

(FINAL DRAFT)

THE ABBOTT AND COSTELLO PROGRAM
FOR
CAMEL CIGARETTES

NBC NETWORK
MARCH 18, 1948.
7:00 - 7:30 P.M.

The Great Gildersleeve
and Veronica Lake,
Guest Stars

MUSIC: PERFIDIA INTRO: TO:

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

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

MUSIC: 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 guests - Hal Peary, the Great Gildersleeve, and
lovely Veronica Lake -- and starring your host - BUD
ABBOTT!

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

51459 8017

FIRST SPOT

NILES: Well, good evening Bud.

ABBOTT: Hello, Ken.

NILES: Tell me, what's the latest ^{NEWS} about Lou Costello? - how is he feeling?

ABBOTT: Well, Ken, Lou's feeling much better but he's still sick in bed. Anyway, I'm the one who's really having trouble!

NILES: What do you mean, Bud?

ABBOTT: (WORN OUT, DISGUSTED) Last night I tripped on a roller skate and almost fell downstairs; this morning, I found the cat sleeping in my hat; there were three mice under my pillow; my best suit had a pocketful of frogs; nine turtles were swimming around in the bath-tub! -- and I just can't punish the person who did it!

NILES: Why not??

GRAY: I'M ON'Y TREE AND A HALF YEARS OLD!
(APPLAUSE)

NILES: MATILDA! You should be ashamed of yourself, putting turtles in the tub where Uncle Bud takes a bath! That's not sanitary!

GRAY: It hasn't hurt the turtles so far!

ABBOTT: Listen Matilda, why can't you behave yourself! Uncle Lou is sick, I haven't a maid, and things are bad enough -- all day long I wash, and scrub, and cook and work my fingers to the bone for you -- and what do I get??

GRAY: DISH PAN HANDS!

ABBOTT: Matilda, that's enough out of you. Now go practice your piano - maybe my canary will sing with you and - Matilda! Where's my canary??

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GRAY: It was in the cage this morning when I cleaned it!

ABBOTT: What did you clean it with??

GRAY: With the vacuum cleaner!

ABBOTT: OHHHH!...That's another thing! - while you were cleaning, why didn't you dust the piano?

GRAY: What?

ABBOTT: I said dust -- you know what dust is!

GRAY: Sure - that's mud with the juice squeezed out!

ABBOTT: Never mind! Sit right down here and start practicing your piano lessons, and don't give me any arguments!

GRAY: (MEENLY) Yes, Uncle Bud.

MUSIC: (PIANO) CHOPIN'S C MINOR PRELUDE, ALTERNATE WITH:

BLANC: MEOW'S OF CAT -- STOPS AS:

ABBOTT: MATILDA! Matilda! Who put that cat in the piano?

GRAY: I did -- my teacher told me to practice kitten on the keys

ABBOTT: That's ridiculous! Practice something else!

MUSIC: DISCORDANT RUNS OF SCALE, CUTS FOR:

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

ABBOTT: Come in..!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

TOMMY: Good evening, Misper Abbopp - is Mapilda here?

ABBOTT: What???Who are you?

TOMMY: I'm Misper Pommy Pomkins - I live down the spreep!

ABBOTT: Don't you mean Tommy Tomkins?

TOMMY: Sure - Pommy Pomkins!

GRAY: (FADES IN) Uncle Bud, that's the way Mister Tomkins talks - he can't say the letter 'T' - he makes it sound like a 'U'

ABBOTT: Oh, I see.

GRAY: He's a musician, Uncle Bud - sometimes we practice together.

TOMMY: Yeah - I play the prumpep.

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ABBOTT: Prumpep! You mean the trumpet!

TOMMY: Cerpainly, the prumpep!

ABBOTT: Are you a good trumpet player?

