

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

As broadcast

"BLONDIE GOES INTO A TRANCE"

MONDAY, AUGUST 9, 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
ANNOUNCER.....HARLOW WILCOX
CONDUCTOR.....BILLY ARTZT
COMMERCIAL (Salute)....PAT MCGEEHAN
G.W. HITCH HIKE.....FRED SHIELDS

SOUND EFFECTS

House Door
Phone
Crackling of man eating
Coat brush (Ha Ha)
Clock strikes the hour
Cigarette box
Whizz whistle

"BLONDIE"

(REVISED)

MONDAY, AUGUST 9, 1943

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

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

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

WIICOX: Remember -- Camel is first in all the services! With men in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, Camel is the favorite according to actual sales records. I'll tell you how that means fresh cigarettes for you. You see, with many of our best customers scattered from Attu to the African desert, Camel cigarettes have to be packed to go around the world. We developed a new moisture-proof inner wrapping to hold in that rich Camel extra flavor and smooth extra mildness -- in any climate, for months at a time. Examine the moisture-proof inner wrapping on your pack of Camels. You'll see why Camel cigarettes stay cool smoking and slow burning, preserving for you the extra goodness of Camels' matchless blend of costlier tobaccos!

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

WIICOX: Camels! Fresh because they're 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!

APPLAUSE:

MUSIC: (BLONDIE THEME...FADE TO BACKGROUND....)

WILCOX: Well, I'm not sure, but I think Dagwood and his boss, Mr. Dithers, have something up their sleeves, besides their elbows. They've taken Blondie and Mrs. Dithers out to dinner, showered them with all sorts of attention, and been just too, too, too polite. Now that's not normal. Anyway, now they're back at the Bumstead home at 127 Shady Lane Avenue. Blondie and Cora are in the living room, and Dagwood and Mr. Dithers are in the kitchen, having a quick consultation...Let's listen....

DAGWOOD: Well, J.C. -- We've *certainly gotten our* ~~got them~~ *mines* eating out of our hands now.

DITHERS: (CHUCKLES) Did you see the expression of Cora's face when I bowed and kissed her hand?

DAGWOOD: Yeah. She almost slugged you.

DITHERS: Well, she thought I was going to bite her..And the way Blondie looked when you rushed to open the door for her.

DAGWOOD: She thinks I'm sick..Well, shall we go into the living room and spring it on them?

DITHERS: Yes. But let me do all the talking. If they get the idea we want to play poker tomorrow night, well -- that's all, brother!

DAGWOOD: You're so right!

at Blondie - any odd jobs around the house I can do -

Well, Cora, I think I'm ready to scratch your back.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS.....

BLONDIE: Well, here they are, Cora. Just in time.

CORA: Open your mouths nice and wide.

DAGWOOD: Hey, what is this?

BLONDIE: Here's one for you, Dagwood--and one for Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: (WITH MOUTH FULL) Hey!

BLONDIE: Now just keep those in your mouths for a moment.

DAGWOOD: (WITH MOUTH FULL) What's the big idea?

BLONDIE: They're clinical thermometers!

CORA: You've both been acting so pleasant, we think you must be running a fever.

BLONDIE: Or delirious.

CORA: I wouldn't be surprised if you blew the tops off these thermometers...Get out of the way, Blondie....there may be flying glass.

DAGWOOD AND DITHERS (BOTH TRY TO TALK

BLONDIE: Ah-ah-ah---quiet, please.

CORA: Blondie--can you see what Julius' temperature is?

BLONDIE: Hold still Mr. Dithers....It's ninety-eight point nine. What's normal?

CORA: For him, anything under the boiling point...What's Dagwood's temperature?

BLONDIE: Fifty eight.

CORA: Well, I guess they're both all right. We can take the thermometers out.

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DAGWOOD: ~~Thanks.....I had a piece of ice in my mouth. I almost choked.~~

BLONDIE: Oh!....Well, I guess they both are all right then. But the way you've been acting tonight--so chivalrous.

