

# RADIO

WILLIAM ESTY AND COMPANY  
INCORPORATED

6/1/34

*RF [signature]*  
*6/5/34*

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

CAMEL PROGRAM NO. 52

TUESDAY JUNE 5 1934

10:00 - 10:10 P.M.

Best Copy

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: I'VE GOT RHYTHM (Orchestra, segue to next number)

MUSIC: I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE BABY (Connie Boswell and orchestra)

2. That was, as no doubt you must have guessed, I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE, BABY, sung with the usual spirit and interpretation by Connie Boswell. When that little lady sings a song, the song is SONG! And now, Budd, we must vary our usual way of introducing the song numbers.

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H. Let's do it good, then.

T. Well, we'll try. I'll tell you. You be Romeo and I'll be Juliet, and we'll introduce the next number as Romeo and Juliet might do it. Ready?

H. Go ahead. You're up in the balcony and I'm down on the ground.

T. (FALSETTO) Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?

H. I just told you, Juliet, that I am on the ground directly below your balcony.

T. Oh yes. Now I see you. You look pretty good down there, big boy.

H. Ah, thank you, Juliet. You're lookin' pretty nifty yourself. Listen, sweetheart, ere we elope tonight we have a favor to do for Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd, the radio fellows.

T. Radio hasn't been invented yet, oh Romeo.

H. Forget the trivialities, my love, my sweet one. Come, let us introduce the next song number, entitled MOON COUNTRY and sung by Peewee Hunt, lord high chancellor of the exchequer.

T. The very dickens, odds bodkins, curses on Peewee Hunt.

It is you, and you alone I love, my Romeo.

Kiss me, then, oh Juliet, my loved one, my peachy-weachy.

(BUBBLES)

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MUSIC:

MOON COUNTRY (Orchestra and chorus by Hunt)

ALICE:

Get your hat, George -- time to go over to the Thompson's  
for bridge.

GEORGE:

(TIRED) Aw, gee, Alice -- I'm just all dragged out.  
Honestly, I don't think I could tell one card from another.

ALICE:

You're just a little bit fatigued, that's all.

GEORGE:

Little bit? Honestly, I don't think I can do another  
thing!

ALICE:

(LAUGHS) Take it easy, George. Have a smoke. I'll  
give you one of my Camels. Here you are -- that's right.  
And here's a light for you.

BIZ:

(CIGARETTE LIGHTER TURNED)

GEORGE:

Thanks...(EXHALES BREATH) Thanks a lot, Alice...(FADE OUT)

ANNOUNCER:

(ON CUE) We don't mind telling you that George and Alice  
went out to their bridge game after all. You've just heard  
an incident in almost anyone's day -- the point when you  
feel too tired for work or fun. Our friend George helped  
his natural energy to come back -- by smoking a Camel!

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ANNOUNCER: (continued)

He took advantage of the "energizing effect" in smoking Camels which is such a delightful, harmless way to banish fatigue and irritability. From their own experience, Camel smokers have known about this fact -- and now a famous New York research laboratory announces scientific confirmation. When you smoke a Camel you enjoy an increase in your flow of natural energy. What's happened is that you have released and made available your latent energy. So as you enjoy Camel's cool pleasing fragrance you feel a new "lift." And this benefit you get from smoking Camels may be enjoyed as often as you wish -- over and over again -- without upsetting your nerves.

MUSIC:

DALLAS BLUES (Orchestra)

- H. What was the name of that number, Colonel? I liked it.
- T. That was Connie Boswell, singing I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE, BABY.
- H. You're thinking of something earlier in the program, Colonel. Connie wasn't singing then and the orchestra was playing alone. They were playing DALLAS BLUES.
- T. Alright, I'm all straight on the thing now. Start all over.
- H. What was the name of THAT number, Colonel? I liked it.
- T. That was DALLAS BLUES, Budd, played by the Casa Loma orchestra. How's that? And the next number was written by Venus De Milo.

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- H. You mean the statue of the lady without any arms?  
T. You spoil the joke by saying that. Don't say that.  
H. I won't.  
T. So next we hear the number written by Venus De Milo --  
Farewell to Arms.  
H. No arms? How could she have had a hand in it?

