

(REHEARSAL DRAFT)

WEAF

THE ABBOTT AND COSTELLO PROGRAM

(FINAL DRAFT)

FOR

CAMELS CIGARETTES

( ) ( )  
10:00 - 10:30 PM

FEBRUARY 18, 1943

THURSDAY

ELSA MAXWELL ---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 fourth broadcast 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, Miss Elsa  
Maxwell -- and starring: BUD ABBOTT AND LOU COSTELLO!

(MUSIC: . . UP TO FINISH:)

(APPLAUSE)

COSTELLO: HEY ABBOTT-T-T-T-T-T-T-T

ABBOTT: Costello, you're late again! We've got a lot of packing to do! This is our last broadcast in New York City, and we'll be back in California next week. That ought to make you happy!

COSTELLO: I dunno, Abbott -- I kinda like New York.

ABBOTT: Well, for me, I'll take the West. For instance, where can you see ten thousand head of cattle in one corral?

COSTELLO: Did you ever see a New York subway! (APPLAUSE!!!!!!!!)

ABBOTT: You know, Costello, I just can't wait to get back to Hollywood!

COSTELLO: Yeah, me too! I wanna be with Hedy Lamarr again!

ABBOTT: Wait a minute! You don't know Hedy Lamarr!

COSTELLO: Oh no? - the day before I left I went around the golf course with her!

ABBOTT: You did?

COSTELLO: Yeah - were her clubs heavy!

ABBOTT: I knew you were lying, Costello, because it just so happens that I am Hedy Lamarr's pet!

COSTELLO: What's the matter - can't she afford a dog!

ABBOTT: Oh, quiet! Incidentally, before we leave tomorrow, you should buy some clothes. I know a place where, for fifteen dollars, you can get an overcoat, a suit, three pairs of pants, hat, gloves, shoes and a free pencil box!

COSTELLO: Must be somethin' wrong with that pencil box!

CANTOR: (FADES IN) TELEGRAM FOR ABBOTT AND COSTELLO \*\* TELEGRAM!

COSTELLO: Here - I'll take it, kid!

CANTOR: Okay.....(PAUSE) Wel-1-1-1?

COSTELLO: Well what?

CANTOR: Cant'cha see I have my palm out?

COSTELLO: Yesh, but I don't read palms!

ABBOTT: Oh, here's a dime, kid. By the way, how's the messenger business?

CANTOR: Ahh, it's pretty slow, buddy - things are tough.

COSTELLO: Well, if things are tough, why dont'cha sit down here and watch our broadcast??

CANTOR: Things ain't that tough! - so long!

(DOOR SLAMS)

ABBOTT: Come on, Costello, read the telegram - it may be important!

(PAPER NOISE)

COSTELLO: Hey Abbott, it's from Universal Pictures in Hollywood -- it says, "Abbott and Costello: there is an egg shortage in California, please hurry back!" - HOW D'YA LIKE THAT!

ABBOTT: Never mind! Read the rest of it!

COSTELLO: Okay - (READS) "Scout around New York for idea for your next picture! Try to get great play or story! Don't fail!" ABBOTT! I'M GONNA FIND A PLAY WHERE I'LL BE DRAMATIC!

ABBOTT: Don't be silly! YOU can't play dramatic parts!

COSTELLO: Oh no?? One time on the stage I played the lead in a tragedy! Abbott, I played the part so sad that a man in the audience pulled out a gun and tried to commit suicide!

ABBOTT: He did?

COSTELLO: Yeah....it's a funny thing - the bullet just missed my head!

WALLINGTON: Good evening boys - how 'bout taking me to the Coast to play the handsome lover in your new picture?

COSTELLO: Jimmy Wallington! - how can you play a romantic lead?

WALLINGTON: Why not? All a lover needs is curly hair and a straight part!

COSTELLO: Yeah - but you got straight hair and a CURLY part!