TOMMY: Misper Abbopp!--- you're palking poo the mosp perrific prumpep player thap ever pooted a porrid prumpep from Pimpucpoo poo Pennessee!...Lispen, Mapilda, lep's play a pune for Misper Abbopp!

GRAY: Okay, Tommy -- we'll do "Touch of Texas"

TOMMY: Good - "Puch of Pexas" -- Ready? - one...poo...play!

MUSIC: TRUMPET & PIANO, "TOUCH OF TEXAS" - LOUD & LOUSY: HOLDS:

SOUND: LOUD KNOCKING ON DOOR

ABBOTT: Keep on practicing, Matilda - I'll answer the door!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

GILDY: (INDIGNANT) Look here, Abbott, you'll have to stop that infernal racket! STOP THE MUSIC! STOP THAT NOISE!

MUSIC: CUTS RAGGEDLY

GILDY: (GROANS) Ohhh! Ohhh! I had to come all the way from Summerfield just because my tenants next door can't stand this terrible racket! Now I see what they mean!

ABBOTT: Wait a minute - who are you? What right have you got to complain!

GILDY: I own that house next door - my name is THROCKMORTON P. GILDERSLEEVE.

ABBOTT: (AWED) Matilda! It's the Great Gildersleeve!
(APPLAUSE)

GILDY: So! Now I see what's been going on here next door to my house. No wonder the value of my property is ruined! No wonder my tenants want to move! No wonder ---

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GRAY: But Mr. Gildersleeve --

GILDY: Don't interrupt when I'm speaking!

GRAY: Then don't speak when I'm interrupting!

ABBOTT: Matilda! Why are you so fresh!

GRAY: I'M ON'Y TREE AND HALF YEARS OLD!

GILDY: You'd like to be four, wouldn't you!...

TOMMY: C'mon, Mapilda, lep's play another pune!

GRAY: All right, Tommy - "Tip Toe Through the Tulips!"

TOMMY: Greap - Pip Poe Through the Pulips! -- Follow me, Mapilda, in pempo! -- one, poo!

MUSIC: TIP TOE THROUGH THE TULIPS - LOUSY...STOPS AS:

GILDY: OHHH! OHHH! STOP IT!

ABBOTT: Listen, Tommy, Mr. Gildersleeve doesn't want to hear the trumpet either!

TOMMY: Then can I play my clarinep?

GILDY: CLARINEP??

TOMMY: Yeah, and I also play the prombone and the puba.

GILDY: Puba?? Don't you mean the TUBA?

TOMMY: (BRIGHTLY) You don't play a puba -- a puba's what you keep your poothpasse in to brush your peep!

GILDY: I can'p spand this -- I mean stamp pand this -- OHHH! Look here, Abbott - I don't want to be a hard man, but Matilda's music isn't the only thing! You should see what she did to my garden next door!--she trampled on my Trifolium, sat on my Sativa, turned up my turnips, squashed my squash, and gave my Dianthus a kick in the panthus! ... Who's gonna pay for this?

ABBOTT: Pay for what?

GILDY: FOR WHAT!!! Why, my Lillium Candidums alone are worth
five hundred dollars!:

ABBOTT: Lillium Candidums? - what are they?

GILDY: LILLIES TO YOU!

GRAY: But I didn't touch your Cygnoglossum Amabile!

GILDY: -er - (LAUGHS) Cygnoglossum Amabile? - heh, heh, heh -
what're they?

GRAY: Forget me, NUTS TO YOU!

MUSIC: PLAY OFF
(APPLAUSE)

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BLANC: (GLIB, SHARPIE) Say, Niles! Ken Niles!

NILES: Gosh, don't tell me my wife sent you around again!

BLANC: Yeah, she -- Niles, you look awful!

NILES: I feel fine. I just came from the Red Cross.

BLANC: They didn't get a pint of blood out of you!

NILES: No, they took one look and said -- "Put in five gallons!"

BLANC: Niles, I got something better than that wooden Indian I brought you last week.