MUSIC:

FAREWELL TO ARMS (Connie Boswell and orchestra,  
segue to harp background)

ANNOUNCER:

(ON CUE OVER HARP BACKGROUND) We all hit "dead spots" during the day -- moments when we just feel "all in" and too fatigued to go ahead with play or work. And then's one of the very best times to light a Camel. As you enjoy the rich cool flavor, notice how quickly you'll feel your natural energy coming back. How that "dragged-out" feeling disappears. How your fatigue seems to vanish. This fact is known to Camel smokers through their own experience, and now science agrees that this "lifting power" does exist. The effect is produced by Camels in a wholly safe, natural and utterly delightful way. Yes, it is a pleasure to smoke a Camel -- and it's a pleasure that actually helps you to maintain your energy. And you need never worry about your nerves, for remember: the finer, more expensive Turkish and Domestic tobaccos in Camels never get on your nerves.

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(PAUSE)

The world's best loved pipe tobacco is also produced by the Camel cigarette people. That's Prince Albert, known to its millions of friends as "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 made down there in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, by a special process that removes every bit of bite, and leaves full-cool, /flavored smoking that will never bother your tongue.

MUSIC:

JUST AS I AM (Orchestra, chorus by Sargent)

- T. Budd, I have recently come to the conclusion that radio needs something new, something untried, something out of the ordinary.
- H. Like say funny comedians.
- T. Yes. So I thought and thought and thought this afternoon and figured out that playing charades on the air would be a fine thing for radio.
- H. What are charades, Colonel?
- T. And you went to college and you don't know what a charade is.
- H. Yessir.
- T. A charade is like say when a lot of people get together and no one can suggest anything for them all to do, somebody finally remembers charades and he stands up and suggests that they play charades, which are acting out words in syllables very poorly so no one can guess what they're doing but it's fun because even the people who are doing the acting don't know what they are doing half the time, so finally they do something else.

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H. Those are charades.

T. Yes. Now suppose, just for the fun of it, you and I work out a charade for the people to guess what the word is.

H. That sounds perfectly devastating, Colonel.

T. Now, for the first syllable of the word, your name is Horace. Hello, Horace.

H. Hello, Lemuel.

T. That's the first syllable. Now for the second syllable. You just stand there, Horace.

H. Alright, I'm standing here. Now what.

T. I come in, like this, see. And I look at your hair (what's left of it) and I say to you 'Horace, that hair of yours is almost red'. That's the second syllable. Now they're supposed to guess the whole word.

H. Can I get in the game, Colonel?

T. Yeah. What do you think the word is?

H. Let's see. My name was Horace and I just stood still. Then you came in and looked at my hair and said something about it's being almost red.....almost red....I give up, Colonel -- what was the word?

T. Horse-radish.

H. Horse radish. Hm. Oh, now I see. Horace-reddish. That's fun. That IS fun. Let's try another word. Let me think.

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T. I'll let you think, if you CAN.

H. I have it. Listen. I'll let you in on a secret. The word I am going to work out is a well-known fish.

T. C.O.D., cod, I suppose.

H. Wait until I get it out. No, it isn't codfish. And besides, C.O.D. means something else.

T. Yeah -- Come Immediately Down -- I know.

H. This is to be a well-known fish. You just stand there. Then I come in.

T. How do I look?

H. Well, Colonel, it's nice to see you. Hello, Colonel.

T. Hello, Budd.

H. Now guess the fish.

T. Guess the fish. Is that all there is to it?

H. You said the fish, Colonel, without realizing it.

T. Let's see, now. You said hello, Colonel, and I said hello, Budd. Hello, Budd. Hm. I give up.

H. That's the fish right there, HELLO, BUDD.

T. Who ever heard of a Hellobudd?

H. Halibut, Colonel, Hali-but.

T. Hallo, Budd.

H. Hello, Colonel.

(END.)

T. Budd, I've been thinking it over and I believe so.

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- H. You do, eh, Colonel? Well, I'm glad to know it. So do I. I agree. Now what is it?
- T. Mother Goose Rhymes.
- H. Absolutely. What about Mother Goose Rhymes?
- T. They should be given nowadays with sound. Sound effects for everything but Mother Rice Gooms -- ah, Mother Gice Rooms. It makes a lump come up in me throat every time I think of them.
- H. I should think several large lumps would, Colonel, the way you're carrying on. Brace up. (BREAKING DOWN) You don't see me giving up at the least little thing.
- T. Take, for instance, that one about Jack and Jill. I'll recite it first like I used to when I was a babe in arms.
- (CHILD) Jack and Jill went up a hill,  
To fetch a pail of water.  
Jack fell down and broke his crown  
And Jill came tumbling after.
- H. That's very good, Colonel. Now do it with sound.
- T. With sound?
- H. Yeah.
- T. Listen.

