

MARCH 4, 1943
7:00 - 7:30 P.M.
NBC NETWORK

(FINAL DRAFT)

THE ABBOTT AND COSTELLO PROGRAM
FOR
CAMEL CIGARETTES

Carmen Miranda,
Guest Star

MUSIC: PERFIDIA INTRO TO:

BAND: (CHORUS) C..A..M..E..L..S!

NILES: CAMELS! The cigarette that's first in the service
presents,.....THE ABBOTT AND COSTELLO
PROGRAM!

MUSIC: SWEEPS UP AND UNDER:

NILES: With the music of Freddie Rich and his Orchestra, the
songs of Connie Haines, Billy Gray as little Matilda,
tonight's guest, Miss Carmen Miranda -- and starring
BUD ABBOTT AND LOU COSTELLO!

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

51459 7967

COSTELLO: HEY ABBOTTTTTTTTTT!

ABBOTT: Costello! You're late again as usual. What kept you this time?

COSTELLO: Oh, I stopped on the corner to read the paper, Abbott. There was a big headline that says, "Germany Smells!"

ABBOTT: ^{Yeah}
~~You did?~~

COSTELLO: Yeah! It said American Bombers fly over Germany and sprinkle cologne! (APPLAUSE)

ABBOTT: By the way, Costello -- I got a letter from Universal Studios today. They still want us to find a story or a play that we can make into a picture.

COSTELLO: I know one thing, Abbott -- I want Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor in my next picture. I like them so much I have Barbara tattooed on my back and Taylor tattooed on my chest.

ABBOTT: Let me look at that -- say! I don't see Robert Taylor on your chest!

COSTELLO: What! -- Is he back there with Barbara again?

NILES: (FADES IN) Well, good evening, boys. Hello, Bud.

ABBOTT: Oh, it's Ken Niles, our announcer.

NILES: Say, Costello. Would you mind smiling for me?

COSTELLO: Sure, Niles -- you mean like this?

NILES: (CHUCKLING) Hm, just as I thought -- you do look like a chipmunk! Ha ha ha ha ha ha! That's what I call good humor!

COSTELLO: Then why don't you put on a white coat and sell it!

51459 7968

ABBOTT: Stop fighting with Ken Niles and let's get back to the picture.

NILES: Oh, that reminds me -- I expect a part in your picture -- I've been practicing my acting in secret. For weeks now I've been going to an old ^{HAY 1075} ~~livery stable~~.

ABBOTT: What were you doing there?

COSTELLO: Oh, he was in there pitching!

ABBOTT: Will you stop that?

NILES: You can't make fun of my acting, Costello -- why, I can still remember my last appearance on the stage: Cheers were resounding from the rafters, lights were shining in my eyes, applause was ringing in my ears --

COSTELLO: And the tomatoes were dripping from your chin!

ABBOTT: Now wait a minute. Ken is a fine actor, and he should be in our picture!

COSTELLO: Okay, Niles, I'll give you a part -- as the picture opens, they find you drowning in the bath-tub!

NILES: Don't I have any lines?

COSTELLO: Yes, two.

NILES: What are they?

COSTELLO: Glub! Glub! ... You see, Niles, this picture is a mystery.

ABBOTT: What's Niles doing in the bath-tub?

COSTELLO: That's the mystery! ... Suddenly a shot is heard!

NILES: Do I get hit?

COSTELLO: Yeah.

NILES: Where?

COSTELLO: Between the towel rack and the soap dish!

BLANC: (FADES IN) Telegram for Abbott and Costello - telegram
for Abbott and Costello.

Costello:

ABBOTT: *you Tom Juicey.*
Here, boy - I'll take it! (PAPER NOISE) Say, Costello -
it's from Universal Pictures - it says "Have signed
contest winner as leading lady for your next picture.
She is from the South, and will call upon you tonight!"

COSTELLO: Oh boy! Contest winner! ... Hey, kid, here's a tip -
got change of a quarter?

