

**RADIO**  
**WILLIAM ESTY AND COMPANY**  
INCORPORATED

*W. Esty*  
*6/17/36*  
*6/15/36*

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

CAMEL PROGRAM NO. 76

THURSDAY, JUNE 18th, 1936.

9:00 - 9:30 P.M.



CUE: (COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM)

ANNOUNCER: CAMELS never get on your nerves!

MUSIC: SMOKE RINGS

O'KEEFE: (OVER MUSIC) Gangway neighbor...Here comes the CAMEL CARAVAN again through the courtesy of R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, makers of CAMEL cigarettes. This is Walter O'Keefe coming to you for the seventy-sixth time this season...the spirit of seventy-six, ladies and gentlemen...with our own fife and drum corps with Glen Gray, Deane Janis and Ted Husing. Ted is the guy with a bandage around his head. It's the first time he's had ANYthing on his head in twenty years...And now for this seventy-sixth time this ~~year~~, Glen and the boys start things off by playing "My Blue Heaven"... "My Blue Heaven"...

MUSIC: MY BLUE HEAVEN (ORCHESTRA)

APPLAUSE

*Season*

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RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY  
O'KEEFE:



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AD LIBS INTO

SOLO (WALTER O'KEEFE)

or

*Father Put The Cow Away*

~~HUNT (JANIS HUNT O'KEEFE)~~

APPLAUSE

O'KEEFE:

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

HUSING:

TO BE INSERTED

APPLAUSE

MUSIC:

TOO BAD (ORCHESTRA AND HUNT)

APPLAUSE

O'KEEFE:

Ladies and gentlemen, that was a chorus of "Too Bad" sung by Van Mountain Hunt...too bad. I'm sure a lot of you people listening in have no idea of Pee Wee's size...how big he is. To give you an idea, Pee Wee and I were out on the beach early yesterday morning...and Pee Wee was the only one in the ocean. There was a little boy standing next to me...he said, "Hey mister, can I go in when he gets through?" Always glad to put in a good word for you, Pee Wee...and now comes our own bathing beauty...Deane Janis...Deane is going to sing "When The Mountains Meet The Sea."

MUSIC:

WHEN THE MOUNTAINS MEET THE SEA (DEANE JANIS)

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**RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY**



Tonight, ladies and gentlemen...once more we follow the hair-raising adventures of that incomparable super sleuth and human bloodhound...Philo Parts, the master mind. This story runs the gamut of human emotions...More terrifying than Alice In Wonderland...more blood curdling than Ittle In Deep...More gruesome than Mickey Mouse...Thrills!...

FROST:

Whooooo!...

O'KEEFE:

Pathee!...

JACK:

(LAUGHS...GONG STRIKES...LAUGHS AND GURGLE...)

O'KEEFE:

Mother love!...

JANIS:

Oh my baby...my baby...where is my baby?...

SOREN:

Here I am sweetypuss...

O'KEEFE:

BLOOYOUNGS!...

BIZ:

WHOLE BAND BARKS...MEOWS AT FINISH

O'KEEFE:

The scene opens in the office of Philo Parts where he is talking over a big case with his assistant...

BIZ:

ORCHESTRA PLAYS "PRISONER'S SONG"

O'KEEFE:

Well, let's review the case, Sarge...

JACK:

Well, Chief...in the first place Mr. Briggs fell from the fiftieth story of a skyscraper...(PAUSE)...I think that's what killed him...

O'KEEFE:

We wasn't jump to conclusions, Sergeant...There's more to this than meets the eye...I'll grant that Mr. Briggs fell fifty stories...but that isn't what killed him...My theory is this...As Mr. Briggs was falling past the 14th floor...somebody stuck his hands out the window and strangled him as he passed...

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RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

JACK: Maybe the police have got something new...

O'KEEFE: Turn on the radio and we'll see...

DOUGLAS: (REVERSED MIKE) Calling all cars...calling all cars...Stand by for further information on Briggs murder mystery...That is all...but just before I sign off in response to many requests I'm going to sing "Goody Goody"...(SINGS)...Oh you met someone who set you back on your heels, goody goody... That is all...

O'KEEFE: That's enough...shut it off...

BIZ: KNOCK ON THE DOOR

O'KEEFE: Come in...

BIZ: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

JANIS: Chief...Detective Douglas is outside to see you...Here he is...

O'KEEFE: Oh hello, Douglas...I just turned you off on the radio...What happened on that robbery case?

DOUGLAS: Well, I was cruising around on the other side of town...went up a dark alley...a side street...came to a wooden fence with a hole in it and peeked through...Di Maggio stepped up to the plate with the bases loaded and knocked a three bagger...

BIZ: TELEPHONE RINGS

O'KEEFE: I'll answer it...(PHONE CLICKS)...Hello...What?...Dead?... When did it happen?...With a knife, eh?...Deuced queer...All right...hold everything till I get there...

