

MARCELLE: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Chief Warrant Officer Dan Rhodes, of Butler, Pennsylvania, who, in the words of his commanding officer, is "one of the bravest, most resourceful men it has ever been my pleasure to know...absolutely without fear.. heroic feats too numerous to relate " Those feats include downing eleven Nazi aircraft, destroying two U-boats, sinking an E-boat in the North Sea. In your honor, Chief Warrant Officer Dan Rhodes, the makers of Camels are sending to our fighting men overseas three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

MUSIC: FANFARE

(APPLAUSE)

SHIELDS: Well, Father's Day isn't far off now, June 18th. And what would make a better present than P.A. for P.A. -- Prince Albert for Pa. Why, even the letters agree! He'll like that aged-in-the-wood aroma, that grand flavor! Make that present a pound or half pound of Prince Albert -- the tobacco smoked in more pipes than any other in the whole world!

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH:

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

NILES: The other day I was looking at a Camel advertisement containing a picture of a bomber pilot dressed to fly at five miles up. One of the many ingenious pieces of equipment he had was a tiny microphone clasped to his throat. But.. wonderful as that throat mike is, an even more wonderful and intricate mechanism is the throat itself. It rates care and attention. Your throat is choosy about cigarettes and it knows which one is best for you. See what your throat says about the mildness, coolness, and kindness of Camels. And what your taste has to say about the rich, full, pleasure-packed flavor. Try Camel's costlier tobaccos on your T-Zone - T for taste and T for throat.

MUSIC: INTRO "I'LL GET BY" HOLD FOR:

NILES: Freddie Rich's orchestra with a bright arrangement of an old favorite - "I'll Get By".  
(APPLAUSE)

NILES: (LAUGHS) Oh, you certainly told him off that time, darling - you're so refreshing, you're my little grapefruit!

ALLMAN: Oh no, dear, you're my little grapefruit!

NILES: But you're my little grapefruit!

ALLMAN: I insist, dear - you're my little grapefruit!

COSTELLO: Ladies and gentlemen, you have just heard from a couple of old squirts!

ALLMAN: ~~Oh!~~ Come, Kenneth!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

ABBOTT: Well, Costello, you've done it again. Sometimes I don't know--

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK

ABBOTT: Now what! Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

BLANC: Pardon me, gentlemen. I represent the radio listeners' Popularity Poll. Each year we award this gold cup to our favorite comedian!

COSTELLO: A real gold cup!??

BLANC: That's right. In 1941 Fibber McGee took it, in 1942 Fibber McGee took it, and in 1943 Fibber McGee took it. And this year we want you to take it!

COSTELLO: You do???

BLANC: Yes, take it to Fibber McGee's house, he won it again!

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

(APPLAUSE)

*Now you've done it again.  
Costello the only way you can square it is to  
buy a farewell present or gift for the  
entire cast.*

51459 8705

*A: Law oh what  
oh  
all right I'm sorry*

COSTELLO: DON'T TELL ME YOU WERE BORN WITH THAT FACE! (SORRY) Oh gee, Abbott, wash my mouth out with soap - I said a bad thing! I'm a cad,..I'm even lower than a cad...I'm an old Chevrolet!

ABBOTT: Shut up, Costello!..Mrs. Niles, Ken tells me that you're going to work at the Hollywood Canteen this summer.

ALLMAN: Yes, Bud - I'm going to do the cooking! You know, I've been cooking for over twenty years!

COSTELLO: Why don't you stick a fork in yourself and see if you're done?

ABBOTT: Costello, Mrs. Niles is a wonderful cook. You had dinner at their house last week - don't you remember those lovely biscuits?

ALLMAN: (COY) Ah yes - it takes a woman to make biscuits!

COSTELLO: Ah yes - and it takes a man to lift 'em!

ALLMAN: (SHARPLY) MY BISCUITS ARE NOT HEAVY!

COSTELLO: Oh, no? - while I was tryin' to butter one, it rolled off the table and killed the cat!

ALLMAN: (SARCASTIC) Very funny, very funny! *oh* You know, Costello, I had a dream last night *oh* - I dreamed they were holding a contest to see which comedian had the most empty space in his head!

