

7:00 - 7:30 PM
N B C NETWORK

JANUARY 20, 1944 ✓

AS
BROADCAST
MASTER

THE ABBOTT AND COSTELLO PROGRAM

FOR

CAMEL CIGARETTES

Guest Star

HAL PEARY - "THE GREAT GILDERSLEEVE"

MUSIC: "PERFIDIA" INTRO TO:

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

NILES: The Abott and Costello Program! Brought to you by Camel -
the cigarette that's first in the service! Camels
stay fresh because they're packed to go around the world!

MUSIC: SWEEPS UP AND UNDER

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NILES: Listen to the music of Freddie Rich and his Orchestra,
the songs of Connie Haines, tonight's guest, ^{HAROLD} ~~HAL~~ Peary,
the Great Gildersleeve -- and starring...Budd Abbott and
Lou Costello!

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

51459 8257

COSTELLO: HEY, ABBB0000000TTTTT! A terrible thing just happened, I was invited down to the shipyards where they were building a new ship, and I got caught between two guys that were throwing hot rivets!

ABBOTT: What happened?

COSTELLO: One of those red-hot rivets landed in my back pocket...

ABBOTT: Yes?

COSTELLO: And before I knew it, I was four miles out to sea under my own steam!

ABBOTT: How did they save you - did they throw you a breeches buoy?

COSTELLO: No, I came back without any breeches, kid!

ABBOTT: Well, you made a fool of yourself again.

COSTELLO: Yeah, I burned my bridges behind me!

ABBOTT: Oh, talk sense. What were you doing down at the shipyards in the first place?

COSTELLO: ^{I FORGOT TO TELL YOU} My cousin Hugo is a sailor down there. He's in the signal corps!

ABBOTT: The signal corps?

COSTELLO: Yeah, he keeps signalling his mother to get him out!...I'm ashamed of ~~him, Abbott~~ ^{MY COUSIN HUGO!}. After all, the Costellos have always been brave military people! My great grandfather was a coll-o-nel in the Army! ~~THAT'S A PRETTY HIGH RANK -~~

ABBOTT: Coll-o-nell??? You dummy, that word is pronounced kernel!

COSTELLO: Kernel?

ABBOTT: Yes, Kernel! Where did he fight??

COSTELLO: With the original thirteen kernelies!

ABBOTT: Costello, that's colonies!

COSTELLO: YOU SAID IT WAS KERNELIES! MAKE UP YOUR MIND!

ABBOTT: Look, it's very simple -- in military parlance, C-O-L is pronounced ker as in kernel! Didn't you know that?

COSTELLO: No, I never went to kerledge! ... I quit skerl at the erge of ferrr!

ABBOTT: All right! That's enough!

COSTELLO: ^{WELL IT AINT ALL RIGHT, AFTER I QUIT SCHOOL} I gotta jerb in verdville - I was a jergler!

ABBOTT: Are you finished!

COSTELLO: Ner - one mer! ^{ABBOTT: What is it?}

^{COSTELLO: NEVER MIND. JOKES SUNK. KILL IT!}

ABBOTT: WILL YOU CUT THAT OUT! I have something important to tell you. Mrs. Niles called up a few minutes ago and she wants you to take care of her nephew, Little Hector.

COSTELLO: WHAT? Me, take care of that little brat? Oh, no - not me, brother!

ABBOTT: You mean you don't like Little Hector?

COSTELLO: Oh, sure I like 'im - I'd like to give him a present!

ABBOTT: What kind of present?

COSTELLO: A broken shoulder-blade!

ABBOTT: That's no way to talk! What did little Hector ever do to you!

COSTELLO: What did he do? He poured a bottle of ink in my bathtub last year!

ABBOTT: Last year? Did you speak to him about it?

COSTELLO: No, I ^{ONLY} ~~just~~ discovered it ~~today~~ YESTERDAY -

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

ABBOTT: Oh, here's Ken and Mrs. Niles, now. We were expecting you, Ken.

NILES: Sorry we're late, Bud. My wife and I just got back from a hunting trip.

ALLMAN: Yes -- I got a moose head!

COSTELLO: Put a hat on your antlers and nobody will notice it!

ABBOTT: Pay no attention to Costello, Mrs. Niles. He's a little tired. He just came from launching a ship.

