

**RADIO**  
**WILLIAM ESTY AND COMPANY**  
INCORPORATED

9/25/34.

9/27/34



COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

CAMEL PROGRAM NO. 1

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1934.

10:00 - 10:30 P.M.

CUE: (COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM)

MUSIC: SMOKE RINGS

O'KEEFE: (AFTER EIGHT BARS) 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 speaking, Mike O'Keefe's oldest boy...the one who's working...sometimes called "The Man On The Flying Trapeze"...sometimes called other things... On behalf of Camel Cigarettes I am happy to present for the first time on this new program, Miss Annette Hanshaw, a beautiful gal who's just as easy to look at as she is to listen to...and I can't tell you how tickled I am to be on the same program with a band as famous and as enjoyable as Glen Gray and his Casa Loma Orchestra... What's more, I've got some more news...Here I am selling cigarettes two days a week, I hope (as a matter of fact I'd better) so I figured I might as well sell them

51458 6608

O'KEEFE:

seven days a week and I bought the news stand here in the building just to sell newspapers, magazines and Camel cigarettes...No cover charge at any time... While I run outside to the news stand, Glen Gray and his orchestra open up with "Panama"...

MUSIC:

PANAMA (Orchestra)

BIZ:

SOUND: TELEPHONE BELL

O'KEEFE:

O'Keefe's newsstand!...of course...Yes, we deliver orders...wait till I get a pencil...a penny's worth of pipe cleaners...one book of matches...and a three cent stamp...Yes, thanks very much...it'll be right over...

BIZ:

SOUND: TELEPHONE CLICKS

RENWICK:

Good morning! Did you advertise for a girl to take care of a newsstand?

O'KEEFE:

Yes, I did...and this is a very busy stand. Have you had any experience in this line?

RENWICK:

Yes, I used to work in the Elite Laundry. I did the ironing and the boss thought my work was swell.

O'KEEFE:

That's fine. What other experience have you had in the <sup>newsstand</sup> ~~Tobacco~~ business?

RENWICK:

I used to mind babies in Central Park.

O'KEEFE:  
RADIO

Fine! That's all I want to know. How much salary do you ask?

WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

-3-

RENWICK: Oh, I'm in the habit of getting \$50 a week.  
O'KEEFE: Well, this job will break you of that habit.  
RENWICK: How much are you willing to pay?  
O'KEEFE: I have a surprise for you...I'll give you \$20 a week.  
RENWICK: I have a surprise for you...I'll take it!  
O'KEEFE: Well, step right inside and get to work. These are the cigars, and these are the cigarettes, and these are the matches. You give matches away with everything. Understand?  
RENWICK: Yes, I do.  
O'KEEFE: Gee, you're pretty!  
RENWICK: Thank you.  
O'KEEFE: How about a little kiss?  
RENWICK: Not for \$20 a week.  
O'KEEFE: Oh, you're going to be like that. All right... get busy...Here are all the latest magazines and daily papers. The prices are all marked.  
RENWICK: How about these?  
O'KEEFE: Oh, don't worry about those. They are CAMEL cigarettes. They sell themselves.  
RENWICK: I see.  
O'KEEFE: Now here comes a customer. He probably wants cigarettes.  
WILLIAM ESTY Try and sell him a package of razor blades, too.  
AND COMPANY Okay, boss.  
RENWICK: (TO CUSTOMER) Good morning, sir.

51458 6610

SORIN:

Good morning, Cutie!

RENWICK:

Ham, good morning. What can I do for you?

SORIN:

I would like a package of Camels.

(NO ANSWER FROM GIRL)

O'KEEFE:

Well, why don't you sell him a package?

RENWICK:

You said that Camels would sell themselves.

O'KEEFE:

I know, but you have to hand them to the man and take his money...you don't expect the Camels to walk up to him.

RENWICK:

Here you are, sir.

SORIN:

Thank you.

RENWICK:

How about a package of razor blades?

SORIN:

No thank you...I never smoke them.

RENWICK:

What will I do now, boss?

O'KEEFE:

Don't you see he has a long beard. Don't ever try to sell a man with a beard razor blades.

RENWICK:

Okay. How about a nice necktie, Mister?

SORIN:

No thank you. But if I ever part my beard in the middle, I'll think it over.

O'KEEFE:

Maybe he needs a nice overcoat or a pair of shoes?

RENWICK:

Why boss, have we got overcoats and shoes in stock?

O'KEEFE:

No, but if he needs one I will sell him mine. Things have not been so good lately.

RENWICK:  
RADIO

Oh, Mister, put down that magazine!

SORIN:  
WILLIAM ESTY

That's all right. I'm just reading a short story.

AND COMPANY

-5-

RENWICK:

Well, this is not a Public Library.