BIZ: (WIND AND PAIN)

(DRAM) Jack and Jill

BIZ: (TRUMPETS)

went up a hill

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BIZ: (NOTES UP THE SCALE ON TWO FLUTES)

H. That's good.

T. To fetch a pail of water.

BIZ: (BUBBLES)

Jack fell down

BIZ: (CRASH)

and broke his crown

BIZ: (BREAK BASKET)

And Jill came tumbling after.

BIZ: (GREAT CRASH)

There, Budd. How do you like that?

H. I think it improves Mother Goose rhymes considerably,  
Colonel. Let me try one. Suggest one.

T. How about Aladdin's Lamp?

H. (RECITING) Aladdin's Lamp went up a hill,  
To fetch a pail of water,  
When he got there, the cupboard was bare,  
And Oh, what a great boy am I.

That doesn't seem to rhyme very well, Colonel.

T. You are old enough to know that Aladdin's Lamp isn't a  
Mother Goose Rhyme.

H. What is it, then?

T. Well, Aladdin's Lamp is one of Shakesp-- Aladdin's Lamp  
is -- well, it's just a sort of a lamp and stuff. Try  
that one about:

Sing a six of songpence, a rocket full of pie,  
Four and blacky twent-birds, payked in a bye.

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H. Alright. Here goes:

Sing a song of six pence!

T. (SINGING) Oh, he had six coats and six pairs of pence,  
ho de ho hi ho!

H. -- a pocket full of rye,  
Four and twenty blackbirds, baked in a pie.

BIZ: (SIZZLING NOISE)

When the pie was opened

BIZ: (DOOR OPENS)

T. That was the pie opening, I suppose. Sounded more  
like a refrigerator.

H. -- the birds began to sing

BIZ: (ORCHESTRA SINGS: LET'S ALL SING LIKE THE BIRDIES DO  
-- wasn't that a pretty dish?

CONNIE: Hello, Brother Stoopnagle!

T. Hello, Connie, you pretty dish!

H. -- to set before a king.

T. (DRAM) Oh king, thy humble servant wishes to beg thy  
forgiveness.

H. (DRAM) Oh my humble servant, thy king telleth thee to scam.

(RECITING) The King was in his counting house,  
Counting out his money.

BIZ: (MONEY DROPS WITH EACH COUNT)

T. (SLOWLY) Two cents, three cents, a nickle, a kopec, a dime a  
ruble and seventeen collar buttons.

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H. -- the queen was in the parlor,  
eating bread and honey.

BIZ: (BUMBLES)

T. No bread, Budd, just honey.

H. -- the maid was in the garden, hanging out  
the clothes.

BIZ: (THUMPS)

-- the main was in the garden, hanging out  
the clothes.

BIZ: (THUMPS)

hanging, Colonel, not banging.

T. Pardon me, I misunderstood you.

H. -- down came a blackbird.

BIZ: (AIRPLANE NOISE FROM DISTANCE)

-- and snapped off her nose.

BIZ: (CLICK)

T. (FALSETTO) Ooooooh! My schnozzola!

(BELL)

H. (REG) There, Colonel. How's that for putting Mother  
Goose rhymes to sound?

T. That was indeed an achievement, Budd. Now let me  
try one and we'll call it a day.

H. Call WHAT a day?

T. I said 'we'll call it a day!'

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H. Call it 'a day', then.

I. It's a day.

H. Thank you.

T. Here it is:

Mary had a little lamb, bleat, bleat, bleat,  
Its fleece was white as snow

MUSIC: (ORCHESTRA: JINGLE BELLS)

And everywhere that Mary went

BIZ: (HORSES HOOFES)

The lamb (bleat, bleat, bleat) was sure to go.

BIZ: (TWO HORSES HOOFES)

It followed her to school one day

BIZ: (MORE HORSES HOOFES)

Which was against the rule,  
And made the children laugh and play

BIZ: (ORCHESTRA LAUGHS, THEN BREAKS OUT WITH  
JINGLE BELLS)

To see a lamb (bleat, bleat, bleat) at school.

(CHORD)

MUSIC: LIMELHOUSE BLUES (Orchestra)

BIZ: (APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: SMOKE RINGS

ANNOUNCER:

(ON CUE) The Camel Caravan has brought you Colonel Stoopnagl  
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.

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MUSIC:

(THEME UP)

ANNOUNCER:

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

MUSIC:

(FADE THEME)

30 seconds

WABC - New York

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