BIZ: PHONE CLICKS

JACK: Who was it, Chief?...

O'KEEFE: Wrong number...

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WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY  
JACK:

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Hey, Chief...Look at the headline in this paper...The Vanderveer Jewels have been stolen.

O'KEEFE: Great Scott...what's the date on that paper?

JACK: October 5th...1929.

O'KEEFE: Well come on...there's no time to lose. We better get over there and make a search.

DOUGLAS: Search, eh...well wait till I put on my blue search suit.

O'KEEFE: All right...let's hop in my car.

BIZ: MOTOR STARTS.

O'KEEFE: I keep it here in the office for a quick getaway.

BIZ: MOTOR ROARS AND DIES DOWN ABRUPTLY

DOUGLAS: Well, Chief...here we are at last. It took a long time to get here.

O'KEEFE: I know but those detours always slow you up. Ring the doorbell.

BIZ: ALL KINDS OF BELLS

O'KEEFE: Don't ring so loud...you'll wake up the studio audience. Come on...The door is open...Let's get inside.

BIZ: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

DOUGLAS: Gee it's dark in here.

JACK: Hey, Chief...there's a light shining over there in the darkness. What's that?

O'KEEFE: That's Hasing's head...he's got his hat off. Here's Mrs. Vanderveer...I'll talk to her.

FROST: (VERY DIGNIFIED) Ah gentlemen...so sorry I was not here to greet you. I'm Mrs. Vanderveer.

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AND COMPANY

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O'KEEFE: Turn on the lights...I can't see you.

ELK: CLICK OF SWITCH

FROST: Can you see me now?

O'KEEFE: Yes...I can see you...Petter turn them off again. Now, Mrs. Vandervoer...has anything mysterious happened here since your jewels were stolen.

FROST: Well last night I looked in the kitchen.

O'KEEFE: Who was there?

FROST: The chef and his dog...his mutt.

O'KEEFE: Uh hum...Mutt and Chef, eh?

FROST: Well one hour later...I found him murdered. He was stabbed between the ice box and the butler's pantry.

O'KEEFE: Paced queer. What nationality was he?

FROST: Chinese.

O'KEEFE: I thought so...it's a clear case of chop sueycide.

FROST: And another suspicious thing...every Tuesday night, right after nine o'clock...I used to hear strange sounds...weird noises...moans and groans.

O'KEEFE: That must have been Pee Wee Hunt singing on the CAMEL CARAVAN. Did you have any other servants?

FROST: Only my English butler...Jeeves! I'll call him. Oh Jeeves.

SORIN: Hello kiddies...I knew I'd get into the program some place.

O'KEEFE: So you're the English butler, eh? Where were you when the jewels were stolen.

SORIN: Down in the butler's pantry buttlng beer.

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AND COMPANY



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O'KEEFE:

Jeeves...Mrs. Vanderveer's jewels have been stolen and I've got a hunch they're hidden away in this house. By the way... you look guilty...Jeeves...what's that big bulge under your vest.

SORIN:

That's me...I've got to reduce.

O'KEEFE:

Jeeves, the jewels are gone and you look culpable and apprehensive.

SORIN:

I can't help it...I had a hamburger for breakfast.

O'KEEFE:

Jeeves, as I look into those shifty gimlet eyes of yours I know you're guilty. You've got the jewels.

SORIN:

I haven't got the jewels and I can prove it.

O'KEEFE:

How....

SORIN:

Here's the pawnticket. I only got five bucks for them.

APPLAUSE

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**RADIO**  
**WILLIAM ESTY**  
**AND COMPANY**  
O'KEEFE:  
DOUGLAS:

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And now, ladies and gentlemen, Paul Douglas...  
In our busy lives nowadays, mealtime is often apt to catch us at a disadvantage. We're too often under nervous tension and physical strain. As a result, the free flow of our digestive fluids is slowed down. But how quickly smoking a CAMEL can change this. For when you enjoy a CAMEL, your digestive fluids are gently and naturally stimulated into greater activity. Alkalinity is increased. And this welcome effect of smoking CAMELS has been checked time and again by physiological laboratories. CAMELS bring you a feeling of contentment after your meals. The feeling of well-being that comes only after having dined well and then enjoyed the delightful pleasure of smoking a CAMEL. CAMELS are milder. They are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos. You will find that you can smoke as many CAMELS as you want. They never get on your nerves...never tire your taste. And with CAMELS you are not annoyed by shredding...loose bits of tobacco falling out in your mouth. They are firmly packed for your enjoyment. So enjoy CAMELS as often as you like for... "CAMELS set you right."

MOSTO:

I'M GRATEFUL TO YOU (ORCHESTRA AND SARGENT)

APPLAUSE

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