SORIN:

I'm right in the middle of this short story...That's a fine way to treat a customer...Phew!...I'll never come back here again.

(SLAMS MAGAZINE DOWN)

Call me a Taxi.

RENWICK:

All right, you are a taxi, but you certainly do not look like one.

O'KEEFE:

He wants a taxicab. He walked ~~half a mile~~ for a CAMEL and wants to ride back.

SORIN:

Never mind...Well so long Dimples...I'll be seeing you.

RENWICK:

(IN A SINGING VOICE) So long.

(WE HEAR THE CASH REGISTER RING)

O'KEEFE:

Why, don't you know he gave you a dollar bill and you gave him \$1.10 change?

RENWICK:

Sure. I want to keep him satisfied so that he will come back again.

O'KEEFE:

That's a great idea. One more idea like that and you'll be walking a mile for another job! Here comes another customer and be careful. It's Glen Gray, the famous orchestra leader. He's a maestro.

RENWICK:

Oh, one of those cheap guys!

O'KEEFE:

No, a maestro -- an orchestra leader.

WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

51458 6612

RENWICK:

Oh, I thought you said a miser.

O'KEEFE:

All right, here he comes. If you can sell him anything, you're a wonder.

RENWICK:

Leave it to me.

O'KEEFE:

I don't want him to see me. He knows me and he will ask for credit. I'll hide here under the counter.

RENWICK:

Okay, boss.

GLEN GRAY:

Hello, Beautiful!...When did you get to town?

RENWICK:

(IN A VERY BUSINESS-LIKE MANNER) Cigars, cigarettes, magazines and razor blades.

GRAY:

Oh, of course. Give me two nickels. I want to telephone.

RENWICK:

How about some razor blades?

GRAY:

No, you can't telephone with those. I want two nickels.

RENWICK:

Yes, sir. Here you are.

(WE HEAR THE REGISTER)

GRAY:

Thank you. Here's your dime.

RENWICK:

How about some matches?

O'KEEFE:

We don't give matches with phone calls. Sell him something.

RENWICK:

Leave it to me. How about a magazine, Mister?

GRAY:

Well I am very fond of magazines. Have you got the FRIDAY MORNING TOAST?

O'KEEFE

That's fine. See if you can sell him some poached eggs with the Toast.

**RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY**

51458 6613

RENWICK:

You will have to try the lunch room next door.

GRAY:

Oh, I know what I want. Give me a three-cent stamp.

RENWICK:

Just a minute...Say, boss, have we got three-cent stamps?

O'KEEFE:

No. Ask him if he wants some razor blades.

RENWICK:

You can't mail a letter with those, Boss.

O'KEEFE:

I know, but you can't run a cigar stand on three-cent stamps. Wait a minute. I will take care of that guy.

Here you are, mister. Here's a three-cent stamp.

GRAY:

Thank you. How about some matches?...Oh, it's you, Walter! How are you?

O'KEEFE:

Fine, Glen. How do you like my newsstand business.

GRAY:

Fine. I was wondering who owned this place? Congratulations! I hope it's a big success.

O'KEEFE:

Thanks very much. And don't forget I'm selling newspapers, magazines and cigarettes.

GRAY:

Glad to hear it. Have you got CAMEL cigarettes?

O'KEEFE:

I certainly have.

GRAY:

Well, give me one, will you? I left my pack upstairs.

O'KEEFE:

For heaven's sake...here!

GRAY:

Thanks...haven't you forgotten something?

O'KEEFE:

No...what is it?

GRAY:

How about my matches?

O'KEEFE:

Here they are.

GRAY:

Well, good luck to you, Walter.

O'KEEFE:

Thanks, Glen!

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

RENWICK:

What do I do now?

O'KEEFE:

Well, you've got a general idea of how to run this place...I've got to take care of my broadcast...Now before I go I want to ask you this...If a customer buys a newspaper for three cents and gives you a dollar - how much change do you give him?

RENWICK:

Seven cents.

O'KEEFE:

You charge him 93 cents?

RENWICK:

That's including an alarm clock...a toothbrush...and the razor blades I sell him...

O'KEEFE:

Now you're talking...that's the idea...Listen, you mind the stand...I'm going inside and hear Annette Hanshaw sing...

RENWICK:

What's she gonna sing?...

O'KEEFE:

"You Were Born To Be Kissed"...

RENWICK:

No, you don't...Not for twenty dollars a week!.....

MUSIC:

BORN TO BE KISSED (Annette Hanshaw)

ANNOUNCER:

We introduce Robert Andrews, famous newspaperman, who brings us another of his one-minute stories from real life.