ABBOTT: Now stop that, Costello! I think Jimmy has fine screen possibilities!

WALLINGTON: That's right --- everyone says I have the face of Clark Gable!

COSTELLO: The only trouble is he's wearing it!

ABBOTT: Just a second, Costello - why should you make fun of Jimmy Wallington's romantic qualities. -- He probably knows more pretty girls than you do.

WALLINGTON: Yes, Bud - As a matter of fact, you should've seen me on Park Avenue the other day -- I had Constance Bennett on one arm and Madeleine Carroll on the other!

COSTELLO: Who does your tatooing???

ABBOTT: Don't be so smart, Costello -- someday you may need Jimmy Wallington!

WALLINGTON: That's right -- today you're top box office, Costello; but someday I may be your boss and you'll be nothing!

COSTELLO: That's a fine job - boss over nothing!

(DOOR OPENS LOUDLY)

ABBOTT: Say, Costello, look - here comes Mrs. Niles' sister, Minnie!

MINNIE: Hiyah fellas, y'know what I mean! How 'bout puttin' me in your picture; I don't cost much. I don't get five hundred a week, I don't four hundred, I don't get three hundred, I don't two hundred --

COSTELLO: She could keep that up all night!

ABBOTT: Why do you have to be so unkind to people? I think Minnie's quite talented!

MINNIE: Yeah - did you know, Costello, that I was supposed to go to Hollywood and play opposite Gene Autry??

COSTELLO: What happened to Autry's other horse!

MINNIE: Don't get personal, y'know what I mean! I got plenty of boy friends, I'll never forget one of them--everytime we came to a mud puddle, he used to take off my coat; throw it in the mud - and walk across it!

ABBOTT: That wasn't very nice!

MINNIE: I didn't mind that, except the last two times he left me in the coat!

COSTELLO: Soft walking, eh? Look Minnie, will you leave us alone? - I gotta work on my picture, and I haven't got time for your romance!

MINNIE: You didn't treat me that way this morning - after I kissed you, you were breathless!

COSTELLO: Why not - you hadda chase me for eight blocks!

ABBOTT: Costello, stop wasting time with casting - we've got to find a story!

WALLINGTON: Pardon me, fellas, but before you get off the subject, how about trying to get me a contract with Universal? After all, I'm the rugged, he-man type!

COSTELLO: Well, Wallington, I can't fix it at Universal, but I got some other connections. I'll call them right now.

(PHONE UP AND DIALING OVER:)

WALLINGTON: Gee, this is nice of you, Costello!

ABBOTT: Costello's okay, Jimmy.....

COSTELLO: Hello...? This is Lou Costello -- I wonder if you fellas would sign up Jimmy Wallington right away?--He's over six fee, weighs a hundred and ninety, clean cut American boy....You can use him? Swell, I'll send 'im right over!

(PHONE DOWN)

ABBOTT: You know, Costello, that was a mighty fine thing to do.

WALLINGTON: I'll say it was! - Who were you talking to, Costello?

COSTELLO: YOUR DRAFT BOARD!

(MUSIC.....PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE)

WALLINGTON: You know, these days women are doing a great job to help in the war effort. Just take Charlotte Thon (PRONOUNCED "THAWN"), for instance. She's a cartographer for Rand McNally, and her job is to help make fighting maps for the Army. Like thousands of men and women in war plants and in the services, Miss Thon smokes Camels. She's said, QUOTE:

THON  
VOICE:

I've smoked Camels for years. They're smooth, easy on my throat. And that full, rich flavor doesn't tire my taste!

WALLINGTON: UNQUOTE. If you're looking for steady smoking pleasure, try a pack of Camels yourself! Give 'em the T-Zone test -- "T" for taste and "T" for throat -- your own proving ground for flavor and mildness. I'm pretty sure your taste will go for Camel's flavor -- the extra flavor that helps Camels to wear well, pack after pack, no matter how many you smoke. And your throat will give you the last word on Camel's extra mildness. For yourself, for that fellow in the service, get Camels -- the slow burning, cool smoking cigarette that's expertly blended of costlier tobaccos! Your throat and your taste will tell you!

