

3/3/42

Master

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1942

4:30 - 5:00 P.M. PWT  
7:30 - 8:00 P.M. PWT

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GOODWIN: Ah -- Ah -- Ah -- Don't touch that dial -- Listen  
to "Blondie"...presented by Camel...the cigarette  
of costlier tobaccos.

MUSIC: (THEME)

51454 0761

GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue. Well, this afternoon, Blondie's been doing a little thinking about Dagwood, and there's one thing that worries her a little. Let's listen and see what it's all about...

BLONDIE: Dagwood....

DAGWOOD: Yeah, Blondie?

BLONDIE: I've been thinking.

DAGWOOD: That's nice. What about?

BLONDIE: Dagwood, why is it you never have any parties of your own at home?

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

BLONDIE: I mean, I have bridge parties here, and committee meetings, and so on, but you never have anyone here.

DAGWOOD: I've noticed that, too.

BLONDIE: It just doesn't seem right.

DAGWOOD: Well, you know how it is, honey.

BLONDIE: No -- <sup>how is it?</sup> ~~what do you mean?~~

DAGWOOD: Well, I've been going to have a party here a couple of times, but you didn't seem to like the idea. Remember?

BLONDIE: No, Dagwood. Give me a for instance.

DAGWOOD: Well, for instance, last Thursday I was talking to Herb Woodley on the phone and I asked you if I could have the boys over here for a little game.

BLONDIE: Did I say you couldn't, dear?

DAGWOOD: No, you just stood there and looked at me and tapped your foot...I told Herb some other time.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear -- did I do that?

DAGWOOD: That's right, Blondie. I've sort of given up the idea of having the boys over here.

BLONDIE: I had no idea I was being so unreasonable.

DAGWOOD: Now wait, Blondie -- I didn't say you were unreasonable.

BLONDIE: But I have been unreasonable. I've been selfish -- just thinking of myself and my bridge parties, and not giving a thought to whether you wanted to have your friends in. I didn't realize how awful I've been.

DAGWOOD: Now, Blondie, don't feel bad about it. All the rest of the boys have the same problem.

BLONDIE: Well, I haven't been fair about this at all. Dagwood, I want you to feel free to have your friends over whenever you want to.

DAGWOOD: Gee, honey, that's swell...When's a good time?

BLONDIE: Any time at all, Dagwood. Any time. ~~Whenever~~ you want to have a little stag party, you just go right ahead and invite your friends over.

DAGWOOD: Thanks, honey -- that'll be wonderful.

(BUZZER)

BLONDIE: Oh, there's someone at the back door. It's probably the groceries.

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES...WALKING ACROSS  
KITCHEN FLOOR...ANOTHER DOOR OPENS)

HARRIET: Hello, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Hello, Harriet. Come on in.

(DOOR CLOSES)

HARRIET: I just ran over for a second, Blondie. I've just been talking to Mrs. McButter. She was going to invite Dorothy French over to her house after the lecture. You know, Dorothy French, the interior decorator who's going to lecture at the Woman's Club tonight. "How to make your home look like heaven for practically nothing." Well, Mrs. McButter has a terrible headcold, so she can't invite her, so I thought it might be nice if we invited her to come over to your house for ice cream and cake while she's waiting for her train. What do you think, hunh?

BLONDIE: Now wait a minute, Harriet -- let me think my way through all that, first.

HARRIET: Shall I go over it again? I'VE JUST BEEN TALKING TO MRS. McBUTTER --

BLONDIE: No, thanks.

HARRIET: I thought we could ask Dorothy French for some ideas on what to do about decorating our homes. She's got two and a half hours before she catches her train.

BLONDIE: All right, Harriet -- we'll invite her to come here after the lecture. I'll have everything fixed up before we leave for the Woman's Club.

HARRIET: I'll bring over a cake.

BLONDIE: All right -- I'll get some ice cream. We can have a regular little party for her.

MUSIC: (FADES AND CONTINUES UNDER:)

DAGWOOD: Hello, Herb -- how about a little game over at my house tonight?...Hanh?...No, I'm not kidding -- I mean it... Sure it's all right with Blondie. She even suggested it...<sup>No, she's NOT Sick</sup>~~Yeah, that is right -- she suggested it...~~Why don't you get in touch with Phil, and I'll call the other boys...Yeah -- tell him to come over around eight, and bring his chips with him. We're going to have a real party at my house ~~for a change~~

MUSIC: (UP TO FINISH)

GOODWIN: Oh-oh. It sounds like trouble in the Bumstead house to me. Two parties in one house. It's going to be a little difficult. I don't believe Blondie expected Dagwood to take her suggestion quite so soon. Well, we'll see what happens in a moment...but right now let's follow Blondie into Dagwood's den. As she opens the door ----

DAGWOOD: Shhhhhhhhhhhhh!

