

"BLONDIE"

AS BROADCAST

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

"BLONDIE TAKES IT EASY"

CBS STUDIO "C"
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 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 MOORHEAD
COOKIE.....LEONE LEDOUX
ANNOUNCER.....HARLOW WILCOX
CONDUCTOR.....BILLY ARTZT
COMMERCIAL (Salute)..PAT MCGEEHAN
G.W. HITCH HIKE.....FRED SHIELDS

SOUND EFFECTS:

Phone (Up at other end)
Door
Medicine Cabinet
Pills in bottle
Going upstairs
Window (up and down)
Trays and pans
Can of soup explodes (hiss)

ENGINEERING:

Filter mike is needed

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"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1943

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

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

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

WIICOX: We're proud that Camels are first in the service --
yes, first with men in all the services, Army, Navy,
Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, according to actual
sales records. We're sending Camel cigarettes
overseas by the ton, by the hundreds of millions,
and we know they'll be fresh when they get there, too.
We know Camel cigarettes will stay fresh, cool smoking
and slow burning, because they're packed to go around
the world! We hope you'll understand how much Camel
cigarettes mean to service men, if there's ever a time
when your store's temporarily sold out. ~~It may happen,~~
~~even though we've pushed Camel's production to new~~
~~peaks.~~ But remember, when you get Camel's, you get
the rich, full flavor that results from expert blending
of costlier tobaccos. Camel's tobacco standard is the
same for soldier, for civilian, anywhere in the world!

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

WIICOX: Camel cigarettes! They stay 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!!

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

WILCOX: Well, it's just after lunch in the Bumstead home, Dagwood is at the offices of the J. C. Dithers Construction Company, Alexander has gone back to school, Cookie is outside playing in the backyard, and Blondie and Cora Dithers are sitting in the living room talking about,....well, what do women talk about outside of other women and clothes? That's right..... their husbands....

BLONDIE: Well, Cora, I'm sure they love us, but I think they're just sort of taking us for granted.

CORA: I think they're just sort of taking us for a ride.

BLONDIE: Well, the way those lords of the manor talk, you'd think we never did anything during the day. And personally, I don't think they overwork themselves.

CORA: No. I don't believe that stuff about "I've had a ha-a-a-a-ard day at the office."

BLONDIE: Every time we drop in on them, something hilarious is happening.

CORA: But when they drop in on us...we're working like... like...

BLONDIE: Like housewives.

CORA: I was going to say "dogs."

BLONDIE: It's the same thing.

CORA: You're right.....They just don't appreciate what we do.

BLONDIE: There ought to be some way we could make them.

CORA: Yes.....(THEN SUDDENLY) Ha-ha!!

BLONDIE: (SMILES) What is it??

CORA: (LAUGHS AGAIN) Blondie ... I've got it! I know how we can make them wait on us hand and foot all afternoon and evening!

BLONDIE: That would be wonderful!! How can we do it?

CORA: We'll just pretend we're both sick. Then they'll have to rush over here and nurse us back to health.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Dagwood as Florence Nightingale}...Well, it might be fun, but Cora.....I don't know whether we ought to do it. *CORA: Wonderful*

CORA: Our husbands have played enough tricks on us...bless their little hearts. Remember that time they were going to hypnotize us, stack us in a corner, and go off to play poker?? REMEMBER -

BLONDIE: Welll-1-1-1-1, yes.

CORA: Blondie, they've got it coming to them. And a few hours rest would do us a lot of good, (LAUGHING) particularly if we're sick in bed.

BLONDIE: But when Dagwood hears I'm not well, he's going to be worried.

CORA: Well, Julius will be worried, too....I hope. If he isn't worried, I'll slug him....Come on ... what do you say, Blondie? Shall we do it??

BLONDIE: Welllll-1-1-1-1....

CORA: *Good!* Good! Blondie, could I borrow your eyebrow pencil??

BLONDIE: Why...yes, of course.

CORA: When Julius gets here, I'm going to look like I'm in pretty shabby condition. *Blondie; what are you going to do?* I'm going to take that eyebrow pencil and put a half a dozen ^{MORE} circles under my eyes.