ALLMAN: He just launched a ship. Ha ha ha. That must have been a pretty picture...ONE TUB LAUNCHING ANOTHER!

NILES: Ho ho ho. That was wonderful, dear. What a clever remark! It's no wonder I go for you!

ALLMAN: And Kenneth, I go for you!

NILES: I go for you!

ALLMAN: I go for you!

COSTELLO: *LADIES AND GENTLEMEN*
You have just heard from Mr. and Mrs. Gopher!

ABBOTT: Oh, cut it out, Costello! Say, Mrs. Niles, where's little Hector?

ALLMAN: Oh, he's outside playing - I'll get him.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

ALLMAN: (CALLS) Oh, Hector, darling; come in here, dear?

DON: (FADES IN) Yes, Auntie Niles - I was looking for Mr. Costello's crazy cat!

COSTELLO: Who told you I had a crazy cat?

DON: Auntie Niles - she said wait'll I get a load of your silly puss!

COSTELLO: *SEE WHY I HATE THE KID?*

ALLMAN: (CHUCKLES) Isn't little Hector cute?

COSTELLO: Yeah, he's very cute -- C'mere, kid ^{DO ME A FAVOR} lemme pinch your windpipe!

ABBOTT: Costello!

COSTELLO: (SWEETLY) Look, Hector, why don't you take a walk around the block - and if you're not back in three days, that'll be fine!

ALLMAN: Oh, don't mind Hector, Mr. Costello - he's just playful. Why, the other day he gently kicked me in the face!

ABBOTT: Mrs. Niles, I hope he didn't knock any of your teeth out!

COSTELLO: How could he? - She had 'em in her ^{BACK} pocket at the time!

ALLMAN: Humph! Come, Kenneth - we'll be back for Hector tonight!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

COSTELLO: Listen, I don't wanna get stuck with this kid! Hector, go on home to your mother!

HECTOR: My mama ain't home - she's downtown buyin' a gun for my old man!

ABBOTT: Buying a gun! Did your father tell her what kind to get?

HECTOR: No - he doesn't even know she's gonna shoot 'im!

COSTELLO: WAIT A MINUTE! ABBOTT, THIS KID'S DANGEROUS!

ABBOTT: He's only playing!

COSTELLO: PLAYING??? YESTERDAY HE STUCK HIS GRANDFATHER'S HEAD IN THE STOVE AND SANG "SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES!"

ABBOTT: Hector! That was a terrible thing to do!

HECTOR: Yes - it put the fire out! ^{HA - HA!} ~~Come on, Mister Costello -~~
~~let's play a game.~~

COSTELLO: Oh, sure, Little Hector - I know a good game. I'll turn on the electric fan and you can stick your hand in it!

HECTOR: No, I wanna play cowboys and Indians. I brought my bee-bee gun!

COSTELLO: DON'T POINT THAT GUN AT ME. IT MIGHT GO OFF!

SOUND: (BEE-BEE GUNSHOT)

COSTELLO: OOOOWWWWWW! LOOK, ABBOTT - HE SHOT ME! *I told him not to point the gun at me. Hey Abbott. He got me in the eye.*

ABBOTT: Are those bee-bees in your face?

COSTELLO: THEY AIN'T CAVIAR! Here, kid - give me that thing. I'm going to shoot the rest of those bee-bees out the window!

SOUND: (SERIES OF BEE-BEE GUN SHOTS)

HAL: (OFF, YELLS) OUCHHHHHHHH! WHO SHOT THAT GUN OUT THE WINDOW!

COSTELLO: WHO WANTS TO KNOW!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS SHARPLY

HAL: I do! - THORCKMORTON P. GILDERGLEEVE!
(APPLAUSE)

ABBOTT: Mr. Gildersleeve, those shots were an accident! Where did he get you?

HAL: Between my bay window and the back porch! ... and furthermore, one of those bee-bees lodged in my head!

COSTELLO: Lodged in your head? I don't believe it! Shake your head once!

HAL: All right, I will!

SOUND: (LITTLE PELLET SHAKEN IN A GOURD)

COSTELLO: He's right, Abbott. Imagine a little bee-bee all alone in that big head!

HAL: You've got a lot of nerve to talk about my head. The last time I saw a head like yours - it was in a bottle. (LAUGHS)

ABBOTT: Now, wait a minute, boys. Let's settle this like gentlemen.

