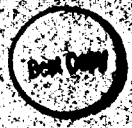


RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY AND COMPANY
INCORPORATED

Handwritten signature and date: 2/28/54



COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

CAMEL PROGRAM NO. 34

TUESDAY APRIL 2 1954

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: AM I BLUE (Orchestra, chorus by Hunt, segue to organ theme)

T. Budd, we've interviewed the little-known men of industry, we've interviewed the never-men, like say the fellow who claims he never touched wet paint to see if it's wet, but there's one class of people we've never really reached. The Desire Men.

51458 6251

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H. The Desire Men? What are they?

T. Well, you know every human being has a certain desire -- that is, most of them do. Some desire good things and some bad. But in addition to the normal, sane folks, there are certain individuals who very greatly desire to do stuff which they finally actually do. You take, for instance, a fellow of my acquaintance who has a mania for paper clips.

H. You mean he eats paper clips?

T. No. He bends paper clips. He can't see a paper clip without picking it up and bending it out straight, so you can never use it again. Did you ever see a fellow like that?

H. I know a guy whose greatest desire is to dip the toe of his shoe in the fresh concrete, when they're making a sidewalk.

T. Well, I've asked Mr. Pape-uel Q. Clipnagle to the program tonight and Budd, just for your own satisfaction, ask him about this desire of his. Alright, Mr. Clipnagle!... This gentleman with the over-sized forehead here is Budd.

H. Howdy you do, Mr. Clipnagle!

T. (SLOW AND LOW) Hm...Got any paper clips around loose?

H. You can't leave the paper clips alone a minute, can you?

Here's one for you.

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T. Hm...Thank you. Look how nicely she bends out straight.
Ain't she a daisy!

(SQUEAK)

Looka that.

H. That clips squeaks, Mr. Clipstoop. You should have some oil for it.

T. I like 'em when they squeak. It's more interesting then to bend 'em out straight.

H. Do you mind if I ask you a few rather personal questions about your fondness for bending paper clips?

T. Go right ahead. You won't mind if I do a little bending, though, while you're talking, will you?

H. No, that's alright, only don't squeak.

(SQUEAK)

H. No, I won't.

(SQUEAK)

H. That's fine. Listen, Mr. Steopclip. How did it happen that you got interested in this fascinating pastime?

T. Unh. Unh.

H. Perhaps you didn't hear me. How did it happen....

T. Unh...unh...unh...

H. ...how did it happen that you got interested in this fascinating pastime?

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T. Unh...etc. Well, I guess I'm stumped on this one.

H. Good gracious, man. That isn't a paper clip you have there, that's a wrought-iron plant-stand!

(BELL)

T. (REG) Perhaps you, too, know of someone who has a pet desire which he fulfills at the slightest provocation. If so, won't you write in and let us know? For the best suggestion, we will pay...a, we will pay...that is, I will pay Budd the 10 dollars I owe him.

H. Goody, goody.

T. And for the second best suggestion, he will pay me the fifty he owes me.

H. UNHI

(BELL)

MUSIC: ST. LOUIS BLUES (Connie Boswell and Orchestra, segue to next number)

MUSIC: SHADOWS OF LOVE (Orchestra, vocal chorus by Kenny Sargent, segue to next number)

MUSIC: TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME (first few bars, fade quickly for crowd effect)

SPORTS ANNOUNCER:

(ON CUE OVER CROWD BACKGROUND) ...it's a tense situation in the ninth inning here at the Polo Grounds and it looks like the Giants are on the spot. The Cubs have two men on base...and only one out! Can those Giants protect that slender one run lead? The heavy-hitting Chuck Klein there at bat for the Cubs ---Hubbell winds up...the pitch...

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BIZ:

(BALL LANDS SOLIDLY IN GLOVE) (CROWD REACTION)

UMPIRE:

(OFF) Ball...one!

SPORTS ANNOUNCER:

...and throws him a ball. Klein shakes his head at Hubbell, he doesn't expect a base on balls, no sir. Last half of the ninth inning here at the Polo Grounds, Giants leading two to one. But the Cubs have men on second and third base, and only one out, and the mighty Chuck Klein at bat! Hubbell winds up again...here's the pitch...

BIZ:

(BAT STRIKES BALL SOLIDLY) (CROWD ROARS AND CHEERS)

SPORTS ANNOUNCER:

(EXCITED) It's a hit...it's a h...no! No! Ryan -- Blondy Ryan the Giant shortstop -- made a dive through the air and grabbed that red-hot liner as it sizzled toward left field! Then -- then -- he pegged over to second for a double play -- a double play! Retiring the side -- Blondy Ryan -- with a double play -- wins that old ball game!

BIZ:

(SPORTS ANNOUNCER'S VOICE FADES INTO CROWD ROAR.

TAKE OUT CROWD ROAR AND EFFECTS SHARPLY. TWO

SECONDS SILENCE)

ANNOUNCER:

(ON CUB) Just an incident in a champion's career. Blondy Ryan, shortstop on the famous New York Giants, has been called the sparkplug of the World Series winners.

