

RADIO

WILLIAM ESTY AND COMPANY
INCORPORATED

P. J. R. Johnson
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7/17/34



Smoking

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

CAMEL PROGRAM NO. 20

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 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 program is sponsored by the makers of Camel cigarettes and Prince Albert ~~Pipe~~ Tobacco. (SLIGHT PAUSE) Tonight the Camel Caravan brings Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd (SLIGHT PAUSE) Miss Connie Boswell (SLIGHT PAUSE) And -- Elen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra!

MUSIC: BARDARELLA (Fast cue: orchestra, segue to organ - organ theme two bars, then:)

BUDD:

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen! To our old friends, hello, and to our new friends, hello, also. Many of you recognize the odd noise in the background, and to those of you who don't, just let me say that it is the mighty gaspipe organ, being manipulated by that king of organ pumpers, the eminent Colonel Leavelle Q. Stoopnagle. (ORCHESTRA JOINS HERE)



Colonel, come over here to the microphone, please. I wish you'd read the letter you just got. (ORCHESTRA FADES OUT)

STOOP:

Hello, everybody.

BUDD:

Never mind that. Read the letter.

STOOP:

It's from Paderewski, the famous pianist. It says: Dear Colonel: In listening to your radio programs, (hello, new friends, both new and old. How are you?)

BUDD:

Read the letter from Paderewski, Colonel. You can greet our friends later on.

STOOP:

Dear Colonel: In listening to your radio programs, I notice when you play the organ there is a chord you use which particularly fascinates me. It is not an augmented fifth, nor is it a diminished seventh. I have been searching for this chord ever since I was a child. Will you, in one of your broadcasts, explain what the chord is. I think it is in the ninth measure. Yours very truly, (you say the name, Budd.)

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BUDD:

Yours very truly, Ignace Padarewski. That was kind of Mr. Padarewski to write you, Colonel.

STOOP:

Who is this fellow?

BUDD:

Never mind that. Tell him about the chord.

STOOP:

I appreciate the letter very much and hope he'll write in again sometime.

BUDD:

I guess that must settle that. How about the first orchestra number. We're masters of ceremonies on this program, too, you know.

STOOP:

First off, let me say seriously how happy we are to have become part of the Camel Caravan. It's a real pleasure for us both and we hope that our connection with Camel will be long and pleasant.

BUDD:

Those are my sentiments, too, Colonel. And there's one important thing you forgot to mention. Neither of us had to change our brand of cigarettes.

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STOOP:

That's right -- and how glad I am too.

BUDD:

Correct -- I still buy Camels for both of us.

STOOP:

Now how about introducing the next number? I've written a little play.

BUDD:

I have been afraid of that all along.

STOOP:

This play has as it's last line the name of the lovely young lady who is to sing and who is to be a regular part of our shows. The scene is on a farm where a fellow has beehives.

BUDD:

Colonel! How you be-hive!

STOOP:

You come up to me (I'm the farmer) to sell me a bee.

BUDD:

(FARMER) Hi, Newton. Need any bees?

STOOP:

Well, Hezey, I might use one, yes. A lady or a gentleman bee?

BUDD:

This feller's a gentleman bee, Newton.

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STOOP:

Kin 'e gather honey good?

BUDD:

Best honeyer I ever see.

STOOP:

Kin 'e fly a long distance an' git honey outn th' neighbor's clover?

BUDD:

Bel's sound fer clover an' he ain't got no conscience.

STOOP:

Sounds interestin'. An' now fer th' most important question. Kin 'e buzz ell?

BUDD:

That say?

STOOP:

I say: Connie Boswell?

BUDD:

(REG) Connie Boswell will sing "Farewell to Arms" accompanied by Glen Gray and the orchestra.

ANNOUNCER:

FAREWELL TO ARMS (Orchestra and Boswell)

BUDD:

Next we hear Romy Gergent, singing "Let's Fall In Love."

STOOP:

That's top grade in introduction, Budd. Besides this boy

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pick up the telephone too. I'll tell you. You pretend you're a girl and I'll be your escort. We are near a lake.

BUDD:

(FALSSETT) Come, my dear, let us see how the water is.

STOOP:

(DRAMATICALLY) Very well, my sweet one. Let us test the water, my love.

BUDD:

Oh, we can't. This dock is too far above the surface of the lake.

STOOP:

Well, if that's the case, let's fall in, love.

BUDD:

With Kenny Sargent?

STOOP:

Yes. Let's fall in, love, with Kenny Sargent.

