

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY AND COMPANY
INCORPORATED

RJR 2/21/34
AMB
2/21/34
What Copy

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

WJLB

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1934
10:00 - 10:30 P.M.

OPERA: (COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM)
(20 seconds)

MUSIC: SMOKE RINGS

ANNOUNCER:

(ON AIR) 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:-- HILB FRIEND (First one: orchestral, segue to organ --
organ then to brass, then)

1: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. (HILB FRIEND)

(HILB FRIEND) Tonight, for our first number, our celebrated
organist, Colonel Leasel G. Stoopnovski, will render Bach's
Concerto in A minor. In the first movement, we see a little
peasant girl, frolics hither and thither among the people

51458 5963



in her father's portable patch. You will hear the pattern
 growing and the poppies popping. Then in the second
 movement, which is exactly the same as the first, we find
 our heroine grown to young womanhood, the fresh nymph
 kissing her ruddy cheeks as tantalizingly as a fresh
 nymph can. ~~Then in the third and last movement, comes~~
~~the man, with its frenzy and its pathos, its bewilderment~~
~~and its frenzy.~~

T: You said 'frenzy' ones.

T: That's so. And its bewilderment. Our organist sits at
 the console, his graying beard braided tightly and his
 great green eyes glowing in the light of evening dusk. I
 give you Lemuel Q. Stoopnovski. And you can have him for
 keeps.

T: Colonel, how about singing the words to that Concerto?

T: (SINGING) (SINGING) I love the me and the me love
 girls,
 I love teachers, I love coughs.

T: Those are incorrect.

T: I had to change the words.

**RADIO
 WILLIAM ESTY
 AND COMPANY**

51458 5964



H: Why? Did you do it alone?

B: I had to change the words, with Condie Roswell.

VIRIO:

I HAD TO CHANGE THE WORDS (Roswell with original - segue to next number)

MUSIC:

TEMPTATION (orchestra with vocal)

THEY ARE:

(ON CIL OVER HARP BACKGROUND): Today more than ever before, sane living counts. In the march toward permanent recovery, no one can afford to lose his place because of poor condition or shaky nerves. (P.O.D.) And your nerves - are they all right? Perhaps you'd like to try the "word-writing" new test after the program tonight. This is the test: take the letter C -- C, the third letter in the alphabet. Then write as many words beginning with C as you can in one minute. It's against the rules to use variations of the same word, by the way. A good average score is forty words in the one minute time allowed. But this average score can be exceeded, as it was by John Held, Jr., the famous author and artist. Mr. Held wrote 65 words beginning with the letter C, in one minute. Since his professional work calls for sustained concentration, Mr. Held is well acquainted with the necessity of balanced nerves and good condition. Naturally, he is a Camel smoker. Experience

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

51458 5965



has taught Mr. Hold, as it has millions of other smokers, that Camel's finer, costlier tobaccos do not interfere with healthy nerves.

MUSIC:

GOT THE JITTERS (Orchestra with Hunt)

H: Now we have something slightly novel for you, ladies and gentlemen. The Colonel was out fishing through the ice this morning for herring, and just as he was about to pull in his line, a man's head came up through the ice and the man said: Hello, Colonel, how are you? Which in itself is quite a feat.

T: It was his head which came up first.

H: So just for the fun of it, the Colonel is going to react the scene for you. You'll understand what it's all about, we hope, when you hear it.

HE:

(WINDS)

T. Ha...Cold out here...Well, I've got the hole dug in the ice now, and...as soon as I get this worm on the hook, I'll begin fishing...Brrrr. it's cold...there we are...Hm... a nibble already.

HE:

(BUBBLES)*

H. (HIGH VOICE SPITTING WATER) Hello, Colonel, how are you?

T. My goodness, Mister, you startled me. What on earth are you doing in this icy water? And how did you ever find

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

51458 5966



this hole I bored in the ice? Come on, climb up here and I'll give you my sweater to put on.

H. Haha, Colonel. I'm not going to get out of this nice ice water.

T. You're going to stay right in there? You'll freeze to death. Who are you, anyway, Mister. You've sort of got my curiosity aroused.

H. Me? Oh, I'm the fellow whose picture you always see in the newsreels taking a swim in the icy water in the spring.

T. Oh, I see. So you're the guy, huh? I've always wanted to meet you. In fact, maybe a little interview right here might be well. Would you answer a few questions?

H. Yes, if you'll get out of the way and let that cold wind blow on me. I can't stand to have no wind blowing on me.

T. I rather imagine. Tell me, Mister, a-----

H. My name is Freezeweather.

T. I should think it would be. Brrrr. It's cold out here on the ice. Tell me, Mr. Freezeweather, how come you started this swimming in the icy river business.