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How would you like to play a game with Blondy, and maybe beat him? Not baseball, of course, but that fascinating new game called "Know Your Nerves." This game shows you the scores made by Blondy Ryan and nineteen other celebrities in a series of nerve tests for you and your friends to try. It's real fun to see if you can beat the champions! Your free copy of "Know Your Nerves" is ready complete with photographs, drawings and simple easy-to-follow directions for playing the game. To get your copy of "Know Your Nerves," just send your name and address and the fronts from two Camel packages to the Camel Caravan at Winston-Salem, North Carolina, or to the station to which you are listening. Caravan is spelled C A R A V A -- and the spelling of Winston-Salem is on every package of Camels. May we suggest that you send for your copy of "Know Your Nerves" right away. All that's required is your name and address and the two Camel package fronts. Send to the Camel Caravan at Winston-Salem, North Carolina, or to the station to which you are listening, and your free copy of "Know Your Nerves" will be mailed postpaid. The address will be repeated at the end of the program. And remember, Camels never get on your nerves.

MUSIC:
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CRAZY RHYTHM (Orchestra)



51458 6262



H. Colonel, here's a big package that came to Columbia this morning addressed to you. Shall I open it?

T. Well, I don't know. Maybe it's something that might embarrass me.

H. It feels like it might be a stuffed owl.

HIZ: (UNWRAPS PAPER)

Colonel! Look! It is a stuffed owl!

T. For goodness sakes, who'd be sending me a stuffed owl? Gee, he's nice, isn't he? He's the owl that wrote that song which was so popular a few years ago -- Who?

H. Wait. There's a letter inside. I'll read it.

BIZ: (OPENS LETTER)

Dear Colonel Stoopnagle (Gosh, that's a funny way to spell 'Stoopnagle'.)

T. How's that?

H. S-a-p.

T. No, that's the wrong way to spell 'Budd', not the wrong way to spell 'Stoopnagle'. The package is for you.

H. Dear Colonel Stoopnagle: In listening to one of your programs the other night, you said something that was so silly that my little brother Jed made the remark that 'those birds ought to be stuffed'. That reminded me of this lovely stuffed owl which I have had in my family for several years as an heirloom. We really

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H. (cont) don't need the money, but we wonder if you won't auction off this stuffed owl for us, whose name, by the way, is John. Yours very truly, Mrs. Ursula Keating.

T. Imagine auctioning off a stuffed owl named John. It would be bad enough just to auction off a stuffed owl. Well, the deuce with it. We'll auction off the owl for the lady. She says she doesn't care whether we get much money for it or not. We'll take care of that, too, Mrs. Keating. If it were a newly stuffed owl, we would auction it off in the regular way, but since it's been in the family for some time, we'll do it in a different manner.

H. How do you mean, Colonel?

T. Here, Budd, you hold the owl.

H. Thank you.

T. Now, gentlemen, I want you to look this owl over very carefully. See how lovely he is, how still he sits.

He just naturally doesn't give a hoot!

H. You're clever, Colonel, very clever.

T. I know it. Now I want to sell this owl for a lady and I want the highest possible bid to start it off. I don't care if it's a thousand dollars. The owner says she doesn't care if she gets any money at all for it. In fact this owl is worth absolutely nothing at today's stuffed owl market. Have I got a bidder?

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\$2000 for the stuffed owl!

T. Fine. Now listen, folks. Imagine! \$2000 for this decrepid old owl, not worth the little piece of log he's attached to. Who will bid \$200 less for him. Come, now!

HUNT: A thousand dollars!

T. Did I hear a thousand dollars?

H. You heard a thousand dollars, Colonel. That was Pee Wee Hunt bidding.

T. Thank you, Pee Wee. Now listen, folks. Get your thinking caps on! Get your thinking caps on.

H. The thinking caps have been passed around, Colonel.

T. Thank you, Budd. My first bid was \$2000 and my second was a thousand...

CONNIE: \$500 for the owl, Colonel.

H. Well, well, well. Connie Boswell bids \$500 for the owl. Thank you, Connie. Now come, folks, is that the least anyone will bid?

H. Look how mournful the owl looks, Colonel.

T. Yes, Budd is right. Look at those mournful eyes. You'd look mournful, too, if you'd been stuffed for twenty years. A hundred dollars.

VON Z: Now you're getting somewhere, Colonel. You've got the bid down now from \$2000 to a hundred dollars. That's fine.

H.
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T. I think so.

H. \$2 for the owl

T. Oh, so you've decided to bid, too, Budd?

H. A dollar for the stuffed owl.

T. I hear a dollar. Once a dollar. This owl is going for a dollar.

H. NOTHING for the stuffed owl.

T. Did I hear another bid?

H. Nothing for the stuffed owl.

T. Why Budd! Apparently you want the owl. Well, ladies and gentlemen, do I hear a bid for less than nothing? No? Alright, I'm going to sell the owl for nothing. Going once for nothing (GAVEL), going twice for nothing (GAVEL). Do I hear less? Gone, to Budd, for nothing.