COSTELLO: So??

ALLMAN: Well, one comedian had two square inches of space, another had five square inches, and another had TEN square inches of empty space in his head!

COSTELLO: I'll bet you didn't see my head there!

ALLMAN: See it?? (GRAVEL) THAT'S WHERE THEY WERE HOLDING THE CONTEST!

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NILES: Each of the four Camel Radio shows honors a Yank of the Week, sends three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes overseas.. a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week. In this country the traveling Camel Caravans have thanked audiences of almost four million Yanks with free shows and free camels. Camel broadcasts go out to the United States four times a week, are shortwaved to our men overseas and to South America. Listen tomorrow to Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore. And listen next Thursday at this time to a completely new Camel Comedy show, featuring Harry Savoy.

MARCELLE: You don't mean the Harry Savoy!

NILES: ~~Yes~~, yes I do. I mean Harry Savoy, the Crown Prince of confusion. Harry Savoy is a jitter-minded zany, a delightful dimwit! In fact, he's downright nuts, ~~but~~ you'll love him. You'll be wild about Harry.

MARCELLE: Sounds to me like Savoy is something.

NILES: You said it. When Harry Savoy steps into the great Thursday night lineup of comedy stars - next Thursday night when Harry Savoy goes on the air for Camels - Don't miss it. Remember - this station, at this very same time, beginning next Thursday - Camels present Harry Savoy.

ABBOTT: Look, Mister Kitzel, we have no time for foolishness!  
What have you got to sell us?

KITZEL: What have I got to sell you? Don't be so uppity-puppity!  
In this little satchel I've got gold rings, old rings,  
earrings, herrings; cuff links, stud links, golf links,  
boblinks; sport shoes, suede shoes, kerchoos, and  
look-at-yous! Clocks, stocks, socks and smocks --  
(LONG BREATH) Not to mention...

COSTELLO: Sack suits, swim suits, blue suits and union suits; top  
coats, sport coats, overcoats and nanny-goats. Bow ties,  
silk ties - home ties and railroad ties. Quirts, shirts,  
assorted nerts -- (SINGS)

BOTH: (SINGING) *a kiddl eat my too - wouldnt you*  
~~AND THAT'S WHY DARKIES WERE BORN!~~  
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: INTRO FOR "TWO HEAVENS" - HOLD UNDER:

NILES: Here's Connie Haines with a lovely new hit tune she  
introduced on our program some time ago - it's called  
"TWO HEAVENS".

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH  
(APPLAUSE)

ABBOTT: .Never mind that, Costello. <sup>Look</sup> Have you got anything to sell us today, Mister Kitzel?

KITZEL: Have I got anything to sell? ~~My~~ buddy, <sup>boy now</sup> you are talking my language - if that's possible. Today I am in the mansion business!

ABBOTT: <sup>A: Hey what was that</sup> The MANSION business!

KITZEL: Yes - anything you mansion, I got it! I got a nice line of musical instruments; I got trombones, saxophones, a violin - a trumpet --

ABBOTT: <sup>Wait a minute</sup> Have you got a fife?

KITZEL: Yes, and a couple of kids!

ABBOTT: You don't understand - a fife is a long skinny thing!

KITZEL: <sup>Yes, yes</sup> That's my Sarah!

COSTELLO: <sup>Now</sup> Wait a minute, Kitzel. We don't want no musical instruments! What else have you got in your sample case?

<sup>Wait a minute</sup> Have you got a POTATO CLOCK?

KITZEL: A potato clock? Don't he talk peculiar Ankelsh!

ABBOTT: Costello, don't be silly. What in heaven's name is a potato clock??

COSTELLO: <sup>will</sup> You wind it up when you go to bed, and it gets you up POTATO CLOCK!

KITZEL: (LAUGHS) Gets you up potato clock, <sup>e: get it sh? at a by Kitzel</sup> ..Ha ha ha! GETS YOU UP POTATO CLOCK - Ha ha ha...I DON'T LIKE IT!

