

(REVISED FINAL)

THE ABBOTT AND COSTELLO PROGRAM

FOR

CAMELS CIGARETTES

NBC NETWORK
February 11, 1943
10:00-10:30 P.M.

Peter Lorre
Guest Star

MUSIC: PERFIDIA THEME

BAND: C..A..M..E..L..S!

WALLINGTON: Camels! The cigarette that's first in the service
presents -- for its third program from New York City --
THE ABBOTT AND COSTELLO PROGRAM!

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER:

WALLINGTON: With the music of Freddie Rich and his Orchestra, the
songs of Connie Haines, tonight's guest -- Mr. Peter
Lorre -- and starring: BUD ABBOTT AND LOU COSTELLO!

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

FIRST SPOT

-1-

COSTELLO: HEY, ABBOTT -----

ABBOTT: Well, Costello, you're late again. Can't you ever get here on time? Where have you been?

COSTELLO: I've just been talking to a bunch of guys from Washington about a new income tax card game -- pay-as-you-go.

ABBOTT: You dummy -- Pay-As-You-Go isn't a card game.

COSTELLO: Sure it is. It's sort of a GIN-RUML.

ABBOTT: Never mind that, Costello --- where have you been all afternoon?

COSTELLO: A couple of girls from Sonja Heinie's Ice Show were trying to teach me how to skate! You should have seen me, Abbott. One foot went one way and the other foot went the other way.

ABBOTT: That must have been a laugh.

COSTELLO: Laugh? I thought I'd split.

ABBOTT: Didn't the girls try to keep you from falling?

COSTELLO: No. All afternoon I was on my own.

ABBOTT: You must have looked awfully silly traveling across the ice sitting down.

COSTELLO: Oh, I don't know. We'll all be traveling that way pretty soon.

ABBOTT: Sitting down?

COSTELLO: Sure -- first they took away our gas, then they took away our shoes. How else are we gonna travel?

ABBOTT: Oh, that's ridiculous! You can get shoes. All you have to do is take your number seventeen Sugar Stamp to any shoe store.

51459 7894

COSTELLO: I did, I got a pair of shoes with my sugar stamp yesterday --and boy were they uncomfortable.
(Whatta lumpy joke)

ABBOTT: Why?

COSTELLO: They forgot to take the sugar out.

ABBOTT: Talk sense, Costello. You're just a little confused.

COSTELLO: Who wouldn't be confused? You get shoes on sugar stamps and sugar on shoe stamps. This morning I stirred my shoes for two minutes and they didn't sweeten my coffee.

ABBOTT: Look, Costello. Ever since you've arrived in New York you've been complaining about one thing or another.

COSTELLO: I can't help it, Abbott. I guess I'm not used to the crowds. My hotel is so crowded I think there's somebody else sleeping in my room!

ABBOTT: Somebody else in your room? What makes you think so?

COSTELLO: Last night when I took a bath there were three hands scrubbing my back.

ABBOTT: Nonsense! You were just having a nightmare. It was probably caused by something you ate.

COSTELLO: That might be it--Last night I ate lobster and I had an awful dream. I dreamed that Hedy LaMarr was chasing me.

ABBOTT: What's so awful about that?

COSTELLO: She didn't catch me!....Tonight I'm going to eat a Welsh Rarebit and give her another chance.

ABBOTT: I don't know why you should complain about dreams when you dream about beautiful girls!

COSTELLO: But it happens all the time, Abbott. One night I dreamed I was chasing Ann Sheridan, Lana Turner and Betty Grable, all at one time!

ABBOTT: Why didn't you go to a psychiatrist and have him explain your dream?

COSTELLO: I did, Abbott. I told one of those guys all about it.

ABBOTT: And did the psychiatrist explain the dream?

COSTELLO: No -- he just kept saying "WOW"..Wow!! (BARKS)

ABBOTT: Costello, what you need is to get away from the noise of New York. Maybe Jimmy Wallington can suggest a nice place. Say Jimmy!

WALLINGTON: What is it, Bud?

ABBOTT: Jimmy -- Costello's nerves are shot. Can you suggest a nice place for him to go where he can have peace and quiet?

WALLINGTON: Well, Bud -- when I want to relax I go up to my log COBBIN in the KOTSKILLS.

COSTELLO: There he goes with that talk again! Last week it was a gym-NAW-sium at Lake Plossid....Now it's a COBBIN in the KOTSKILLS!

