

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

"As Broadcast"
Blue Slip 1
1944

#✓✓
"BLONDIE TRIES BLACK MAGIC"

MONDAY, JULY 26, 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
ARAB HANS CONRIED
COOKIE LEONE LEDOUX
ANDERSON EARL ROSS
HIGGINS MEL BLANC
MAN WALLY MAHER
ANNOUNCER ~~WEN WILES~~ Harlow Wilcox
CONDUCTOR BILLY ARTZT
COMMERCIAL (Salute) PAT MCGEEHAN
G.W. HITCH HIKE FRED SHIELDS

SOUND EFFECTS

Night Sounds
House Door
Phone
File Cabinet Drawer
Rattle of paper
Scratch of Pen and paper
Walking on street

(REVISED)

BLONDIE

MONDAY, JULY 26, 1943

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

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

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

WILCOX: Do you know what it means to be out on a dust-swept
desert airfield and open a fresh pack of Camels,
smelling the fragrance of good, fresh tobacco?
Happens every day, time and again, because Camels are
first with men in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and
Coast Guard, according to actual sales records. It's
our job to be sure those fellows get their Camel
cigarettes fresh, even though they may be months
away by sea. That's why we developed a new moisture-proof
inner wrapping -- to hold in that full, rich Camel flavor,
to preserve Camels' mildness, and cool, slow way of
burning. Examine the moisture-proof inner wrapping
on your pack of CAMELS. You'll see why CAMELS stay
fresh -- preserving for you the extra goodness of
CAMEL'S matchless blend of costlier tobaccos.

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

WILCOX: Camels! Fresh -- because they're packed to go around the
world!

MUSIC: (OPENING CURTAIN...HOLD FOR:)

Wilcox
~~NEWS~~:

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

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (BLONDIE THEME...FADE FOR:)

Wilcox
~~NEWS~~:

Well, it's been a warm day, and this evening Blondie and Dagwood have been taking a leisurely walk around town (NIGHT SOUNDS) when a strange figure comes toward them in the dusk. He is dark-skinned, has a hawk nose, and is wearing a turban and a flowing white robe...

DAGWOOD: Hey, Blondie -- look. There's a guy walking around in an old fashioned nightshirt. *Look at him*

BLONDIE: Why, Dagwood -- he's also wearing a turban.

DAGWOOD: Is that what that is. I thought maybe it was a hot towel and he'd just had a scalp treatment.

BLONDIE: No, I think he must be an Arab.

DAGWOOD: Maybe some of our soldiers in North Africa sent him back here to get them some blueberry pie.

BLONDIE: He's coming right up to us. If he tells us he's Ali Baba I'll scream.

DAGWOOD: If he tells us he's one of the forty thieves, I'll scam.

ARAB: (COMING UP) Ah, Effendi, Effendi. (STRING OF DOUBLE TALK) Salaam, Salaam.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, it ~~has~~ been hot today, *hasn't it*

ARAB: Allah has been good to me. I salaam to you!

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke, don't get down on the sidewalk. You'll get your ~~skirt~~ ^{night gown} dirty.

ARAB: What does it matter if my robe ^{does bag} ~~bags~~ at the knees. I can always put it on backwards...I salaam to you.

DAGWOOD: Hey, Blondie -- look. He's doing setting up exercises. ^{oh dear}

BLONDIE: That's just an Arab's way of bowing. I wonder what Emily Post would do in a situation like this. Walk around him, or step over him.

ARAB: Effendi, effendi -- I kiss your foot.

DAGWOOD: ^{keep that} ~~Hey~~, wait -- I just got a shine.

ARAB: And now the other one.

BLONDIE: I hope this will teach you always to keep your shoes shined. You can never tell when you might meet an ~~Arab~~ ^{Arab}.

ARAB: Effendi, perhaps you do not know it, but Allah has sent you to me.

DAGWOOD: ^{oh he did, ha} Blondie, do we have any friends called Allah?

BLONDIE: I think you must have us confused with someone else. We were just walking along, minding our own business...

ARAB: No, no, no, no, no! You are sent by Allah to help me out of a miserable situation. My name is ~~Abou Ben~~ ^{Hassen} ~~Abou~~ ^{Hassen} ~~Ben~~ ^{been drafted}.