BLONDIE: Oh, dear, you frightened me, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Close the door, Blondie. On second thought, maybe you'd better lock it.

BLONDIE: Well, all right.

(DOOR LOCKS)

BLONDIE: What's so secret?

DAGWOOD: I'm designing a new weapon for the army. It's the Bumstead electric rifle. Instead of the old-fashioned firing pin to set off the cartridge, it has a battery in the gun-stock that ignites the cartridge without jolting your aim at all!

BLONDIE: Do you think it will work, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Oh, sure, <sup>I told</sup> some of the fellows down at the office <sup>and they</sup> said --

BLONDIE: Dagwood! I thought this was a military secret!

GOODWIN: Well, don't worry, Blondie. It may be new to Dagwood, but the old electric rifle hasn't been a military secret since before eighteen sixty-seven, when it was exhibited in Paris. Another military secret that seems to be getting around lately is the army man's preference for Camels. Here are the facts --

ECHO: Actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Canteens, and Ship's Service Stores show that with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard, Camel is the favorite!

GOODWIN: And what's the reason?

VOICE: Mister, army men get to know cigarettes. It doesn't take 'em long to find out that Camel is the one with extra flavor and extra mildness.

GOODWIN: Easy to see, too, that Camels save you money! Slower burning means extra smoking per cigarette per pack, and cooler smoking in the bargain! That's because Camels are made of costlier tobaccos, matchlessly blended, in the years-old Camel tradition of fine tobacco blending. Less nicotine in the smoke, too!

ECHO: Twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling cigarettes tested -- less than any of them, according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself!

GOODWIN: And remember! That fellow in the service will thank you for a carton of Camels! Your dealer will tend to wrapping and mailing. Get Camels for yourself -- and send on a carton!!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: It's early in the evening now. Blondie's left for the lecture at the Woman's Club, and Dagwood is just setting up the living room for a little game with the boys. Table, cards, ash trays, plenty of Camels. He's just arranging the lights when Cousin Edgar comes downstairs...

EDGAR: Well, hello, Dagwood -- what's going on?

DAGWOOD: Oh -- some of the boys are coming over.

EDGAR: Oh, I see... Say, Dagwood -- I wonder if you could let me have half a dollar. I'm flat broke and I'd like to go to the picture show tonight.

DAGWOOD: ~~How is it you're always broke?~~ *You want to go to the movies - and you haven't any money? EDGAR: Yes.*

EDGAR: Well, you know, Dagwood -- I spend some of it, and put the rest into defense stamps, and that leaves me without a cent, and I have to borrow from you. See?

DAGWOOD: Wait a minute -- there's something wrong there.

EDGAR: No -- what I don't spend, I put into defense stamps, and that takes care of my salary.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, but if you spent less, then you'd have some left to spend... No, that doesn't sound right. What I meant was, if you didn't spend so much, then you'd -- no, I mean -- uh --

~~EDGAR: Wouldn't it be easier just to give me the fifty cents?~~

DAGWOOD: Nothing doing.

EDGAR: I'll tell you what I'll do, Dagwood. I'll play you a couple of hands of Dark Horse Poker.

DAGWOOD: Dark Horse Poker? I never heard of it.

EDGAR: You haven't? That's amazing. It's a wonderful game. Just sit down at the table -- right here. Go ahead -- sit down.

DAGWOOD: Okay...but I haven't got the cards out.

EDGAR: You don't need any cards. Now I'll turn out the lights.

DAGWOOD: No cards? And what are you turning out the lights for?

EDGAR: Well, you have to play Dark Horse Poker in a dark room.

(CLICK OF SWITCH)

EDGAR: There we are!...Okay -- now I'm sitting at the table, right opposite you. Here's the thing, Dagwood -- we pretend to play poker with imaginary cards.

DAGWOOD: We just pretend we have cards?

EDGAR: That's right...It's draw poker. Now I'm dealing the cards.

~~DAGWOOD: Not real cards?~~

~~EDGAR: No -- we just imagine we're getting poker hands. And we imagine what the cards are.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Oh, I see.~~ It sounds like it might be fun.

EDGAR: Sure...Well, pick up your cards.

~~DAGWOOD: Hahh? Oh, yeah -- I just pretend I have five cards here.~~

EDGAR: ~~That's right.~~...Suppose we both ante a nickel. Here's mine.

