

"BLONDIE"
Produced by
WILLIAM ESTY AND COMPANY
For Camel Cigarettes
R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winstem, Salen, N.C.

"As Broadcast"

"BLONDIE CURES PERIGOBO TROPICALIS"

MONDAY, JULY 12, 1943
CBS STUDIO "C"

Broadcast 4:30 - 5:00 PM, PWT
Repeat 7:30 - 8:00 PM, PWT

Written by John L. Greene

Directed by: Don Bernard

CAST

BLONDIE.....PENNY SINGLETON

DAGWOOD...ARTHUR LAKE

J.C. DITHERS.....HANLEY STAFFORD
CORA DITHERS.....AGNES MOOREHEAD
THORNDYKE.....HARRY LANG
DOG.....HARRY LANG + Dick Ryan
ANNOUNCER.....HARLOW WILCOX
CONDUCTOR.....BILLY ARTZT
COMMERCIAL..(Salute)PAT MCGEEHAN
G.W. HITCH HIKE.....FRED SHIELDS
Train Annncr.....Dick Ryan

SOUND EFFECTS

House Door
Footsteps on Stairs
Phone
Buzzer (Inter-office)
Opening telegram
Door Bell
Falling down steps
Unfold stiff blueprint paper
R.R. Station
Auto Horn (bulb)
Spoon drops on floor
Flipping pages of a contract
Body Fall

ENGINEERING:

P.A. mike and speaker
is needed

(REVISED)

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, JULY 12, 1943

4:30 - 5:00 PM, PWT.
7:30 - 8:00 PM, PWT.

NILES: Ah -- ah-- ah-- Don't touch that dial -- Listen to "Blondie"
.....presented by Camel...

MUSIC: (BAND SINGS) C-A-M-E-L-S

NILES: Picture a Post Exchange in a dripping jungle, or a dust-dry desert. The men are buying Camels -- yes, the cigarette that's first with men in all the services, according to actual sales records ~~in the stores where they spend their own money for cigarettes~~. Those Camels have to be packed so they'll stay fresh -- for months, if necessary -- and that's why we developed a new moisture-proof inner wrapping. It worked so well that now every pack of Camel cigarettes is ~~now~~ done up in this same overseas method of packing -- that's why you'll notice that your Camels stay fresh -- preserving the mild, rich flavor, the cool slow way of burning -- yes, preserving for you all the goodness of Camels' expert blend of costlier tobaccos!

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

NILES: Camels! They stay fresh because Camels are packed to go around the world!

MUSIC: (OPENING CURTAIN (HOLD FOR))

WILCOX: And now for our weekly visit with our neighbors, the Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue.

MUSIC: (BLONDIE THEME (FADE TO BACKGROUND))

WILCOX: Well, while Mr. Dithers has been away on vacation, Dagwood has been temporary president of the J.C. Dithers Construction Company, but it looks as though his term of office is about up. A telegram has just arrived at the Bumstead home this morning. Blondie opens it....

(OPENING TELEGRAM)

BLONDIE: Oh! Oh, heavens!

WILCOX: And goes to the foot of the stairs to call Dagwood...

BLONDIE: Dagwooooood!

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Yeah, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Hurry downstairs, dear. A telegram just came from Mr. Dithers!

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Okay, honey -- I'm coming right down!

(STARTS TO COME DOWNSTAIRS FAST)

DAGWOOD: Whooooaaaa! Look out!

(STUMBLES, FALLS, AND BUMPS DOWN THE REST OF THE STAIRS....)

DAGWOOD: (AS HE COMES TO REST AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS, HE GROANS)

