

# RADIO

**WILLIAM ESTY AND COMPANY**  
INCORPORATED

3/2/34

*R. J. P.*  
*3/2/34*



COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

CAMEL PROGRAM NO. 26

TUESDAY MARCH 6 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.....

(SLIGHT PAUSE) Miss Connie Boswell.....

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

MUSIC: (Fast cue) I'VE GOT RHEUMATISM (Orchestra, chorus by Pee Wee Hunt, segue to organ theme)

T. a,b,c,d,e,f,g,h,i,j,k....etc.

H. Colonel.

T. xyzahsjdunhfbgbdhnujkol,

H. What on earth are you doing? Learning to recite the alphabet or something?

T. Yeah. I've been reading the papers a good deal lately, Budd, and all you see is NRA, CWA, TWA, and a lot of

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little. I thought maybe I should practice up on my  
script. In fact, I've just written a little play....

H. I'll be around later.

T. ...a little play, in which the dialogue is mostly letters.  
Let's try it and see if it's any good. Then if it isn't, we'll  
put it on the air someday.

H. What part do I take?

T. Oh, you're a man and I'm another man. We work in the  
same office. I speak first.

(DRAMATICALLY) Hi, FJ.

H. Lo, JG. Everything OK?

T. OK. Did you go over to the PO?

H. Yeah. This AM.

T. Any mail?

H. NRA.

T. What'd they say?

H. Nothing much.

T. NG, huh, FJ?

H. Yeah, JG, NG. My brother is working for the CWA now,  
you know.

T. Ho. How does he like it?

H. OK, JG. Work's EZ.

T. G.

Heard from the TWA?

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T. Expect to this PM, FJ. They're sending the stuff FOB.

H. That's OK. Say, I understand that your uncle's play is playing to SRO.

T. Absolutely. And when that fellow comes out in his BVD's, it's a scream.

H. He bought 'em COD, didn't he?

T. Yeah, FJ. BVD's COD to SRO. OK?

H. UR, OK, JG.

T. Thanks. Well, ABCin' ye, FJ.

H. ABCin' ye, JG.

(BELL)

MUSIC: BOULEVARD OF BROKEN DREAMS (Cornie Boswell and orchestra, segue to next number)

MUSIC: ALLAH'S HOLIDAY (Orchestra, segue to harp background)

ANNOUNCER:

(ON CUE OVER HARP BACKGROUND) May we have a moment to remind you that it pays to watch your neeves. These are no times for inefficient living. So how are your nerves? To answer this question, we have a revealing test that is easy to do. Here it is: Hold a needle with a large eye upright between the thumb and forefinger of your left hand. In your right hand, hold a piece of strong cotton thread which has been rolled to a point. Hold the thread and needle 12 inches from your body. Now, pass the thread

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through the eye, without touching the needle with the fingers of your right hand. The average score is success on the third try. Yet Frank White, famous air pilot and member of the Adventurers' Club, threaded his needle the first time he tried the test. Mr. White, whose profession makes balanced nerves an absolute necessity, is a believer in sane and sensible living habits. His cigarette is Camel. Like millions of other smokers, Mr. White knows that Camel's costlier tobaccos never tire the taste and never jangle the nerves.

MUSIC:

TRUE (Orchestra, chorus by Sargent)

- H. The Colonel has an announcement to make about now.
- T. About now?
- H. About the bureau.
- T. Oh yes. Budd and I have just opened up what we call the Steopnagle and Budd Bureau of super-information. We feel that while the colleges of today are indeed doing a good work and turning out thousands upon thousands of fine stalwart young men and women to partake of various walks of life, still.....
- H. Get to the point, Colonel.
- T. The colleges teach too much from books and not enough from experience. They are too theoretical. And we know there

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are many college students who would like to have someone to turn to when their professors cannot answer the hard questions.

H. So if any of you college students have any hard questions, send them in. We will guarantee to answer them.

BIZ:

(PHONE -- PICK IT UP)

T. Hello. Cambridge, Massachusetts? (I wonder who this could be, Budd)

H. Certainly not Yale. Yale is in Ithaca.

T. Yale is not in Ithaca.

H. Yes it is. They're playing Cornell this week.

T. (PHONE) Yes, this is the Colonel...You like the idea of the Super-information Bureau, huh? (It's a guy from Harvard)

H. Watch your language, then.

T. Louder, please. I couldn't hear you. Budd was interrupting me.....(He says.....) Hang on a minute, brother. (He says that he is studying binomial theorem -- has been for a year now, and no one there knows what binomial theorem is.)