~~BLONDIE:~~ ~~May your tribe increase.~~

DAGWOOD: What's wrong, ~~Abou~~ ^{Hass}?....Or what do people call you? ~~Abou~~ ^{Hassen} or Ben?

ARAB: Well, I have a small brother, so I am called Big Ben... I need your help, Effendi.

BLONDIE: What's the trouble?

ARAB: I need five dollars to get to Scranton.

BLONDIE: That'll be more than five dollars.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. Couldn't you settle for three dollars and Akron?

ARAB: No, I have relatives ^{in Scranton} ~~there~~. I just need five dollars more.

BLONDIE: Well, I really don't think we can -- *afford it now,*

ARAB: Please.....You cannot change what is written or the mysterious power that shapes our lives. It has been ordained by Fate that we should meet and you should give me the five bucks.

DAGWOOD: It has? *been ordained by fate.*

ARAB: Yes.

DAGWOOD: Nobody told us about it. *bucks, I mean*

BLONDIE: We really can't spare five/dollars as easily as --

ARAB: It is written that one does not give a gift without receiving a gift of equal value. I would give you this mysterious ring -- a priceless talisman.

BLONDIE: Oh, it's very interesting looking.

ARAB: It is a magic ring.

DAGWOOD: You mean, in three months it'll turn green?

ARAB: Effendi, you have heard of the magic carpet, have you not?

DAGWOOD: Oh, sure.

BLONDIE: The one that flew threw the air?

ARAB: Yes. Confidentially, ~~it~~ ^{that one} was a phoney. *you see* It wouldn't work unless you wore this ring.

DAGWOOD: Gee, that would be ^{swell} ~~the nuts~~, Blondie. We could sail off on a Sunday drive on our living room carpet, ~~and~~ ^{and with Alexander and Cookie} ~~and~~ ^{and Taisie and the puppies} could follow us on scatter rugs.

BLONDIE: ~~You're dreaming~~, Dagwood. ~~stop dreaming~~.

ARAB: *Effendi* - You have only to rub this ring and make a wish, and the powerful geni it commands will make it come true.

BLONDIE: Now, after all.....

DAGWOOD: Is the ring good for only one wish?

ARAB: No, it's a repeater.

BLONDIE: Then why don't you just rub it and wish you were in Scranton.

ARAB: ~~I can't, I wore it out Sunday, I rubbed~~
~~There's a little spaghetti joint there that, but I digress.~~
~~it and had the genie give the henna~~
~~You see, for me the ring is no longer any good. Now a~~
~~rush to Mussolini -~~
~~new person must use it. Now you must have it.~~

Effendi.

DAGWOOD: Oh, boy!

BLONDIE: Dagwood...!

DAGWOOD: ~~But Blondie - think of the savings. We can put the~~
~~car up on blocks and ride around on doormats.~~

ARAB: ~~You see, I wore it out when I flew to this country.~~

BLONDIE: ~~On a flying carpet?~~

ARAB: ~~No. I was in a hurry so I had to make the trip on a~~
~~wash rag. It was a little skimpy, but adequate.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Did you have a nice crossing?~~

ARAB: ~~Yes, but I almost got run over by some bombers going~~
~~in the other direction. Now,~~ *a new person must use it*
Effendi, let's get back to that five dollars.

DAGWOOD: It's okay with me, *Abou Hassan.*

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Here you are.

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ARAB: Ah, thank you, Effendi. You will not regret it. And may the bountiful blessings of Allah rain down on you.

DAGWOOD: And ^{here we are} ~~no~~ without an umbrella.

ARAB: Here is the ring.

DAGWOOD: Thanks. I'll put it right on.
Blondie! *I hope it fits -*

ARAB: Now you cannot ask for too much. Just little things, mainly.

BLONDIE: Well, I've got a whole sinkful of dishes waiting for me when we get home. Would the ring wash the dishes?

ARAB: But of course!

DAGWOOD: Okay -- I ~~just rubbed it.~~ I wish the dishes will be done when we get home.

ARAB: It will be as you have commanded, Effendi. The geni has already washed them.

