

(FINAL DRAFT)

VERONICA LAKE, GUEST

October 8, 1942

RED NETWORK

4:30 - 5:00 PM

7:00 - 7:30 PM

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO PROGRAM

FOR

CAMEL CIGARETTES

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MUSIC: PERFDIA INTRO. TO:

AUDIENCE: C..A..M..E..L - S!

MUSIC: SHORT FIGURE, AND HOLD UNDER FOR:

NILES: CAMELS! The cigarette of costlier tobaccos, present
-- the Abbott and Costello program! (MUSIC)... With
the music of Leith Stevens and his orchestra, the songs
of Connie Haines, tonight's guest, Miss Veronica Lake

....AND STARRING: BUD ABBOTT AND LOU COSTELLO!

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

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COSTELLO: (COMES ON YELLING) "HEY ABBOTT," ETC. ---

ABBOTT: (INTERRUPTING) COSTELLO! Costello, stop that! Will you behave yourself! Don't you know this program's being heard by people all over the world?

COSTELLO: All over the world, Abbott? You mean they can even hear me in Japan?

ABBOTT: Certainly!

COSTELLO: That's all I wanna know... (YELLS) HEY TOKIO! WE UNDERSTAND THAT WHEN YOU JAPS DIE, YOU DIE HAPPY! WELL - - WE'RE GONNA MAKE YOU HAPPY.

ABBOTT: Costello, I agree with your idea...but just remember one thing: this is our new program, and you've got to be more dignified from now on. Look at Leith Stevens - what a fine musician; Connie Haines ~~is~~ a singer of the first water, Ken Niles ~~is~~ an announcer of the first water, and look at me---

COSTELLO: Hiya, drip!

ABBOTT: Costello, will you please act your age! A child in grammar school would have more sense!

COSTELLO: I'm in grammar school!

ABBOTT: What???

COSTELLO: Yeh...look at my report card -- 1A!

ABBOTT: That's not from grammar school - it's from your draft board!

COSTELLO: Oh - I thought it was funny they made me get undressed in front of the teacher!

ABBOTT: Never mind that, Costello! By the way, why didn't you meet me today. What were you doing? Where were you?

COSTELLO: Didn't you tell me to go out and buy presents for all the people on our show?

ABBOTT: Well????

COSTELLO: (WHISPERS) Well.. that's where I was. I got the presents in a department store!

ABBOTT: Why are you talking so low?

COSTELLO: (WHISPERS) I bought 'em in the basement! *They are cheap presents.*

ABBOTT: In the basement! How do you expect to make an impression on the cast with presents like that? What did you get for them?

COSTELLO: Well, I got a wonderful painting for the announcer, a beautiful bottle of stuff for the singer, and a surprise for the orchestra leader.

ABBOTT: Alright then. Let's start off with Leith Stevens. Now remember, Leith is a fine scholar - and he thinks completely in terms of music. Just don't hand the present to him -- lead up to it musically!

COSTELLO: Musically? Okay..(CALLS) Oh, Mr. Stevens..?

STEVENS: (FADES IN) Yes?

COSTELLO: Jingle-jangle here's your present!

STEVENS: Mr. Costello, what a beautiful bird cage.

ABBOTT: Costello! What's that sardine doing in the birdcage? I told you to get a birdcage with a perch.

COSTELLO: They didn't have a perch so I got a sardine! And another thing Abbott, I bought a box of candy for the boys in the orchestra, too!

ABBOTT: I'd better look at that candy! JUST A SECOND! - where did you get such big pieces of candy! What are they?

COSTELLO: Chocolate covered bananas!

ABBOTT: Oh, you're impossible! Well, let's get to Ken Niles, our announcer. (CALLS) Oh, Ken, I want you to meet --

NILES: (BREAKS IN) How do you do, Mr. Costello, did you bring my present?

COSTELLO: Yeah, I -- (YELLS) YOU DON'T HAVE TO ASK FOR IT, BROTHER,
LISTEN TO HIM! DID YOU BRING MY PRESENT?
YOU'LL GET IT!...Here, take it.

ABBOTT: Costello! What kind of a painting is that! Didn't I tell you that Ken is a collector of art!

COSTELLO: Then what does he want?-- this is an old master: Whistler's father!