ABBOTT: Stop making fun of Jimmy. He speaks with a Harvard Drawl.

COSTELLO: It sounds like a Park Avenue DROOL.

WALLINGTON: Costello, you simply don't understand. Being a top-flight radio announcer -- I had my voice cultivated.

COSTELLO: You should have had it plowed under!

ABBOTT: Costello will you cut that out! Jimmy Wallington is an educated man -- he is very well read!

WALLINGTON: Yes. I am a member of the literati. I read all the best sellers, such as HOW GREEN WAS MY VOLLEY -- MRS. MINIWAH - and AWNTHONY AWDVERSE.

COSTELLO: Did you ever read GOON with the WY-ND?

ABBOTT: Costello, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Stop showing your ignorance.

WALLINGTON: That's alright, -- he can't help it, Bud. Anyone can see that he doesn't have a very high I.Q.

COSTELLO: High what?

WALLING: High I.Q. --- High I.Q.

COSTELLO: Well -- I don't IKE YOU!

ABBOTT: Costello -- all this has nothing to do with you going away for a rest. I called Jimmy in here hoping he could suggest a place for you to relax.

WALLINGTON: Well, I have a very simple formula for relaxation! Here is a sample of my typical day. I arise from my downy couch at noon and tub until 1:00. Then I taxi to my club and handball until six. I then cocktail and Hor Deurve until 7:00 and Steak and Chop until 9:00. When I am thoroughly relaxed I retire and rest in the arms of Morpheus at the Park Central.

ABBOTT: How do you spend your day, Costello?

COSTELLO: Well, I get up off my moldy carpet at noon and Wash-Basin until 1:00. Then I ankle over to the drugstore and Pin-Ball until 6:00. I then Beer and Pretzel until 7:00 and Hot Dog and Hamburger until 9:00. When I'm completely pooped I retire and lean on the shoulder of a bum in Central Park.

ABBOTT: Oh, this is ridiculous! There must be some way for you to relax in New York. I'll ask Connie Haines...(CALLS) Oh, Connie..?

CONNIE: Yes, Mr. Abbott...?

ABBOTT: You're living at the same hotel that Lou Costello is-- do you have trouble getting any rest?

CONNIE: (GENTLY) What's the matter, my fat little sugar man - can't you sleep?

COSTELLO: No, Connie, honey.

CONNIE: I can help you go to sleep -- sit down here with little Connie!.....now rest your head on my shoulder...that's it -- now, let me stroke your head...and now, close your eyes. (SOFTLY) There - now can you go to sleep?

COSTELLO: Yeah -- but now -- WHO WANTS TO!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

WALLINGTON: These days, as you know, women are doing all kinds of jobs. Just think of Margaret Smith, who helps turn out fifty-calibre shells for our machine guns. Like thousands of other women doing war work, Margaret Smith likes to light up a Camel in her time off. She's said--QUOTE--

SMITH
VOICE: Camels really do have the flavor! No matter how often I smoke, they never tire my taste or wear out their welcome, and Camels are so easy on my throat, too.

WALLINGTON: UNQUOTE. Yes and wherever you find American uniforms, you're likely to find Camels, too--because Camels are first in all the services; first according to actual sales records in the stores where the men spend their own money for cigarettes. Remember that, of course, when you're sending a carton of thanks to that Yank in Camp, and remember it when you're buying a pack of Camels for yourself too. When you try Camels, notice the flavor 'specially --because Camels do have more flavor--the extra-rich taste that helps them to hold up, pack after pack, no matter how many you smoke. And you'll be glad to find that Camels combine extra mildness with this flavor. Yes, Camels are extra mild because they're slow-burning and cool-smoking--because they're expertly blended of costlier tobaccos. Your throat and your taste will tell you!

CHORUS: C-A-M-E-L-S'

WALLINGTON: Cemels! --And say! Be prepared for Valentine's Day next Sunday! Your dealer ;is featuring a carton of Cemels with a special Valentine band around it to make a most timely gift. Get one tomorrow!

(MUSIC . . . "HEARD THAT SONG BEFORE" . . . HOLD UNDER)

WALLINGTON: Connie Haines sings the rhythmic new ballad-
"I've Heard That Song Before."
(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT

SOUND: (LOUD HAMMERING ON WALL)

COSTELLO: Abbott--do you hear that noise? I'm tellin' ya I gotta get out of this hotel. I can't stand this racket! There's a married couple in the next room and the woman keeps banging on the wall all day.