Dagwood: I got pretty far for a "B" card.
BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- you'll do anything to get a laugh.
DAGWOOD: Who's laughing? That was an accident.
BLONDIE: In that case, I'm sorry, dear...What happened?
DAGWOOD: Alexander left his tank destroyer on the top step.
BLONDIE: My, it was certainly effective....Are you hurt?
DAGWOOD: Not today...What did you say about a telegram, Blondie?
BLONDIE: This one just came from Mr. Dithers Do you want to read it?
DAGWOOD: Not unless you can stop these stars from whizzing around my head...Whooooaaa! A comet just missed my nose!
BLONDIE: All right -- I'll read it, Dagwood.
DAGWOOD: Okay -- what does it say?
BLONDIE: It says, "Bumstead!!....Meet me at eleven forty-three A.M. at station with an ambulance."
DAGWOOD: Holy smoke!
BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- I wish you and Mr. Dithers could get along a little better sometimes.
DAGWOOD: We usually do, Blondie, but it seems that every month we have to have at least one bloody battle.
BLONDIE: Well, when you go down to the station to him, you'd better wear Alexander's catcher's mask.
DAGWOOD: That's a good idea. And maybe I ought to take a baseball bat along, too.
~~BLONDIE: Oh, I forgot. Alexander's already gone today and he took his mask and bat with him. His team's playing a double-header with the Vine Street Vandals.~~
DAGWOOD: ~~Where's Cookie today?~~

BLONDIE: ~~Oh, she's over playing with Mrs. Pengally's little Phyllis today. Then tomorrow Phyllis is coming over here.~~ Dagwood, maybe I'd better go down to the station with you when you meet Mr. Dithers. Then I could protect you.

DAGWOOD: No! I refuse to hide behind a woman's skirts!
Blondie: I'll wear slacks.
Dagwood: No I'll go alone and face him like a man!

BLONDIE: Don't forget he asked you to have an ambulance there.

DAGWOOD: On second thought, you'd better come along.

BLONDIE: All right, dear.

DAGWOOD: As far as that goes, you might as well go to the office with me this morning. You might like to meet Mr. Thorndyke.

BLONDIE: Who's he?

DAGWOOD: (CONFIDENTIALLY) He just got into town, and called me up just yesterday. Mr. Thorndyke has a big government contract to build airports, and he's going to have to subcontract three jobs around here. (LOWER) I told him the Dithers Company would be able to get the work done much faster and better than the Goliath people, and he's going to drop in the office this morning.

BLONDIE: Dagwood---are you losing your voice?

DAGWOOD: (WHISPER) No, but this is very confidential stuff.

BLONDIE: But there's no one in the living-room except us.

DAGWOOD: Sh-h-h-h-! There could be someone out in the kitchen listening at the door....I'll look.....Sh-h-h-! I'll open it fast and see.

(DOOR OPENS QUICKLY)

DOG: (SUDDEN YAPPING AND BARKING AS DOGS RUN OUT.....)

DAGWOOD: (STARTLED) Yeow! Look out!

(THUMP AS HE FALLS DOWN.....)

DAGWOOD: Get off me! Beat it! Daisy! Elmer! All of you---
scram!

(BARKING FADES.....)

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) There was someone listening at the door
after all!

DAGWOOD: I hope they don't go blabbing it all over town.

BLONDIE: Dagwood--before you forget it, you'd better call
up and arrange for an ambulance to be at the station
when Mr. Dithers gets in.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, I think he must have been kidding about an
ambulance.

(DOOR BELL RINGS.....)

BLONDIE: (FADING) I'll get the door.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, he couldn't have been serious about that
ambulance.

(DOOR OPENS OFF.....)

BLONDIE: (OFF) It's Western Union, Dagwood -- another telegram.

DAGWOOD: Well, what do you know!

BLONDIE: (OFF) Sign here? ... All right...There you are.
Thank you...Oh, wait a minute--here's your pencil
back.....Goodbye.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: What's it say?

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Just a minute...It says, "Bumstead!!--"

DAGWOOD: I knew that much...Go on.

BLONDIE: He says, "I'm not kidding about that ambulance."
DAGWOOD: Gee, I guess he's not kidding about that ambulance.
BLONDIE: That's a logical deduction.
DAGWOOD: Well, maybe we'll have some good news from
Mr. Thorndyke, and I can tell J.C. about it before he
gets his fingers around my neck.
BLONDIE: In any case, dear -- it looks like it's going to be
an exciting day.
DAGWOOD: Oh, Blondie, you're so right!

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

(BUZZER...PICK UP PHONE...)

DAGWOOD: Yes?...Oh, fine...Thanks, Doroth---er--Miss Wilson.
BLONDIE: Hmm--I'll have to take a look at ~~her~~ ^{Doroth-er - Miss Wilson} on my way out.
DAGWOOD: (WEAK LAUGH) Er--she said Mr. Thorndyke was on his
way in.
BLONDIE: Good.