NILES: I don't want it! Take it away!

BLANC: It's acrobats. All right, boys!

(SLAPPING OF FLESH, THUDDING OF BODIES, GRUNTS AND ACROBATIC SHOUTS LIKE "HEP!" "HUP!" "OOP!" SLIGHTLY OFF. ALL THIS VERY FAST, FOLLOWED BY SUDDEN SILENCE)

BLANC: There, see?

NILES: What's acrobatic about that --- lying on the floor?

BLANC: They're in the form of a letter "T" -- get it? Just think -- when they can do it standing up!

NILES: Look, lying down or standing up, all I ask is that they smile, the way you do when you first try out a Camel in your T-Zone. -- "T" for taste and "T" for throat -- everybody's own proving ground for flavor and mildness.

BLANC: You try smiling, flat on the floor like that!

NILES: Flat! Flat! That's just what people don't want a cigarette to be! Your taste will tell you that Camel's extra flavor helps them hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke!

BLANC: Niles --

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NILES: And your throat will give you the last word on Camel's mildness -- the extra mildness that goes with slow burning and cool smoking. That's because Camels are expertly blended --

SOUND: (SAME BUSINESS, SLAPS, THUDS, "HEPS", FOLLOWED BY SILENCE)

BLANC: You shouldn't have said that, Niles!

NILES: Why not?

BLANC: The last time they did that they got so expertly blended we had to untangle 'em with a crowbar.

NILES: Look, bud, I just wanted to say that Camels are 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: "BRAZIL" - HOLD FOR:

NILES: Freddie Rich and the orchestra with a special treatment of the hit tune from "Saludos Amigos" - "Brazil";
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: PIANO, TRUMPET AND MATILDA SING "TIPTOE THROUGH THE TULIPS" -- HOLD AND CUT UNDER:

SOUND: LOUD KNOCKING ON DOOR

ABBOTT: Quiet! Quiet, Matilda!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ABBOTT: Oh, it's you again, Gildersleeve!

GILDY: Yes -- I've been sitting next door for the past hour listening to that racket and I've finally made up my mind! -- I'm going around to all the neighbors and get up a petition to have this noise stop!

ABBOTT: Just a minute! -- I'm going with you!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

ABBOTT: -- I want to be sure you tell our neighbors the truth!

GILDY: Are you suggesting that I would tell a lie? Why if I ever tell a lie -- I hope -- I hope it pours down rain!

SOUND: THUNDER AND RAIN

GILDY: I would have to open my big trap in California!

ABBOTT: All right - ~~let's try this first house here.~~ We'll see if they are bothered by Matilda's piano playing!

GILDY: Oh, yes - this is Doctor Ramsey - the dentist. He's going in the Army soon - to join the rest of the Yanks! (LAUGHS)

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR - DOOR OPENS

MAN: Ah, good evening, Mr. Abbott.

ABBOTT: Good evening, Doctor. We happened to see you in the parlor. This is Mister Gildersleeve, and he has a complaint to make --

GILDY: Yes, Doc -- I, ah --

MAN: Open wider, Gildy -- that's it! Hmmm - a very bad tooth!

GILDY: Wait a minute! - HEY!

SOUND: LOUD SQUEAK OF A NAIL PULLER ON BOX

MAN: There you are, Gildy! That tooth'll never bother you again! Two dollars, please! Good night!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

GILDY: (IN PAIN) OHHHHHH! That wasn't the parlor. That was the drawing room! This is all your fault, Abbott - you AND THAT KID OF YOURS!

ABBOTT: Oh, stop complaining, Gildersleeve. Let's see what they say at this ~~next~~ house -- ^{Do you know who lives here?} old lady Peebles! She's an old maid!

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR - DOOR OPENS)

LADY: Oh, hello - leave two quarts of milk and I'll meet you by the drugstore tomorrow night.

GILDY: But I'm not the milkman.

