

RADIO

WILLIAM ESTY AND COMPANY
INCORPORATED

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COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

CLUB PROGRAM NO. 24

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1934
10:00 - 10:10 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.

(LIGHT PAUSE) Tonight the Camel Caravan brings Colonel Stoopnagle and Bud....

(LIGHT PAUSE) Miss Connie Boswell....

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

MUSIC: FUTURISTIC RHYTHM (Fast cue: Orchestra, segue to organ, organ theme, two bars, then:)

MUSIC: (SOUND OF HAMMER AND SAW)

1. Colonel, for goodness sakes, why all the sawing and hammering? What on earth are you making?

2. (SOFT VOICE) There, now. If he's tired, that'll be just the ticket.

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M. If he's what, that'll be just the what?

T. (S) the electric motor starts the stairway and then he gets on it, he goes in there. Now I've got to saw this off and... etc. AD LIF

H. Colonel, just a moment, please.

TH: (SOUND STOPS ALSO HAMMERING)

M. Oh, hello, Budd. I didn't see you, I'm inventing stuff.

H. What an odd contraption you have there. Looks like a mousetrap and a toboggan slide.

T. This is my new patented mousetrap for tired mice. (PUSHING DOWN) How would YOU like to be a mouse who was too tired to get into a mousetrap? Answer me that. How would you?

H. I wouldn't even want to be an un-tired mouse, personally.

T. You see, a mouse comes along, just in a nice way, and he smells the cheese.

H. Yeah.

T. But he's too tired to climb up to the mousetrap. So when he gets near to it, he steps on this button here, which starts the escalator.

H. The who?

T. The escalator. That's the same as an elevator, only it sort of goes up of its own accord. You know -- they have them in some large department stores.

Mice?

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Sometimes, yes. But a mouse isn't an escalator.

An escalator is a mouse.

Yes. Or -- no! So the escalator takes the mouse up to the trap and he goes in, takes a bite of the cheese and there you are.

H. Then what if another mouse comes along?

G. You open your trap and start again.

H. I'm through talking.

ELL: (HAMMERING - NO SAVING)

Now what are you doing?

G. Oh, I'm just experimenting with a pair of shoes, that's all.

H. I know, but you have the heel at the wrong end.

G. No, the heel is on the right end as far as this invention is concerned. You see, in this invention, the heel goes where the toe is. It's just a little idea of mine, that's all, just a little idea.

H. What's the idea of that?

G. Do you often walk backwards?

H. Not often, no.

G. Do you often stub your toe?

H. Quite often, yes. Why?

G. When you're walking frontwards is when you stub your toe most, isn't it?

Come to think of it, yes.

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all, these shoes of mine are made with the heel in front so that you can't stub your toe except when you're walking backwards, which isn't very often.

(LAUGHING) That's wonderful, Colonel. Well, thank you very much. I think I'll take a pair of those shoes. I stub my toes so often. By the way, have you tried to sell the idea to any of the shoe people?

That's funny of you to ask me that. Look here. Here is a telegram I have just written to some very prominent shoe people. Want me to read it to you?

Not especially.

It says: Have just patented new invention STUB heel of shoes placed in front STUB therefore when walking frontwards you don't STUB This patent may be bought for \$5,000 STUB the heel doesn't come off unless you STUB STUB STUB

I'M LOOKING FOR ARI TO GOING BACK HOME (Pee-ell and Orchestra - segue to next number)

SO THERE IS HARRY (Orchestra with Sargent - segue to harp background)

ANNOUNCER:

(ON GUN OVER HARP PICKUP) Today there's a snap in the air that means better times, with new work and responsibility for every one. Common sense dictates that we meet these snappier times in good condition, with mental coolness, with

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balanced nerves. (2 U.S.) And your nerves -- they're all right, of course? Well, try the "wall-pointing" test, anyway, after the program tonight. This nerve test is used by many well-known doctors. In the test you stand facing a wall. How long can you point at some mark on the wall without flinching? A good score is two full minutes. But it's interesting to know that Virgil Richard, the world-famous sharpshooter, made a score of four minutes forty seconds in the wall-pointing test. Naturally, a marksman like Mr. Richard must have balanced nerves. And because this is so important to him, Mr. Richard is a Camel smoker. He knows from long experience that Camel's costlier tobaccos never jangle the nerves.

MUSIC:

I HATE MYSELF FOR BEING SO MEAN TO YOU (Orchestra and Band)

ANNOUNCER:

Ladies and gentlemen, the Colonel and Budd wish me to announce right here that they wish to interrupt the program in order to do another of their musical comedies taken from one of the familiar childhood stories. Tonight, it is to be The Three Bears, that well-known and well-loved story of the Papa Bear, the Mama Bear and the Baby Bear. But I will let them explain it in their own way.