ABBOTT: Whistler's father! Why didn't you get Whistler's mother?

COSTELLO: I COULDN'T..SHE WAS WORKIN' AT LOCKHEED!

ABBOTT: Thank goodness, that leaves only one more present -for Connie Haines, our singer. Oh, here she is now.

CONNIE: (FADES IN) Oh Mr. Costello.

COSTELLO: *THAT VOICE SLAYS ME.*
Hello, Connie...

CONNIE: Hi, mah fat lil' sugah man!

ABBOTT: Oh! I can see what's happening around here! Go ahead, Costello - give Connie her present.

COSTELLO: Okay, Abbott - Connie, I got you the most wonderful stuff in this bottle -it's practically impossible to get in this country today.

CONNIE: Mah goodness, what kind of perfume is that - Toujour L'Amour?

COSTELLO: No - Texaco La Shmexico! *THAT'S GASOLINE. THAT PRECIOUS FLUID.*

CONNIE: Gracious sakes alive! Can I have it now?

COSTELLO: Uh- how old are you, Connie?

CONNIE: Just sixteen, Sugah.

COSTELLO: Sixteen, huh? Okay, gimme a little kiss and I'll give you the bottle of gasoline.

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

COSTELLO: YOU'RE OVER SIXTEEN!

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ABBOTT: Costello, give Connie that bottle! This is a fine way to start our new program! On top of that, Veronica Lake is our guest star tonight, and you can't give her a silly present. Now, what did you get for Miss Lake?

COSTELLO: I'm gonna get her some roses.

ABBOTT: Why don't you get her some gardenias?

COSTELLO: I don't want gardenias - I want roses!

ABBOTT: But listen, she isn't the type to wear roses. When you look at Veronica Lake, what do you think of?

COSTELLO: Don't change the subject!

NILES: Pardon me, fellows - what seems to be the trouble?

COSTELLO: Look, Niles, I have to get some flowers for Veronica Lake.

ABBOTT: I want him to get gardenias.

COSTELLO: And I wanna get roses!

NILES: Why don't you get daffodils? (LAUGHS)

COSTELLO: (POLITELY) Niles, according to Emily Post, it is very impolite for you to interrupt this conversation and make a suggestion.

NILES: What do you mean?

COSTELLO: ~~WHY DON'T YOU~~ SHUT UP!

ABBOTT: Just a second, Niles has a good idea with those daffodils! Picture that lovely coloring, the warm, velvety smoothness -

COSTELLO: The daffodils?

ABBOTT: No, Veronica's! And then, think of those long, graceful stems --

COSTELLO: Veronica's?

ABBOTT: No - the daffodils!

COSTELLO: Make up your mind!

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ABBOTT: And now picture Veronica Lake in a garden, looking for her favorite flower. She flutters to the gardenias, but no!

COSTELLO: But no?

ABBOTT: She flits to the roses - BUT NO!

COSTELLO: BUT NO??

ABBOTT: Then she pitty-pats to the daffodils, and stops! She stands transfixed! SHE CANNOT MOVE!

COSTELLO: SHE'S GOT HER FEET ^{CAUGHT} IN A GOPHER HOLE!!

~~(FADES) Aah! Daffodils! I'll get the flowers myself!~~

MUSIC: (ON CUE) PLAYOFF

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: Hey, Costello!

COSTELLO: You talkin' to me, Mr. Niles?

NILES: I just want to test out your spelling.

COSTELLO: Okay, shoot.

NILES: Spell "tires".

COSTELLO: ^{Tires}
^ T-R-E-S.

NILES: You left out the "I".

COSTELLO: Huh?

NILES: The "I"! The "I"'s out!

COSTELLO: I know. I been outta tires for two months.

NILES: I'm glad you left the "T" in.

COSTELLO: Oh, sure. That's a very important letter.

NILES: Oh, you heard about that, huh?