LADY: Oh, then I'll meet you Sunday night!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

ABBOTT: I think you'd better give up, Gildersleeve. This petition will never work!

GILDY: Oh yes it will! Once I start out to do a thing I never give up. We Gildersleeves are a proud lot!

ABBOTT: You're a vacant lot! Okay - you knock the next time!

GILDY: You bet I will. I know there are some solid citizens in this block who feel the same way about noise and public nuisances as I do.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR - DOOR OPENS

BLANC: GOOD EVENING --

GILDY: Good evening, sir. I am Mister Gildersleeve. I would like to have you sign a petition for me. This man here is Mister Abbott. He and his neice are a disturbing element in our community and I'd like to see **this noise stopped!** But you just sign here where it says party of the first part and I'll sign where it says party of the second part --

BLANC: (HICCUPS) I can't do it!

GILDY: Why not?

BLANC: I -- (HICCUPS) can't stand any more parties! (HICCUPS)

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

ABBOTT: This neighborhood has everything! Do you give up now, Gildy?

GILDY: NO! Let's try one more door!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR - DOOR OPENS

LAKE: Why, good evening, Bud -- won't you come in?

GILDY: Abbott! Look who it is - VERONICA LAKE!!

(APPLAUSE)

ABBOTT: Veronica - this gentleman would like to talk to you. May I present Mister Gildersleeve?

LAKE: Gildersleeve? Oh, Yes! You own that house three doors down the street. I believe you're the man who has the crazy cat!

GILDY: Crazy cat?

LAKE: Yes. Someone told me that you had a very silly puss!

GILDY: (LAUGHS) Yes -- WHAT????

ABBOTT: Mister Gildersleeve has a complaint to make about some of his neighbors.

LAKE: Really? What have you got against your neighbors?

GILDY: Oh, I didn't mean you, Veronica! Ooooh no! Not you! In fact, you bring out the good neighbor policy in me! (LAUGHS)

ABBOTT: You don't waste any time, do you?

GILDY: No, I'm just like a streetcar - I GO RIGHT TO TOWN!

LAKE: You're a little off your trolley! By the way, Bud - how is little Matilda getting along with her piano playing?

ABBOTT: Oh, she's doing fine.

GILDY: MATILDA! PIANO? What do you know about her, Veronica? - er - Miss Lake?

LAKE: Why, I've been giving Matilda her piano lessons!

GILDY: Ohhhh - Abbott! Why didn't you tell me that Miss Lake ---

ABBOTT: Come on, Gildersleeve - quit stalling! Tell Veronica what you came to see her about!

GILDY: Ohhh my!

LAKE: What's on your mind, Mister Gildersleeve?

GILDY: Well, it seems that - well, you see - Buddy Abbott, my old friend and true pal, here - asked me to go for a stroll and we happened to look in your window and saw you were home -- so --

LAKE: I was getting ready for bed.

GILDY: Yes, ^{I NOTICED THAT} ~~and we looked in--~~ NO! NO! -- I mean we saw the light -

ABBOTT: Why don't you tell the truth, Gildersleeve! Veronica, this man is trying to get up a petition in the neighborhood because he objects to little Matilda's music!

GILDY: MUSIC! Do you call that music? I can get more music than that by fiddling with my moustache!

LAKE: You've got a lot of nerve criticizing my pupils. I think that Matilda's playing is heavenly.

GILDY: You've got your directions mixed.

ABBOTT: In the first place, Gildersleeve, what makes you think you're an authority on music?

GILDY: Why, young man - I'll have you know that I used to play a wind instrument!

LAKE: You're still at it!

ABBOTT: Let's stick to the point. Gildersleeve threatened to have me pinched!

LAKE: Oh, he did? And I suppose you'd like to pinch me, too?

GILDY: ~~No! - er -~~ YES - er - NO! (LAUGHS)

ABBOTT: Gildersleeve --

LAKE: Let me handle this, Bud; there's no reason why we can't settle it quietly. (TURNS) (SOFTLY) Mr, Gildersleeve, won't you sit down here beside me?

