

AS BROADCAST

MASTER - NEW York
Commercial use
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THE ABBOTT AND COSTELLO PROGRAM

FOR

CAMEL CIGARETTES

Thursday, November 2, 1944

7:00 - 7:30 PM PWT

BUD ABBOTT
LOU COSTELLO
ARTIE AUERBACH
FREDDIE RICH
CONNIE HAINES
KEN NILES
ELVIA ALLMAN
MEL BLANC
PAT MCGEEHAN

WM. ESTY & CO.
DICK MACK
ED. FORMAN
SI FIELDS
JOE KIRK
DON PRINDLE
RONNIE RACK
ONNIE WHIZIN

JOHNNY CRAVENS
FLOYD CATON
ANDY LOVE
FRED SHIELDS
PAT MCGEEHAN

ROUTINE

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ORCHESTRA: "PERFIDIA"...INTRO TO:

BAND: 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 according to actual sales records! See if your throat and your taste don't make Camel a first with you too. Find out for yourself! ✓

.25

MUSIC: SWEEPS UP AND UNDER:

NILES: Listen to the great rhythms of Freddie Rich and his Orchestra, the swiny-singing of Connie Haines...and, with election day just around the corner, we remind you of the famous speech of Senator Rufus G. Blowhard when he rose to utter these deathless words...

COSTELLO: HEYYYYYYYYYYY ABBBBBOOTTTTTT!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH ✓

.52

51459 8821

ABBOTT: Well, well, Costello. What's going on here?

BLANC: (COSTELLO HAS BLANC ON LEASH - BLANC AS DOG BARKS LOUDLY)

ABBOTT: Costello! (TRYING TO INTERRUPT) Costello!

BLANC: (BARKS AGAIN)

COSTELLO: QUIET HECTOR! DOWN HECTOR!

ABBOTT: COSTELLO--WHAT'S THE IDEA OF BRINGING THAT DOG IN HERE?
WHERE DID YOU GET HIM?

COSTELLO: I FOUND HIM, ABBOTT---

ABBOTT: WELL, ~~let him loose.~~

COSTELLO: NO SIR. I'M GONNA KEEP HIM! HE'S A GENUINE AIRPLANE DOG!

ABBOTT: An airplane dog?

COSTELLO: Yeh---LOOK AT HIS TAIL SPIN!

ABBOTT: Costello--you're going to take that dog out of here right now!

COSTELLO: Aawwww---Abbott! ^{A: I said yes!} Don't make me chase this dog away.
He's taking the place of my ^{other} little dog that died! His name was GIRDLE!

ABBOTT: GIRDLE? How did you happen to name a dog, Girdle?

COSTELLO: Because we kept him tied up in the daytime and we let him out at night!

ABBOTT: ^(applause) Oh, I remember that dog you had. He was a Dockshund --one of those long dogs.

COSTELLO: Yeh--my mother bought that long dog for us kids---so we could all pet him at the same time!

ABBOTT: How did he happen to die?

COSTELLO: It's a sad tale, Abbott - He met his end going around a tree!

BLANC: (BARKS LOUDLY AND PANTS)

COSTELLO: Listen to him, Abbott, he's got asthma!

ABBOTT: Costello, will you please get that mutt out of here!

COSTELLO: But he's a smart dog, ^{I'm not going to do it. He's a smart dog.} Abbott. ~~It's a smart dog.~~ Hector -
how much is one and one?

BLANC: (BARKS TWICE)

COSTELLO: ~~Smart dog!~~ ^{See now} (DOUBTFUL) He's right, ain't he, Abbott? A: Well yes.
C: one and one is (Barks) like that ain't it? A: yes I'm pretty sure!

ABBOTT: Yes.

COSTELLO: Now, Hector, how much is two and two?

BLANC: (BARKS FOUR TIMES)

COSTELLO: Isn't that amazing. Now, Hector - tell Abbott what time it is!

BLANC: (SHORT GROWL) A QUARTER AFTER SEVEN!