(SOUND OF COIN ON TABLE)

DAGWOOD: Hey, that sounded like a real nickel.

EDGAR: Of course. We play with imaginary cards, Dagwood, but we bet real money. That's the beauty of the game. That's what makes it interesting...Come on -- put a nickel in the pot.

DAGWOOD: Well -- okay, Edgar.

(SOUND OF COIN ON TABLE)

EDGAR: Now then -- can you open? Jacks or better.

DAGWOOD: Let me see...Nope, I can't open.

EDGAR: Well, I'll open for a nickel.

(COIN)

DAGWOOD: Okay...I'll stay.

(COIN)

EDGAR: How many cards, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Er -- uh -- I'll take three.

EDGAR: Drawing to a small pair, eh?...Okay -- here you are.  
Hope they're good ones.

DAGWOOD: They probably aren't.

EDGAR: Let's see...I'll take three myself. One, two, three.

DAGWOOD: What do you do?

EDGAR: I'll check.

DAGWOOD: Check...What have you got?

EDGAR: A pair of Queens.

DAGWOOD: I had a pair of ~~queens~~ <sup>Sevens</sup>.

EDGAR: Ah, that's too bad...Well, it's my pot, and your deal.

(PICKING UP COINS)

DAGWOOD: ~~Do I have to shuffle these imaginary cards?~~

EDGAR: ~~It wouldn't be fair if you didn't.~~

DAGWOOD: I don't quite get it, but anyway I'll imagine I'm  
shuffling them. (LAUGHS) Boy, we're certainly going  
to have quite a party tonight.

MUSIC: (QUICK BRIDGE)

(MURMUR OF VOICES OFF)

BLONDIE: Well, Miss French, we're all very interested in what you're going to say tonight about decorating our homes.

FRENCH: Well, I guess it's a subject that's interesting to most women.

HARRIET: Yes, that's right, Miss French. We'd like to learn how to do something more than shove the furniture around.

BLONDIE: Miss French, you have a wait of several hours for your train after the lecture, haven't you?

FRENCH: Why, yes, I do.

BLONDIE: Well, if you don't have any other plans, I'd like to have you come home with Mrs. Woodley and me after the lecture.

FRENCH: Why, I'd love it. Thank you very much.

BLONDIE: Good -- I'll phone right now and have some ice cream and cake sent over. HARRIET'S ALREADY SENT A CAKE.

HARRIET: You'll be crazy about Blondie's home, too, Miss French.

BLONDIE: Oh, now, Harriet....

HARRIET: Now don't be modest, Blondie...It's really wonderful, Miss French. The furniture's arranged just right, the drapes are perfectly gorgeous, and everything's in such good taste.

FRENCH: It sounds charming.

~~BLONDIE: Now please, Harriet -- you're talking as though I had a model home.~~

~~HARRIET: But you do, Blondie.~~

BLONDIE: Oh, no...Really, Miss French, it's not unusual at all. There's one thing I will say for it, though. It's always nice and clean. Dagwood says it's clean enough to eat off the floor -- of course, he doesn't.

FRENCH: Well, I'll be delighted to see your home, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: We'll be glad to have you. We'll meet you after the lecture.

MUSIC:

EDGAR: Go ahead, Dagwood -- pretend you're dealing the cards.

DAGWOOD: Okay -- then here they come. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten -- there. Five for you and five for me. <sup>eleven -- oh, misdeal. Edgar: JUST bury the LAST ONE.</sup>

EDGAR: Wait -- before you look at your cards -- we forgot to ante.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah...I didn't look. Here's mine.

(NICKEL ON TABLE)

EDGAR: Here's mine.

(SOUND OF SLUG)

DAGWOOD: That sounded like a washer instead of a nickel.

EDGAR: Oh -- sorry, Dagwood. Anyone can make a mistake.

(SOUND OF NICKEL)

DAGWOOD: That's better...Now -- can you open?

EDGAR: Yeah -- here's a nickel.

(THE SLUG AGAIN)

DAGWOOD: Get that slug out of this game!

EDGAR: Oh, I'm sorry, Dagwood...Here -- here's a nickel.

(SOUND OF COIN)

DAGWOOD: Here's my nickel -- (COIN) And I'll raise you a dime.

(COIN)

EDGAR: A dime, eh? You're sure you're playing fair, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Oh, sure. But I have a feeling I'm going to win this time.

EDGAR: Hmmm. Well, I'm in.

(COIN)

EDGAR: How many cards?