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

WALLINGTON: Camels! Get a pack tonight! You'll want to buy a carton tomorrow!

(MUSIC: . . . "JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS" - FADE FOR)

WALLINGTON: Freddie Rich and the Orchestra add a bright new sparkle to an ever-popular Cole Porter tune - "Just One of Those Those Things!" (APPLAUSE)



SECOND SPOT

ABBOTT: Come on, Costello, we've got to get busy! Universal has to have a high class story for our next picture. We've got to find a play by somebody like Eugene O'Neil, George Bernard Shaw or even Shakespeare.

COSTELLO: I'm writing a play myself, Abbott. And when it comes to writing plays, I've got something even Shakespeare didn't have.

ABBOTT: What's that?

COSTELLO: A typewriter!

ABBOTT: Oh, quiet! Suppose you give me an idea of your story.

COSTELLO: Well, it's a story of a boy named Watermelon and a girl named Cantelope.

ABBOTT: A boy named Watermelon and a girl named Cantelope?

COSTELLO: Yeah - it's a melon-drama!

ABBOTT: Costello this is no time to get silly! Get busy on your play! Where's your typewriter?

COSTELLO: In my bedroom!

(TYPEWRITER CARRIAGE BANGING AND RINGING VIOLENTLY)

COSTELLO: (YELLS) HEY! Who's that fiddling with my typewriter?  
You're gonna bust it!

(DOOR OPENS QUICKLY)"

GRAY: No I won't - I'm only three and half years old. (LAUGHS)

COSTELLO: MATILDA! Go away! I need that typewriter - I'm workin'  
on a play!

GRAY: Uncle Louie, I'm gonna write a play for you myself; it's  
all about George Washington!

ABBOTT: Matilda, I don't believe you know anything at all about  
George Washington. Who cut down the cherry tree?

GRAY: Popeye!

COSTELLO: POPEYE!!!!

GRAY: Yes - when Washington's father asked him who cut down  
the cherry tree, he said, "Pop, I did it!" (LAUGHS)

ABBOTT: Matilda! Don't you know anything about George  
Washington?

GRAY: Uh-huh. George Washington was the first man to take a  
taxi cab.

COSTELLO: There were no taxi cabs in George Washington's time!

GRAY: Well it says in the book that George took a hack at the  
tree.

ABBOTT: Listen, Matilda - there were no automobiles in those days!  
Even the Revolutionary War was fought on foot.

GRAY: My Great - GREAT - grandfather fought in the Revolutionary  
War in Brooklyn. The bad men fired 200 shots and never  
hit him once.

COSTELLO: How come he never got hit?

GRAY: He was a Brooklyn Dodger! (LAUGHS)

ABBOTT: All right Matilda, you go to your room and study your  
history. Uncle Louie has to finish his play.

COSTELLO: That's right kid. I'm waiting for my secretary.

GRAY: (AGHAST) UNCLE LOUIE! WHAT YOU SAID! A BAD WORD!

COSTELLO: What's wrong with secretary?

GRAY: A secretary is a bureau, a bureau is a dresser, a dresser  
is a chiffonier, a chiffonier is a tall thing with  
drawers and DRAWERS IS A NAUGHTY WORD!

COSTELLO: GET OUT OF HERE!

ABBOTT: Costello, you'd better call down again for that  
secretary. You'll never get your play dictated!

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

ABBOTT: Come in!

(DOOR OPENS)

MAXWELL: Hello boys!

COSTELLO: (WHISPERS) Hey Abbott! She's a pretty fat secretary!

ABBOTT: You dope, don't you know who this is? - society's  
favorite daughter -- ELSA MAXWELL!!!

(APPLAUSE)

ABBOTT: Hello Elsa. Nice to have you with us tonight! Costello this is Elsa Maxwell.