COSTELLO: But he ain't gonna blame me for this. It was all Little Hector's fault.

HAL: You mean this little innocent child here. Why he has an angelic face. He has a heavenly look.

COSTELLO: You got your directions mixed!

HAL: Now, look here, Costello - you're not going to blame this on anybody else. I DEMAND SATISFACTION! PUT UP YOUR FISTS AND FIGHT LIKE A MAN!

COSTELLO: Okay. Abbott, ^{THIS GUY'S ASKIN FOR IT - gimme a piece of chalk.} ~~hand me that piece of chalk!~~

ABBOTT: What are you going to do with it!

COSTELLO: I'm drawing a line right here on the floor. There! Now, come on, Gildersleeve, I dare you to step over this line!

HAL: Very well, I stepped over the line. Now what... (DIRTY LAUGH)

COSTELLO: (IMITATES LAUGH) Now you're on my side!

HAL: (LAUGHS OVER MUSIC)

(PLAYOFF) 8.00

51459 8263

NILES: Blacked out, and loaded with munitions, the Commando transport plane rises up over "the hump" -- north and east over the mountains to China. They've got what it takes, the men who fly the air freighters, and so has their cigarette -- Camels -- first with men in all the services, according to actual sales records. Yes, Camel cigarettes are going to our men in China, too -- and when they arrive they're fresh, cool smoking and slow burning, because Camels are packed to around the world! Freshness is one of the reasons why more people want Camel cigarettes now, both at home and overseas. Freshness, and more flavor, too -- more flavor, the result of Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos. So remember, if your store is sold out today -- try tomorrow! Camel cigarettes are worth asking for again!

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

NILES: Camel cigarettes!.. Camel's tobacco standard is the same for soldier, for civilian, anywhere in the world!

MUSIC: "DANCING IN THE DARK" -- HOLD UNDER:

NILES: Freddie Rich and the orchestra -- "Dancing In The Dark".
(APPLAUSE)

9.08

MUSIC: (PIANO PLAYING RACHMANINOFF'S PRELUDE - ALTERNATE WITH:)

BLANC: (MEOW'S OF CAT - KEEPS GOING UNTIL INTERRUPTED BY:)

ABBOTT: Little Hector! Little Hector ---who put that cat in the piano?

HECTOR: I did -- my teacher told me to practice Kitten on the Keys!

COSTELLO: (FADING IN MAD) Abbott, I told you to keep that kid quiet!

I'm trying to get some sleep.

ABBOTT: Now, Costello, there's no reason why you can't go to sleep! Why don't you do like I do? I sleep on my stomach.

COSTELLO: I don't have to. I got a bed!

ABBOTT: Now, Little Hector wasn't making enough noise to wake you up.

COSTELLO: Well, that wasn't all, Abbott. There was a fly on my nose!

ABBOTT: Well, why didn't you brush the fly off?

COSTELLO: Why should I, he wasn't dusty! Please keep everybody

I can't sleep.
~~quiet,~~ Abbott! The noise makes me restless!

ABBOTT: Oh, that's just your imagination.

COSTELLO: No, it ain't Abbott. I was so restless that I tossed and tossed until my nose got caught in my ear!

ABBOTT: You got your nose caught in your ear? That's terrible.

COSTELLO: Yeh --- I sneezed and almost blew my brains out!

SOUND: (KNOCK ON THE DOOR)

COSTELLO: Oh, now who is that? COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

BRYAN: Good afternoon, Misper Abbopp and Misper Cospello! ~~Lipple Heeper here?~~

HECTOR: ~~Here I am Tommy.~~

COSTELLO: ~~Hey, wait a minute, who is this guy?~~

BRYAN: I'm Misper Pommy Pomkins ² Live poo blocks down the spreep!

COSTELLO: POO blocks down the SPREEP? WHAT KIND OF TALK IS THAT?

HECTOR: Mister Costello, that's the way Tommy talks. He can't say the letter "T" - he makes it sound like a P-uh.
(BLOWS)

COSTELLO: Do that again. It's very cooling!

ABBOTT: What did you want with Little Hector, Tommy?

BRYAN: I came over here to praepice my music with Lipple Heepor. See - I broughp my prumpep!