ABBOTT: Why don't you get even with them? Just bang on the wall and make the same noise.

COSTELLO: I can't make the same noise. She's banging with her husband's head!

ABBOTT: Well, I don't know where to tell you to look for a place to live. Every hotel in New York is jammed.

COSTELLO: I'm going to call up a Rental Agency. Here's one right here in the paper--Murphy, Shaughnessy, Hoolihan and O'Brien!

SOUND: (TELEPHONE DIALING)

CANTOR: Hello!

COSTELLO: Murphy, Shaughnessy, Hoolihan and O'Brien?

CANTOR: Vat is dat?

COSTELLO: I want t' speak to Mr. Murphy or Shaughnessy, or Hoolihan or O'Brien!

CANTOR: Boy, have you got de wrong number!

SOUND: (PHONE DOWN)

SOUND: (KNOCKING-VACUUM CLEANER!)

COSTELLO: Now the noise is startin' again. (YELLS)
Hey chambermaid, will you stop cleaning out in the
hall at this time of the night. Haven't you got any
better sense!!

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

GRAY: No - I'M ONLY THREE AND A HALF YEARS OLD!

COSTELLO: Matilda! What are you doing out in the hall? You'll
catch cold out here in your nightie!

GRAY: No, I won't -----'cause I ain't wearing any nightie!

ABBOTT: What? No nightie?

GRAY: NO, Uncle Bud---I'm barefoot all over!

COSTELLO: Come in here, Matilda. Isn't it time for little
children to be in bed?

GRAY: I wouldn't know, I haven't got any little children!
I'M ONLY THREE AND A HALF YEARS OLD!

ABBOTT: Listen, Matilda -- tell Uncle Bud what you were doing
roaming around the hall by yourself?

GRAY: I was going to see the poor man next door. He has
rheumatism.

COSTELLO: How do you know he's got rheumatism?

GRAY: He said he was out late last night and got stiff in
every joint!

ABBOTT: That's enough Matilda -- you run along to bed!

GRAY: I don't wanna go to bed. I wanna stay up and play with
my dolls!

COSTELLO: Look, Matilda -- you don't play with dolls at night!

GRAY: You do!

ABBOTT: Hmmm -- Costello -- what's this all about?

GRAY: Uncle Louie is mad because I saw him whispering to my
nurse.

COSTELLO: That isn't true Matilda. I was just asking her how
the weather was.

GRAY: You must have a bad mem'ry, 'cause I saw you writing
it down!

COSTELLO: Matilda -- will you please go to bed?

GRAY: No, I won't. And if you try to make me go, I'll shake
my little head until it falls off.

COSTELLO: That's the best offer I've had today!

ABBOTT: Look, Matilda, we're going to move out of here early
in the morning. Now you must go to bed and get some
sleep.

GRAY: I'll go to bed if I can wear my jitterbug underwear!

COSTELLO: "Jitterbug underwear?"

GRAY: A zoot suit with a flap trap!

COSTELLO: GET OUTTA HERE!!

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSING)

COSTELLO: (YELLS) How can a guy get any rest in this joint!

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

COSTELLO: There's that pounding again!

ABBOTT: No, there's somebody at the door -- come in!

SOUND: (DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING)

LORRE: Good evening gentlemen. I am Peter Lorre!

(APPLAUSE)

LORRE: Mister Costello -- I understand that you are looking for a place to spend a quiet weekend!

COSTELLO: Listen Lorre -- there's only one way you could have known that. You've been outside with your ear to our keyhole!

ABBOTT: Just a minute, Costello. What makes you so sure he had his ear to the keyhole?

COSTELLO: The key is still sticking in his ear!

LORRE: Mister Costello -- I come to you as a friend. I know that you are looking for peace and quiet. I have a big house way out in the country -- it is a lovely place in a lonely setting. You could be very quiet there!

COSTELLO: I DON'T WANNA BE THAT QUIET! Talk loud!

LORRE: Oh please don't frighten me!

ABBOTT: Costello -- what's the matter with you?

COSTELLO: Come here, Abbott -- come here. (WHISPERS) I don't wanna go to Lorre's house. He runs around with guys like Dracula and Frankenstein!

LORRE: What are you saying, Costello?

COSTELLO: Nothing --- nothing! I was only breathing!

LORRE: Breathing? I wish you wouldn't.

