

RADIO

WILLIAM ESTY AND COMPANY
INCORPORATED

3/15/34

Best Copy

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

CAMEL PROGRAM NO. 20

WEDNESDAY MARCH 10 1934

10:00 - 10:30 P.M.

CTE: (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.

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

MUSIC: I HATE MYSELF (Orchestra, chorus by Pee Wee Hunt, segue to organ theme)

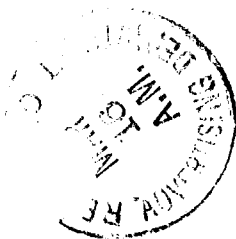
H. (SING) Hey, Colonel, Mr. Whoosh is here.

T. Mr. Who'sh?

H. Mr. Whoosh. You remember. He's the fellow from the restaurant that you invited up here to the program for an interview.

51458 6126

51458 6127



- T. Gosh, Budd, I'd forgotten about him. What does he do?
- H. Come on up here, Mr. Whoosh. You go sit down awhile, Colonel. I'll interview the guy..... Hello.
- T. (BOOSE, BLOWING AND PUFFING, HIGH VOICE) Whew! How do you do, I'm sure.
- H. Mr. Whoosh, the Colonel, as I remember it, asked you to come down to the program tonight. He was going to ask you some questions, but he's a bit tired from a strenuous game of lotto, so I'll ask you a few. What is your full name?
- T. Phew Whoosh.
- H. Phew Whoosh, huh. I bet you're a whirlwind. You sound enough like one. What is your business?
- T. I stand inside of restaurants, at the door. Whew!
- H. Ho, ho!
- T. Just stand there, huh?
- H. Nope. I wait there until a fellow comes into the restaurant with glasses on. Then I blow on his glasses, like this: Whew!
- H. You blow on his glasses? That's sort of an odd job, isn't it?
- T. Maybe, but I make a nice living out of it. Whew!
- H. Whew, yourself. I should think they'd pay you to stay away from restaurants.

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51458 6128



51458 6129



1. What's that?
2. I simply said: Why is it that you blow on people's
eyeglasses?
3. Whew! So that their eye glasses cloud up and they
can't tell when the head waiter takes them to a poor
table. Whew!
4. Well, for goodness sakes.
5. I worked myself up from just blowing on people's
eyeglasses before they clean 'em. Whew!
6. Is that so! My, my! As we used to say in the navy,
BLOW ME DOWN!
7. What?
8. Well, blow me down!
9. WHEN!

MUSIC: (SOUND OF FALLING TOP)
(FELL)
ANNOUNCER: (Gentle Possell
and orchestra, segue to next number)
MUSIC: (Orchestra, chorus by Sargent)

ANNOUNCEMENT:

(TALK OVER MRP BACKL OONI)
Here's news from the makers of Camel cigarettes for
every one interested in the vital question of healthy
nerves. The R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company now has ready

RADIO
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51458 6131

-4-

a book of twenty fascinating and educational nerve tests -- fully described and illustrated for you and your friends to try. This book, which is published under the title "Know Your Nerves" is designed for exactly that purpose -- to enable you to know your nerves. And you will find with each nerve test the par score hung up by some famous champion or celebrity who has also taken the test. See if you can beat the champions! It can be done! Now to get your copy of "Know Your Nerves" with its photographs, diagrams and text on how to do these entertaining nerve tests, just send your name and address to the makers of Camel cigarettes, the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, at Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Enclose with your name and address the fronts from two Camel packages and your copy of "Know Your Nerves" will be sent immediately, postpaid. That's absolutely all you have to do -- no contests, no slogans, just the two Camel package fronts and your name and address. Send to Department R of the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, at Winston-Salem, North Carolina or to the station to which you are listening. Winston-Salem is spelled W I N S T O N hyphen S A L E M -- but better still, just get the address from your package of Camels and add Department R. Send for your copy of "Know Your Nerves" right away. And remember, Camel cigarettes never get on your nerves.

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51458 6132

51458 6133





13:

(SPEAKING)

Colonel, we have been practically neglecting our pen mail lately. Ho-'s about reading some of the letters we've received since you started to become Dictator of this country.

1. Well, my friend, let's see. I have here a letter from
2. Mr. William E. May, of Nutley, New Jersey. Mr. May
3. wishes us to eliminate all right-hand margins on type-
4. writers because he says you just get going nicely on a
5. peachy sentence and then you come to the right-hand
6. margin and it sort of spoils the sentence, like say.
7. All you need is short sentences.