BLONDIE: *Humph! - How about drying them, too*

ARAB: *That too* And now, Allah be always with you. And remember, look me up if you're ever in Scranton. I'm in the book.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- goodbye.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- the idea. Buying a magic ring. I'm surprised at you -- I really am.

DAGWOOD: Well, you can't tell Blondie. I'll just test it out.
I'm going to
~~rub~~ rub the ring - and now I wish that that Arab would disappear.

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, he's still walk -----oh, Dagwood!
Look! He's disappeared!

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke -- he's gone! He did disappear!

ARAB: (OFF) He-1-1-1-1-p!

DAGWOOD: But that's his voice! What happened to him?

BLONDIE: Oh! ^{no wonder} Now I see ~~how~~ he disappeared. He fell into an open manhole.

MUSIC:

(DOOR CLOSSES)

BLONDIE: You know, Dagwood -- its really silly of us to even bother to look. Those dishes couldn't possibly be done.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I know. I guess I just fell for all that about the magic ring and the flying carpets and stuff.

Gee, I'm a bigger dope than ^{Mr. Dithers thinks I am} ~~I thought I was.~~

BLONDIE: Well, ^{that Arab} he had me half-believing him for a moment.

DAGWOOD: Yeah ^{I know what little not do,} let's not even go into the kitchen.

BLONDIE: Ah-ah . Dagwood. Are you trying to get out of helping me with those dishes?

DAGWOOD: Why, Blondie -- how could you think that of me?

BLONDIE: Come on -- let's go in and get it over with.

DAGWOOD: Okay. I'll wash.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Well, I don't see any Arabian genie wash -----
Whoooooooooooooooooooo! The dishes are all done!

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood. Hold on to me -- I feel very faint.
DAGWOOD: Hey! Don't! You hold onto me. My legs feel as limp as two stalks of asparagus.
BLONDIE: Dagwood -- it worked.
DAGWOOD: I know it.
BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood. That old black magic has us in its spell.
DAGWOOD: Blondie - do you have a feeling that someone's watching us?
BLONDIE: Yes, do you?
DAGWOOD: Yes, do you?...Oh, I asked you before. Well, I don't see anyone around or --
COOKIE: (SUDDENLY) Booooo!
BLONDIE: }
DAGWOOD: } (STARTLED REACTIONS)
COOKIE: Hello, Mommy. Hello, Daddy.
BLONDIE: Oh, Cookie! You were hiding behind the door!
DAGWOOD: Never do that again!
COOKIE: Ha-ha -- I scared you.
~~DAGWOOD:~~ ~~You are so right.~~
BLONDIE: Cookie, what are you doing downstairs?
COOKIE: I wanted to see if he did a good job washing the dishes.
BLONDIE: If who did a good job?
COOKIE: The genie.
DAGWOOD: Whoooooooooaaaaaa! *The genie*
BLONDIE: What makes you think a genie did the dishes?

*Washed
Com. B*

COOKIE: Alexander said so. He expects to collect a quarter for it.

BLONDIE: (THE LIGHT DAWNS) Oh-h-h, I think ~~I begin~~ ^{I'm beginning} to see...

DAGWOOD: ^{So do I} Hmmm--I notice the genie broke a butter dish, ^{too.}

BLONDIE: Well, Cookie you run right upstairs and get back to bed like a good little girl.

COOKIE: I don't want.

BLONDIE: Don't you want to be a good little girl?

COOKIE: No!

BLONDIE: Young lady, you march right upstairs.

COOKIE: (STARTS TO CRY)

DAGWOOD: I'll handle this, Blondie. I'll use the magic ring. I'll rub it, and ...I wish Cookie would go right upstairs to bed.

COOKIE: (STOPS CRYING) All right, Daddy....Goodnight.

(AD LIB GOODNIGHTS...)

~~BLONDIE: Well, I'll be a monkey's aunt!~~

DAGWOOD: Boy! A ring like this is sure a blessing to parents.

BLONDIE: Of course, we can't tell whether the magic ring did it or whether she's expecting you to bring home a new doll tomorrow.

DAGWOOD: Well, we'll have to test it. ^{some more} I'll rub it again.

BLONDIE: What are you going to wish for now?

DAGWOOD: I -- uh -- I -- let me see...

BLONDIE: Make up your mind. The genie's waiting.