H. What is it?

T. (Darned if I know).....hello! Are you still on? That's nice....(That is binomial theorem, Budd, for goodness sakes?)

H. Tell him to rub it each night with plenty of salve and it'll be alright.

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(Alright) Hello, Harvard loc....But it each night with  
 selve and it'll be alright... hat's that? ....I'm a what?...

(You ought to hear what he called me!)

It's a collect call, too, Colonel.

Hey listen. You can't get away with that. The idea of  
 calling us collect and then calling me a nasty name on  
 top of that...Alright...yes...if you'll pay for the  
 message. (He says if he pays for the message can he  
 call me it again.)

Tell him yes.

I did...Hello.....Go ahead.....Thank you very much.  
 Goodbye.

(HANGS UP PHONE)

You see, Budd, my idea for a super-information bureau  
is working already.

(PHONE)

Answer that, Colonel, please.

(LINE RECONNECTS)

Hello. Yes, this is the Colonel. Vassar? Oh, my  
goodness. (Budd, it's someone from Vassar!)

(PLEASANTLY) Hello, there, baby. How are you?

(Budd, her name's Penelope)

Listen, Colonel. No monkey business now. If we're going  
to have a super-information bureau, we must be business-  
like.

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(ON PHONE) Pardon me, young woman, but this is Stoopnagle, of the Stoopnagle and Budd Super-information Bureau. If there is something you want to know, say it and be done. We have no time for folderol. (How's that?)

S. OK.

S. What's that?....You were in biology class the other day and what? Uh huh...Yeah.....My goodness.

H. What's biology?

S. (Studying how to ride a bicycle. Sh.) No, I wasn't speaking to you...Biology, huh?...I see...Wait'll I ask my partner....(Budd, listen...Penelope says she was in biology class the other day and they were cutting up worms and frogs and turtles and stuff and the professor gave her the dickens. She wants to know why the teacher should have given her the dickens.)

H. Tell her that was for cutting up in class.

S. Hello, Penelope...That was for cutting up in class... You're welcome. Goodbye...Wait a minute. What is your number there? (Put this down, Budd)

H. I get it.

S. (You'd better) Puckering Valley 522. I'll be up to see you sometime. G'bye!

(HUNG UP PHONE)

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H. Well, Colonel, the super-information bureau seems to have started off in more or less of a rush.



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(GIVEN BY )

(TALK TO OPERATOR)

- F. You answer this time. I'm tired.
- B. Hello...Long distance operator? Whatye want? (She says the charges for that collect long distance call were \$18.50. Phew! That seems pretty high to me.)
- F. Lemme talk to her. Hello, operator. \$18.50 is preposterous for a call from Vassar college...What's that? She called from where?
- B. Where did she call from?
- F. (San Francisco. She must be home on her spring vacation.) Hello operator! We will accept no more collect calls. This is the Stoopnagle and Budd Super-information Bureau for the relief of college students. If they want us to answer questions, they'll have to pay for the calls at the other end of the wire. We will accept no more collect calls...You say you have another collect call coming in now? (She has another collect call)
- B. Don't accept it. Ask her where it's from.
- F. Where's it from?.....San Francisco again? (San Francisco again.)
- B. Better take it, Colonel. It might be important.
- F. Alright, but this is the last one we will accept. Hello. Oh, it's you again, Penelope. What's the trouble? I see. That's fine. Goodbye.

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BIZ:

(SLAMS DOWN RECEIVER)

H. What's the matter?

T. She called up collect to say she'd forgotten to say  
goodbye before.

(BELL)

H. Don't forget, college students and high school students.  
If you are bewildered about some problem in connection  
with your work and your teachers and professors cannot  
answer it, just drop a line to the Colonel Stoopnagle  
and Budd Super-information Bureau. We will guarantee  
to give you an answer to anything, no matter what it is.