BIZ: (APPLAUSE AND CHEERS)

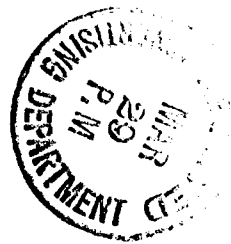
H. (DRAM) Well, folks, I certainly appreciate this expression of friendliness on your parts, with your cheers and applause, but I just wanted this owl, that's all. It was nothing. Absolutely nothing.

BIZ: (APPLAUSE)

T. Well, there we are, Budd. We disposed of the owl for Mrs. Keating. Maybe she wasn't listening in. If so, we want to write her a letter.

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H. Send her a wire, Colonel.

T. Alright, put down the owl and take your pencil and paper....Ready?

H. Yessir.

T. Mrs. Ursula Keating, Buffalo, New York. Disposed of stuffed owl at auction stop got bids down from \$2000 to nothing, stop.

BIZ: (PHONE)

H. That sounds like long distance, Colonel....(PICKS UP RECEIVER)...Hello. Yes...Oh, Mrs. Keating...Yes, he's here. Just a moment. (It's Mrs. Keating, Colonel. She says she's been listening in.)

T. Hello, Mrs. Keating. Well, it won't be necessary to send the wire, then. Yes, I sold it to Budd. What's that? Well, I hardly think I could do that. Well, we'll see...You're welcome. Good day!

BIZ: (HANGS UP RECEIVER)

H. Is she pleased, Colonel?

T. She says she doesn't believe the owl was actually sold and that the only way we can prove it to her is to ask the owl about it.

H. Ask the owl? How absurd.

T. Listen owl. Look at me. How much did we get for you in the auction?.....Correct.

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H.
T.

What do you mean, 'correct'? The owl didn't answer you.
Didn't you hear the owl say 'nothing'?

(BELL)

MUSIC:

SMOKE RINGS (Connie Boswell and orchestra,
fade for announcer)

ANNOUNCER:

(ON CUE OVER MUSIC)

Smoke Rings...a special request for the Casa Loma theme
song...sung by Miss Connie Boswell...Smoke Rings...

MUSIC:

SMOKE RINGS (Segue to harp background)

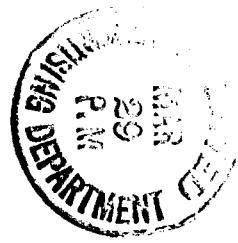
ANNOUNCER:

(ON CUE OVER HARP BACKGROUND)

For a long time people have been saying "I'd walk a
mile for a Camel." This means that the public
appreciates the extra goodness in Camel cigarettes.
It means that smokers know Camels are made from finer,
more expensive Turkish and Domestic tobaccos than any
other popular brand. And of course it is also a well-
known fact that these costlier tobaccos, used in the
making of Camels never interfere with healthy nerves.
(PAUSE) And pipe smokers everywhere insist that there
is no pipe tobacco like Prince Albert. The Camel
cigarette people are also the producers of good old
"P.A." and they use a special process that takes out
harshness and bite and leaves in good mellow smoking.
That's why we urge you to find out for yourself why
Prince Albert is called "the National Joy Smoke." There
are two full ounces in every tin.

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MUSIC:

LIMPHOUSE BLUES (Orchestra)

HEZ:

(CHOPPING AND SAWING)

H.

Well, New-ton, how d'ye like it, workin' out here in th' woods?

T.

Well, 't ain't bad, Hezey, 't ain't bad. 'ceptin' it gits so all-fired lonesome out here, seems if.

H.

Yeah. I find it th' same way. Work all day an' sleep all night an' outside o' eatin' three times a day, nothin' seems t' happen, 'ceptin' when th' mail comes.

T.

(SADLY) Mail. Great Day, I ain't had a letter from Esmeraldy sence a month ago come Satiddy next.

H.

Not sence then, eh? I don't see what difference it makes, New-ton; you can't read anyways.

T.

Even though I can't, it still seems good t' hear from 'er.

H.

Ef ye can't read, how do you know what th' letter says?

T.

I git another feller t' read it to me -- a feller that kin read.

H.

That may be fine, but ef somebody else reads it to you, then he knows what th' letter says, an' you don't want somebody else to know what yer love letters says.

T.

He don't know what they say, Hezey.

H.

He reads 'em to you an' he don't know what they say? How come?

T.

I hold his ears while he's readin'.

(BELL)

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MUSIC:

SMOKE RINGS (Orchestra)

ANNOUNCER:

(ON CUE) To insure everyone listening in an opportunity get the new game "Know Your Nerves" we repeat the offer made earlier in the program. A copy of this fascinating game will be mailed you free of charge, if you will send your name and address with two Camel package fronts to the Camel Caravan at Winston-Salem, North Carolina or to the station to which you are listening. May we suggest that you send for your book this evening, before this chance for fun and entertainment slips your mind. Your name, address -- and two Camel package fronts -- to the Camel Caravan -- C A R A V A N -- at Winston-Salem, North Carolina, or this radio station,

MUSIC:

(BRING UP 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 Boswell...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:

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

MUSIC:

(FADE THEME)

10 seconds - WABC - New York

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