COSTELLO: We shoulda got a real dog for this part! The producer is always putting his relatives on the show! (Just like me and my Uncle Artie Stebbins.) *He gets in!*

ABBOTT: Costello, you've got to get rid of this dog. Now I know what we'll do. We'll take this dog out on the street and auction him off. We'll probably get three or four dollars for him! COME ON!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES...STREET NOISES

ABBOTT: ^{Let's get started here.} LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! STEP RIGHT UP HERE! WE ARE ABOUT TO AUCTION OFF THIS BEAUTIFUL DOG. IN FACT, NEIGHBORS, HE IS ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS DOGS IN HOLLYWOOD!

ALLMAN: What kind of a dog is he, mister?

COSTELLO: Do you remember the famous dog, Strongheart?

ALLMAN: Yes. I remember Strongheart!

COSTELLO: Well, this is his brother, Weak Liver!

ALLMAN: I think that dog is a fleahound. Look - he's scratching himself!

COSTELLO: You're wrong, Madame...he's a watchdog. HE'S WINDING HIMSELF UP!

ABBOTT: Costello, please step aside! Now, Madame, would you like to make the first bid for this dog?

ALLMAN: Well, I didn't intend to bid.

ABBOTT: You didn't what?

ALLMAN: Intend --

COSTELLO: (FAST) Tene dollars has been bid by the lady! Who'll make it eleven?

ALLMAN: Just a minute. Don't pull any of those dirty tricks around --

COSTELLO: DIRTY-SIX DOLLARS HAS BEEN BID. DO I HEAR - DIRTY-SEVEN?

BLANC: (MAD) Just a minute, you crooks. My wife didn't bid for that dog!

ABBOTT: She certainly did!

BLANC: I'll give you six to five she didn't....

COSTELLO: (FAST) Sixty-five has been bid by this gentleman! Who'll make it sixty-six ?

ALLMAN: Come on Eddie!

COSTELLO: EDDIE DOLLARS HAS BEEN BID...

ABBOTT: And what a buy for eighty dollars. Why you can raise \$500 on this dog!

BLANC: Oh yeah? You'd have to be Tarzan to raise five hundred on that dog.

COSTELLO: You'd have to be what?

BLANC: Tarzan!

COSTELLO: SOLD! SOLD TO THIS GENTLEMAN FOR A TARZAN DOLLARS.

BLANC: Oh, you guys are nothing but fakes. Come on, dear, let's get out of here!

ABBOTT: *Come here Costello*
Costello, the crowd is breaking up. Hurry up...get out there among the people and be a shill.
If somebody says one dollar...you say two dollars. If somebody says two dollars...you say three dollars.

COSTELLO: Oh, I get it. *I know what you mean* Whatever is bid, I keep raising the price!

ABBOTT: That's right. (RAISES VOICE) Now..WHO'LL BID ONE DOLLAR TO START THE SALE?

COSTELLO: (OFF MIKE YELLS) I WILL!

ABBOTT: Quiet, Costello, you have no money!

ALLMAN: I'll bid a dollar!

ABBOTT: That's fine - now who'll say two dollars? Please! Won't somebody say two dollars? Will the lady who said a dollar - say a dollar again?

COSTELLO: (YELLS) TWO DOLLARS!

ABBOTT: That's better - thank you. Will anybody say three?

NILES: Three dollars!

ABBOTT: Thank you, sir. Now will anybody say four?

COSTELLO: FOUR DOLLARS!

ABBOTT: SOLD! THIS BEAUTIFUL DOG FOR FOUR DOLLARS! Now - will the winning bidder please raise his hand! *Wait a minute where is the winner.*

COSTELLO: (MEEKLY) It was me!

ABBOTT: Costello - step back in the crowd! Folks, there's been a mistake in the bidding. Will the gentleman who said three dollars bid again?

NILES: Three dollars!

ABBOTT: Would you like to make it four?

NILES: No. Three dollars is as far as I'll go!

ABBOTT: But this dog is worth at least four. Won't somebody say four? (PAUSE) Very well...Going once for three dollars.. going twice for three dollars...and the third and last time, going...going....