T. What day of the week is today?

H. I dunno.

(BELL)

H. It is now my pleasure to introduce to you the cooking  
wonder of the age, Colonel Cookuel Q. Stoopwonder, chef  
of the Hotel Welcome Arms. Colonel Wondernagle, as he  
is often called, not only gives you ladies wonderful  
recipes for stuff, but also is willing to read on the  
air helpful household hints which his woman listeners  
send in from time to time. And then, as an added extra  
attraction, Colonel Stoopcook has with him Joe Horse,  
his own personal pianist, who plays tunes while the  
Colonel rests up between recipes. I shall have the

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privilege of introducing the various things on the program. So first, let me introduce Colonel Cook'nagle.

T. Good morning, you beautiful young ladies listening in. And remember, when I say 'beautiful', I am referring, not only to beauty of face and figure, but beauty of soul. So I am sure I have included all of you. My first recipe this morning will be a little dish I used to cook for Queen Sixteena of Kleptomania. It is called Boiled Water. First you take seven cups of ordinary kitchen water and place them side by side in a plain boiler. Then you light a match and place it over the kitchen range. If the range doesn't light, turn on the gas.

H. And now, Joe Horse, the Colonel's pianist, will play Turn on the Gas, from the recent stage success, Turn on the Gas.

BIZ:

(JOE PLAYS TWO BARS OF ANY TUNE)

H. And now, back again to the Colonel, who will read one of the millions of letters he gets every day from you lovely ladies. This one is from Mrs. JZ of Hartford, Connecticut.

T. Dear Colonel, says Mrs. HFT, Williamsville, New York. I stand on my feet all day long cooking, mending my husband's pair of socks, scrubbing the ceilings and stuff, and as a result, I am tired and careworn. When evening comes, and it often does, I place my feet in a tub of boiling water. This often blisters them considerably and after that I forget

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the tired feeling and think mostly of my blisters, although often my mind wanders back to my childhood days when my daddy and I used to walk through the fields of yellow daisies swapping yarns.

H. Who ever heard of yellow daisies swapping yarns? Always the joker, this Colonel Cooknagle. Next we hear a slight number from Joe Horse, the Colonel's private pianist, who plays a bar or two from that old and well-known aria from that old bar or two of that well-known aria from.. who plays a bar or two.

BIZ: (JOE PLAYS THE SAME TUNE AGAIN)

T. Thank you, Budd.

H. That was Joe Horse, playing, Colonel.

T. Thank you, Colonel, for the horseplay. Now my next recipe will be one sent in by a Miss Abbie Acorn, of Oakland, California. It is called Peefsteak Ice Cream. Take four pounds of freshly picked ice cream and place it in a salad bowl which has previously been filled with some choice salad, such as asparagus.

H. Joe Horse, the Colonel's personal piano representative, will now play a number from.....

BIZ: (JOE PLAYS THE SAME TUNE AGAIN)

H. Thank you, Budd.

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T. That wasn't Joe, that was I. Here is a letter from Mrs. Abbie Acorn, of Oakland, California.

H. She has written in before, Colonel.

T. Yes, seems to me I remember her name. It has in it another household hint for you perfectly lovely beautiful girls. Hm. It says Dear Boys of Experience.

H. Wrong letter.

T. It says Dear Colonel: My ivy plants are the talk of the town. Why? That is the question often put to me by several well-known ladies. Well, it's because I never water them. Ivy plants, as you know, grew many many millions of years before we did and there was no one to water then then, to say nothing of pulling off the withered leaves.

H. The Colonel's own pianist, Joe Horse, will now play an original composition entitled I Love Love and Love Loves Me, so Why Don't Me and Love Git Together?

BIZ: (HARP PLAYS SAME TUNE)

T. Not on the strings, Joe -- on the piano keys.

BIZ: (JOE PLAYS SAME TUNE)

H. And now, here is the Colonel again, with one of his famous recipes.

T. Good evening, folks.

H. You're not just starting, Colonel. You're nearly through.

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T. This recipe is for putting the cream on the bottom of the bottle.

H. Joe Horse, the Colonel's private musician, will now....

BIZ: (JOE PLAYS ONE BAR)

Thank you, Colonel.

