

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

AS
BROADCAST

"BLONDIE MEETS KRISHNI GOOMBA"

CBS STUDIO "C"
MONDAY, JANUARY 31, 1944

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

DITHERS.....HANLEY STAFFORD
ALEXANDER.....TOMMY COOK
COOKIE.....LEONE LEDOUX
ANNOUNCER.....KEN NILES
CONDUCTOR.....BILLY ARTZT
YANK.....(Salute).PAT MCGEEHAN
G.W.HITCH HIKE....FRED SHIELDS

SOUND EFFECTS

DOOR
PHONE (DIAL)
WHIZZ WHISTLE
DOOR BELL
WALKING DOWN STEPS
CRASH OF WATER COOLER (WATER SPILLS)
FIRE TRUCKS PASS (NO SIREN)
OPENING PACKAGE
RATTLE OF PAPER
LID OF BOX
OPENING ENVELOPE
GLASS CRASH
STUMBLES AND FALLS DOWN STEPS
CLOCK STRIKES TWO
WORKS OF WATCH (GEARS ETC)
CHAIR
PLASTER FALLS TO FLOOR

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"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, JANUARY 31, 1944

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 Camels...

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

NILES: By the million, by the ton, Camel cigarettes are going
out to our men all over the world! Yes, Camels are first
with men in all the services, according to actual sales
records! In fact, both at home and overseas, more
people want Camel cigarettes now. More flavor is one
big reason - more flavor, the result of expert
blending of costlier tobaccos. Camels stay fresh too,
they stay cool smoking and slow burning, because they're
packed to go around the world! So remember, if your
store is sold out today -- try again tomorrow! Camel
cigarettes are worth asking for again!

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

NILES: Camel cigarettes! Camel's tobacco standard is the same
for soldier, for civilian, anywhere in the world!

MUSIC: (OPENING...HOLD FOR:)

NILES: And now for our weekly visit with our neighbors, the Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue!

(APPLAUSE)

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

NILES: Well, Christmas has gone, but there's one Christmas present that the Bumsteads haven't opened yet. The package fell down and slipped under the shoe shelf in the closet, and Blondie only discovered it a few minutes ago. If Blondie and Dagwood knew what was in it and the trouble it would bring them, they'd never open it up. But they don't know, and so here they are, opening, the package right now....

(SOUND OF OPENING PACKAGE)

DAGWOOD: It's from your Uncle Kermit who ~~was~~ ^{TRAVELS ALL OVER THE WORLD} for the airplane company, hanh?

BLONDIE: Yes, Dagwood ~~and the last I heard from him, he was leaving a censored West Coast port on a censored day for a censored destination to do something censored to a military secret.~~

DAGWOOD: Yeah ~~-- I remember when the censor got through using his scissors on that letter it looked like a player piano roll.~~

BLONDIE: ^{YES, AND} Well, anyway, this package is from India.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah, that's where the India ink comes from.

BLONDIE: What do you suppose could be in this package?

DAGWOOD: Well, it could be a live cobra for the children to play with.

BLONDIE: Maybe it's a bed sheet autographed by Mahatma Gandhi.
....Well, we'll see.

DAGWOOD: Hey, look.

(RATTLING OF PAPER)

BLONDIE: Why, Dagwood, look -- it's a little wooden idol. I'll bet it's some strange ~~East Indian~~ ^{HINDU} god.

DAGWOOD: Gee, for a god he certainly has a nasty looking puss.

BLONDIE: Why I think he's sort of cute.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, he is in a sort of ~~horrid~~ ^{ghostly} way....I don't think ~~we're~~ ^{he and I are} going to be good friends.

BLONDIE: I think he'd be good to put ⁱⁿ ~~on~~ the mantel over the fireplace.

DAGWOOD: I think he'd be good to put on the fireplace under the mantel.He looks like he's sneering at me.

BLONDIE: Oh now Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Well, Blondie, he makes me feel uneasy.

BLONDIE: What do you mean, uneasy?

DAGWOOD: It's the same feeling I got that morning I ran for the bus without my pants...I feel like I'm being stared at.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, you're just superstitious or something!