COSTELLO: Sure. (STARTS TO SING) "T is for the --"

NILES: I mean "T" is a very important letter when it comes to cigarettes. You see, "T" stands for taste and for throat -- anybody's own proving ground for cigarettes -- the "T-Zone". Of course, at one time or another you've tried Camels -- but have you tried them lately, since you've been smoking more? Give Camels the "T-Zone" test. Ask your taste about flavor -- and see if Camels don't have the kind of extra full flavor that doesn't tire your taste, no matter how many you smoke. (MORE)

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NILES:
(Cont'd)

To find out about mildness, ask your throat -- you won't find a better judge. Thousands of smokers who are now smoking more have given Camels their own "T-Zone" tests. To them, throat and taste say -- "Camels suit me to a 'T'!" For steady pleasure, try Camels! You'll find they're slow-burning, cooler-smoking, richer-tasting, milder -- better -- because Camels are made of costlier tobaccos, expertly and matchlessly blended. ^{So} Take a tip from your "T-Zone"! Your throat and your taste will tell you!

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

NILES: Camels! Get a pack tonight! You'll want to buy a carton tomorrow!

MUSIC: "THIS IS THE ARMY, MR. JONES"

(APPLAUSE)

ABBOTT: You have just heard "This is The Army, Mr. Jones," played by Leith Stevens and his orchestra. And now, ladies and gentlemen --

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

COSTELLO: (FADES IN) Hey, Abbott! Hey, Abbott! Look! I just spent all my dough on these roses for Veronica Lake. Look at 'em, Abbott - ain't they beauties?

ABBOTT: American?

COSTELLO: WHAT DO I LOOK LIKE, A JAP!!

ABBOTT: No, no - I meant are they long-stemmed American Beauty Roses? Well, anyway, I'm glad you got her something. She'll be here in a minute.

COSTELLO: Gee, Abbott, I've always been in love with Veronica Lake - every night I dream about her. Even when I was a little, tiny boy I dreamt about her.

ABBOTT: Do you mean when you were only a tiny tot you dreamt about Veronica Lake?

COSTELLO: (SOFTLY) Yeah - but in those days it wasn't a lake - it was just a puddle! Gee, Abbott, the way you talk to me, you'd think I never knew a girl!

ABBOTT: Did you?

COSTELLO: Did I? Even in school I was in love with a girl. Boy, we were nuts about each other. I was five and she was three!

ABBOTT: Why did it break up?

COSTELLO: She couldn't get along with my folks!!

NILES: (FADES IN, EXCITEDLY) Oh, Bud! Oh, bud!

ABBOTT: Yes, Ken?

NILES: (EXCITED) Veronica Lake is here. She's waiting to be introduced!

Costello: *Veronica Lake is here in Person!* (FINAL DRAFT) -10-
ABBOTT: Swell, Ken. Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to have you meet
our charming guest, the famous motion picture actress -
MISS VERONICA LAKE! (APPLAUSE)
LAKE: Thank you, Bud - it was nice of you to invite me here
tonight!
COSTELLO: (AD LIB YELLS) Oh, Miss Lake! Tell me something, Veronica -
what're you doin' Saturday night?
LAKE: Oh, nothing.
COSTELLO: Then can I borrow your soap?
ABBOTT: COSTELLO!
COSTELLO: On your way, Abbott - two's company, and I wanna talk to
Veronica alone.
ABBOTT: Well, go ahead.
COSTELLO: I mean ALL ALONE! JUST THE TWO OF US!
ABBOTT: You mean you want me to go!!!
COSTELLO: WHAT ELSE CAN YOU MAKE OUT OF IT!
ABBOTT: Stop fooling around, Costello! Give Veronica the flowers.
COSTELLO: (SWEETLY) Veronica, please accept these roses with this
little poem I wrote especially for you -- "Roses are red,
violets are blue, sugar is sweet - but ain't it hard to get!"
LAKE: Why, Lou, these roses are simply beautiful - so lovely and
fresh. There's still a little due on them.
COSTELLO: I know - I'll pay that tomorrow!
ABBOTT: Costello, that's no way to talk! Veronica, I want you to
know that it's a great pleasure to have you with us. You
know, Lou and I see all of your pictures!
COSTELLO: Yeah, that's right. Did you ever see me in a picture,
Veronica?

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LAKE: Wel-l-l, I'm not sure. I saw a picture the other night called "Pardon My Sarong." There was a fellow in it who looked just like you. He was on a tropical island, surrounded by a bevy of beautiful native girls!

COSTELLO: What happened?

LAKE: Nothing.