MUSIC:

(PHONE RINGS....)

DAGWOOD: WELL NEVER WIN THE WAR THIS WAY -

DITHERS:

DAGWOOD:

SOMEONE'S ALWAYS INTERRUPTING OUR IMPORTANT CONFERENCE.
Shall I answer the phone, Mr. Dithers??

DITHERS:

No, I'll take it, Dagwood.

(PICK UP PHONE...)

DITHERS:

J.C. Dithers, president of the J.C. Dithers ^{FOREVER.}
WE STAND BACK OF OUR HOUSES...OUR HOUSES STAND
Construction Company, speaking.

CORA:

(FILTER....QUAVERING) Hello, Julius.

DITHERS:

Who is this? Anybody I know?

CORA:

It's Cora.

DITHERS:

You sound an awful lot like my wife....Oh, hello, Cora! What's wrong??

CORA:

Julius, I don't feel well.

DITHERS:

Neither do I. It must have been that floating island pudding we scuttled last night.

CORA:

N-no. Blondie's not feeling well, either. We're both ^{VERY} sick.

DAGWOOD:

What's the matter, J.C."

DITHERS:

Cora says she and Blondie are both sick. Cora sounds like she was calling from the hopeless cases ward.

DAGWOOD: Hey, we'd better go and see what's wrong with them.

DITHERS: Where are you now, Cora?

CORA: I'm at Blondie's. Hurry, Julius - before it's too late.

(HANGS UP AT OTHER END....)

DITHERS: Well, just as soon as I finish dictating a few ^{DOZEN} letters ^{I'm A VERY} ^{BUSY MAN}
Hello? Hello? .. Dagwood, she hung up on me.

(HANGS UP).....

DAGWOOD: What are we going to do?

DITHERS: I guess we'll have to break up our gin rummy game and go.

MUSIC:

(DOOR CLOSES OFF.....)

CORA: Well, there they are, Blondie.

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) Blooooooondie!

DITHERS: (CALLS) Cor-r-r-r-ra!

BLONDIE: (CHEERILY) We're right upstairs in the bedroo--(STOPS, AND SWITCHES TO QUAVERY VOICE) We're upstairs in bed, Dagwood.

CORA: Blondie, what shall we tell them we have?

BLONDIE: Well, we can just make up some symptoms, I suppose ... Here they come.

CORA: The poor suckers.

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Blooondie - what's wrong?

DITHERS: Cora - what's the matter?

CORA: Hello, Julius, (GROANS)

BLONDIE: Hello, Dagwood. (GROANS) Oh-h-h-h-h-h-h.

DITHERS: Dagwood.....

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

DITHERS: (A QUICK DIAGNOSIS) They're goners!

CORA: Julius, don't give us up so fast!

DITHERS: Well, you sound like it would be any minute now.

DAGWOOD: Blondie - where do you hurt?

BLONDIE: All over.

DITHERS: How about you, Cora?

CORA: (GROANS IT) Ditto.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, have you got anything on you?

BLONDIE: What do you mean, have I got anything on me?

DAGWOOD: You know - like red polka dots.

DITHERS: Dagwood, look at Blondie's face. It's all covered with -
oh, no, those are freckles.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, they're cute, aren't they?

BLONDIE: Never-mind the compliments - we're sick. *WE'RE VERY SICK -*

DAGWOOD: We'd better call the doctor right away.

CORA: No, no, no.

BLONDIE: No, don't call the doctor.

DITHERS: What's the matter? Are you beyond all medical help? ..
Who knows -- Maybe they can pull you through with a little
sulfa-frannistan. *CRIMPET.*

BLONDIE: Well, we're not quite that sick.

DAGWOOD: (RELIEVED) Oh, well, in that case ..

CORA: (CUTS IN) But we're still plenty sick. (GROANS) See?

DITHERS: *HOPE IT'S NOTHING TRIVIAL.* / Well, when did this all happen?

BLONDIE: We were just sitting in the living room, talking, when all
of a sudden, it struck us.