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1. Thank you, Harry. Now Colonel, if you will explain what this musical play is to be about, in as few words as possible, we shall begin.
2. Well, Aladdin, you see, was a young boy about twelve, when all this took place. He didn't like sugar in his coffee, but his mother insisted, and dropped a piece in.
3. Wait a minute, Colonel. This has nothing to do with the story of the three bears. You're talking about Aladdin and his Lamp. And besides, who ever heard of Aladdin drinking coffee, with or without sugar?
4. I guess I must have thought that story was called Aladdin and his Lump. Excuse me.
5. I'll explain that one to the boys in the band later. Now stop all this folderol and tell the story of the three bears.
6. Once upon a time, long, long ago, there lived three bears -- a little small, wee bear named Herman, a middle-sized bear named Josephine and a great, huge, enormous, large-sized big bear named John. And they each had a pot to eat their porridge from it. You see, this story comes in three pots.
7. Keep going, Colonel, but shorten it a little as you go along, sort of.
8. Shorten it? Alright. So one day...and there was a little old woman...but the porridge was cold...on the three beds... 'somebody has been at my oatmeal', said the...they never saw her any more and they lived happily. Can I say 'ever more'?

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H. Yes, you can say 'evermore'.

E. Evermore.

H. Thank you, Colonel. That, ladies and gentlemen, about covers the prologue. I am sure now that everyone recalls the story of the three bears. Music, please, boys.

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA PLAYS A COUPLE OF BARS OF 'COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN'

T. Wait a minute. That's no theme song for the three little bears. Think of some other number. Hm. 'Comin' round the Mountain'. What's that got to do with it?

E. It's BEAR Mountain, Colonel.

H. Oh, I see. Go ahead.

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA REPEATS FOR EIGHT BARS. FIDES TO:

T. (DEEP) Come, mama bear, and bring baby bear. We shall go out into the woods in search of berries while our porridge cools.

E. (FALSETTO) Very well, papa bear. Come, Herman.

T. (VERY HIGH, LIKE MICKY MOUSE) OK, papa. OK, mama. Some fun, eh parents?

REF: (FOUR SLAMS)

E. (GASP) That ends the first scene. Now while the three bears are out searching for berries, there comes a knock at the door of their little house.

(DOORBELL RINGS)

It's a little decrepit old woman, hungry and tired, who is in search of food and raiment.

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(DOORBELL RINGS)

H. (over) She knocks again and again.

(DOORBELL RINGS)

But there is no answer. Finally, in desperation, she goes into the house through a rear window. First she tastes the porridge belonging to the big bear.

(BUBBLES)

But it is too hot. Then she tries the porridge of the middle-sized bear.

(BUBBLES)

But it is too cold. And then she tries the porridge of the little bear and it is just right.

(BUBBLES)

...it is just right.

(BUBBLES SEVERAL TIMES)

And no sooner has she eaten the little bear's porridge, when the papa bear comes in, and, noticing her footprints on the kitchen floor, he says....

(SINGS: SAM:) Good evenin', folks, how you-all this evenin'? I got a letter this mornin' from an old cow puncher out in Wyoming, and he wants me to sing a little song for him. All right, cow puncher, here it is!

(SINGS) Three blind mice, three blind mice, see how they run, see how they run!

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And the little old woman, together with the three blind mice, runs upstairs in fright. Meanwhile the mama bear and the baby bear come in.

I. (MAM) Hello, mama bear. Hello, baby bear. How are you?

H. (BABY BEAR) We are indeed fine, papa bear. And you?

I. (MAM) I'm fine. Say listen. When I came in here, I found footprints on the kitchen floor. I found that our chairs had been sat in...I...

H. (BABY) Had been satted in, papa. Watch your English.

I. ...our chairs had been satted in and that our porridge had been tasted. In fact, baby bear's porridge had been et all up. And the same footprints seem to lead upstairs. Let us go up and see if there is anyone in the house.

H. (MAM) And so the three tramps stared up at the bears.

I. (BABY) You mean, the three stairs bared up under the tramps.

H. I mean, the three bears tramped up the stairs.

I. The three bears stamped up the stairs. Stamp, stamp, stamp.

H. They were stamp collectors.

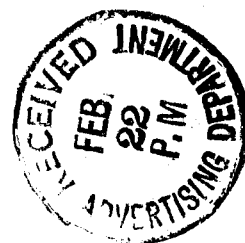
I. Yes, they were stamp collectors.

H. (MAM) Perhaps you, too, would like to become a stamp collector, like the three bears. If so, send in your name and address, together with four dollars in stamps, and we shall be glad to mail you a copy of the Colonel's latest book, entitled How I Stamp out Collectors.