DITHERS: Well, we're regular chivaleers-- I mean, chivalrouses --I mean--well, we're gallant.

BLONDIE: ~~Well, it's just been wonderful.~~ *Just listen to them Cora - the way they're acting tonight*

DITHERS: I wish we could take you ^{girls} out tomorrow night.

DAGWOOD: No, no, J.C. -- not tomorrow night.

DITHERS: Quiet....But unfortunately, Dagwood and I have a very important meeting tomorrow night.

DAGWOOD: (WITH A SMILE) Yeah, isn't that a shame?

DITHERS: (SMILING) Yes, we're heartbroken.

CORA: Then don't look so happy.

BLONDIE: What is this meeting?

DAGWOOD: Well, it's ^{nothing} sort of a big--uh--deal.

DITHERS: Deal? No, it's a business conference.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, and if we play our cards right--no, no, no, no, no!

DITHERS: Oh, Bumstead!....You see, girls--we've got a chance on another big contract, and the Goliath Company doesn't know it, but we've got an ace in the hole---

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers!

DITHERS: No, I don't mean that.

DAGWOOD: He means that those four-flushers at the Goli--

DITHERS: Bumstead!....They've tried to underbid us, but we're going to stand pat, and--oh, no!

BLONDIE: How much are you playing for?

DAGWOOD: Just a ten cent limit and-----oh, Bloondie!

DITHERS: That did it!

CORA: Well, so it's a poker game, eh?

DITHERS: (WEAK LAUGH) Just a teensy-weensy harmless little
poker game.

BLONDIE: And you're heartbroken because you have to go to the
game and can't take us out, eh?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, we're heartbroken, *Blondie*

CORA: Well, if we use our influence to call off the game,
will you take us out again?

DAGWOOD: I check.

DITHERS: By me.

DAGWOOD: Who opened?

CORA: There will be no poker game tomorrow night!

DITHERS: Oh, Cora!

BLONDIE: Definitely no poker game!

DAGWOOD: Oh, Blondie!

BLONDIE: If you want to play games, you can come over here and
we'll all play parcheesi.

DAGWOOD AND
DITHERS (IN UNISON) Oh, fiddle-diddle!

MUSIC:

SOUND: DOOR OPENS FAST.....

DAGWOOD: J.C. -- I've got a great idea!

DITHERS: How is that possible?.....~~Bumstead, how many times
have I told you not to break into my office without
knocking?~~

~~DAGWOOD: Oh, about seventy-five or eighty.~~

DITHERS: ~~I'm glad someone's keeping secrets...~~ Now get out. I've got a lot of heavy thinking to do.

DAGWOOD: Okay -- only I just thought of an idea how we could get to the poker game tonight.

DITHERS: Come right in, Dagwood. ^{So} Sit down. I haven't a thing to do.

DAGWOOD: Thank you.

DITHERS: What's the idea?

DAGWOOD: Well, on my way to the office this morning. I happened to notice this book in a bookstore. Look. "Hypnotism in Three Ridiculously Easy Lessons."

DITHERS: I don't get it.

DAGWOOD: We hypnotise our wives, stack them in a corner, and go out to play poker.

DITHERS: (PLEASED CHUCKLE)

DAGWOOD: You get it now.

DITHERS: Bumstead, you're a genius.....

DAGWOOD: Thank you.

DITHERS: Second only to me....Let's see that book.

DAGWOOD: Here you are, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: I'll have to try this out on you first, Dagwood, and then--oh--oh.

DAGWOOD: What's the matter?

DITHERS: It says here you can't hypnotise the feeble-minded.

DAGWOOD: Give me that book back!

DITHERS: Don't get excited, Dagwood. I'm going to try anyway...
Hmm -- it says the first step is to get the subject so his mind is an absolute blank. Well, that's that --
now for the second step.

DAGWOOD: Give me that book back!

DITHERS: You're completely relaxed, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: No I'm not. *Dagwood: I guess I am.*

DITHERS: You're completely relaxed. *Excuse me* Your eyelids feel heavy, very heavy. You want to go to sleep.