COSTELLO: <sup>Oh, oh, my line...</sup> Come on, come on, Kitzel! Open up that sample case and get out those presents!

KITZEL: JUST A SECOND - JUST A SECOND! Don't push me! - What am I, a baby carriage!?

C. Who last has been

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ALLMAN: Why so sad, little man?

NILES: (VEDDY BRITISH) /<sup>oh</sup> Nothing, really.

ALLMAN: H'm. Chin up. Must dress. Stiff upper lip, and all that sort of thing. Come, tell mama.

NILES: All summer long I won't be here to tell them. It's our last show of the season tonight.. next week at this time everyone will be going just wild about Harry, and I won't be here to tell them.

ALLMAN: Tell who what?

NILES: Our listeners about their T-Zones -- their precious throats and tastes. How they ought to try the kind, cool mildness of Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos on their throats, And the rich, full flavor on their tastes. That the throat and the taste provide the best answer to that question people ask themselves -- "What cigarette is best for me?" Millions of people find that the answer is Camel! Try Camel...try Camel on your T-Zone.. I've been saying.. <sup>why</sup> it's practically been my life work, and now, next week.....

ALLMAN: Cheer up. There'll be somebody else to tell them.

We'll listen and see because - you know what?

NILES: No, what?

ALLMAN: I'm just wild about Harry!

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

COSTELLO: HEYYYYYYYY, ABBOTTTTTTTTTTTTT!

ABBOTT: Costello! Where in the world have you been? And just look at your face - where did you get that black eye??

COSTELLO: Abbott, I got that black eye in a restaurant down the street.

ABBOTT: How could you get a black eye in a restaurant??

COSTELLO: <sup>John</sup> They had a sign over the counter that said - "LADIES SERVED HERE"!

ABBOTT: Yes...?

COSTELLO: So I ordered a blonde!

ABBOTT: Oh, I see - and you were injured in the fracas??

COSTELLO: ~~Not~~ <sup>who</sup> me! <sup>in the fracas</sup> I was struck between the vestibule and the kitchen!

ABBOTT: Well, why do you always go around getting fights? <sup>c: oh no not yet</sup> You're in no condition for that! <sup>How!</sup>

COSTELLO: <sup>who's not in condition</sup> Who ain't? ~~I'm in great shape~~, Abbott - when I woke up <sup>at least there in shape. c: So am I.</sup> this morning I felt like jumpin' outta bed, takin' an ice cold shower, <sup>then</sup> I felt like punching a bag, <sup>then I felt like</sup> skippin' rope - <sup>then</sup> and I felt like takin' a ten mile hike!

ABBOTT: What did you do?

COSTELLO: I stayed in bed until the feeling went away!

ABBOTT: <sup>Look will you</sup> ~~Oh~~ talk sense! Listen, Costello - do you realize that tonight is our last radio program for Camels until next Fall! <sup>Now</sup> We have to plan what we're going to do this summer!

COSTELLO: I know what I'm gonna do, Abbott - I'm gonna spend the whole summer riding horseback!

ABBOTT: Really? Where do you do your horseback riding in the summer?

COSTELLO: Same place I do my ice skatin' in the Winter!

51459 8701

7:00 - 7:30 PM PWT  
NBC NETWORK

JUNE 8, 1944

# AS BROADCAST

✓  
MASTER - NEW YORK

*LMF - letter to be sent  
7/12 on 5 min out -*

## THE ABBOTT AND COSTELLO PROGRAM

FOR

CAMEL CIGARETTES

*7:00 - 7:05 Taken up by NBC for a special 5 min.  
news bulletin*

MUSIC: "PERFIDIA" INTRO TO:

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

NILES: The Abbott and Costello program! Brought to you by Camel,  
the cigarette that's first in the service! See if your  
throat and taste don't make Camel a first with you too.  
Find out for yourself

MUSIC: SWEEPS UP AND UNDER

NILES: Listen to the music of Freddie Rich and his orchestra,  
and the songs of Connie Haines! ~~Now, here they are,~~ *and* for  
their final broadcast until next Fall -- Bud Abbott and  
Lou Costello!