GILDY: Well - er - ah - that is --

LAKE: Come on now - let me hold your hand -

GILDY: Ah - uh - I think I'm wanted on the phone - that is - I'M GOING!

LAKE: Going? Where's the fire?

GILDY: IN-N-N-N YOUR EYES!!

ABBOTT: Look, Gildersleeve, this isn't getting us anyplace. What about Matilda's piano lessons?

GILDY: Well, my mind is made up. I'm going to take you into court!

ABBOTT: You see, Veronica - you're just wasting your time!

LAKE: Now, Bud, I'm sure that Throcky isn't going to worry about a silly old piano!

GILDY: Oh, yes I am.

LAKE: You poor boy - why don't you rest your head on my shoulder. There - that should make you forget about the piano.

GILDY: I'll never forget that piano!

LAKE: Look into my eyes, Throcky - now what do you say?

GILDY: I still can't forget that piano!

LAKE: Now - kiss me!

SOUND: KISS

LAKE: There - now have you forgotten the piano?

GILDY: How quiet the piano is tonight!

ABBOTT: WAIT A MINUTE! Gildy! Veronica said you could kiss her
but she didn't say you could hug her!

GILDY: Oh, that's all right - I just threw in the clutch! ^{Did that come out of me? It must be the environment} Now
that we are all friends.....I propose --

LAKE: You propose? I accept! When'll we get married?

GILDY: NOW, WAIT A MINUTE -- Veronica -- I'm engaged to a girl
in Summerfield!! (TRIES TO INTERRUPT:)

LAKE: Are you trying to back out of it now? ^{Gildy: no! yes!} Bud, didn't you
hear him propose?

ABBOTT: Of course I did!

^{Gildy:}
LAKE: ^{WAIT A MINUTE}
Mister Gildersleeve, I'm going to take you into court.

I'll sue you for breach of promise!

ABBOTT: You really stuck your neck out, Gildersleeve.

GILDY: You'll never get away with it. I'LL - I'LL PLEAD INSANITY
-- AND I THINK I CAN PROVE IT! OHHHHHH!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: DON'T GET AROUND MUCH ANYMORE HOLD UNDER

NILES: OVER MUSIC ON CUE: Here's Connie Haines to sing the new
hit tune - "Don't Get Around Much Anymore."

(APPLAUSE)

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EFFECT: CROWD NOISES, SUBSIDING UNDER:

SOUND: GAVEL HAMMERING

BAILEFF: (YELLS) QUIET IN THE COURT! QUIET IN THE COURT!

NILES: (CALLS OUT) Hey, Clerk! - when does this trial start?

BLANC: (CALLS, JUICY VOICE) That's right! I gotta get back on my beat!

BAILEFF: Wait a minute - who are you??

MUSIC: PICK UP FOR:

BLANC: (SINGS)
I'm a witness for Veronica,
I'm the cop who made the pinch -
I arrested this guy Gildersleeve,
But I tell you, 'twas no cinch.
He grabbed Miss Lake and kissed her,
Now I ask you was that fair -
He sneaked up on her right side
And he hid behind her hair!

(DOES ORGAN IMITATION AND BREAK)

BAILEFF: QUIET!! QUIET! Is the attorney for the prosecution present?

ABBOTT: Yes sir, Abbott speaking.

MUSIC: PICK UP FOR:

ABBOTT: (SINGS)
I'm attorney for Veronica,
And I'd like to state the facts -
While Gildy tried to press his suit
Veronica pressed her slacks.
I'll prosecute that Gildersleeve,
I'll prove that he's a flirt,
And when I make him lose this suit
I'll take away his shirt!

BLANC: DOES ORGAN FOR BREAK

BAILEFF: QUIET! QUIET!