DAGWOOD: I wish Mr. Dithers would drop in on us ^{right} now.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

BLONDIE: Oh, no!

DAGWOOD: Wow! When these magic rings get into circulation the telephone is going to be as extinct as the bustle...
Come in!

(DOOR OPENS)

DITHERS: Hello, Dagwood. Hello, Blondie. I was just passing by and -- Blondie, what's the matter? You're looking pale.

BLONDIE: I feel pale.

DITHERS: You'd think I was a ghost.

BLONDIE: I'm not sure you aren't.

DITHERS: *ghost, not goat*
Dagwood, how did you know I was at the door?

DAGWOOD: I made you come here *Mr. Dithers* with a little magic...

DITHERS: Oh, fiddle-diddle!

BLONDIE: Be careful how you talk to Dagwood, Mr. Dithers, or he might make you disappear.

DAGWOOD: Or I might turn you into something amusing -- like a French Poodle.

DITHERS: Oh, Bumstead! Don't tell me that your last little speck of brains has finally evaporated.

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, we met an Arab who gave Dagwood a magic ring for five dollars.

DITHERS: What a sucker!

BLONDIE: Yes. The only thing is, the ring seems to really work.

DITHERS: Heh-heh. I suppose *If this are the people I associate with, why don't I want any* I'd better start humoring you both before you get violent. *see*

DAGWOOD: No kidding, Mr. Dithers. All I have to do is rub the ring and make a wish and it comes true.

DITHERS: Oh, stop handing me such ridiculous flapdoodle.

DAGWOOD: Okay, just think of something for me to do then.

DITHERS: *All right*
~~Okay~~ Just send out the genie to drum up a little business for the Dithers Company. It looks as though it's going to be a dull week.

DAGWOOD: Okay. I rub the ring -- like this. And then -- uh -- well -- I wish the Dithers Company would get a chance at a new job.

DITHERS: Right now.

DAGWOOD: P.S. Immediately.

(PHONE RINGS)

BLONDIE: Oh-h-h-h! I'm beginning to feel like this house is haunted!

DITHERS: Do you -- suppose that could be it?

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- you get the phone, ~~you~~ ^{my}. It's probably for you. *If a genie answers hang up.*

DITHERS: Well -- uh -- all right, *Santi. Effendi - Effendi - Effendi -*

(PICK UP PHONE)

DITHERS: Hello?....Yes, this is J.C. Dithers speaking...Oh -- uh -- hello, Mr. Anderson...What?...Why, yes, of course. The Dithers Company would be glad to bid on it. Yes...Oh, I see...what time tomorrow?...We'll be there...Thank you Mr. Anderson. Goodbye.

(HANGS UP)

DAGWOOD: Well, was it a little business for us, J.C.?

DITHERS: Good grief.

DAGWOOD: It was eh?

DITHERS: I Can't believe it. That was Mr. Anderson of Anderson, Sanderson, Henderson, and McGonnigle.

BLONDIE: Ouch!

DAGWOOD: What's the matter, Blondie?

BLONDIE: I've been pinching myself all evening, but this time I really dug in...I can't believe these things are actually happening.

DITHERS: Neither can I. Anderson asked me to bid on some concrete dugouts for storing explosives.

DAGWOOD: Hey, ~~Jack~~^{Mr. D} - didn't we start to work out plans and estimates for that job?

DITHERS: Yes, but then Anderson told us not to bother. I found out later why he stopped us. You see, Anderson believes in the clean life --long walks, deep breathing, exercises and cold showers. Well, Higgins, that ~~the~~ salesman at the Goliath Construction Company, told Anderson I liked Blondes and spent as much time as possible in night clubs.

DAGWOOD: ~~Well...~~? *He was so right.*

DITHERS: Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Ah, ~~ah-ah!~~ *wait a minute.* Don't yell at me like that, or I'll turn you into something ~~scary~~^{green} and gruesome.

DITHERS: Pardon me, ~~Dagwood~~. I'm so sorry.

DAGWOOD: I accept your apology.

DITHERS: Anyway, that fixed us. *So imagine, now* ~~I was surprised~~ when Anderson! said he'd see us and Higgins tomorrow. I never thought we'd be in on the deal.