DAGWOOD: Oh, I think I'll just play these.

EDGAR: Standing pat, eh?...Okay -- I'll take one card.

DAGWOOD: I'll bet a nickel to start it off easy.

(COIN)

EDGAR: I'll raise you twenty cents.

(THE SLUG AGAIN)

DAGWOOD: There's that washer again!

EDGAR: I'm terribly sorry, Dagwood. Here we are.

(COIN)

DAGWOOD: I'll raise you a quarter!

(COINS)

EDGAR: Okay -- I'll call you.

(COINS)

EDGAR: What have you got?

DAGWOOD: A royal flush!

EDGAR: A royal flush?

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- in spades. I guess the money's mine, eh, Edgar.

(LAUGHS)

EDGAR: No, I'm afraid not, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

EDGAR: I've got five aces! I'll just take the pot.

(COINS)

DAGWOOD: Hey, wait a minute! How could you have five aces?

EDGAR: Dagwood, I guess you forgot -- there ~~were~~<sup>were 2</sup> jokers in the deck! So long, Dagwood -- I'm going to the movies.

DAGWOOD: ~~2~~ jokers Five aces... Hey, wait a minute, Edgar! You can't do this to me! Where'd you get ~~that~~<sup>These</sup> jokers

EDGAR: The same place you got your royal flush... So long!

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Hey!..Holy smoke -- the boys haven't even come over for the game yet, and already I'm a heavy loser!

(KNOCK ON DOOR)..DOOR OPENS)

HERB: Hi-ya, Dagwood!

PHIL: Hi, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Oh, hello, Herb -- hello, Phil, -- come on in, boys! *Herb: What are you sitting in the dark for? Dagwood: Oh, yeah - I'll turn on the light.*

(AD LIB THANKS)

HERB: Are you sure it's safe? I mean, you're sure Blondie doesn't mind if --

DAGWOOD: No, no -- not at all.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: As a matter of fact, she had some cake and ice cream sent over for us!

HERB: Cake and ice cream! Hey!

PHIL: Say, that's terrific, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Yeah -- Blondie's okay, isn't she? Well, let's pull the furniture up to the table and get the game started!

MUSIC:

(MURMUR OF VOICES)

HARRIET: Gee, Blondie -- wasn't that a wonderful lecture?

BLONDIE: It certainly was, Harriet. There's one thing, though...

HARRIET: What?

BLONDIE: Well, it's just that my home won't look like anything -- at least, nothing like the places she talked about with mirrors all the way up <sup>to the ceiling</sup> ~~the walls~~, hidden closets, indirect lighting, and all those other wonderful things.

HARRIET: Well, Blondie, she's got to be somewhere until her train leaves, and your living room <sup>certainly</sup> looks ~~an awful lot~~ better than the waiting room at the railroad station.

BLONDIE: Well, I should hope so! ~~At least the furniture is straight, and things are picked up around the house, and it's perfectly clean, but she was talking about homes that sounded like palaces.~~

~~HARRIET: I wouldn't worry, Blondie.~~

BLONDIE: Oh -- I just thought of something awful.

HARRIET: What's that?

BLONDIE: I wonder what Dagwood's doing? He might be wandering around the house in his bathrobe and carpet slippers, or he might be taking a nap on the couch when we walk in with Miss French. I'd better call him, just to be on the safe side.

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON PHONE RINGING)

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHING) Look at this, Herb! I was bluffing you! I only had a pair of fours!

HERB: (LAUGHS) I'm glad I got out just the same! I only had a pair of deuces!

PHIL: What kind of a game is this? I threw away three Jacks!

(THEY ALL LAUGH)

HERB: Hey, Dagwood -- your phone's been ringing. You'd better answer it.

DAGWOOD: ~~Okay.~~ Yeah, I know -- oh, the phone.

PHIL: (FADING) Is there any more ice cream and cake?

DAGWOOD: No -- we had the last of it.

PHIL: A fine thing!

DAGWOOD: What did you expect? We've all had three helpings!... Quiet now.

(PICK UP PHONE)

DAGWOOD: Hello?...Oh, hello, ~~hello~~ <sup>herb: bunch</sup>...No, you didn't wake me up...  
No, I'm dressed. <sup>Herb: where's my hat?</sup> You see, I decided to -- what?...  
You're bringing who?...The lecturer? <sup>Herb: oh, oh.</sup>...But, Blondie, you see I -- Okay, Blondie...Yeah...Okay. Goodbye.

(HANGS UP)

DAGWOOD: Gee, fellas?...

HERB: Well, I know what this means.

