

"BLONDIE"

As Broadcast

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

"BLONDIE TURNS BOUNCER"

MONDAY, AUGUST 30, 1943

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

Written by John L. Greene

Directed by: Don Bernard

CAST

BLONDIE...PENNY SINGLETON

DAGWOOD...ARTHUR LAKE

| | |
|--------------------------|--------------------|
| J.C. DITHERS..... | HANLEY STAFFORD |
| CORA..... | AGNES MOREHEAD |
| COP..... | <i>Eddie Moran</i> |
| ANNOUNCER..... | HARLOW WILCOX |
| CONDUCTOR..... | BILLY ARTZT |
| COMMERCIAL (Salute)..... | PAT MCGEEHAN |
| G.W. HITCH HIKE..... | FRED SHIELDS |

SOUND EFFECTS

House Door
Cell Door
Heavy Door
Temple Block
Fall on Floor
Light Traffic
Club meeting (women)
Key in lock
Beats on bars with club

(REVISED)

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, AUGUST 30, 1943

4:30 - 5:00 PM PWT
7:30 - 8:00 PM 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: There are Camels in the sky these days, Camels in the sky
and under the sea -- Camels all over the world, because
Camel Cigarettes are first with men in all the services,
Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, according to
actual sales records. That's why Camels have to be
packed to go around the world -- packed to stay fresh,
cool smoking, and slow burning, anywhere, for months at a
time. The Camel pack keeps your Camels fresh, too --
preserving for you the extra flavor and extra mildness that
goes with Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos.

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

WILCOX: Camels! If there's ever a time when your store is
temporarily out of Camels, remember we're making more
Camels now than ever before -- but Camels are first in the
service -- and the service comes first!

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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 FOR:)

WILCOX: Well, the Bumsteads are over at the Dither's house this
evening. They've had dinner -- for which Blondie and
Dagwood each brought four red points -- and just now
Dagwood and Mr. Dithers are about to go into the living
room where Blondie and Cora are talking...

DITHERS: Well, Dagwood -- shall we go in and honor the ladies
with our presence?

DAGWOOD: Maybe we ought to wait a little bit till they get
lonesome. Then they'll appreciate us more.

DITHERS: Oh, let's go right in, and see what they're *gabbling*
chattering
about.

DAGWOOD: Okay, J.C.

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE AND
CORA: (BOTH ARE LAUGHING)

BLONDIE: And then another thing I think we women ought to do,
Cora --

CORA: What's that, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Well, I think we ought to -- (STOPS SHORT) Oh -- here they
are.

CORA: Oh, yes -- our husbands -- bless them.

DAGWOOD: Well, what were you girls talking about when we came in?

BLONDIE: (AIRILY) Oh, nothing...nothing. Nothing at all.

DITHERS: Is that what you were laughing at -- nothing at all.

CORA: Yes -- yes.

DITHERS: I didn't know you were so easy to amuse...What was going on?

BLONDIE: Well, if you must know, we were talking about the party.

DAGWOOD: What party is that?

DITHERS: Republican, Democratic, or ~~Bridge~~ ^{Bingo}.

CORA: We were talking about the annual Women's Club Stag Party for Women Only.

DAGWOOD: Oh, that party. The one that's so secret?

BLONDIE: Yes, that's it. It's tomorrow night, and of course Cora and I are going to be there.

DITHERS: what's the idea of all the secrecy about it?

CORA: Whenever you men have a stag party, we never hear anything about it. But for weeks afterward you gather in corners, whisper to each other, and then laugh like fools.

DITHERS: (LOW, VULGAR LAUGH) Well, some funny things happen. Oh, ~~Dagwood~~. *ah brother*.

DAGWOOD: Huh?

DITHERS: ~~(WITH A CHUCKLE) Do you remember that time when Fred Potter (FADING TO A WHISPER) came to the stag party we had....(MUMBLE, MUMBLE, WHISPER)~~

DAGWOOD: ~~(LAUGHING) Yeah... Yeah! Boy, was that a scream?~~

DITHERS: Oh, brother!

CORA: ~~It~~ sounds disgusting.

DAGWOOD: Well, what happens at your ^{those} annual Women's Club Stag Parties?

BLONDIE: You'd really like to know?

DITHERS: Yes, we're curious.

