

(REVISED)

AS BROADCAST

ABBOTT & COSTELLO PROGRAM

FOR

CAMEL CIGARETTES

MASTER - NEW YORK
Commercials 0 1/2 hr 10/26

Thursday, October 12, 1944

7:00 - 7:30 PM PWT

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

WM. ESTY & CO.
DICK MACK
EDDIE CHERKOSE
ED FOREMAN
SID FIELDS
JOE KIRK
DON PRINDLE
RONNIE RACK
ONNIE WHIZIN

JOHNNY CRAVENS
FLOYD CATON
ANDY LOVE

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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!

MUSIC: SWEEPS UP AND UNDER

NILES: Listen to the ~~tee-tingling~~ rhythm of Freddie Rich and his Orchestra, the ~~sweet and~~ swingy songs of Connie Haines... and this being October 12th, we remind you of the famous words that Queen Isabella said to Columbus...

COSTELLO: HEYYYYYYYYY, ABBBBOOTTTTTTTT!
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH

NILES: Yes sir, Columbus discovered America, and America discovered our Camel stars, Bud Abbott and Lou Costello!

ABBOTT: Well, Costello, I'm glad to see you again. How do you feel?

COSTELLO: (~~EXCITED AND FEARFUL~~) Wait a minute, wait till I look...
oh yeah, here it is, *on page one!* I feel awful, Abbott, I just got some terrible news. Get a load of this letter!

ABBOTT: What letter?

COSTELLO: It just came from my cousin, Corporal Hugo Costello. He has been thrown into the guardhouse for bringing Poison Ivory into the camp!

ABBOTT: Poison Ivory? I think you mean Poison Ivy!

COSTELLO: No - this was POISON IVORY! They caught him with loaded dice!

ABBOTT: Look, Costello, forget about your cousin. I've got some important business to discuss with you! *C: ok good* You know that \$75 you made this summer working on your Uncle *Artie Stebbins* farm? Well, I'm going to invest it for you today. I'm going to double your money!

COSTELLO: *Your going to double my money?* Oh, no you don't, Abbott. Gimme back my 75 bucks. *A: What do you mean?*

COSTELLO: I'll double it myself!

ABBOTT: How?

COSTELLO: I'll fold it once and put it back in my pocket!

ABBOTT: Costello, I'm not going to give you that money. You'll only squander it! Besides I haven't got the money with me!

COSTELLO: What's that lump in your sock?

ABBOTT: That's my long underwear!

COSTELLO: How come your long underwear's got Lincoln's picture on it?

ABBOTT: Costello, there's no use arguing. I've made our decision.
COSTELLO: *You've made our decision!*
ABBOTT: I'm investing your \$75 in a gold mine in Goldtooth, Nevada.

COSTELLO: ~~ABBOTT~~, I don't want a gold mine!

ABBOTT: Nonsense, Costello. Do you know of an easier way to make money?

COSTELLO: Yah...but Gypsy Rose Lee beat me to it! *I'd like to do a take off on Gypsy Rose Lee. A pretty girl - - - H. Here, here, put that back!*

ABBOTT: Costello, I can see that you know nothing about mining.

COSTELLO: *Oh, is that so* ~~who don't~~? I spent all last night mining in my kitchen.

ABBOTT: Mining in your kitchen?

COSTELLO: Yeh...calsomining! *Calsomining H. I got it. I got it.*

COSTELLO: *He give you one more try!!*

ABBOTT: Look, Costello - do you ~~even~~ know where gold comes from?

COSTELLO: No, but I know where it goes to...gimme back my \$75 bucks.

ABBOTT: Not so fast. For your information, gold comes from ~~gold~~ ore!

COSTELLO: Gold ^{comes from} or? *Gold comes from or!! or what?*

ABBOTT: That's right. Gold ore!

COSTELLO: Or what?

ABBOTT: Ore nothing! Just plain ore!

COSTELLO: It's gotta be or something - you just can't let the participle dangle - it gets in front of the proposition!

ABBOTT: I tell you, Costello - it's just plain ore. Gold ore!