COSTELLO: (OFF MIKE, YELLING) FOUR DOLLARS!

ABBOTT: Thank you. Sold for four dollars. Who said four dollars?

COSTELLO: I ~~said~~ *said four dollars*

ABBOTT: Costello - what's the matter with you? That's the second time you've gummed up the auction. Why don't you keep out of this? You haven't got ~~any money~~ *a dime!*

COSTELLO: CAN I HELP IT IF I LOVE DOGS???

Abbott: *oh please - please.*
(APPLAUSE) ✓

MUSIC: NEUTRAL PLAYOFF

5.45

NILES: T the letter T...twentieth letter of the alphabet and to every smoker, a letter of first importance. It stands for Taste, and for Throat...in other words... your T-Zone. And T for Truth, too, because your T-Zone gives you the truthful answer to the question of which cigarette is best for you. Try the kind, cool mildness of Camels on your own throat. Try the rich, full, fresh flavor of Camels on your taste; and, furthermore, that T stands for Tobaccos too. The superb blend of costlier tobaccos that gives Camels such an appeal to the T-Zone of millions of smokers.

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

NILES: Camels! And T stands for Try, too, and for Today. Try them on your T-Zone today! ✓

6.40

ORCH: CAMEL THEME INTO "OH WHERE HAS MY LITTLE DOG GONE"....
DOWN ON CUE

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS - BELL TINKLE - DOOR CLOSE)

MCGEEHAN: (BUBBLING OVER) Well -- well -- well! Come right in gentlemen! Welcome to Morton's Pet Shop! Say that looks like my lost dog you have there!

ABBOTT: Yes Mr. Morton, my friend Costello found your dog, and I made him bring him back.

MCGEEHAN: Well that's fine, and here's your \$25 reward.

COSTELLO: *Mr. Morton* I don't want the reward, I wanna keep the dog! I love that little pooch.

MCGEEHAN: Well, young man, the dog is for sale, but I must warn you, ...he's very valuable. This dog is worth \$200.

COSTELLO: He's worth \$200? How could a little dog save up all that money?

ABBOTT: Costello...Mister Morton means you'll have to pay \$200 for the dog!

MCGEEHAN: That's right, young man. Have you any idea about what this dog's breed is?

COSTELLO: His what?

MCGEEHAN: His breed!

COSTELLO: ~~He~~ He breed's through his nose like anybody else?

ABBOTT: Costello, we're wasting this man's time. You can't afford to buy this dog!

COSTELLO: (CRYING) *Excuse me: aw wait a minute Abbott.* I gotta have this dog! Mister Morton, why can't I go to work for you in your pet shop? I'll let you keep all my salary to pay for the dog!

MCGEEHAN: Very well, young man. I'll pay you whatever your worth!

COSTELLO: OH, no! I gotta have some money!

ABBOTT: Mister Morton, Costello will take the job. I'll have him here at 8:00 in the morning!

MUSIC: BRIDGE "OH WHERE OH WHERE"

ABBOTT: Well, Costello, this is our first day in Mister Morton's Pet Shop -- so be on your toes! Oh-oh -- here comes a customer.

SOUND: (DOOR BELL TINKLE...DOOR OPEN)

COSTELLO: Good morning, Madame! What can I do for you?

ALLMAN: I'd like ten cents worth of dog meat!

COSTELLO: Shall I wrap it up -- or will you eat it here?

ALLMAN: (MAD) OOOOOOOOOOOO! I'LL NEVER COME IN THIS PLACE AGAIN!

Allman: (Barbs) C: She died with Dick Mack.
SOUND: (LOUD DOOR SLAM)

ABBOTT: Now see what you did, Costello --- that lady drove away in a huff --- and she was fuming!

COSTELLO: It must be that rationed gas we're getting!

ABBOTT: Get busy Costello, and take care of those puppies.

COSTELLO: Hey I forgot to tell you Abbott...one of ~~these~~ ^{these} puppies has the sniffles. I don't know what to do.

