

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY AND COMPANY
INCORPORATED

At P. J. Job Co.
17/1/35
1/1/36

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

CAFE DU MONDE, NO. 26

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1935.

9:00 - 9:30 P.M.

CUE:

(COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM)

ANNOUNCER: CAMELS never get on your nerves!

MUSIC:

SMOKE RINGS

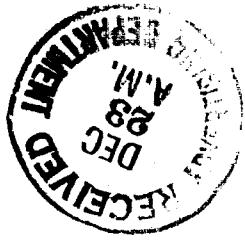
ANNOUNCER: (OVER MUSIC) Gandy neighbor, here comes the CAMEL Caravan again through the courtesy of R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, makers of CAMEL cigarettes... This is Willard O'Steen speaking and may I welcome you on "Dinner at Decca" Radio, Chet Gray and his Cast Band Orchestra and Ted Husing... You know I wish that somebody would tell that Santa Claus on forty-fourth street and Broadway to stop jingling his bell... Christmas is over and he thinks he's got a permanent job... Well, ladies and gentlemen, I had to exchange a few Christmas presents today. I had a little trouble with the present Pee Wee had gave me... you see it was the wrong size... but the store was very nice about it... The manager gave me the fifteen cents back... and besides I never did like so near anything... Well it's

(REVISED)

DET CASH

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OPENING: (CONT'D) time to get the party going so Glen Gray and the boys will introduce another grand new number...
My Old Kentucky Home--Copyright 1943..All right Glen..

MUSIC: OLD KENTUCKY HOME (ORCHESTRA)

APPLAUSE

G'NESSIE: AD'RIES INTO

HILLBILLY OR DUET

APPLAUSE

ANNOUNCER: Everywhere you've heard new CAMEL smokers talking like this:

MAN: (EXCITING) CAMELS DON'T GET ON MY NERVES.

WOMAN: (PLEASED VOICE) THE FLAVOR OF CAMELS' COSTLIER TOBACCO IS SIMPLY DELIGHTFUL!

MAN 2: (ENERGETIC) I GOT A "LIFT" WITH A CAMEL!

GIRL 1: (CLEAR VOICE) CAMELS DON'T BOTHER MY THROAT!

ANNOUNCER: Typical new smokers of CAMELS -- alert minded people who accepted the famous CAMEL "TRY-TEN" INVITATION. They tried 'em...they smoked twenty...now they state without reservation, in CAMEL they've found at last their ideal cigarette. CAMELS' costlier tobaccos have brought so much new pleasure to new CAMEL smokers we repeat that "try-ten" invitation to you. The makers say: "SMOKE TEN FRAGRANT CAMELS. IF YOU DON'T FIND THEM THE MILDEST, LARGEST FLAVORED CIGARETTES YOU EVER SMOKED, RETURN THE PACKAGE WITH THE NAME OF THE DEALER WHO SOLD IT AT ANY TIME WITHIN 30 DAYS FROM TONIGHT AND WE WILL REFUND YOUR

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ANNOUNCER: (CONT'D) FULL PURCHASE PRICE, PLUS POSTAGE. SICHEM,
E. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH
CAROLINA". To this the makers add: start to enjoy
CAMELS this holiday season. Other CAMEL smokers new
and old, have had such great enjoyment from CAMELS'
costlier tobaccos, we are certain you will find new
smoking pleasure in CAMELS too.

MUSIC:

FAR INTO THE NIGHT(ORCHESTRA AND SARGEANT)

(O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTRODUCTION OVER MUSIC)

APPLAUSE

MUSIC:

EENY MEENY MINY MO(ORCHESTRA AND HUNT)

(O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTRODUCTION OVER MUSIC)

APPLAUSE

ANNOUNCER:

And now we present Ted Husing, CAMEL star reporter..

HUSING:

TO BE INSERTED

R.M.

APPLAUSE

MUSIC:

IT'S WRITTEN IN THE STARS(DEANE JANIS)

(O'KEEFE AD LIBS INTRODUCTION OVER MUSIC)

APPLAUSE

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GUTHRIE: Ladies and gentlemen...with the year 1936 just around the corner we look back on the last twelve months and review the major news events of 1935.