8. Get me the department of typewriting on the phone.

9. Hello, operator. Get me Shift-key 675.....

10. ~~(SPEAKING) When you get Madame Queen, leave me talk to her,~~
11. ~~AMOS.~~

12. ~~(SPEAKING) Awa, awa, awa..... (SPEAKING) Hello, department of~~
13. ~~typewriting? What did you say? Isn't this Shift-key 675?~~
14. ~~Sorry.~~

15:

(SPEAKING)

Wrong number, Colonel. That operator is just the type.

16. Well, let's see if we have any other letters. Oh yes,
17. here's one from a lady right here in New York City.
18. Sylvia Gordon. She takes issue with us. She says that

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
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51458 6134

51458 6135





-2-

under the 'code', only one person may hold down one job at a time, and that the other night we had a fellow who furnished two shakes of a lamb's tail. She says there ought to be another fellow to do one shake of a lamb's tail, while the first fellow does the other.

Shall I phone the lamb's tail department?

You might as well.

(HUNG UP PHONE)

Hello. Are you the same operator that got me the wrong number a minute ago when I asked for the department of typewriting? You are? Good. Then get me the lamb department, Woolworth 870.....

(LIMPY) When you get Madame Queen, leave me talk to her, Amos.

You said that while I was trying to get the other number, Colonel.

I thought maybe somebody might not of heard it.

Hello, department of lambs? Listen. Don't let anyone make two shakes of a lamb's tail anymore. Have a helper go along. What's that? (He doesn't understand me.) Oh, I see. Excuse me. (She gave me the department of LAMBS.) Pardon me. Good day.

(HUNG UP PHONE)

Well, that fixes that. Read another letter.

WILLIAM ESTY
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51458 6136



51458 6137



-7-

- Here's one from Moise Dennerly, way down in New Orleans. Mr. Dennerly wants to have the blocks in the sidewalks made adjustable, for people who don't like to step on the lines separating them.
- T. Gee whiz. I can remember when I was a kid, I never would step on the lines between the sidewalk blocks myself. But there are a lot of people who like to step on ALL the lines. How about them?
- H. Well, Mr. Dennerly says that if the blocks are adjustable, that will take care of the people who LIKE to step on the lines, too.
- T. You could have two sidewalks everywhere, Budd, one with lines and one without.
- H. Well, goodbye, Mr. Dennerly, I'm sure.
- H. Here's a slight suggestion -- or, rather, a question, from Mr. Ed Kling, of Snyder, New York. He wants to know why they call it pig-iron.
- H. Why they call WHAT pig-iron?
- H. Just pig-iron, I guess.
- H. That's because it's so heavy they grunt when they pick it up.
- H. I see. Now here is a letter from J.C. Roberts Jr. and Ward Kane, both Sigma Nus at Vanderbilt University. In Nashville, Tennessee?

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51458 6138

51458 6139





-8-

1. Sure.
2. I went there.
3. I thought you went to Georgetown.
4. Not on that trip. What do the gentlemen wish us to do?
5. They want me as Dictator to have everyone use cement automobile tires.
6. Cement automobile tires. That sounds sort of silly to me.
7. Not at all, -- not if you change the roads to inflated rubber.
8. Rubber roads and cement tires.
9. Yes, these boys say that will eliminate the necessity of replacing tires. If you have a blowout, it's up to the department of streets. They have the blowout and you go merrily on your way.
10. I know, but if the highways suffer from punctures, they'll get mad.
11. Well, these boys suggest that in that case, we fix it so that there's nothing in the road to make punctures. Like say, nails?
12. Yes. They suggest that hereafter all nails be made of jelly.
13. I know, but you can't hit a jelly nail with a hammer. Didn't you ever hear of a POUND of JELLY? Don't be silly. So we better get on before we get thrown off this program. Colonel.