COSTELLO: ABBOTT ---- GET THIS GUY AWAY FROM ME!

ABBOTT: Costello, quit acting like a baby!

LORRE: Yes, Mister Costello -- your attitude offends me. I came here to invite you to my home as my guest. Won't you please come to visit me?

COSTELLO: Okay -- I'll come -- I'll come!

LORRE: WHEN?

COSTELLO: On visitor's day!

ABBOTT: Oh! Is that a nice thing to say, Costello?

LORRE: That's perfectly alright, Mr. Abbott. Your friend is laboring under the delusion that I'm peculiar. But I am not. I have a brother who's peculiar----but I'm alright.

COSTELLO: How do you know you're alright?

LORRE: My brother told me!

COSTELLO: That explains the resemblance!

ABBOTT: Quiet, Costello. Mister Lorre, I think it's charming of you to offer us the use of your home. We'll be only too glad to come.

LORRE: Tonight --- I hope! WHEN THE MOON IS DOWN!

COSTELLO: No, tomorrow when the sun is up ---WAY, WAY UP!

LORRE: You should not be afraid of the darkness -- My brother loved the darkness, too. At night he would go out and gather up a whole armful of darkness.

COSTELLO: That's nice work.

LORRE: Then he would put the darkness in his suitcase and carry it away with him.

ABBOTT: What happened?

COSTELLO: Then they carried him away!

ABBOTT: Where is your brother now, Mister Lorre?

LORRE: He came to an unfortunate end, in the room which you shall occupy. A few weeks ago, in a fit of anger, I shoved him into the fireplace. He burned -- a regrettable accident ---- WELL ---- I shall expect you at midnight.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSING)

COSTELLO: Abbott, did you get what he said? We can't go to Lorre's house and sleep in that room!

ABBOTT: Why not, Costello?

COSTELLO: But what about his brother? He's lyin' in the fireplace!

ABBOTT: Don't worry about that -- we'll be cozy!

COSTELLO: Yeah -- if the room gets chilly, all we have to do is throw another log on his brother!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: "BRAZIL" - HOLD FOR:

WALLINGTON: (ON CUE) Here's Freddie Rich's instrumental interpretation of the melodic new tune, "Brazil".

(APPLAUSE)

(MUSIC....MYSTERIOSO, FADING INTO:)

SOUND: MIDNIGHT CHIMES - BLEND IN START WITH ABOVE MUSIC CUE

LORRE: (CALLS) Raymond!...Raymond....?

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR OPENING

CANTOR: (WACKY MENACE) Yes, Doctor Lorre - did you call?

LORRE: Our guests will be here soon - Where is Gretchen, the housekeeper!

CANTOR: I'm sorry sir, but she broke her leg this morning and I had to shoot her!.....How do you like the new housekeeper, sir?

LORRE: Splendid, Raymond -- in fact, one of her heads is quite pretty!

CANTOR: I have also prepared the laboratory, Master --
(GLEEFULLY) Would you tell me what the experiment is tonight?

LORRE: I have a new invention - it will eliminate the parachute, One drink of my synthetic rubber serum from this crystal pitcher, and parachutes are not necessary - a man can bounce!.....Tonight, I will push Lou Costello off the tower!

CANTOR: But Master! - you tried that on a man last week and he didn't bounce!

LORRE: I know, but he dug a lovely well!

MUSIC: (SHARP ATTACK) MYSTERIOSO BRIDGE TO BLEND WITH:

SOUND: WIND AND THUNDER..BRING IN AUTOMOBILE TO STOP - CAR DOORS OPEN

ABBOTT: Well, Costello, I guess this is Peter Lorre's house!

COSTELLO: What a creepy lookin' joint - let's get outta here,
Abbott; that place is full of ghosts!

ABBOTT: Ghosts! Don't act like a coward! I'm glad my parents
taught me there was no such thing as ghosts!

CANTOR: (WEIRD SCREAM - OFF)

ABBOTT: What was that?

COSTELLO: That's one your parents overlooked!

ABBOTT: Oh, don't be such a dope. Knock on the door.

COSTELLO: Okay.

SOUND: TWO SHARP RAPS

COSTELLO: (QUICKLY) Nobody home, let's go, Abbott!

ABBOTT: Wait a minute! Where are you going?

COSTELLO: I gotta go home and feed my horse!

ABBOTT: You haven't got a horse!

COSTELLO: I know where I can buy one!

ABBOTT: Quiet, somebody's coming to the door....