COSTELLO: Prumpep? You mean trumpet!

BRYAN: That's ipp ---the prumpep!

COSTELLO: Abbopp---this guy sounds like a NIPWIP!

HECTOR: But Tommy is ^{very} a good trumpet player!

BRYAN: You said ipp! Misper Cospello, you're palking poo the mosp perrific prumpep player thap ever pooted a porrid prumpep from Pimbuckpoo poo Pennessee! Do you want to hear me play a pune on my prumpep?

COSTELLO: NO!

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BRYAN: Then how about the clarinep? I play the clarinep, the prombone and the puba!

COSTELLO: Oh, no -- you don't play the puba! A puba's what you keep your poothpaste in to brush your peep! *Now the guys got me talking like him.*

ABBOTT: Costello, don't make fun of Tommy. He comes from a high class family. He was born with a silver spoon in his mouth!

COSTELLO: Then why don't he take it out when he talks?

BRYAN: Come on, Lipple Heepor, let's play a lipple pune. Misper Cospello, do you wanna hear Cole Porper's Nipe and Day??

COSTELLO: NIPE AND DAY!! WHY DON'TCHA PLAY "PIP-PO PRRO THE PULIPS!"

BRYAN: Oh, that's grape. Follow me, lipple Heepor, in pempo! One, POO, PREE!

MUSIC: (PIANO AND TRUMPET) CORNEY "TIP TOE", STOPPED BY:

COSTELLO: (YELLS) HEY! *That's enough, brother -* ~~STOP THE MUSIC!~~ BREAK IT UP! CUT IT OUT!

ABBOTT: Why are you stopping them, Costello! What do you know about music!

COSTELLO: Are you kiddin'? - I used to be a one-man band: I played the saxaphone with my mouth, the piccolo with my nose, the cymbals with my knees and the drums with my feet!

ABBOTT: What did you do with your hands??

COSTELLO: I held them over my ear, who can stand that noise!

ABBOTT: ~~Don't be stupid!~~....Look, Hector, why don't you and your friend Tommy go out into the yard and play.

COSTELLO: Yeah, and you ^{can} have my football - the one I used when I played with Marquette.

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ABBOTT: You played with the University of Marquette in Wisconsin???

COSTELLO: No, with the fish mar-kett in Glendale! ...

~~ABBOTT: Quiet!~~

~~COSTELLO: I was a terrific football player, Abbott - I did all the aerial work for my team!~~

~~ABBOTT: The aerial work? You threw all the passes??~~

COSTELLO: ~~No - I blew up all the football!~~ Come on kids --- let's go out in the back yard and I'll show you how I used to kick the ball.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

COSTELLO: Now look - I'm gonna show you the kick that won the big game. Here, Hector, you hold the ball! I'll kick it, and Abbott, you catch it!

ABBOTT: But suppose you kick little Hector's head??

COSTELLO: You'll have to catch that, too!....Okay, get ready... here we go!

SOUND: THUD OF KICK...SLIDE WHISTLE...GLASS CRASH

HAL: (OFF, YELLS) OWWWW! WHO KICKED THAT FOOTBALL THROUGH MY WINDOW!

ABBOTT: (QUICKLY) Hey, it's Gildersleeve! Let's run!

SOUND: LOUD TWANG OF WIRE

COSTELLO: Owww, Abbott - darn that clothesline!

ABBOTT: Did it get you?

COSTELLO: No, I always wear my nose *sidesaddle* ~~hangin' over my left shoulder!~~

HAL: (FADES) DON'T TRY TO RUN AWAY, COSTELLO! You kicked that football through my window, it bounced off my highboy and put a nick in the leg of my secretary!

COSTELLO: Your secretary??

HAL: Yes, and old Duncan Pfyfe!

COSTELLO: WHERE DOES SHE GET THE STUFF!!

HAL: (SPUTTERS) ~~Why you~~ --! My secretary's been in the family for two hundred years!

COSTELLO: Faithful, isn't she!

ABBOTT: Oh, keep quiet, Costello. Look, Gildersleeve, the whole thing was an accident - Costello was just showing us what a great football player he was in school.

HAL: In school? (LAUGHS) Costello, who'd you ever play for, Sub-Normal? (LAUGHS)

COSTELLO: Did you ever have that laugh dry cleaned!