ABBOTT: Well, if the puppy has a cold, just fill a long tube with some cold medicine - then place one end of the tube in the dog's mouth -- take a deep breath and blow!

COSTELLO: That's no good - I tried it!

ABBOTT: What happened?

COSTELLO: THE DOG BLEW FIRST!

SOUND: (PHONE RINGS - RECEIVER UP)

ABBOTT: Hello! Morton's Pet Shop! Who?? Mrs. Pike! Yes, I'll send Costello over for it! What kind of a dog have you? A Pekinese?? Okay, Mrs. Pike.

SOUND: (PHONE DOWN)

ABBOTT: Costello, I want you to go over and get a Peke at Mrs. Pike's.

COSTELLO: Got a peak at Mrs. Pikes?

ABBOTT: Yes.

COSTELLO: Why can't I take a good look?

ABBOTT: Listen you Dummy, I want you to go after Pike's Peke!

COSTELLO: What do you want me to go after Pike's Peak for...What am I, a mountain climber?

ABBOTT: Look, Costello, I want you to go to Mrs. Pike's house and you'll see her Peke around the yard!

COSTELLO: ~~That's fine.~~ I'll see her Peak around her yard. What do you want me to do - play hide and seek with her! ~~That's~~

Good Abbott
~~easy, Abbott.~~ I gotta finish washing a dog.

ABBOTT: What dog?

COSTELLO: You know - that little white dog -- that a --- that -----

ABBOTT: Spitz?

COSTELLO: No - but he drools a little!

ABBOTT: Never mind that. After you come back from Mrs. Pike's I want you to take care of Mrs. Brown's chow!

COSTELLO: Her what?

ABBOTT: Her chow. How is Mrs. Brown's chow?

COSTELLO: I don't know -- I never ate at her house!

ABBOTT: What a dope! Do you realize that Mister Morton is going to fire you before you earn enough to pay for that dog?

COSTELLO: Oh, no he ain't, Abbott! I got an idea! Do you see that Poster on the wall? It says -- "BIG DOG SHOW TONIGHT--- FIRST PRIZE \$200!" I'm gonna take Hector to the Dog Show -- he'll win the money and I'll pay Mister Morton in full!

51459 8830

ABBOTT: But, Costello, you can't take that dog away from the store. Suppose Mister Morton comes back and finds the dog's coop empty? He could have you arrested. Just think of the headline in the papers. "COSTELLO TAKES DOG AND FLEES"!

COSTELLO: I'm just taking the dog. I'm gonna leave the fleas here! Anyway, Abbott -- he'll never know the dog is missing. I'll get my little brother Sebastian to hide in the coop and take the dog's place till we get back!

ABBOTT: Costello, that's ridiculous, Sebastian could never fool Mr. Morton into believing he's a dog!

COSTELLO: Oh, is that so? He's fooled plenty of people already!

ABBOTT: You mean people really mistake Sebastian for a dog?

COSTELLO: Well, he's only seven years old, and my mother had to buy him back from the dog catchers five times!

Abbott: oh now please.
(APPLAUSE)

10.45

ORCHESTRA: "OH WHERE OH WHERE CAN HE BE?"

NILES: (AFTER APPLAUSE ... ON CUE) Who'll win first prize at the dog show may be a moot question, but there's no questioning the fact that first prize at the singing sweepstakes will go to our lovely Connie Haines as she sings "Dance With A Dolly".

CONNIE HAINES AND ORCHESTRA: "DANCE WITH A DOLLY".

(APPLAUSE) ✓

13.15

NILES: For years you have been saying, "Camels, please"; and always the man behind the counter came back with that familiar pack and a hearty, "Yes, sir!" Well...he doesn't feel too happy these days when occasionally he has to change that "Yes, sir" ^{to that} to "Sorry, no Camels today." But remember this: Camel's kind, cool, ~~smooth~~-gentle mildness and the rich, full, fresh flavor of Camel's unique blend of costlier tobaccos definitely make Camels worth asking for again the very next time you are buying cigarettes.