ANDREWS:

To look at him, you wouldn't say Bill Meggs had an ounce of sentiment. Bill was the make-up man on my old paper out on the coast. He was the fellow who stood the gaff out in the composing room when the deadline swooped down and the forms were closing up in a hurry. "Type ain't rubber," he used to say to me,

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

51458 6615



ANDREWS:

with his quick surprising smile, when I'd try to persuade him to squeeze in an extra paragraph on a story. "Type ain't rubber." Then he'd light a Camel and plunge into work again. Yes, to watch Bill working under fire, you'd say he was far too busy to bother about anybody else. But there's a certain famous columnist on a big paper in New York who'll tell you different. This man was a cub at the same time I was, out there on the coast. But he was bound and determined to come East -- he knew he could make good on the big time and all he wanted was a chance to prove it. But nobody else seemed to believe in this boy and he stood plenty of kidding, till one day old Bill Meggs called him aside. "Son," he said, "I think you've got something. Here, take this and git out of here to New York and see what you can do." And Bill shoved an inky hand deep in his pants pocket and brought out a roll of money. Bill wouldn't hear of the boy not taking it -- and after he got to New York, there was more money sent on till the young man found a place for himself. Today that boy is world famous -- but he hasn't forgotten Bill Meggs. And neither have I -- and if they're listening tonight, they'll know that other folks appreciate the generosity and insight of the old make-up man -- the faith that gave the world one of its foremost commentators.

PAUSE

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

51458 6616

ANDREWS:  
(CONTINUED)

I was talking to Bill my last trip to the Coast -- out at his dingy desk in the composing room. There happened to be a Camel advertisement in electrotpe on the composing stone in front of him, and he read it off upside down for my benefit. Then he said, "You know, Bob, this advertisement might be written about my own case. I get a lift in energy just like it says when I smoke a Camel. And I've had this experience for years." "Right, Bill," I told him, "those scientists are just proving what you and I have known a long time." And that is, whenever you feel tired or low, you can get a real lift with a Camel.

MUSIC:

PARDON MY SOUTHERN ACCENT (Pee Wee Hunt)

Orchestra fades down while O'Keefe gags Hunt introduction and plants the fact that next comedy spot will take place in the newsstand again.

RENWICK:

(ON TELEPHONE) Yes, Fred, I got the swellest job... it's a tobacco stand...The boss's name is O'Keefe.

O'KEEFE:

Miss Smith!...

RENWICK:

Yes, O'Keefe...don't worry about him, Fred...he's very ugly...Yes, Fred...no, Fred...Of course I'll meet you tonight, Fred.

O'KEEFE:  
RADIO

Oh, Miss!...

WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

RENWICK: Keep your shirt on...I'll wait on you in a moment..  
(INTO 'PHONE)...No...not you Fred...there's a customer  
here but you know I love you, Fred.

O'KEEFE: Say, have you any idea what that phone costs?...

RENWICK: Hold the wire, Fred...this guy's asking questions..  
(TO O'KEEFE) What did you say?...

O'KEEFE: I said that phone costs money.

RENWICK: Oh...it's you. (INTO PHONE) Say, Fred, it's the  
boss...call me later...Good-bye, Fred. (HANGS UP)

O'KEEFE: Who were you talking to?

RENWICK: My mother...she was worried about where I was.

O'KEEFE: Oh, your mother is named Fred?

RENWICK: Yes.

O'KEEFE: I suppose your father is Sarah.

RENWICK: Cigarettes, magazines, newspapers.

O'KEEFE: Here comes a customer...I'll take care of him...we  
must make a sale...you fix up the stock.

RENWICK: Yes, Boss.

O'KEEFE: What can I do for you?

SORIN: (A HEBREW CUSTOMER) I would like to get a magazine.

O'KEEFE: Yes sir, what magazine do you wish?

SORIN: What's the difference...anyone...I can't read anyway.

O'KEEFE: Then why do you want a magazine?

SORIN: I want to hide a ten dollar bill from my wife.  
In a magazine?

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

51458 6618

SORIN: Yeah, she can't read either.

O'KEEFE: I see...here's your magazine.

SORIN: Oh, yes, I want some cigarettes, too.

O'KEEFE: What kind of cigarettes do you like?

SORIN: Desert mules.

O'KEEFE: Oh, you mean that animal that goes eight days without water?

SORIN: Yes, I know some people who go eight days without water. Look at you.

O'KEEFE: I could answer that...but the customer is always right.

SORIN: Well, good-bye

BIZ: (NOISE OF CASH REGISTER)

O'KEEFE: Well, young lady, things are starting to hum...right when I've got to go into the studio again...By the way, turn on the radio while I'm gone...I may want to give you a couple of suggestions...Incidentally, what's your name, please?

RENWICK: Miss Smith.

O'KEEFE: And your first name?

RENWICK: Camellia.