COSTELLO: That was me, ~~all-right!~~ ...You know, Veronica, I thought you were wonderful in your last picture - "THIS GUN FOR HIRE"

LAKE: Really? Would you like to be the leading man in my next picture?

COSTELLO: Which one?

LAKE: THIS GOON FOR HIRE.

COSTELLO: This Goon For Hire! That must be a sequel to This Gun Fo-- Oh! I get it! *WHAT A FRAB L KID.*

ABBOTT: Don't you see, Costello! - Veronica is just trying to tell you that you're not her type!

LAKE: Oh, I didn't mean that at all, Mr. Abbott. In fact, I think Lou is adorable. Come over here, Lou -- just a little closer.

COSTELLO: Oh-h-h, I don't wanna!

LAKE: But Lou, I'm hungry for your affection - I'm thirsty for your kisses - I'm starved for your love.

COSTELLO: What am I? A cafeteria!

ABBOTT: Costello, stop acting like a dummy. Take her in your arms and kiss her!

COSTELLO: It can't be done!

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THAT GREAT SHIPBUILDER
would never say that!

ABBOTT: It can't be done!! Henry Kaiser would never say that!

COSTELLO: AM I GONNA KISS HER OR LAUNCH HER!

ABBOTT: Costello, you don't understand anything about love! Say something beautiful to Veronica. Go ahead. Be romantic!

COSTELLO: Wel-l-l, okay...Oh Veronica, my Veronica, you effect me like a tonica; I'll serenade you with my harmonica - when I take you to the beach on Hollywood Boulevard!

LAKE: You mean you'll take me to the beach at Santa Monica!

COSTELLO: What, on four gallons!!!

ABBOTT: Costello! Is that the way to make love to Veronica Lake! Turn on the charm! Take her in your arms! Play on the strings of her heart!

COSTELLO: Not me, Abbott!

ABBOTT: Why not?

COSTELLO: I ain't got my union card!

LAKE: Lou, you don't seem to realize that the moment I saw you tonight, I knew that you were the man I've been looking for!

COSTELLO: Gee, Veronica, do I really appeal to you?

LAKE: Of course you do!

COSTELLO: Then - take my hand...put your arms around me...hold me close
And now, will you do me a favor?

LAKE: Anything, Lou - what is it?

COSTELLO: WOULD YOU PUSH YOUR HAIR ASIDE AND OPEN UP A SECOND FRONT!!
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: PLAY ON AND INTRO., HOLD UNDER:

NILES: Here's Connie Haines to sing the new novelty song - "A TOUCH OF TEXAS".

CONNIE: SONG: " A TOUCH OF TEXAS "
(APPLAUSE)

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ABBOTT: That was swell, Connie....

COSTELLO: (RUSHING IN) Hey Abbott! Oh, Veronica Lake...

ABBOTT: Costello! Where have you and Veronica been?

LAKE: We took a walk around the block, Bud.

COSTELLO: Oh boy, am I happy, Abbott! I kissed Veronica thirty-five times.

ABBOTT: Why did you stop?

COSTELLO: There's a law - you can't go over thirty-five!

LAKE: Just a minute, Lou, I think there's something you should know -- I have a boy friend who's insanely jealous. He beats up anybody who even looks at me.

COSTELLO: Ahhh, what do I care for him!...I'm so nuts about you, Veronica, I'll tell it to every Tom, Dick and Harry.

SOUND: DOOR BURSTS OPEN

MAX: (FADES IN, TOUGH) Where's that guy Costello..where's the guy that's been givin' roses to my girl!

ABBOTT: (PAUSE) Well, Costello, you said you'd tell it to every Tom, Dick and Harry!

COSTELLO: Yeh -- hello, Sam!

MAX: My name isn't Sam, it's George! - you little pig!

ABBOTT: Lou, he called you a pig!

COSTELLO: With the price of pork these days, is that an insult?

~~ABBOTT: It's still an insult! Call him something! Talk back to him!~~

~~COSTELLO: Okay! George, you're a snake and a rat!~~

~~MAX: A snake and a rat? Take that back!~~

~~COSTELLO: I'll take back half of it.~~

~~MAX: Which half?~~

~~COSTELLO: Take your pick!~~

LAKE: Now this will have to stop, George. I think it's very mean of you to come in here and cause a lot of trouble just because I'm crazy about Lou Costello!