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

NILES: Camels, the cigarette to ask for every time! ✓

13.50

ORCHESTRA: CAMEL THEME INTO TRUMPET ATTENTION CALL: OUT ON CUE

CAST: (BABBLE OF VOICES)

SOUND: SEVERAL DOGS BARKING LOUDLY

NILES: QUIET, EVERYBODY! QUIET! WE ARE ABOUT TO START THE GREAT NORTH HOLLYWOOD DOG SHOW! Now all you people who have entries, will kindly form a line to the right, and file your dog past the judges!

SOUND: ROUGH FILE ON TIN

BLANC: (YELPS)

ABBOTT: Costello, what are you doing?

COSTELLO: The guy told me to file my dog!

ABBOTT: Put that file down. The man wants you to promenade your dog!

COSTELLO: I can't, ^{do that.} Abbott. I left my promenade home!

ABBOTT: What promenade?

COSTELLO: The promenade I put on my hair!

ABBOTT: No, no - you dummy! The stuff you put on your hair is pomade!

COSTELLO: Oh, no it ain't, Abbott. Pomade is the stuff my father drinks!

ABBOTT: Your father drinks Pomade???

COSTELLO: Yeah - Pa made it, and Pa drinks it!

NILES: (FADING IN) BLOOD! BLOOD! I MUST HAVE BLOOD - GALLONS OF BLOOD! I'VE GOT TO HAVE BLOOD!

COSTELLO: Who are you?

NILES: Oh, just an old bloodhound! (GIGGLE)

COSTELLO: Quiet, Niles! ^{Will you get out of here?} You're so skinny, if you had any blood you'd look like a thermometer!

ALLMAN: Come come, gentlemen! You're holding up the dog show! I'm anxious to get started. I expect to win the first prize with my dog!

COSTELLO: You could win it without the dog!

ABBOTT: Costello - that's no way to talk to a lady!

ALLMAN: That's right, young man. I am the great dog fancier, Mrs. Bekin Van Storage! I have one of the largest kennels in the country.

COSTELLO: Why don't you go on a diet?

ALLMAN: Oh, you think you're so smart. But your dog will never beat my dog. He's a Dobermann Pinscher!

COSTELLO: A Dobermann what?

ABBOTT: PINSCHER! PINSCHER!

ALLMAN: (SCREAMS)

ABBOTT: *Lou... Lou*
What are you doing?

COSTELLO: You told me to pinch her!

MUSIC: BUGLE CALL

ABBOTT: Come on, Costello, it's time to take the dogs into the judging ring!

COSTELLO: Yeh - come, Hector... (BLANC BARKS) *Hector will you stop painting.*
We gotta go in there and win that two hundred dollars and then you'll belong to me!

KITZEL: (FADES IN) Hi-Yi-O Rancho Grande - at dog shows
I'm a dandy -- Ya-Hoo!

ABBOTT: Well, don't tell me it's our old friend Kitzel!

KITZEL: *(applause)*
Mmmmmyeah - could be! I came here to win the dog show. I've got some very uppity puppities! Take a look on this fine dog! Come here, Einstein!

COSTELLO: *Hey Kitzel*
Why do you call him Einstein?

KITZEL: Because nobody can explain his relativity! He's a fine dog!

COSTELLO: He looks like a pointer-setter!

KITZEL: *For goodness sakee*
What is a pointer setter?

COSTELLO: He sets in the kitchen and points at the icebox! You'll never win a prize with that dog, Kitzel! (*fluff*)

ABBOTT: Costello, that's no way to talk. Kitzel has a fine-looking dog there!

COSTELLO: Oh, yeah? He don't look healthy to me! What makes his tongue hang way out like that?

KITZEL: *What makes his tongue hang way out.*
He was born with a long tail and he's trying to keep his balance!

COSTELLO: Can your dog do any tricks?

KITZEL: Oh, he plays a little pinochle!

ABBOTT: PINOCHLE! You mean your dog plays cards? He must be plenty smart!

