

RADIO

WILLIAM ESTY AND COMPANY
INCORPORATED

RRS
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COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

CBS PROGRAM NO. 37

THURSDAY AIRD. 12 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 Tudd...Miss Connie Hostell...and Glen
Gray and his Casa Loma Orchestra!

MUSIC: DEVLIL AND THE DEEP BLUE SEA (Orchestra)

BEZ: (ORCHESTRA YELLS: STOOPNAGLE FOR DICTATOR!

DICTATOR! YEA! UNTIL STOPPED BY:

T. Oh, thank you, men, thank you. I really feel that you
are yelling for the wrong man. I don't feel exactly
qualified to be dictator of this great country of ours.
I'm afraid...you men had better look elsewhere...for
your leader...what you want is a man of iron courage...
a man who... oh, I do have some courage at that...but...

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Well, if you really feel that I would do, then...well, I guess I'll run...now try it again, like we rehearsed it this afternoon.

(ORCHESTRA REPEATS)

Ah, thank you, men, thank you. That's more like it. Yes, I'll run for Dictator, men. I'll run. And thanks for your kindness to me.

H. (EXASPERATEDLY) Colonel, colonel, listen. You're already the Dictator. You've made a mistake. The men are yelling simply because they have been so pleased with all the things you have done since you were elected.

T. Gee whis, hadd, that's funny. I completely forgot. Ech, beh. I thought I hadn't been elected. (TO MEN)

Well, men, I shall keep on with my administration exactly as heretofore.

(CHEERS)

Are there any important matters, Mr. Vice Dictator?

H. Well, yes, your honor -- I mean yes, Mr. Dictator. There is one little matter that you should take care of at once this evening.

T. Important?

H. Vastly so, sire. It is the crocuses.

T. The crocuses?

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H. They are failing to come up as fast this year as heretofore, sire.

T. Send in our minister of crocuses.

H. He's right here.

T. Are you in charge of our country's crocuses?

H. (HIGH) Yessir. You see, I did the best.....

T. Just a moment, just a moment. My vice-dictator here tells me that our crocuses are delayed this season. Why is this?

H. Well, sir, you see, I had a meeting of our board of crocus growers and to a man, they were all agreed that in general our crocuses have been coming up too early each year. They only just get their little heads above ground when along comes old man Winter, in his snowy garb, and stifles them -- yessir, practically stifles them.

T. (BREAKING DOWN) Stifles our little crocuses, huh?

H. (DITTO) Yessir. If you were a crocus, would you, too, like to be stifled by old man Winter?

T. No, Gladpebble, no. A thousand times NO. Vice-Dictator!

H. (REG) Yessir.

T. Call in Old man Winter.

H. Come in here, old man Winter.

BIZ:

(WIND DOOR FLIES OPEN. WIND CONTINUES)

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T. (DEEP) Whaddya want. Don't bother me. I'm busy.

H. (HIGH) Listen here, Old Man Winter. You're through, see? Here it is April and you've hindered our crocuses. You've got to promise to go hide somewhere, or we're going to deal with you summarily.

T. I ain't goin' nowhere.

H. So you don't talk, huh? Let him have it, boys!

BIZ:

(MACHINE GUNS)
 (WIND MACHINE DIES DOWN QUICKLY)

There you are, Mr. Stoopiator -- I mean, Mr. Dictator. Winter is dead. Now the crocuses can croak!

BIZ:

(ORCHESTRA CROAKS)

MUSIC:

FOOL THAT I AM (Connie Boswell and orchestra, segue to next number)

MUSIC:

DUTCH MILL (Orchestra, chorus by Kenny Sargent, segue to harp background)

ANNOUNCER:

(ON CUE OVER HARP BACKGROUND)

Right on the front line of American business are the thousands of secretaries who make things run smoothly. We have received a statement from a secretary which we think is a typical expression of the views of these valuable office workers. It's from Miss Elizabeth Harben, of Garden City, Long Island. Miss Harben says:

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PLEASANT GIRL'S VOICE:

Believe me -- you can feel plenty of nerve strain being a secretary to a busy office executive! Telephones, callers, dictation, and a million other demands all take their toll. As to smoking -- I smoke a great deal, but I'm careful in the choice of my cigarettes. I prefer Camels. They don't make my nerves jumpy, and I like their flavor better.

