

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY AND COMPANY
INCORPORATED

RR 206a
4/16/35
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COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

CAVIL PROGRAM NO. 53

THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1935.

START 8:00 P.M.

CUE: (COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM)

MUSIC: SMOKE RINGS

CUMTBB: (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, my dear listen-ers...The Man on the Flying Trapeze...bringing the Caravan onto the stage of your loudspeaker and in the order of their appearance we have Glen Gray and his Casa Loma Orchestra...Annette Henshaw who is lurking in the wings and she's a mighty good lurking girl...and Harry Von Zell. I played golf with Harry today...and you should see that Von Zell swing a golf club...he chopped up so many divots I thought he was going to blow in an oil well...We had three rounds...but we forgot to put ginger ale in the last one. Well so much for the world of sport...now for the world of music...Glen Gray and the boys play "I Never Knew."

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I NEVER KNEW (ORCHESTRA)

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O'KEEFE:

(TING-A-LING AND JACK UPROAR IN BACKGROUND)

Well, ladies and gentlemen, tonight we dust off our fowling pieces for a renewal of the feud between the Hatfields and the Carstairs...Pardon me...while I find out what's going on here...Hey!...Who's making that noise?

TING:

(OFF MIKE) It is me, Ting-a-ling-a-ling, your celestial stooge...

O'KEEFE:

Who's the guy with you...

TING:

It is my stooge...Ah Huey Hooley...Heigh-ho...

O'KEEFE:

Well wait a minute...before you start crooning what do you want?...

TING:

Your Oriental friends want to watchee most honorable broadcast but no got tickee...

O'KEEFE:

Velly solly...no tickee no watchee...

JACK:

(JABBERS INTO CRYING)

O'KEEFE:

Hey...what's the matter with your stooge, Ah Huey Huey?...

TING:

Him velly sad...come allee way from China to sing Hilly-Millie songie with studio audience, Man on the Flying Trapeze...

JACK:

(CRYING)

O'KEEFE:

Hey Ting-a-ling, we'll let him sing the Man On The Flying Trapeze, but tell him to stop crying...

TING:

No no..he not clying...he singing verse now...

O'KEEFE:

It couldn't be verse...I can't wait to hear the chorus...

JACK:

(SINGS FIRST EIGHT BARS OF TRAPEZE)

O'KEEFE:

Ting-a-ling he's wonderful...What's his background?...

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BOB: In homeland his father is the son of the moon, mother of
pearl, father of the ebb and flow of tides, and keeper
of the twenty-seven sacred umbrellas...

ALICE: What does he do?...

BOB: He street cleaner...

ALICE: Well listen Ting-a-ling...this stooge of yours...what do
they call him in China?...

TING: (JABBERS)

O'KEEFE: But I don't understand that...what does it mean?...

TING: Sleetie Pie...

O'KEEFE: Tell me Ting-a-ling...can Sleetie Pie do anything else
besides sing...

TING: Oh yes...he's a fan dancer...heigh ho...

BOB: Hello hello hello Ting-a-ling-a-ling...

TING: Heigh ho, heigh ho, heigh ho, McGillicluddy...how's with
you?...

O'KEEFE: Listen Ting-a-ling-a-ling this stooge of yours, Sleetie Pie,
may be a big shot in China, but up in the Bronx, McGillicluddy
is known as the father of the moon, the brother of the son
who's out of work, the supreme terror of the herrings and
the keeper of the twenty-seven pretzels...

JACK: (JABBERS)

O'KEEFE: Come on, Ting-a-ling, what was that last crack from Sleetie
Pie...

TING: He say he want to learn how to speak English so good like
McGillicluddy...



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ESTY:

No no...that's asking too much...

ESTY:

Keep your mouth Mr. O'Keefie...I'm perfectly able to handle myself in the verbal clinches...I don't always talk like this, Ting-a-ling...(CHANGING VOICE) Sometimes I am talking like this my celestial friend...Perhaps you would do me the honor to be my guest for luncheon at my club...

ESTY:

And of what club are you an honored member?...

ESTY:

The ~~(Harvers Club)~~ of course, of course!...I'm sure you'll enjoy a dish of our chop suey...

ESTY:

No no...you come to my club...~~(Knights of Columbus)~~...we have gefulte fish and kippered herring...

SONIX:

Toodle-oo, Mr. O'Keefie...