DAGWOOD: I am not superstitious. I never have been superstitious.

(KNOCK KNOCK LIGHTLY ON TABLE)

DAGWOOD: (ADDS) Knock on wood.

BLONDIE: Oh -- wait a minute. Here's a letter with the package.
I didn't see it in here.

DAGWOOD: What's it say?

BLONDIE: Just a minute.

(OPENING ENVELOPE)

BLONDIE: It says, "Dear Blondie--and you, too, Dagwood....Well, here I am ^{LIVING} in censored where it's hot as censored. We're doing a swell job here building ^{A BIG} censored and pretty soon we're going to start a censored and chase those little censored, censored all the way out of censored and back to censored } ^{where they come from}"

DAGWOOD Uncle Kermit certainly writes an interesting letter.....
I hope he knows where he is.

BLONDIE: Here's something about the idol. He says, "I hope you're not nervous or superstitious people, because I am giving you a carved statue of the ^{HINDU} ~~East Indian~~ god, Krishni Goomba--"

DAGWOOD: Krishni Goomba, hanh? I wonder what his father's name was?

BLONDIE: (CONTINUES) "--and there is a curse upon this particular little idol."

DAGWOOD: (ALARMED) A curse on it!??

BLONDIE: That's what Uncle Kermit says here. There's nothing wrong with that. All idols have curses on them.

DAGWOOD: I don't want anything in this house with a curse on it. Blondie, is just isn't sanitary!

BLONDIE: But Dagwood, you're not superstitious, are you?

DAGWOOD: Of course not, but if we're going to have a little ^{HINDU} ~~Indian~~ idol around here it's got to act civilized....What kind ^{OF} ~~of~~ a curse is it?

BLONDIE: Well, let's see. Oh, yes--Uncle Kermit says "Bad luck is supposed to fall upon whoever possesses this statue ~~of~~ ~~Krishni Goomba, because it was stolen from the sacred temple of Shandrikar Roncapore. Merry Christmas to you all, Uncle Kermit,~~ ^{BUT DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT -}... P.S. I'm writing this from a hospital where I'm laid up with a broken leg."

DAGWOOD: That did it! I don't care who this idol is! If he doesn't play ball with the Bumsteads--out he goes!

BLONDIE: Dagwood, don't be silly about this.

(POUNING TABLE WITH EACH WORD BELOW....)

DAGWOOD: I'm not being silly about this!

BLONDIE: Please, dear, don't pound on the table like that! You're shaking the whole house!

DAGWOOD: I don't care!

(MORE POUNDING WITH BELOW....)

DAGWOOD: I'm not going to be intimidated by any little idol!

(GLASS CRASH OFF....)

DAGWOOD: Hanh? Hey, what was that?

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood! The hall mirror fell off the wall and smashed to pieces!

DAGWOOD: A mirror?? Whooooaaaa!Hey, look at that little idol now!

BLONDIE: ~~What~~
^{WHY}

DAGWOOD: I could swear he was laughing at me! I'll fix him!....Now listen here you ugly little hunk of ~~wood~~^{PUNK}--!

BLONDIE: Dagwood! He didn't smash that mirror--you did! You shook it off the wall by pounding that table. Now for heaven's sakes, don't get all upset over nothing! It was an accident, and you can't blame it on Mr. Goomba or whatever his name is, anymore than you could blame it on one of Cookie's dolls.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I guess you're right, Blondie.

BLONDIE: The idol is part mine, and nothing has happened to me yet.

COOKIE: Hello, Mommy. Hello, Daddy....What're you doing?

BLONDIE -5-A-
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BLONDIE: Oh, we're just looking at----Cookie Bumstead! Have you
got some of my best perfume on you??

COOKIE: Don't I smell wonderful?

DAGWOOD: Whew! Blondie, look at her! She's dripping with perfume! ~~COOKIE~~
WIPE OFF YOUR CHIN

BLONDIE: Oh, Cookie! How much of it did you use?

COOKIE: I wanted to smell pretty so you'd love me.

BLONDIE: Well, you don't smell pretty at all. You just smell expensive....Now how much did you use?