BLONDIE: Well, Mr. Dithers, you'd better get home and get a good night's sleep so you'll look beautiful tomorrow.

DITHERS: Oh, stop ~~it~~ *that*

BLONDIE: Be careful, Mr. Dithers. You mustn't snap at me, either, unless you want Dagwood to turn you into something long and fuzzy like a caterpillar.

I'd crawl right down his neck if he did.

DITHERS: I ~~A~~ I -- well, ~~I'm not sure~~ ^{I think} that Anderson's calling ~~was~~ ^{just then wasn't} a coincidence. ~~He said he'd been trying~~ ^{if it wasn't, prove it, yehudi.} to get me all over town... Make someone else appear, preferably with a puff or smoke.

BLONDIE: We haven't seen Mr. ~~Niles~~ ^{Wilcox} lately.

DAGWOOD: Okay. I'll rub the ring. Now -- I wish ~~Ken Niles~~ ^{Harlow Wilcox} could appear in a puff of --

BLONDIE: Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Hahh?

BLONDIE: Look at the door. There's some smoke blowing through the keyhole!

DAGWOOD: That's service for you... Let me smell that smoke.

(PAUSE THEN HE SNIFFS) Ah-h-h-h-! A ~~Camel~~.

DITHERS: You're right, Dagwood. I can recognize, ~~the~~ ^{the} aroma. Ahhhh!

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Hello, Harlow.

WILCOX: Oh, hello, folks! It's great to be back!

BLONDIE: Hello, Mr. Wilcox. Maybe you can answer a question for me.

WILCOX: Why, sure, Blondie!

BLONDIE: How did you happen to come here -- just at this minute!

DAGWOOD: Blondie means -- did it have anything to do with a -- a genie?

WILCOX: Now, how did you know! That's amazing!

DITHERS: (SOURLY) Just pass me a broom with ~~a~~ ^{white sidewall} ~~bristles~~ ^{bristles} broomstick and I'll fly, fly away!

WILCOX: Not two minutes ago a man stopped me on the street, and do you know what he said?

DAGWOOD & BLONDIE, TOGETHER: What?

WILCOX: He said, "Brother, I'm looking for a cigarette that won't go flat, no matter how many I smoke!" So I said, "Here, try a Camel -- they've got more flavor -- helps 'em to hold up, pack after pack!"

DAGWOOD: What about the geni?

WILCOX: I'm getting to that" "try that Camel," I said, "try it in your ^{T-3000 - T for} taste and throat, your own proving ground for Camels' rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness!"

DITHERS: Oh, come, come, Wilcox! You said there was a geni.

WILCOX: I know. Well, of course this fellow liked the Camel. I told him Camels were cool smoking and slow burning, because they're expertly blended of costlier tobaccos -- and that they stay that way -- stay fresh, because Camels are packed to go around the world!

BLONDIE: Mr. Wilcox, what about the geni?

WILCOX: Well, that's when it happened! That's when she came up.

DAGWOOD: Who came up?

WILCOX: Jeannie.

DITHERS: With the light brown hair I suppose.

WILCOX: No, Jeannie's a red head -- I met her on my vacation. Well, So long, folks, she's waitin' outside for me.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Oh, boy! Now is everyone convinced about this magic ring?

BLONDIE: I still won't believe it's true even if it is true, and I'm afraid it is.

DITHERS: Dagwood, tomorrow we'll try the ring out on this deal with Anderson, Sanderson, Henderson and McGonnigle. And if it works, we're going to use it to make ^{a million} millions!

DAGWOOD: Is that all?

BLONDIE: What more do you want, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Oh, I don't know. But if it works, I may run for President in '44. ✓

MUSIC:

DITHERS: Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Coming, Mother.

DITHERS: Oh, stop it! Where did you file those plans we worked out for Anderson, Sanderson, Henderson and McGonnigle?

DAGWOOD: Did you look under Anderson? (Yes) Sanderson (Yes) Henderson (Yes) and McGonnigle?

DITHERS: Yes.

DAGWOOD: Did you try looking under "and Company"?

DITHERS: We haven't got a file like that!