COSTELLO: Maxwell? You mean she's what Jack Benny donated to the scrap drive?

MAXWELL: No - I'm another old wreck!

ABBOTT: Costello, this is ELSA Maxwell, in the flesh!

COSTELLO: In the flesh? Well there's plenty of it. She was built before meat was rationed!

MAXWELL: Quiet, baby bunion!

COSTELLO: Baby bunion?

MAXWELL: Yes, you're a little corny!

ABBOTT: Don't mind him Elsa! Are you going to arrange one of your famous parties for us before we leave for Hollywood tonight?

MAXWELL: No Bud, any party talk is out tonight. I heard you were looking for a play.

COSTELLO: That's right, Miss Maxwell. What vehicle would you suggest for me?

MAXWELL: How about a patrol wagon?

COSTELLO: Abbott, she gets better lines than I do!

ABBOTT: Keep quiet! Elsa, have you something in mind for us? I know you've produced some Broadway shows.

MAXWELL: Yes, Bud, I've been on the stage and I also worked in Western pictures. In fact I played a regular western girl. I shot from the hip.

COSTELLO: FROM WAY OUT THERE?

ABBOTT: Shut up and listen to Elsa.

MAXWELL: Thanks Bud. The only trouble with my western picture was that they had to jack me up to get me on a horse.

COSTELLO: Then they had to jack up the horse!

ABBOTT: Pipe down! Elsa, what's your idea for our next picture?

MAXWELL: It's a lovely play, Anthony and Cleopatra! Costello, you will be Mark Anthony and I (GRAVEL VOICE) will be Cleopatra - a siren of the Nile

COSTELLO: You sound like a fog horn on the Hudson!

ABBOTT: You don't understand! Elsa will be Cleopatra, the most enchanting lady on the Nile. Her form flows like the river!

COSTELLO: Well it's over-flowing in some places.

MAXWELL: Mister Costello, in this play, I am a sorceress!

COSTELLO: A sorceress? -- you're the whole set of dishes!!!

ABBOTT: Costello, shut up! Elsa, what costume will you wear in this play?

MAXWELL: It will take seven veils to cover me.

COSTELLO: I demand a recount!

ABBOTT: Don't mind him Elsa; explain the story.

MAXWELL: All right Bud. Now, as Cleopatra, I have many suitors but I tire of them. In quest of new romance, Costello, I stumble over you!

COSTELLO: Clumsy, ain't you?

ABBOTT: She means she meets you. She falls in love. She says -  
"Dost thou want me, dost thou cherish me, dost thou love  
me, dost thou - - -

COSTELLO: (SNEEZES)

ABBOTT: What's the matter?

COSTELLO: There's too much dust!

MAXWELL: Then I get you in my clutches, but you break away! You're  
in my clutches again but you break away - -

COSTELLO: Looks like my brakes are okay - but my clutch is slipping!

ABBOTT: Costello, let Elsa finish the story.

MAXWELL: Then we come to the big climax. In the dead of night  
you help me escape from the wicked Pharaoh - you climb up  
to my room, lift me up in your arms, carry me down the  
parapet, and, still holding me in your arms, you rush  
across twenty miles of desert with me.

COSTELLO: WAIT A MINUTE. I'm supposed to pick you up, carry you  
down a parapet and then run twenty miles with you in my  
arms?

MAXWELL: Certainly.

COSTELLO: Okay! I'll see you later.

MAXWELL: Where are you going?

COSTELLO: Out to get a bowl of Wheaties!

(MUSIC: - - - "AS TIME GOES BY" - - - HOLD UNDER)

WALLINGTON: Connie Haines revives an old melodic favorite now, the  
theme of the motion picture, "Casablanca" - "As Time Goes  
By".

(APPLAUSE)

ABBOTT: (YELLING) Alright! Everybody on stage! The rehearsal is about to start. Costello, are you all ready for your big love scene with Elsa Maxwell.