COSTELLO: Abbott - you shouldn't talk without finishing your sentences. Your grammar is bad!

ABBOTT: *I finish my sentences*
 MY grammar is bad? / How do you think your grammar is?

COSTELLO: *She hasn't finished her sentence yet.*
~~I don't know. I haven't seen her lately!~~

ABBOTT: Listen, Costello - get this through your thick skull. Gold comes from ore. First you dig the gold, and then you smelt it!

COSTELLO: I do what?

ABBOTT: You smelt the gold!

COSTELLO: I didn't smelt nothin'! I couldn't smelt it. I gotta cold!

ABBOTT: Talk sense, Costello. I mean you dig up the gold and then you smelt it.

COSTELLO: Not me, Abbott. I ain't diggin' it up!

ABBOTT: Why not?

COSTELLO: If it's gonna smelt - why dig it up? Let it stay in the ground.

ABBOTT: But Costello!

COSTELLO: *not if it's going to smelt.*
 PILE THE DIRT ON! BURY IT DEEPER! A' BUT, C'WAY, WAY DOWN!

ABBOTT: Will you be quiet? In order to refine the gold you've got to smelt it! You smelt the gold ore.

COSTELLO: The gold or what?

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ABBOTT: Don't start that again ^{phase} You smelt the gold and it comes out refined!

COSTELLO: It comes' out refined? That don't make sense!

ABBOTT: What do you mean?

COSTELLO: If the gold is so refined - why does it smelt?

ABBOTT: ~~Costello~~, You ^{still} don't understand ^{how}. First you dig into the ground until you strike a vein of gold!

COSTELLO: A vein of gold?

ABBOTT: Certainly!...Gold comes in veins!

COSTELLO: Is that why your veins are so lumpy?

ABBOTT: I'm not talking about MY veins!

COSTELLO: I am! Whose veins' are you talking about?

ABBOTT: The veins I'm talking about are in the ground! And as you dig down deeper you find that the veins get closer and closer together!

COSTELLO: Oh? Just like my grandfather!

ABBOTT: Your grandfather?

COSTELLO: Sure - he's got very ^{very} close veins!

ABBOTT: Will you stop talking and start listening! As you follow the veins down into the ground, you finally come to the main vein! That's where you strike your Mother Lode!

COSTELLO: ^{I beg your pardon. That's where} I strike what load?

ABBOTT: The Mother Lode! You strike the mother vein!

COSTELLO: (GASPS INDIGNANTLY) ~~ABBOTT~~ - HOW DARE YOU? ^{now abhatt} YOU AND ME IS GOIN' OUT IN THE ALLEY! YOU HAVE IMPEWED ON MY GOOD NAME!

ABBOTT: WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

COSTELLO: Abbott, I'm a good natured dope. You can abuse me all you want. I've stood a lot from you. I have taken many, *many* insults, but I didn't mind - because I'm beneath that. But at last you have hurt and besmⁱⁿed my honor!

ABBOTT: WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT???

COSTELLO: ~~Abbott~~ - I didn't mind when you told me that my gold smelt! I didn't care when you told me that even my refined gold smelt! I even forgave you when you said gold or - and you refused to tell me or what! But, when you asked me to go down into that mine and strike my mother in the vein - while she was carrying a load -- THAT DID IT!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

NILES: Speaking of veins, have you ever seen a diagrammatic drawing of the human throat? What a wonderful, intricate instrument it is! And how important that you give it proper care and attention...such as the proper choice of cigarettes, for example. That is important! Why don't you give your own throat a chance to try Camel's kind, cool mildness. See how your throat feels at the end of a day after you've been smoking all day -- when Camel's your cigarette. And try Camel's rich, full, fresh flavor on your taste. The flavor that never goes flat, so many smokers say, no matter how many Camels you smoke. Flavor that holds up pack after pack. So try Camels on your T-Zone -- that's T for Throat and T for Taste - today!

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

NILES: Camels! A superb blend of costalier tobaccos!