NILES: (YELLS) C'mon, Baileff, get the Judge out here!

VOICE: Yeah, we get a deadline to make!

BAILEFF: Who are you?

MUSIC: PICK UP FOR:

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NILES & VOICE: (SING)
 We're reporters for the papers,
 The Examiner and Times,
 We cover all the cases,
 And write up all the crimes;
 We'll smear the name of Gildersleeve,
 All over our page one.
 Then we'll try to date the sweet Miss Lake
 Whenever the case is won!

BLANC: ORGAN BREAK
Baileff! *Quiet! Quiet!*
 BAILEFF: Where's the plaintiff, Veronica Lake?

LAKE: Here, Baileff....

MUSIC: PICK UP FOR:

LAKE: (SINGS)
 I'm suing the Great Gildersleeve
 He trifled with my heart!
 He asked me to become his wife,
 He fooled me from the start!
 But now I would not marry him,
 If he begged me on his knees --
 I wonder what he's doing here,
 I thought they rationed cheese!

BLANC: ORGAN BREAK

BAILEFF: STOP THAT DARN ORGAN! SILENCE! Is the defendant present?

GILDY: Ye-e-s-s-s! - I'm here....

MUSIC: PICK UP FOR:

GILDY: (SINGS)
 I'm known as the Great Gildersleeve,
 I'm here to plead my case;
 I'm just an innocent little boy
 With a great big open face!
 I could not marry fair Miss Lake,
 No matter how I try,
 For with her hair the way it is -
 WE'D NEVER SEE EYE TO EYE!

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH

SOUND: RAPPING OF GAVEL

BAILEFF: Hear ye! Hear ye! The Fourth District Court is now in
 session, Judge Niles presiding!

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BLANC: Programs, programs, get yourself a program - can't tell the criminal from the Judge without a program!

NILES: Order, order! Throw that man out of court!

GILDY: I object!

ABBOTT: Gildersleeve! - the trial hasn't started yet - what are you objecting to?

GILDY: I'm just warming up!

NILES: The Court will now hear the case of Veronica Lake versus the Great Gildersleeve for breach of promise!

ABBOTT: Veronica, now's the time to make an impression on the Judge. Roll your eyes - that'll get 'im!

LAKE: No it won't, Bud.

ABBOTT: Why not?

LAKE: I used to be his secretary!

NILES: The defendant will please take the stand. Gildersleeve, raise your right hand.

GILDY: No, not unless you raise your left foot.

NILES: Why should I raise my left foot?

GILDY: 'Cause you're standing on mine! ... Never mind me, Judge, you question that woman there. She's trying to swindle me out of twenty-five thousand dollars! She probably has a record!

NILES: Miss Lake, have you ever been up before me?

LAKE: I don't know, Judgie - what time do you get up?

ABBOTT: Judge Niles, are you going to let that man Gildersleeve dictate how to run this court?

LAKE: Yes, Judgie - is this the quality of mercy that is not strained; that falleth like the gentle dew from heaven; that pours down its benedictions and rains upon the innocent?

GILDY: I'M DRIPPING - WHO'S GOT AN UMBRELLA!

NILES: Gildersleeve, I hold you in contempt!

GILDY: I don't care for you, either!

ABBOTT: Look here, Judge - all this isn't getting my client any satisfaction. We demand to know how Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve pleads.

GILDY: I plead half guilty and half not-guilty.

NILES: That sort of plea will put you in the soup!

GILDY: Yeah - split plea! OHHH! I oughta get ten points for that

ABBOTT: Gildy, do you deny that you proposed marriage to Veronica Lake?

GILDY: Well - I -- er --

NILES: Answer the question!

GILDY: Well, I'll admit that when I first saw Veronica, my heart ran away with my head!

LAKE: Which way did they go?

GILDY: What a shallow lake!

ABBOTT: Your honor, why did this man kiss my client!