BIZ: PHONY TRUMPET BLAST

O'KEEFE: London, England, Jan. 1st 1935.

England welcomes the New Year with a riotous celebration. We take you direct to the home of Lord and Lady Chiselhurst who carry on in the typical British tradition,

VISIC: BRITTANIA RULES THE WAVES(ORCHESTRA)

EUGIE: KNOCK ON DOOR

O'KEEFE: Uh...Come in Graynes.

EUGIE: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

JACK: Beggin' your pardon my Lord...the time is now one minute past twelve. The new year is in.

O'KEEFE: So it is. I must do something about it. (COUGHS) Hurrah. (WHISTLE) Toot.

EUGIE: Be careful Gedney...Don't overexert yourself. Remember last year you said hurrah (whistle) toot and you had to take to your couch for a fortnight. Let graynes do it.

JACK: Delighted your Ladyship. For three weeks I've been looking forward to a bit of a blast on my own hock. May I tear loose?

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O'KEEFE: Yes Graynes...without restraint.

JACK: Shall I blow this horn my Lord?

O'KEEFE: No the big one.

JACK: Prepare yourself my Lord...one...two...three...

BILL: LITTLE PIPESQUEAK ON HORN

O'KEEFE: That will be enough revelry for this year Graynes.

BIZ: TRUMPET BLAST

O'KEEFE: And so we leave Merrie England,

Jamaica, Long Island, February 1st. As temperature drops to ten degrees below zero and ice covers Jamaica Bay, the president of the Polar Bear Club, Mr. Icicle...prepares for the daily dip in the icy waters of the bay.

BIZ: WIND MACHINE.

O'KEEFE: Ladies and gentlemen it's a bitter cold day...Before you go into the water Mr. Icicle...will you say a few words to the radio audience.

DOUGLAS: (TEETH CHATTERING EFFECT)

O'KEEFE: His teeth are chattering folks, but he's dead game.

Here I am dressed in a Racoons coat, two pair of pants, three layers of red flannels and a hot water bottle... and all Mr. Icicle has on is a one piece blue bathing suit,

DOUGLAS: That's not a ^{blue} suit....I'm frozen stiff. All right here I go.

HUGE SPLASH IN WATER.

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ST. LIMA: Here he comes and alive! Say a few words Mr. Icicle.

DOUGLAS: I never felt better in my life. Whoop. I'm getting dizzy...everything's getting black.

KIZ:

CRASH.

O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen...you've just listened to the last words of the late Ichabod Icicle. He leaves a wife and three children.

BIZ:

PHONEY TRUMPET BLAST

O'KEEFE:

Chicago, Illinois...March 15th. Woman hails two workmen into court and charges them with using harsh profane language while fixing a telephone pole near her home.

BIZ:

RAP OF GAVEL

SORIN:

(STRAIGHT VOICE) Mr. Peters...you are charged with using harsh and profane language. Explain what happened...Tell the story in your own words.

JACK:

Tell your honor it was like this. Me and Harry wuz fixin' this telephone pole...I wuz down below and Harry wuz up on top doin' some soldering. All of a sudden he drops a bucket of hot lead down my back.

SORIN:

And what did you say?

JACK:

I says "Harry you really must be a little bit more careful."

SORIN:

Case dismissed.

BIZ:

PHONEY TRUMPET BLAST

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O'KEEFE: New York, New York, April 15th. Victor Rubey, sound effects man on the CAMEL CARAVAN, is married at eight o'clock in the evening. At 8:45 he reports to Columbia studios for CAMEL rehearsal.

MUSIC:

HERE COMES THE BRIDE (FAST AND FORTÉ ORCHESTRA)

BIZ:

BATTLE OF VOICES

O'KEEFE:

Hey quiet will you...we'll be on the air in a few minutes. Where's the sound effects man?

HUSING:

Hey Rubey.

JACK:

(COMING IN OFF MIKE) Here I am. I just married. I can't work tonight.

O'KEEFE:

But Victor...come on. Snap out of it. All right let's run over that sketch.

BIZ:

CHORD IN G (ORCHESTRA)

O'BRIEN:

Alice...is that the telephone I hear.

LIZ:

KNOCK ON DOOR

FROST:

Yes that's the telephone.