DAGWOOD: Oh, yes we have.
DITHERS: Oh, no we haven't.
DAGWOOD: Oh, yes we have.
DITHERS: Oh, no we haven't.
DAGWOOD: Oh, no we haven't.
DITHERS: Oh, yes we have -- oh, Bumstead!
DAGWOOD: I started the "and company" file so I could take a whole pile of letters and drop them into ~~it~~. It saves filing time.
DITHERS: But you couldn't find anything you'd file there.
DAGWOOD: I know. That's it's only drawback.

DITHERS: Oh, fiddle-diddle!

DAGWOOD: I wish Blondie were here now. She can always find an
anything that's --

BLONDIE: (OFF) Hello-o!

DAGWOOD: Whooooaa! I ^{guess I} rubbed the ring by mistake.

DITHERS: Blondie, will you help us find the plans of the concrete
dugouts for Anderson, Sanderson, Henderson, and
~~Whoochie~~ ^{Whoochie} McGonnigle? Dagwood filed them.

BLONDIE: Well, let's see. If Dagwood filed them they wouldn't be
under --

OMNES: (IN UNISON) Anderson, Sanderson, Henderson or McGonnigle ^{and Whoochie}

BLONDIE: No. But maybe we can dig them out of dugout.

(FILE DRAWER OPENS)

DAGWOOD: That would be under the "D"s.

DITHERS: Don't be too sure.

BLONDIE: Yes -- here we are.

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

DITHERS: Thank goodness.

BLONDIE: Don't thank goodness -- thank me. ^{you're welcome.}

DITHERS: Oh, yes -- thank you, Blondie. Well, let's see -- we
have our meeting with Mr. Anderson in fifteen minutes.
How do we look, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Do you want the truth?

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh.

DITHERS: Yes -- how do we look?

BLONDIE: Haggard.

DITHERS: Don't we look like the clean, healthy, outdoor, type?

BLONDIE: Well, Mr. Dithers, you've got one, two ... three..four.

DITHERS: What are you counting?

BLONDIE: The rings under your eyes.

DITHERS: Taaaaa!

BLONDIE: And Dagwood, your eyes are a little red.

DAGWOOD: How red?

BLONDIE: No redder than a traffic light.

DAGWOOD: Gee, I didn't get much ~~rest~~^{sleep} last night. I kept thinking about how I could use this magic ring to get a million dollars. Then we could have a big house with a platinum swimming pool and a mink lawn.

DITHERS: I was thinking of a beautiful modernistic office jammed to the walls with red headed secretaries...Naturally, I got very little sleep.

BLONDIE: Well, I don't know what Mr. Anderson is going to think. I suppose Mr. Higgins of the Goliath Company will be all pink and glowing with health.

DITHERS: And we'll be ~~all~~ red-eyed and repulsive.

BLONDIE: Well, you'd ^{just} better get started. You know, it's a funny thing. If you didn't have the magic ring, you both would have gotten plenty of sleep last night and would be looking fine this morning. As it is, you have the ring, but in spite of it you're going to make an awful impression on Mr. Anderson!

MUSIC:

ANDERSON: Mr. Dithers and Mr. Bumstead, I believe you know Mr. Higgins of the Goliath Construction Company.

DITHERS: Yes, we know him, but we don't know anything good about him.

HIGGINS: I've always heard about Mr. Dithers and Mr. Bumstead,
A little hard to hear
with all this
there's enough
to hear about.
 but I've never really met them ^{because} I'm always an early riser--
 take my exercise in front of the open window ^{GREAT} and of ^(X)
Being an early riser
~~course~~ I'm just going to work when Mr. Dithers and
 Mr. Bumstead are ^{creeping} ~~coming~~ home with the milkman.

DAGWOOD: That's a lie!

ANDERSON: Hmm. Well, Mr. Bumstead, I must say you look as though
 you'd been tossed up on your front steps today with the
 morning paper.

DAGWOOD: I didn't sleep well. *I was counting sheep all night*
and I think I got some of
that sheep dip in my eyes.

HIGGINS: That's the usual penalty of carousing around town.

DITHERS: As a matter of fact, Mr. Anderson, I saw Mr. Higgins
 doing the town last night.

ANDERSON: Well, the Goliath Company estimate and that of the
 Dithers Company are not substantially very different.
 However, I like to deal with men who lead clean lives --

DITHERS &
 DAGWOOD: That's us!