H. Well, I was born on one of the South Sea islands. It was very hot there, as you no doubt know.

T. So I understand.

H. But they have no ice down there. And all my life I kept asking my mother if I couldn't please have some ice. So

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

51458 5967



Q one day she put me aboard a tramp steamer and shipped me up to Labrador, hoping she'd get rid of me on account of I was always asking for ice and she got tired of hearing it. Sort of like say putting a cat in a bag and throwing her into the sea.

A No, I wasn't a cat.

Q No, I suppose not.

A So I found that I liked the ice so much that every morning, I would run down and jump into the water, breaking the ice to do it. Finally I got so used to it that I couldn't live through the day without my nice icewater bath.

Q Well, I guess you can swim away now, Mr. Freeze-weather, while I try to catch a couple more herring for my breakfast. Brrrr. I'm frozen to death, it's so cold.

A Wait a minute, I'll sit down beside you, if you don't mind if I hang my feet in the water.

Q You can hang your feet in the water if you don't wiggle your toes and scare the fish.

A What did you say you are fishing for?

Q Herring.

A Hm. That's funny.

Q Why is it funny to be fishing for herring?

A Because I happen to be out for an airing, too.

Q I see. Unh!

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY



(The gentleman who was just pushed back into the ice current by the Colonel was Mr. Herman G. Freezebecher, the man who always has his picture taken swimming in ice water in the spring. Or in the winter, for that matter. Anyone wishing for a picture of the Colonel fishing for herring will please wait several years for it, because he has ceased fishing in the winter time. And in the meanwhile, if you wish to use your camera for taking shots of your Uncle, or somebody, go ahead. It's alright with me.

(LL)

CON 2:

Ladies and gentlemen, perhaps the most important development in the political situation in the United States just this minute is the welcome news that Colonel Stoopnagle has accepted a request to run for Dictator. In fact, he has accepted two requests -- one is from himself and the other is from a foreign country which is anxious to see this country go on the rocks.

(LL)

Withhold your cheering, boys, for just a moment. You may cheer when the Colonel has finished his inauguration speech. In this campaign, the Colonel has decided to start

**RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY**



with an inaugural speech, just in case anything should happen that he is not elected Dictator. Then he can at least have had the pleasure of making that speech. Hudd is to be vice-dictator.

I resign. I want to have SOMETHING to say in regard to stuff. Make me Postmaster General, will you, Colonel? No vice-dictator job for me!

TON 2:

I see the Colonel is wigwagging to me the word YES, so if Hudd wishes to run for Postmaster General, he may. Yea!

TON 2:

So now, I give you Colonel Lemuel Q. Stooptator, candidate for Dictagle of the United States!..You may cheer now, boys.

(S.S. CHEER)

Thank you, men, for that outburst of cheering. I suppose that first off, in launching this campaign, I should give you the several points in my platform. I shall ask the candidate for General Postmaster read them, and I shall explain them if necessary.

(S.S. CHEER) Number 1!

(S.S. CHEER)

Wait with your cheers until I have read it, boys. Number 1! All conspirators against the Stooptagle regime

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

51458 5970



will be tried before they have conspired. This will practically do away with conspiracies...Do you wish to explain that in detail, Colonel?

A. That simply means that....

A. Number 2! In Stoopnocracy, the little irks were successful done away with. In the new government, we shall go after the BIG troubles that people have. You may enumerate a few, if you wish, Colonel.

T. There will be no more dead whales tossed up on the beaches of our nation.

A. Very good. Another.

T. We shall have sea monsters here in America as well as in Scotland.

A. ~~Excellent. Another, please.~~

~~What this country needs is a good Dictator.~~

A. And one more, Colonel.

T. The bill that France just sent us for storage on our money shall not be paid.

RE: (CHUCKS)

A. And now the Colonel will tell you about the little blue feathers all Stoopnocrats shall wear in their hats to signify they are for Dic-nagle for Stoopstator.

T. All people who are for me for Dictstor will wear little blue feathers in their hats.

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

51458 5971



I think that explains it very nicely. The Colonel always offers something extra. No hat's next?

I think I hear the phone ringing.

I didn't hear it.

Well, I just felt it was about time for it, that's all.

(PHONE RINGING)

There we are. Answer that, Postmaster General.

(LENS BARRIERS)

The Postmaster General speaking...What?...I'm sorry if I know, lady... (It's some woman, Colonel. She wants to know how to put a letter in a mailbox when the lid sticks)

You're the Postmaster General. You answer the question. I have too many important questions of policy and stuff to worry about.

Hello, lady....Dip your letter in oil...Your welcome. Goodbye.

(LENS UP POSITION)

(PHONE RINGING AGAIN)

There she is again.

(LENS POSITION)

Hello,...the Dictator? Just a moment, please. (It's for you, Colonel.)

Lady, I don't know anything ^{about} mailboxes. That's strictly up to my postoffice department...Oh, pardon me. I thought you were that lady again..."hat's that? Just

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

51458 5972



a moment. (Ludd, it's the Mount Puckering Observatory.)
Tell him we have plenty of telescopes.