ORCH: INTRO TO "STRAIGHTEN UP & FLY RIGHT"...UP & UNDER

NILES: Well, though we don't know whether Lou Costello will find gold, we do know that Freddie Rich and his orchestra will strike a ~~new~~ vein of popularity when they dig "Straighten Up and Fly Right". Start Diggin', Freddie!

ORCH: "STRAIGHTEN UP & FLY RIGHT"

(APPLAUSE)

SECOND SPOT

NILES: Returning to our handsome heroes, Bud Abbott and Lou Costello we find that the convincing Abbott has induced the gullible Costello to invest his seventy-five dollars in a gold mine, called the Little Pauper Mine, located in Goldtooth, Nevada. As we look in on the boys -- they are trekking across the burning sands of the Mojave Desert, on their way to the mine. Here they are -- trekking -- trekking --- trekking!

COSTELLO: (SINGING TO I'SA MUGGIN') I'sa trekkin' -- booom-da-dee-- ad-dee... I'sa trekkin'! *with a -- C: Well, I was a trekkin'*

ABBOTT: Costello, will you behave yourself? *h* We've got to get to Goldtooth, Nevada before dark. I think we're lost now. I don't see any sign of a trail!

COSTELLO: Hey -- Abbott -- look, there's a big rock over there with some writing on it. What does it say?

ABBOTT: What does it say??? Can't you read it?

COSTELLO: No. I can read reading but I can't read writing.

ABBOTT: Oh, get out of the way. Let's see -- it says: "Under this Stone lies Billy the Kid".

COSTELLO: Come on, come on, *what are you standing there for? Help me.* ~~come on~~. Help me move this stone. We gotta get that kid outta there.

ABBOTT: No, no -- *f: How can he breathe under there?* you dummy -- it says: "This rock marks the spot where Billy the Kid fell in 1861."

COSTELLO: No wonder *the kid* ~~he~~ fell -- I nearly tripped over the darn thing myself. But *what got me is* how did he get under the rock?

ABBOTT: Never mind that. Look -- here comes a man towards us across the desert -- maybe he can give us directions.

COSTELLO: Hey -- Abbott -- got a load of that guy. He's wearing a bathing suit!... Hey you -- what's the idea of wearing a swimming suit out here on the desert?

NILES: I'm a life-guard.

ABBOTT: Life-guard? But there isn't any water within two hundred miles of here.

NILES: Yes... large beach, isn't it? (SILLY LAUGH)

COSTELLO: ~~Abbott~~ is that guy real -- or am I seein' a garage?

ABBOTT: ~~He's~~ garage -- the word is mirage!

COSTELLO: That's silly, Abbott. Mirage is what my mother puts on top of her pies. Lemon mirage pies.

ABBOTT: No, you don't mean mirage. You mean MERINGUE. (ma-rang)

COSTELLO: Marang???? / ^{oh no} That's what we use in our house instead of butter, *butter*.

ABBOTT: You use Miringue?

COSTELLO: Yeh -- Oleo -- margery -- marang! *Slippery stuff too! Can't hold it in my*

ABBOTT: (GRUNTING) Oh, come on, Costello, we've got a long way to go before we get to the mine.

(EXCITED) Hey look, there's an Indian coming out of that cave over there. Maybe he knows the way.

COSTELLO: *Well if it's an Indian* / Let's run, Abbott. He probably wants our scallops for dinner. Fried scallops. (With head lettuce!)

ABBOTT: Don't be such a coward. He's just a peaceful Indian selling blankets. I'll speak to him. How much costum blankets, Chief?

ARTIE: (STRAIGHT) Fifteen dollar !

ABBOTT: But Chief, fifteen dollars for that blanket, you makum price too high.

ARTIE: (KITZEL VOICE) Vat high? Dat's strictly O.P.A. ceiling prices.

ABBOTT: Costello -- it's Kitzel.

ARTIE: Hm-m-m-m-m - yeah, could be. How's with you my happy chappies.

COSTELLO: Kitzel, are you an Indian?

ARTIE: Hm-m-m-m -- with certain reservations *yes!*

COSTELLO: Hey, wait a minute, Kitzel. Those are phony Indian blankets you've got there. Look, it says *right here made in* Cleveland.