BLANC: No-o-o - er - I don't think so!

COSTELLO: Then keep the whole quarter.

BLANC: (ANGRY) Oh no y' don't! -- If I take that quarter it
puts me in the higher income tax bracket!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

COSTELLO: Abbott! A contest winner from the South! I always
wanted to make love to a girl with a slow Southern drawl.

ABBOTT: Why?

COSTELLO: Because when you ask a Southern girl to kiss you, before
she can say no - it's too late!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

ABBOTT: (EXCITEDLY) That must be our leading lady! Straighten
your tie, Costello! (CALLS) Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MARTHA: (BUBBLING) Hello, boys - sorry I'm late. Universal
told me you wanted me, so I flew right over! (LAUGHS)

COSTELLO: What did you fly in on, the five-fifteen broom from
Pomona??

ABBOTT: Just a minute, Madame - would you mind telling us who you are?

MARTHA: Ohhh, I forgot to tell you - I'm your new leading lady - Peaches Gooch; Miss Riveter of 1943!

COSTELLO: You look more like Miss La Brea Tar Pits of 1906!

MARTHA: (LAUGHS) They told me at the studio that you were so funny... (WHEEZES)

COSTELLO: Pardon me - are your lungs having an argument?

ABBOTT: Just a second, Costello! Peaches, we're very happy to have you with us in our picture.

COSTELLO: (YELLS) Hey, Abbott!

ABBOTT: Stop complaining, Costello! -- Peaches has some nice features. Look - she even has a cupid-bow mouth!

COSTELLO: And her nose hangs over it like an arrow!

MARTHA: Well, I'm not as young as I used to be. I'll admit I have a double chin!

COSTELLO: Don't worry about that -- your lower lip hides it!

ABBOTT: Tell us, Peaches, just what kind of contest did you win?

MARTHA: I won the contest for the fastest launching at the shipyards!

ABBOTT: What happened?

MARTHA: I bent over to pick up a rivet, somebody hit me with a bottle of champagne, and the next thing I knew I was two miles out at sea!

COSTELLO: Your face looks like it's been in drydock!

ABBOTT: Just a minute, Peaches -- how do we know you can act?

MARTHA: I'll recite a poem they wrote about me at the shipyards.

ABBOTT: Go ahead, Peaches - let's hear it.

MARTHA: (RECITES) "Peaches Gooch, the riveter,
Each day she goes to work;
With her red-hot pail of rivets,
Her job she'll never shirk;
Peaches should be in pictures --
Notice how she struts!
Don't you think I'm wonderful...?"

COSTELLO: No - I THINK YOU'RE NUTS! GET 'ER OUTTA HERE!

MUSIC: PLAY OFF

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: If you want to know where most of those nylon stockings went, just ask Adeline Gray, the expert parachute rigger who helped in the pioneer work of the new nylon chute... was the first woman to make a test jump in one. Miss Gray believes in testing her cigarettes, too -- in her T zone -- T for taste and "T" for Throat -- anybody's own proving ground for flavor and mildness. She has said, quote --

GRAY
VOICE: I always smoke Camels. Have for years. The flavor is just the way I like it, round, rich, and full. No matter how often I smoke, Camels never tire my taste or get my throat.

NILES: Unquote. Just ask your own taste about that Camel flavor -- the extra flavor that helps Camels wear well, pack after pack, no matter how many you smoke. And your throat will give you the last word on Camels extra mildness -- mildness that goes with Camels 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

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

MUSIC: "TAKING A CHANCE ON LOVE" - HOLD FOR:

NILES: Here's a swell rhythmic ballad from MGM's "Cabin in the Sky" - Connie Haines sings: "Takin' a Chance on Love".
(APPLAUSE)

COSTELLO: Hey, Abbott. How do you like that -- Universal sending me that riveting dame for a leading lady. I think I'll write them a letter and tell 'em off!

ABBOTT: Okay -- here, you can use my pencil -- if you can write!