PHIL: Me, too. It's the end of the game.

DAGWOOD: Now wait a minute -- all we have to do is straighten up the place a little. Blondie's bringing the lecturer home from the Woman's Club.

HERB: Oh -- Well, let's go next door to my place. Harriet's out.

DAGWOOD: I know -- she's with Blondie. But let's straighten the room up first...I'll take the ice cream dishes out and hide them in the oven.

(RATTLE OF DISHES)

HERB: Hey, Phil -- help with this chair.

PHIL: Okay....Where does it go?

HERB: I don't know -- any place -- over here, I guess.

PHIL: Right.

DAGWOOD: (COMING IN) We've got to hurry. Blondie'll be home any minute. ~~It's not far from here to the Women's Club.~~ Put the lamp back, will you, Phil?

PHIL: Okay, Dagwood...I'll move the couch over to make room for it.

HERB: What'll we do with the ash trays, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Hide them under the chair. Put 'em anywhere just so the room looks clean. (FADING)

PHIL: I'll get these chips put away. We can take them over to Herb's house -- holy smoke!

(CRASH OF CHIPS ON THE FLOOR)

HERB: My gosh -- all over the floor.

PHIL: We haven't got time to pick them up. Shove them under the rug!

HERB: Okay, Phil.

(BRUSHING CHIPS UNDER RUG)

PHIL: That's good -- that's fine. It doesn't show at all -- hardly.

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Hey, fellas -- let's get the table folded up, and get out of here...Gee -- what happened to the room?

HERB: What's wrong with it?

DAGWOOD: The furniture's all mixed up <sup>Harriet! But it looks better than it did</sup> ~~..~~ But that's all right ~~--before.~~  
whoever the lecturer is, she won't know the difference! <sup>IT LOOKS</sup> ~~lived in.~~

MUSIC:

(FEET CLIMB STEPS)

BLONDIE: Well, Miss French, this is our home. It's nothing unusual  
but we've tried to do the best we could with our budget.

~~HARRIET:~~ Don't expect anything startling.

FRENCH: Now, Mrs. ~~Bumstead~~ <sup>Woodley</sup>, I'm sure it's very charming.

~~HARRIET:~~ Oh, you'll like it, Miss French.

~~FRENCH:~~ I'm positive I will, Mrs. Woodley.

(DOOR OPENS)

~~Blondie:~~ <sup>Want you come in?</sup> French! THANK YOU.  
~~BLONDIE:~~ <sup>Let me take your things.</sup>

~~FRENCH:~~ Oh, don't bother to hang my coat up, please.

BLONDIE: ~~All right, Miss French.~~ Now this is the living-room --  
this is the -- Oh, my goodness!

HARRIET: What's the matter, Blondie?

BLONDIE: The furniture's every which-way.

FRENCH: Hmmmm -- the arrangement is a little unusual.

BLONDIE: I didn't leave it like this. <sup>My best</sup> ~~Particularly~~ the chair over  
there ~~facing~~ <sup>in</sup> the corner. It's turned the wrong way...

~~I'm sorry you had to see it like this.~~

FRENCH: Now, Mrs. Bumstead, please don't apologize.

HARRIET: Blondie, that lamp isn't usually in front of the couch,  
is it?

BLONDIE: Heaven's no!

~~FRENCH:~~ It would look a little better even at the side. ~~Right~~  
~~about here.~~

BLONDIE: ~~That's where it usually is.~~ Oh, dear -- what's been  
going on around here?

HARRIET: I guess Dagwood's been improving the arrangement of the  
furniture.

BLONDIE: I guess so...Well, it's clean, anyway. (WEAK LAUGH)  
That's something. Not very much. But something.

FRENCH: Here, Mrs. Bumstead -- let me help you move the chair  
around so it's facing the room.

BLONDIE: Thank you...This is ~~a little~~ <sup>dreadfully</sup> embarrassing.  
Particularly after the way Harriet ~~has been talking~~ <sup>Raved</sup>  
about my house. ~~I'm afraid it didn't come up to~~  
~~expectations. Chairs turned toward the wall, lamps~~  
~~in the middle of the room..~~

FRENCH: Well, that's the way men are. Let's turn the chair  
around now.

BLONDIE: All right.

(RATTLE OF GLASS ASH TRAYS)

BLONDIE: What was that ~~noise~~?

HARRIET: It sounded like something under the chair, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Under the chair?

FRENCH: Oh, I see what it is. There's some ash trays on the  
floor.

BLONDIE: Ash trays? Oh, there couldn't be!

FRENCH: There they are.