ANDERSON: And who are bright-eyed and alert.

DAGWOOD: I check.

DITHERS: By me.

HIGGINS: Thank you, Mr. Anderson. I take it you're going to give
 the contract to the Goliath Company.

DITHERS: A fine thing. Higgins was out last night. It's a wonder
 he isn't spending today hiccoughing himself silly.

DAGWOOD: I wish he'd get hiccoughs to prove it.

HIGGINS: That's absolutely ridic-ridic-ridic-ridiculous....Oh, my
 goodness.

DITHERS: Did you hear that?

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DAGWOOD: Gee, I rubbed the ring again.

ANDERSON: Mr. Higgins - what's the matter?

HIGGINS: It's really nothing. Just a little hic little hic little hic I can't seem to hic hic hic can't seem to stop.

ANDERSON: Are you hiccoughing?

HIGGINS: No, I'm not hiccough hiccough hiccough hiccoughing. I'm just having a little trouble talking. (HICCOUGHS ALL THROUGH REST OF SCENE) This has never happened to me before, Mr. Anderson. I assure you that --

ANDERSON: Why this is terrible, Higgins.

DAGWOOD: I can't tell who's doing the most talking -- Higgins or his hiccoughs.

ANDERSON: The hiccough is the mark of over indulgence.

DITHERS: Oh you're so right.

HIGGINS: I'll be over them in just a second if I can have a glass of water. I never, never, never hiccough.

DITHERS: Oh, this is disgusting.

HIGGINS: Somebody help me. I can't seem to stop hiccoughing no matter how hard I try. Hit me on the back.

DAGWOOD: With pleasure.

(LOUD SLAP)

HIGGINS: Ouch!

DITHERS: Let me help!

(CRACK)

HIGGINS: Cut it out. I'd rather keep on hic-hic-hic-hic-hiccoughing. Well, I'd better be running along. I can't just stand here and (LONG STRING OF HICCOUGHS) Help! (MORE) Police! (ANOTHER STRING) Call the fire department!

(DOOR SLAMS)

ANDERSON: Why that was a disgracefull exhibition.
DAGWOOD: You are so right!
DITHERS: Well, the truth will always rise to the surface, even
in the form of a hiccough.
ANDERSON: This changes things. The job goes to you, Mr. Dithers
and Mr. Bumstead.

AD LIB THANKS.....

ANDERSON: I have the contract signed here. Just put your
signature right here, Mr. Dithers.
DITHERS: Oh, gladly -- gladly.

(SIGNING NAME ON PAPER...)

ANDERSON: There we are -- and here's your copy.
DITHERS: We'll start work immediately, Mr. Anderson.
ANDERSON: Fine! Fine!
DAGWOOD: Well, Mr. Anderson, it's been a pleasure to--hic--
meet you.
DITHERS: Bumstead!
ANDERSON: What was that, Mr. Bumstead?
DAGWOOD: I just said that--hic--I was delight--hic--delight--
hic--to meet you--hic, hic.
ANDERSON: Now just a minute, Mr. Bumstead--
DITHERS: Well, goodbye, Mr. Anderson. We've got to get right
to work.
DAGWOOD: Yeah--good--hic--bye.....Let go of my arm, Mr. Dithers!
DITHERS: Come on, Dagwood! (HE YANKS HIM OUT)
DAGWOOD: Wheoooa!

(WHIZZ...DOOR SLAMS...)

MUSIC:

(WALKING ALONG THE STREET)

Mr. Dithers

BLONDIE: Well, everything worked out after all, didn't it?

DITHERS: Beautifully, beautifully! We're going to parlay that magic ring of Dagwood's into a fortune. We'll be rich--very rich--maybe even filthy rich. (THIS LAST WITH REVERENCE)

DAGWOOD: I'm going to retire and devote my time to designing new kinds of sandwiches.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, could I see that ring a minute, please.

DAGWOOD: Sure--here you are, honey. There.

DITHERS: I'm going to buy myself one of those helicopters and go around scaring the daylights out of some traffic cops I know.