COSTELLO: What do you mean if I can write? Why I sign my name a thousand times a day for autograph hounds!

ABBOTT: Quiet! You don't even know what an autograph hound is!

COSTELLO: Yes I do -- it's a person who jumps out of an alley, tears your shirt, pulls your hair, kicks you in the shins, breathes garlic in your face and says: "Huh -- up close you ain't so much!"

ABBOTT: Wait a minute, Costello! It's all right to complain about your leading lady, but we haven't even got a story for our next picture.

COSTELLO: I just wrote a great story, Abbott. It's about a travelling salesman!

ABBOTT: Now-now! The censors won't allow any traveling salesman stories!

COSTELLO: All right, then -- I'll do a story about a merchandise distributor and the agriculturist's daughter. Now, the merchandise distributor is walking down the country road when he comes to a farmhouse. He knocks on the door, the door opens, and he meets the agriculturist's daughter - and then --

ABBOTT: COSTELLO! I said you can't tell that story!

COSTELLO: Okay -- then we'll do the story about my father, when he was an engineer on the railroad!

ABBOTT: How does that go?

COSTELLO: My father was an engineer on the railroad. He was rolling along through the country when something went wrong with the engine. He couldn't find any tools, so he went up to a farmhouse, rapped on the door, the door opened, and there was the agriculturist's daughter - and--

ABBOTT: COSTELLO -- THAT'S THE SAME STORY!

COSTELLO: I thought the engineer would give it a different switch!

ABBOTT: Look! Why don't you try to figure out an historical idea...Something about the history of our country!

COSTELLO: Oh, I got a great historical story -- about Paul Revere!

ABBOTT: Now, that would be perfect!

COSTELLO: Okay. One night Paul Revere got word that the enemy was coming. So he jumped to his horse and rode through the streets yelling: "To arms! To arms! The enemy is coming. He rode out in the country, knocked on a door, the door opened, and there was the agriculturist's daughter --

Costello: yes, but I put a hole in it that time

ABBOTT: (YELLS) That's still the same story! Listen, look in that bookcase and see if you can't find some old story that we can switch!

COSTELLO: Here's one, Abbott --it's a great story about Barbara Fritchie! There were all those soldiers, marching down the street, the flags were wavin', the fifes were playing, the drums were beatin' --! All of a sudden Barbara Fritchie stuck her head out the window and said--

No one will forget BARBARA FRITCHIE

51459 7975

GRAY: I'M ONLY THREE AND A HALF YEARS OLD!

(APPLAUSE)

ABBOTT: Matilda! What are you doing behind the books?

GRAY: I was looking behind the books to see where Uncle Louie was hiding all his canned goods!

COSTELLO: How do you like the nerve of that kid! Matilda -- what makes you think I would be hiding any canned goods? That's unpatriotic!

GRAY: Well, Uncle Bud said your joke library was full of corn!

COSTELLO: Your Uncle Bud does pretty well on that corn; he cuts in on half the crop!

ABBOTT: Never mind that, Costello. Tell me, Matilda -- did you run across anything in the bookcase that we might use for a story?

GRAY: Yes, Uncle Bud. I saw a story about Little Red Riding Hood. She was a little girl in a book.

COSTELLO: She was a myth.

GRAY: Yes, Myth Red Riding Hood. I didn't know you lisped!

ABBOTT: Go on, Matilda -- let's hear the story!

GRAY: All right - one day Little Red Riding Hood started to walk through the woods. In the middle of the woods she met a man like Uncle Louie.

COSTELLO: Whaddaya mean?

GRAY: She met a wolf!

ABBOTT: Matilda!

GRAY: Well, she was an agriculturist's daughter --

ABBOTT: Matilda, go on with the story!

GRAY: The wolf chased little Red Riding Hood --but suddenly he saw a woodchopper way up in a tree.

COSTELLO: How did the woodchopper get up in the tree?

GRAY: He sat on it when it was an acorn!

~~COSTELLO: Now, Matilda -- that's not the story of Red Riding Hood.~~

~~Why do you make up lies?~~

~~MATILDA: If I told the truth, it would be a miracle.~~

~~ABBOTT: Wait a minute, Matilda. You don't even know what a miracle is.~~

~~MATILDA: Yes I do, Uncle Bud. If I say I saw a cow, that wouldn't be a miracle. And if I say I saw a thistle, that ain't a miracle - and if I say I saw a bird singing, that ain't a miracle either. But if I say I saw a cow sitting on a thistle singing like a bird --~~

~~COSTELLO: Would that be a miracle?~~

~~GRAY: NO - THAT WOULD BE A LIE!~~

~~COSTELLO: GET OUT OF HERE!~~

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

ABBOTT: Costello, never mind Matilda! I knew we'd never get a play if I waited for you, so I asked the studio to send over an expert on Shakespeare. This person speaks perfect English and --

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

ABBOTT: That must be the Shakespeare expert now. (CALLS) Come in...

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MIRANDA: (LONG PORTUGUESE SPEECH)

COSTELLO: That's a lie! Your mother was there all the time!

ABBOTT! WHAT KINDA ENGLISH EXPERT IS THIS??

ABBOTT: Don't you recognize her, Costello? - She's that famous movie star - Carmen Miranda!

(APPLAUSE)

ABBOTT: Carmen, it certainly is nice to have you as our guest again.

MIRANDA: And I am glad to be here, my little Bud Abbott and my little - my little - (SPELLS) L-O-U-I-S --LOUSE,

COSTELLO!

COSTELLO: The word is Louis!

MIRANDA: You will excuse me - sometimes your language gets in my way.

COSTELLO: Well you don't have to walk all over it!

ABBOTT: Carmen, did you really bring a Shakespearian Drama for us to do as a picture?

MIRANDA: Of course - I also brought my orchestra leader. He has all kinds of instruments.

COSTELLO: Has he a fife?

MIRANDA: Sure - and six kids!

COSTELLO: A fife is a long, skinny thing!

MIRANDA: That's what he married!

COSTELLO: Abbott, I'm tellin' you - this dame is dumber than me!

ABBOTT: Your English is as bad as Carmen's. Don't say dumber than me - say dumber than I!

COSTELLO: All right - she's dumber than you!

ABBOTT: Forget it! Now Carmen, tell me, what work of Shakespeare's did you select for us as a play?

MIRANDA: It is a beeg love story, Bud, called Radio and Juliet, written by the Bard from New Haven!

COSTELLO: If you keep talkin' like that you'll be barred from Hollywood!

MIRANDA: Mister Costello, I came to help you. You are looking for material for your next picture?

COSTELLO: That's right.

MIRANDA: Do you want a play?

COSTELLO: Not 'till after the program is over!

ABBOTT: Keep quiet, Costello! Carmen has a good idea in Romeo and Juliet -- it's a very dramatic story of a fight between two families, the Montagues and the Capulets. Carmen, as Juliet, is worried about the family feud!

COSTELLO: She's got nothin' on me -- I spent thirteen points for a bottle of ketchup!

MIRANDA: There is one beeg scene in this play that you will like, Lou. I am sitting on my balcony with my cooker spaniel.

COSTELLO: You mean cocker spaniel.

MIRANDA: No, cooker -- it's a hot dog!

~~ABBOTT: What happens on the balcony, Carmen?~~

MIRANDA: Lou is making love to me when my father catches him and blacks his eye.

ABBOTT: That's right - then her mother tears every hair out of your head and her brother comes out, kicks your teeth in and throws you off the balcony! Then do you know what you do, Costello...??

~~COSTELLO: Yeah, I go home -- I can take a hint!~~

ABBOTT: Stop the nonsense, Costello - I think we ought to do this play. Look, Carmen, while we're setting the stage, would you mind singing us one of your famous native songs?

MIRANDA: I would be glad to, Bud. I would like to sing a song from the Walt Disney picture "Saludas Amigos". It is called, "TICO TICO".

COSTELLO: Oh, don't sing Tico Tico!

MIRANDA: Why not?

COSTELLO: I'm Tico-ish!

ABBOTT: Oh, quiet!

MIRANDA: In this song, Tico is a little bird. As we say in South America, "Tico Tico No Fuba" -- the bird gets the corn.

COSTELLO: Our program is different -- here the corn gets the bird!

ABBOTT: SING CARMEN!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC AND

MIRANDA: "TICO TICO NO FUBA" - TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: "INTERMEZZO" - FADING OUT UNDER:

NILES: And now, ladies and gentlemen, our play - Abbott and Costello's version of "Romeo and Juliet".
Now, to you people of the audience, I deliver a prologue - in the words of Shakespeare --- "Parting is such sweet sorrow; if I were you, I'd GO HOME AND COME BACK TOMORROW!"
HAHAHAHA! CURTAIN! - Mercutio speaks....

ABBOTT: Romeo, here we are in Juliet's garden. Be very quiet, because Juliet's father has sworn to kill you on sight.
Get down...lower!...Squat!

COSTELLO: I CAN'T SQUAT!

ABBOTT: Are you out of practice?

COSTELLO: NO ... I'M IN A CACTUS!

SOUND: WINDOW OPENING

ABBOTT: Look - Juliet's walked out on the balcony!

MIRANDA: (OFF, CALLS) Rummio, oh Rummio - wherefore you art thou,
oh Rummy??

IS THAT LINE A CLASSIC!
COSTELLO: Listen to that dame read -- THAT'S ROMEO!

MIRANDA: Romeo, climb up the balcony and take me in your arms.

COSTELLO: Why can't I walk up the steps?

ABBOTT: Her father will not allow any of Juliet's lovers to go up the steps.

COSTELLO: Why not?

MIRANDA: He is a step father!

COSTELLO: Then I'll get a step ladder!

ABBOTT: Now, this is where you hold Juliet in your arms and tell her that you love her! - in the words of Shakespeare!

COSTELLO: Okay --- Ah, my fair Juliet, come into my arms and let's start necking!

ABBOTT: No! Costello, in Juliet's day girls' necks were called throats!

COSTELLO: All right, Abbott -- Come on, throat me, kid!

MIRANDA: We hurry up, Rummeo - we have just time to kiss my father! He is coming up the stairs!

COSTELLO: Kiss your father?? Read that right! "We have just time to kiss -- your father is coming up the stairs!"

MIRANDA: I am still having trouble with this language - I am always making fox possies!

COSTELLO: That's 'cause you put the haccent on the wrong sillabble!

ABBOTT: Costello, will you get back to the play! You're in love with the girl - sing her a song!

COSTELLO: Okay, Juliet - get a load of this: (SINGS) "MEXICALI ROSE I LOVE YOU...."

ABBOTT: Listen, Mexicali doesn't belong in this story - you're a Roman!

COSTELLO: SO I'M ROAMIN' THROUGH MEXICALI! (SINGS AGAIN) "Moxicali Rose, I Love You..."

MIRANDA: Oh, my lover, your song is beautiful. I can almost smell the roses!

COSTELLO: How about my voice?

MIRANDA: That, too!

ABBOTT: Maybe I'd better do the singing for you, Romeo -- I'll sing, "Mammy's Little Baby Loves Shortnin' Bread!"

COSTELLO: Please, Abbott! Don't sing that song!

ABBOTT: What's wrong with Shortnin' Bread?

COSTELLO: It couldn't be any good, comin' from a pan like yours!

SOUND: LOUD POUNDING ON DOOR

NILES: (OFF) JULIET! JULIET. OPEN THE DOOR...IT IS I, YOUR FATHER!

ABBOTT: (QUICKLY) We have no time to lose! Juliet, change your clothes and we'll escape!

MIRANDA: No, it is too late! Do not wait for me, Rummy! Quick, jump on your horsefly! Away!

COSTELLO: THERE SHE GOES AGAIN! THAT SAYS "JUMP ON YOUR HORSE, FLY AWAY!

SOUND: POUNDING

NILES: JULIET! OPEN THIS DOOR!

ABBOTT: Hurry and get dressed, Juliet, Romeo, will your horse carry the three of us?

COSTELLO: Yeah - he's a sure-footed horse!

ABBOTT: How do you know he's sure-footed?

COSTELLO: This morning he kicked me three times in the same place!

SOUND: POUNDING

ABBOTT: JULIET! What's taking you so long to dress?

MIRANDA: I want to feel cool and still look hot! Oh my goodness, where are the rest of my petticoats?

COSTELLO: The REST OF THEM??

MIRANDA: Sure, I always wear fourteen petticoats!

COSTELLO: How do you find yourself - with a book mark???

SOUND: LOUD POUNDING - DOOR CRASHES DOWN.

ABBOTT: Look out! It's Capulet - her father!

NILES: AHA! ROMEO! How is it that I find you hugging my

daughter? ANSWER ME - HOW IS IT??
COSTELLO: *You want the truth? Niles: yes!*
Not bad! (WHISTLES)

NILES: (YELLS) Yes! Romeo, you are a Montague, and I hate you.

MIRANDA: Father, do not yell so loud. You are raising the reef!

ABBOTT: Roof!

MIRANDA: Reef!

COSTELLO: Roof-roof-roof!

MIRANDA: What are you - an airedale??

NILES: Romeo, I have no choice - I must kill you. These men with me are my seconds.

BLANC: I'm Benvolio.

RICH: I'm Supolio!

BLANC: (LOW VOICE) I'm Malvolio.

GRAY: I am on'y tree and half years old!

COSTELLO: MATILDA! WILL YOU GET OUTTA THE PLAY!

ABBOTT: Never mind that, Costello! Here's where Romeo gets mad- he challenges Capulet to a duel!

COSTELLO: Okay - Capulet, I'm gonna fight you. We'll meet on the field of honor!

NILES: But I have no field!

COSTELLO: That's all right - I have no honor!

MIRANDA: Before you go, Rummy, my darling - take me in your arms and kiss me!

COSTELLO: I don't think we'd better..isn't kissing unhealthy?

MIRANDA: I don't know.

COSTELLO: You mean you've never been kissed?

MIRANDA: No - I've never been unhealthy!

ABBOTT: Oh, go ahead Romeo - kiss the girl!

COSTELLO: All right....

SOUND: LOUD SMACK

MIRANDA: Oh boy, Rummy - the way you kiss is nobody's business!

COSTELLO: Then why tell everybody!

NILES: Enough of this nonsense! Let's get on with the duel. I long to cut you in half, Romeo. I want to see you cut and bleeding. I hate you...I hate EVERYBODY! BOY! AM I A STINKER! HAAAAHA!

ABBOTT: Come on, Costello - prepare for the duel!

COSTELLO: Where's my sword?

MIRANDA: You are sitting on it!

COSTELLO: Oh, I thought my underwear felt sharp!

NILES: I have waited a long time for this! DEFEND YOURSELF,
ROMEO! ON GUARD!

SOUND: CLASH OF SWORDS

NILES: TAKE THIS!

COSTELLO: (YELLS) OWWW! HE FOULED ME! HE STABBED ME ON THE
BALCONY.

ABBOTT: Where did he get you?

COSTELLO: By the bay window! (BREATHES HEAVILY)

MIRANDA: Oh father, why did you do this? Look at Rummy -- he is
dying his pants. They are very loud!

COSTELLO: READ THAT AGAIN!

MIRANDA: Oh, I'm sorry --- He is dying! His pants are very loud!

ABBOTT: Quick, Juliet, he's got a bottle in his hand! Don't let
him drink!

MIRANDA: Rummy, my lover - do not drink it!