COSTELLO: Hey Veronica, take it easy!

MAX: No punk like Costello is gonna steal my girl! I'll hit you so hard I'll knock ya eight blocks!

COSTELLO: Oh goody - that's right near where I live! *Now I CAN SAVE my tires*

ABBOTT: Just a minute, George - you can't come around here threatening Costello! I don't like your attitude, and I'm not going to take any of your guff! I want to tell you THAT I WON'T PUT UP WITH IT!

COSTELLO: You tell 'im, Abbott!

ABBOTT: (QUICKLY) You hear that, George? - Costello CHALLENGES YOU TO A DUEL!

COSTELLO: Yeah, that's right, Costello challenges you to ^Aduel, and when Costello -- Hey! That's me!

MAX: Oh, so ya wanna fight a duel, huh! Okay, I'm goin' out to get my gun! Don't you move from here or you'll be a spineless yellow dog!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

LAKE: Lou, did you hear what he called you - a spineless yellow dog!

COSTELLO: Yeh - none of us is perfect! *Spineless yellow dog! What kind of A dog is THAT?*

LAKE: But do you want people to think you're afraid? That Lou Costello, the man I'm in love with is a coward!

ABBOTT: That's right, Costello - you must save your face!

COSTELLO: But I'm too nervous to s-shoot a gun! All night long I was walkin' the floor; I couldn't sleep!

ABBOTT: Then you should have done what I do - raise your feet up in the air, and that makes the blood rush to your head!

COSTELLO: I tried that, Abbott - NO GOOD!

LAKE: NO SLEEP?

COSTELLO: NO BLOOD!!

ABBOTT: Stop worrying! I'm going to rehearse you on how to fight a duel! Then, when George gets back, you won't have to be rehearsed!

COSTELLO: No, just hearsed!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

LAKE: Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

BLANC: Pardon me, Miss er - Miss er --

LAKE: Lake - Veronica.

BLANC: Ah yes, Lake Veronica - lovely place! ... I understand you're having a duel - I'm Doctor Alonzo P. Lump, F.D.

LAKE: F.D.?

BLANC: Yes, foot doctor! Corny, isn't it??

LAKE: By the way, Doctor - Lou Costello.

BLANC: Hm, worst case of Lou Costello I've ever seen!

COSTELLO: THAT'S MY NAME!

BLANC: I see. Mr. Costello, you're a very interesting specimen. After the shooting, may I present your brain to Harvard!

COSTELLO: Yeah - AND LEAVE MY HEART AT THE STAGE DOOR CANTEEN!!!

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BLANC: Well, Miss Lake and Mr. Abbott, while we're waiting for this gentleman's opponent, let's play a few hands of bridge.

ABBOTT: But Doctor, there are only three of us. Don't you want a fourth?

COSTELLO: He's waiting for Rigor Mortis to set in!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

COSTELLO: WHAT'S HAPPENING AROUND HERE! COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

LANG: Mr. Costello, I'm Slade of the Daily Blade. How are you dressing for the duel today? - are you wearing a flat hat with a brown crown?

COSTELLO: No, a ^{shoot} ~~boot~~ suit with a loud shroud! GET OUTTA HERE!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

ABBOTT: Listen Costello, as long as George isn't here yet, why don't you practice a little shooting? Where's your gun?

COSTELLO: Right here in my hip pocket....just a second, I'll -- OOOH!

SOUND: SHOT

~~ABBOTT: Are you hurt?~~

~~COSTELLO: No, it was just a flash in the pants!~~

LAKE: Wait a minute boys. You'd better let me have that gun, Lou, and I'll show you how to shoot. Do you see that orange on the desk over there? - I'll knock it off!

COSTELLO: WHAT ORANGE! THAT'S THE SUN SHINING IN THE WINDOW

LAKE: Oh yes, my mistake! All right, then, put this tin can on your head, Lou, and I'll shoot it off! Don't be scared!

COSTELLO: That's fine! - the sun's an orange and I shouldn't be scared!

ABBOTT: Go ahead, Costello, let her shoot the can off your head. I saw a girl do it in vaudeville!