(LONG AND MACHINE-GUN LIKE KNOCKING AT DOOR...)

RAP, RAP, RAP, RAP, RAP....)

DAGWOOD: Gee, he sounds like lots of people.....Come in!

(DOOR OPENS SNAPPILY....)

THORNDYKE: Good morning, good morning, good morning, Mr. Bumstead.
I can't give you very much time this time --- time's
valuable. I'm a busy man, busy man, busy all the time.
Oh, I didn't see we were'nt alone. Pardon me, pardon
me--hope I didn't interrupt anything -- pardon me.
I'm always in such a hurry. Hurry, hurry everywhere
and not a stop to think.

DAGWOOD: Uh---this is Mrs. Bumst----

THORNDYKE: How do you do, Mrs. Bumstead, how do you do? Always glad to see a wife helping her husband at the office. Cooperation's wonderful thing, wonderful thing. If we'd all cooperate a little more there'd be no wars, no fights, no arguments, no this, no that, no anything, and what could be better than that?

BLONDIE: How do you do.

DAGWOOD: Uh--Mr. Thorndyke....

THORNDYKE: Yes, yes, yes? Speak right up? What is it? What's on your mind? What were you going to say? Just feel right at ease with me--right at ease--and speak up, speak up, speak up, speak up---can't seem to stop myself, sounds like hiccoughs when I say speak up, speak up, speak up, there I go again. Stopped it that time, but go ahead, Mr. Bumstead. I'm a busy, busy man, very busy, very busy, but I'm always glad to hear what others have to say if they don't talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk. (DEAD STOP--THEN)
Yes?

DAGWOOD: About these three airports you want the Dithers Company to --

THORNDYKE: Yes, the airports, the airports. Got the plans right here in brief case. Here they are, here they are, found them the first thing--first time that ever happened finding them the first thing but there's a first time for everything.

(UNFOLDING BLUEPRINTS--STIFF PAPER...)

BLONDIE: Oh, this is the plan for the---

THORNDYKE: That's right--right the first time, Mrs. Bumstead. Here's the long runway. It's got to be three thousand feet long--concrete--solid foundation, can't have it buckling with the frost--can't have any trouble. I hate trouble, trouble, trouble--have to work double when there's trouble. Look it over, Mr. Bumstead--look it over--can you do it? Speak up, speak up.

DAGWOOD: We can do it, but I can't give you an estimate unless--

THORNDYKE: Don't want an estimate just want to know if you can do it--do it right--do it fast--do it the way we do it on the plans. About the money--you want to know about the money, don't you? That's on a fixed cost plus basis open to renegotiation but you'll make a profit, a good profit, and that's what you want, a good profit. Right? Right! There's our rough estimate of the price in the upper left hand corner of the right plan right there by your left thumb. *There.*

DAGWOOD: Would you mind repeating that, please?..No, no, you'd better not. I'll have to talk this over with Mr. Di---

THORNDYKE: No, no, no--don't talk it over too much. Can't waste time, and if you talk, talk, talk, talk, talk you waste time and I'm a busy man, busy all the time. I have to hurry here, hurry there, hurry everywhere, with a contract here and a contract there, here an airport, there an airport, everywhere a---make up your mind, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: We can do it!

THORNDYKE: Good, good, good, good! Like to hear a man speak up like that. Now I've got to have a binder, don't like to ask for it, but I've got to be protected, too. I have to have two thousand dollars, I'll take it anyway, certified check, money order, business draft,, old bills, new bills, but not small change.

BLONDIE: Mr. Thorndyke, you want the Dithers Company to give you a two thousand dollar binder?

THORNDYKE: Of course, of course, of course. It's a matter of course. Got to be done, got to be done, to make it legal. Of course I'll show you my credentials. Where are my credentials--got them right here--here?--here? --no, here. Here's my contract with the government-- look it over, look it over, are you satisfied? Right? Right! And here's my membership in the American Association of American Contracting Engineers of America. There you are, there you are. I want

THORNDYKE: you to know I know you know I know my business, and I
(Cont'd) don't want you to worry. Worry's a bad thing if you're
busy, busy man like I am. It preys on your mind,
spoils your sleep, and in my case it hurts my feet....
Now what do you say about that two thousand dollar
binder?