COOKIE: I poured the whole bottle on my head.

BLONDIE: Oh-h-h-h! That bottle cost a small fortune when I got it, and you just can't get it any more!...Cookie, what did you do it for?

COOKIE: To take away the smell of the other perfume.

BLONDIE: What other perfume?

COOKIE: The little bottle with the crown on it.

BLONDIE: Oh, no-o-o-o! Is that all gone, too?

COOKIE: I poured it into the stuff Daddy uses after he shaves.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! I'll never be able to use that anymore. I'd get whistled out of the office.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood - that was the last of my perfume!

DAGWOOD: I'll let you use my after shave!~~1071012~~ -

BLONDIE: Now how do you think after shave¹⁰⁷¹⁰¹² would smell on me. I don't want people to think I just came out of a barber shop.

DAGWOOD: I suppose not .. I told you, Blondie! This little idol your Uncle Kermit sent us is responsible for everything! We've got to get rid of him!

BLONDIE: Dagwood, I think that's silly, and superstitious - but I think it would be a swell idea!...Cookie, you come upstairs with mother. I want to see what else you've done.

COOKIE: Have I been bad, Mommy?

BLONDIE: Yes, Cookie, you've been bad and double bad.

COOKIE: (STARTS TO CRY)

BLONDIE: Now stop that crying. You emptied all my perfume bottles and if anyone's going to do any crying around here, it's going to be me' .. Now come on, Cookie...(FADING)

(DOOR BELL..)

BLONDIE: (OFF) Will you get the door Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie...Well, whoever it is, is going to get a present from me. Gee, it looks like Ken Niles.

(DOOR OPENS..)

NILES: Hello, Dagwood. Hello, Ken. How're you? I'm fine, how're you? I'm fine, too .. Well, that takes care of the formalities - now invite me in.

DAGWOOD: Come in, Ken.

NILES: Thank you.

(DOOR CLOSES..)

DAGWOOD: Oh, by the way, Ken, would you like a little present?

NILES: Yes, if it isn't too little.

DAGWOOD: Well, here it is, then. It's a statue of an ~~East Indian~~ ^{HINDU} god, Krishni Goomba.

NILES: What a cute name. ~~What's this god supposed to do?~~
~~Anything interesting?~~

~~DAGWOOD: You'll find out. (LAUGHS) He's sort of a god of things~~
~~as they ought not to be.~~

~~NILES: Oh, sort of an anti-Billiken.~~

DAGWOOD: Yes, Mr. Goomba is an ~~East Indian Gnomlin~~ ^{HINDU HOODOO}... There's just one thing wrong. You're not superstitious, are you?

NILES: Oh, no, not me!

DAGWOOD: That's good, because there's a teeny-weeny curse on the statue.

NILES: Well, I don't believe in that sort of stuff. Here, let me hold him in my hand.

DAGWOOD: Here he is.

NILES: Golly, what a sour-faced expression! Why, he reminds me of a guy who's just tasted something flat, some guy who doesn't know that Camel cigarettes have more flavor, the result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos!

DAGWOOD: Well, he's all yours, Ken. If you can teach him to smile, more power to you.

NILES: I'll do my best! I'll tell him about the way Camels' rich extra flavor helps 'em to hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke! Why, once a guy tries a Camel in his T-Zone, he just naturally gets a happy expression! You see, Dagwood, there's nothing like your taste to tell you about Camel's flavor, and nothing like your own throat to tell you how really mild a Camel cigarette is!

DAGWOOD: It's no use, Ken. You can get anybody to smile about Camels--except Mr. Goomba. That expression of his is packed to go around the world!

NILES: And so are Camels--they stay fresh, cool smoking and slow burning--because they're packed to go around the world! Well, even if he does look like a cross-patch, Dagwood, he's an interesting little guy. Thanks for giving him to me.

DAGWOOD: I'm glad to give him to you, and I do mean delighted.

NILES: You think something's going to happen to me?

DAGWOOD: Oh, no, no, Ken. But if I were your insurance company, I'd start writing out a check right now.