GILDY: Ohh, I couldn't help it, your honor - she's a blonde, and pretty!

LAKE: You think every blonde is pretty!

GILDY: I do not!

LAKE: Name one!

GILDY: Nelson Eddy! (LAUGHS)

NILES: The Court wishes to question the defendent - -
Gildersleeve, isn't it true that you're a notorious flirt??

GILDY: I'm not a flirt! Oh, sometimes I hold hands in the movies.

ABBOTT: Who do you hold hands with?

GILDY: Whoever's near me...heh,heh--- sometimes I hold hands with a friend!

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ABBOTT: Who's your friend?

GILDY: Whoever's near me!

NILES: I won't stand for that testimony - I'm a respectable Judge!

GILDY: And I'm an innocent man!

LAKE: And I'm a persecuted woman!

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

ABBOTT: MATILDA!

GILDY: What's this child doing at my trial!

GRAY: I came here to see you turn into a sardine!

GILDY: To see me turn into a sardine?????

GRAY: Yes - Uncle Bud said you were very oily, and you were gonna wind up in the can!

ABBOTT: Matilda, will you please go home!

LAKE: Your honor, I demand justice! I swear that this mustached Romeo kissed me, and now he's trying to get out of it!

NILES: Hmm, I see. By the way, how does it feel to be kissed by a man with a mustache?

LAKE: It's the first time I've been kissed and got the brush-off at the same time!

ABBOTT: It's beginning to look bad for you, Gildersleeve - you'll have to marry Miss Lake!

GILDY: Ohhh no! I can't marry her!

ABBOTT: Why not?

GILDY: Well, my grandfather married my grandmother, my Uncle married my Aunt, ^{his} and father married my mother! - why should I marry a stranger!

NILES: Mr. Gildersleeve, I've listened to this entire case, and your testimony has been very evasive. Tell the Court your side of the story!

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GILDY: Ohh, thank you, your honor! This entire affair was started by Mr. Abbott's niece, Matilda, with her horrible piano playing! Veronica Lake is her music teacher, and this whole thing is a frame-up! And besides, I'm engaged to a girl in Summerfield! I CAN'T MARRY TWO WOMEN!

LAKE: That would be bigamy!

ABBOTT: Gildersleeve, do you know the penalty for bigamy?

GILDY: Yes - two mother-in-laws!

LAKE: Under the circumstances, Mr. Gildersleeve, I'll withdraw my suit!

GILDY: Ohhh, that's wonderful!

SOUND: TWO KNOCKS OF GAVEL

NILES: CASE DISMISSED!

CONNIE: Oh, Mr. Gildersleeve ----?

GILDY: Yes..? Who are you, my ^{little} child?

CONNIE: I'm Connie Haines, the singer on this program. I heard the trial, and I'm awfully glad you won!

GILDY: That's very sweet of you, my child. You're the first kind person I've met in this city. Would you have dinner with me? Now, I propose ---

CONNIE: And I accept! When'll we be married!

GILDY: WHAT!!!

SOUND: POUNDING OF GAVEL

NILES: NEXT CASE! - HAINES VERSUS GILDERSLEEVE!

GILDY: LEMME OUTTA HERE...OHHHHHHHH!

MUSIC: PLAY OFF

(APPLAUSE)

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NILES: There's something simple and beautiful about the thoughts of a soldier for the girl he loves --

VOICE: (PROBABLY FROM BROOKLYN, BUT YOU LIKE HIM) I don't say she's stupid, I just say she's ignorant, Mister, that dame doesn't know the difference between cits (PRONOUNCED "SITS"), chickens, and cow tracks:

NILES: Imagine that! Uh -- cits, chickens, and uh -- what?

VOICE: Cits -- civvies. Chickens are boids, koinels wear 'em on the shoulder. Cow tracks I got on my arm here -- see? Proves I'm a sergeant.

NILES: Well, have a Camel, sergeant!

VOICE: Thanks, that's my regular brand!