HARRIET: They're full, too.

BLONDIE: I don't know how they got there. I really don't.

HARRIET: Oh well -- let's have the ice cream and cake, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Oh yes -- the ice cream and cake.

FRENCH: That would be fine, Mrs. Bumstead.

HARRIET: Gosh, isn't this just like a husband. You can't  
come back to your home without finding it loaded with  
surprises...I'll help you, Blondie.

BLONDIE: I don't think I'll need any help, Harriet. It's just ice cream and cake...(FADING)

HARRIET: I know, but you need some moral support...Will you excuse me just a moment, Miss French?

FRENCH: Why of course...Can I help, too? (FADING)

HARRIET: Oh, no, thanks. We'll be right back in.

(DOOR CLOSES)

HARRIET: Gee, Blondie -- I'm awful sorry about this.

BLONDIE: Isn't it terrible? I've always been so proud of the way my living room looked. ~~Not that it was anything special but I've always thought it was nice and pretty well arranged.~~

HARRIET: Don't worry about it, Blondie. You couldn't help it.

BLONDIE: It would <sup>NT</sup> have been ~~all right~~ <sup>AS bad</sup> with anyone else, but an interior-decorator like Miss French. I could cheerfully strangle Dagwood, with my bare hands...Well, let's get the cake and ice cream.

HARRIET: Where's the cake?

BLONDIE: I put it in the oven -- just to be on the safe side. And the ice cream ~~is in~~ <sup>Should be in</sup> the ice box.

HARRIET: I'll get the ice cream.

BLONDIE: All right...Now let's see about the cake.

(OVEN DOOR OPENS...CRASH OF DISHES TO THE FLOOR)

HARRIET: What was that? Gee, Blondie -- what fell out?

BLONDIE: Dishes...Dirty dishes. Don't bother to look for the ice cream. Whatever's in the refrigerator, it won't be ice cream. Oh, I could cry.

~~HARRIET: If it happened to me, I'd have murder in my heart.~~

BLONDIE: ~~Well, we might as well face it. Let's go in and tell Miss French that there will be no ice cream and cake.~~

HARRIET: ~~Due to circumstances beyond our control...~~ Blondie, we could <sup>TAKE Miss French</sup> go over to my house. I've still got some cake left over there.

BLONDIE: We might as well. Anywhere but here...Oh, how could Dagwood do these things to me?!

HARRIET: You can ask him that later.

BLONDIE: I will.

(DOOR OPENS)

~~BLONDIE: Miss French, I'm afraid there's going to be no ice cream or cake. Someone else was here before us and there's nothing left but a few little crumbs of cake.~~

~~FRENCH: Oh, now please don't let that upset you. I really just wanted to relax a little before my train left. There's no need to put yourselves out to entertain me.~~

~~BLONDIE: Well, that's very nice of you to say that. Harriet's suggested we go over to her house. It's just next door.~~

~~FRENCH: All right -- I'd like to see your house, Mrs. Woodley.~~

~~HARRIET: Maybe you can make a few suggestions.~~

~~FRENCH: Well, I'd be glad to help you with -- Oh! What was that? I tripped over something.~~

~~HARRIET: It's a lump in the rug. There must be something underneath it. I wonder what it could be?~~

~~BLONDIE: Whatever it is, it's the last straw...Let's see.~~

~~FRENCH: Poker chips.~~

~~HARRIET: How do you suppose they got there, Blondie?~~

~~BLONDIE: Let's go over to your house, Harriet. Before I explode!~~

MUSIC:

(DOOR OPENS)

(LOUD LAUGHTER...OFF)

BLONDIE: Well -- Dagwood's here.

HARRIET: So is Herbert.

FRENCH: I have a feeling we're going to run into the same thing  
all over again.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

HERB: (OFF) Is that you, Harriet?

HARRIET: Yes, Herbert...Right this way, Miss French.

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- I wondered where you were.

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Oh, hello, Blondie. Did you get rid of that <sup>old</sup> <sub>Tired</sub>  
lecturer yet? Hanh?

BLONDIE: This is Miss French, the lecturer.

DAGWOOD: Toooooooh!

HARRIET: Oh, look at my room! Herbert -- what's going on here!

HERB: Nothing, dear -- we're just having a little game!

HARRIET: Oh, the room's a sight! Herbert, I'd like a few words  
with you!