~~(I'd cancel all your policies.)~~

(DOOR OPENS)

NILES: Well, so long, Dagwood -- thanks again.

DAGWOOD: Watch those steps -- they're icy.

NILES: Oh, I'm pretty sure-footed and -- Yeow-w-w! Look out!

(FALLING DOWN ABOUT THREE STEPS)

DAGWOOD: Well, so long, Ken -- and happy landings.

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE; (COMING UP) Dagwood -- what was that noise?

DAGWOOD: I just gave that statue to Ken Niles, and sure enough, Mr. Goomba kicked him down the front steps.

BLONDIE: Is he all right?

DAGWOOD: Mr. Goomba's fine, but Ken is limping a little...Where's Cookie?

BLONDIE: I told her she'd have to stay in her room until dinner time, and ~~I'm not going to let her play with Mary Catherine tomorrow.~~ Dagwood, she doused herself with about thirty dollars worth of perfume.

DAGWOOD: Good old Uncle Kermit .. Why couldn't he have been related to Hitler.

BLONDIE: Dagwooooood.

DAGWOOD: I'm sorry, honey. Everything's okay now - we got rid of Mr. Goomba, and we haven't got anything to worry about.

BLONDIE: Well, I can't believe that little idol had anything to do with what happened - but it's best to take no chances.

(DOOR OPENS)

ALEXANDER: (OFF) Hi, Pop--hi, Mom! I'm home.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

BLONDIE: Well, what happened at school today, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: Er...uh...what happened at school?

DAGWOOD: Yes, what happened at school?

ALEXANDER: Um...uh...Pop, how did you use to be in geography?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Oh, boy - in geography I was the - best -

ALEXANDER: Pop, I'd rather you told me the truth about this.

DAGWOOD: Er...uh...I was terrible in geography.

ALEXANDER: And how were you in history, pop?

DAGWOOD: History? Oh, well, I---I was --uh--not so hotso...What did you want to know for?

ALEXANDER: Well, we took tests in geography and history today.

BLONDIE: How did you come out, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: Uh -- like father, like son...I was terrible in geography and not so hotso in history.

BLONDIE: Oh, Alexander!

DAGWOOD: That's awful. Why when I went to school, I made the best gra---Oh, I just told you the true story, didn't I?

BLONDIE: Alexander, I can't imagine what's happened to you. You usually do pretty well in history and geography.

ALEXANDER: I know, Mom, but just lately there seems to be a jinx on me.

BLONDIE:&
DAGWOOD: (IN UNISON) A jinx?

ALEXANDER: Yeah...Before the tests I've studied one thing and the teacher asks questions on something else..Oh, Pop -- I met Mr. Niles outside on the street.

DAGWOOD: He just left here a little bit ago.

ALEXANDER: Every couple of steps he'd take he'd slip and fall flat on his face.

DAGWOOD: Is that right? (LAUGHS) Did you hear that Blondie?

BLONDIE: Apparently Krishna Gomba is still at work.

ALEXANDER: And look what he gave me, Pop!

BLONDIE: Oh, Alexander!

ALEXANDER: Yep! It's a genuine ^{HINDU}~~East Indian~~ idol with a ^{GENUINE} curse on it!

~~DAGWOOD:~~ ~~Tssssss!~~

MUSIC:

(CLOCK STRIKES TWO)

BLONDIE: (CALLING QUIETLY) Dagwood, ^{where are you} Are you out in the kitchen?

(KITCHEN DOOR OPENS...)

DAGWOOD: Hello, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, what are you doing out here in the kitchen? It's two o'clock in the morning and I sent you downstairs to check up on that ghost we heard an hour ago.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I know. ^{BUT EVERYTHING'S BEEN GOING WRONG -} That ghost that was dragging the chains ^{TURNED OUT TO BE} around the house ~~was~~ Daisy chewing up that new leash. ~~we~~ ~~bought her~~. Then I found out that the fire in the furnace had gone out.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear---everything's happened since that little ^{HINDU} ~~god~~ Indian god moved in on us....Are you going to make a sandwich?

DAGWOOD: No, It's no use. The handle on the icebox ^{DOOR} worked loose, the dogs got in, and cleaned us out.

