

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

"BLONDIE MEETS FRANK MORGAN"

SPECIAL THIRD WAR LOAN SCRIPT

CBS-STUDIO "C"
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 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

with

FRANK MORGAN (GUEST STAR)

J.C. DITHERS.....HANLEY STAFFORD
CORA.....AGNES MOOREHEAD
ANNOUNCER.....HARLOW WILCOX
CONDUCTOR.....BILLY ARTZT
COMMERCIAL (Salute).....PAT MCGEEHAN
G.W. HITCH HIKE.....FRED SHIELDS

SOUND EFFECTS:

Phone
House door
Train standing in station
Heavy Traveling bags (several)
Light switch
Going upstairs
Coins (assorted)

(REVISED)

BLONDIE

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 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 Camels.....

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

WILCOX: Remember, there are only a few days left in which to send your Christmas carton of Camels overseas. Christmas presents to overseas soldiers should be mailed by October fifteenth, ^To men in the Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard by November first. Don't wait till the last day! The Army Postal Service would like most Christmas packages to be mailed before the end of September. Of course send a carton of Camels -- the cigarette that's first with men in all the services, according to actual sales records. Wherever he is, Camels will be fresh when they get there. Camels stay fresh, cool smoking and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world! Mark your carton, "Christmas Package" -- and don't include matches.

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)

WILCOX: And now for our weekly visit with our neighbors, the Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue!-- and tonight's special guest -- Frank Morgan!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (BLONDIE THEME...FADE AND HOLD UNDER:)

WILCOX: Last week Dorothy Lamour stopped off to help with the Third War Loan drive, and stayed overnight at the Bumstead home. War bond sales zoomed, and so did Dagwood and Mr. Dithers' blood pressures. Today another star is arriving on a ^{WAR} bond tour and -- well, let's see what's happening at the Dithers Company office this morning.....

DITHERS: Well, Dagwood -- today is the day! My temperature has gone up ^{fourteen} ~~five~~ degrees just thinking about it.

DAGWOOD: About what, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: Another ^{gorgeous} movie star is coming to town today. And I've made arrangements for her to stay overnight at the Dithers mansion.

(LAUGHS JUICILY)

DAGWOOD: Gee, I didn't know anything about that.

DITHERS: I didn't intend you to....I just told Cora about it this morning.

DAGWOOD: What was ^{your wife's} ~~her~~ reaction?

DITHERS: Well, she was sort of burned up about it. When I left, her fascinator was still smouldering...Women are so narrow minded.

DAGWOOD: Well, J.C. -- who ^{is} the movie star?

DITHERS: I haven't been able to find out yet -- it was sort of a last moment thing -- but you know those Hollywood stars! They're all luscious.

DAGWOOD: How did you arrange ^{for this movie star} for her to stay at your house?

DITHERS: Oh, very simple. I wrote letters, sent telegrams, and twisted the arm of ~~one of~~ the committee ^{Chairman} members...I wonder if it could be Lana Turner.

DAGWOOD: Um-uh-^{I wonder, too -- and I wonder --} what time are we meeting her at the train?

DITHERS: What do you mean--we?

DAGWOOD: Well, if it is Lana Turner, you'll need someone at the station to ~~hold~~ ^{prop} you up.

DITHERS: ~~Fine, but who's going to hold you up?~~

DAGWOOD: I'll lean against something solid.

DITHERS: ~~Okay...Hmm--I wonder ---~~

DAGWOOD: ~~You wonder what?~~

DITHERS: ~~I wonder if it wouldn't be wise to have a doctor standing by. We can't tell what will happen to us!~~

MUSIC: (VERY SHORT)

CORA: And Blondie, I'm going right into his office here and tell Julius if he doesn' take back his invitation to that movie star he's going to ~~take~~ ^{wake} up tomorrow morning in the hospital emergency ward.....I'm on the warpath.

BLONDIE: But Cora---

CORA: I don't care, Blondie. Look what Dorothy Lamour did to him. Every morning since she left ^{town} he's looked at me and laughed.Another glamour girl and Julius would blow a fuse.

BLONDIE: Yes, but Cora, don't you know what Hollywood star is going to be here on the bond tour?

CORA: No, but it'll be someone who brings out the wolf in him.

BLONDIE: Well, I doubt if Mr. Dithers will give the wolf call when he sees Frank Morgan. *If he does he's barking up the wrong tree -*

CORA: Frank Morgan?? But Julius is expecting a sweater girl.

BLONDIE: Well, he's going to get Frank Morgan, and there's a slight difference.

CORA: Oh, this is wonderful. (STARS TO LAUGH...BUILDS..UNTIL SHE'S PRACTICALLY ROCKING WITH LAUGHTER)

BLONDIE: I thought you knew....

CORA: No--no. Now Blondie -- when we go into the office, don't say anything about who's coming, I want revenge.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) I won't say ^a word.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

CORA: Personally I think Frank Morgan's a darling.
Blondie: *I do, too -*
He's such a sweet loveable swindler...and so handsome, too

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

DITHERS: (INSIDE) Come in!

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Oh hello, girls!

BLONDIE: Hello, Dagwood.

DITHERS: Hello Cora --- dear.

CORA: Julius, I've been thinking about this Hollywood star who's going to stay overnight with us and --

DITHERS: Now, Cora -- please don't get violent. *Let's* ~~You should~~ wait till we get to the privacy of our ^{own} home *before you* ~~if you want~~ to spar around a little -

CORA: Oh, no - that's not it. I've been thinking things over, *I believe* and I believe ^{I believe} I've been narrow minded.

BLONDIE: And Dagwood - I feel the same way. We want you two to enjoy yourselves with ^{This particular} ~~the~~ Hollywood star.

DITHERS: Dagwood, there's something seriously wrong with our wives.
DAGWOOD: They're ^{a little hysterical} ~~delirious~~...I'll call a doctor.
DITHERS: Call two doctors. The first one's probably in the army.
CORR: No, no, Julius. We feel we've been holding you down.
When the train comes in, you both ought to give the
Hollywood star a big kiss.
DITHERS: Oh, heaven can wait!
BLONDIE: Yes, ^{Dagwood you} take her in your arms and give her a long hug of
welcome.
DAGWOOD: ^{oh no - I'm too ticklish} Ahwoo-woo-woo-woo-woo!
DITHERS: By the way, do you know who it's going to be?
BLONDIE: Yes...(SIGHS) -- yes, we know.
DITHERS: Is ^{it somebody} ~~the star~~ --uh--cute?
BLONDIE: Absolutely darling!
CORR: Yes, just too, too, too heavenly!
DITHERS: (LECHEROUS LAUGH)
CORR: Well, if we're going to meet the train, we'd better get
started. It's due now!
BLONDIE: Not that Cora and I would mind being late, but we'd hate
to see you men miss this thrill of a lifetime!

MUSIC: (VERY SHORT BRIDGE)

(FADE IN...TRAIN STANDING IN STATION...DOWN FOR...)

BLONDIE: Oh, here's car three-sixty-one. Dagwood, aren't you
thrilled?
DAGWOOD: Sure, but stop reminding me about it.
DITHERS: Yes, We'll do our own thrilling.....
CORR: Julius, I can't wait to see you plant a nice wet smack
right on the star's kisser.

DITHERS: Cora, don't be ~~vulgar~~ ^{sloppy} .. I can't wait to see this glorious vision of loveliness step down from the train .. Blue eyes, yellow hair ~~and a red sweater~~ .. Where are you my dream girl?

MORGAN: Was someone looking for me?

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! It's Frank Morgan?

(APPLAUSE)

MORGAN: Well, who were you expecting, sonny? Lana Turner? I am here on a mission of the United States Government - to sell War Bonds!

DITHERS: But - but--but we thought it would be ~~one of these smooth,~~ ^{some} lovely - ~~(SIGNS) You know,~~ ^{slunder} a gorgeous hunk of ~~junk!~~

MORGAN: See here my man, are you insinuating that I'm not gorgeous!?

CORA: Well, Julius, I thought you were going to kiss the Hollywood star?

DITHERS: I'm sorry, but the thrill is gone .. You kiss him.

CORA: I'd be glad to .. Mr. Morgan -- I'm Mrs. Dithers. Welcome to our fair city.

(KISSING SOUNDS)

MORGAN: How do you do .. ~~perhaps~~ this young lady here would like to say something appropriate, too.

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood was planning to give you a great big, cuddly hug.

DAGWOOD: I won't do it! He's not my type.

MORGAN: Well, I'm willing to accept you as a suitable substitute, my dear.

BLONDIE: Oh, I don't think -- Oh, Mr. Morgan...Mr. Morgan!

MORGAN: Just call me Uncle Frank.

BLONDIE: Mr. Morgan!

DAGWOOD: Hey! Cut it out!

MORGAN: ~~Mmm-what~~ ^{This is} a charming town. So sort of comfy.

BLONDIE: (GASPING) Mr. Morgan --I'm surprised at you.

MORGAN: (LAUGHS) Yes, I am, too....Oh, by the way, I don't believe we've met, have we?

BLONDIE: I'm Mrs. Bumstead, and this is Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- I'm Mr. Bumstead.

MORGAN: My, my -- it's a small world, isn't it?

CORA: And this is Mr. Dithers!

DITHERS: Glad to know you.

MORGAN: Are you really?..And you're my host, aren't you?

DITHERS: Yes, but that's life.

MORGAN: Yes....Just one moment, ladies, and I'll be right with you.Now, Mr. Dithers, I'll take this small bag and here are my other baggage checks. You'll take care of them for me, won't you? There's a good fellow.

DITHERS: But--but--

MORGAN: Later...And Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

MORGAN: You take care of Mr. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: But--but--but--

MORGAN: Well, you and Mr. Dithers can talk that over by yourselves. I'll take care of the ladies...Ready, girls?

CORA: I'm ready, Uncle Frank.

MORGAN: Ah, lovely, lovely. Let's go then....Have either of you girls ever considered a Hollywood career? (FADING) I happen to be a very influential man in the movie game, as we call it, and if you leave everything to me I can get you ^{a couple of} contracts....

DAGWOOD: Hey, look at that. He's walking right off with our wives.

DITHERS: We've been thrown away like a couple of torn bedsheets.

~~(DAGWOOD AND DITHERS GO TO THE STATION TO MEET A MOVIE STAR, VISITING FOR A BOND RALLY. THEY THINK IT'S GOING TO BE A GLAMOR GIRL, BUT IT TURNS OUT TO BE FRANK MORGAN.)~~

DAGWOOD: And what's worse, he doesn't look anything like Lana Turner.

DITHERS: I feel like weeping till my little heart breaks.

WILCOX: (COMING UP) Lana Turner? Did I hear somebody say Lana Turner

DITHERS: Yes, and stop ^{vibrating} howling, Wilcox!

WILCOX: Gosh, I knew it was going to be a movie star - but Lana Turner -- Wow! Wow!

DITHERS: Don't spoil his fun, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: You're so right! What have you got in those cigarette cartons, Harlow - as if I didn't know!

WILCOX: I came down here to give her the "T" to the city - "T" for taste and throat, everybody's own proving ground for Camels rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness! Lana Turner! Wow!

DITHERS: Try being like those Camels, Wilcox - cool and slow burning!

WILCOX: It's easy for Camels - they're packed to stay cool smooking and slow burning! Camels stay fresh because they're packed to go around the world! ~~Lana Turner! Wow! She'll just taste a Camel and say "More! More!"~~

DAGWOOD: ~~More what?~~

WILCOX: ~~More flavor!~~ ^{And that flavor} It's what helps Camels hold up, keep from going flat., no matter how many you smoke! Where'd she go, fellows? ^{Lana TURNER, wow!}

DITHERS: ^{Oh, you mean} The movie star? That way!

WILCOX: So long, fellows! (FADING) Wow! ~~wow! wow!~~

DAGWOOD: Oh, boy! Wait'll he finds out his glamor girl is Frank Morgan.

DITHERS: Come on, Dagwood, we've got to ^{get home} catch up with Morgan ourselves ~~before he~~ talks our wives into becoming movie stars. ^{before Morgan}

MUSIC: (SHORT)

MORGAN: Yes, girls, I've discovered more new stars than the Mount Wilson Observatory .. And better looking ones, too... Very charming people at Mount Wilson - but very stuffy about their great telescope. They only use that telescope at night to look at the planets, and they refuse to let me use it during the day to look at the sunbathers. What's happening to science?

BLONDIE: Well, Mr. Morgan -- I mean - Uncle Frank --

MORGAN: Yes, my dear..

BLONDIE: Well, I'm sure you have a lot of influence in Hollywood but one time you tell us you're a director, and the next a writer, and then a producer. Is that possible?

MORGAN: Are you serious? ^{Blondie} Do you think that I, Frank Morgan, star of stage, screen, radio, television and electronic research, ~~not to mention being~~ ^{and} number one pin-up boy of the WAACS, am fibbing?

CORA: Well, no, no -- we just thought you might be lying.

MORGAN: Oh, never! .. You see, girls, I am a director, writer, and a producer, but I--uh--I--uh--

BLONDIE: You use different names?

MORGAN: Yes - that's it. Thank you .. Of course everyone's heard of Frank Morgan, the actor -- there's a talented man for you - but very few realize he is also the famous producer, Franz Morgan, the great director, J. Franklin, Morgan, or the successful playwright, Francois Morgan.

CORA: Or the great financier, J.P. Morgan.

MORGAN: You've found me out!.....Yes, if you come to Hollywood, under my personal guidance and supervision, of course, you'll be stars in no time.

CORA: About how long is that in years?...After all, what sort of a part could I play in the movies? A top sergeant?

MORGAN: Well, my dear, ^{Mrs. Dithers} you could toss a coin for parts with Hedy Lamarr.

CORA: (GIGGLES) Oh, Mr. Morgan..!

BLONDIE: But how about me...uh--Uncle Frank?

MORGAN: Well, ^{Blondie} if you'd been out in Hollywood a little earlier and I'd been able to give you the benefit of my experience, I think you could have nosed out Ingrid Bergman.

BLONDIE: It's just as well; ~~I like my hair the way it is.~~ *If Gary Cooper ever kissed me I'd just unravel -*

MORGAN: Well, think it over. I know all the angles my dears - I've done just about everything in pictures.

CORA: Well, what was your first job in pictures?

MORGAN: Oh, yes - my first job. Well, you know how the M.G.M. lion roars don't you?

BLONDIE: Oh, of course.

MORGAN: Well, you couldn't see me, but I was twisting his tail .. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll go up to my room and change. (FADING) But don't forget what I said -- Hollywood is calling...

CORA: We'll think it over .. Frank.

MORGAN: (OFF) (GIGGLES) (DOOR CLOSSES)

BLONDIE: Cora, you wouldn't seriously think of going to Hollywood, would you?

CORA: Well-1-1-1-.....

BLONDIE: Oh, Cora!

CORA: Well, no.. But I don't think it would hurt to let our husbands think so. After the way they acted when they thought Lana Turner was going to be the Hollywood star .. it was disgusting. . .

~~BLONDIE: But perfectly natural .. They're human.~~

~~CORA: Yes - too much so. And I think they could stand a little shock.~~

(DOOR OPENS OFF...)

CORA: Well, here are our husbands - bless them.

(THUMPING OF HEAVY BAGS OFF...)

DITHERS: ~~Pick those bags up again.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Boy, are they heavy.~~

DITHERS: ~~There now, wasn't it easy to carry both bags instead of one ... Balance you know.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~But you didn't have to hang the other one on my necktie.~~

DITHERS: ~~Oh, quit nagging at me.~~

BLONDIE: ~~Dagwood, how would you like it if I became a movie star??~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Bloooooooooooooondie!~~

(CRASH OF BAGS)
That's RIGHT, DAGWOOD

DITHERS: ~~Yes, you can put the bags down now, Dagwood.~~

CORA: ~~Julius, I'm also thinking of becoming a Hollywood glamour girl.~~

DITHERS: ~~(THAT SNIDE LAUGH)~~

CORA: ~~What's so funny??~~

DITHERS: ~~Dorothy Lamour has nothing to worry about.~~

CORA: ~~Well, we're both going out there.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~But Blondie. You don't want to go out to Hollywood ... You'd be getting sunburned in the wintertime..eating at the Brown Derby every day ... and dancing every night with Gary Cooper, Charles Boyer.....~~

BLONDIE: ~~Go on, Dagwood, urge me!~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Oh, Blondie!~~

DITHERS: ~~Cora, you're not serious about this!~~

CORA: ~~Don't I look serious?~~

DITHERS: ~~No...just dead pan. (LAUGHS)~~

CORA: ~~Just ...ve th t laugh for kissing m goodbye at the train.~~

DITHERS: ~~Cora, you are serious!~~

~~XXXXXXXX~~

CORA: ~~Just save that laugh for kissing me goodbye at the train.~~

DITHERS: ~~Cora, you are serious!~~

CORA: ^{Julius}
~~Yes.~~ I'm going to go out to Hollywood and do my best
to be a ^{terrific} success ~~just so you'll be a Cinderella man.~~ and you know what that will make you --

DITHERS: Oh, no!
a Butterfly Boy -

BLONDIE: Now we don't want either of you to feel badly about this. When we start making money see that you're both well provided for.

CORA: Yes--for ^{YOUR} ~~their~~ old age, Poochie
Dithers: Don't call me, Poochie --
BLONDIE: We'll give you your own checking accounts--if you're good--and we'll get you both jobs selling guides to the movie stars' homes.

DAGWOOD: Blondie--you can't do it! Frank Morgan has talked you into this, hasn't he?

BLONDIE: Wel-l-l-l-l, yes.

DITHERS: Come on, ^{Bumstead} ~~Dagwood~~--let's go up and settle with him right now!

DAGWOOD: Right!

DITHERS: Right!

CORA: On your way up, take his bags with you.

DAGWOOD: Right!

DITHERS: Right!

(BUMPING AND THUMPING OF BAGS AS THEY GO UPSTAIRS)

DAGWOOD: (GRUNTING) So they'll give us a checking account, eh!
DITHERS: (GRUNTING) Provide for our old age, eh? ^{We'll teach Morgan} He's in the guest room here.

(PUTTING BAGS DOWN.....)

(KNOCK ON DOOR.....)

(DOOR OPENS.....) DAGWOOD: Now see here Mr. Morgan

MORGAN: Oh, come right in--there's something I want to talk to you about...Just bring the bags in with you.

DAGWOOD: Hank?.....Oh, all right.

DITHERS: Okay, but look here, Mr. Morgan.....

MORGAN: Just put them right over in the corner.

DITHERS: Oh, yes. (BAGS DOWN)

MORGAN: That's fine....Now I want to ask you if you've both done your part to make this Third War Loan drive the success it's got to be. How about you, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: Well--uh--I've bought the extra hundred dollar bond you're asking us to buy for the drive.

DAGWOOD: So have I.

MORGAN: Mr. Dithers, you've just bought one extra hundred dollar bond? You know, we've all got to put everything we can into this drive. Our fighting men **need** fifteen billion dollars, and that's no trifling sum, even the way I talk about money. Don't just meet your quota if you can exceed it. We're invading now--we're attacking on the continent of Europe--and we on the home front have got to back the attack of our men on the fighting fronts.

DITHERS: You're right, but I was going to get another bond.

MORGAN: Don't just get another bond -- Get as many as you can. You know when you buy bonds, you're not spending money, you're investing it.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, but how about me? I've bought my extra hundred dollar bond, but I don't think I can buy another one.

MORGAN: Well, you can try, and in the meantime, get your friends to get their extra bonds. We've all got to be war bond salesmen -- it's the only way we can join the attack. This war isn't won yet--we've got a long way to go. Germany and Japan aren't going to fall apart. We've got to smash them apart.

DAGWOOD: And we're going to do it, too!

MORGAN: Yes, but how fast we do the job depends on the bonds we buy. Each time you buy an extra hundred dollar bond, you put an extra Navy Hellcat fighter in the air for two and a quarter hours. So if you want to send a Jap plane crashing down in flames, you know how you can do it. Buy bonds--buy more bonds--and join the attack against the enemies of civilization and decency! Well, that's the story. Now what are you going to do about it?

DITHERS: Come on, Dagwood--let's go out and round up a few war bond sales.

DAGWOOD: I'm right with you, J.C.

MORGAN: That's the spirit, boys. I'm going to be selling war bonds myself this afternoon. Good luck.

(AD LIB "THE SAME TO YOU....")

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD:
DITHERS:

That's a nice fellow--
Dagwood, we've got to do everything we can to make this drive go over the top in our town.

DAGWOOD: Right!

DITHERS: Right!

DAGWOOD:

~~Yes sir--we've got to back the attack--~~
^ Oh, J.C. --

DITHERS: Yes.

DAGWOOD: I have a feeling that there was something else we wanted to talk to Frank Morgan about.

MUSIC: (SHORT)

MORGAN: Well, girls, it's good to be back here. We've had a strenuous afternoon and evening.

BLONDIE: But we sold lots of bonds. I think we went over the top tonight.

CORA: Yes, and Mr. Morgan - the way you swept our women's club right off their feet.

MORGAN: Yes .. Yes .. Well, it was really nothing, my dear, nothing at all. ^{I'm used to} The adulation of the multitudes, beautiful women throwing themselves at my feet. Monotonous, but how I love it!

BLONDIE: Well, Mr. Morgan, I think we'd better total up some of these figures on the bond sales.

MORGAN: Yes - well, where are Mr. Dithers and Mr. Bumstead? They mentioned something about a little game. I'd like a little amusement before I go to bed.

BLONDIE: ^{Well, They're in the next room but,} You'd better not play poker with them, Mr. Morgan?

CORA: No, they're both small time card sharks.

MORGAN: ^{Card sharks} You don't say .. Well, well - there's nothing I like better than hooking a couple of sharks ... I think I'll just go in and see them.

(DOOR OPEN....)

DITHERS: (OFF) Oh - hello, Mr. Morgan.

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Yeah - hello. There -

MORGAN: (UNDER HIS BREATH) Ah-suckers. (ALOUD) You mentioned something about a few hands of poker?

(DOOR CLOSES...)

DITHERS: (ON) (LAUGHING IN ANTICIPATION OF A CLEANUP) Yes, that's right. We did, didn't we, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: (ON) You are go right!

MORGAN: I presume you'd like to play Blackout Poker.

DAGWOOD: Blackout Poker?

DITHERS: I don't know anything about ~~it~~ ^{that} -

MORGAN: (SIGNIFICANTLY) You will--you will....Let's sit down at the table.

DITHERS: I'll get the cards.

MORGAN: No, no -- in blackout poker you play in the dark so you don't need any cards...I'll turn out the light.

(CLICK OF SWITCH...)

MORGAN: Ah, there we are....

DAGWOOD: How can we play poker in the dark without any cards?

MORGAN: Very simple. It's just like regular draw poker only you just pretend you're playing with real cards and you imagine the hands you get.

DAGWOOD: ^{Imagine it --}
^ Oh, I think I get it.

MORGAN: You'll get it, brother!

DITHERS: We just pretend we're playing with real cards, and imagine the hands we get, eh?

MORGAN: That's it...I'm shuffling the imaginary deck right now. Shall we cut for deal? Just imagine the card you might draw. What have you got?

DAGWOOD: I've got a five of diamonds.

DITHERS: Eight of clubs.

MORGAN: Jack of Diamonds. My deal...I'll ante a nickel.

(SOUND OF COIN ON TABLE...)

DAGWOOD: Hey, that sounds like real money.

MORGAN: Oh, yes. The cards are imaginary, but we bet real money.

(LAUGHS) Great little game...Here come the cards...
Jacks or better to open...How're they coming?

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DAGWOOD: These are terrible cards.
DITHERS: Same here.
MORGAN: Oh, too bad. Can you open.
DAGWOOD: I check.
DITHERS: Not me.
MORGAN: Well, I'll just open for a dime.
(COIN.....)
DAGWOOD: I'll stay.
(COIN....)
DITHERS: With this hand I ought to drop out, but I'll stay in.
(COIN.....)
DAGWOOD: Gee, I've never played in the dark before.
MORGAN: Not even post office.....How many cards, Dagwood?
DAGWOOD: ^{I Imagine} ^ Three.
MORGAN: Sounds like you imagined a small pair....There you
are.....Dithers?
DITHERS: Oh, I'll take four good ones.
MORGAN: Drawing to an Ace, Eh?
DITHERS: Stop peeking at my hand!
MORGAN: Excuse me... There you are.....I'll take one card. I've
got to split my openers but I'll show them to you
later....Well, it'll cost you a dime.
(COIN.....)
DAGWOOD: I'm out. I didn't draw a thing.

DITHERS: I'll raise it a dime. .
(TWO COINS....)

MORGAN: I call. What have you got?
(COIN).....

DITHERS: (CHUCKLES) Kings and eights.

MORGAN: Kings and eights, eh...Well, that's too bad. I
happen to have a Queen high straight...Look 'em over...
(TAKING IN MONEY)

DITHERS: What do you mean - look 'em over? I can't see them
in the dark.

MORGAN: What difference does it make -- They're imaginary cards
anyway. Just take my word for it old Boy.

DAGWOOD: I keep feeling there's something crooked about this
game.

MORGAN: Oh, perish the thought. Deal the cards, Dagwood.

DITHERS: Yes, yes. Go ahead, Dagwood, and deal those imaginary cards.

DAGWOOD: ^{oh, it's my turn.} Not so fast. I've got to shuffle them first.

DITHERS: Well, don't be so clumsy at it.

DAGWOOD: Okay...Cut?

MORGAN: No, just run 'em.

DAGWOOD: Here they come....I hope I'll imagine some better cards this time.

DITHERS: So do I.

MORGAN: But remember, you've got to be fair...You forgot to Ante, Dagwood. Get your money in.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah.

(COIN ON TABLE)

DAGWOOD: Can you open, J. C.? the pot, Mr. Dithers

DITHERS: I'll open for a dime...I imagined them a little better this time.

(COIN)

MORGAN: I'll bump it a dime.

(TWO COINS)

DAGWOOD: Whoooa! Not so fast.

MORGAN: It'll cost you twenty cents.

DAGWOOD: All right -- I'll stay.

(TWO COINS)

DAGWOOD: How many cards, J. C.?

DITHERS: Three -- and ^{Bumstead - don't deal them from the bottom} ~~if you don't mind, take them off the top~~ of the deck. of the deck -

DAGWOOD: Oh, of course....Here you are...Morgan?

MORGAN: Two of the best.

DAGWOOD: Right...Let's see if I can imagine some good cards.

MORGAN: Come, come -- you're holding up the game.

DAGWOOD: Okay -- I'm taking three Who opened?

DITHERS: Check.

MORGAN: Check.

DAGWOOD: A penny.

(COIN)

MORGAN: Can you spare it.

DITHERS: Sounds like a great hand....I'm out.

MORGAN: I'll call, and I raise you a dime -

DAGWOOD: What have you got Mr. Morgan?

MORGAN: Queens.

DAGWOOD: How many?

MORGAN: One.

DAGWOOD: You win. I thought you were bluffing.

DITHERS: Bumstead! And I threw away a pair of deuces. but it's my deal now and I think I'm beginning to catch on to Blackout poker.

DAGWOOD: So am I. I can feel a good hand coming up this time.

MORGAN: Remember, we've got to be fair.

DITHERS: Oh, of course -- of course! (LAUGHS) Cut, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Yeah--- just to keep you honest....There you are.

DITHERS: Here they come, boys.

MORGAN: Now remember -- you only imagine the cards you'd ordinarily get, no tricks now -

DAGWOOD: Nevermind. We understand the game now.

DITHERS: Can you open, Morgan?

MORGAN: Well -- uh -- yes -- for a dime.

DAGWOOD: I'll bump it a dime.

DITHERS: Up another dime.

MORGAN: Hmmm -- I don't like the sound of this... But I'll stay.

(COINS ON TABLE)

DITHERS: How many cards?

MORGAN: I'm standing pat.

DAGWOOD: So am I.

DITHERS: So am I.

MORGAN: Are you sure we're all being honest about this?

DAGWOOD: I'm not sure.

DITHERS: I'm not ^{so} sure.

MORGAN: (LAUGHS) Neither am I...I check...

(COINS THROUGH OUT THIS)

DAGWOOD: A dime.

DITHERS: Up a dime.

MORGAN: Up another dime!

DITHERS: Oh, sandbagging us, eh?

DAGWOOD: Would anybody mind if I called?

DITHERS: I would. Up a dime.

MORGAN: Up another dime.

DAGWOOD: I call again.

DITHERS: Okay.

MORGAN: All right -- I don't want to be rough. I'll just take the money in now.

(PICKING UP COINS)

DITHERS: Wait a minute! What have you got?

MORGAN: Five aces.
DAGWOOD: You can't have five aces.
MORGAN: Oh, ^{I forgot to} ~~didn't~~ I tell you. In Blackout Poker, there's always a Joker.... Goodnight, boys, and thank you!

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: Well, home again, Dagwood.
DAGWOOD: (MUTTERING) In Blackout Poker, there's always a joker!
Bah!
BLONDIE: Now Dagwood...
DAGWOOD: A fine guy. I object to someone taking our money away from us when we were planning on taking it away from him first.
BLONDIE: Well, anyway, dear -- he's not taking Cora and me to Hollywood.
DAGWOOD: You really weren't thinking of going, were you, honey?
BLONDIE: No, dear, of course not. It was a silly idea, anyway, and besides, my place is right here with you and the children on Shady Lane Avenue. I may be just a housewife and a mother of two children, but I'm sort of a star here, and I wouldn't trade places with anyone else in the world.

MUSIC: (TAG .. CURTAIN)

(APPLAUSE)

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

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

MCHEEHAN: (ISOLATION BOOTH)

To Sergeant Raymond Geibel of Pittsburg, who was on a tank landing craft approaching the beach at Salerno when a battery of German Eighty-eights opened fire. One shell tore through the barge and through one of the tanks, setting it afire. Knowing men were still inside the blazing tank, Sergeant Geibel entered it twice to pull out the wounded, before the burning tank was pushed into the sea. We salute you Sergeant Raymond Geibel, 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: For more than two years Camels have been thanking the Yanks in this country with the traveling Camel Caravans, which have given over two thousand free shows and free Camels to audiences of more than three million service men.

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 - it's "BLONDIE", America's famous comic strip family.

Listen to each of the three Camel shows - Thursdays, Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore! Friday, Bob Hawk in the comedy quiz, "Thanks to the Yanks"; and next Monday, "Blondie" America's favorite comic strip family.

MUSIC: (BLONDIE THEME .. FADE FOR:)

WILCOX: Next week there's some real excitement when Alexander Bumstead starts a neighborhood newspaper with all the news that fits to print; news that startles the community! For further interesting details, don't forget to listen in next week at this same time when "BLONDIE STOPS THE PRESSES".

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 to send your Christmas cartons of Camels overseas now. Send Camels, first in the service! They stay fresh because Camels are packed to go around the world!
This is Harlow Wilcox saying goodnight for Camel Cigarettes
-- First in the Service!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (THEME)

(BROAD FADE AND CUT)

(GEORGE WASHINGTON HITCH HIKE)

SHIELDS: (ISOLATION BOOTH)

Mister pipe smoker, what tobacco costs only ten cents - and gives you up to a dozen extra pipefuls? It's George Washington Smoking Tobacco, in the big blue two and a quarter ounce package - and it costs only a dime! Yessir, you get a two and a quarter ounce package for a dime - a great big package of mild, mellow, tasty tobacco, sweet and cool smoking right down to the last puff at the bottom of the bowl. Get a package of George Washington tomorrow - it's America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!

This is the COLUMBIA .. BROADCASTING SYSTEM