HAL: Ohhh, don't evade the issue, Costello; you're talking to the greatest football who ever went to Princeton!

COSTELLO: Oh, yeah? Prove it - where are your football pants!

HAL: Well-er-- that shows how stupid you are, Costello - footballs don't wear pants! (LAUGHS)

ABBOTT: Say Gildersleeve, did you ever play in the Princeton-Yale game?

HAL: I'll never forget that game - I can still picture myself sweeping down the field! I swept over the fifty yard line, over the forty, the thirty, I swept past the twenty yard line, and as I was sweeping toward the goal line - it happened!

ABBOTT: Were you tackled?

COSTELLO: No, he broke his broom!

ABBOTT: Look, there's only one way to settle this argument - why don't you challenge each other to a football game!

HAL: That's a great idea, Abbott - it's the only thing that'll satisfy my honor! We Gildersleeve's are a proud lot!

COSTELLO: YOU'RE A VACANT LOT! *I think I got the kid going! He's gettin' mad?*

HAL: Costello, we'll meet in one hour -- and if I should not emerge victorious, I shall retire to a mountain fastness, where - as a measure of self-punishment, I shall wedge my neck in the crotch of a tree, and allow the woodpeckers to peck on my cranium at regular five minute intervals! Yesss!

COSTELLO: OH YEAH! Listen, Gildersleeve - if I don't win this game, I'm gonna retire to the cellar of Tony's fish market, where I will tie myself to a pickle barrel, and have Tony slap me in the puss with a wet barracuda - not every five minutes, not every three minutes, not ever ten seconds, but SUNDAY, MONDAY AND ALWAYS!.....!

ABBOTT: OH, GET OUTTA HERE!

MUSIC: INTRO FOR "Shoo, Shoo, Baby", HOLD UNDER: 16.30

NILES: (OVER MUSIC) *By special request, Connie Haines repeats one of the top tunes of the season "Shoo, Shoo, Baby."*

(APPLAUSE)

18.40

NILES: Now a flat note sounds like this --

VIOLIN: Do-me-sol-do! (THE LAST "DO" IS VERY FLAT)

NILES: And it can be worse in a cigarette! If you want a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many you smoke, get Camels! You see, Camel cigarettes do have more flavor, the result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos. If you want to see how more flavor helps Camels hold up, pack after pack, just test out a pack or two in your taste and throat, what we call your T-Zone. Your taste will tell you that Camel cigarettes do have more flavor, and your throat will give you the last word on Camel's smooth extra mildness. And remember -- Camel cigarettes stay fresh, cool smoking and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world!

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

NILES: Camel cigarettes! They're first in the service! They've got what it takes!

MUSIC: -PLAYOFF

1934

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MUSIC: "BOOLA BOOLA" ESTABLISH AND FADE OUT UNDER ON CUE:

NILES: (UP) Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen, this is Ken Niles, your sportscaster, speaking to you direct from Google's Parking Lot overlooking the City DUMP! There is a strong wind sweeping across the field at this moment, and most of the crowd is leaving --- as we are about to give you a word picture of this great football classic between the Gildersleeve Nanny-Goats, and the Costello Morons --er, pardon me, that's Maroons! And now, for a last minute interview, we take you to Lou Costello's dressing room. Take it away, Flash Farrell!

SOUND: SLIDE WHISTLE

BROWN: Thank you, Ken Niles *(whoo)* this is Flash Farrell speaking from the Moron's dressing room!

COSTELLO: That's me, folks! *(whoo)*

BROWN: Mr. Costello, I understand that this game is the result of a personal challenge! Is it true that you don't know the meaning of the word trepidation??

COSTELLO: That's right!

BROWN: And is it true that you don't know the meaning of the word cowardice??

COSTELLO: That's right!!!

BROWN: You're pretty brave!

COSTELLO: No, I'm pretty ignorant!

BROWN: Take it away, Ken Niles!

NILES: Thank you, Flash Farrell -- and now, for a word from the opposing captain, we switch you to Gildersleeve's dressing room and - Red Harbor!

SOUND: SLIDE WHISTLE

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BLANC: Thank you, Ken Niles --- here we are in the Nannygoats dressing room. *(who)* Gildersleeve looks in great shape. Say, Mr. Gildersleeve - I see you're wearing your old school sweater!