NILES: Doesn't surprise me, because Camels are first with men in all the services, according to actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens. But, sarge -- if you want your girl to get hep to all the insignia, just get her to write in for the free Camel insignia folder, showing the rank insignia of officers and enlisted men in the Army, Navy and Marines. You drop a penny post-card with your name and address to R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

VOICE: I'll make a note of that address.

NILES: It's on every pack of Camels. This folder is in four colors, and can be opened flat to go on the wall. Has pictures of sleeve and shoulder insignia from private and apprentice seaman to ~~admiral and~~ ^{AND ADMIRAL} four-star general. You just send a penny post-card with your name and address to R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Write today, folks! -- and here's news for servicemen: the two traveling Camel Caravans will visit eleven more camps this week, bringing singers, dancers, and comedians. Watch for 'em, men-hops; you enjoy the shows!

MUSIC: BUMPER SELECTION, FADE OUT UNDER:

NILES: And now, here's Bud Abbott - with a final word -----

ABBOTT: Thanks, Ken -- well folks, this is the last Abbott and Costello program for awhile. My partner, Lou Costello, was taken ill two weeks ago -- and although he's recuperating rapidly, the doctors still feel that he must have a long rest. Both Lou and I want to thank you from the bottom of our hearts for being so swell to us since we've been on this Camel series - and we hope you will all be listening for us when we come back on the air again. Meanwhile, be sure to hear the new program with Jimmie Durante, Garry Moore, and Xavier Cugat that starts next Thursday -- it's going to be ^A fine. *show*
And so, folks, for a little while -- goodbye, everybody...
goodnight, Lou.

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME, HOLD UNDER:

NILES: Remember to get your free copy of the Camel four-color folder showing the service insignia. Just drop a postcard with your name and address to R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina...Veronica Lake can currently be seen in the Paramount Picture, "Star Spangled Rhythm." Hal Peary, the Great Gildersleeve, appeared with us through the courtesy of the Kraft Cheese Company. And don't forget - next Thursday at this same time Camel will present a brand new program, featuring the great Jimmy Schnozzola Durante.

(MORE)

*cut in order to avoid being cut off the air
when 3rd spot unexpectedly spread.*

-22-

NILES:
(CONT'D)

The Master of ceremonies on the new show will be the rising new comedian and humorist, Garry Moore. The rhumba king, Xavier Cugat, with his orchestra, assisted by Georgia Gibbs, will supply a brilliant musical background for the new Thursday program. And now, this is Ken Niles wishing you all a very pleasant goodnight - from Hollywood
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME UP TO FINISH

ENGINEER: CUT FOR HITCH HIKE:

51459 8039

ANNOUNCER: Say, if you're thinking about getting that old pipe down off the shelf, remember that the pipe tobacco that's smoked by more American men than any other is Prince Albert! That's because Prince Albert is cool, and gentle, and comfortable on your tongue -- because it's no-bite treated. You'll like the way Prince Albert packs right, draws easy, and stays lit, too -- because it's crimp cut. Try a handy pocket package of Prince Albert, ~~taste that~~ ripe, rich, better tobacco and you'll agree P.A.'s got Pipe Appeal for you, too!

This program came to you from Hollywood.

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

cut by announcer when he saw he was going to be cut off the air in the middle of announcement.

51459 8040

ANNOUNCER: Say, if you're thinking about getting that old pipe down off the shelf, remember that the pipe tobacco that's smoked by more American men than any other is Prince Albert! That's because Prince Albert is cool, and gentle, and comfortable on your tongue -- because it's no-bite treated. You'll like the way Prince Albert packs right, draws easy, and stays lit, too -- because it's crimp cut. Try a handy pocket package of Prince Albert, taste that ripe, rich, better tobacco and you'll agree P.A.'s got Pipe Appeal for you, too!

This program came to you from Hollywood.

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51459 8041