T. Thank you, Joe.

H. Thank you, Budd. The Colonel will now give another of his famous....

T. ....and cover with chopped soup plates.

H. Joe Horse will.....

BIZ: (JOE PLAYS AGAIN ONE BAR)

T. Budd will now....

BIZ: (JOE PLAYS AGAIN)

H. Joe Horse will.....

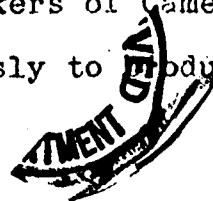
BIZ: (TRIO SINGS LAST TWO BARS OF 'THE LAST ROUNDUP')

(FADE OUT)

MUSIC: LOVE IS THE CAUSE OF IT ALL (Connie Boswell and orchestra, segue to harp background)

ANNOUNCER:

(ON CUE OVER HARP BACKGROUND) To hear an artist like Miss Connie Boswell is to enjoy real pleasure ~~-----~~ ~~-----~~. So it is also when you smoke a Camel, for the makers of Camels spend millions of dollars more expressly to produce a better cigarette.



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Camels are made from finer, more expensive Turkish and Domestic tobaccos than any other popular brand.

Because of this fact you may enjoy the mild delicious flavor of Camels as steadily as you like -- their superior tobaccos do not interfere with healthy nerves.

(PAUSE)

If you are a pipe smoker, get acquainted with Prince Albert, the National Joy Smoke. Down in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, the same people make Camels and good old "P.A." Harshness and bite are removed from Prince Albert by a special process. What's left is cool, sweet smoking that cannot trouble the tongue. And there are two full ounces in every tin of Prince Albert.

MUSIC:

(FAST CUE) CRAZY RHYTHM (Orchestra)

- H. Colonel, what on earth are you looking so sad about? You look like you'd lost your best friend.
- T. I have lost my best friend.
- H. Who's that?
- T. The glove for my right hand. When my friend, my righthand glove, leaves me, he leaves me cold.
- H. He leaves you cold and you need a handout.
- T. I have a hand out. I wish there were someone who does nothing but furnish single gloves for when you lose one of yours.

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H. There is such a guy, Colonel.

T. I don't believe it. Show me to him.

H. All I have to do is press this button and he appears. Look.

BIZ:

(BUZZ)

(FALSETTO) Hello, fellas!

T. Well, for goodness sakes. Just like Aladdin and his wonderful lamp. Do you mean to tell me that you are just the fellow I have been looking for?

H. I'm the guy who furnishes one glove when people have lost the other, if that's what you mean.

T. Why on earth is it, Mr....what's your name?

H. Singlemitten -- Emmet Q. Singlemitten.

T. Why on earth is it, Mr. Singlemitten, that people very seldom lose a whole pair of gloves? It always seems that they lose just one glove. And it seems such a shame to throw the other one away.

H. Yes, it certainly does, alright.

T. Have you ever found it necessary to furnish two gloves to anyone?

H. I just furnish one-plicates.

T. One-plicates?

H. Yeah. One-plicate is singular for two-plicate. If you lose one glove, I furnish a one-plicate for it. The worst trouble, though, that I have seems to be soiling. My goodness, but it makes me mad soiling.

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T. Soiling? What do you mean by that?

H. (LAUGHING) Well, for goodness sakes, Colonel. If you lost a glove from a pair you'd been wearing for a long time, you wouldn't want me to furnish you one to go with it that was brand new, would you? I have to soil the new one to exactly the same soilness as the one you didn't lose.

T. Or the one I lost. What's the difference.

H. What?

T. How do you soil the glove?

H. Oh, I just wear it exactly the same number of hours that you have.

T. Well how do you tell the exact number of hours?

H. Oh, multiply by seventy-two and divide by the answer, or something.

T. I see. Well, it's been nice of you to come around.

H. Don't you want to know something about the ripping and tearing?

T. Ripping and tearing?

H. Yeh. If the glove you have on, or the one you didn't lose, has a tear in it, I have to rip or tear (or both) the glove I make to match the one you didn't lose.

T. Or did lose.

T. You mix me up quite a good deal when you interpolate that way.

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T. That sounds a little risque to me, Mr. Singlemitten.  
 H. A little what?  
 T. Oh, nothing. Goodbye.  
 H. I gotta go now. I'm running for head of our glove organization and I have to get back to vote for myself.  
 T. Head of the organization, huh? The president?  
 H. No, the glovernor.  
 T. Ring that buzzer again, quick, Budd.

BIZ: (BUZZER)

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

MUSIC: (FADE THEME)

20 seconds

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