BLONDIE: Is this bone all that's left of the ham?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, just the bone. And when I walked into the kitchen, one of the puppies was blowing the marrow out of it onto a piece of bread.

BLONDIE: Ninety-seven meat points!

DAGWOOD: I could cry my eyes out!....And that's not all. Alexander left the faucet in the bathroom trickling away and left the plug in the washbowl. There's water all over the floor right above us.

BLONDIE: Do you suppose the plaster'll fall down.

DAGWOOD: No, that would be too much! We've taken too much of a beating from that little evil spirit. That couldn't possibly happen to us!

(CRASH OF PLASTER FALLING TO THE FLOOR....)

DAGWOOD: That did it! Tomorrow I'm going to take that little Hindu troublemaker down to the office and give him to Mr. Dithers!

~~BLONDIE: If you don't break your neck first!~~

MUSIC:

ALEXANDER: Hey, Mom--I can't find that little Hindu god that Ken Niles gave me?

BLONDIE: Alexander, ~~your great uncle Kermit sent it to us, and~~ your father is going to give it to Mr. Dithers at the office this morning---provided he gets to the office.

ALEXANDER: But it's mine. Why can't I keep it?

BLONDIE: It's very hard to explain, ^{ALEXANDER} but owning that statue is like a combination of ~~walking under a ladder~~, breaking a mirror, and juggling three cans of nitroglycerine with one foot on a banana peel. ~~IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN -~~

ALEXANDER: I see what you mean. It makes your life exciting.

BLONDIE: Yes---so exciting you can't stand it. Your father is upstairs with the idol now. (CALLS) Dagwooooood!
Hurry up, dear.

DAGWOOD: (OFF) I'm coming right down. Get the door open for me.

BLONDIE: All right, Dagwood...Alexander, do you want to make your dash for school before or after your father?

ALEXANDER: I'll follow Pop, but I hope I don't get caught in his prop-wash...Here he comes, Mom.

(DOOR OPENS...)

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Get out of the way, Alexander.

(COMING DOWN STAIRS...)

DAGWOOD: Whoooooaaa! Look out!

(SLIPS AND FALLS DOWN THE STEPS...)

ALEXANDER: Shall I get the first aid kit, Mom?

DAGWOOD: (GROANS) I'll be glad when I hand this idol over to Mr. Dithers.

BLONDIE: Are you all right, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Well, I'm not lying here on the floor because it's so comfortable.

BLONDIE: Well, if you're not seriously injured, you'd better get started for the office as fast as you can go.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke---that's right--I'm late!...So long, Alexander!

ALEXANDER: So long, Pop!

BLONDIE: Goodbye, dear! (KISS)

DAGWOOD: Goodbye!

(WHIZZ...DOOR SLAMS....)

ALEXANDER: Okay--get the door open for me, Mom!

BLONDIE: All right, Alexander! Now be careful, it's slippery out.

(DOOR OPENS)

ALEXANDER: Hey, where's Pop?

BLONDIE: Goodness--he's gone...Oh. Oh, I guess those are his feet sticking out of the third snowdrift on the left.

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ALEXANDER: ~~GEE I'M GOING TO BE LATE FOR SCHOOL. I GOTTA DASH -~~
Well, I'm on my way!

BLONDIE: Goodbye, Alexander!

ALEXANDER: ~~(KISS)~~
Goodbye!

(WHIZZ...DOOR SLAMS...)

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: Well, I better give this Hindu idol to Mr. Dithers before I get struck by lightning. I'll knock on his office and see if he's in.

(COMEDY KNOCK...SHAVE AND A HAIRCUT KNOCK, BUT OMITTING LAST BEAT SO IT GOES DA DADA DA DA, DA--)

DITHERS: (INSIDE) Well, go ahead! Drop the other shoe!

DAGWOOD: Okay.

(ONE KNOCK)

DITHERS: Come in!

(DOOR OPENS...)

DAGWOOD: Hello, J. C. How are things this morning?