MUSIC:

LET'S FALL IN LOVE (Orchestra with Sargent)

ANNOUNCER:

(ON CUE) (OVER HARP BACKGROUND) Modern -- up-to-date -- that's what you think of when listening to the Cass Loma Orchestra. Such music is typical of today -- an expression of the interesting quick moving life of Americans.

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lead. Fascinating though it is, modern life with its rapid pace may exact a heavy penalty from those in poor condition. To deal with the modern world, its problems as well as its pleasures -- sane living and healthy nerves are needed. (SLIGHT PAUSE) How are your nerves? We have an interesting little test which you might try after the program this evening. Here it is: Stand erect, with arms straight at your sides. Then rise on your toes as high as you can. The test is, to see how long you can maintain this tiptoe position without teetering or losing your balance. The average time is one minute. Yet Irving Jaffee, the Olympic Champion Skater, maintained the position ten minutes when he tried this nerve test. Jaffee, by the way, is a young man who takes particular interest in the question of training and good condition. In regard to smoking, Jaffee says: "Camels for mine. I like the mild, likeable taste of their costlier tobaccos. But what is even more important for an athlete, they never upset the nerves." Mr. Jaffee is correct in this statement about Camels. And if you are ever bothered with jangled nerves, try his advice --- start protecting your health. Get enough sleep and fresh air. Make Camels your cigarette. You can smoke as many Camels as you want. Their costlier tobaccos never jangle your nerves.

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BEST COPY

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MUSIC:

COFFEE IN THE MORNING (Orchestra and trio)

BUDD:

Colonel, have you been reading the papers lately?

STOOP:

Course, yes. Why?

BUDD:

There's a story in this morning's paper about a fellow who dropped off the top of an eighty-story building and lived to tell about it. He fell on an awning or something and all he got was a broken leg or something.

STOOP:

Well, you always have to take such stories as that with a grain of salt.

BUDD:

A grain of what?

STOOP:

Salt. Haven't you ever heard of that expression? 'Take that with a grain of salt?'

BUDD:

No.

STOOP:

Well, there's a fellow whose business it is to furnish the grain of salt that you take stuff with it.

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BUDD:

...the grain of salt. There's a fellow who
furnishes the salt, huh?

STOOP:

Oh yes. In fact, he's right here in our audience now. I
haven't said anything about it to him, but maybe he'd
answer. You should question about his business if we
check him. He's the little fellow in the middle of the
front row there with the pink scarf. Ask him to come up
here.

BUDD:

Hey, will you come up here, Mister? Right up here.
Thank you.

STOOP:

Mr. Hedina Chloride, I believe.

BUDD:

(HIGH) Huh. Just call me Soda.

STOOP:

Well, Soda, I understand that you are in a rather peculiar
business, if you don't mind my saying it that way.

BUDD:

Oh, it is indeed. I furnish the little grains of salt that
when people say stuff you take it with.

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STOOP:

Maybe you could close that up a little. Several of the boys in the band are scratching their heads.

BUDD:

Ha. That's not from wondering what I said.

STOOP:

Let that go.

BUDD:

Well, maybe I could explain my business another way. I furnish when people say exaggerated stuff, grains of salt to take it with.

STOOP:

That's much better. Will you explain, now, in your own way, just why it is that a grain or so of salt, taken after an exaggerated statement, seems to fix everything straight again?

BUDD:

I didn't quite get that.

STOOP:

Oh well. Just say anything you like.

BUDD:

Well, for instance. See this little bag I carry in my pocket.

STOOP:

Yes. That's sort of cute.

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BUDD:

That's for putting the salt in it.

STOOP:

For putting the salt in what?

BUDD:

In the bag.

STOOP:

It's in the bag, huh?

BUDD:

Yep. It's in the bag.

STOOP:

Well, that's fine, Mr. Chloride. Thank you for coming up.

BUDD:

I think you and Budd are the salt of the earth.

STOOP:

That's nice. We think you're an old salt yourself.

BUDD:

That reminds me of a joke.

STOOP:

Goodbye.

BUDD:

What crime are you reminded of when you see a sailor fixing the battery on his car? This is a peachy.

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STOOP:

Let's see. A sailor fixing the battery on his car. I give up.

BUDD:

Assault and battery.

STOOP:

You go back and sit down, Mr. Sodium Chloride, before they arrest me for that crime.

BIZ:

(BELL - APPLAUSE)

BUDD:

Colonel, I got to thinking the other day, and I was wondering what ever happened to Mr. Bopp, our old friend who used to crash into our programs.

STOOP:

I remember him, Budd. He's the fellow whose first job was with a railroad. He used to help the engineer bump into standing trains of pullman cars, so all the passengers would wake up. Oh yes, I remember him.