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T. That's the end of the third scene. The last scene, or as some say, the final scene, takes place in the bedroom of the three bears. As they open the door, they stand there in perfect horror as they discover the little old woman lying sound asleep in the baby bear's bed. The first to speak is the papa bear.

A. (PAPA) What big teeth, you have, grandma!

T. Next comes the mama bear.

M. (MAMA) What big teeth you have, grandma!

T. And last, but not least, the baby bear.

T. (BABY) What big teeth you have, grandma!

T. And then grandma wakes with a start and says:

GRANDMA: (ORCHESTRA, IN UNISON: All the better to bite you with!

T. And with that, the little old woman, who was really a wolf in cheap clothing, eats up all three of the bears.

UNION: (SILENT CHORD)

H. There were several eye witnesses to this tragedy, who have kindly consented to come here tonight to prove that it was really Red Ridinghood's grandma ate the three bears. I have asked them to give their opinions of that horrible night. The first one is Horace Gladpebble, night watchman at the bears' estate. Tell us, Mr. Gladpebble, what you saw.
(SLOWLY AND DELIBERATELY) Well, the first thing was....

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B. Then we shall also hear from the gardener, Horace Finklestorper, who witnessed the eating of the three bears from the potato patch by telescope. Mr. Finklestorper, tell us what you saw.

A. (BELL) Well, the first thing was.....

B. And the last witness will be Horace Feathers, a passerby who happened to notice the scene as he passed by on his bicycle. Mr. Feathers, please, tell us what you saw.

A. (BELL) Well, the first thing was.....

TRIO: (SINGS) AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER.

SIL: (BELL)

MUSIC: IF I DIDN'T CARE (Ho well and orchestra - segue to hard background)

ANNOUNCER:

(ON OUR OVER HARD BACKGROUND.) Voices like that of Miss Connie Boswell are truly pleasing to the ear and to the sense of harmony. And Camel's costlier tobaccos are truly pleasing to the taste-- and never upsetting to the nerves. Each year, in the great tobacco markets of the world the makers of Camel spends millions of dollars more just to give you a better cigarette. Camels are made from finer, more expensive Turkish and domestic tobaccos than any other popular brand of cigarettes. No wonder that Camels have such a mild and pleasing flavor! No wonder Camels never interfere with healthy nerves!

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Ladies and gentlemen, I am sure there will be several of you who will be pleased to know that Colonel Stoopnagle has finally been prevailed upon to give you several more of his famous imitations. Tonight, the first one will be that of an iceberg which has just broken away from a glacier.

(CRASH LIKE A BOMB)

Thank you, Colonel. The next imitation will be that of a tall man in a dark suit meeting a short man with no hat on in Main Street at half past eleven at night.

Hello.

Getting better all the time, Colonel. You can see why it is, now, that the Colonel is renowned for his imitating ability. Third will be Jascha Heifetz, the famous violinist, playing the first four bars of Ravel's Bolero.

(SILENCE)

Maybe I'd better repeat that. An imitation by the Colonel of Jascha Heifetz playing the first four bars of Ravel's Bolero.

(SILENCE)

Why don't you do it, Colonel?

Heifetz forgot his violin.

Everything seems to be progressing smoothly. Now, the Colonel's next imitation will be that of the average man or woman who has just walked a mile for a Camel.

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- T. PUFF Ahhhhhhhhh. (Advertisement)
- H. Imitation number 4 will be of a well-known announcer.
- T. (BILL HAY) As the scene opens, we find Amos in the Taxicab office, speaking on the telephone. Brother Crawford is coming up the street, accompanied by the Kingfish. Andy is at Madame Butterfly's and Ruby Taylor is in Virginia. Here they are!
- H. I love Ted Husing, Colonel. Thank you very much.
- T. That wasn't Ted Husing. That was Boske Carter.
- H. Excuse me. And the Colonel's last imitation will be that of a racehorse named Gladpebble who came in a poor fourth in the Kentucky Derby.....Well, Gladpebble, old boy, did you win the Derby?
- T. Neigh!

BIZ:

(BELL)

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) This is the Columbia Broadcasting System. Harry VonZell speaking.

MUSIC:

(FADING THEME)

20 seconds - T.B.C. - New York

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(AFTER "No wonder Camels never interfere with healthy nerves!")

(PAUSE)

ANNOUNCER CONTINUES:

If you are a pipe smoker, you owe it to yourself to find out about Prince Albert, the National Joy Smoke. "P.A." and Camels are made by the same people, down in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. That's where they have a special process which removes every hint of harshness or bite from good old "P.A." You get two full ounces in every Prince Albert tin -- a cool, slow burning smoke that will never trouble your tongue.

MUSIC:

MANIAC'S BALL (Orchestra)

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