TING:

Reigh ho, Mr. O'Kleefie...

JACK:

(BEGINS SINGING "FLYING TRAPEZE")

O'KEEFIE:

And now, ladies and gentlemen, it is written in the book of my ancestors in letters of gold that the time has come for Annette Hanshaw to sing "Forget If You Can"...Reigh ho!

ANNIE:

FORGET IF YOU CAN (ANNETTE HANSHAW)

VON ZELL:

Harry Von Zell speaking. Let's take a look at an exciting occupation that calls for skill, energy and nerve. I'm thinking of the newspaper cameramen who bring you a visual record of great stories in the making. The other day we talked to an ace newsphotographer from one of the big metropolitan papers. His name is Edwin E. C. Pickwood and he's a veteran in the game. Mr. Pickwood said:

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ACTOR:

(YOUNG, FORCEFUL) "I've been behind a lens, in the air and on the ground, at most of the page one news events during the past fourteen years. I've had my share of thrills and hard work too -- sometimes flying in such weather that even the mail planes are grounded, sometimes swinging my fifty-pound aerial camera over the side of the ship, thousands of feet up one minute and skimming the waves or the tree tops the next, trying to get the close shot the boss wanted. Do I get worn out and exhausted? You bet! But everybody has a supply of reserve energy stored up, and the way I 'turn on' my energy is to smoke a Camel. A Camel always cheers me up, gives me the 'lift' I need. Most newspaper men and women prefer Camels and I think I know why: They're in a trying occupation -- they need to smoke a lot -- and one of the greatest things about Camels, I've found, is that they never jangle your nerves, no matter how many you smoke."

MUSIC:

COTTON (ORCHESTRA AND HUNT)

(O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTRODUCTION OVER MUSIC)

O'KEEFE:

Well, my dear parishioners...tonight we take you once more to the Hillbilly country in our prize winning Hillbilly drummer..."It Must Have Been Somethin' I Et"...In the past week Zeke, the half-wit son, has landed a job at the blacksmith's shop...they're using his head for an anvil...Pappy Hatfield has been dusting off the furniture with his beard and Elviry, the daughter is giving the pig a bath...I mean



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O'KEEFE: (CONT'D) the pig is giving Elviry a bath...The scene is
the Hatfield Cabin and it's breakfast time...All right Glen.
BIZ: ORCHESTRA PLAYS "COMING ROUND THE MOUNTAIN"
HEN CACKLING
O'KEEFE: Hey Zeke...put the hen up on the table...I'll make her lay
some eggs...
ZEKE: Come on there chicken...lay a couple of eggs...
BIZ: PLOP
O'KEEFE: Come on...come on...stop holding out...shake that thing...
BIZ: "SHAVE AND A HAIR CUT" PLOP
ZEKE: Hey...these eggs are nice...they shore taste good...Shells
are nice and crisp too...
O'KEEFE: Zeke..that ain't no way to eat aigs...Yore supposed to
throw away the insides and then eat the shells...
ZEKE: Good yoke Pappy...(IDIOT LAUGH)
BIZ: EVERYBODY LAUGHS
FROST: Hey Pappy...can I have a glass of milk?...
O'KEEFE: Shore Elviry...I'll call the cow over here...(YELLS) Hey
Bossy...wake up...come up here...
BIZ: COW MOOS
O'KEEFE: C'mon...get up on the table...there's work to be done...
BIZ: COW MOOS...HOOFS AND DISHES BREAKING
O'KEEFE: All right Zeke...let's milk here...you take that side and
I'll take this...one...two...three...
BIZ: SOUND EFFECT: MILKING COW



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OUTRIP:

All right, bossy...that's enough...get off the table...

Come on...git...

ALZ:

CLATTER AND BROKEN DISHES...MOOOOOOO

FROST:

(LAUGHS) Hey Pappy...air we gonna have any breakfast cereal?

...Air we, Hanh?...

OUTRIP:

we air daughter...yew kin have a bowl of hay with corn

licker poured over it...Mahty sweet tastin' gruel...

FROST:

Okay Pappy...

OUTRIP:

Want a cup of cawfee with it?...

FROST:

No...Coffee don't agree with me...I gotta be careful with

my diet...Pass me the gin and cucumbers...

OUTRIP:

Boy Zeke...take your knee out of the plate...

ZEKE:

I'm trying to cut this steak Pappy...but it's too tough...