BLONDIE: Dagwood, I'd like to talk to you for a moment. There are  
a lot of little questions that maybe you can answer!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, it looks as though both Dagwood and Herb Woodley have made themselves unpopular around their wives. Well, we'll see how they iron this out in just a moment, but

~~first, I'd like to ask you a question, Blondie.~~ <sup>Blondie, if you're NOT ALREADY TOO STEAMED UP ABOUT DAGWOOD'S ACTIVITIES AROUND THE HOUSE, I'D LIKE TO ASK YOU A QUESTION</sup>

BLONDIE: Of course, Mr. Goodwin!

GOODWIN: It's kind of a -- a personal question. Does Dagwood make good biscuits?

BLONDIE: (LAUGHING) I don't know! I don't let him try any more, after what happened!

GOODWIN: I mean could he, if you put out the right amount of flour -- and baking powder -- and whatever else goes in biscuits?

BLONDIE: That's just what I did do! But I guess it isn't just what you put in biscuits --

TOGETHER: It's also how you do it!

GOODWIN: I can tell you've heard me talk about Camels, Blondie! Of course, smokers know that Camels are made of: costlier tobaccos -- but it's taken more than that to make Camel America's favorite cigarette! Yes, it's taken know-how -- the famous Camel blending process that puts choice tobaccos together in just the right way! That's why Camels have extra flavor and extra mildness, and it's the reason why they're slower-burning, too. That slow-burning, by the way, is a big money-saver, because it gives you extra smoking per cigarette per pack -- and cooler smoking at that! And of course, there's less nicotine in the smoke!

ECHO: Twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling cigarettes tested -- less than any of them, according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself.

GOODWIN: And the smoke's the thing! Get a pack of mild, flavorful Camels tonight! You'll see for yourself that expert blending of costlier tobaccos makes a better cigarette!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: It's just a second later. The men are still standing around the table, Blondie and Harriet are looking daggers at them and the situation is rather tense...

DAGWOOD: Oh, I know, Blondie -- I'll bet you want to know why we didn't thank you for the ice cream and cake, don't you?

BLONDIE: I certainly do.

DAGWOOD: Well, we thought it was swell of you to leave it for us, honey.

HERB: That's right, Mrs. Bumstead. It was very thoughtful of you.

PHIL: We ate every last bit of it.

BLONDIE: ~~I know you did.~~  
No, you left 3 crumbs

~~DAGWOOD: The boys were a little surprised when I told them it was okay to come over to our house for a game, and when I told them you left ice cream and cake for us, they were flabbergasted.~~

PHIL: It wasn't that we were astonished or anything, Mrs. Bumstead -- it was just that it was -- well -- you know -- unexpected.

BLONDIE: Well -- uh -- thank you...Dagwood, I just didn't expect ~~you to have anyone over tonight.~~

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) We didn't expect you were going to have anyone drop in later, but we got everything put away, didn't we, boys?

HERB: Yes -- everything nice and neat.

BLONDIE: As long as you don't look under things.

HERB: Oh -- er -- yeah. So we decided to come over here.  
Harriet never minds if we take over the house every once  
in a while, do you, dear?

HARRIET: Oh -- uh -- no, not at all.

BLONDIE: Oh, for heaven's sakes, Miss French -- we've been awfully  
rude.

FRENCH: That's quite all right.

BLONDIE: Miss French -- these are -- the boys.

FRENCH: I gathered that. I hope we haven't interrupted your  
game too much.

DAGWOOD: Oh, no. It's just the biggest pot of the evening, but  
we're willing to quit now -- if you force us to.

BLONDIE: Go right ahead with it.

FRENCH: Yes, by all means.

HARRIET: You don't mind if we sort of look on, do you?

PHIL: Not at all, Mrs. Woodley.

BLONDIE: Let's see what you have, Dagwood. Of course, I don't  
know anything about this.

DAGWOOD: Here's my hand...It's -- er -- um -- it's not too bad.

HERB: It was your bet, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah...Well, I'll make it a blue chip.

(CHIP ON TABLE)

PHIL: I'll up it another blue chip.

HERB: So'll I!

(CHIPS ON TABLE)

FRENCH: Well, this sounds pretty exciting. Everybody's in  
and everybody's raising.

HARRIET: I never did understand poker, but it's lots of fun to  
watch.

HERB: It'll cost you two blue chips to stay, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Okay -- here's the two, and up another one.

(CHIPS ON TABLE)

PHIL: You must have quite a hand, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Yours must be all right, too.

HARRIET: Yes, Phil has a nice hand. He's got a seven, eight, nine, ten and Jack of all different suits.

PHIL: (PAINED) Mrs. Woodley!

HERB: Harriet -- don't do that!

HARRIET: Why? Is that better than having all spades like you have?