COSTELLO: No, I ain't. Do I have to make love to this Maxwell dame? Why can't I get a good looking girl?

ABBOTT: What do you care about her looks? After all, beauty is only skin deep.

COSTELLO: Yeh -- but I ain't got time to skin her!

ABBOTT: Never mind her looks! (CALLS) Oh, Jimmy Wallington - will you please set the scene for Miss Maxwell's play?

WALLINGTON: Okay, Bud -- as our scene opens, we find Julius Caesar Abbott, and Mark Anthony Costello making their way across the Sahara Desert, headed for Cleopatra Maxwell's kingdom in the land of Egypt. Julius Caesar speaks --

ABBOTT: Anthony, my friend, just look at this Egyptian Desert. Did you ever see such a place? It isn't fit for a pig!

COSTELLO: Oh yes it is. Rommell was here for a long time!

(APPLAUSE)

ABBOTT: Oh, talk sense! Come on, we must be getting close to Cleopatra's camp. Walk faster!

COSTELLO: I can't walk any faster Abbott -- my feet hurt!

ABBOTT: Is there something wrong with your shoes?

COSTELLO: Shoes! I think I got some sand under my sugar stamp!

ABBOTT: Say, here we are at Cleopatra's Camp! There's one of the Queen's guards. (CALLING) Oh, Guard! Tell Cleopatra that Julius Caesar and Mark Anthony are here.

CANTOR: (DIALECT) Which one is Anthony!

COSTELLO: I am,

CANTOR: Mmmmm--am I lucky? Mister Anthony I got it trouble. My wife has left me...she ran away! Now, my problem is--

ABBOTT: Just a minute! You've got the wrong program! This is a play about the Sahara.

CANTOR: That's it - my wife Sarah is always playing around!

COSTELLO: This gets even worse, folks. I know, I read the script!

ABBOTT: Quiet! Here comes Cleopatra. She's smiling at you, Anthony!

MAXWELL: (READS EXTREMELY SLOW) Welcome, Julius Caesar and Mark Anthony to the land of Egypt.

COSTELLO: (MIMICS HER) I hope we ain't keeping you up!

MAXWELL: (STRAIGHT) Remember Costello - I am playing the part of an Egyptian. Anything I say will sound very drowsy!

COSTELLO: What a spot for an Ad lib!

ABBOTT: **Costello!** Stick to the script! Go ahead Miss Maxwell.

MAXWELL: Welcome, Sires, to the land of the Pharoahs - with its desert, its mystery, its Pyramids, and its Sphinx!

COSTELLO: It certainly does!



ABBOTT: Well, Costello -- say something!

COSTELLO: You're just shoving me into another ad lib!

MAXWELL: Mister Costello! I can see you know nothing about radio drama! Why don't you listen to a few programs and see what the latest dope is in radio?

COSTELLO: What's the latest dope in radio?

MAXWELL: (DIALECT) Shall I tell him?

ABBOTT: Come on Costello -- let's get on with the play! You have come here as Mark Anthony, the great lover. Take Elsa Maxwell in your arms and read your line.

COSTELLO: Okay. (UP) Ah, Cleopatra my love, at last I have you in my arms, my proud beauty.

MAXWELL: But I am not proud.

COSTELLO: You're no beauty, either!

ABBOTT: Go ahead, Costello -- ask her for her hand in marriage.

MAXWELL: Yes, Anthony hear -- speak to me. Say the words that will make me happy.

COSTELLO: Stay single, kid!

MAXWELL: Oh, Anthony darling. How can you be so cruel tonight when I feel so good? Why, I feel like a new man!

COSTELLO: Hey--this dame ain't kidding! I'm gettin' out of here!

ABBOTT: Come back here, Costello! This is where YOU PROPOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS MAXWELL.

COSTELLO: But I don't want to get married.