ANNOUNCER:

That statement by Miss Elizabeth Harben, secretary, is of interest to workers in every line of activity. It's true for everyone, you know: Camels never tire your taste, they "never get on your nerves."

MUSIC:

ROSE MEDLEY (Orchestra)

- T. What's that you have there, Budd -- a letter from someone?
- H. Yeah, Colonel. Shall I read it?
- T. Lemme look at it first.....OK, read it.
- H. Hear Colonel and Budd: Several years ago I heard one of your broadcasts on which you recited the poem Hiawatha and illustrated it, with a musical background. I am wondering if this wouldn't bear repetition.
- T. I resent that.
- H. No, she means she wants us to do it again.
- T. Oh, that's different. I think it would sort of be fun,

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Budd, to do Hiwatha again. And anyway, it won't be long now until Indian summer. See if you can get the orchestra to play the proper tune and we'll do it for the lady. Was it a lady who wanted it?

H. No, it was a man, but let's do it anyway, with sound effects and everything.

T. Alright.

H. A little Indian music, boys, please.

(ORCHESTRA PLAYS SOFT INDIAN MUSIC WITH PLENTY OF DRUM BEATS)

T. On the shores of Gitchee Gumee,
Of the shining Big Sea Water,
Stood Nokomis, the old woman,
Pointing with her finger westward.

(MUSIC STOPS)

H. In this scene, old Nokomis stands pointing her finger westward. Point westward, old Nokomis.

T. (FALSETTO) OK, Budd. I'm pointing westward.

(MUSIC CONTINUES)

T. O'er the water pointing westward,
To the purple clouds of sunset,
Piercely the red sun descending,
Burned his way along the heavens.

(MUSIC STOPS)

(SOUND OF CRACKLING FLAMES)

(FIRE ENGINES)

(MUSIC CONTINUES)

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T. And the moon, the light-sun, eastward,
Suddenly starting from his ambush.

(MUSIC STOPS)

H. Woo, you pretty creature!

(MUSIC CONTINUES)

T. Followed fast those bloody footprints
Followed in that fiery war-trail

(MUSIC STOPS)

(GALLOPING HORSES)

(MUSIC CONTINUES)

T. Might I borrow several dollars?
Oh mighty man of radio?

H. You might not, my lovely fellow,
As I haven't several dollars.

T. Just forget I ever said it,
Oh Hukomis, mighty man.

H. You are telling me, oh serpent?
Serpent, you are telling me?

T. Oh, my birch canoe, leap forward,
Where you see the fiery serpents,
There you see the black pitch-water
And the noble Hiawatha
And his war-song, wild and woeful.

(MUSIC STOPS)

(ORCHESTRA PLAYS 'OVER THERE')

H. (SINGS FOUR BARS)

(MUSIC CONTINUES)

T. With the trophies of the battle,
With a shout of song and triumph,
On the shore stood old Hukomis,
Hi, Hukomis!

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(MUSIC STOPS)

H. (FALSETTO) Hi, Colonel!

(MUSIC CONTINUES)

T. Much perplexed by various feelings,
Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,
Dreaming still of Minnehaha,
Of the lovely laughing water.
Of the lovely laughing water.

(MUSIC STOPS)

H. (LAUGHS WITH BUBBLES FROM BUBBLE-GLASS)

(MUSIC CONTINUES)

T. Budd, I think we've gone our limit,
In this song of Hiawatha,
The orchestra has gone its limit,
On the shores of Gitchie Gumee.

H. Colonel, yes, I think you've struck it,
We should leave one thought behind, though,
The Indian's name was not Hiawatha, but
Satha was the Indian's name.