DAGWOOD: Okay, Mr. Thorndyke, you'll get it!

THORNDYKE: I'll get it?

BLONDIE: You'll get Mr. Bumstead's decision this afternoon.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

THORNDYKE: I'd rather have it now because I'm a busy man and I've
got to hurry, hurry, hurry.

DAGWOOD: Well, if you want it now ---

BLONDIE: You'll have to wait.

THORNDYKE: Wait?

BLONDIE: Wait.

DAGWOOD: Wait a minute.

BLONDIE: Wait a few hours.

THORNDYKE: All right, all right--I'll call you back, call you back
this afternoon. Or you call me if I don't call you.
And if you don't call me I'll call you. Well, I've
got to go, got to go, got to get up on my toes. Glad
to've met you--glad to've met you---see you later---
goodbye.

(DOOR SLAMS.....)

DAGWOOD: (DEEP BREATH) I'm ~~pecked~~ *Winded.*

BLONDIE: If silence is golden, there's a man with a pocket full
of slugs.

DAGWOOD: You didn't think I should have given him a ~~bind~~ ^{check to bind} the contract
hanh?

BLONDIE: Well, I don't know much about business practice,
Dagwood, but I hate to see anyone come whizzing through
this office and pick up a check for two thousand dollars
without at least shifting gears.

DAGWOOD: Well, he showed us his credentials,

BLONDIE: All I saw was a blur.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, he did shove those plans and those other papers
around the table pretty fast.

BLONDIE: I had a feeling I was watching someone doing card
tricks.

DAGWOOD: ~~I had a feeling I was watching a fast crap game...~~
But he can't be a confidence man.

BLONDIE: Why not?

DAGWOOD: He didn't make me feel confident.

BLONDIE: Could the Dithers Company make money on those airports?

DAGWOOD: Sure. There'd be a fair profit there. Well, I'll
just have to put the situation up to Mr. Dithers.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood--if we're going to meet that train we've
got to go, got to go, got to be up on our toes.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie! Let's go! *Let's go.*

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

(STATION SOUNDS.....)

BLONDIE: Remember, Dagwood...just a few weeks ago we were
leaving from here on our vacation.

DAGWOOD: I remember -- we almost got the wrong train.

ANNCR: (OVER PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM) Train leaving now on Track Four for Stamaran, Framble City and Kleeburg!

BLONDIE: It's the same train announcer and everything!

ANNCR: Stamaran, Framble City and Kleeburg!

NILES: (OVER PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM) This announcement came to you from the makers of Camels! Are you looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many you smoke? Get Camels -- they have more flavor, which helps 'em to hold up, pack after pack!

ANNCR: (SWEETLY) Yes, folks, and are you looking for a train to Klarbsville, Bongsprocket, and Beekle City? Well don't (SINGING) The trains don't go-o-o there!

DAGWOOD: Gosh, Blondie, that's the first time I ever heard a train announcer with a sponsor!

BLONDIE: It doesn't sound like Mr. Wilcox, either!

ANNCR: I'll tell you why the trains don't go there! (SINGS) There aren't any tra-a-a-acks!

NILES: "T" is for tracks, folks, and it's also for taste and throat, your own T-Zone proving ground for Camels' rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness.

ANNCR: The Water Gap Express out of Schlepptville will be five minutes late! And while you're waiting, folks, here's a little number from yours truly! (STARTS TO SING) "Oh, I've been working on the rail-road -- All the --"

NILES: Ah-ah-ah! Remember the sponsor! (HE SINGS AND THE TRAIN ANNOUNCER JOINS IN, TO THE TUNE OF "WORKING ON THE RAILROAD") "Oh, won't you get a pack of Camels -- they're cool and slow-burning!" (NILES BREAKS IN, COLD.) Yes, that's because Camels are expertly blended of costlier tobaccos!

DAGWOOD: Gee, wait'll Harlow Wilcox hears about this!

NILES: (STILL ON PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM) He won't brother!

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

NILES: He took all his best commercials and went out to Camp Pic-a-back for business and pleasure!