ABBOTT: Nonsense! Every man has to break the ice sometime!

COSTELLO: Yeah -- but I don't have to break it with a battle axe!

MAXWELL: Let me handle this. Come. Oh Mark Anthony. Maybe the Egyptian moonlight will weave a spell over you. We shall ride down the river in my canoe--just the two of us.

COSTELLO: THE TWO OF US IN ONE CANOE???

MAXWELL: Yes, won't that be ducky?

COSTELLO: YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!

ABBOTT: COSTELLO!

COSTELLO: I was PADDLING MY PART!

ABBOTT: Get on with the play!

COSTELLO: It's no use Abbott. Miss Maxwell and I can never be anything more than friends.

MAXWELL: Oh no! Not that! Don't call me just a friend -- call me anything but that, please!

COSTELLO: I'm afraid I can't.

ABBOTT: Take him in your arms Elsa. He's weakening!

MAXWELL: Come to me, my darling. Now -- am I just a friend?

COSTELLO: Yes.

MAXWELL: I will put my cheek against yours. Do you still want to call me friend?

COSTELLO: (WEAKER) Yes.

MAXWELL: I will kiss you.

(LOUD KISS)

MAXWELL: Now -- am I just a friend?

COSTELLO: (WHISPERS) No.

MAXWELL: What would you like to call me?

COSTELLO: MOTHER!

ABBOTT: Costello, that's an insult! Apologize at once!

MAXWELL: (COLDLY) It is too late. Perhaps the great Mark Anthony is in love with someone else. Speak up, fool, before I have your head!

COSTELLO: Yes, it's true! I am in love with one of your dancing girls!

MAXWELL: Aha---a dancing girl! So! You thought you could trifle with my affections, eh? I, Cleopatra the magnificent; I, the Queen; I, the Ruler of Egypt; I, the envy of the world!

COSTELLO: What is this -- "I THE PEOPLE"?

ABBOTT: Speak up, Costello--who is this dancing girl you're in love with?

COSTELLO: Her name is Salami.

ABBOTT: No - No! That's SALOME!

COSTELLO: Salome---Salami--she's still a lovely dish!

MAXWELL: Salome, eh? I'll have both your heads for this! Where is the guard? (CALLS) GUARD! GUARD!

CANTOR: (DIALECT) Yes, my queen?

MAXWELL: (FADES) Keep an eye on Mark Anthony while I get Salome.

CANTOR: Yes, my queen. Mister Anthony -- can you help me with my problem. My wife ran away--

ABBOTT: Look, I told you this is the wrong program.

CANTOR: But what a problem I got. Oy vey! I'm about to lose my mind!

COSTELLO: He's about to lose his mind. I'M ABOUT TO LOSE MY HEAD!

MAXWELL: (FADING IN) Come along, Salome! Tell me, girl! Do you know this little pail of lard here?

CONNIE: Yes, I do, my Queen. (SEDUCTIVE) Hello my fat little sugar man!

COSTELLO: That voice -- it kills me!

MAXWELL: Ah, me -- tis a pity you must lose your life for a dancing girl. I could have danced for you, you know. I've been studying fan dancing.

ABBOTT: ELSA MAXWELL DOING A FAN DANCE???

MAXWELL: Certainly.

COSTELLO: What do you use - windmills?

MAXWELL: That's the crowning insult! Just for that you shall die here and now.

COSTELLO: Abbott! She's got a snake in her hand - it's gonna bite me.

ABBOTT: It's just a little green snake!

COSTELLO: The green ones are just as dangerous as the ripe ones!

ABBOTT: Costello - I'll blow out the lights and we'll make a dash for it.

(GUST OF AIR)

MAXWELL: (SHOUTS) The lights! The lights! Guard! Don't let them escape! They're running away with Salome!

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

ABBOTT: Quick- here's some horses. Jump on, and let's get away.

COSTELLO: Come on, Salome, I'll carry you!