MAN: (COMING UP) Hey, lady ^{eat} I'm hungry and I ain't had a bite to ~~oh~~ oh, thanks! Thanks a lot....(FADING) *Pardon me for interrupting like this* *merci bon ca*

BLONDIE: You're welcome. *merci bon ca*

DAGWOOD: *And you know another thing I'm going to do* I'm going to design a sandwich taller than I am.

DITHERS: How are you going to eat it?

DAGWOOD: Climb up to the top and eat my way down....Did you give that man something, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Yes, Dagwood---I gave him the ring.

DAGWOOD: The ring???

DITHERS: Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no!

DAGWOOD: Where is he? Holy smoke -- he's gone!

DITHERS: Taaaaaaah!

DAGWOOD: Blondie, what did you do it for?

BLONDIE: Well, in the first place, I don't believe it really worked. It was all just sort of a coincidence. And in the second place, if it did work, you'd be able to make me do ~~just~~ anything at all you wanted, and no wife could stand ^{that} there very long!

DAGWOOD: Oh, Bleoondie!

DITHERS: Why that's the most awf-----hey, who's this character coming ~~up to us~~. He looks like he's wearing a bed sheet ^{and look! - his pillow slip is showing.} with a ~~bi-swing~~ back.

ARAB: (COMING UP) Effendi! Effenid! Allah has sent you to me! I need five bucks to get to Scranton!

DAGWOOD: Hey, it's the same guy!

BLONDIE: And he's get another one of those rings.

ARAB: I will give you this mysterioustalisman if you--if you--oh, I beg your pardon, buddy. I've already worked the magic ring gag on you, ^{ain't} haven't I. Excuse me...(FADING)

BLONDIE: Why, it's just sort of a confidence game.

DITHERS: I don't care if the ring's phoney or not. I want one! Hey! (FADE) Wait! Don't you want to sell a ring to another sucker????

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Well, I guess there's still one born every minute!

MUSIC: (CURTAIN)

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: Tonight again we send our thanks to the Yank of the Week. Americans who have distinguished themselves for heroism in the battle area.

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

MCGEEHAN: (ISOLATION BOOTH) To Marine Private Florin J. Bartoszewicz, one of the courageous group of Marines who fought for days through the jungle to attack Japanese forces at Viru Harbor from the rear. During the fighting, Private Bartoszewicz was firing a thirty calibre gun from a tripod, but became angry when nicked by two Jap machine gun bullets. He picked up his machine gun, walked forward, firing from the hip, and completely wiped out the enemy machine gun nest. We salute you, Marine Private Florin Bartoszewicz, and in your honor the makers of Camels are sending to our men in the South Pacific four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes.

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

BLONDIE -22-
7/26/43 (REVISED)

WILCOX: On each of the four 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. Camels thank the Yanks in this country with the traveling Camel Caravan which since nineteen-forty-one have given free shows and free Camels to audiences of nearly three million service men in more than five hundred different camps. ~~Listen to each of the three Camel shows -- Thursday~~

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 The Comedy Quiz -- "Thanks To The Yanks" and next Monday -- "Blondie", that famous comic-strip family.

MUSIC: (BLONDIE THEME...FADE FOR)

WILCOX: Next week Blondie and Dagwood and Mr. and Mrs. Dithers try to solve a salary problem and end up on Mr. Kennedy's Radio program with a bad case of niks-fright. Be sure to listen next week at this same time when, "Blondie Squelches a Squabble."

WILCOX: Blondie is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood is 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.

WILCOX: Remember, for yourself, for that fellow in the service, get Camel cigarettes. They stay fresh because Camels are packed to go around the world.

Wilson
~~NILES~~

Harlow Wilson
This is ~~Ken Niles~~, saying goodnight for Camels Cigarettes. First in the service.

(APPLAUSE)

(GEORGE WASHINGTON HITCH-HIKE)

SHIELDS: (ISOLATION BOOTH) You know, an extra half ounce of tobacco can mean up to a dozen extra pipefuls. Think of that when you compare the package you're buying today with the big blue two and a quarter ounce package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco. Compare George Washington's ten cent price, too -- and then compare its flavor and mildness -- yessir, mild and mellow right down through the last puff at the bottom of the bowl. Plunk down a dime tomorrow for a great big package of George Washington. It's America's biggest value in smoking pleasure.

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM