always takes just one sandwich. That's so if he makes it, the people will say: "My, my! And he only took one sandwich." I'm going to be the fellow who furnishes those one sandwiches.
- H. Well, that's fine, Mr. Shifty. And by the way, what are you going to do with your old storms?
- T. You can have 'em!

RADIO
BIZ.
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(TERRIFIC WIND AND RAIN STORM)

(OFF SUDDENLY)

(ORCHESTRA UP TO GRAND CHORD)



MUSIC:

WASHINGTON & LEE SWING (Orchestra)

BIZ:

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC:

SMOKE RINGS

ANNOUNCER:

(ON CUE) The Camel Caravan is on the air again next Tuesday evening at the same time...bringing Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd...Miss Connie Boswell...and Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra. This program is broadcast from Glen Island Casino, New Rochelle, New York.

MUSIC:

(THEME UP)

ANNOUNCER:

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

MUSIC:

(FADE THEME)

20 seconds

WABC - New York

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