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

*7:05 Freddie Rich & the orchestra open the  
program with "I Know That You Know"  
(ORCHESTRA)*

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO.....CAMELS

June 8, 1944

AS BROADCAST TIME SHEETS

OPENING COMML	<u>5.22</u>
FIRST SPOT	<u>15.10</u>
VOCAL	<u>17.40</u>
COMML	<u>18.36</u>
2ND SPOT	<u>24.10</u>
YANK OF WEEK ANNCMT	<u>25.00</u>
BILLBOARD	<u>25.45</u>
BUMPER	<u>27.30</u>
TAG	<u>28.33</u>
SIGNOFF	<u>29.00</u>
HITCH HIKE	<u>29.27</u>

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COSTELLO: How do you like that, Abbott! I forgot all about Freddie!

ABBOTT: You've got to run right out and get him a present. Get him whatever he likes best - and have it wrapped up nicely!

COSTELLO: I can't do that, Abbott!

ABBOTT: Why not?

COSTELLO: YOU CAN'T WRAP UP A SALOON!

ABBOTT: ~~Oh~~, you dummy. I should have known better than to trust you to buy presents for the cast! Now we're in a fine pickle! Where are we going to buy anything at this late hour?

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

ABBOTT: Come in! *Come in!*

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

KITZEL: (SINGING) Hi-Yi-O Rancho Grande - I always come in handy! Yahoo!

ABBOTT: Well, look who it is, Costello - our old friend, Kitzel, the salesman!

KITZEL: Mmmmmmmmm - COULD BE! *Well, well* /How do you do, Mister Costello. *believe me* I haven't seen you in a long distance! You're just the man I'm looking at!

COSTELLO: And you're just the guy I'm looking ~~at~~ *at*, Kitzel. You sold me an electric razor two weeks ago, and it's no good!

KITZEL: *oh gosh wish no good at all! No wish wish it no good!* For your information, my little man, that was not an electric razor. ~~It~~ *that* /was a riveting machine!

COSTELLO: A riveting machine? *KITZEL: Yes, yeah* /No wonder every time I shave it hammers my whiskers in and I have to bite 'em off with my teeth!

ABBOTT: ~~(CALLING) COSTELLO! COSTELLO! WHERE ARE YOU?~~

SOUND: ~~DOOR OPENS~~

COSTELLO: ~~(WHISPERING) ~~How I say, Abbott!~~ I've ~~thought~~~~

~~some~~ farewell presents for everybody on the show! I got some dandy presents in a department store!

ABBOTT: Why are you talking so low?

COSTELLO: (WHISPERING) *quiet* I bought 'em in the basement!

ABBOTT: *oh* Stop whispering, Costello. What kind of presents did you get?

COSTELLO: Well, on the way to the store, Abbott, I thought of you first. So I stopped and got you a beautiful bridge lamp!

ABBOTT: A bridge lamp??? Where is it?

COSTELLO: The man on the bridge made me put it back!

ABBOTT: Oh, fine! I'll bet you got some dandy presents! What have you got in that big box under your arm?

COSTELLO: *I got a big* ~~present~~ box of candy for the boys in the band. Just look at it, Abbott - isn't that fine-looking candy?

ABBOTT: For heaven's sake - I've never seen such big pieces of candy. What are they?

COSTELLO: Chocolate-covered bananas!

ABBOTT: That's the silliest thing I ever heard of! I hope you got something decent for Mrs. Niles!

COSTELLO: That I did, Abbott! I said to myself - There's one woman that I gotta get a swell present for - especially after the way I've treated her!

ABBOTT: Now you're talking.

*A: That's what you'll have to do. I did that this morning*

*Abbott*

*Conrad Haines, Mr. & Mrs. Niles & everybody*

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ABBOTT: Don't pay any attention to him, Ken - Costello and I were talking about what we're going to do while the program is off for the summer!

NILES: Well, I know what I'm going to do, Bud *A: What are you going to do?* I'm going to help my wife at the Hollywood Canteen. And you could help, too, Costello - there are so many dishes, we need an extra tub! Ha ha ha!