DAGWOOD: Good!

NILES: He doesn't know it's an Indian Reservation! *And the only* ~~Nobody can~~ *language they understand is Cherokee.* ~~understand a thing but Shostaw!~~

BLONDIE: Poor Mr. Wilcox! Oh, Dagwood, I think Mr. Dithers' train has just let the passengers off. Here comes a lot of them.

DAGWOOD: Hey, I see Mrs. Dithers. Oh, Mrs. Dithers! Oh, Mrs --
hey! She's pushing someone in a wheel chair!

CORA: (OFF A BIT) Hello, Blondie...Hello, Dagwood.

BLONDIE: Look who's in the wheel chair!

DAGWOOD: My gosh -- it's Mr. Dithers!..What can I say to him without
bringing up whatever's wrong with him.

BLONDIE: I don't know, dear -- here he comes.

DITHERS: (COMING UP) Hello, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Uh--hello, J.C. That's a nice looking wheel chair.

DITHERS: Oh, Fiddle-diddle!

BLONDIE: What's the matter, Mr. Dithers?

CORA: Oh, he's got something wrong with him that he can't pronounce

DITHERS: I can too pronounce it. I've got perigoobo tropicalis.

CORA: Well, don't brag about it.

DITHERS: It's a rare tropical disease.

CORA: Personally, I don't think it's anything worse than the pip.

DITHERS: How can you talk that way? I'm a dying man!

CORA: You look healthy to me, Poochie.

Don't lay any eggs

DITHERS: Don't call me Poochie!.....Bumstead! *What are you on the platform*
cackling laughing at?

DAGWOOD: I just wondered what would happen if you get picked up in your wheel chair for speeding.

DITHERS: That's a sweet thought! I'm a dying man and you make fun of me. I haven't long to live! I may pop off any minute.

CORA: Oh, come, come, Julius. The world won't get rid of you that easily.

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers--huh--what does it feel like?

DITHERS: Well, Blondie, I'm numb all over.
Dagwood:
CORA: What's new about that? *Dithers: Bumstead! Dagwood! Excuse me.*

DITHERS: Oh, Cora -- kindly keep your nose out of my last moments....Another thing, Blondie, I've got sort of a stinging sensation all over me.

BLONDIE: I'll bet it's prickly heat!

DITHERS: *Prickly heat*
I tell you I've got perigoobo tropicalis! There have only been three cases of it ever reported in North America.

CORA: The other two victims were cocker spaniels.

DITHERS: Oh, Cora!

CORA: I told you, Julius, that if you want to cure it, you ought to go to a veterinarian.

DITHERS: That's enough! I refuse to check in at a Dog and Cat Hospital!.....Bumstead -- did you order that Ambulance?

BLONDIE: It's waiting for you at the taxi stand.

DAGWOOD: J.C., a Mr. Thorndyke came into the office today and --

51454 1775

DITHERS: Later, later. Haven't you got any respect for the critically ill? I'll see you later at the house.....
Come on, Cora -- push me over to the ambulance. Let's go!

CORA: What do you think I am -- a coolie?We'll see you at the house.

BLONDIE: We'll go right over, Cora. You'll need some help getting Mr. Dithers up the front steps.

CORA: I've been thinking about that, but I think it'll be easier if I just open the cellar window and drop him down the coal chute.

DITHERS: Oh, come on, Cora! Push me through the crowd. I want to ^{fiddle with} use the horn on this wheel chair.

CORA: All right, Julius.....(FADING)
(SOUND: BLUB HORN...)

DITHERS: (FADING) Get out of the way! Can't you see I'm sick!
(SOUND: BULB HORN...)

DAGWOOD: Gee, Blondie -- what do you suppose is wrong with Mr. Dithers?

BLONDIE: I don't know. He certainly thinks he's got something wrong with him, but whatever it is, he's enjoying every moment of it!

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

BLONDIE: Goodness, Mr. Dithers -- does Mrs. Dithers have to feed you with a spoon?

DITHERS: I'm not supposed to move a muscle. It'll only hasten my end.

DAGWOOD: Gee.

DITHERS: Well, Dagwood -- at last you're sorry for me, eh?

DAGWOOD: No, it's just strange to see anyone being spoon-fed and not sitting in a high chair.