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COSTELLO: VAUDEVILLE'S DEAD - AND I DON'T WANT IT TO MOVE OVER!

LAKE: But you've got to know how to shoot or you won't stand a chance with George!

COSTELLO: Who don't know how to shoot? Why I'll fill him so full of holes, he can button his vest from any angle! Where is he. WHERE IS HE?

ABBOTT: Here he comes.

COSTELLO: And here I go - I gotta see the Doctor about my mouth!

ABBOTT: What's the matter with your mouth!

COSTELLO: IT TALKS TOO MUCH!

GEORGE: (FADES IN, ANGRILY) Costello! Hey Costello! Oh, there you are. Let's get this over with -- what d'ya want, swords or pistols, ya skunk.

COSTELLO: If I was a skunk, I wouldn't need swords or pistols.

GEORGE: Okay, we'll make it pistols. I'm packin' a forty-five. What are you packin'?

COSTELLO: My suitcase.

ABBOTT: Come on, fellows, why don't we stop this fooling around!

LAKE: Yes, let's get on with the duel.

GEORGE: I'm ready - just let me take a couple of practice shots. Do you see that target over there, Costello? Watch this.

SOUND: SHOT...BELL

LAKE: It's your turn, Lou - show him what you can do.

COSTELLO: Okay, Veronica - watch this, George.

SOUND: SHOT

MAX: Ya missed!

SOUND: BELL

COSTELLO: Must have stopped for a re-tread!

GEORGE: Aah - that's all kid stuff. Get a load of this one.

SOUND: BELL - SHOT

COSTELLO: Reverse! That's all, brother. - LEMME OUTTA HERE.

ABBOTT: Oh, no you don't, Costello - come back here. You've got to teach George a lesson.

LAKE: Of course, Lou. And you must go through with this to save your face.

ABBOTT: Come over here and stand with your back to George - BACK TO BACK - that's it.

COSTELLO: Just a minute, Abbott...(CALLS) Hey, Doctor Lump....?

BLANC: What is it, Costello?

COSTELLO: Doc, if I get shot, you'll rush right over to me, won'tcha?

BLANC: Yes, my boy - I'll get the lead out.

LAKE: All right now, boys...George, you go first: step three paces forward, AND GET READY.

SOUND: CLUMP, CLUMP, CLUMP

LAKE: Now, Lou - you take three paces and prepare to fire.

SOUND: CLUMP, CLUMP, CLUMP...RUNS LIKE THE DEVIL

ABBOTT: COSTELLO, COME BACK HERE.

COSTELLO: Didn't she say prepare the fire?

ABBOTT: Yes - where were you going?

COSTELLO: TO GET THE WOOD.

ABBOTT: No, you dummy - Veronica meant fire the gun.

LAKE: Now, at the signal, you each turn around and shoot. Who's going to give the signal?

COSTELLO: I will.

GEORGE: All right, Costello - we both turn around and shoot, as soon as you say FIRE.

COSTELLO: Okay - but I ain't gonna say it.

GEORGE: You're not going to say what?

COSTELLO: I ain't gonna say F-F-Fi --- what you said.

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GEORGE: I'll make you say FIRE. What's your house insured against?

COSTELLO: F-F-F -- Robbers!

GEORGE: Trying to be funny, eh? What've you got in your kitchen stove.

COSTELLO: F-F-F- fuel!

GEORGE: When the fuel is lit, what does it make?

COSTELLO: F-F-Flames! Haha. You thought I was gonna say fire.

SOUND: SHOT

COSTELLO: OW! HE FOULED ME. HE SHOT ME WHEN MY BACK WAS TURNED.

LAKE: But Lou, you're a hero.

ABBOTT: That's right, Costello, you saved your face.

COSTELLO: Yeh - BUT I DID IT THE HARD WAY.

MUSIC: (PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: LOW RUMBLING CHORD FROM ORCHESTRA - HOLD UNDER:

NILES: Poison to low-flying planes is the heavy machine gun, emplaced in a sand-bagged gun pit, spitting out armor-piercing shells till the water jacket boils like a tea-kettle.