BLONDIE: Well, Cora -- ~~remember that night when Alice Karter came to the party with that hat box, and inside it (FADING TO WHISPER) were two of the -- (WHISPER, WHISPER, MUMBLE)~~

CORA: (LAUGHING) ~~Oh, do I remember that... And all over her face, too... Oh, Blondie -- that was a panic!~~

BLONDIE: Yes, I'm glad the men never found out about ~~that~~.

DAGWOOD: About what?

BLONDIE: Oh, what we were talking about.

DITHERS: I don't like the sound of this at all.

DAGWOOD: Neither do I. ~~I want to know what goes on at your stag parties~~ ^{I want to know what goes on at your stag parties}.... Blondie, as your husband, I command you to -- to -- I guess that wouldn't work.

BLONDIE: ^{Darling} You are so right.

DITHERS: Well, it's a cinch you don't exchange knitting ^{recipes} instructions. Just what sort of a meeting is this, Cora?

CORA: (WISE LAUGH) Ha-ha....Ha-hah!

DITHERS: That doesn't answer my question!

DAGWOOD: No, but it gives you an idea.

CORA: We don't pry into your stag parties, so don't you pry into ours, Poochie.

DITHERS: Oh, don't call me Poochie!

CORA: All right, lover.

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DITHERS: Oh, stop it.
BLONDIE: Now we've got a few ^{private} things we'd like to talk over ^{about the party}, so if you'll just leave us alone for about a half an hour, we'd appreciate it.

DAGWOOD: ^{Leave you alone} A fine thing -- keeping secrets from your husband.

BLONDIE: What wife doesn't?

DAGWOOD: (THINKING IT OVER) Yeah -- I guess you've got something there.

DITHERS: Okay -- we'll go... Come on, Dagwood -- there's something I want to show you out in the kitchen, anyway.

DAGWOOD: Okay, J.C. -- what is it, animal, mineral, or vegetable? I hope it's animal, ^{sort of} medium-well, with beefsteak sauce.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

DITHERS: Sh-h-h-h-h!

DAGWOOD: Hahh?

DITHERS: We'll just stay here and listen at the door... ~~Close that kitchen door and they'll think we've gone out there.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~okay.~~ We've got to find out what ^{they're saying about} that women's stag party, ~~is all about.~~ Come here and put your ear close ~~to the door --~~

~~DITHERS:~~ ~~okay~~ (ANOTHER DOOR SLAMS) (?)

DAGWOOD: ^{you hear anything} ~~What are they saying?~~

DITHERS: Sh-h-h-h-h-! I don't hear anything yet, but --
DAGWOOD: Look through the keyhole. DITHERS: OK
DAGWOOD: What do you see. (DOOR OPENS FAST) DITHERS: Another eye
DAGWOOD: Look out ~~the door is opening.~~ DITHERS: Jaaaaan
(TEMPLE BLOCK)

DITHERS: ~~Taaaaaaa!~~ (DOOR) (TEMPLE BLOCK)

CORA: Well, Julius -- I hope ^{you're comfy} ~~that will teach you to snoop on us!~~

MUSIC:

(KNOCK ON DOOR . . .)

DITHERS: (INSIDE) Who is it?

DAGWOOD: (OUTSIDE) It's me.

DITHERS: That could be anybody... Come in, and surprise me.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Good morning, J.C.

DITHERS: ^{oh} ~~Hum~~ -- no surprise.... Well, what's on your mind, Bumstead?

That is, if you have a mind. I'm giving you the benefit of the doubt, and believe me, there ^{strong} ~~is~~ a doubt.

DAGWOOD: It was only something vital, but I'll talk to you later ~~when you're not in such a foul humor...~~ Good bye,

(DOOR CLOSES)

DITHERS: (OUTSIDE) Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: (OUTSIDE) Did I hear someone whisper my name?

DITHERS: Oh, stop ^{that} ~~it~~.... ~~Come in here.~~

(DOOR OPENS)

DITHERS: ~~Come in and~~ ^{sit} down Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: That's more like it... In this chair?

DITHERS: No -- the other one. You can help me break in that new ^{victory} cushion.... Now then - what was it?

DAGWOOD: Well, J.C., I've been thinking ^{again} about that Women's Club Stag Party for Women Only and I'm sort of curious to know what goes on tonight.

DITHERS: So am I. I wish we could get in somehow.

DAGWOOD: I was just wondering ^{if maybe} ~~if~~ we couldn't dress up in women's clothes, and try to ---

DITHERS: Dagwood -- that's wonderful!!

DAGWOOD: No, no ^{on second thought} ~~that~~ that wouldn't be any good.

DITHERS: We'll do it!

DAGWOOD: No, ^{lets' not get excited -} let's just forget about it.

DITHERS: Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir!

DITHERS: Think of that fun we'd have sneaking into that party dressed in women's clothes.

DAGWOOD: I don't think I've got the figure for it.

DITHERS: We can remedy that with a little stuffing *here and there.*

DAGWOOD: Yeah, but look at my legs. You can't tell me they remind you of Marlene Dietrich.

DITHERS: No, they remind me more of Elsie the cow...But that's all right. We'll wear skirts that come down to our ankles.

DAGWOOD: *Down to the ankles.*
^ Don't tell me that style is coming back!

DITHERS: Of course not. If it was I'd shoot myself...No, we'll wear some of the old clothes that used to belong to Cora's Aunt Fanny.

~~DAGWOOD: Oh, I see -- we'll go as a couple of dear, sweet, old fashioned ladies.~~ *DAGWOOD: I don't like the idea.*

DITHERS: *Why certainly - that's all right*
~~That's right.~~ We can call ourselves the Twitchell sisters

DAGWOOD: ^ Hey that's all right, J.C. The Twitchell sisters.

DITHERS: *yes love*
I'll be Betsy Lou and you can be *not Lucy Bet -- you can be* Naomi ... I'll bring the clothes over this evening, we'll say goodbye to the girls when they leave for the party, and then we'll make our change.

DAGWOOD: *I wish I'd never come in here today.*
^ Yeah, but there's just one thing.

DITHERS: ~~What's that?~~ *well, you are in.*

DAGWOOD: What are we going to do about your big feet?

DITHERS: Bumstead... They're not so big.

DAGWOOD: No, you just look like you're wearing pontoons.

DITHERS: Oh, fiddle-diddle! I'll wear galoshes!

MUSIC:

Dagwood
BLONDIE: Well, I think Cora and I had better be on our way now.
CORR: Yes. You men can stay here and die of curiosity. Too bad you can't come along.
DAGWOOD: Yeah -- isn't it a shame?
DITHERS: (LAUGHS) We're heartbroken.
BLONDIE: What are you going to do while we're gone?
DAGWOOD: Oh, we thought we'd go to ^{the} meeting, too. *oh I mean A meeting* (LAUGHS)!
BLONDIE: I didn't know you had anything planned.
DITHERS: Oh, we're just going to drop in as a surprise, aren't we, Dagwood?
DAGWOOD: We hope so.
CORR: It sounds to me like a poker game.
BLONDIE: That's what I think, Cora.
CORR: Just remember, Julius, if you're playing stud and your first two cards don't add up to nineteen or twenty, for Heaven's sake, drop out.
DITHERS: Oh, never mind telling me how to play poker!
CORR: Well, I'm entitled to my cut of your winnings, and you're always doing silly things like drawing two cards to a straight.
DAGWOOD: *now wait a minute*
DAGWOOD: This isn't a poker game!
BLONDIE: What is it, blackjack?
DITHERS: No, it's sort of ~~masquerade~~ masquerade.
DAGWOOD: Yeah, that's right... Well, good bye, Blondie. Have a good time.
BLONDIE: All right, dear. (COYLY) Don't you wish you were coming along?
DAGWOOD AND DITHERS: (BOTH LAUGH WISELY)

CORA: I don't like the sound of that at all. It sounds vulgar.
DITHERS: Why, Cora -- how can you say that?
CORA: It was easy.
DITHERS: Well, good bye.
BLONDIE: Good bye.
CORA: Yes, good bye.

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Well, don't do anything we wouldn't do.
DAGWOOD: Oh, no, Blondie -- we'll try to do the same thing.
DITHERS: Well, heh -- heh -- we'll be seeing you.
DAGWOOD: But you won't be seeing us ... Good bye.

(DOOR CLOSES)

~~DITHERS:~~ Well, Dagwood -- let's go upstairs and change into Aunt Fanny's clothes. It shouldn't take us more than fifteen minutes to become the Twitchell Sisters!

MUSIC:

oh my looks like pulling on your aunt Fanny's clothes
DAGWOOD: Well, J.C., I'm about through, How do I look?
DITHERS: Let me see ... Oh, Dagwood! You're adorable!
DAGWOOD: Yeah, I'm a cute kid. I'm nuts about me.
DITHERS: How do I look?
DAGWOOD: Like Whistler's Mother.
DAGWOOD: oh you're welcome
DITHERS: Thank you, Naomi. Aunt Fanny certainly wore
a lot of snappy petticoats. Woo-woo!
Miss Dithers
DAGWOOD: Uh -- J.C. -- isn't that sort of a low neck?
DITHERS: No! I think it's very becoming.
DAGWOOD: Then you'd better shave the hair off your chest.

DITHERS: Oh, yes. It does look a little ^{too} informal....I'll wear a pin.

DAGWOOD: Ouch.

DITHERS: What's the matter?

DAGWOOD: I bent over and got poked in the ribs by my corset.I think I'll take it off.

DITHERS: No, no -- you mustn't. Don't you want to keep that hour-glass figure? It makes you look so attractive.

DAGWOOD: Yes, but it keeps riding up on me. The first thing I know it'll be ^{choking me} around my neck.

DITHERS: Well, pull it down.

DAGWOOD: ^{pull it down --} I can't.

DITHERS: You've got to wiggle...Give it some of this.

DAGWOOD: Okay, I'll try ... Yeah, that does work. But what if I get an itch underneath it?

DITHERS: In that case, we'll have to operate... Let's see if I can get into these old shoes of Cora's.

DAGWOOD: I don't think you'll be able to get into anything smaller than snowshoes.

DITHERS: Oh, stop making cracks about my feet.... There -- I got into them. They're a little cramped, but ---- whoooooaa! There's something wrong with these shoes! They tilt forward ... I can't stand up!

DAGWOOD: Oh, ~~it's simple~~ ^{what's the silliest thing I ever heard of.} Let me see ~~show you~~ ^{show you, hand it to me.}

DITHERS: Okay -- ~~you get into them.~~ ^{just stick your dainty little duds in there.}

DAGWOOD: Well, there's one foot, and there's the other one, and -- whooa!

(FALLS ON FLOOR)

DITHERS: I can't tell you what a pretty picture you make on the floor.

DAGWOOD: Gee, I can't understand how women stand up in those things.... What'll we do? Go barefooted?

DITHERS: No -- we'll just put on our own shoes and keep our skirts down, *over them.*

DAGWOOD: Yeah... Just think -- we'll be the first men ever to get into one of those annual Women's Club Stag Parties.

DITHERS: (CHUCKLES) Afterwards, we can drop hints about what happened there tonight. We'll drive ~~them~~ *the women* crazy.

DAGWOOD: What do you suppose they will have there tonight?

DITHERS: I haven't the faintest idea .. Well, are we ready now? Let's look each other over first.

DAGWOOD: Okay ... Hmm..

DITHERS: What's wrong?

DAGWOOD: Your slip is showing.

DITHERS: Oh. Well, I'll tighten up my shoulder straps.

DAGWOOD: How about me? *J.C. How do I look.*

DITHERS: Well, I think you're wearing just a little bit too much rouge.

DAGWOOD: Okay, but is my lipstick on straight?

DITHERS: Yes. Of course, you've got it on an awful big mouth.

DAGWOOD: Oh, never mind... Let's see if there's anything else.

DAGWOOD AND DITHERS: (IN UNISON) Oh-oh!

DITHERS: Do you see the same thing that I see?

DAGWOOD: Yeah. We both forgot to shave!

MUSIC:

(LIGHT TRAFFIC SOUNDS ... FADE OUT)

DITHERS: Well, shall we go across the street now?
DAGWOOD: Yeah, I guess so.
DITHERS: Try not to trip over your skirt again. Kick it out in front of you.
DAGWOOD: I've tried that, but it doesn't look very feminine.
DITHERS: Well, what do you want me to do -- carry you across the street piggy-back?
DAGWOOD: I'd love it.
DITHERS: Bumstead.
DAGWOOD: Sh-h-h-h! Here comes someone down the street.
DITHERS: Hey -- hey, look who it is. ~~It's~~ Harlow Wilcox. We can have some fun with him and try out our voices as the Twitchell sisters. If he doesn't recognize us, we're in!
DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Oh, boy. Poor ^{Mr.} Wilcox.... Let's call him over here.
DITHERS: Get a load of this. (RAISES VOICE -- FAISSETTO) Oh, young man...
DAGWOOD: (FAISSETTO) Young man! Yoo-hoo! Dithers! *Dagwood change your oil!*
WILCOX: (COMING UP) Oh -- uh -- good evening, ~~ladies.~~ ^{ladies.}
~~DITHERS: Oh, Naomi, isn't he handsome?~~
~~DAGWOOD: Oh, yes, Betsy Lou. He's heavenly.~~
WILCOX: (COUGHS IN EMBARRASSMENT) Uh -- can I help you ladies?
DITHERS: Oh, isn't he dear?
DAGWOOD: Yes, he's a love.
DITHERS: We're afraid to go across the street.
~~WILCOX: Why, what are you afraid of?~~

DAGWOOD: ~~We're afraid of those horseless carriages.~~

WILCOX: ~~Oh, you mean the automobiles.~~

DITHERS: ~~Yes... But don't you worry, Naomi. They won't last long. They're just a fad. Another fifty years and they'll be gone.~~

WILCOX: ~~All right,~~ ^{Well} I'll help you ladies across the street.

DAGWOOD: Help us across! Aren't you going to carry us?

DITHERS: Why of course he is Naomi.....aren't you gorgeous?

^{DAGWOOD:} ~~(EMBARRASSED) Well, I~~ ^{Don't over do it, J.C.} ~~an~~ ^{ow} ~~gosh!~~

DITHERS: Come on young man, pick me up and carry me.

WILCOX: (QUIETLY) This'll teach me to be a gentlemen (ALOUD)
well, all right lady.

DAGWOOD: I'll bet you're a Boy Scout, too.

WILCOX: Not lately, Madame.

DITHERS: I'll bet he belonged to the Wolf Patrol.

DAGWOOD: I was going to say the Mink Patrol....Oh, look, there's
^{DAGWOOD!}
a policeman.

DITHERS: I see him --- I see him...Pick me up, young man, pick me up!

WILCOX: Oh all right. (GRUNTS) Good grief -- you're heavy!

DITHERS: (YELLS IN FALSETTO) Help! Police! Help!

DAGWOOD: Hahh?

WILCOX: What's the matter? You're not going to fall - I hope.

DITHERS: (CALLS) Police! Help! Quick! Police!

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) I get it...Here he comes, J.C. -- I mean,
Betsy Lou.

COP: (COMING UP) Here...here! What's going on here?

DITHERS: Make him put me down!

WILCOX: Hey -- what is this?

COP: Put her down, buddy.

WILCOX: Well, sure, but --

DITHERS: Thank you.....Officer, this man is a masher.

WILCOX: A masher..???????

DITHERS: He tried to pick me up and carry me away -- like
Carry Cooper
~~Rudolph Valentino~~Isn't that true, Naomi?

DAGWOOD: You are so right!

WILCOX: Now, just a minute, here! When these two women said hello to me I was just walking along talking softly to myself.

COP: About what?

WILCOX: I was saying, "Harlow, old boy, wouldn't it be great if you could get everybody to try out Camels in his T-Zone 'T' for taste and throat -- anybody's own proving ground for Camels rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness!"

COP: Now wait a minute! He tried to pick you ladies up, eh?

DITHERS: He was standing on the corner, whistling like a peanut stand.

WILCOX: It's true I let out a low whistle. See, I'd just opened up a pack of Camels and smelled that good fresh tobacco! You'd whistle, too, officer! You see Camels stay fresh, stay cool smoking and slow burning -- because they're packed to go around the world!

COP: You ought to be ashamed of yourself! A fellow your age making a play for these two old antiques!

DAGWOOD: Why, Officer!

DITHERS: How dare you!

COP: Excuse me, ladies. Is there anything you want to say, buddy, before I take you along?

WILCOX: I'd just like to add, that if you're looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many you smoke, officer, just try Camels! They've got more flavor -- extra flavor that helps Camels hold up, pack after pack!

COP: Is that all you've got to say?

WILCOX: No! I'm being framed!

COP: You're wrong there! You're being arrested!...Come on, buddy!

WILCOX: Now, officer -- let go of me!

COP: Come on..(FADING) I'll see that justice is done to him, ladies.

DAGWOOD: Thank you very much.

WILCOX: (FADING, BUT LOUD) But Officer I'm innocent! I'm not a wolf! I'm innocent!

DITHERS & DAGWOOD: (DOUBLE UP, LAUGHING)

DAGWOOD: Gee, that was funny, J.C., but I don't think you should have done it.

DITHERS: Oh, a ~~day~~^{night} in jail won't hurt Wilcox. And I understand the cells are nice and cool.

DAGWOOD: Well, anyway, the Twitchell sisters are a big success.

DITHERS: Yes --- We ought to go out every night dressed up like this, and frame all our enemies.

DAGWOOD: Poor old ~~Harlow~~^{Wilcox}....Well, J.C. I think it's going to be a cinch for us to get into that ladies party.

DITHERS: We'll be the first men ever to get in.

DAGWOOD: That's right. Tonight we're going to make history.

DITHERS: ~~We'll be the first men ever to get in.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~That's right. Tonight we're going to make history!~~

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: Well, Cora, it's almost time for ~~it~~ ^{the party} to start. We can lock the door here in nine minutes. Almost everyone's in now.

CORA: Oh, here comes someone else...Good grief! Could those things be women?

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Well, they're wearing skirts.

CORA: They could be Scotchmen in kilts.

BLONDIE: (SMILES) I guess they're just a couple of old fashioned ladies.

CORA: Yes. It's been years since I've seen anyone walking along the street with her petticoat dragging.

BLONDIE: They've got sort of a funny walk, too.

CORA: They walk like a couple of sailors.

BLONDIE: ~~Well, I suppose their poor old joints creak like rusty hinges~~

CORA: ~~I can't hear them~~...They're wearing veils, too.

BLONDIE: Well, here they come.

CORA: You know, my Aunt Fanny had a couple of dresses just like those...I'll show them to you sometime.

BLONDIE: I'd love to see them...(RAISES HER VOICE) Good evening.

DAGWOOD &

DITHERS: (FALSETTO OF COURSE) Good evening.

CORA: I don't believe we know --

DITHERS: We're the Switchell Sisters. *you tell them*

DAGWOOD: *yes we certainly are*
She's Betsy Lou.

DITHERS: She's Naomi.

DAGWOOD: Lovely evening, isn't it?

DITHERS: Shall we go right in?

CORA: Oh, yes, of course.

DITHERS: Please open the door for us.

DAGWOOD: We're not very strong.

CORA: Oh, yes.

(SOUND: HEAVY DOOR OPENS...)

DITHERS: Thank you.

DAGWOOD: Very much.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES...)

BLONDIE: Well, they're certainly strange.

CORA: Better than that -- they're really weird.

BLONDIE: I wonder if we've met them before. Their voices seemed very familiar.

CORA: Yes, they did, didn't they?

BLONDIE: Do you know any Twitchell sisters?

CORA: If I did, I wouldn't admit it....I certainly don't know those two old dragons.

~~BLONDIE: Look through the door at them now. One of them is helping the other get her foundation down where it belongs.~~

~~CORA: Yes...Now what makes their voices so familiar?~~

BLONDIE: You probably met them at a tea or something.

CORA: No....No. You can't remember either?

Blondie: no, but it seems that I've heard one of those voices quite
~~BLONDIE: No, but it seems that I've heard one of those voices quite~~
a-bit...And not too long ago.

CORA: Maybe we've met them down at the Red Cross...For women their age, they're big bruisers, aren't they?

BLONDIE: And they both wore their hats as though they were -- well, derbies.

CORA: Yes. I'd hate to meet either of them in a dark alley.

BLONDIE: The one called Naomi had shoulders as broad as Dagwood's.

CORA: And the other one had -- well, the other looked a little like Julius from the back.

BLONDIE: (SUDDENLY) Oh, Cora!

CORA: (SHE GETS IT, TOO) Oh, Blondie!

BLONDIE: Are you thinking of the same thing I'm thinking of?

CORA: I am if you're thinking of the same thing I'm thinking of.

BLONDIE: Well, I am!

CORA: So am I!

BLONDIE: I thought that Naomi's voice was familiar.

CORA: Yes. And I thought that Betsy Lou's voice had a familiarly unpleasant ring.

BLONDIE: Come on -- let's go right in and find out.

CORA: The Twitchell sisters, eh?

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...MURMUR OF VOICES OFF...)

CORA: Do you see them anywhere?

BLONDIE: There they are -- over there. They're still alone.

CORA: Betsy Lou is wearing a skirt all right, but she seems to be feeling around for a hip pocket.

BLONDIE: Oh -- uh -- pardon me, but could we help you?

DAGWOOD: Hanh? (INTO FALSETTO) Oh, no, no.

BLONDIE: If you're looking for the -- uh --

CORA: We'd be glad to take you, *and show you where it is.*

DAGWOOD: Oh, no, no, no.

DITHERS: Not there!

CORA: We were wondering where we'd met you before.

DITHERS: Well, we've been very busy lately. Naomi's working as a riveter.

DAGWOOD: And Betsy Lou's a steam fitter.

BLONDIE: Well, have you ever been to one of these parties before?

DAGWOOD: No, we haven't. What happens here?

CORA: Well, girls -- it's just a meeting where we can all get together and gossip. But we make a solemn promise that nothing that is said here will ever be repeated outside.

BLONDIE: So we can say things here that we'd never say outside. For instance, I'm planning to leave my husband and join the Wa^ags.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke!....I mean, oh ~~dearie me!~~ ^{my} You shouldn't do that. He's such a nice ~~man~~. *little fellow*.

BLONDIE: Oh, do you know him?

DAGWOOD: Oh, yes -- very well.

BLONDIE: Hmmm - so he's been stepping out with you, eh?...Well, that's all the more reason.

CORA: Of course, I know that if I tell anyone here what I'm doing to my husband, it won't be repeated, either.

DITHERS: Er -- what are you doing to your husband?

CORA: I'm slowly poisoning him.

DITHERS: (COUGHS VIOLENTLY) Poisoning -- him?

CORA: A little arsenic in his coffee every morning.

DITHERS: (COUGHS AGAIN) Where's my handkerchief?

CORA: Well, it isn't in your hip pocket, Julius.

DITHERS: (NORMAL VOICE) Then where is it?

DAGWOOD: (NORMAL VOICE) That did it!

BLONDIE: Dagwood Bumstead!

CORA: Julius Caesar Dithers!

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! We're caught! All the women are looking at us!

DITHERS: Here they come, Dagwood! Pick up your skirts and run like mad!

MUSIC: (QUICK RUNNING BRIDGE...THEN STOP...)

DITHERS: (PUFFING) I guess -- we're safe now.

DAGWOOD: (PUFFING) Yeah. Gee, I hate to think what those women would have done to us if they caught us.

DITHERS: It would have been a shambles.

DAGWOOD: They probably would have jerked us bald-headed.

DITHERS: Well, we almost made it.

COP: (COMING UP) Good evening, ladies.

DAGWOOD: (NORMAL VOICE -- WITHOUT THINKING) Oh, hello, officer.

DITHERS: (NORMAL VOICE) Nice evening, isn't it?

COP: What was that????

DITHERS: Oh. (FALSETTO) Oh, yes -- nice evening.

DAGWOOD: (FALSETTO) Yes. ~~Goodbye now.~~ *nice evening.*

COP: Well, well, well, well, well, well, well!

DAGWOOD: Hah?

COP: The Twitchell sisters, eh?

DITHERS: Yes, that's we. Goodbye.

COP: (YELLS) Stay right where you are!!

DAGWOOD: Officer, we can explain everything. You see--

COP: Don't you know there's a law against this? Article Four, Section Seven, Paragraph Nine - A.

DAGWOOD: What line?

COP: And to think I arrested that Wilcox guy for trying to make a pass at you! Come on -- you two girls are going 'in^{to}/the jug!

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: Harlow Wilcox knows us. He'll tell you who we are. *too*

DITHERS: He'll indentify us.

COP: All right, all right - just keep your skirts on...I'll have to open his cell.

(SOUND: RATTLE OF KEY IN CELL DOOR...)

WILCOX: (INSIDE) Who is it?

COP: Mr. Wilcox, we just picked up ^{these} ~~these~~ two sweet old ladies who framed you. They say they're Dagwood Bumstead and J.C. Dithers.

WILCOX: Well, I know them very well.

(SOUND: CELL DOOR OPENS...)

DAGWOOD: Hello, Harlow, old ~~boy~~ ^{friend}.

DITHERS: Hello, Wilcox. I hope you're not mad because we played a little joke on you. (LAUGHS)

WILCOX: Heh - heh.

COP: Well, Mr. Wilcox, we're sorry we detained you here. Are these two clowns Dagwood Bumstead and J.C. Dithers?

WILCOX: No. I never saw them before in my life!

DAGWOOD &
DITHERS: (IN UNISON) Taaaaaaah!

MUSIC:

COP: And I've been trying to get both you and Mrs. Dithers ever since.

BLONDIE: Well, we were attending the ~~annual~~ Women's Club Stag Party.

CORA: Where are they now?

COP: They're in cell three...Right ^{there}.

DAGWOOD &
DITHERS: (ARE SNORING WITH THE WHISTLE, THE MUMBLE, AND THE HANH)

COP: I'll wake them up.

(SOUND: BEATS ON BARS WITH A CLUB...)

COP: *come on* Wake up, you two Gibson Girls.

DAGWOOD: Bloooooooooondie!

DITHERS: Corr-r-rra!

COP: Are those things your husbands?

BLONDIE: Why, no -- they're the Twitchell Sisters.

DAGWOOD: Oh, Blondie!

CORA: Yes. That one's Naomi, and that one's Betsy Lou.

DITHERS: Cora, if you don't get us out of here, I'll tell the cop about the arsenic in my coffee.

CORA: They're a little eccentric.

BLONDIE: Yes. What they need is nice, quiet, peaceful, surroundings, like this cell.

CORA: Or maybe you ought to send them to a squirrel ranch for observation.

COP: But they're not your husbands, eh?

BLONDIE: Oh, heaven's no!

CORA: Our husbands are a little odd, but they're not completely wacky.

COP: All right -- we'll just leave them here then...You can go back to sleep, girls.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, you can't do this to me!

DITHERS: Cora! Tell them who we are!

CORA: They're the Twitchell Sisters....Goodbye, Betsy Lou.

BLONDIE: Goodbye, Naomi.

DAGWOOD: (FADING A LITTLE) But Blooonie -- !

COP: (JHUCKLES) I think you've got them pretty worried. Do you want us to keep them here all night?

BLONDIE: Well, I don't know. They had no business trying to sneak into our meeting that way, but --

DAGWOOD: (OFF - PATHETICALLY) Blooooooondie! Oh, Blooooooondie!

DITHERS: (THE SAME) Oh, Corrrrrra!

BLONDIE: Well, I guess we'd better take them home.

CORA: I suppose so.

COP: Well, I'll get them then, and let them out...(FADING)

CORA: I think this will teach them a lesson.

BLONDIE: Yes. I'm glad they didn't get into the real party. ~~We'd~~
~~never have heard the end of it~~ if they knew all of us
women came tonight so we could sigh freely through ~~three~~^{two}
whole Charles Boyer pictures. *would never hear*
the end of it.

MUSIC: _____

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: 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)

MC GEEHAN: (ISOLATION BOOTH)

To twenty-nine year-old Lieutenant Colonel William Buck of San Antonio, Texas, a Flying Fortress group executive riding one of the bombers in a raid over Germany. Attacked head-on by thirty to forty Focke-Wulfs and Messerschmitts, which wounded both pilot and navigator, Lieutenant Colonel Buck took over the controls, and with fire blazing in the oxygen system, and enemy planes continuing to attack, he piloted the plane, and found time to administer first aid to the wounded, and work a fire extinguisher, all at the same time -- bringing his plane back safely to an English field! We salute you and your crew mates, Lieutenant Colonel William Buck, and in your honor the makers of Camels are sending to our soldiers overseas 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 our men overseas....a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week.

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

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 -- Bog Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks" and next Monday -- "Blondie", that famous comic-strip family.

MUSIC: (BLONDIE THEME...FADE FOR)

WILCOX: Next week Mr. Dithers sends Dagwood's handwriting for a character analysis and finds out some startling things about the head of the Bumstead family.....for further hilarious details don't forget to listen in next week at this same time when "BLONDIE'S HEARTBEAT GOES HAYWIRE".

WILCOX: 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.

WILCOX: And remember -- Camels are packed to go around the world!
Camels stay fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world!
This is Harlow Wilcox, saying goodnight for Camels Cigarette
First in the service!
(APPLAUSE)

(GEORGE WASHINGTON HITCH-HIKE)

SHIELDS: (ISOLATION BOOTH)

Up to a dozen extra pipefuls in every ten-cent package! Get a big blue two and a quarter ounce package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco, and I'll bet you'll get up to a dozen extra pipefuls. Yes, all that for one dime, ten cents -- a two and a quarter ounce package of tobacco that's mild, mellow, and tasty, right down through the last puff at the bottom of the bowl! Remember, George Washington is America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.