~~Indians on them.~~

ARTIE: *oh pish posh.* Didn't you ever hear of the Cleveland Indians?

ABBOTT: Look, Kitzel, we're trying to get to Costello's mine in Goldtooth, Nevada and we lost our way. Can you tell us where we can get an Indian guide?

ARTIE: Don't be so uppity-puppity! I'm an Indian ~~phony~~ (INDIAN CALL) *C: When I hear you call -- I love you. H: Kitzel will you be quiet a minute! D: Look, Victor & away.*

ABBOTT: Kitzel, you're a pretty anemic looking Indian.

COSTELLO: He must be a half-bleed,

ARTIE: (LAUGH) Half-bleed, ha, ha, ha -- *he called me a* half-bleed, (LAUGHS)..

I don't like it.

COSTELLO: ~~Look~~ *by the way*, Kitzel, where can I get a drink around here? I'm awful thirsty.

ARTIE: Certainly my little roly-poly friend! Here -- try a little sip of this homemade cactus juice *here.*

COSTELLO: Okay -- (DRINKING NOISE AND THEN COSTELLO CHOKES) Hey, this stuff is killing me.

ARTIE: *well for goodness sake.* I can't understand it. That cactus juice was made personally by the Blackfeet Indians.

COSTELLO: They must have left one of their feet in it. It's kicking me in the stomach!

ABBOTT: Liston, ^{Costello} ~~Kitzel~~, ^{C: Tell him to take his shoe off.} I don't think we can get to Goldtooth tonight. ^{Kitzel} Is there any place we can stay?

ARTIE: Of course - of course. Step right in, gentlemen.
Welcome to Kitzel's Cozy Indian Camp. Tall teepees for tired tourists. No charge for scalp treatments.

COSTELLO: Abbott ^{I'm telling you now.} let's get out of here.

ARTIE: Just a second, just a second. ^{gentlemen} You're passing up a beautiful place to spend the weekend. Why, we've got here: Horsees, golf coursees and gay young divorcees, driving, diving and jitter-bug jiving, peaches, leeches, poison ivy that eetches, hiking, biking, all sports to your liking, bees, trees, and a few trained fleas...
NOT TO MENTION --

COSTELLO: Fishing, wishing and nice girls for kishing, inspectors, actors and social directors. Foxholes, rock holes and sand in your sock holes, lizards, gizzards, in the winter there's blizzards. ^{In the winter there's blizzards} Sunday and Mondays you sleep in your undies --

BOTH SING: (~~YES, WE HAVE NO BANANAS~~) 'Cause we have no pajamas today!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (PLAYOFF) "YES, WE HAVE NO BANANAS"

NILES: Temporarily we leave our gold prospectors, Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, to face the pleasant prospect of hearing our golden-voiced gal, Connie Haines, sing...
"It Could Happen to You".

HAINES & ORCHESTRA "IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU"

(APPLAUSE)

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NILES: Every now and then when you step up to a counter and ask for Camels, your dealer has to say, "Sorry, no Camels today". BUT...please remember this! Camel's mildness and flavor make them worth asking for the next time! So keep on asking again and again. And again. You know, your T-Zone -- that's T for Taste and T for Throat -- might join me in urging you to keep on asking for Camels. Yes, your taste may say..."Keep those Camels coming, Chief. That rich, full, fresh flavor...that's for us!" And your throat may find that Camel's kind, cool mildness agrees with it wonderfully. So always ask for...

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

NILES: Camels! The cigarette that may suit your T-Zone to a T.
The cigarette to keep asking for again...and again.

ORCH: (PLAYOFF) "TILL THE SANDS OF THE DESERT GROW COLD"

(THIRD SPOT)

(2ND REVISION) -14-

ABBOTT: Well, here we are at last Costello, in Goldtooth, ~~Nebraska~~ ^{oh boy!}

MUSIC: (FADE IN WHICH BACKGROUND NOISES AND CABARET MUSIC OF A

TYPICAL WESTERN HONKY TONK - CONNIE HAINES SINGING "BIRD

IN A GILDED CAGE" ETC:)

COSTELLO: *Hey, are we here in Goldtooth. C: Let's scout drilling.*

ABBOTT: Say, there's the Red Dog Saloon, Costello! Let's go in and see if they can direct us to the mine!

COSTELLO: The Red Dog Saloon???? That looks like a den of antiquity. If my Scout Master saw me go in there he would strip me of my merit badge!

ABBOTT: Oh, come on.

NILES: (VERY SANCTIMONIOUS) No-no Boys! PLEASE! PLEASE

DON'T GO INTO THE RED DOG SALOON! Everytime you go in

there, the devil goes in with you! *C: What's he say Abbott?*

ABBOTT: *Everytime you go in there, the devil goes in with you!*

COSTELLO: Well, if he does, he buys his own drinks! Come on, Abbott

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...MUSIC & NOISES COME UP FULL & FADE FOR:

MUSIC: CONNIE FINISHES HER NUMBER

(APPLAUSE)

ELVIA: Hello boys....Welcome to the Red Dog Saloon!

COSTELLO: Who are you?

ELVIA: Who am I? I'm part of the Old West. Why, one look at my face and these two guns I'm wearing should tell you who I am!

COSTELLO: ABBOTT -- IT'S GENE AUTRY!

ABBOTT: What's that pack he's carrying on ^{his} ~~his~~ back?

COSTELLO: That ~~is~~ ^{must be} Smiley Burnett ~~the boys were right!~~

ABBOTT: Quiet, Costello! Madame, we came here to find out...

ELVIA: Oh, business can wait! You boys must have had a long journey. Why don't you relax awhile? Come on fat boy, let's dance. I'll have the boys play your favorite tune.

COSTELLO: Well, my favorite song is called: "The Bed That Wasn't Slept In."

ELVIA: The Bed that wasn't slept in?

COSTELLO: Yeh - HOLIDAY FOR SPRINGS! I bounced that one up myself. That's mind over mattress!

ABBOTT: Costello, we're wasting time. Look, Madame...we came here to look for the Little Pauper Gold Mine. I've convinced Mr. Costello to buy the controlling interest!

ELVIA: (BECOMING HYSTERICAL) THE LITTLE PAUPER GOLD MINE!
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha. (RESEMBLES CACKLE OF CHICKEN)
Ha-ha-ha-ha-----ha-ha-ha-ha!

COSTELLO: Be careful where you drop that one, lady. They're seventy-two cents a dozen!

ABBOTT: Just a minute, Madame. What's the matter with the Little Pauper Mine? Isn't there any gold in it?

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ELVIA: There should be! Nobody's ever taken any out! Ha-ha-ha.

ABBOTT: Where is the mine located?

ELVIA: It's right under this building! Ten-thousand feet down.
Step into the elevator and if this old cable holds, I'll
have you down there in ten minutes.

SOUND: ELEVATOR DOOR CLOSING.

COSTELLO: And what if the old cable doesn't hold??

SOUND: VERY FAST SLIDE WHISTLE AND CRASH

ELVIA: (IN FAST) Well, here we are! (PAUSE) Did we come down
too fast for you, partner?

COSTELLO: No!/^{no} I always wear my underwear rolled up around my neck!

ELVIA: Well, if you boys will follow that tunnel there, it will
lead you to the mine. GOODBYE! (WITCHES LAUGH)

SOUND: FAST WIND WHISTLE UP

COSTELLO: (SCARED) ABBOTT - GET ME OUTTA THIS PLACE! I AIN'T GOIN'
IN NO DARK TUNNEL!

ABBOTT: Aw Costello -- you're just scared! You're a lily-livered,
yellow coward!

COSTELLO: YOU'RE JUST SAYING THAT BECAUSE IT'S TRUE. *Did I read that right?*

ABBOTT: Oh, come -- buck up, Costello -- put a smile on your face!
Let's hear you laugh!

COSTELLO: (VERY WEAK LAUGH) Ha-ha-ha.

BLANC: (AS ECHO) Ha.ha.ha.