DITHERS: ~~BUM-BUMSTEAD-BUM-~~
~~of this for normal~~ --you take it from there....What have you got in your hand, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: This is for you, J.C....Here you are.

DITHERS: What is this horrid little monstrosity?

DAGWOOD: It's a present.

DITHERS: From the looks of it, you'd think you had a grudge against me.

DAGWOOD: It's a statue of a Hindu god called Krishni Coomba.

DITHERS: He looks like an ~~East Indian~~ ^{HINDU} version of Boris Karloff... I've never seen a face with a juicier sneer.

DAGWOOD: Would you like to have it, Mr. Dithers?

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DITHERS: The sneer or the idol?
DAGWOOD: The idol. ^{YOU'VE GOT THE SNEER - DITHERS: BUMSTEAD!} Would you like it?
DITHERS: Yes, ~~Dagwood~~. I can keep it on my desk to remind me that things could be worse...Thank you, I suppose.
DAGWOOD: Boy, are you ever welcome!... Oh--uh--I forgot to tell you something. There's a ^{IT'SY B'YSY} ~~little~~ curse that goes with the statue.
DITHERS: A curse? How charming....I suppose if I touch the idol, my ~~head~~ ^{EDRS} will fall off, one by one -
DAGWOOD: I don't think he could do that, but don't tease him.... He just plays little tricks on you, that's all. For instance, if you leaned back in your chair, he'd probably make it tip over.
DITHERS: (CHUCKLES) I'm surprised at you, believing that. You, are intelligent per---no, no, what am I saying? Anyway, you're a person, ~~OR ARE YOU~~ -
DAGWOOD: Yeah? Well, just don't lean back in your chair.
DITHERS: Oh, don't be ridiculous! I'll lean back all I - wa--wa--wa---- look out!
(CRASH AS CHAIR TOPPLES OVER WITH DITHERS IN IT...)
DAGWOOD: Gee, Mr. Dithers, you look a little ridiculous yourself!
DITHERS: Bumstead! Help me up.
(RATTLING OF CHAIR)
DAGWOOD: I told you not to tease the idol.
DITHERS: Oh, nonsense! It was just an accident, and it didn't do any harm at all. ^{See this knee never did have a cap on it.} ~~I'm not even bruised.~~
DAGWOOD: Well, fortunately you landed on your head.

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DITHERS: Bumstead!....Say, what's this that's rattling around
in my pocket. Hmm! Let's see what it is.

(TINKLING OF WATCH WORKS ON TABLE TOP....)

DAGWOOD: It looks like your watch!

DITHERS: Taaah! That was an expensive watch.

DAGWOOD: ^{Hey, what's this}
~~Well, there's something~~ engraved on the back of the
case. In recognition of his outstanding ability and
brilliant achievements. Present to J. C. Dithers--
by J. C. Dithers.

DITHERS: ^{oh yes, I was very grateful to me!}
/ Oh, hand it back to me, Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: What did you do--give yourself a testimonial banquet?

DITHERS: Never mind!....Well, I guess accidents will happen.

DAGWOOD: Now you can be sure they'll happen constantly. This
Hindu idol will keep your life from being monotonous.

DITHERS: That's silly. Nothing more will happen to me. I've
had my quota of bad luck for the day.

(PHONE RINGS....PICK UP PHONE)

DITHERS: J. C. Ditheres, president of the J. C. Dithers Construction Company we stand back of our houses and our houses stand for ever speaking...Oh, hello, Mr. Robinson...What's that? ..Oh, but Mr. Robinson.. But Mr. Robinson. .But Mr. Robinson.. But Mr...--
But ..But But ..But .but.. but .but..

DAGWOOD: This sounds like a conversation ~~between Mr. Robinson~~
^{with}~~an~~ an outboard motor.

DITHERS: But .but Very well Goodbye.

(SOUND: RANGS UP)

DITHERS: Robinson just cancelled our contract .If I ~~was~~^{WERE} superstitious I'd take that revolting little idol and wring its neck off!

DAGWOOD: But you're not superstitious.

DITHER: No. So I'm just going to throw him across the room! Like this!

DAGWOOD: Hey! Be careful!