O'KEEFE:

I said the telephone was ringing.

BIZ:

BIG BEN RINGS IN THE WINGS

O'KEEFE:

It must be a long distance call...Hello...(SOTTA VOICE)
It's Mr. Smith next door. What Mr. Smith? You say our dog Fido is running around your flower beds. I'll open the window and call him in the house. Good bye. Alice...open that window.

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Yes darling...

AIR CRASH

...I'm afraid it's time for him.

BIZ:

SIREN

O'KEEFE:

(WHISTLING) Here Fido...Come here.

FROST:

Oh here he comes running across the lawn.

BIZ:

HORSES HOOPS AND WHINNY

O'KEEFE:

Fido speak to me...Bark.

BIZ:

COW MOOES EFFECT (COWHORN IN MEGAPHONE)

O'KEEFE:

Oh it's a bull dog eh.

BIZ:

ROOSTER CROWS

O'KEEFE:

Never mind Rubey...you haven't got your mind on your work. You'd better go home.

JACK:

I just want to say a few words to my wife...Utzee...butzee...putzee..vootzee...

O'KEEFE:

Quiet Fido.

BIZ:

PHONEY TRUMPET BLAST

O'KEEFE:

Miami, Florida, September 15th...The world's tallest stories are told at the annual meeting of the Liars Club. For the biggest, most unbelievable exaggeration the Liars Club offers a prize and we listen in as the banquet is drawing to a close.

BIZ:

APPLAUSE AND HURRAH AND LAUGHTER

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DIXIEFEE:

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Book Club

ESTY:

And now gentlemen for the next tall story, the chair recognizes a fellow liar from Detroit. Harry Heffersnits.

(CLIFFORD'S VOICE) Well fellows when I was back on my farm...I mean the small one...it was only two million acres...in Rhode Island...The horse was pulling the plow, I was driving it and my dog was running along besides me...just the three of us...the horse, the dog and me...when all of a sudden I was wiping the sweat off my brow when the horse turned around and said "Gee it's awful hot today"...Well I scratched my head and said "Gee that's funny...I never knew that horse could talk. Well sir...the dog looks up at me and he says "Neither did I".

APPLAUSE

DIXIEFEE:

And now gentlemen...we'll hear from Montmorency T. Frockbottom, the Third.

SORIN:

Thank you...I remember that farm...in fact I remember that joke...the horse talked me into buying that farm later. Then there was the night of the big fire... The house was enveloped in flames and the dog was the hero of the hour. He went into the raging fire fifty times and brought out 150 people. You see he brought out three at a time. Don't laugh at me gentlemen... that's nothing. Just before the walls of the house collapsed to pieces the dog remembered one more thing.. What does he do? He runs right back into the house,

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SORIN:

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(SORIN) opens the safe and comes back out with a
fire insurance policy.

APPLAUSE

O'KEEFE: Mr. Throckmorton you win for telling the biggest lie
of the year, on behalf of the members of the Liars
Club...I present you with the first prize...this
beautiful present...a two hundred dollar watch.
Wait a minute...let me look at this watch...You paid
two hundred dollars for this watch?

SORIN:

O'KEEFE: I certainly did.

SORIN: Well then you keep the watch...you're a bigger liar
than I am.

O'KEEFE:

SEY:

MUSIC:

PHONEY TRUMPET BLAST

COPENHAGEN (ORCHESTRA)

APPLAUSE

ANNOUNCER

The Camel Caravan is presented for your entertainment
by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North
Carolina, makers of CAMEL cigarettes and Prince Albert
Smoking Tobacco. If you're a pipe-smoker, make the
holidays happy with the fellow fragrance of "Good old
P.A.!" For more than a quarter of a century, Prince
Albert has been the pipe tobacco most associated with
friendliness and good cheer. It's the National Joy
Smoke!

Li r g, albert...it's you...

MUSIC:

SMOKE RINGS

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...and to ladies and gentlemen...time is limited...
throw another Christmas tree on the fire and call
it a day for Glen Gray - Deane Janis and Ted Husing..
don't forget we'll be back New Year's Eve...this is
Walter McFee saying good night till this same time
Tuesday.

THEME UP AND OUT

STATION CUE

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