CORA: Would you loan us yours?

DAGWOOD: Gladly.

DITHERS: Never mind!

CORA: Here's some more. Tum on darling, and open your dweat big mouffie.

DITHERS: Oh, ^{top it -- or} stop it!

CORA: Open wide....dats a good boy. Dere oo is.

DITHERS: (MAKES UNINTELLIGIBLE NOISES)

(SOUND: SPOON HITTING FLOOR....)

DITHERS: After this, please be kind enough not to leave the spoon sticking out of my mouth! This is disgraceful!... Here I am, wasting away under the ravages of perigoobo tropicalis, and being made a laughing stock by a grinning bunch of sadists! You'll find out! You'll be sorry when you read about my untimely end in ~~the Journal of the American Medical Association~~ ^{Journal of Surgery.}

CORA: We'll more likely read about you in Oddities in the News.

DITHERS: Now listen to me, you daughter of Frankenstein --!

BLONDIE: Now Mr. Dithers -- remember you're a sick man and you've got to stop shouting. It just pumps up your blook pressure.

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers, I've been trying to tell you about this big deal that's hanging fire. You see, there's a Mr. Thor --

DITHERS: Oh, Bumstead. Can't you see I'm bouncing back and forth between life and death like a ~~tennis ball~~ ^{ping pong}? How can you expect me to be interested in worldly things when I haven't long on this planet. It would be more appropriate if you measured me for wings and a harp.

CORA: That is ridiculous! You're as close to heaven as you'll ever get right now. ^{about}

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, ^{Dagwood tried to tell you this morning} this Mr. Thorndyke---- do you think--

DITHERS: Thorndyke!? The big contractor?

BLONDIE: Is he really a big contractor?

DITHERS: Certainly he is! And last year he was ^{American} president of the American Association of American Contracting Engineers, of America. ^{Dagwood: Who? Dithers: President of A.A.A.A.}

BLONDIE: Well, he acted like a J-E-R-K.

DAGWOOD: And he wanted me to give him a two thousand dollar binder on contracts for three airports that he wanted to have built.

DITHERS: You gave it to him, didn't you?

DAGWOOD: ^{Well} No.

DITHERS: Bumstead! You idiot! Put your head on the floor?

DAGWOOD: What for?

DITHERS: I want to run over your neck with my wheel chair. It'll do you a world of good.

DAGWOOD: Some other time....I'll go right back to the office now and make out the check, J.C. Mr. Thorndyke said he'd wait for me to call him if he didn't call me first because I hadn't called him before he called --

DITHERS: Oh, never mind! Just get out and get that two thousand dollar binder to him right away!

DAGWOOD: I was just leaving.

BLONDIE: I'll go with you.

DITHERS: Come back and tell me how you made out.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Okay, J.C. I hope you're still here. I mean, I hope nothing will happ--er--that is, I hope you don't kick the buck -- I mean -- *I'll see you later.*

BLONDIE: Oh, come on Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Yeah--goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: You see, Blondie -- I told you we should have given Mr. Thorndyke that check right at the beginning.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, I'm still not sure you should give him a check.

DAGWOOD: Have you got a reason?

BLONDIE: Certainly I have.

DAGWOOD: What is it?

BLONDIE: Well, just because.

DAGWOOD: Because what?

BLONDIE: Just because. That's a good enough reason for any woman.

DAGWOOD: But it's not good enough for me or Mr. Dithers.

I'm going to give him the check just the same.

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

(SOUND: FAST KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK AT THE DOOR....)

BLONDIE: Well, there he is again, Dagwood -- that's Mr. Thorndyke.

DAGWOOD: Come in!

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...)

THORNDYKE: Hello, hello, hello, hello, hello! Good to see you again, good to see you. Well, have you got the check to bind the contracts to give you the job to subcontract my contract to build the airports? Like to have it right -- right away -- because I'm a very busy, busy man-- very busy -- and I've got to hurry, hurry, hurry and I don't want to worry, worry, worry, about this job or that job or any other job.....

Hot today, isn't it?

BLONDIE: Yes, we've got the check.

DAGWOOD: Here it is right here, Mr. Thorndyke.