(MUSIC STOPS)

Hiya, Colonel!

T. Hi-watha!

(ORCHESTRA: DRUM BEATS ALONE TA TA-TA-TA-TA TA TA)

(CHORD AND INDIAN WHOOPS)

(OUT)

MUSIC:

ALABAMA BOUND (Connie Boswell and orchestra,
segue to harp background)

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ANNOUNCER:

(ON CUE OVER HARP BACKGROUND)

A great deal is heard about aging and blending in cigarette tobaccos. But remember: the important thing is, what is blended, and what is aged. The fact is, that Camels are made from finer, more expensive Turkish and Domestic tobaccos than any other popular brand. This is why people have always said "I'd walk a mile for a Camel." Steady smokers know that the costlier tobaccos used in the making of Camel cigarettes will never tire the taste or interfere with healthy nerves.

(PAUSE)

If you are a pipe smoker, bear this in mind: ~~the United States Government has provided a safeguard to insure that you know how much tobacco you are buying in a container.~~ Look ^{at} ~~for~~ the U.S. ~~Government seal.~~ ^{stamp} On Prince Albert, you'll see that it shows you get two full ounces in every tin. You may be interested to compare the standard size tin of good old "P.A." with other containers. Prince Albert, the "National Joy Smoke" is made in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, by the makers of Camel cigarettes. They employ a special process which takes out harshness and bite and leaves Prince Albert so smooth and mellow that it is the best loved pipe tobacco in the world.

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MUSIC:

TIGER RAG (Orchestra)

ANNOUNCER: (Von Zell)

Well, ladies and gentlemen, most of you will not be
 much surprised to find that temporarily, at least, the
 Colonel and Budd have been incarcerated in an asylum.
 The Colonel was found yesterday in his car next to a
 street excavation, where he had waited seventeen hours
 for the red light to change, and Budd was discovered an
 hour or so later, giving asparagus tips to the porters
 in the Grand Central Station. The guards took them
 both in, and we have asked and received permission from
 the authorities to let you have a look at them.

BOTH:

Let us out of here. We're perfectly sane. Let us explain.

T.

Hey Budd, listen. All I did was wait a few hours at the
 excavation. There were several red lamps there and
 I thought they were traffic lights. I don't see anything
 wrong in that.

H.

I know, but you held up traffic for seventeen hours.
 There was a line of cars three miles long behind you.
 I don't blame 'em for putting you away.

T.

Well, if it had been a line four miles long, it might
 have been bad, but three miles! Hm. What's three miles?
 You're the guy who ought to be in a padded cell instead
 of me. Hm. Giving asparagus tips to railroad porters!
 So silly.

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H. Well, I felt sorry for the poor fellows. How would you like to carry heavy grips all day? (BREAKING DOWN)
Goodness me. And a couple of gracious-me's!

T. Well, I'm saner than you are, anyway.

H. No, Colonel. I'm the sane one.

T. Alright then, instead of having a nerve test like Harry Von Zell talks about, we'll have a sanity test right now to see who is crazy around here and who isn't. But you have to be fair about it.

H. I'm game, Colonel, and I'll let it rest. You prove you're sane and I'm not, and I'll stay and you can go. Now what's the test?

T. Alright, listen. Shut your eyes a minute.

BIZ: (CLICK TWICE)

H. Did you hear 'em click? They're shut.

T. Tighter.

H. How's this?

T. Alright; now, look. I have my hands behind my back. Guess what's in my hands.

H. Guess what you're holding behind your back?

T. Yes. Hurry up.

H. A street-car.

T. A what?

H. A street-car, I said.

Aw, that's not fair. You saw me pick it up!

(BELL)

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MUSIC:

(SMOKE RINGS)

ANNOUNCER:

(ON CUE) The Camel Caravan is on the air again next Tuesday evening at the same time...bringing Colonel Stoenagle 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:

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

MUSIC:

(FADE TIME)

30 seconds

WABC - New York

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