BUDD:

I really hated to bring the matter up, because every time we used to mention his name, he'd appear.

STOOP:

I think he's gone forever, I hope. I wish he were, anyway.

BUDD:

If horses were wishes, riders could beg.

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STOOP:

No, no. If riders were horseers, biders could reg.

BUDD:

Let's go on with the program. We now have the pleasure again of listening to the orchestra,...

BOPP:

Yea, boy. Yea. Hey, Colonel. Hey Budd. Some stuff. On the Camel Caravan too, eh? And you got a swell orchestra, too. Yea, boy!

BUDD:

See, Colonel? What did I tell you. Mention Bopp's name and he appears. Listen, Mr. Bopp. For goodness sakes I thought we were rid of you. Where have you been all these months and how did you happen to know we were on the Camel program?

BOPP:

I was driving by in my car and I had the radio on and I heard you so I came right in.

BUDD:

Where did you leave your car?

BOPP:

Leave my car? Right in the middle of the street. I tied up traffic for miles around. And you should see the faces on the cops. Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy!

BUDD:

Hha.

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BOPP:

Cars are all piled up on top of each other and everything's in a terrible mess.

BUDD:

What happened to your car? Didn't the police take it away?

BOPP:

I don't care what happened to it. It belongs to the little woman. And will she be mad? Some stuff. Some fun. Yea.

BUDD:

Well, Mr. Bopp, maybe you'd like to stay a moment or two and listen to the orchestra.

BOPP:

Sure! I'll listen. Tell 'em to go ahead. Go ahead, Glen. Play!

BIZ:

(ORCHESTRA TRIES TO PLAY BUT CANNOT)

BOPP:

You can't play it, huh?

BUDD:

That seems to be the matter, boys?

BOPP:

I filled all the saxophones and trumpets with sand. No wonder they can't play! Yea, boy. Some fun. Some stuff. Yea...

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AND OUT (Applause)

MUSIC:

IN OTHER WORDS WE'RE THROUGH (Boswell and orchestra)

ANNOUNCER:

(ON CUE OVER HARP BACKGROUND) Thank you, Miss Connie Boswell.. your voice is soothing to the ear...as welcome to the hearing as are Camel's costlier tobaccos to the nerves.

PAUSE) Yes, finer tobaccos are important, you know. (SLIGHT

PAUSE) We emphasize the question because we believe it is of real interest to everyone. High strung people waste too much valuable energy when nerves aren't in healthy condition. But Camels, because of their costlier tobaccos, do not interfere with healthy nerves. So be sure your nerves are all right. Relax. Get sleep and rest. And in the matter of smoking, be sure that Camel is your cigarette. (PAUSE)

Smoking

If you are a pipe smoker, get acquainted with Prince Albert Pipe Tobacco -- the National Joy Smoke which has been identified for years under the friendly title of good old "P.A." Camels and Prince Albert are made by the same people -- and ^{there are} ~~that~~ two full ounces ~~of Prince Albert~~ in every ^{Prince Albert} tin -- ~~tin~~ from which a special process has removed every bit of bite, leaving a cool, sweet smoke which will never ~~get~~ ^{bite} your tongue.

MUSIC:

RHUMBA (Orchestra)

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BUDD:

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

STOOP:

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.

BUDD:

I imagine, if you were driving.

STOOP:

So...what did you say?

BUDD:

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

STOOP:

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?"

BUDD:

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

STOOP:

He had to be in the RHUMBA seat.

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BUDD:

Then what?

STOOP:

That's the joke right there. Rhumba seat, see?

BUDD:

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

STOOP:

The next thing will be about the South Pole.

BUDD:

The Colonel will now give you an impression of Byrd at the South Pole. The icy winds are blowing.

BIZ:

(WIND)

The snow is snowing fast.

BIZ:

(SNOW)

Snow, not rain.

STOOP:

It'll turn to snow in just a moment. And besides, ^{snow} ~~show~~ doesn't make any noise, so you can't use sound effects for it. Now go ahead.

BUDD:

There is a blizzard approaching.

STOOP:

Caw, caw!

BUDD:

Not a buzzard -- a blizzard...Admiral Richuel Q. Byrdnagle,

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if we can reach him, will now give you a word picture of life in the Antarctic. Here he is now. Admiral Byrdnagle!

BUDD:

Another of these exciting talks will occur sometime in the near future. Meanwhile, the Colonel and I say goodbye until day after tomorrow.

BOPP:

Yes, boy! Some fun!

(AND OUT - APPLAUSE)

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, and Miss Connie Boswell 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.

MUSIC:

(FADE THEME)
20 seconds

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