KITZEL: Oh, *pish pish* he ain't so smart. Last night I beat him two games out of three!

COSTELLO: Your dog don't compare to my dog, Kitzel. Hector can *really* do ~~good~~ *good* tricks! Would you like to see him climb a ladder?

KITZEL: Your dog can climb a ladder??? This I gotta see!

COSTELLO: This you're gonna see. Come here, Hector!

BLANC: (PANTING)

COSTELLO: All right, Hector, start climbing the ladder! There he goes ... Now he's on the first rung! The second -- the third -- There he went all the way to the top. Okay, Hector, now jump down in my arms! Attaboy -- That's what I call climbing a ladder.

KITZEL: *(repeat)* *For goodness sakee.*
Just a second, I don't see any ladder!

COSTELLO: He hasn't learned to do it with a ladder yet.

MUSIC: TRUMPET CALL

NILES: ATTENTION, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. THE JUDGES OF THE DOG SHOW HAVE REACHED A DECISION! WE ARE AWARDING THE FIRST PRIZE OF TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS TO THIS FAT LITTLE DOG HERE - WEARING THE BROWN BLANKET!

COSTELLO: HEY, WAIT A MINUTE, NILES, YOU'RE POINTING AT ME! I AIN'T NO DOG! *My ears are too short. What am I saying?*

NILES: Quiet, Costello - do you want to make a liar out of the judges? (SILLY GIGGLE)

ABBOTT: ^{c:} *I killed that didn't I?*
All right, Costello, don't argue - you've got the \$200 - let's go! We've got to get back to Morton's Pet Shop and get your brother, Sebastian, out of that dog coop!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: DOOR OPENS - DOOR BELL TINKLE - DOOR CLOSES

MCGEEHAN: (FIGHTING MAD) Oh-ho - so there you are, Costello - YOU DOG THIEF! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF TAKING MY CHAMPION DOG OUT OF HIS COOP AND PUTTING THAT LITTLE BOY IN THERE!

COSTELLO: I just borrowed the dog for a little while, Mister Morton! I took him out on the Government plan!

MCGEEHAN: You took him out on the Government plan?

COSTELLO: Yeah - ~~LEND~~ LEND LEASH! *That's the leash I could do.*

ABBOTT: Look, Mister Morton, Costello hasn't harmed the dog - and he now has the two hundred dollars to pay for him!

COSTELLO: Yeh--here's the money Mister Morton-----wrap the dog up as a gift!

MCGEEHAN: Wrap the dog? I'VE GOT A GOOD NOTION TO RAP YOU IN THE NOSE! YOU LEFT YOUR LITTLE BROTHER IN THAT COOP AND WHEN I WENT TO LET HIM OUT --- HE BIT ME!

COSTELLO: He bit you??? SEBASTIAN --- COME OUT OF THAT COOP!

ABBOTT: Yes, Sebastian---did you really bite Mister Morton?

COSTELLO: (HIGH) Yes, I did, Uncle Bud! I snuck up and bit him while he was feeding his other pets!

ABBOTT: Where did you bite him, Sebastian?

COSTELLO: (HIGH) I bit him between the Bird Cage and the Fish Bowl!

ABBOTT: Sebastian, don't you know it's wrong to bite people? Don't you realize that you can cause a great deal of harm and trouble and that eventually you might even go to jail for it? Why do you do these things?

COSTELLO: (HIGH) *C: I know it!*
C: I don't know why I do these things.
Oh--I'MMMMMMMMMM A BAAAAAAAAD BOYYYYYYYYYYY!

MCGEEHAN: I HEARD ENOUGH OF THIS! I'm not only keeping the dog -- but I'm taking the \$200 for personal damages and I'M THROWING YOU THREE BUMS OUT OF HERE!

SOUND: SCUFFLE & CRASH..

COSTELLO: Hey, Abbott, look what he did. He broke my watch crystal.

ABBOTT: It's all your fault, Sebastian! Why did you bite Mister Morton?