(SOUND: CRASH OF WATER COOLER BREAKING..AND WATER SPALSHING OUT ON FLOOR.)

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! That statue smashed the water cooler!

DITHERS: Oh, no-no-, n-no, (SOBS) Why do things like this have to happen to me.

DAGWOOD: (COMFORTING HIM) There there, Mr. Dithers ..Here-- take my handkerchief.

DITHERS: (WAILS) Thank you Dagwood. Oh, all the inanimate objects are ganging up on me What have I done to deserve this? (SOBS)

DAGWOOD: Aw, please don't cry, honey...I mean, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: I just can't help it. Oh, my mother told me there'd be days like this!

DAGWOOD: ^{POOR KID!} Mr. Dithers. .

DITHERS: Yes Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Would you mind moving your head a little. You're crying all over my lapels.

DITHERS: (SOBS) I just feel miserable and (STOPS) What am I crying for? I can get rid of that leering, sneering horrid little idol! .. ~~Bumstead, the idol is yours again!~~

~~DAGWOOD: No thank you, Mr. Dithers.~~

~~DITHERS: You'll have to take it back -- or else!~~

~~DAGWOOD: I prefer or else.~~

DITHERS: ~~Okay, then I'm going to -- wait a minute.~~ This might teach her a good lesson.

DAGWOOD: Who?

DITHERS: Just lately Cora has been making some snide remarks to me about Dimples, our little redheaded secretary.

DAGWOOD: Our? Don't be so plural

DITHERS: And so for a present to show her how much I really love her, when I go home for lunch I'm going to give ^{KISS ME} ~~Krishni~~ ~~GOOMBER~~ ~~GOOMBER~~ ~~to my wife~~, curse and all!

(DOOR OPENS)

MUSIC: _____

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Bloooooooooondie!

BLONDIE: (IS SOBBING A LITTLE BIT OF SNIFFLES AND STUFF)

DAGWOOD: Gee, this must be Have a Good Cry Week....Blondie, what's the matter?

BLONDIE: (COMING UP WEEPING A LITTLE) Oh, Dagwood, everything happened to me today.

DAGWOOD: Everything? Now Blondie, that's not possible. You haven't been torpedoed.

BLONDIE: Are you sure you got rid of that awful little Mr. Goomba?

DAGWOOD: Sure....What happened?

BLONDIE: (SNIFFLING) Well, I had the car parked outside the Women's Club and someone put a lot of wrinkles in the front fender--r-r-r-....(SOBS)

DAGWOOD: There, there -- don't cry, Mr.Dithers....I mean,honey.

BLONDIE: And on the way home, I ran out of gas...and then I got the gas -- (SOBS)

DAGWOOD: What then?

BLONDIE: I knocked down a traffic sign.

DAGWOOD: What kind of a traffic sign?

BLONDIE: (WAILS) It said, "Please Drive Carefully!"

DAGWOOD: Gee, we must still have some of that idol's bad luck sticking to us. Maybe it'll go away if we take a bath....Well, don't worry, Blondie. What happened at the Women's Club today.

BLONDIE: Well, we had sort of a grab bag. Each one of us put in something we didn't want -- all wrapped up -- and then each of us drew a package and took it home.

DAGWOOD: What did you get?

BLONDIE: I drew the package Cora Dithers sent.

DAGWOOD: Wasn't Mrs. Dithers there?

BLONDIE: No, she couldn't come -- early this afternoon poor Cora slipped on a grapefruit rind.

DAGWOOD: Oh, that's too bad. Well, what's in the package?

BLONDIE: I haven't opened it yet, but here it is.

(UNWRAPPING PAPER...TAKE TOP OF BOX OFF)

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! Look, Blondie - that little man is back again!

BLONDIE: Oh, dear!

DAGWOOD: Here - you hold it. I don't want to touch ~~it~~ ^{the little idol} -

BLONDIE: All right..What are we going to do with Krishna Goomba?

DAGWOOD: I don't know. I'm thinking.

BLONDIE: (SURPRISED) Well, for heaven's sake! Dagwood! look what it says on the bottom of the stat--

DAGWOOD: Wait a minute, Blondie! I've got it! Gimme the statue.