DAGWOOD: Who doesn't?

DITHERS: Bumstead! Keep quiet while I'm hypnotising you!

DAGWOOD: Oh, is that what you're doing? *Excuse me* I thought it was just ordinary dull conversation.

DITHERS: Your eyelids are very heavy. You're relaxed all over. You're going to sleep...sleep....sleep. Your eyes are closing--you can't hold them open any longer. That's it. You can only hear my voice. You are sound asleep and you can only hear my voice.

DAGWOOD: (SNORES ELABORATELY)

DITHERS: Good grief! It worked!...Dagwood, you're a rooster. The dawn is just breaking. What do you do?

DAGWOOD: When you gotta crow, you gotta crow.

DITHERS: Well, go ahead and crow then.

DAGWOOD: (CROWS LIKE A ROOSTER)

DITHERS: *Kinda old crow* You forgot to flap your wings.

DAGWOOD: Excuse me---I'm out of practice. (CROWS AGAIN, AND FLAPS HIS HANDS)

DITHERS: *That's do* Good! Good!...Now you're a dog.

DAGWOOD: I am a dog....Any particular kind?

DITHERS: Yes. You're one of those shaggy little dogs that looks like a floor mop.

DAGWOOD: (STARTS TO BARK)

DITHERS: That's it...Oh, wait till I try this out on Cora!

DAGWOOD: (BARKS AND WHINES)

DITHERS: Hey! Get away from my desk!...That's better. Now Bumstead--you are a cow. A good old faithful cow.

DAGWOOD: (MOOS LIKE A COW)

DITHERS: ~~What a shame I haven't got a little grass to feed him.~~ ^{now} Oh, ~~just the thing~~ Would you like some nice grass, Bossy?

DAGWOOD: (MOOOOS)

DITHERS: Well, then--here. Eat this coat brush.

SOUND: OF CRACKLING OF COAT BRUSH BRISTLES AS HE EATS IT....

DITHERS: How is it?

DAGWOOD: Delicious.

DITHERS: Oh, brother--if Blondie could only see you now!

MUSIC: (QUICK BRIDGE)

BLONDIE: Well, Cora --- I thought we were unnecessarily harsh on them last night, and they'll be so pleased when we walk into the office ^{now} and tell them they can play all the poker they want to tonight.

CORA: That is, providing we get a cut of their winnings.

BLONDIE: ~~We'll get that anyway~~ ^{that is, provided they win -}..Well, here's Mr. Dithers' office. Shall we knock?

CORA: We might as well. Then if they're asleep it'll give them time to pretend they've been very busy.

BLONDIE: All right, I'll ---

DAGWOOD: (INSIDE--MOOS)

BLONDIE: Oh---what was that?

CORA: Well, whatever it was it was mooing. Maybe it's a moose.

BLONDIE: Let's listen a minute. *you're in the mood*

DITHERS: (INSIDE) All right, Dagwood ~~A~~ now I'm going to bring you out of ~~it~~. *your trance.* You're slowly waking up. Your eyelids are getting lighter. You don't remember anything that's happened while you've been hypnotized.

BLONDIE: Hypnotised!

CORA: Hmm--since when has Julius been a Svengali?

BLONDIE: Sh-h-h-h.

DITHERS: And now -- you're awake again!

DAGWOOD: Hello, J.C.--gee, I feel like I've just had a little nappy -

DITHERS: Yes--you have.

DAGWOOD: Hey! What are all these bristles doing in my mouth?

DITHERS: Well, you ate this coat brush down to the ~~bone~~ *handle.*

DAGWOOD: Whooooaaa! You had me hypnotized, eh?

DITHERS: And how. Dagwood, it's going to be a cinch to hypnotize our wives and go out to play poker.

BLONDIE: Oh, so that's it!..Did you hear that, Cora?

CORA: Yes, and just as soon as I can roll up my sleeves, I'm going in there swinging, *Blondie* You stand here and count them as I throw them out.