MUSIC: (FADE)

NILES: Yes, and whether you're sending fifty-calibre shells from a gun barrel to ack-ack the Axis, or whether you're rolling 'em out of the high-speed machines to send to the front, you're looking for extra enjoyment in the moments you can call your own. Think of Margaret Smith, for instance. Her job is gauging thousands of fifty-calibre machine gun shells every day. She's said -- QUOTE --

SMITH
VOICE:

Since I've been smoking more, I find that mildness in a cigarette is even more important than ever. No matter how often I smoke, Camels never tire my taste or wear out their welcome.

NILES: UNQUOTE. Yes, on the production lines and on the front lines, it's Camel! Actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens show that with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard, Camel is the favorite. Good thing to remember these days if you're smoking more, too! You'll like Camel's full, rich flavor, and you'll like the way Camel's smooth, extra mildness lets you enjoy that flavor.

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(MORE)

NILES: Camels are cooler-smoking, too, because they're slow-
(Cont'd) burning. The reason behind all this is costlier tobaccos,
blended expertly and matchlessly, in the years-old Camel
tradition of quality tobacco blending. Your throat and
your taste will tell you!

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

NILES: Camels! Get a pack tonight! Send a carton to that fellow
in the service!

MUSIC: "HIP, HIP, HOORAY" - FADE ON CUE FOR:

NILES: (ON CUE) And now, ladies and gentlemen, just a word about next week's program. You'll hear more music from Leith Stevens and his orchestra, more songs by Connie Haines, more comedy from Abbott and Costello - and a gripping, spine-tingling drama of the old West - with our guest star Marlene Dietrich. Here is a short and thrilling preview!

SOUND: COYOTE YELL:

NILES: Marlene Dietrich and her notorious gang of bandits are on their way to shoot up the town of Dead Pan Gulch. Sheriff Costello and his deputy, Abbott, are galloping furiously from house to house to warn the villagers.

SOUND: TWO HORSES GALLOPING - KNOCK ON DOOR - DOOR OPENS

COSTELLO: The bandits are coming, to arms, to arms.

SOUND: HORSES GALLOPING - KNOCK ON DOOR - DOOR OPENS

COSTELLO: The bandits are coming, to arms, to arms.

CONNIE: I've got two arms, Sugar. Wontcha come in?

COSTELLO: Okay. Hey, Abbott - hold my horse.

ABBOTT: I thought you said the bandits were coming.

COSTELLO: Maybe they'll be late. *(2nd show: let them get their own girls)*

MUSIC: THEME, HOLD FOR:

(APPLAUSE)

(THEME FADES OUT ON CUE)

NILES: Be sure to tune in next Thursday night at this same time for another big comedy show starring Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, with ~~Peter Lorre~~ ^{Marlene Dietrich} as our guest - brought to you with the Compliments of Camels Cigarettes. Camels presents three great radio shows each week - Abbott & Costello on Thursday nights; on Friday night, it's the Camel Caravan, with Lanny Ross, Herb Shriner, Xavier Cugat and "Our Town"...and Monday nights, Blondie.

Veronica Lake, who appeared with us tonight, is soon to be seen in the Paramount picture, "The Glass Key", with Brian Donlevy and Alan Ladd.

MUSIC: TRUMPET: CAMPBELLS ARE COMING

And here's the latest news about the Camel Caravans, those swell traveling shows that entertain our boys in the Army Camps. Twenty-six camps will be visited this week, including Spence Field, Georgia; Camp Kidd, California; Camp Sutton, North Carolina; and Camp Bowie, Texas.

This is Ken Niles, speaking for the makers of Camels Cigarettes, and wishing you all a very pleasant..goodnight.

MUSIC: THEME UP AND OUT

(APPLAUSE)

EFFECT: BOARD FADE INTO: HITCH HIKE

51459 7491

HITCH-HIKE

ANNOUNCER: Mister, you take the kindest, best-natured pipe in your whole pipe rack, and it can still bite you! But not with Prince Albert! Because P.A.'s no-bite treated for honest-to-goodness smoking comfort. P.A.'s crimp cut, too, and that means firm, easy packing, and cool, stay-lit burning. You'll find around fifty mild, rich-tasting pipefuls in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert. Try P.A. for Pipe Appeal! You'll say, too, it's the National Joy Smoke! This program has come to you from Hollywood.

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

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