BLONDIE: But Dagwood, on the bottom of--

DAGWOOD: Nevermind! I've solved our problem! I'm getting rid of him right now. The Bumsteads are going to contribute this Hindu work of art to the museum! We'll let the museum people worry about the curse on it!

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: And ^{the museum people} ~~they~~ were glad to get it, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Oh, yes -- they seemed very pleased, and thanked us.

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, I don't really think there was a curse on the little idol any more. Uncle Kermit told us there was, but probably whoever told him was just making it up so it would sound intersting.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, but all the things that happened to us -!

BLONDIE: Well, they were just coincidences. We were expecting things to happen and when they did we just naturally blamed it on the idol. Besides, I don't think it was a genuine idol, anyway.

DAGWOOD: Why not?

BLONDIE: Because on the bottom of it, it ~~was stamped~~^{SAID}, "Made in Brooklyn, U.S.A."

DAGWOOD: We've been swindled!

(SOUND OF A FIRE TRUCK PASSING OFF.)

BLONDIE: Listen to that, Dagwood. That's the third fire ~~truck~~^{ENGINE} that's gone past in the last five minutes.

DAGWOOD: I'll call up and see what's happening.

(SOUND: PICK UP PHONE.)

DAGWOOD: Hello?...Give me the fire department, please.

Blondie, I suppose you're right about that idol. It was just a phony and there wasn't any curسو on it at all.

BLONDIE: Of course not.

DAGWOOD: Hello?...Harry?....Say, this is Dagwood. Where's the fire?Yeah?...Is that right?.....Thanks, Harry. So long.

(SOUND: HANGS UP)

BLONDIE: Where is it, dear?

DAGWOOD: Blondie, now I don't know what to think about that idol. The fireman told me the museum just burned down!

MUSIC: (TAG CURTAIN)

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: And now our Thanks to the Yanks of the Week!

MUSIC: (VERY QUICK FANFARE)

MCNEEHAN: Tonight we salute Ensign Joseph Burk, of Beverly, New Jersey, former amateur rowing champion of the world, and now skipper of a PT boat in the South Pacific. Operating at night off the northern coast of New Guinea, Ensign Burk and his men sank a Japanese barge with gunfire, raising Burk's record to thirteen and a half barges, the largest number sunk by one PT skipper in the South Pacific. In honor of you and your men, Ensign Joseph Burk, the makers of Camels are sending to our Navy men in the Pacific three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: Each of the four Camel Radio shows honors a Yank of the Week, sends three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes overseas...a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week.

* * * *

NILES: In this country the traveling Camel Caravans have thanked audiences of more than three and a half million Yanks with free shows and free Camels.

NILES: Camel Radio broadcasts go out to the United States four times a week, are shortwaved to our men overseas and to South America.

Listen Thursday to Abbott and Costello; Friday to Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante; Saturday to Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks". And of course, next Monday and every Monday, be sure to listen to "BLONDIE", at this same time and over these same CBS stations.

Cut repeat show

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

cut repeat show
NILES: Blondie is played by Penny Sijgleton and Dagwood by Arthur Lake. (The musical score is composed and conducted by William Artzt. *cut eastern show*)

And remember--the great Fourth War Loan Drive is now going into its final two weeks! Have you bought your extra hundred dollar bond? If you haven't--don't put it off another day--get it tomorrow! And when you do, ask for the window emblem that says, "We Bought Extra Bonds!" Let your neighbor know that you're helping to back the attack. This is Ken Niles saying good night for Camel Cigarettes. First in the Service.

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (THEME AND APPLAUSE)

(GEORGE WASHINGTON HITCH-HIKE)

SHIELDS: (ISOLATION BOOTH)

Mister pipe-smoker, here's the way to make a dime give you more tobacco! Yessir, when you buy a big blue two and a quarter ounce package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco, you get up to a dozen extra pipefuls!

George Washington's mild, mellow, and tasty, too, right down through the last puff at the bottom of the bowl! Plunk down your dime tomorrow--for a great big package of George Washington! It's America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

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* * * *

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