COSTELLO: ABBOTT! WHAT WAS THAT? SOMEBODY ELSE LAUGHED JUST LIKE ME!

ABBOTT: That was nothing but your echo. Laugh again and you'll see - your echo will come back!

COSTELLO: (LAUGHS UP SCALE) Ha.ha.ha.ha.ha.

BLANC: (DOES SAME LAUGH AS COSTELLO)

COSTELLO: (LAUGHS DOWN SCALE) Ha.ha.ha.ha.ha.

BLANC: (DOES SAME LAUGH)

COSTELLO: (TO SHAVE & HAIRCUT) Ha.ha.ha.ha.ha.----Ha-ha!

BLANC: (STARTS LEGITIMATELY BUT GOES INTO LONG SILLY GIGGLE)

COSTELLO: SOMEBODY TICKLED MY ECHO!

ABBOTT: Never mind that, Costello, I think I see some gold or--

COSTELLO: Gold or what?

ABBOTT: Never mind, give me that pick and I'll start picking!

COSTELLO: Okay! Gimme the crowbar and I'll start crowing!

SOUND: POUNDING OF PICK ON ROCK...THEN A LONG LOW RUMBLE

COSTELLO: Abbott - I think it's gonna rain. I hear thunder!

ABBOTT: That ^{not rain + that} isn't thunder, Costello! I THINK THE MINE IS CAVING IN!

SOUND: LOUD CRASH OF BOULDERS..REVERBERATING

COSTELLO: Abbott, I got news for you.....it caved!

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ABBOTT: You're right, Costello. We're trapped here in this tunnel and I'm afraid we'll never get out!

COSTELLO: Never?

ABBOTT: Never!

COSTELLO: (WAVEFING VOICE) That's a long time, Abbott! I don't wanna stay here. I gotta go home. My mother and my little brother Sebastian is waiting for me!

ABBOTT: (VERY SOLEMN) I'm afriad, Costello, that you'll never see them again!

COSTELLO: (VELY DRAMATIC) Abbott--you don't mean....?

ABBOTT: Yes.

COSTELLO: What?

ABBOTT: Costello, these are our last moments on earth. We have only a few minutes to live. Have you any last thing you want to say before we go?

COSTELLO: (MEEKLY) Just one thing, Abbott!

ABBOTT: What is it?

COSTELLO: (YELLS) HELP!

ABBOTT: It's no use yelling, Costello. Nobody can hear us way down here!

COSTELLO: I don't care if nobody hears us way down here --- as long as they hear us way up there!

ABBOTT: There isn't a chance, Costello. We may just as well face it -----this is the end, old pal!

COSTELLO: I guess you're right, ~~well~~ Bud.

ABBOTT: Costello, our friendship has meant a lot to me. ^I ~~I~~ know I've done a lot, appreciate the many things you've done for me, ^{C: I know I've done a lot,} And before the end comes...I'd ... I'd like to give you back your

^{C: Fine time to pay me!} \$75.00. Here -- invest it in any business you ^{want while we're here.} ~~please!~~

^{C: Here in case I gotta invest it. A: Use your own judgement Lou.} COSTELLO: ^j

COSTELLO: I'll open up a hot dog stand!

COSTELLO: Gee, thanks old pal, I'm almost ashamed to take this money after all the mean things I've done to you! (STARTS CRYING) I've done some awful things to you, Abbott!

ABBOTT: That's all right!

COSTELLO: Abbott there's one thing I've got to tell you before the end. There's one thing I've got to confess!

ABBOTT: What is it, Costello?

COSTELLO: (CRYING) I knew who was on first base all the time!

SOUND: (ON CUE FROM DIRECTOR) MUFFLED EXPLOSION..SLIDE WHISTLE
DOWN

COSTELLO: (OVER SOUND) ABBOTT! ABBOTT! THE GROUND IS OPENING UP.
Catch me!!
I'M FALLING! / I'M FALLING!

SOUND: SHARP THUD

COSTELLO: ABBOTT! ABBOTT! WHERE AM I?

COSTELLO: (AS KID) Aw, come on - get up off the floor - you big fat loafer!