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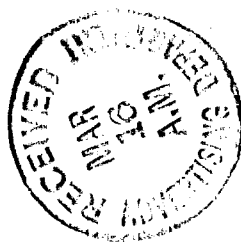
-9-

- Thron off the Dictator? Never. Listen. Here's a sort of a letter from John A. Sherman, of Syracuse University.
- H. I went to Syracuse.
- T. Yeh. There is a jail there, isn't there?
- H. Sure! I mean, - I don't know.
- H. Mr. Sherman asks us a very serious question. Read it.
- H. Hear Mr. Dictator and Budd: If yesterday was Monday and it rained from 2 in the afternoon to 2:41 in the afternoon, and a butcher weighed a pound of pork chops without the use of his thumb, how old is the butcher's son?
- T. How old is the butcher's son.
- H. Well, how old is the butcher's thumb?
- H. Read the first part over again.
- H. If yesterday was Monday, and....
- T. Oh, I thought you said Tuesday first. That's where the difference is. Hm. Well, in that case, the butcher's son is....well, first you take the year he was born.
- H. How do you know?
- H. You speak to the butcher.
- H. I see.
- T. You take the year he was born, and subtract it from 1934. The difference between the two will give you the approximate age of the boy.
- H. That's too complicated, Colonel. Why don't you go right up to the boy and ask him?

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51458 6142

51458 6143



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-10-

- T. Gosh, that could be a little simpler, wouldn't it.....
- (PAUSE) Well, young man. I understand that you are the butcher's son. Would you mind telling me how old you are?
- A. (BOY) Go away. I don't like you!
- B. Hm. Ladies and gentlemen, you just find out when he was born, subtract it from 1934 and that's all there is to it.

(BELL)

MUSIC:

WHY DO I DREAM THOSE DREAMS (Connie Rossell and orchestra; segue to harp background)

ANNOUNCEMENT:

(ON THE OTHER HARP BACKGROUND)

It is a fact, well known to leaf tobacco experts, that Camel cigarettes are made from finer, more expensive Turkish and Domestic tobaccos than any other popular brand. Camel spends millions of dollars more for your enjoyment.

Therefore: if you are not already a Camel smoker, try a package and find out for yourself why people say "I'd walk a mile for a Camel." You will be delighted with Camels' mild delicious flavor. And you will find you may enjoy the excellence of Camels as much as you like -- smoke as many as you want. These costlier tobaccos will never tire your taste, or interfere with healthy nerves.

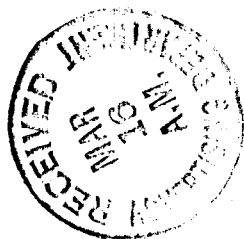
(PAUSE)

If you are a pipe smoker, you owe it to yourself to find out about Prince Albert, the best-loved smoking tobacco

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51458 6144

51458 6145



in the world. Made by the makers of Camel cigarettes, down in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, good old "P.A." undergoes a special process that takes out the bite and harshness and leaves smooth mellow smoking in. That's why Prince Albert is known as the National Joy Smoke. And there are two full ounces in every tin.

MABEL:

. COLONEL BHELEM (Jocherba.)

T. Budd, someone approached me the other day with a very serious question, which I proceeded to answer at once.

A. Knowing you as I do, Colonel, I rather imagine the answer must have been a cookoo.

T. Thank you. You know this lovely new Polish actress, Anna Sten, who is making pictures now in this country?

A. Anna Sten? Yes, I do. And isn't she pretty?

T. I'll say. Well, this person asked me if I knew how it was that they happened to call her Anna Sten.

A. I see.

T. And I simply told them that it happened this way. When she landed in New York from across the sea, the picture studios sent a man to meet her.

A. What was his name?

T. That doesn't make any difference just now. He met her at the boat, and she couldn't speak English very well. Naturally.

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51458 6147



1. And he said: Now listen here, young lady. I am obligated to take you out to Hollywood. You don't speak English very well, and you must do exactly as I say. I will buy your tickets and take care of your baggage. Do you catch on?

2. And what did she say to that?

3. She said: I anna-sten.

4. And she said....oh, I see! She said "I anna-sten", when she really meant "I understand". And that's how they happened to call her Anna Sten.

5. That's right.

6. But why didn't they call her Under-stand?

7. Oh, Budd. You're impossible.

8. Impossible? You really don't think that right down in your heart, Colonel.

9. Yes, I do, Budd. Right down in my heart.

10. Cross your heart?

11. Anna Sten truly.

(BELL)

MUSIC:

SMOKE RINGS (Orchestra)

ANNOUNCER:

(ON OUT WITH SMOKE RINGS) The Camel Caravan is on the air again next Thursday evening at the same time...bringing Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd, Miss Connie Rossell and Glen Gray and his Casa Loma Orchestra. This program was broadcast from the Colonades of Essex House in New York City.

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END:

(BELL)



51458 6149



-18-

ANNOUNCER:

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

MUSIC:

(FIVE THIRTY)

10 seconds

1930 - New York

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