HAL: Yes, Princeton University - why, I was the biggest P. U. man on the campus! (LAUGHS) *(who)*

BLANC: Thank you, Gildersleeve - and now back to Ken Niles!

KEN: Okay, Red Harbor ---

SOUND: CHEERS

NILES: Both teams are coming on the field now, and we switch to Bud Abbott!

ABBOTT: Right, Ken Niles -- now let's listen to Gildersleeve's Nannygoats, singing their Alma Mater!

ALL & GILDY: (SING, BLEATING GOATS)

Maa-aa-aaa-aamy! Maa-aa-aa-aamy!

The Nannygoats you'll find,

Will always come from behind

For Alma Maa-aa-aamy! *(who)*

ABBOTT: And now, on the other side of the field, we pick up Lou Costello's band and glee club!

MUSIC: (AS BEFORE, WITH TRUMPET AND PIANO)

COSTELLO &
BRYAN:

(SING) Pip po, proo the pulips, proo the pulips,

Proo the pulips, pulips,

Prip pro proo the pulips, wip me!

PEAM! PEAM! PEAM!

ALLMAN: (FADIES IN, ANGRY) Just a minute, Costello, what're you think you're doing here!

COSTELLO: Don't bother me now, Mrs. Niles - we're gonna play football!

ALLMAN: But where is little Hector?

COSTELLO: What d'ya think we're usin' for a football!

ABBOTT: Costello, the game's about to start - where's your football helmet?

COSTELLO: I don't need a helmet!

ABBOTT: But how are you going to protect your head?

COSTELLO: I'm wearing my hair piled up this season!

SOUND: CHEERS

NILES: Well, folks, the moment is here - and we take you to the midfield stripe where the opposing captains are shaking hands in their usual friendly manner!

HAL: Now, I warn you, Costello - if you try to carry the ball through my line, I'll climb you like a tree!

COSTELLO: And a monkey like you can do it!

ABBOTT: Costello, remember - sportsmanship!

HAL: I'm not afraid of him, Abbott. Listen, Costello, I'll hit you on top of the head so hard I'll drive your head down into your ribs - and when you open your eyes you'll think you're in jail!

SOUND: REFEREE'S WHISTLE

COSTELLO: Jiggers! The cops!

ABBOTT: That's the referee!

Costello: Cops. No, not the patrol wagon. Last time I had
BROWN: All right, boys - let's start the game, let's start the

game, let's start the game!

Costello: All right, all right, all right!

~~COSTELLO: G'mon, we'll toss for the kickoff! Lemme have a half a dollar, Abbott!~~

ABBOTT: All right - here!

~~COSTELLO: And you lemme have half a dollar, Gildarsleeve!~~

~~HAL: Wait a minute - what do you want two half dollars for??~~

~~COSTELLO:~~ ~~I'm sending my mother through welding school!~~

SOUND: CHEERS

NILES: The game is about to start - Costello is kicking off to Gildersleeve! -- (UP) AND COSTELLO'S TOE MEETS THE PIGSKIN!

BLANC: (FADING OFF) OINK! OINK! OINK! OINK!

ABBOTT: (QUICKLY) That's a great kick, Costello! Gildersleeve's got the ball - go ahead, tackle him!

COSTELLO: Okay, I got him!

SOUND: (SCUFFLE AND GRUNTS)

HAL: Costello, are you double jointed?

COSTELLO: No, why?

HAL: Then I think I broke your leg. (DIRTY LAUGH)

COSTELLO: (LAUGHS) The jokes on you. I always wear my leg in my back pocket!...I don't like the way you tickle, Gildy!

HAL: You mean tackle - you don't know your football!

COSTELLO: I mean tickle - you don't know your mustache!

ABBOTT: Come on, Gildy - let's start the play!

HAL: Right - signals! One, two, button my shoe; three, four shut the door - HIKE!

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS

ABBOTT: Costello, Gildy's running around his own end!

COSTELLO: THAT'S A NEAT TRICK IF HE CAN DO IT!

ABBOTT: Quick! Grab him!

SOUND: SCUFFLE AND STOP AS:

COSTELLO: (YELLS) OWWWW! Referee! HELP! DID YA SEE WHAT HAPPENED!

BROWN: Yes, and ^lpenalize you fifteen yards for interference!