O'KEEFE: Camellia...Well, I couldn't ask for a better name in this business. Well, go ahead...turn on the radio and listen to Kenny Sargent singing "Out In The Cold Again"...

OUT IN THE COLD AGAIN (Kenny Sargent)

MUSIC  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

ANNOUNCER:

We take pleasure in introducing Dr. William Moulton Marston, well known consulting scientist and lecturer at leading universities. Dr. Marston:

DR. MARSTON:

There have recently been completed a number of extremely interesting laboratory tests in measuring the indices of human fatigue and energy. I suppose we all know the "let-down" feeling that comes when we say we're just "all in." That simply means that energy is low, for it is a scientific fact that available energy varies during the day. However, the source of fresh energy is still there -- stored in the muscles and liver and awaiting release in a natural manner. In these laboratory observations a valuable discovery was made applicable to our daily life. It was that fresh energy may be quickly and pleasantly released by smoking a Camel cigarette. This effect was scientifically measured. The additional energy made available by smoking Camel cigarettes helps to combat fatigue and irritability. When your energy is stepped up a more cheerful frame of mind and a feeling of physical well being usually result.

ANNOUNCER:

Thank you, Doctor Marston. May I add that Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos -- Turkish and Domestic -- than any other popular brand. This means that you may enjoy the benefit of smoking Camels as much as you like -- for their costlier tobaccos never get on your nerves.

RADIO

WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

MUSIC:

YOU'RE A BUILDER-UPPER (Annette Hanshaw)

Announced over music by Walter O'Keefe

O'KEEFE:

Annette, let me be the first to congratulate you... Really, you and Glen make a great combination...I mean that. Glen, I could listen to your band all day...

GRAY:

(EMBARRASSED) Well, now, wait a minute, Walter...

O'KEEFE:

Well, not all day...I simply think it's a great musical organization and I enjoy hearing it. Glen, I'd like to meet some of the boys in the band...

GRAY:

Well, first of all Walter, I want you to meet Pee Wee Hunt...a grand fella and he'll get a great kick out of meeting you...Hey, Pee Wee...This is Walter O'Keefe...

HUNT:

(INSOLENTLY) So what!...

O'KEEFE:

A grand guy...ladies and gentlemen, that was Pee Wee Hunt...the man who cuts his own hair, with a knife and fork...Y'know girls, I'd like to describe Pee Wee to you...give you an idea of his clothes and the way he looks...his general appearance...well, he looks like a bed that hasn't been made up for a week... Of course, the nicest thing about Pee Wee is his girl friend...she's a beauty contest winner. She's got the title...She is known as "Miss 175th Street, East of Third Avenue"...Pee Wee, I'm glad to be working with you because all summer long I've been driving up to the Glen Island Casino to hear you sing...

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

51458 6621

HUNT:

Incidentally, that's some car you've got, O'Keefe...

O'KEEFE:

Glad you like it, Pee Wee...you'd never think that was second hand would you?...

HUNT:

Noooooooooooo.....It looks like you made it yourself...

O'KEEFE:

Wei' I want to tell you Pee Wee, I'm proud of that car...it's got every safety device there is...For instance, there's a button on the dash board... a little gadget to protect me against women drivers...it works like this...When I see a woman driver coming down the road towards me I simply push the button and the car collapses and hides in the bushes until she's past...

HUNT:

Say, Walter, I've heard a lot about you...not an awful lot, but enough to send you up for twenty years...

O'KEEFE:

Pee Wee, you can sit this dance out...

O'KEEFE:

AD LIBS TO

MUSIC:

FLYING TRAPEZE

DIRECT SEQUE TO CHINATOWN

(orchestra)

ANNOUNCER:

The Camel Caravan is presented by the makers of Camel Cigarettes and Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco.

Good old "P.A." is the world's best-loved pipe tobacco -- because it is made with a special process that banishes every bit of bite.

MUSIC:

SMOKE RINGS

RADIO

WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

O'KEEFE:

(OVER THEME) Well, ladies and gentlemen, we thank you for listening in tonight and now the Camel Caravan wanders off until Thursday night - at nine o'clock Eastern Standard time, and the second show at nine-thirty Mountain time, when again we will bring you Annette Hanshaw with Glen Gray and his Casa Loma orchestra... This is Walter O'Keefe speaking...I'd like to stay here indefinitely but I've got to go out in the alley and address the over-flow.

RENWICK:

Oh, Mister O'Keefe...

O'KEEFE:

Oh, I remember you..

RENWICK:

I just shut up the newsstand...Will you drive me home?

O'KEEFE:

I'd be tickled to death...Where do you live...

RENWICK:

Bridgeport, Connecticut....

O'KEEFE:

Good night, folks...

MUSIC:

(THEME UP AND OUT)

STATION CUE

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51458 6623