(HORSES HOOFS)

COSTELLO: We'll be safe in a few minutes, Salome dear. Lift your veil so I can see your pretty face. Speak to me, Salome -- it's me - Anthony!

CANTOR: (DIALECT) Mister Anthony, I have a problem --

COSTELLO: Get out of here! Abbott -- we gotta go back -- I can't leave without Salome.

ABBOTT: You dummy! Quit yelling! I've got Salome right here in my arms! I saved her for you!

COSTELLO: Oh, Abbott - you're a real pal. What a pal! How is she? Is she sleeping?

ABBOTT: (WHISPERS) I think so! SHHH! Don't make any noise! I'll lift her veil!

COSTELLO: (WHISPERS) Okay -- Salome my darling - are you asleep?

GRAY: Uh-huh. I'M ONLY THREE AND A HALF YEARS OLD:

COSTELLO: (YELLS)

(APPLAUSE)

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ PLAYOFF \_ . . . . .)

WALLINGTON: Want to hear a new language? Listen!

VOICE: (NICE YOUNG GUY) I spot a G.I. ghost suit and I figure it's a snow bunny. I'm just about to show him to make a Sitzmark when I see the guy's wearing chickens -- so I keep dainty!

WALLINGTON: It's just part of the new Army lingo -- and the moral is, if you see a ski trooper in a white uniform, make sure he's not a Colonel before you start to play rough. There's a word for the service man's favorite cigarette, too, spelled C-A-M-E-L, pronounced Camel! -- the favorite in all the services, according to actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens. Good reason for you to get Camels, whether you're planning to thank that Yank with 'em, or just looking for a better cigarette for yourself. Yes, Camels are better. They have more flavor for one thing -- the extra flavor that helps Camels hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke. And, of course, Camels are extra mild because they're slow burning and cool smoking. For steady smoking pleasure, stick to Camels -- the cigarette that's expertly blended of costlier tobaccos!

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

WALLINGTON: Camels! 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 .....(MORE)

Commercial (CONF'D)

WALLINGTON: And here's news for servicemen--the traveling Camel Caravans will entertain in eleven Army, Navy and Marine encampments this week. Watch for them, fellas -- you'll have a swell time.

(THEME: (HOLD UNDER FOR)

WALLINGTON: And now, here's Abbott and Costello, with a final word --

COSTELLO: Thanks Jimmy. We're a little late folks. We just want to tell you that we'll be broadcasting back in Hollywood next week.

ABBOTT: That's right -- and our guest will be Miss Mary Boland. She's a grand comedienne and we should have lots of fun.

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO: (TOGETHER) Goodnight folks.

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME UP (HOLD UNDER)

WALLINGTON: Remember, Camels presents four great radio show each week-- The Camel Caravan tomorrow night, Bob Hawk on Saturday, Monday night its Blondie, and next Thursday, Abbott & Costello with their guest - Miss Mary Boland! And now this is Jimmy Wallington, who's had a swell time with Abbott & Costello for the last four weeks, bidding them Bon Voyage on their trip back to California -- and don't forget to be sure to hear the Camel Caravan tomorrow night. Good night!

MUSIC: THEME UP TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

ENGINEER: (CUT FOR HITCH-HIKE)

HITCH HIKE  
CAMEL CIGARETTES  
Prince Albert

-23-

#20

VOICE: Mister, I don't care how long you've been smoking a pipe, you can't get used to having your tongue bit, can you? You don't need to, either, if you switch to Prince Albert, the pipe tobacco that's no-bite treated for cool, tongue-happy smoking comfort. And that's not all! Prince Albert stays lit, packs right for easy drawing -- because it's crimp cut. You get around fifty mild, rich-tasting pipefuls in every handy pocket package, too! Try P.A. for Pipe Appeal! It's the National Joy Smoke!

ANNOUNCER: This is the National Broadcasting Company.

mr/nh/fm  
10:00 am  
2/18/43

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