OUTRIP:

Waal...then...give it to the dog...

ZEKE:

I did...but he refused it...

OUTRIP:

Waal then...leave it there till your mother comes home...

ALZ:

BABY CRIES

FROST:

Boy Pappy...the baby's wakin' up...What'll we feed him...

He must be hongry...

OUTRIP:

Oh, put a nipple on the bottle...he'll be all right...

ZEKE:

Hey Pappy...does he get a nipple back on the bottle?...

ALZ:

HILLBILLIES ALL LAUGH

FROST:

Here baby...

ALZ:

BABY SUBSIDES CRYING INTO IDIOT LAUGH

FROST:

Hey Pappy...I cain't open the bottle...What'll I do...

OUTRIP:

Here I'll shoot the neck off...

ALZ:

REVOLVER SHOTS - LIGHT GLASS CRASH



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PROST: Goo Pappy...you can do anything...

HE: KNOCK ON THE DOOR

O'KEEFE: Come on in stranger...

HE: DOOR OPENS

SORIN: Hello hello hello Pappy Hatfield...

O'KEEFE: That was McGillicuddy in his bare feet...Sit down Colonel
Carstairs...we're just cooking breakfast...

SORIN: Unash...I thought I smelled rubber burning...

O'KEEFE: Zeke...give me that jug of corn...the Colonel's got to have
a drink...Say when, Colonel...

HE: SOUND OF CONTINUOUS POURING

DOG GROWLS FURIOUSLY

SORIN: Say...what's with the dog...what's all the growling...

O'KEEFE: He's sore 'cause you're drinking out of his cup...Say when
Colonel...

SORIN: Nice day, eh Pappy?...

O'KEEFE: Say when, Colonel...

SORIN: Nice day yesterday...

O'KEEFE: Say when...It was a nice day last week wasn't it?...

SORIN: WHEN!

HE: POURING STOPS

SORIN: Ah!...tricked...Well Pappy, I'll drinking to your health...
Here's how...

HE: GULP GULP - DRINKING SOUND - THEN GASPING AND
CHOKING, ETC.

SORIN: Oh boy...that's good...

HE: ORCHESTRA HITS "COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN"



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VON ZILL:

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And so, ladies and gentlemen...the curtain rings down on another act of "It Must Have Been Somethin' I Et"...The second act will go on right after the intermission, and meanwhile Kenny Sargent will sing "The Little Things You Used To Do."

M. C.:

THE LITTLE THINGS YOU USED TO DO (ORCHESTRA AND SARGENT)

VON ZILL:

After all, it's natural that you should hear so much discussion about cigarettes: folks certainly have a right to know what they're smoking. And with this fact in mind, the manufacturers of Camels have published, signed and authorized this significant statement: CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...TURKISH AND DOMESTIC... THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND. (PAUSE) Smoke a Camel -- and find out why this statement is so important. Notice the smooth, rich flavor -- the mildness of superior tobaccos. That flavor doesn't "flatten out" -- that mildness doesn't turn thin or "sweetish." And if you're tired, you'll find that smoking a Camel cheers you up amazingly. This is Camel's famous "energizing effect" which is scientifically confirmed. Take advantage of these added values. Enjoy these good Camels. Enjoy them as often as you like. Camel's costlier tobaccos never get on your nerves!

MUSIC:

IT'S AN OLD SOUTHERN CUSTOM (ANNETTE HANSHAW)

(O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTRODUCTION OVER MUSIC)



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VON ZELL:

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And now, ladies and gentlemen, for another act of our
hillbilly drama dealing with life among the great unwashed
in the heart of Shenanigan Valley...the scene is still the
Hatfield Cabin and Pappy is entertaining Colonel Carstairs..

ALL:

CAST SINGS CHORUS OF "FATHER PUT THE COW AWAY"

KNOCK ON DOOR

COLONEL:

Come in! ..

ALL:

DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

COL:

Are you Pappy Hatfield?....

COLONEL:

No that's the pig...here I am...

COL:

I'm the sheriff and the judge wants to see you down at the
court house right away about a suit...

COL:

Tell the judge to keep his suit...these overalls is good
enough for me...

COL:

Wooo...this is a law suit...the Widow Hinckleberry is suing
you for breach of promise...

COLONEL:

Breach of promise, eh?...Well rip my breeches...I don't
know what it means, but sounds like I'll need a lawyer...