CORA: The next thing we knew we were in bed.

BLONDIE: Aching all over. (GROANS A LITTLE) Oh-h-h-h-h.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, where do you hurt the most?

BLONDIE: I don't know, dear.

DAGWOOD: Right here?

BLONDIE: No.

DAGWOOD: Here?

BLONDIE: No.

DAGWOOD: How about here? Kitchy, kitchy, kitchy!

BLONDIE: (SCREAMS) Dagwoooooood! Stop it! You're tickling! Don't!

DAGWOOD: You feel better now?

BLONDIE: I feel awful. Here I am sick in bed, and you try to tickle me.

DAGWOOD: I was just trying to cheer you up.

DITHERS: Oh - uh - Cora, where do you hurt the most?

CORA: Get away from me, you Frankenstein!...Before I'd let you diagnose me, I'd call in a witch doctor.

DITHERS: / ^{I DIDN'T SAY YOU WERE A WITCH... THIS TIME -} Well, how can we do anything to help you if we don't know what's wrong with you? We're not psychic! We're only human beings!

CORA: And there's a doubt about that, Poochie.

DITHERS: Oh, don't call me Poochie!

CORA: It's better than what I'd like to call you.

DAGWOOD: Blondie - you've got to get well right away. Can't we do anything to help?

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood - I think what Cora and I need is a little rest. If you and Mr. Dithers could just sort of take over for the rest of the day, we might recover.

CORA: Understand - we're not promising anything. We may just stay
here in bed if this works out well. ^{Blondie! Cora!} I mean if we don't get
~~well -~~

BLONDIE: Cora!

CORA: I mean, if we don't get well.

DITHERS: Good grief! Do you mean we'll have to be housewives!?

DAGWOOD: Blondie, that wouldn't be good for us. We might get
something.

BLONDIE: For instance?

DAGWOOD: Well - dishpan hands.

DITHERS: Dagwood, let's take a look in the medicine chest and see if
we can't find something that would be good for them.

DAGWOOD: Yeah - we'll be right back .. Don't go away.

BLONDIE: We're not likely to .. We're sick aren't we, Cora?

CORA: We're wa-a-a-asting away .. (FADING)

DAGWOOD: Right in here, J.C.

DITHERS: You must have ^{SOME KIND OF MEDICINE BLAST} ~~something~~ that would ~~send~~ them out of bed -
Let's take a look. Open the ~~medicine~~ cabinet.

(OPENING MEDICINE CABINET)

DAGWOOD: ^{I wonder} Hmm - ~~now~~ what would be good.
^{THAT WOULD BE AWFULLY GOOD FOR CORA. IT HAS}

DITHERS: Well, something ^{without} a skull and Cross-bones on the
bottle.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yes. We don't want to do anything drastic.

DITHERS: Well-1-1 ^{No -} not too drastic .. Ah, here's some ^{PRETTY} ~~pink~~ pills.
Let's see them.

DAGWOOD: ^{THEY'RE PINK TOO -} What does it say they're good for?

DITHERS: It says they're good for what ails you.

DAGWOOD: That could be anything.

DITHERS: This is what they need, all right. It's probably what the doctor would prescribe, anyway. One for children and two for adults.

DAGWOOD: Well, let's pop a couple in their mouths.

DITHERS: Why don't we give them four apiece and make sure?

DAGWOOD: Well, we'll take them in.

DITHERS: I'll bring a glass of water for a chaser....

(SHAKING PILLS IN BOTTLE)

DITHERS: What are you doing with those pills, Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: Doesn't it say shake well before using?

DITHERS: Not with pills, ~~still~~ ^{YOU PILL..} Well, here we are girls. ^{DAGWOOD! MAYBE IT MEANS TO SHAKE OUR WIVES - NO NO - IT'S AN IDEA THOUGH. HOW DID I GET - MIXED UP WITH THIS}
Cora, you're first.

CORA: What is this?

DITHERS: Nevermind. Open your mouth and shut your eyes, and I'll give something to make you wise.

CORA: Is that all it'll do to me?

DITHERS: Cora, don't you trust me?

CORA: No. I've never trusted you yet and I'm not going to begin now.

DAGWOOD: Here you are, Blondie. Open your mouth.

BLONDIE: Uh - what is it?

DAGWOOD: Just a couple of little pink pills.

BLONDIE: No thank you.

DAGWOOD: Aw, come on, Blondie. Gobble them down.

BLONDIE: No - thank - you.

DAGWOOD: Why not?

BLONDIE: Because I don't want to.

DAGWOOD: A fine reason. You're getting to be more like your daughter every day,

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DITHERS: Here, Cora, take your pills like a good soldier.

CORA: Nothing doing. They may be good for a soldier, but not for me.

DITHERS: Oh, come on! ^{THEY'LL} ~~Do it~~ bounce you right out of bed.

CORA: It sounds like a demolition charge.

DITHERS: It'll do you a world of good.

CORA: I don't want to have that much good done to me.

DITHERS: It's perfectly harmless. Look on the label. Recommended for acid condition, heartburn ^{HANGNAILS, CARBUNCLES, TOO -} ~~and stuff~~.

CORA: Let me see that label.

DITHERS: What for?

CORA: I want to read the fine print.

DITHERS: Oh, nevermind, nevermind. If you don't want to get well, you two can just lie there in bed.

BLONDIE: We were planning on doing just that.

DAGWOOD: Gee, Mr. Dithers, they both sound a *lot* better now than they did when we came in.

DITHERS: Yes, they do. They look better, too.

CORA: (QUAVERING) How do you feel, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Much worse.

CORA: (GROANS IT) Ditto.

BLONDIE: I'm afraid you men will have to help out with the housework. You can start by doing the ~~cleaning~~ *dusting*.

CORA: And we'll tell you where to go from there!

BLONDIE: Ah-ah-ah---don't say anything.

CORA: No - just get going!

MUSIC:

(PHONE RINGS)

DAGWOOD: I'll answer it, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: It's probably for one of our two invalids.

(PICK UP PHONE)

DAGWOOD: Hello? .. Yeah - this is Dagwood. Who's this? .. Oh, hello, Fred. (TO DITHERS) It's Fred Potter.

DITHERS: Oh-oh--he's getting up a poker game.

DAGWOOD: (ON PHONE) What's that, Fred?...A little game? Well, Fred, I'll have to talk it over with Blondie .. What did you say? Oh - in that case you won't expect me .. Well, look - J. C. and I will see what we can do. We'll try to make it if we can. .. Okay, Fred. So long.

(HANGS UP)

DAGWOOD: Well, J.C. - what do you think our chances are?

DITHERS: Well, I'd say we had a little less than no chance at all.

DAGWOOD: Yeah - there's not much we can do when Blondie and Cora are both sick in bed. I wonder if we could get them up some way.

DITHERS: We might sprinkle some dry crackers in the bed,

DAGWOOD: (SHUDDERS) Mr. Dithers, don't say that! Just thinking about it makes me itch.

DITHERS: Oh, well, let's just be silly about it, and go right upstairs and ask them if we can go .. Come on.

DAGWOOD: ^{JUST LIKE LITTLE GENTLEMEN -}
/Okay, J. C.

(GOING UP THE STAIRS)

DITHERS: We'll put it to them fairly and squarely. How can they refuse us?

DAGWOOD: By saying no .. I predict a dismal failure.

BLONDIE: (OFF A BIT) Who was that on the phone, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Why, that was Fred Potter, and I wondered if --

BLONDIE: (FIRMLY .. ON MIKE NOW) No.

DAGWOOD: No?

BLONDIE: No.

DAGWOOD: Oh. No.

DITHERS: Cora, Fred wanted me to -

CORA: No.

DITHERS: Broad-minded, aren't they?

CORA: As far as I'm concerned, Julius, Fred Potter's house is a den of thieves and sink of iniquity.

BLONDIE: Cora, I agree with you.

DITHERS: Oh, Cora - I do all right there. I've never lost my shirt in those games.

CORA: You do all right, but ~~your bank account comes home in a~~ ^{ZIPPER-} ~~barrel.~~ ^{ALL THAT'S LEFT OF YOUR WALLET IS THE}

DAGWOOD: Blondie, it's just a harmless little game.

BLONDIE: Maybe so, but financially, it leaves you black and blue. Our answer is no.

DITHERS: That's dandy. We've been waiting on you two hand and foot we've been slaving away downstairs - and you sit up here reading mystery stories and eating candy by the hand-fulls, ^{handsfulls -} It's an outrage.

(KNOCK ON DOOR OFF)

BLONDIE: That sounds like someone knocking at the front door. You better see who it is, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: I'll just open the window and take a look.

(WINDOW GOES UP)

DITHERS: Who is it?

DAGWOOD: It's Harlow Wilcox. (CALLS) Hello, Harlow.

WILCOX: (OFF A BIT .. LOUD) Hello, Dagwood. I just wondered if I'd be seeing you and Mr. Dithers tonight at you know ~~these~~ ^{whose} house to play a little you-know-what.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I catch on, but our you-knows just said no.

DITHERS: So it looks like we're behind the you-know-what ball.

WILCOX: Well, if you can get out, don't forget to bring along plenty of you-know-what cigarettes.

DITHERS: Oh, come on, Harlow - there's no secret about Camels.

WILCOX: You're right. Everyone knows that Camels stay fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning. That's because they're packed to go around the world.

DAGWOOD: Not quite so loud. We can hear you.

WILCOX: But I want everyone to know about Camels, and to try Camels in their T-Zone - that's T for taste and throat - everybody's own proving ground for Camel's rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness. *Ah that matchless blend of costlier tobaccos, that*

DITHERS: Yes, Harlow, we know about that.

WILCOX: Well, I just wanted to be sure that if you go you-know where to play you-know-what you'd bring along enough Camels so you wouldn't be always borrowing them from me. Camels have that rich flavor that helps them to hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Harlow - we'll make a mental note of that.

WILCOX: Okay, boys. So long.
(AD LIB GOODBYES....)
(WINDOW GOES DOWN)

CORA: Julius.

DITHERS: Yeah?

CORA: There will be no you-know-what at you-know-whose house tonight!

BLONDIE: Remember we're sick.

DAGWOOD: Aren't you feeling any better yet?

CORA: Well, just a little.

BLONDIE: But so little we can't even notice it .. I'm afraid you ~~are~~ ^{MEN WILL} have to cook dinner tonight.

DITHERS: Oh, no! Try getting up!

CORA: Well, all right, Julius - I'll try. (GROANS) I can't make it,

DAGWOOD: How about you, Blondie?

BLONDIE: I'll try too. (GROANS) Ohhh-h-h. It's no use.

CORA: Isn't it terrible, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Yes, and we've always been so active.

CORA: Now there's nothing for us to do but loaf.

DITHERS: Oh, don't look so happy about it!...Come on, Dagwood - we've got a big washing ahead of us.

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: (SEE, MR. DITHERS. I APPRECIATE YOU HELPING ME WITH THE WASH.

DITHERS: (DEEP SIGH) ^{YES,} ~~Well, Dagwood,~~ ^{ALL THE WASH AND} I just hung/the last sock out on the line. ^{AND DAGWOOD, DON'T TELL CORA THIS, BUT I LOVED EVERY}

DAGWOOD: ^{MINUTE OF IT... WHAT DID YOU DO -} ~~I just emptied the last of the rinse water.~~ ^{I ENJOYED DEFROSTING THE ICE BOX -}

DITHERS: ^{DEFROSTING IT YOU MEAN -} / I'm completely ~~goofed~~ ^{FOOFED.}

DAGWOOD: Well, I'm glad to do it. I hate to see Blondie sick in bed.

DITHERS: And poor Cora, I SUPPOSE -

DAGWOOD: I guess they're really suffering.

DITHERS: Yes, we shouldn't complain. They ache all over and all I've got is a pain in the neck.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS--WAY OFF MIKE)

CORA: (LAUGHS--WAY OFF MIKE)

DAGWOOD: Listen to ^{THE POOR DARLINGS} them. ~~They're~~ ^{THERE THEY ARE SICK IN BED AND} trying to be brave about it.

DITHERS: Yes. They're laughing so we won't feel too badly about them.....Whew! What an afternoon we've put in.

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES OFF.....)

DITHERS: Who was that?

DAGWOOD: Is that you, Cookie?

COOKIE: (COMING UP) Hello, Daddy....Hello, Mr. Dizzy.

DITHERS: Oh, no! Look, Cookie--my name is ~~Mr.~~ Dithers, MR DITHERS. Dithers. Have you got it now?

COOKIE: Yes, Mr. Dizzy.

DAGWOOD: What did you want, Cookie?

COOKIE: Well, it's time now, and I wondered who was going to give me my bath.

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dizzy -- I mean, Mr. Dithers will take care of it.

DITHERS: You mean I should give her a bath?

DAGWOOD: Sure. Why not?

DITHERS: Well, I'm bashful!....Do you give her baths?

DAGWOOD: Oh, sure. She loves to have me scrub her back.

COOKIE: I'm not bashful.

DITHERS: Apparently not....Well, I don't think you need a bath, Cookie?

COOKIE: Yes, I do. I'm dirty.
DAGWOOD: ^{COME ON, DADDY WILL}
~~Well, I'll~~ give you a bath, Cookie.
COOKIE: Thank you, Daddy.
DITHERS: The child has no modesty.
DAGWOOD: J.C. if I give Cookie a bath, you're going to have
to start the dinner.
DITHERS: I can't--I'm practically paralyzed.
DAGWOOD: But you've got to. Think of our wives, suffering
upstairs.
DITHERS: Oh, all right. But if you hear a dull thud coming
from the kitchen, that'll be me, ~~k~~neeling over.

MUSIC:

(RATTLING OF TRAYS AND PANS IN KITCHEN....)

DAGWOOD: How'er you coming along with the dinner J.C?
DITHERS: Terrible. I tried to make some biscuits.
DAGWOOD: How did they come out?
DITHERS: Like hand grenades -- Here -- take a look at this.
DAGWOOD: Wow! It's heavy, isn't it?
DITHERS: Just drop it once.

(DROP METAL OBJECT)

DAGWOOD: Well, anyway, I'd say these were bullet-proof
biscuits...What happened?
DITHERS: The recipe's no good. It called for soda and I
squirted in a whole bottle of it.
DAGWOOD: That's strange...And when you put the biscuits in
the pan, didn't they rise?

DITHERS: No -- they just sort of scrunched down.

DAGWOOD: You're right -- there must be something wrong with that recipe.

DITHERS: Yes. I started to make a meat loaf, but listen to this recipe. Ground beef, ground veal, ground lamb, then you turn the page and it says, "Sprinkle generously with cleaning fluid."

DAGWOOD: That must be for the gravy....No, no -- that's silly... Oh, wait -- I see what's wrong.

DITHERS: What?

DAGWOOD: Two of these pages are stuck together.

DITHERS: Oh, yes. I guess it's a recipe for removing the gravy spots caused by the meat loaf. Well, what are you doing ~~now?~~

DAGWOOD: I'm helping you cook the soup. The can's sitting on the burner right now.

DITHERS: Holy smoke! You shouldn't put that can right over the fire!

DAGWOOD: Why not? I took the label off so it wouldn't smoke up the place.

DITHERS: It'll explode! Who's cooking this dinner -- you or me? Get it off there! Get it off that fire quick!

DAGWOOD: ~~Don't worry...IT'S ALL RIGHT -~~
(CAN OF SOUP EXPLODES....WITH A HISS...)

DAGWOOD: Yeow-w-w-w-!

DITHERS: Great suffering humanity! Don't you know that's sabotage?

DAGWOOD: Sabotage nothing! It's tomato soup, and it's all over the kitchen ~~WALL~~.

DITHERS: Look at that government poster ^{TACKED UP HERE} ~~Blondie just got from the grocery store~~. It says: "Food is the mightiest weapon of them all."

DAGWOOD: I know. I just turned a can of soup into a land mine.

DITHERS: It doesn't mean you throw food at the enemy, Dagwood. See, it says, "Produce, conserve, share, and play square." You're supposed to waste nothing, to clean your plate.

DAGWOOD: How about the wall paper?

DITHERS: Bumstead! Stop licking that soup off the wall... See, it says, "Buy no more rationed food than you really need. Always turn in your stamps when you buy rationed food. Pay no more than top legal prices." If everybody did those things, we wouldn't have any trouble.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Mr. Dithers, let's go upstairs and see if our wives have any suggestions.

DITHERS: ~~That did it! I'm a bum again...Oh, Dagwood -- what we go through for our wives.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Let's go upstairs and see if they have any suggestions.~~

DITHERS: Yes. I hope they're feeling better. I'm beginning to worry about them.

DAGWOOD: So am I. If they stay sick much longer I'm going to have a nervous breakdown.

DITHERS: Sh-h-h-. Don't make any noise going up the stairs. They may be asleep.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. Gee, I hope they've improved. The way they were groaning and carrying on. Boy, it was awful.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS OFF MIKE)

DITHERS: That didn't sound like a groan to me.

DAGWOOD: Me, neither.

CORA: (CLOSER -- INSIDE THE ROOM) I nearly died laughing, Blondie. (SHE LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: Maybe they're hysterical .

DITHERS: Maybe we'd better find out what they're hysterical about. Let's listen.

BLONDIE: (INSIDE) And the way they've been working today. They dusted, and did the washing, and took care of Cookie --

CORA: (LAUGHS) And right now Julius is trying to cook dinner, the poor ~~beeb!~~ ^{HAN'S PRUDENCE PENNY -}

DITHERS: (TENSE) Dagwood, run down to the kitchen and bring me a couple of sharp knives and that potato masher.

DAGWOOD: (LOW) No, no, Mr. Dithers. Control yourself.

BLONDIE: It seems like an awful mean trick to play on them.

CORA: It serves them right. How I've enjoyed lolling around up here while they were downstairs perspiring.

BLONDIE: When do you think we ought to recover?

CORA: After we've had dinner in bed. Then they can take us out to a movie.

DAGWOOD: (LOW) J.C. -- I've got a little idea.

DITHERS: (LOW) What is it -- murder?

DAGWOOD: (LOW) No -- listen. We'll go in and see them and tell them -- (HE WHISPERS UNINTELLIGIBLY)

DITHERS: That's swell, Dagwood. We'll do it.

DAGWOOD: Let's go in and see them first.

DITHERS: Okay...let's make sounds as though we were just coming up the stairs.

DITHERS: Right!

(CLOMPING UP THE STAIRS)

DAGWOOD: (LOUD VOICE) Well, I hope they're able to get up by now, J.C.

DITHERS: (LOUD VOICE) Yes, but we mustn't be too hard on them, Dagwood. They're not at all well.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Hello, girls. How are you now?

BLONDIE: Well, we're feeling a little better.

CORA: Yes. Now we think we're going to live again.

DITHERS: Oh, Cora, you poor, poor darling. You still feel pretty bad, don't you?

CORA: (GROANS A LITTLE) Yes, Julius -- darling.

DITHERS: Hmmmmmm.

DAGWOOD: We're going out to get something for you, but we'll be back later.

DITHERS: Yes -- later. (CHUCKLES)

BLONDIE: What's so funny, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: Oh, nothing. We've got a little surprise for you in the kitchen...Well, we better go now.

DAGWOOD: We're so sorry you're not feeling well...Goodbye.

BLONDIE: (FROM A BED OF PAIN) Goodbye, Dagwood.

CORA: (DITTO) We'll -- be waiting, Julius.

DITHERS: You are so right...Goodbye.

(DOOR CLOSES..)

BLONDIE: Cora -- I wonder what the surprise is.

CORA: As soon as they go, we can go downstairs and take a look. Hasn't this been a wonderful day?

BLONDIE: Yes, and it's been fun for us to play a trick on them for a change. You know, they did at least two whole days work.

CORA: Well, they needed the exercise. And now they'll appreciate us.

BLONDIE: I guess so ..There! I think I heard them go out the front door. Come on -- let's see what the surprise is in the kitchen.

CORA: All right.

(DOOR OPENS)

CORA: They certainly are a couple of innocent babes in the woods, aren't they?

BLONDIE: But they're nice.

CORA: If they ever find out we'll have to ask for police protection.

BLONDIE: Well, here's the kitchen door.

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: (GASPS) Oh!

CORA: Look at that mess in the kitchen.

BLONDIE: And here's ^{NOTE} a note on the table. It says, "We're on to your stunt. Clean up the kitchen. This is a command."
Oh, Cora!

CORA: E-gad!

COOKIE: (COMING UP) Oh, Mrs. Dizzy. Mr. Dizzy told me to give you this note.

CORA: Thank you, Cookie...Hmmm. It says, "Due to a change in plans, we will not be playing you-know-what at you-know-whose house. Instead we will be playing guess what at you-don't-know-whose house and will be home at nobody knows what time...Signed -- your underprivileged husbands." Oh, blondie!

BLONDIE: Oh, Cora -- they've done it again!

MUSIC.... (TAG CURTAIN)

(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)

MCGEEHAN: (ISOLATION BOOTH)

To Marine Corps Private Arthur Monte, of Chicago, who has just been awarded the Silver Star for extraordinary bravery in covering an American retreat in the Solomon Islands. Though his machine gun position was swept by enemy fire, wounding him three times and killing his only companion, he waited silently until seventy-two Japanese came within deadly range, opened fire, and killed all of them! In your honor, Marine Private Arthur Monte, the makers of Camels are sending to Marine Corps men overseas three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes! We salute you, Private Monte, and all the men of the Marine Corps, in honor of the 163th Anniversary of the founding of the Corps next Wednesday!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: On each of the four Camel shows we'll salute another Yank of the Week, and on each of them send three hundred thousand Camels to our men overseas...a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week.

WILCOX: Camels have thanked audiences of more than three million Yanks in this country with the traveling Camel Caravans, which since Nineteen Forty-One have given more than two thousand free shows and free Camels in more than five hundred different camps.

WILCOX: Also, folks, listen to each of the four Camel Radio shows -- each week.

MCGEEHAN: Thursday night!....

WILCOX: Thursday night over another network, listen to those whirl-wind comics...Bud Abbott and Lou Costello.

MCGEEHAN: Friday night!....

WILCOX: Laugh with Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore every Friday, over these same CBS stations.

MCGEEHAN: Saturday night!

WILCOX: Bob Hawk in the comedy quiz, "Thanks to the Yanks," also on Columbia.

MCGEEHAN: Monday night!

WILCOX: And of course, be sure to listen to "Blondie", America's famous comic strip family, each Monday night at this same time and over these same CBS stations.

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

WILCOX: Next week Dagwood's boss, Mr. Dithers, tells Cookie a fairy story that makes her run away from home. There's plenty of fun in store for you so don't forget to listen in next week at this same time when "BLONDIE'S DAUGHTER RUNS AWAY."

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 -- your second pack of Camel cigarettes will taste even better than your first! Camel's extra flavor helps 'em hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke!

WILCOX: This is Harlow Wilcox saying good night for Camel cigarettes -- first in the Service!

MUSIC: (THEME AND APPLAUSE)

(BOARD FADE AND OUT)

(GEORGE WASHINGTON HITCH HIKE)

SHIELDS: (ISOLATION BOOTH)

A two-and-a-quarter-ounce package for ten cents!

Mister Pipesmoker, look at the blue revenue stamp on the top of your package of tobacco and see if it says as much as two and a quarter ounces! Then get a big blue package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco! Compare the size of it, the price of it -- ten cents -- and compare the way George Washington smokes, too! Yes sir, George Washington's mild, mellow, and fragrant, down through the last puff at the bottom of the bowl! Get a big blue package of George Washington tomorrow!

This is the COLUMBIA.....BROADCASTING SYSTEM.