THORNDYKE: Thank you, thank you, much obliged, much obliged. Two thousand dollars? Two thousand dollars. Right? Right! Now I'll give you these contracts if I can find them in my brief case....Are they here? Here? Here? Here? No, they're here. Here they are. Want you to look them over and see that everything's in order -- everything right -- everything okay for your okay and my okay.

(SOUND: FLIPPING VERY FAST THROUGH PAGES OF A CONTRACT...)

There you are, there you are. You're satisfied, I'm satisfied, we're all satisfied -- right? Right! Right now I've got to be on my way, on my way. I'm a busy man, busy, man, got to work as hard as I can. Goodbye now, goodbye now, see you later, goodbye!

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES.....)

DAGWOOD: Goodbye....Oh, he's gone....I wonder what kind of a home life he has?

BLONDIE: I don't know, but I'll bet anything he accuses his wife of being a chatterbox.

DAGWOOD: Well, let's go back and see Mr. Dithers and his tropical ^{quaker stuff} ~~disease~~. Gee, I wonder which one is going to get the upper hand?

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

DITHERS: ~~Well, Blondie~~, right now I can't feel a thing in my legs. They're absolutely numb.

CORA: To match his head.

DITHERS: Oh, Cora!

BLONDIE: Cora, you really shouldn't.

DAGWOOD: No. Let J.C. enjoy his illness.

CORA: I don't mind his enjoying it, but he's wallowing in it like a happy pig. A tropical disease. Tropical schmopical! I think he's healthier than any of us.

DITHERS: Doctor Entwhistle didn't think so!

CORA: That quack! I'll bet he's got web feet.

DITHERS: I don't care -- I'm not taking any chances. Why if I got out of this wheel chair, I'd probably die in five minutes -- and horribly.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

CORA: I'll get it.

(SOUND: PICK UP PHONE...)

CORA: Hello?....Yes, he's here -- just a moment....It's for you, Poochie.

DITHERS: Don't call me Poochie!Hold the phone up to my ear!

CORA: All right!

DITHERS: Hello?.....Yes.....Mr. Thorndyke? No he's not here, but he was in my office about an hour ago -- the Dithers Company is doing a little work for him?..... Why, yes -- two thousand dollars....What?..... Taaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!.....Holy smoke!....Goodbye!

(SOUND: HANG UP PHONE)

DAGWOOD: What's the matter, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: Bumstead! That wasn't Thorndyke you gave that check to. The real Thorndyke had his brief case stolen on the train and this man has been impersonating him all across the country and getting rich doing it!

CORA: *....Oh, Bumstead! You Bumstead! Dagwood! I was only following your orders. Dithers: That's right. Calm yourself, Julius. Blame it on me.*

DITHERS: *me in my conditions.*
^ Let me at him!

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers, you shouldn't get out of the chair!

DITHERS: I don't care if ---whooooaaa! My legs are buckling under me! I can't stand up! Help!

(SOUND: FALLS TO FLOOR) *Down for the count. Mr. Thorndyke.*
Oh, dear....Mr. Dithers, ~~he~~ didn't get that check!

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

DITHERS: What?

BLONDIE: Well, I was afraid to say anything before, but I noticed that the initials on Mr. Thorndyke's ~~suit~~ ~~and~~ belt buckle weren't the same as the ones on the brief case. So when he left I saw the check sort of peeping out of his pocket and I--er--just--uh--sort of--uh--slipped it out...Here it is right here.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, you're wonderful! *Blondie! It was nothing, dear*
Don't mention any names but

CORA: What a mess men would make of themselves without their
wives....All right, Julius -- pick yourself up off the
floor.

DITHERS: No, no--it's too late for me. Don't touch me. I should
never have moved from that chair. I'm dying right now
of perigoobo tropicalis. (GROANS) I can feel it
creeping up my legs.

CORA: Feel what--an ant?

DITHERS: No--paralysis. They feel like they're on fire....
(WITH AN EFFORT) Dagwood, old friend -- I want you
to have my watch to remember me by. Here you are.

DAGWOOD: Thank you, J.C. (TOUCHED) It's mighty nice of you.

