

RADIO

WILLIAM ESTY AND COMPANY

INCORPORATED

RJR Bob Co.
2/15/34

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

CAMEL PROGRAM NO. 21

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1934
10:00 - 10:30 P.M.

CUE: (COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM)
(30 seconds)

MUSIC: SMOKE RINGS

ANNOUNCER:

(ON CUE) Camel cigarettes!

(PAUSE) They never get on your nerves.

(PAUSE) This Camel Caravan 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 his Casa Loma orchestra!

MUSIC: YOU'RE GONNA LOSE YOUR GAL (Orchestra with vocal
chorus)

(OPEN WITH ORGAN THEME)

T. You're Gonna Lose Your Gal.

H. If I do, I'll let Pee-wee Hunt for her.

T. Let's start again. You're Gonna Lose Your Gal.

H. If I do, I'll be sorry.

T. That's better. Listen, Budd, yesterday was St. Valentine's
Day, wasn't it? Did you send your gal a Valentine?

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H. My gosh, Colonel, I forgot.

T. That's alright. You give it to me today and I'll see that she gets it yesterday.

H. Now you're just plumb silly. How do you work that?

T. I have invented an airplane that flies backwards. It's for sending air mail so it will be delivered the day before you send it. Very convenient for people who forget to mail stuff.

H. The Colonel will now let you listen to his heart beats. He has just invented a very delicate instrument which records the beats of the human heart. Listen carefully.

T. (DRAMATICALLY) This delicate instrument, called the heartbeatograph, will be placed now over my heart. In a moment, you will hear a rhythmic sound, which will be hastened or slowed according to the reaction of my mind to the spoken word. Budd will render the spoken word. First -- here is the normal heart beat.

BIZ: (HEART BEAT AT REGULAR NORMAL SPEED)

H. Colonel, you're nervous.

BIZ: (INCREASE SPEED)

Colonel, think of your best girl.

BIZ: (INCREASE SPEED)

She says she doesn't love you anymore.

BIZ: (SLOW SPEED WAY DOWN)

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Now she says she loves you more than anything in the world.

BIZ: (INCREASE SPEED)

More than anything in the universe.

BIZ: (VERY FAST)

T. I don't know whether I can stand this any more, Budd.

BIZ: (BELABORED FAST BEATING)

H. Keep a liff upper stipp, Colonel...What is Connie Boswell going to sing now?

BIZ: (EXPLOSION)

T. Woops! There Goes My Heart!

MUSIC: THERE GOES MY HEART (Boswell and orchestra - segue to next number)

MUSIC: DUTCH MILL (Orchestra)

ANNOUNCER:

(ON CUE OVER HARP BACKGROUND) Every newspaper brings evidence that we are living in historic times. It's interesting, it's exciting, yes, it's downright thrilling to be alive today. Yet present day conditions call for keen thinking, sane health measures, balanced nerves.

(SLIGHT PAUSE) How are your nerves? There's a test you might try after the program this evening to see if they are in good shape. You might call it "trial by vest buttons." Here it is: Using your left hand only, if you are right-handed, unbutton your vest, beginning at the top. Then button it again (continued on next page)

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also beginning at the top. If you use more than one hand, you are disqualified. Have a friend time you, and see how speedily you can complete the test. Perhaps the ladies will act as timekeepers. At any rate, you'll find the average time for a six button vest around 12 seconds. It's interesting also to note that Jack Summers, national professional squash rackets champion, completed the test in nine seconds. Mr. Summers, as a professional athlete, takes a rational view of health and training problems. And, of course, his cigarette is Camel. He finds, as you will find, that Camel's costlier tobaccos never jangle the nerves, no matter how steadily one smokes.

MUSIC:

TEA FOR TWO (Orchestra - vocal chorus)

ANNOUNCER:

(ON CUE) Tonight, Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd have indeed a surprise for you, ladies and gentlemen. A variety show! Stage celebrities, screen celebrities, radio people. 'Whew!' as the Colonel was heard to say, when interviewed recently about the project.

T. Whew!

ANNOUNCER:

(ON CUE) There he goes again. So here are the Colonel and Budd, who will introduce all these famous people who have come here tonight to be their guests.

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CHORD (LOUSY)

I. Thank you, boys. Yes, what Harry has just told you is true, ladies and gentlemen. That is, the people aren't exactly famous, nor are any of them exactly from the stage and screen, nor radio, either, for that matter. However, we shall endeavor to get along as best we may with what we have on hand. Our first celebrity is Baby Mary Rose, two years old, who is heralded as the greatest musical find of the year. She will play Mozart's Tomato Sonata in G sharp, opus 45, dopus 53, hocus pocus 78. Baby Mary Rose!

BIZ:

(APPLAUSE)

(PIANIST PLAYS 'MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE' WITH ONE FINGER)

(APPLAUSE)

T That was lovely, Baby Mary. Now won't you say a few words for us? Mary Rose speaks well, too, especially for a girl 4 years old.

H Two years old, Colonel.

T Thank you, Baby Mary.

H That wasn't Baby Mary, that was me.

T You mean 'that was I'.

H It wasn't you; it was me.

T I.....

H Me.

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T I...wish to introduce -- who is next, Budd?

H Your old pal, Colonel.

T My old pal, Colonel...I mean, my old pal, a boy who has made a name for himself on saucepan alley...

H Tinpan.

T ...who has made a name for himself on the alley as a songwriter. Good old Charlie. I remember several years ago when Charlie and I were starting out on the circuit together. There was the days of the swell vaudeville shows. Let's see if I can think of any of the other stars we used to play with...No, I can't remember. But anyway, Charlie is here, and he's going to sing a little ballad for us tonight that he just wrote. What's the name of it, Charlie?

BIZ: (PEE WEE: MUMBLES IN HIS BEARD)

T More distinctly.

BIZ: (PEE WEE: MUMBLES IN HIS BEARD)

That's better. Go ahead, Charlie old boy. Give it out!

BIZ: (HUNT SINGS VERY OLD TIME SONG ACCOMPANIED BY RAGTIME PIANO THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE OLD BARROOM DAYS)

H Thank you, Charlie. That was the Colonel's old pal, ladies and gentlemen, singing a song he just wrote. What are you going to call the song, Charlie?

BIZ: (PEE WEE: MUMBLES IN THE WELL-KNOWN BEARD)

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ANNOUNCER:

(ON CUE) On with Colonel Stoepnagle and Budd's variety show of the air! More favorites of the stage, the screen, radio and the arctic wastes.

H. And now for another well-known personality; one known to every newsreel fan in America, none other than that famous explorer of the northern wastes, Captain Bob Bartlett, skipper of the good ship Morrissey. Captain Bartlett!

T. (AS COUNT VON LUCKNER) Well, by Joe, we were going around in our little disguised ship, looking here and dere for a merchantman to sink, when...

H. Captain Bartlett! Come, come -- your dialect!

T. (IRISH) Well, my good friends, here we are again in the studio, goin' t' tell you a little bit about our last trip...

H. That's better.

T. ...goin' t' tell you a little bit about our last trip into the vast uncharted spaces of the arctic regions, way up above Greenland. We had docked our little ship, the Morrissey, alongside a great, great glacier and we had hitched up our dog teams. So we started out, everybody happy but cold. And as we looked towards the north, expecting to see a red sky indicating the Aurora Borealis, what did we see but three enormous letters emblazoned in the sky

H. Three enormous letters. What were they, N.R.A.?

T. N.R.A. as sure as you're a foot high. And what do you think they meant -- N.R.A., written across the sky?
No Red Allumination.

H. I see, Captain. No red allumination. Allumination is spelled with an I not an A.

T. So I said to my men: Men!.....

H. And now for another tune from the orchestra. This time to introduce Doctor Leviticus Q. Gladpebble, eminent authority on vitamin Z, the moonlight vitamin.

MUSIC:

(ORCHESTRA: CHORD)

Thank you, boys. That was lovely. Dr. Gladpebble! And remember, Doctor, only ten seconds!

T. (DRAMATICALLY) In bringing up the very important subject of vitamin Z, the moonlight vitamin, I am reminded of a story I heard in a pullman car recently. Several of us were sitting in the smoking room, when one of the men, who was apparently a travelling salesman, said:

H. Only nine seconds left, Doctor! Don't forget!

T. Thank you. The human system is divided into several parts...How much time have I left, Mr. Budd?

H. Only nine seconds, Doctor.

T. I know, but you said that several seconds ago.

H. Then you have no time left, Doctor.

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*Substitute
some other
name.*

- T. Thank you.
- H. Thank you, Doctor...And now for the highlight of tonight's variety show. As we have told you, Mr. (Addison Fusch,) prominent playwright and man-about-town, of Buffalo, New York, is here in the studio with his troupe of Box-Office Guild players.
- T. (Mr. Fusch) is an old pal of mine. He has written such successes as Oh Alonzo, You go Onzo, Without Lawrence in Arabia, The Penguin Nest in the Long White Beard and others. (Mr. Fusch's) players are going to do a scene from his most recent success, Autumn Croaked Us. As the curtain rises, Captain Swiggin, wealthy scion of a wealthy father, speaks to his butler, Jiggers. There is soft music.

MUSIC:

(ORCHESTRA: 'MY TIME IS YOUR TIME' FOUR BARS:
FADING TO:)

- H. (DRAMATICALLY) And so it was, Jiggers, that the African chief boiled his cousin Nellie in oil.
- T. (Gulp.) *So he changed*
- H. What was that, Jiggers?
- T. I took the liberty of saying ('Gulp') sir.
- H. Very good. Now as I was saying, the native chief was an expert in the art of disguise.
- T. Dis-guise all wrong, sir.

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- H. As a matter of fact, Jiggers, this chief was so good at the art of disguise that sometimes he forgot whether he was disguise or whether he was himself.
- T. It must have been a bit confusing, sir.
- H. Right...the fellow never knew whether he was looking in a mirror or out of the window.
- T. Begging your pardon, sir. I wish you wouldn't mention windows.
- H. Silence, Jiggers, my man. The motto of the house of Swiggins is: Windows and Children first...Where was I, Jiggers?
- T. You've been standing here next to the microphone for sometime, sir.
- H. That's correct. Well, the chief took one look at himself in the mirror, forgot he was in disguise, and stabbed his reflection.
- T. The world is indeed a strange place, sir.
- H. No hard feelings, I trust, Jiggers.
- T. None at all, sir. Shall I continue with your backing?
- H. Right-o, Jiggers. Hi-lee!
- T. Hi-lee, sir.
- H. Round and round the rock, the ragged ruffian ran!
- T. Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers!

H My gloves, J. Rogers.

T Your gloves, sir.

H My hat.

T Your hat, sir.

H My cane.

T My goodness.

H My time is your time!

MUSIC:

(ORCHESTRA PLAYS 'MY TIME IS YOUR TIME')

(BUDE SINGS LIKE RUDY VALLEE)

(EIGHT BARS)

T We hope you have enjoyed our variety show, ladies and gentlemen. On tonight's program were featured the following artists: Baby Mary Rose, Charlie what's-his-name, my old pal, Captain Bob Lucknett,---

H Bartlett, Colonel.

T Captain Bob Bartlett, Colonel...Dr. Leviticus Q. Gladpebble, who spoke on vitamin Z, the moonshine vitamin...

H Moonlight. 7

T ...and (Mr. Addison Busch) and his troupe of players from the Box-office Guild who presented an original play called Autumn Croaked Us. The number entitled Mozart's Tomato Sonata in G sharp, opus 45, opus 53, hocus pocus 78 was from the current Broadway hit play, by Herbert Gallows, From Thee I Swing.

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H. You should, Colonel.

BIZ:

(BELL)

MUSIC:

SONG OF SURRENDER (Boswell and orchestra)

ANNOUNCER:

(ON CUE OVER HARP BACKGROUND) In days like these, news is important. Watch the papers. Listen to the radio. Don't miss the latest development in any line. And this is the news we have for smokers: it is a fact that Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos than any other popular brand of cigarettes. It is a fact that Camel spends millions of dollars more to give you a better cigarette. And this is important because Camel's costlier tobaccos do not upset the nerves. In these high pressure times, guard your health. Have a sensible living routine that allows for rest and recreation. And for your cigarette, choose Camels. They will not interfere with healthy nerves.

(PAUSE)

If you are a pipe smoker, you owe it to yourself to make the acquaintance of Prince Albert. The Camel cigarette people are the makers of Prince Albert, you know. And because they have used a special process which removes every bit of bite, good old "P.A." has rightly earned the title of "The National Joy Smoke." The special "P.A." process will not

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tolerate one hint of harshness. You get ^{real pipe joy} ~~nothing but choice~~
~~from~~ ~~the~~ ~~error~~ ~~to~~ this cool, mild smoke.

MUSIC:

RUMBA (Orchestra)

H. That was a nice number they played then, Colonel, don't you think?

T. Oh yes, Budd. I liked that. You know I had several of the boys in the band out in my car the other night and there was only room for a few of us in the front seat.

H. I imagine, if you were driving.

T. So...what did you say?

H. Only room for a few of you in the front seat. I'm listening; go ahead.

T. And the fellow who plays that jiggle thing -- you know, it sounds like a box of safety matches with only a few matches in it -- he had to sit in the back. Now the idea is for you to say: "Why did HE have to sit in the back, Colonel?"

H. Why did HE have to sit in the back, Colonel?

T. He had to be in the RHUMBA seat.

H. Then what?

T. That's the joke right there. Rhumba seat, see?

H. Yeah. That's good. Let's pretend like nothing happened.

T. Listen, Budd. Did I ever tell you how I won the mile run and established the present world's record of four minutes flat?

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H. Go ahead, Colonel. I suppose we'll have to listen anyway.

T. You can busy yourself at something else if you wish... You see, all us athletes were standing there on the track waiting for the gun which would start us on the final race. I had won my heat in 4 minutes and 10 seconds, and everyone in the stands had his hands in the air, wiggling them at me. I was the hero of the occasion.

H. You won the heat and the crowd started wiggling their hands.

T. I started a heat wave... Well, the referee raised his gun... the three other contestants and I got on our marks... the crowd was tense... the timers held their watches...

H. They were afraid someone would swipe 'em.

T. Yes... er, no... the air was full of electricity. Someone came up and whispered in my ear... Suddenly the referee fired... ha... suddenly the referee fired the gun... gun

BIZ:

(CAP PISTOL SHOT)

Thank you. We were off!... Faster, faster, faster, went our flying feet. I was out ahead. Round and round we went... Finally we came to the last lap.

BIZ:

(VIOLENT RINGING OF GONG)

(CHEERING)

With a sudden burst of speed, I outdistanced the other contestants and fell across the finish line fully seventy feet ahead of the man who came in second... (OUT OF BREATH)

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I was panting... My head whirled... But I was happy --
happier than I had ever been in my life...

H. Alright, Colonel. That's fine. You won the race. Now
tell me -- what did the fellow say who came up and
whispered to you just as the race was about to begin?

T. The fellow who whispered to me?

H. Yes. What did he say?

T. He said: Colonel, old man, do you want a Camel cigarette?
And I said: I'd walk a mile for a Camel.

H. I know, but it was a running race. How did you happen to
make a world's record?

T. I couldn't wait.

(CHORD)

MUSIC:

SMOKE RINGS (Orchestra)

ANNOUNCER:

(ON CUE OVER SMOKE RINGS) The Camel Caravan is on the
air again next Tuesday evening at the same time... bringing
Colonel Stearns and his... and Miss... For all
with Glen Gray and his Casa Loma Orchestra. This program
was broadcast from the Colonnade Room of the Essex House,
New York City.

MUSIC:

(THEME UP)

ANNOUNCER:

(ON CUE) This is the Columbia Broadcasting System.

(FADE THEME)
20 seconds

... New York

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