SOUND: DOOR SQUEAKS OPEN EERILY

CANTOR: (SMILING) Good evening, gentlemen - I am Raymond.

COSTELLO: What's this - Inner Sanctum??

SOUND: DOOR SQUEAKS SHUT

CANTOR: (FADES) Please wait here - I'll call Dr. Lorre.

COSTELLO: (NERVOUSLY) Abbott, I don't like this. The chills
are runnin' up my spine!

ABBOTT: Don't you mean up and down!

COSTELLO: No - they're too scared to make a return trip!

LORRE: (FADES IN) Oh, good evening, gentlemen --I'm so glad you came. Mr. Costello, your legs are shaking...are you scared- stiff?

COSTELLO: No, it's just that my knees- jerk!

CANTOR: (OFF, CALLS) Dr. Lorre...Dr. Lorre- the room is ready for your guests.

ABBOTT: You know, that Raymond is a very faithful servant.

LORRE: Why not?- he's been a butler in our family for 300 years.

ABBOTT: Three hundred years!

COSTELLO: He must belong to a strong union!

LORRE: You will like your room - you will be sleeping next door to Napoleon.

ABBOTT: Napoleon! But he's been dead since 1821.

LORRE: Really? I wondered why he never came down to breakfast

COSTELLO: ABBOTT! GET ME OUTTA THIS JOINT!

ABBOTT: Oh stop it! Remember you came here for rest and peace.

COSTELLO: Yeah, but not to rest in peace!

LORRE: Well, this is the tower room -- and I wish you both a pleasant goodnight.

SOUND: RATTLES DOOR KNOB

ABBOTT: Just a minute, Mr. Lorre - this bedroom door is locked!

LORRE: Oh, just press that button, and a long arm will reach out and hand you the key!

COSTELLO: How long is the arm?

LORRE: About fifteen feet!

COSTELLO: IT'LL NEVER REACH ME!

ABBOTT: Oh, we don't want to put you to too much trouble. We'll just take this room across the hall.

LORRE: Oh, I had a guest in that room last week.

COSTELLO: So what?

LORRE: He slept there all night!

COSTELLO: So what?

LORRE: We found a knife in his back in the morning!

COSTELLO: So long!

ABBOTT: Costello, come back here! Dr. Lorre, who stuck the knife in that poor man's back!

LORRE: Raymond. The police were coming and he had no other place to hide it!

ABBOTT: But WHY DIDN'T YOU STOP HIM!

LORRE: I had my hands full!

COSTELLO: With what?

LORRE: The man's neck!

COSTELLO: That's a very funny choke!Lorre, you'll be the death of me yet! - WHAT AM I SAYING!

ABBOTT: Quiet! Come on, Costello, let's go in and get some sleep. Goodnight, Dr. Lorre.

LORRE: (SUSPENSEFULLY) Good night-t-t-t...

SOUND: (DOOR SLAMS)

ABBOTT: Now let's go to sleep!

SOUND: (CLICK OF SWITCH)

COSTELLO: (YELLS) ABBOTT! THE LIGHTS WENT OUT! WE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE...CALL THE POLICE.

ABBOTT: (QUICKLY) IT'S DARK, I CAN'T SEE! Wait a minute, here's the phone--that's funny, the dial's stuck!

COSTELLO: GET YOUR FINGER OUT OF MY EAR!...Abbott, gimme that' phone--(JIGGLES RECEIVER) Operator, get me the State Police...(PAUSE) Operator, get me the State Police... (PAUSE) OPERATOR, WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER ME!

GRAY: (FILTER) I'M ONLY TREE AND A HALF YEARS OLD!

COSTELLO: Matilda! We're up at Peter Lorre's house - he's gonna bump us off!

GRAY: DO WHAT??

COSTELLO: BUMP...BUMP...BUMP.

GRAY: I can't do bumps, Uncle Louie--I'm only tree and a half years old!

ABBOTT: Never mind the kid, Costello--look, I found a candle, --I'll light it.

SOUND: (MATCH)

COSTELLO: (SCARED) Abbott! Who's that behind me?

ABBOTT: Oh, that's just your shadow!

COSTELLO: Then why ain't it doin' the same thing that I'm doin'!

LORRE: (QUIETLY) It is only me--are you enjoying a good night's sleep?

COSTELLO: Lorre, how can I enjoy a good night's sleep in this creep joint?

LORRE: That's because you're new here!