DITHERS: That's all right. It doesn't keep good time anyway
.....And Blondie --

BLONDIE: Yes, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: Oh, my legs! Blondie, I want you to--
(SOUND: DOOR BELL)

CORA: I'll get the door.

DITHERS: If it's an angel, ask him to wait outside.
(SOUND: DOOR OPENS OFF)

CORA: (OFF A BIT) Oh, hello....Yes, that's right.
(CALLS BACK) It's a telegram...Here you are...Thank
you.
(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

DITHERS: Who's it from?
(SOUND: OPENING TELEGRAM)

CORA: Hmm--it's from Doctor Entwhistle!

DITHERS: Probably bidding me a fond farewell. What's he say?

CORA: He says, "You do not have perigoobo tropicalis. I confused your microscope slide with the slide of someone else who doesn't have it, either!"

DITHERS: What?

BLONDIE: Why, Mr. Dithers, you're all right, after all.

DITHERS: He can't do this to me! I'm a dying man!

CORA: You know what I think was wrong with your feet..I think they were both asleep.

BLONDIE: And those pains you got when you tried to stand up was just the blood rushing back in. You got pins and needles.

DITHERS: Great scott! I can stand up on them now.

DAGWOOD: Well, anyway, J.C. -- thanks for the watch!

DITHERS: Bumstead! Come back here with that! Give me that watch or I'll turn you upside down and ~~shake it out~~ *give you the works* ~~of you!~~

DAGWOOD: Help! Let go of me! Blooooooooooondie!

MUSIC: (CURTAIN)

(APPLAUSE....)

NILES: Tonight again we send our thanks to the Yanks of the week ---
Americans who have distinguished themselves for heroism
in the battle area.

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

MCGEEHAN: (ISOLATION BOOTH)

To twenty-two year old Gunner Sergeant Clifford Erickson of
Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, and the entire crew of the Flying
Fortress Dangerous Dan, on a bombing mission over Germany.
Ploughing through dozens of German fighters above
Wilhelmshaven, the Fortress was riddled, an engine knocked
out, main hydraulic system destroyed, co-pilot knocked
unconscious and pilot wounded. Sergeant Erickson, the only
man left to fly the plane, came down from his top turret,
and taking instructions from the injured pilot, brought the
plane safely back to England. We salute you and your
crew-mates, Sergeant Clifford Erickson, and in your honor
the makers of Camels are sending to our men in England four
hundred thousand Camel cigarettes.

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

NILES: on each of the three Camel shows we'll salute another Yank of the Week, and on each of them send four hundred thousand Camels to men in his battle area...a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week.

NILES: Camels thank the Yanks in this country with the traveling Camel Caravans, which since nineteen forty-one have given free Camels and over two thousand free performances to audiences of nearly three million service men in more than five hundred different camps.

NILES: Also folks, be sure to listen to each of the three Camel Radio Shows each week -- Thursday, Garry Moore, and Jimmy Durante, Friday, Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks", and next Monday, "Blondie" that famous comic strip family.

MUSIC: (BLONDIE THEME...FADE FOR)

NILES: Next week Blondie and Dagwood and Mr. and Mrs. Dithers try to solve a ~~domestic~~ ^{salary} problem and end up on Mr. Kennedy's ^{radio} Court of Human Appeals. Don't forget to listen in again next week at this same time when "Blondie ~~Reppins a Broken~~ ^{squealoes a} ~~Home~~ ^{Squabble}!"

Blondie is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood by Arthur Lake. The musical score is composed and conducted by William Artzt. Be sure to follow "Blondie", America's leading comic strip, in your local newspaper.

And, remember -- for yourself, for the fellow in the service -- get the cigarette that stays fresh! Get Camels-- they're packed to go around the world!

This is Ken Niles, saying goodnight for Camels Cigarettes.
First in the service!

(APPLAUSE)

(GEORGE WASHINGTON HITCH-HIKE)

SHIELDS: (ISOLATION BOOTH)

Say, pipe-smokers, that big blue package you've seen stepping to the front on tobacco counters is George Washington Smoking Tobacco. Yes, sir, I said big -- a hefty two and a quarter ounce package that costs only ten cents. You'll see how mild and mellow and tasty George Washington is, too, right down to the last puff at the bottom of the bowl. Get a big blue package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco tomorrow -- it's America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.