HERB: Oh, Harriet -- how could you do this to me!

BLONDIE: I guess Herbert wins, doesn't he? Dagwood's only got two eights and three fours.

DAGWOOD: Oh, Blooooooooooooondie!

BLONDIE: Did I say something I shouldn't have, Dagwood?

HERB: He's got a full-house? I'm getting out!

PHIL: Me, too! It's all yours, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: <sup>Couldn't we just ignore it and play the hand?</sup>  
Blondie, you've ruined everything! I had them both beaten. I just drew those three fours.

PHIL: Well, shall we break up the game now?

FRENCH: Oh, please don't stop now. I haven't watched a good poker game in --

DAGWOOD: Er -- would you like to sit in, Miss French?

BLONDIE: Dagwood!

FRENCH: Why I'd love it.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear. Well, I guess if you don't mind, Miss French, I'll go over and start ----

MUSIC:

(SOUND OF TRAIN PULLING AWAY)

BLONDIE: Goodbye, Miss French.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye...Goodbye...

BLONDIE: Well, it's been quite an evening, hasn't it?

DAGWOOD: Yeah. Miss French didn't seem to mind missing her first train at all.

BLONDIE: As a matter of fact, I think she did it deliberately.

DAGWOOD: I'm sorry about the way we straightened the house up, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Oh, that's all right, Dagwood...Miss French could probably have made a lot of suggestions, but I don't think they would have made the living room more comfortable than it is. ~~It's not very fancy, and it~~

Dagwood: ~~I think it's the nicest place in the world. hasn't got mirrors all along the walls clear up to the ceiling, but I guess to us, it's the nicest place in the world.~~

DAGWOOD: That's the way I feel about it, Blondie.

BLONDIE: But Dagwood, don't you ever put dirty dishes in the oven again! Or ash trays under the chair.

DAGWOOD: I'll see that it doesn't happen again.

BLONDIE: By the way, dear, did you win tonight?

DAGWOOD: Er -- uh -- well, Blondie -- to be perfectly frank with you, no.

BLONDIE: Oh, Phil came out ahead, I suppose?

DAGWOOD: No -- I think he lost sixty cents.

BLONDIE: Hm -- Herb Woodlley won all the money.

DAGWOOD: Er -- not exactly, Blondie. The only winner tonight was your interior decorator. She cleaned us all out.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS)

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Here's a little hint on next week's show. How many of you men think that women will ever understand the machinery in a car? None of you, eh? Well, Dagwood and Mr. Dithers agree with you, but Blondie doesn't and while Dagwood is trying to get people who drive to work every morning to get together and take turns driving each other to save their tires, Blondie joins the Motor Corps of the American Women's Voluntary Services and starts to practice on the Bumstead car. Well, you can imagine what happens, but don't imagine -- listen in next Monday at the same time and find out what surprises are in store for Dagwood and Mr. Dithers when "Blondie becomes a Mechanic." Blondie is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood is Arthur Lake. Our Blondie orchestra is directed by William Artzt, who also creates the special musical effects.

And remember, Camel brings you four great radio shows each week. Monday night, of course, it's our own "Blondie", Tuesday night it's Xavier Cugat, Thursday, night it's the Al Pearce show and Friday night it's the new quiz show, "How'm I doin'", with Bob Hawk and Vaughn Monroe and his orchestra.

Be sure to check your local newspaper for times and stations.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP AND OUT)

ORCHESTRA: (TRUMPET: "THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING.")

GOODWIN: The Camels are coming -- it's the two Camel Caravans, rolling around from one Army camp to another, giving free shows for the men. Tonight, tomorrow and Wednesday the Eastern unit will be at Camp Edwards, Massachusetts, Thursday at Fort Rodman, Massachusetts, Friday at Newport Naval Training Station, Rhode Island, and Saturday at Newport Torpedo Station, Rhode Island. Tonight the Mid-West unit will be at Fort Leavenworth, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at Fort Riley, Friday at Fort Leavenworth Barracks, all in Kansas, and Saturday they move on to Camp Leonard E. Wood, Missouri. Best wishes Camel Caravan. May your audience have a grand time. This is Bill Goodwin speaking for the makers of Camel Cigarettes.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

ANNCR: You know, pipe-smokers, there's a little blue stamp on top of every big blue package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco. It says two and a quarter ounces. Compare that with the amount in any other tobacco that costs just a dime -- even with many that cost more! And remember, George Washington is mild, mellow, and tasty down to the last puff at the bottom of the bowl! Try George Washington tomorrow! It's America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!