COSTELLO: How can anybody get old here! ...I'm getting out!

ABBOTT: Costello! You can't walk out--you're Peter Lorre's guest.

LORRE: (SÔRROWFULLY) Yes, don't leave me --I am so lonesome!

COSTELLO: Listen, Lorre, remember you told us about pushing your brother in the fireplace? Why don't you join him!

LORRE: Join him??

COSTELLO: YEAH- GO MAKE AN ASH OF YOURSELF!

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

(APPLAUSE)

COMMERCIAL NO. 2

WALLINGTON: Whether you're talking about friends, or tires, or washing-machines, time is one of the most reliable tests of real character. That's true about cigarettes, too, and truest of all about Camels, the soldiers' cigarette of nineteen eighteen, and first in all the services today. We believe more people have smoked Camels longer than any other cigarette, and we say that's the best proof of Camel character. Here's another. Test Camels in your T-Zone--"T" for taste and "T" for throat, your own proving ground for flavor and mildness. Your taste will tell you that Camels have more flavor, and it's this extra flavor that helps Camels to wear well, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke. Your throat will give you the last word on Camel's mildness - the extra mildness that goes with slow burning and cool smoking. For steady smoking pleasure, get Camels--the cigarette that's expertly blended of costlier tobaccos!

CHORUS: C-A-M-E-L-S!

WALLINGTON: Camels' Get a pack tonight! And remember, you can still send Camels to Army personnel in the United States, and to men in the Navy, Marines, or Coast Guard wherever they are. The Post Office rule against mailing packages applies only to those sent to men in the overseas Army. --And here's news for servicemen-- the traveling Camel Caravans will perform in eleven Army, Navy and Marine bases throughout the country this week. Don't miss them!

MUSIC: TRUMPET FANFARE

WALLINGTON: A special announcement from Washington, for all women between the ages of 18 and 44, either married or unmarried providing they have no dependents or children under 14. The Women's Army Auxiliary Corps needs recruits immediately and you will have an opportunity to be assigned to work that interests you. Furthermore if you are accepted by the WAACs, you will receive the same pay and the same benefits as enlisted men and officers in the army. Why not go to your nearest army recruiting and induction station tomorrow and get the facts about the WAACS yourself -----do not apply to Washington. Remember you can join the WAACS and free a man for service in the front lines!.....

MUSIC: "LOUISIANA HAYRIDE"

WALLINGTON: And now, here's Abbott and Costello again - with Peter Lorre --

ABBOTT: Thanks, Jimmy -- well, Peter, Lou and I have certainly enjoyed having you with us, tonight.

LORRE: Thanks, boys.

COSTELLO: Yeah, and another thing, Lorre, we're leaving for California after next Thursday's program. Elsa Maxwell's gonna throw a farewell party for us, and we'd like to have you come - if you promise **not** to scare people!

LORRE: Oh, in real life I am not like that -- I am very gentle and loving.

ABBOTT: You mean you were in love????

LORRE: Yes, I once had a lovely girl. One time we sat on a bench in the park. Then she looked at me -- and I looked her....then she looked at me again - and I looked her. I didn't know what to do, so --

COSTELLO: Yeah???

LORRE: So I killed her!

COSTELLO: GOODNIGHT!

(APPLAUSE)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ THEME . . HOLD UNDER:)

WALLINGTON: Remember, Camels presents four great radio shows each week - The Camel Caravan tomorrow night, Bob Hawk on Saturday, Monday night it's Blondie - and next Thursday, Abbott & Costello, with their guest - Miss Elsa Maxwell! And now, this is Jimmy Wallington, reminding you to hear the Camel Caravan tomorrow night, and wishing you all a very pleasant goodnight - from New York.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ THEME UP TO FINISH)

ENGINEER: CUT FOR HITCH-HIKE

HITCH-HIKE

VOICE: Say, Mister Pipe-smoker, do you ever feel like you've been chewing on the business end of a blow torch? Well, then you need to switch to Prince Albert, the pipe tobacco that's no-bite treated for cool, tongue-happy smoking comfort! You'll like Prince Albert for the way it stays lit, too -- that's because it's crimp cut to pack and draw just right. There are around fifty mild, rich-tasting pipefuls in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert. Try P.A. for Pipe Appeal! It's the National Joy Smoke!

ANNOUNCER: This is the National Broadcasting Co.

/nc/mcm
11:45 pm
2/10/43

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