We have plenty of...what's that?...yes...go ahead...why,
certainly not...absolutely not...why, the very idea!
My answer is NO! Goodbye!

(LNUK UP FROM CHAIR)

What on earth does the Puckering Observatory want?
It's shameful. Imagine! The professor up in that
observatory says that next Tuesday there is to be a total
eclipse of the sun and the shadow is to pass over New York
at 2 in the afternoon.

What about it?

He wanted to know if it was alright.

What'd you tell him?

I told him it was absolutely prohibited. For goodness
sakes -- imagine! Dark at 2 in the afternoon. I'll
allow no such thing. Gracious me. Folderol.

CON 2:

And with that, ladies and gentlemen, we leave the
future Dictator and the Postmaster General until later.
If you think that Colonel Dic-nagle is a worthy selection
for Stooptator of the United States, won't you send him
a card and suggest more planks for his platform? Never
mind especially about the smaller things that bother you --

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

51458 5973



those are all eliminated, practically, during the
Stoepocratic regime. But if you think of some big
things that you would like to have eliminated, the Colonel
and Fudd will be most pleased to hear from you...And the
Colonel has just whispered to me that he wishes you
would not include HIM in the big things to be eliminated.

WILL:
DORIS:

(MUSIC)

THAT'S THE BEST IN TOWN (Dossell and orchestra)

ANNOUNCER:

(ON ONE OVER HEAR BACKGROUND) It's a great country we
live in -- this U.S.A. of ours. And we Americans have
every right to be proud of the courage and sanity our
fellow citizens have displayed in trying times as
well as in years of plenty. One of the many proofs of
the fundamental good sense of the American people is
their overwhelming acceptance of the extra value provided
in Camel cigarettes. The American public knows
(continued on next page)

**RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY**

51458 5974



That Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos than any other popular brand. The public knows that Camel spends millions of dollars more to provide a better cigarette. And Camel smokers are grateful also for the fact that Camel's costlier tobaccos do not tire and do not jangle the nerves.

(P. 111) For pipe smokers one additional word -- it is this try Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco, hailed by its friends as good old "P.A." Made by the Camel cigarette people, "P.A." is also proud of the justly earned title, "the National Joy Smoke." There are ^{two} full ounces in every tin of Prince Albert -- with the bite removed by a special process. Try P.A. for a cool, sweet smoke that will never irritate your tongue.

W. E.:

OL. MEN RIVER (Orchestra)

Listen, Budd, did I ever tell you how I won the mile run and established the present world's record of four minutes flat?

Go ahead, Colonel. I suppose we'll have to listen anyway. You can busy yourself at something else if you wish... You see, all us athletes were standing there on the track waiting for the gun which would start us on the final race. I had won my heat in 4 minutes and 10 seconds, and everyone in the stands had his hands in the air, wiggling them at me. I was the hero of the occasion.

**RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY**

51458 5975



1. You won the heat and the crowd started digging their hands.
2. I started a heat wave...well, the referee raised his gun...
3. the three other contestants and I got on our marks...the
4. crowd was tense...the timers held their watches...

5. They were afraid someone would swipe 'em.

6. Yes...er, no...the air was full of electricity. Someone
7. came up and whispered in my ear...Suddenly the referee
8. fired...hm...suddenly the referee fired the gun...gun

(RAP PISTOL RACE)

9. Thank you. We were off!..faster, faster, faster, went
10. our flying feet. I was out ahead. Round and round we
11. went...Finally we came to the last lap.

(STOLEN RINGS OF GOLD)

(OCEAN)

12. With a sudden burst of speed, I outdistanced the other
13. contestants and fell across the finish line fully seventy
14. feet ahead of the man who came in second... (SOUND OF WHISTLE)

15. I was panting...My head whirled...but I was happy --
16. happier than I had ever been in my life...

17. Alright, Colonel. That's fine. You won the race. Now
18. tell me -- what did the fellow say who came up and
19. whispered to you just as the race was about to begin?

20. The fellow who whispered to me?

21. Yes. What did he say?

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY



He said: Colonel, old man, do you want a Camel cigarette?
 And I said: I'd walk a mile for a Camel.
 I know, but it was a running race. How did you happen to
 make a world's record?
 I couldn't wait.

MUSIC: (MUSIC)

MUSIC: SMOKE RINGS (Orchestra)

ANNOUNCER:

(ON AIR OVER SMOKE RINGS) The Camel Caravan is on the air
 again next Tuesday 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 Colonnades of the Essex House in New
 York City.

MUSIC: (MUSIC UP)

ANNOUNCER:

(ON AIR) This is the Columbia Broadcasting System.

MUSIC: (MUSIC THEME)

20 seconds

WJZ - New York

**RADIO
 WILLIAM ESTY
 AND COMPANY**

51458 5977