COSTELLO: Listen, Niles, that job is perfect *thing* for a skinny guy like you - with that mop of hair they can grab you by the feet and use you for a bottle washer!

ABBOTT: *now* Quiet, Costello! Look, this is our last program - can't you be nice and *C: I don't like the way you say this is our last program* stop this fighting with Ken? All season long you've argued with him and insulted Mrs. Niles! How do you expect to get along with people? HOW DO YOU EXPECT ANYBODY TO LIKE YOU!?

COSTELLO: *oh* I'm a ba-a-a-a-a-d boy!

ABBOTT: *will* You certainly are! Mrs. Niles will be here any second, and just watch what you say! Try to be decent! *for once.*

COSTELLO: (MEEKLY) Okay, Abbott...

ABBOTT: *now hey,* Shh, quiet here she comes.

ALLMAN: (FADES IN) I HEARD THAT REMARK, COSTELLO!

COSTELLO: (QUIETLY) I didn't say anything, Mrs. Niles! *A: No that's right.*

ABBOTT: *Absolutely Mrs. Niles!* ~~That's right, Costello~~ isn't going to insult you - he's going to be a good boy, *aren't you Lou?*

COSTELLO: *Mrs. Abbott A: See that* Yeah. Gee, Mrs. Niles, I sure am glad to see you...and by-the-by, *can this be me talking* did you ever collect the insurance for that accident you had?

ALLMAN: *why* ~~But~~ I didn't have any accident!

*least programme A: Will for the season replacement. C: I don't like the way you say this is our last program. A: No that's right. C: I don't like the way you say this is our last program. A: See that. C: I don't like the way you say this is our last program.*

COSTELLO: So I said to myself, "What can I get for Mrs. Niles that will make her happy?" Then all at once the thought struck me -- MRS. NILES IS CRAZY ABOUT FURS!

ABBOTT: Yes???

COSTELLO: SO I GOT HER A POUND OF MOTH BALLS!

ABBOTT: Costello, you're impossible! That's not the kind of presents to give people, after a whole season's work!

COSTELLO: Quiet, Abbott! Here comes our little singer, Connie Haines. I'm gonna give Connie her present right now.

CONNIE: Hello, my fat little sugah man. Did I hear you say you had a present for me?

COSTELLO: Yes, Connie - here's a lovely bottle of perfume! It cost me a cool quarter an ounce!

CONNIE: What kind of perfume is it?

COSTELLO: I don't know the name of it - but it smells like anything, and kills ants, besides!

CONNIE: That's very sweet of you, Mister Costello. Can I have the perfume now?

COSTELLO: Just a minute, Connie. How old are you?

CONNIE: Sixteen!

COSTELLO: Sixteen, eh? Well, gimme a little kiss and I'll give you the bottle of perfume!

CONNIE: You-all gotta give me the bottle, first!

COSTELLO: YOU'RE OVER SIXTEEN!

ABBOTT: Give her the bottle, Costello! By the way, I hope you got a nice present for our hard-working band leader, Freddie Rich!



ABBOTT: Well, Costello -- it's getting close to the end of our program, and I probably won't be seeing you again until next Fall.

COSTELLO: Why not, Abbott? Where are you going?

ABBOTT: Well, as you know, I have a baseball team; and we're going to make a tour of the Army Camps this summer! By the way, Costello - why don't you come along and play on the team?

COSTELLO: *C: Do you mean it? A: Sure why not?*  
That's a good idea, Abbott. But I don't think I know any of the players! *I mean after all, you see some of these*  
~~What are the names of the fellows on your team?~~ *Guys on the team I don't know. If I'm going to be on your team here it go. A: Will I be in it?*

ABBOTT: Well, *you know strange as it may seem* nowadays they give these ball-players very peculiar names. *you know like Bizzy Bean, Daffy Bean C: I*  
Let's see - we have Who on first, What's on second, and I-Don't-Know's on third!