BLONDIE: Now wait a minute, Cora! Let's not be rash about this.

CORA: Why not? It'd be fun.

BLONDIE: Sh-h-h- listen.

DAGWOOD: Gee, we'll be able to go out every night. And they'll never know the difference, either.

DITHERS: Yes. This book--"Hypnotism in Three Ridiculously Easy Lessons" -- is going to lay the foundation for a new freedom for us.

Dagwood:
BLONDIE: *you're so right.*
Cora -- come on, let's go.

CORA: Aren't we going to go in and --

BLONDIE: No -- I think we can have a lot more fun with them if they don't know we're in on the plot.

CORA: How?

BLONDIE: Well--I'm going to let Dagwood think he's hypnotised me tonight, and see what happens.

CORA: Hmmm. I've got a little idea, myself.

BLONDIE: What are you going to do, Cora?

CORA: I'm going to go out and get a copy of that book! And when Julius comes home tonight, I'm going to have a trance in my glance!

MUSIC.....

DAGWOOD: Now just relax, Harlow.

WIL COX: Hey, now wait a minute. What's the big idea?

DITHERS: We're just practicing a little hypnotism Wilcox. Relax, now, or I'll put you into a trance the quick way.

WILCOX: What way is that?

DITHERS: With a baseball bat.

DAGWOOD: Yeah - just relax now. You're relaxed all over. You feel very drowsy. Your eyelids are getting very heavy. You can't keep your eyes open. You're going to sleep...sleep...sleep

WILCOX: (SNORTS)

DAGWOOD: Hey, that didn't take long!

DITHERS: No, and now we've got Wilcox right where we want him! Who'll we tell him he is?

DAGWOOD: How about Henry Kaiser? *the great ship builder?*

DITHERS: Great! Tell him.

DAGWOOD: Harlow ^{Wilcox} when the musical note sounds you will be exactly - Henry Kaiser. (HE DOES A NOTE)

WILCOX: (VERY ENERGETIC AND EFFICIENT) That's great, that's great! Well we've got to get going right away, boys! ~~Who's working on this ship?~~ *Guess I'll have to finish it myself.*

~~DITHERS: Ow! That's my leg!~~

~~WILCOX: Only two days left to launch it!~~

~~(SCUFFLE, THUD OF BODY)~~

~~DITHERS: Help! Help, Dagwood! He's killing me! Wake him up! Do something!~~

~~DAGWOOD: Wake up, Harlow! Get out of it!~~

WILCOX: ~~Just a little more rivetting left to do here! (MAKES A
NOISE LIKE A RIVETER)~~

DITHERS: (SCREAMING) Wow! Those are my ribs. Do something, Bunstead!

DAGWOOD: Look, you're Harlow Wilcox!

WILCOX: Who's he?

DAGWOOD: Maybe this will help you remember! Here's a nice fresh
pack of Camel cigarettes!

WILCOX: Oh, you mean Camels -- the cigarette with the extra flavor -
that helps 'em hold up, keep from going flat no matter how
many you smoke?

DAGWOOD: See, he's all right!

DITHERS: (STILL SCREAMING) Then make him stop trying to launch me
in two days!

WILCOX: I'm speeding you up to eighteen hours!

DAGWOOD: Look, Harlow! Just try this Camel cigarette -- try it in
your T-Zone!

WILCOX: You mean "T" for taste and throat, everybody's own proving
ground for Camels wonderful rich extra flavor and smooth
extra mildness?

DAGWOOD: That's it! *you're so right!*

WILCOX: Stand aside, son, she's going down the ways!

DITHERS: (STILL SHRIEKING) Bunstead, if you don't get him off my chest
you're fired!

DAGWOOD: Look, ^{Harlow} you're not Henry Kaiser, ^{any more} You're Harlow Wilcox, the guy
who's always talking about Camel Cigarettes!

WILCOX: Everybody knows about Camels! They're slow burning and cool
smoking because Camels are expertly, matchlessly blended of
costlier tobaccos! Yes, and they stay that way, too --

(CONTINUED)

WILCOX: Camels stay fresh because they're packed to go around the
(Cont'd) world! Stand aside, son! I've got to break this bottle
over the bow.

DITHERS: (SQUEALING) That's no bow! ~~That's no bow! That's my head!~~ *It's my stern*

DAGWOOD: Only one thing will save you, J.C. I can't convince him he's
Wilcox. I'll have to make him something else! Harlow --
you are now a homing pigeon.

WILCOX: Huh?

DAGWOOD: A homing pigeon.

WILCOX: Oh, yes! Tweet, tweet - goodbye. Tweet, tweet -- goodbye.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Where are you going?

WILCOX: Home.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

DAGWOOD: Well, J.C. -- I guess we've got ~~it~~ *that hypertension* down pat now. The next
ones we try it on are our wives.

DITHERS: Bless them...Oh, Dagwood -- it's going to be wonderful.
For the first time, I'm going to be the master in my own
house! *home!*

MUSIC:

(CLOCK STRIKING OFF...)

DAGWOOD: Hmm-- eight o'clock...Uh -- sit down a minute, Blondie.

BLONDIE: What for? (LITTLE LAUGH)

"BLONDIE"
8/9/43

-12-A- (REVISED)

DAGWOOD: Hanh?....Uh-uh well, you remember this morning you said you had a pain in the neck?

BLONDIE: I still have, and you're it...You made me so mad last night. Being so polite, and playing up to me, and then trying to fix things so you ^{and Mr. Ditcher} could sneak off for a poker game tonight...

DAGWOOD: Well, I've got a new way of curing that pain.

BLONDIE: Hmmm-- you don't say.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I just got through saying so...it's sort of a heh--heh--mental massage...Just relax, Blondie.

BLONDIE: All right, Dagwood...~~I'll look at the paper while you're doing this.~~

DAGWOOD: No, no--just look at my hands.

BLONDIE: ~~They~~ ^{damn and} they're dirty.

DAGWOOD: Never mind...Now you're perfectly relaxed--perfectly relaxed.

BLONDIE: No I'm not--there's a lump in the cushion.

DAGWOOD: Oh, Blondie...!

BLONDIE: I'm all right now.

DAGWOOD: ~~Okay~~ now just relax. You're relaxed all over--your body feels very relaxed and heavy.

BLONDIE: I'll have you know I'm three pounds underweight!

DAGWOOD: Blondie--please! Don't interrupt me.

BLONDIE: Well, don't say things like that.

DAGWOOD: ^{I'm trying to hyp -- just relax --} You're relaxed--very relaxed.

BLONDIE: I heard you the first time.

DAGWOOD: ~~Give me strength!~~ ^{oh Blondie}

BLONDIE: Go ahead, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: ^{now} You're relaxed. You'd like to go to sleep, and your eyelids are getting very heavy. You can't feel a thing. Your eyes are tired and you're going to close them, and go to sleep. You can't hold them open any more. They're closing....closing. You're going to sleep....sleep... sleep.

BLONDIE: (DEEP BREATHING)

DAGWOOD: Ah-h-h-h. You can only hear my voice and you will do as I command. ^{where's the bark} I'll have to make sure she's really hypnotised. Blondie, I command you to bark like a dog.

BLONDIE: (MEOWS LIKE A CAT)

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! There must be a short circuit somewhere...

Blondie, I command you to moo like a cow.

BLONDIE: (MAKES A SOUND LIKE A HEN LAYING AN EGG)

DAGWOOD: My gosh! Something's gone wrong!.....Blondie, can you hear me?

BLONDIE: Yes--I--hear--you.

DAGWOOD: What am I doing?

BLONDIE: Trying to sneak out to play poker.

DAGWOOD: Whooooaaa! Blondie--you must forget that. Forget all about my going out to play poker.

BLONDIE: O-kay.

DAGWOOD: Repeat this after me. I am going down to the drug store--

BLONDIE: You are going down to the drug store.

DAGWOOD: To get something for the pain in your neck.

BLONDIE: To get something for the pain in my neck.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Yeah -- that's it.

BLONDIE: And then you're going to play poker.

DAGWOOD: *yes* No, no, no, no, no!....Well, I guess I'll have to take
~~a chance on it and leave. Where are my Cams?~~

~~BLONDIE: Look in the cigarette box.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie.~~

~~SCENE: OPEN CIGARETTE BOX...TO CLOSE IT.~~

~~DAGWOOD: They're not there.~~

~~BLONDIE: I know it--I hid them.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Where?~~

~~BLONDIE: Wouldn't you like to know.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Yeah, I would. Where are they?~~

~~BLONDIE: That's for me to know and you to find out.~~

DAGWOOD: Gee, this must be an inferior brand of hypnotism. All I
get are funny answers. Maybe I'd better snap her out of
it.

BLONDIE: I'd like to see you *do it?*

DAGWOOD: Hanh?....Blondie, you are ^{now}waking up. Your eyelids
are getting lighter, your eyes are opening, and you're
waking up.

BLONDIE! No I'm not.

DAGWOOD: Yes you are.

BLONDIE: No I'm not.....I'm going to go right on sleeping.

DAGWOOD: When are you going to wake up?

BLONDIE! When I get good and ready.

DAGWOOD: But when's that going to be?

BLONDIE: Maybe sometime next week.

~~BLONDIE:~~ You heard me.

DAGWOOD: But what am I going to do all that time. And who's going to take care of the children--and get the meals?

BLONDIE: Not me.

DAGWOOD: Whooooaaa! The hypnotism has backfired on me!

BLONDIE: I like being in a trance, and I'm going to stay in it.

DAGWOOD: ~~My~~ ^{no no} gosh--I've got to do something. I've got to get that book from Mr. Dithers. I'll be right back, Blondie. Stay right where you are.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

DAGWOOD: Goodbye!

SOUND: WHIZZ

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

MUSIC:

DITHERS: (OFF) Oh, Cora.....!

CORA: I'm in the living room, Julius, dear....Well, here he comes to hypnotise me--the poor boob.

DITHERS: (COMING UP) Cora, you look a little tired this evening.

CORA: ^{oh do} You're the one who looks tired, Julius.....Sit down.

Did you have a hard day at the office?

DITHERS: Yes, yes. Cora, I'd like to--

CORA: Now just relax, dear. Relax, You must be very tired---very tired. Your eyelids are heavy, you'd like to drop right off to sleep.

DITHERS: (SLEEPILY) You're so right. *infallible*

CORA: You can't keep your eyes open any longer. You're going to sleep, Julius. You're very drowsy, and your eyes are closing, and you're going to sleep....to sleep...sleep.

DITHERS: (EXPIRING BREATH)

CORA: What a sucker!....Julius, you will hear nothing but my voice, and you'll do exactly what I tell you to, as usual.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR...

CORA: That must be Dagwood,.....The poor boy is in for an awful shock.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...

CORA: Hello, Dagwood--come in.

DAGWOOD: (SURPRISED TO SEE HER AND STAMMERING) Buh-buh-duh-uh-buh--

CORA: You seem surprised to see me here.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES...

DAGWOOD: Well, I--uh--I am.

CORA: Where did you think I'd be--in a trance?

DAGWOOD: Yes, I thought you'd be sound asleep-----hahh?

CORA: Looking for Julius? He's right in ~~here~~, *there*

DAGWOOD: J. C.--I've got to talk to you right away. J.C.! Hey, Mr. Dithers! Mr. Dithers....What's wrong with him?

CORA: Nothing. He's just hypnotised!

DAGWOOD: Whoooooaaa!

CORA: Julius--do you hear me?

DITHERS: Yes, I hear you.

CORA: You are Christopher Columbus, and ~~that~~ ^{here} is Queen Isabella.

DITHERS: Ah-h-h-h, Your Royal Highness, I kiss your hand.

DAGWOOD: Hey, cut it out.

SOUND: KISSING SOUNDS....

DAGWOOD: Oh, Mrs. Dithers--this is so silly!...Cut it out,
Mr. Dithers--you're tickling.

CORA: By the way, Christopher--the King is out hunting, so you
can speak freely to the Queen.

DITHERS: Ah, my beautiful ~~Isabella~~ ^{Queen - Kootche - Kootche}---I have discovered a new
~~country for you!~~

~~DAGWOOD: Get your hand away from my waist!~~

~~DITHERS: I have discovered it just for you.~~

DAGWOOD: Let go of me! Mrs. Dithers--he's kissing my ear!

CORA: He's affectionate, isn't he?

~~DITHERS: Ah, my beautiful queen!~~

~~DAGWOOD: Let go of me!~~

DITHERS: Come to me, you gorgeous hunk of ~~muscle~~ ^{junk.}

DAGWOOD: Help! He's necking me!

CORA: That'll do, Christopher

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke--how did this happen? ^{--- Mrs. Dithers}

CORA: Sit down, Dagwood, ^{and I'll tell you --- by the way} you look tired.

DAGWOOD: I am tired....Gee, Mrs. Dithers--Blondie is hypnotized,
too, and I can't seem to wake her up.

CORA: Well, you just relax a minute. That's it. Relax all
over, and forget about your troubles for a moment. You're
perfectly relaxed. Your arms feel heavy, your legs
are heavy, you're getting drowsy and sleepy--so-o-o
sleepy you can hardly hold your eyes open. Your eyelids
are dropping now--your eyes are closing and you're going
to sleep...sleep...you're going to sleep.

DAGWOOD: (STARTS SNORING)

CORA: Well, well-aren't they cute. The two ex-poker players.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR.....

CORA: (CALLS) Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES....

BLONDIE: (OFF A BIT) How are they, Cora?

CORA: Sound asleep.

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) My, my--the two babes in the woods.

DAGWOOD
DITHERS & (ARE SNORING TOGETHER**PREFERABLY IN HARMONY)

BLONDIE: Well, what are we going to do with them, Cora?

CORA: Well, I was thinking we could slip coat hangers into their coats and hang them up in the closet *with the coats.*

BLONDIE: ~~Or we could ask them if they were home, and let them spend the night in Mr. Foot's chicken coop.~~
or we could sell them to the city for statues.

CORA: ~~For that matter, they could just as well roost in our cherry tree.~~

BLONDIE: ~~Well, I guess we'd better leave them here. I've got sort of an idea. Ask them where the game is going to be tonight.~~

CORA: Julius--where is that poker game going to be tonight?

DITHERS: At Fred Potter's house.

BLONDIE: Ask what his phone number is.

CORA: What's the phone there?

DITHERS: North one seven one six. *If a woman answers, hang up*

BLONDIE: ~~That's fine.~~

SOUND: PICK UP PHONE...

BLONDIE: North one seven one six.

CORA: What are you doing, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Well, Cora--it seems to me it's our turn to play poker tonight.Hello? Mr. Potter?...This is Mrs. Bumstead---wait! Don't hang up!...Uh--Dagwood and Mr. Dithers have both fallen asleep, and Mrs. Dithers and I wondered if we couldn't fill in their places.... Yes, we'd love to. Of course, we don't know much about poker, but you men could teach us, couldn't you?....
(LITTLE LAUGH) I thought you'd be glad to...Yes, a ten cent limit would be ~~just dandy~~ ^{too sweet}...We'll be right over.
Goodbye!

SOUND: HANGS UP....

CORA: (LAUGHS) Oh, Bloondie.

BLONDIE: They'd love to teach us to play poker.

CORA: As if we didn't know already....Julius, Dagwood-- you can both stay right here and get lots of rest until we come back.

BLONDIE: You know, Cora, this is going to be fun.

CORA: It's going to be murder!

BLONDIE: ^{ah Cora} You're so right!

MUSIC:

SOUND: COME UP ON DOOR CLOSING SOFTLY....

DAGWOOD &
DITHERS (ARE STILL SNORING)

CORA: Well, there they are--right where we left them.

BLONDIE: I'm sure they both needed the rest.

CORA: You know, husbands are wonderful--especially when they're asleep.

BLONDIE: Yes. It's been quite an evening, hasn't it?

CORA: And very profitable....I guess we'd better wake them up.
Dagwood--Julius. Do you hear me?

DITHERS:&
DAGWOOD (IN UNISON) We hear you.

CORA: You will both wake up when I snap my fingers.

SOUND: SNAP OF FINGERS....

DAGWOOD: Well, hello, Blondie--hello, Mrs. Dithers.

DITHERS: I must have dozed off.

CORA: Yes, you did, Julius.

DITHERS: Cora, you look a little tired. Sit down--and relax.

Relax..

BLONDIE: Never mind that hypnotism stuff.

DITHERS: What?

BLONDIE: Do you know what time it is?

DAGWOOD: Why we can't have been asleep more than a couple of min---
min--holy smoke!

DITHERS: Good grief! Have we been asleep all this time?

CORA: You've been dead to the world!

BLONDIE: Thanks to a little book called, "Hypnotism in Three
Ridiculously Easy Lessons."

DITHERS: And where have you two been?

Cora!
BLONDIE: Well, we didn't want to wake you up, so we went to your
La ha ha ha
poker game in your places.

DITHERS: Oh, no-o-o-o!

CORA: Yes, Julius. Blondie won nine dollars and sixty cents,
and I won seven eighty. Blondie, I should never have
split that pair of tens.

DITERS: Taaaaa! Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Who? Me?

DITERS: You started this hypnotism stuff! It was your idea!

And look what happened! Why, I ought to take you ~~and~~ *apart,*

DAGWOOD: Let go of me! Help! Bloooooondie!

MUSIC: (TAG - CURTAIN)

(APPLAUSE)

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

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

MC GEEHAN: (ISOLATION BOOTH)

VOICE: To Sergeant Robert Sink, of South Haven, Michigan, and the
entire crew of the Flying Fortress "Flak-Wolf", who -- with
other fortresses -- battled their way through two
hundred German fighters to bomb Hamburg. Though
the heating equipment in Sergeant Sink's ball turret failed,
freezing his oxygen apparatus, he stuck to his guns, even
though gradually losing consciousness, until the bombs
were dropped. Then, revived with oxygen, he manned another
gun, helping his crew mates to shoot down three German
fighters and return safely to their base. We salute you,
Sergeant Robert Sink, and in your honor the makers of Camels
are sending to our men in England four hundred thousand
Camel cigarettes!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: 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.

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

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

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

WILCOX: Next week, Dagwood and his next door neighbor, Mr. Fuddle, get into a fight when Daisy runs off with a valuable wallet.

For a front line, on-the-spot report of this battle, don't forget to listen in next week at this same time when "BLONDIE'S DOG HAS HER DAY."

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: And remember -- if you want to be sure your cigarette is fresh -- cool smoking and slow burning -- get Camels -- they're packed to go around the world!

This is Harlow Wilcox, saying good night for Camel Cigarettes -- First in the Service!

(APPLAUSE)

(BOARD FADE)

(GEORGE WASHINGTON HITCH-HIKE)

SHIELDS:

(ISOLATION BOOTH)

Pipe-smokers, what is the weight of your tobacco package and how much do you pay for it? Check the number of ounces you get by looking at the blue revenue stamp on your package -- and then remember that George Washington Smoking Tobacco gives you a two and a quarter ounce package for ten cents! Yes, a big blue two and a quarter ounce package for ten cents! George Washington is mild, mellow, and tasty, too, right down through the last puff at the bottom of the bowl! Plunk down your dime tomorrow! George Washington is America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!

This is the COLUMBIA....BROADCASTING SYSTEM.