COSTELLO: INTERFERENCE?? GILDERSLEEVE KICKED ME IN THE FACE!

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BROWN: I don't believe it!...Wouldn't do a thing like that, would you, Gildy?

HAL: No, Uncle Ralph!

COSTELLO: UNCLE RALPH! THIS IS A FRAME UP!

ABBOTT: Stop complaining, Costello -it's your turn to carry the ball - let's see you make a touchdown!

COSTELLO: Okay, Abbott - watch me! Signals! -- One, two-er -- one, two--

ABBOTT: Go ahead, Costello!

HAL: (LAUGHS) I knew he went to Sub-Normal!

ABBOTT: I'll call the signals -- one, two, three - HIKE!

SOUND: RUSHING FOOTSTEPS

COSTELLO: (EXCITED) I got the ball, Abbott -- ONE TACKLER DOWN, TWO TACKLERS, THREE TACKLERS -- I'M GONNA MAKE A TOUCHDOWN!

HAL: No you won't, Costello - I'M RIGHT IN BACK OF YOU.....
I GOT YOU!

SOUND: RIP OF CANVASS

COSTELLO: ABBOTT, WE CAN'T LOSE NOW!

ABBOTT: Why not?

COSTELLO: I'M OUT IN THE OPEN!

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

(APPLAUSE)

25.33

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

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

MC GEEHAN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Lieutenant Laydon Lewis of Frankfort, Kentucky, a P-forty pilot with the Fourteenth Air Force, in China. Having left his squadron because his Warhawk was crippled, he returned to his base alone, arriving just as Japanese bombers were attacking it. Racing at the bombers in his damaged plane, he shot one down in flames, and caused the rest to jettison their bombs harmlessly. In your honor, Lieutenant Laydon Lewis, the makers of Camels are sending to our soldiers overseas three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

MUSIC: FANFARE

26.25

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: Each of the 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 more than three and a half 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; Saturday to Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks"; Monday to "Blondie"; and next Thursday to Abbott and Costello, with their guest, Miss Janet Blair.

(MORE)

27.08

51459 8277

NILES:
(CONT'D)

And another important fact to remember -- Do you know
that infantile paralysis reached epidemic proportions
last year - with more than twelve thousand victims?
Help guard your children's health this year by joining
the March of Dimes! Send your dimes and dollars to
President Roosevelt at the White House.

27.25

MUSIC: BUMPER... "I KNOW THAT YOU KNOW"... FADE OUT:

27.40

NILES: And now here's Abbott and Costello with a final word...

ABBOTT: Thanks, Ken -- well, Gildy, it was swell to have you with us tonight! That was a pretty tough football game!

HAL: Yesss! I think Costello and I better take inventory!
Let's see now - I've got two arms!

COSTELLO: And I got two arms!

HAL: And I've got two legs!

COSTELLO: I got two legs! --- WAIT A MINUTE, GILDERSLEEVE - I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO FACE MY PUBLIC AGAIN!

HAL: Why not??

COSTELLO: I'M WEARIN' YOUR HEAD!

ABBOTT: Oh, get out of here -- goodnight, folks! *goodnight, neighbors*

MUSIC: THEME...HOLD UNDER:

28.06

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: Be sure and tune in next week for another great Abbott and Costello show, with our special guest, Miss Janet Blair.

Janet
~~Hal~~ Peary, "The Great Gildersleeve", appeared tonight through the courtesy of the Kraft Cheese *Company* Corporation. And remember, Camel cigarettes are packed to go around the

world! Camels stay fresh, cool smoking and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world! / 28.38

This is Ken Niles wishing you a very pleasant goodnight from Hollywood. / 28.44

MUSIC: THEME UP TO FINISH

ENGINEER: (CUT FOR HITCH HIKE)

51459 8279

51459 8280

HITCH HIKE

SHIELDS: More pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the whole world! Yessir, that's why we say P.A.'s got Pipe Appeal. You'll say so, too, if you try a big red two-ounce package of Prince Albert. It holds around fifty rich tasting, swell-smoking pipefuls, each one no-bite treated to give you cool, tongue-happy smoking comfort. P.A.'s crimp cut, too, and that means easy packing, long burning, and smooth drawing. More pipes smoke Prince Albert! It's the National Joy Smoke!

29.40

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

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