

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY AND COMPANY
INCORPORATED

R. J. [unclear]
4/7/34



COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

CAMEL PROGRAM NO. 36

TUESDAY APRIL 10 1934

10:00 - 10:30 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.

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

MUSIC: CARIOCA (Orchestra, segue to organ theme)

H. Colonel, something tells me we have company tonight.

T. Have you room for him in your house?

H. No, I mean you and I have company -- special company, in the studio tonight. Look at the fellow second from the end in the first row of spectators.

51458 6307



51458 6308



-2-

T. Well, for goodness sakes if it isn't Toots Gladpedal.
Hello, Toots!

H. (HIGH...DISTANT) Hi, Colonel! Hi, Budd.

T. Come on up here, Toots. How are you?

H. Oh, fine, I guess. Well, I AM fine. Put it that way.

T. Everyone is sort of wondering why your name should be
Toots Glad-pedal.

H. It's on account of the business I'm in, I bet.

T. That's so, Toots. Tell them what your business is.

H. Well, I furnish the cute little booties for piano pedals.

T. Booties for piano pedals. Well, well. You furnish 'em,
huh? They're those little felt things that they put
on the pedals when the piano is new, aren't they?

H. Yeah. I say 'Hold still a minute, you piano, you!'
And the piano holds still and I put on the booties.
But sometimes the piano has ticklish pedals and then
I have to deal severely with it. I say sternly: 'Hey,
you old piano, -- y-o-u n-a-s-t-y piano, you hold yourself
still while I slip on your booties!'

T. Do pianos have left and right booties, like a human being,
Toots?

H. Oh yes, and they even go further than that. The center
pedal takes a bootie that's neither right nor left,
but just the same all around. I quite enjoy putting that
one on, because I don't have to worry about which side
goes on which side, or vice versa.

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

51458 6309



51458 6310



-3-

T. When you run into an Indian piano, I suppose you put moccasins on the pedals, Toots.

H. What's that?

T. Did you ever run into a case where the pedals touch the floor?

H. The pedals touch the floor? Oh my, yes.

T. What do you do in a case like that?

H. We have to put leather soles on the booties, in a case like that.

T. Well, that's all very interesting, I'm sure, Mr. Glad-pedal. You were kind to come up.....Oh yes -- there's one more important question I almost forgot to ask you. Do grand piano pedals and upright piano pedals differ in size and do you have to carry a stock of all different sizes, or are they all the same and did you ever run into a piano that wouldn't let you put the booties on its pedals and where do you go from here?

H. What was that again?

T. Well, that's that.

H. Yeah, it certainly is. Good day, Colonel.

T. Good day, Toots Glad-pedal.

H. (REG) You have just been listening to an interview conducted by Colonel Stoopnagle with no less an eminent personage than Toots Glad-pedal, the man who fits the little felt booties to the pedals of new pianos. The Colonel will now give a somewhat concentrated resume of what transpired during the interview.

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

51458 6311



51458 6312



-4-

T. Well, first off.-----

H. Thank you, Colonel.

(BELL)

MUSIC:

I KNEW YOU WHEN (Connie Boswell and orchestra,
segue to next number)

MUSIC:

ONCE IN A BLUE MOON (Orchestra, vocal chorus
by Kenny Sargent, segue to harp background)

(HARP OUT)

FIRST CHILD:

Ma! Ma! Jimmie hit me!

SECOND CHILD:

I did not!

WOMAN:

Mercy's sake! Be quiet, you children!

BIZ:

(CAT SCREAMS)

WOMAN:

Edward --- don't step on that cat's tail!

BIZ:

(DOORBELL JANGLES)

WOMAN:

What's that --- doorbell --- you children behave while I ---
run down to answer ---

BIZ:

(FEET RUN DOWN STAIRS)

BIZ:

(DOOR OPENED)

RADIO

MAN:

WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

'Scuse me, lady --- I'm workin' me way t'rough college,
and ---

51458 6313

51458 6314



WOMAN:

No --- no magazines today, thank you!

BIZ:

(DOOR CLOSED)

FIRST CHILD:

(FADES IN) Ma -- ma --- can we have lunch now, ma?

WOMAN:

Yes, right away...(SNIFFS) oh, my stars --- something's
burning! (BEGINS TO FADE)O-o-o-oh! It's in the kitchen ---
in the oven --- it's the lunch!
(QUICK MECHANICAL FADEOUT)

BIZ:

ANNOUNCER:

(ON CUE) That's a scene from the daily activity of one
of the world's biggest jobs --- being a homemaker. Yes,
it is a big job, upstairs and down, day in and day out.
And housewives need healthy nerves. Truly Mrs. Phyllis
L. Potter, of Montclair, New Jersey, speaks for millions
of women when she says:

PLEASANT YOUNG WOMAN'S VOICE:

Any woman who is a home-maker will agree with me that
shopping, cleaning, and answering the doorbell a dozen
times a day are enough to jangle anybody's nerves.
I know that I have to be careful in choosing my cigarettes.
I am a confirmed Camel smoker because I can smoke Camels
freely without a hint of jumpy nerves.

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

51458 6315



51458 6316

ANNOUNCER:

That statement by Mrs. Phyllis L. Potter, home-maker, is absolutely correct. You can smoke all the Camels you want, without interfering with healthy nerves. It is true for everyone, in every walk of life -- Camels never tire the taste, and never jangle the nerves.

MUSIC:

TEA FOR TWO (Orchestra)

- H. Ladies and gentlemen, perhaps many of you haven't heard, but my large friend, the Colonel, was the winner last year of the Foolisher Prize for the best answer to a useless question. Offhand, I have forgotten just what the question was and how the Colonel answered it, but nevertheless, I have prevailed upon him to answer another well-known question which has never quite been solved. Colonel, stand up here, listen carefully to my question, and then give to a waiting world your answer. Why is it that an elephant casts such a large shadow?
- T. Why is it that a what casts such a large what?
- H. You have the question wrong. Now listen carefully. Why is it that an elephant casts such a large shadow?
- T. My friends. You will see at once that my partner has indeed asked me a moot question, to use a slang expression. Elephants and their shadows. Well, well, well. And probably the reason for its difficulty lies largely in the fact that elephants have shadows, but whoever heard of a shadow having elephants.

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY



51458 6318

H. I, for one, Colonel! I once knew of a shadow named John, Colonel, who had a very large and kindly elephant. He did several favors for the elephant, like say feeding her peanuts, and as a result, when the circas came to town several years hence, the elephant remembered the kindnesses he had shown and brought the shadow a carton of Camel cigarettes.

T. Are there any others who would like to tell about a shadow having elephants?

ORCHESTRA: I would! Etc. etc.

No one? Very well, then. I shall go more deeply into my explanation. How did the question go again, Budd?

H. What question was that, Colonel?

T. About an elephant casting such a large shadow.

H. The question was: Why is it that an elephant casts such a large shadow?

T. I see. Thank you. Well, just for the sake of proving to you that an elephant does cast a shadow, be it large or small, I am going to throw on the studio screen here a slight moving picture of my last elephant hunt in the wilds of darkest Africa. Start the motion picture camera, Budd, please, and turn out the lights.

BIZ:

(SOUND OF MOTION PICTURE MACHINE - DISTANCE)

RADIO

(JUNGLE MUSIC THROUGHOUT)

WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

51458 6319



51458 6320

2.

(INTO BOX TO SIMILATE MOVIE VOICE) As we left Ourang Outang with our packs and our natives, it was just as the hot African sun was coming up over the Svelte. The wiry natives, scenting the hunt, were more than ever on the alert, first looking here --

(TRUMPETS)

then there --

(TRUMPETS)

and finally over there --

(TRUMPETS)

for signs of any wild animals which might be a menace to our orderly trek. Suddenly there was a great tumult in the forest!

(LAUGHING ON BASS HORN)

We looked about! The natives dropped their packs.

(GLASS CRASH)

And amid snarling and grunting and the quick snapping of dried branches there came from out of the dense underbrush a great she-elephant.

(LAUGHING ON BASS HORN)

At first we expected that she would tear us to pieces, limb from limb, and we rather waited in awe. But suddenly she dropped her trunk --

(HEAVY THUD)

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

51458 6321



51458 6322

and walked meekly over to me. Frozen in my tracks, even though the sun was high, I listened as she poured forth this story in my ears:

H. (FALSETTO) Hello, there, Colonel Stoopnagle. You remember me, don't you? I was the third elephant from the end at the circus last year. You fed me peanuts and popcorn. I shall never forget it, Colonel. What do you wish me to do? Anything you say, Colonel, anything you say.

T. Well, you can perhaps imagine my delight at this strange turn of affairs. So I said to the elephant: Josephine, I, too, remember that night at the circus. My grandfather was once called an elephant and I guess I must be able to remember particularly well on that account. Therefore, here is my wish, since you ask. Walk along beside our caravan until we reach Bombo Bombo and protect us from any other wild beasts which might try to attack us. So Josephine did my bidding. But she walked between the hot noonday African sun and us, and, not realizing that she cast such a great shadow, I found soon that eighty of my natives had died for lack of sunshine. On the other hand, I, being used to colder climate, kept cool and collected. Well, that is my story. And then the evening sun sank below the foothills and all was quiet.



51458 6324

(MUSIC UP FULL TO CHARACTERISTIC TRAVELOGUE
FINISH)

(MOTION PICTURE MACHINE STOPS)

H. Well, Colonel, that was indeed a fine film. I didn't
realize you were an African Big Game Hunter. But
there's one question I would like to ask you. You said
that after the eighty natives died from lack of sunshine,
you were cool and collected. Just what do you mean by
that?

T. I was cool and collected for the fine big elephant when
I sold him to the circus again.

H. And that is why an elephant casts such a large shadow.

T. Yes, or to put it still another way, it was such a
large shadow that cast the elephant into the hands of
the circus.

H. And, here let us say goodbye.

T. Goodbye.

H. Goodbye.

(BELL)

MUSIC:

STOP THAT PUTTIN' IT ON (Connie Boswell and
orchestra, segue to harp background)

ANNOUNCER:

(ON CUE OVER HARP BACKGROUND) Every cigarette smoker
should know this fact: Camels are made from finer, more
expensive Turkish and Domestic tobaccos than any other

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

51458 6325

51458 6326



popular brand. This statement cannot be challenged.
Ask any tobacco expert. He will tell you that Camel
spends millions of dollars more for your enjoyment and
for your protection. And it is also a well-known fact
that because of their costlier tobaccos, Camels "never
get on your nerves."

(PAUSE)

Millions of pipe smokers are loyal to Prince Albert,
"the National Joy Smoke." The Camel cigarette people
make good old P.A., down there in Winston-Salem, North
Carolina. They use a special process, that takes out
the bite, and banishes every hint of harshness. No
wonder then that Prince Albert has been called "the
best loved smoking tobacco in the world." And there
are two full ounces in every tin.

MUSIC:

RUNNIN' WILD (Orchestra)

- T. I got to thinking about my schooldays today, Budd.
Ah, those were the happy days. How well I remember when
my old School Hard Knox played Adversity University.
It was in the ninth inning. The bases were empty,
the umpire.....
- H. Wait a minute, Colonel. What is all this about? You
went through the school of Hard Knox?

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

51458 6328



- T. That was my school, boy. The school of Hard Knox. So the umpire said Strike Two! and the band played.....
- H. So you went to Hard Knox, Colonel. I went to Adversity. The School of Adversity.
- T. Budd! Don't tell me, then, that you were pitching that game?
- H. I certainly was, Colonel. How well I remember it! You fellows of Hard Knox were a likely bunch of ball players, but us Adversitarians -- well, ^{we} were better at croquet -- er croquet -- that is, cricket.
- T. Ah, that's cricket.
- H. But tell me, Colonel --

(KNOCKS ON WOOD)

tell me, why is it that you have started to hit yourself over the head with that wooden mallet?

- T. I just said that I went to the School of Hard Knocks, didn't I?

H. Yes.

T. Well, I'm doing my homework.

H. I see. Doing your homework. Lemme see that mallet a minute, will you? Hold still now.

(SOCKO)

T. Ouch!

There you are. There's a post graduate course for you.

(BELL)

RADIO D.

WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY



51458 6330

-13-

MUSIC:

(SMOKE RINGS)

ANNOUNCER:

(ON CUE) The Camel Caravan is on the air again next Thursday evening at the same time...bringing Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd...Miss Connie Roswell...and Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra. This program is broadcast from the Colonnades of Essex House in New York City.

MUSIC:

(THEME UP)

ANNOUNCER:

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

MUSIC:

(FADE THEME)

20 seconds

WABC - New York

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

51458 6331



51458 6332