(INTO BASEBALL ROUTINE)

(NOTE FOR RICH AND CONTROL ROOM -- CUES FOR FINISH AS FOLLOWS:)

COSTELLO: .....GETS UP AND ~~BASE LEFT-HANDED~~, AND <sup>it's</sup> ~~THROW~~ A LONG FLY TO BECAUSE. WHY? I DON'T KNOW! HE'S ON THIRD AND I DON'T GIVE A DARN!

ABBOTT: *A: what was that? C: I said I don't give a darn.*  
Oh, that's our short stop!  
*C: Congratulations ..... happy birthday (fluff)*

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: Abbott and Costello will be back in just a moment.

MUSIC: YANK FANFARE

*the boys to you. C: When I like to know in this A: who are you? (fluff) here,*

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MUSIC: BUMPER SELECTION, FADE OUT ON CUE FOR:

NILES: *(Applause)* And now, Abbott & Costello with a final word --

ABBOTT: Thanks, Ken -- well, folks - this has been our last broadcast of the current season for Camel Cigarettes!

COSTELLO: *C: I don't like the way you said last all the time. A: For the*  
That's right - but don't forget ~~we~~ *we're going to* be back again at this same time for Camels -- next October. Bud and I hope that you'll all be listening!

ABBOTT: *yes* And here's a special reminder to all our listeners here in Los Angeles. This coming Sunday afternoon, June the eleventh, Lou and I are staging a big benefit show in the

COSTELLO: *we want to see all you folks there. That's right it's going to start at 2:30, ladies & gentlemen.*  
Hollywood Bowl, for the war wounded. *right here* All the picture and radio stars will be there, and we hope you folks in Los Angeles will be there too.

ABBOTT: *after all it's for a very worthy cause. A: They tell me there*  
And so, ladies and gentlemen, goodby for the summer -- and to you boys overseas; may God bless you and speed you to victory!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME, HOLD UNDER:

NILES: Be sure to tune in next Thursday night when Camels present Harry Savoy... ~~and remember, try Camels on your throat and your taste. See for yourself how Camels' mildness, coolness and cleanliness, with you!~~ *And now this is* Goodnight to you all - from Hollywood.

MUSIC: THEME UP AND UNDER FOR:

51459 8716

*Don't want to see all you folks there. That's right it's going to start at 2:30, ladies & gentlemen. right here. after all it's for a very worthy cause. A: They tell me there. Ken Niles saying. A: you're quick.*

ABBOTT: Just a minute, Costello - do you have your own horse?

COSTELLO: Sure, Abbott - and it's a very polite horse, too! Every time we get to a fence, he stops and lets me go over first!

ABBOTT: Never mind the horses! You can't spend your summer just riding horseback, Costello - you've got to do something more useful!

COSTELLO: ~~I am, Abbott~~ <sup>/oh</sup> - I'm goin' up to my Uncle ~~Hugo's~~ <sup>Artie Stebbins</sup> farm and help him pick strawberries!

ABBOTT: Well, <sup>now</sup> that's very commendable - but you must be careful picking strawberries or you'll get poison ivy!

COSTELLO: No I won't - I got a system. The minute I get up to Uncle ~~Hugo's~~ <sup>Artie's</sup>, I wrap myself up in a tar-paper bag and <sup>then I'm</sup> hang myself up in the closet! <sup>going to</sup>

ABBOTT: <sup>But</sup> You can't pick strawberries that way!

COSTELLO: I know, but I can't get poison ivy, either!

ABBOTT: By the way - how is your Uncle Hugo doing with his farm?

COSTELLO: He's doin' great, Abbott - he's got eight thousand chickens and one rooster!

ABBOTT: He must be independent.

COSTELLO: He ain't half as independent as that rooster!

ABBOTT: Oh, talking to you, Costello, is a waste of time! You're an imbecile! <sup>you know that don't you?</sup>

COSTELLO: (STRONG) And I think you're an imbecile!

ABBOTT: (LOUDER) AND I SAY YOU'RE AM IMBECILE!

NILES: (FADES IN) <sup>Now</sup> Just a minute, boys, what's all the arguing about?

COSTELLO: (YELLS) YOU KEEP OUTTA THIS, NILES, IT'S JUST BETWEEN US IMBECILES!

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