COSTELLO: (DRAMATICALLY) I must, Juliet - I must drink it! (GULPS)
Well, goodbye, Juliet...goodbye, Mercutio - this is my
last trick. The cards are down! The game is all over!

MIRANDA: You mean - that was poison, Rummy?

COSTELLO: No - THAT WAS GIN - RUMMY!

MUSIC: PLAYOFF
(APPLAUSE)

NILES: When you sit down to eat with the Marines, you don't have to worry about a menu, or fancy names for food. No, sir! They use good old every-day English!

VOICE: Pass the collision mats!

NILES: The what?

VOICE: Wheat cakes, son! And have some jamoke!

NILES: Uh--jamoke?

VOICE: Jo! Jo! And the side arms are right in front of you!

NILES: Beg pardon?

VOICE: Coffee -- cream and sugar! Then maybe you can lend me a Camel!

NILES: Now you're talkin' my language!

VOICE: Mine, too! Camels are ding how with me -- meaning I like 'em!

NILES: Well, sure, and so do men in all the services! According to actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens, Camel is the favorite! All you folks might remember that, next time you send a carton of thanks to that Yank, and next time you want to treat yourself to a better cigarette! You see, Camels have more flavor, have had for years, and it's this extra flavor that helps Camels to hold up, keep from going flat-tasting, no matter how many you smoke. (more)

MIKE: And extra mildness goes right along with that flavor, because
 Camels are slow burning and cool smoking. For yourself, for that
 fellow in the service, get Camels, the cigarette that's expertly
 blended of gentler tobaccos!

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

MIKE: 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 whenever they are. The Post Office
 rule against mailing packages applies only to those sent to men
 in the overseas Army....

How would you like to send a hundred thousand Camels - free -
 with your name and address on every pack, to the Yanks overseas.
 That's what will happen to the winner of the one-millionth
 Camel on Bob Kirk's comedy quiz show, "Thanks to the Yanks" this
 Saturday night. Be sure to listen. And here's news for service
 men: The Camel Caravans, those traveling shows which entertain
 you men, will visit eleven Army, Navy, and Marine encampments
 this week. Look for them, fellows, we're sure you'll enjoy the
 shows!

MUSIC: MARCH SELECTION - PADE OF COM FOR:

MIKE: And here's Abbott and Costello, and their guest, Carson
 Miranda, with a final word.

ABBOTT: We were very happy to have you back with us, Carmen.

MIRANDA: I was very happy to be here Bud. I do not see you and Lou very often.

COSTELLO: Well, Carmen, I'm the air raid warden in your block.

MIRANDA: You are?

COSTELLO: Suppose there's a black-out some night and I come to your house --what would you do?

MIRANDA: I put the lights out!

COSTELLO: And then.....

MIRANDA: I put you out!!

COSTELLO: That's all, brother!

MUSIC: THEME, HOLD UNDER:

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: Remember, Camels present four great radio shows each week - the Camel, ^{COMEDY} Caravan tomorrow night, Bob Hawk on Saturday, Monday night it's Blondie, and next Thursday - out own Abbott and Costello, with lovely Janet Blair as our guest. And now, this is Ken Niles, reminding you to hear the Camel, ^{Comedy} Caravan tomorrow night, and wishing you all a very pleasant good night - from Hollywood!

MUSIC: THEME UP TO FINISH
(APPLAUSE)

ENGINEER: CUT FOR HITCH HIKE

VOICE: Say, Mr. Pipe-smoker, first time you try Prince Albert you'll find out how cool and easy and comfortable it is on your tongue -- because Prince Albert's no-bite treated! And that's not all! Good old P.A.s crimp cut, too, just right to pack easy, draw smoothly, and stay lit. And, of course, Prince Albert has the full rich taste of mellow, aged-in-the-wood tobacco. Easy to see why Prince Albert outsells all other tobaccos in the U.S. Get P.A. for Pipe Appeal! It's the National Joy Smoke!

ANNCR: This is the NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

51459 7990