COSTELLO: (HIGH) I'll tell you why, Uncle Bud. I didn't mind it this morning, when he threw me that Kibbled Dog Biscuit. I even ate the bones he gave me for lunch -- I didn't mind when ~~he~~ *the guy* clipped my ears and covered me with Flea Powder -- but, when he hit me on the head because I wouldn't wag my tail -- that did it!

orch: (play 26) ✓

21.30

A: you must have seen me.

NILES: We'll bring Abbott and Costello back ~~with you~~ in just a moment.

MUSIC: QUICK FANFARE

MCGEEHAN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Sergeant Phillip R. Hampe, of Avalon, Pennsylvania. Crawling under enemy fire to a dugout housing seventy Nazis; he wounded one and sent the others scurrying into capture. For this exploit he wears the Silver Star and tonight rates this salute in his honor...four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes sent to our fighters overseas! 21.56

MUSIC: FANFARE

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: Each of the three Camel Radio shows honors a Yank of the Week by sending, FREE, four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes overseas...a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week. In this country, the Camel Caravans - traveling from camp to camp - have thanked audiences of more than four million Yanks with free shows and free Camels. Camel broadcasts go out to the United States three times a week, are shortwaved to our men overseas and to South America. Listen tomorrow to Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore; Monday to Bob Hawk in "Thanks to The Yanks", and next Thursday to Abbott and Costello. ✓

22.32

ORCH: (BUMPER) "I KNOW THAT YOU KNOW"...FADE ON CUE

51459 8838

NILES: And now as promised, a few final words from Bud Abbott and Lou Costello.

ABBOTT: Thanks, Ken. Well, Costello, we may have been thrown out of the dog shop, but we're still together, eh pal? We always stick together, don't we?

COSTELLO: You said it. Remember, way back in vaudeville, when I asked you to lend me five dollars. What did you say?

ABBOTT: I said, "No".

COSTELLO: Well, now that you're on top, making plenty of dough, will you lend me five dollars?

ABBOTT: No.

COSTELLO: Well, I'm glad prosperity hasn't gone to your head.

ABBOTT: Oh, come on. Good night, folks.

COSTELLO: Goodnight, everybody.

(APPLAUSE)

22.42

ORCH: THEME UP AND CONTINUE UNDER:

NILES: Be sure to tune in next week for another great Abbott and Costello show....and remember -- try Camels on your throat and your taste. See for yourself how Camel's mildness, coolness, and flavor click with you!

23.07

ORCH: THEME UP & UNDER ON CUE

ABBOTT: *Well the final words will be very short.*

COSTELLO: *All we can say is buy birds, buy plenty of them.*

ABBOTT: *Goodnight folks.*

1 COSTELLO: *Goodnight everybody!*

51459 8839

SHIELDS: Every student of human behavior knows that women like masculine things...the rough caress of a tweed shoulder against a soft cheek...the gleam of fine polished leather... the look of a pipe in a man's mouth. However, if you delve a little deeper into feminine psychology, you will find that the appeal of that pipe sometimes drops way down when its smoke meets dainty, feminine nostrils. What can you do about it? That's easy! Just pack that pet pipe of yours with Prince Albert. Its fragrance, its grand aged-in-the-wood aroma will complete your Pipe Appeal with the lady you wish to impress. And that wonderful flavor too! -- rich, full-bodied, yet mild. And Prince Albert's crimp cut gives you firm packing, easy drawing, and even burning right ~~down~~ through the last puff. P.A. is gentle to your tongue, too, because of its no-bite treatment. And what a bargain -- about fifty thrifty pipefuls in the regular, two-ounce package. ✓

24.10

ORCH: THEME UP & IMMEDIATELY UNDER:

NILES: The Abbott and Costello show for Camel Cigarettes was directed by Dick Mack and this is Ken Niles wishing you a pleasant goodnight from Hollywood. ✓
(APPLAUSE)

24.26

ORCH: THEME...TO FINISH

Annecr: This is the National Broadcasting Company. ✓

24.33