COL:

Look no further, Pappy Hatfield...Is standing before you
Counsallor Carstairs, Bachelor at Law, Habeas Corpus,
E Pluribus Union, Notary Public and pants pressed while
you wait...

COLONEL:

It still sounds like a need a lawyer...

COL:

Get a move on you...Let's get going...there's only room
for two in my car...



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CHANCE:

My Sheriff...there ain't no use in you goin' anywhere
with a bullet in your side...

CHANCE:

I ain't got a bullet in my side...

CHANCE:

TWO REVOLVER SHOTS

CHANCE:

Yes, you have...Come on Carstairs...

CHANCE:

SOUND OF MOTOR INTO "PRISONER'S SONG" - RAP OF
GAVEL

CHANCE:

Order in the court...the case of the Widow Hinckleberry
versus Pappy Hatfield for Breach of Promise...

CHANCE:

VOLLEY OF SHOTS

CHANCE:

Now look here, Pappy Hatfield...You stop shooting at the
jury or I'll hold you in contempt of court...

CHANCE:

Aw ain't I have one more shot Jedge?...

CHANCE:

Only one!...

CHANCE:

ONE SHOT

CHANCE:

Oh shucks...I missed him...

CHANCE:

That's all right I'll get him...

CHANCE:

ONE SHOT

CHANCE:

Now, let's get on with the trial...Widow Hinckleberry,
will you take the stand?....

CHANCE:

(SHRIEK OF LAUGHTER) Hiya Jedge...You left your hat over
at my house last night...

CHANCE:

I'll get it later...All right now Widow...read me them
letters from Pappy Hatfield you read me last night...

CHANCE:

ONE SHOT

CHANCE:

I object!...



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PAPPY: Here's the first one...(SOBS VIOLENTLY) No!...I can't
Jedge...I can't read it...it breaks my heart...
MUSIC: There...there...I know just how you feel...
PAPPY: (SOBS)...He led me on Jedge...he played hillbilly love songs
on my heart strings...and now the strings is gone busted...
(SOBS)
VON ZELL: Give it to me...I'll read it...It says "Dear Snookie-ookie,
How is Pappy's itzee bitzee babykins itza wutza bootza putza
signed "Toodles"...P.S. Ickee ickee stickie wickee"...
Ah...French, eh?...
O'KEEFE: Hey Jedge...jest a minute...I've got a witness who just
came into the court...and he can clear me. Colonel Farstien
I'd like to examine this witness myself.
PAPPY: Okay Dokey...Palsy Walsy. Go ahead.
O'KEEFE: Witness..I want to have you tell this court the truth. Come
out with it. Talk fast.
VON ZELL: (CHINESE VOICE) It is written that the gefiltefish at the
Yum (club is the tops. Heigh ho..
JACK: (SINGS "FLYING TRAPEZE")
O'KEEFE: Well I guess that settles it widder.
MUSIC: ORCHESTRA PLAYS "COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN"
VON ZELL: And so, ladies and gentlemen...again JUSTICE triumphs in
Shennigan Valley and Pappy Hatfield...and while Sweetie Pie
sings the Man on the Flying Trapeze...Glen Gray and his boys
will accompany him playing "Weary Blues."
MUSIC: WEARY BLUES (ORCHESTRA)

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VON 2213:



MUSIC:

O'KEEFE:

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This program, the Camel Caravan, is sent to you with the best wishes of R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina, makers of Camel Cigarettes and Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco. Prince Albert, the "National Joy Smoke," is a friendly pipe tobacco with any harshness or bite taken out by a special process. And "good old 'P.A.' is packed the right way" -- in tins. Your dealer will tell you, that Prince Albert is what the well-filled pipe is burning, this year and any year you want a smoke that's mild, mellow and thoroughly delightful.

SMOKE RINGS

And so once more we ride off into the night until the Old Camel Caravan makes its appointed stop at this same point on the dials next Tuesday night at ten o'clock Eastern Standard Time. At that time, of course, we'll present again the Casa Loma band led by Glen Gray, Annenka Henshaw will sing and Ted Husing will give you the sport angle. Now I don't know as there's much more to be said... so I wish you'd all come up to my house...we're having a square dance with the rest of the hillbillies...This is Walter O'Keefe...saying Good nate and gwan to bed.

MUSIC UP AND OUT

STATION CUE

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