COSTELLO: (AS HIMSELF) Why, it's Sebastian - me own little brudder! Sebastian, what are you doing down in this gold mine!

COSTELLO: (AS KID) WHAT GOLD MINE? You just fell out of bed!

COSTELLO: Fell outta bed? You mean - the gold mine - the desert - you mean everything was all a dream?

COSTELLO: (AS KID) Yeah. You been sleepin' since last Tuesday, and if you don't get up I'll throw a pail of water on ya!

COSTELLO: (AS HIMSELF) Oh, yeah?

COSTELLO: (AS KID) Yeah!

COSTELLO: (HIMSELF) Oh, yeah?

COSTELLO: (AS KID) Yeah!

COSTELLO: (HIMSELF) Oh, yeah?

COSTELLO: (AS KID) Yeah!

COSTELLO: This could develop into a very dull conversation.

COSTELLO: (KID) You'd better come downstairs right away, ^{Sebastian}~~Louise~~.

Ma's got your breakfast ready!

COSTELLO: (HIMSELF) How do you know?..... *I'm mixed-up!*

COSTELLO: (KID) / *all right I'll go down to breakfast.* I smelt the bacon!

COSTELLO: Wait a minute! You can't smelt bacon. You can only smelt ore!

COSTELLO: (KID) Or what?

COSTELLO: (HIMSELF) CUT THAT OUT, ~~SMOKE~~. I went through all that with your Uncle Bud. I've had a terrible night! And I don't wanna get in no arguments with you! You know I love you! ^{Sebastian} Why do you come in every morning and pick on me? What's the matter with you???

COSTELLO: (AS KID) IIIII'MMMMMMMA BAAAAAAAAD.....BOY!
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (PLAYOFF)

NILES: We'll bring Abbott and Costello back to you in just a moment, but in the meantime...

MUSIC: QUICK FANFARE

MCGEERHAN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Private First Class Alton W. Knappenberger, of Spring Mountain, Pennsylvania, wearer of the nation's highest award, the Congressional Medal of Honor. It would take this whole half-hour, and another -- to cover all of this "one-man Anzio army," as they called him on the Italian front. In your honor, Private Knappenberger, the makers of Camels are sending to our fighters overseas four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes.

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.

~~ORCH: BUMPER... "I KNOW THAT YOU KNOW"... FADING OUT~~

NILES: Well as promised here are Bud Abbott and Lou Costello
for a few final words....

ABBOTT: Thanks Ken. Come on, Costello, let's get going to the
mine and dig up the gold ore.

COSTELLO: Look, Abbott, let's forget the whole thing.

ABBOTT: Forget it? Why, you're turning down a fortune. A slice
of that mine is a bonanza.

COSTELLO: Okay, you talked me into it. If you get me a bottle of
cream, I'll go!

ABBOTT: *a bottle of cream!*
~~You will?~~

COSTELLO: Sure, I'm nuts about *sliced* ~~bonanzas~~ and cream.

ABBOTT &

COSTELLO: (AD LIB GOODNIGHTS)

(APPLAUSE)

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 Camels
mildness, coolness and flavor, click with you!

ORCH: THEME UP AND UNDER ON CUE

SHIELD: More pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco in the world! The whole wide world! And when anything becomes that popular there must be a reason. There are a lot of reasons why Prince Albert will put new pleasure in your good old pipe too. The flavor? Wonderful! Rich and full but mellow and mild as Indian summer sunshine. The aroma? HMMMMMMMMMMMM An aged-in-the-wood goodness that pleases people around you, as well as yourself. And Prince Albert is crimp cut for the firmest packing smoothest drawing and cleanest burning a smoker could ask for. And its no-bite treated for the happiness of your tongue. And...what a bargain!...there are just about fifty thrifty pipefuls in one red two ounce package of Prince Albert. So...start on P.A. today.

ORCH: THEME UP & IMMEDIATELY UNDER:

NILES: This program was directed by Dick Mack, and this is Ken Niles, wishing you a pleasant good night from Hollywood.
(APPLAUSE)

ORCH: THEME TO FINISH

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY