

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

AS
BROADCAST
MASTER

"BLONDIE GOES OUT WITH THE BOYS"

CBS STUDIO "C"
MONDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1944

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

Written by John L. Greene

Directed by: Don Bernard

CAST

BLONDIE.....	PENNY SINGLETON	DAGWOOD.....	ARTHUR LAKE
DITHERS.....	HANLEY STAFFORD		
CORA.....	ELVIA ALLMAN		
POTTER.....	JOHN MCINTYRE		
ANNOUNCER.....	KEN NILES		
CONDUCTOR.....	BILLY ARTZT		
YANK.... (Salute).....	PAT MCGEEHAN		
G.W. HITCH HIKE.....	FRED SHIELDS		

SOUND EFFECTS

DOOR
PHONE (DIAL)
GLASS CRASH
INTER OFFICE BUZZER
POKER CHIPS

*Max -
Write Law F.*

*John Wheeler: -
This is a pretty
good one -*

(REVISED)

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 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: Packed to go around the world -- that's Camel -- packed to
stay fresh, cool smoking and slow burning, wherever they go
-- to New Guinea, to Iceland, or to you. Of course these
days millions of Camel Cigarettes, tons of them, are going
overseas, because Camels are first with men in all the
services, according to actual sales records. Yes, more
people want Camel Cigarettes now, more people want the
cigarette with more flavor, extra flavor that helps Camels
hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke!
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 standard of costlier tobaccos
is the same for soldier, for civilian, anywhere in the
world!

1.05

.56

Eastern

Western

MUSIC: (OPENING..HOLD FOR:)

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

(APPLAUSE)

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

NILES: At least once a month, Dagwood and Mr. Dithers find
themselves with a certain problem on their hands,
namely: how to get away from their wives to attend a
meeting of Fred Potter's Friendly Philanthropic Society
^{FOR}~~OF~~ the Redistribution of Wealth. Okay, so it's a poker
party ...Dagwood and Mr. Dithers are discussing ways and
means in the offices of the J.C. Dithers Company..
Let's listen ..

DAGWOOD: Of course, Mr. Dithers, I could tell ~~her~~ ^{BLONDIE} that I'm the
head of the house, that my word is law, and that I'm going
to play poker tonight!

DITHERS: ~~That's right~~ ^{TELL HER} - you could, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, only I'm not the head of the house, my word isn't
law, and I'd never get away with it.

DITHERS: Let me handle this, Dagwood. I'll call Blondie up.

(PICK UP PHONE...DIALING)

DAGWOOD: Of course, that won't work, either.

DITHERS: Oh, Dagwood, you know I'm very persuasive.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, but only with your secretaries.

DITHERS: Bumstead!...Sh-h-h-h! (ON PHONE) Blondie, this is Mr. Dithers. We've got a lot of work piling up here at the office, and Dagwood will have to work late tonight. What?.....(MAD) Don't get tough with me, you feather-brained nitwit!

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers!

DITHERS: I'll call you whatever I want to, you ~~drooling idiot~~ ^{JIBBERING JUGHEAD}.
Goodbye.

(HANGS UP)

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers, I hate to do this, but it's for the honor of the Bumsteads.

DITHERS: Bumstead! Put that water pitcher down.

DAGWOOD: But you just called Blondie a --

DITHERS: That was a wrong number.

DAGWOOD: Oh.

DITHERS: And besides, the Bumsteads haven't got that much honor..
Now drop that pitcher.

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir.

(GLASS CRASH)

DITHERS: (SOBBING) Oh, Dagwood, why do you obey me only when it'll make an awful mess. Why do you do these things? Can't I go crazy all by myself without you helping me?

DAGWOOD: Now don't cry, ^{HONEY} Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Get away from me.

DAGWOOD: I'm sorry, J.C. Here, do you want this?

DITHERS: No, I don't want your handkerchief!..Well, let's get back to the business at hand. How are we going to get out tonight?

DAGWOOD: Try Blondie again on the phone.

DITHERS: All right.

(PICK UP PHONE...DIALLING)

DITHERS: Of course, you'll have to explain to my wife, and Cora is very difficult to convince. She has the soul of a draft board. The phone's ringing now.

MUSIC: (QUICK MUSIC BRIDGE INTO PHONE RINGING)

(PICK UP PHONE)

BLONDIE: Hello?

DITHERS: (FILTER) Hello. Blondie?

BLONDIE: Oh, hello, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Blondie, I hope you won't mind too much, but Dagwood and I will have to work late at the office tonight. Yes, sir, things have really piled up on us.

BLONDIE: and ^{DAGWOOD} ~~he~~ won't be able to come home for dinner?

DITHERS: It hurts me to say this, but I'm afraid not.

DAGWOOD: (FILTER LOW) Tell her I'll be working for my sweet little wife and family.

DITHERS: But after all, Blondie, he'll be working for his sweet little wife and family.

BLONDIE: I heard you the first time.

DITHERS: (COUGHS) Well, it'll be all right, won't it, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Yes, Mr. Dithers .. Uh - can I talk to Dagwood for a moment?

DITHERS: Talk to Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Tell her I'm busy.

DITHERS: ^{YOU BET... HE'S NOT HERE, RIGHT NOW}
^ He's very busy ~~right now~~, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Well, all right, Mr. Dithers....Goodbye, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye, honey .. Oh, no, no!

(HANGS UP)

BLONDIE: Hmmm - won't be home to dinner. I think I'll just call Cora Dithers. There's more to this than meets the eye, ear, nose or throat.

MUSIC:

DITHERS: Dagwood, can't you get my home on the phone?

DAGWOOD: No. At first the line was busy, and now it rings and nobody answers.

DITHERS: Hmmm - I wonder what that could mean?

DAGWOOD: It sounds to me as though Blondie and Mrs. Dithers were organizing a task force.

DITHERS: Cora's very stuffy about some things. I can't understand why she acts that way when I give her all my love, attention and affection.

(BUZZER)

(PICKS UP PHONE)

DITHERS: I never look at another woman! (ON PHONE) Hello? ..

Oh, hello, Dimples...How's my fuzzy-wuzzy little
seckwetawie dis morning? (GIGGLES) ^{How would you like to knock me a kiss -} Well, I'll buzz you
if I want to dictate, and in the meantime just stay as
cute as you are...No, I won't be working late tonight. ^{LITTLE PEACH FULL}
Dagwood and I are going to play a little poker. Goodbye--

(GIGGLES)

(HANGS UP)

51454 2622

DITHERS: That was Dimples....Now where were we?

DAGWOOD: You were saying that you never look at another woman.
(COYLY) Oo's dweat big booful boss is oo?

DITHERS: Oh, Bumstead....I'm just trying to keep up Dimples' morale.

DAGWOOD: If I were you I wouldn't keep it up so high...You know what they say - there's no fool like an old--

DITHERS: What's that??

DAGWOOD: I mean you can't teach an old dog new tricks.

DITHERS: Bumstead! The least you could do is refer to me as a gay old dog. And besides, I don't want to learn any new tricks. I like the ones I've been working on all these years. (LAUGHS)

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

DAGWOOD: (LOW) Hey, maybe that's Blondie and Mrs. Dithers now.

DITHERS: (LOW) Let's pretend we're very busy. (CALLS) Yes, yes, yes? Who is it? Come in! Or go away!

CORA: (OUTSIDE) Make up your mind, Julius!

DITHERS: (SWEETLY) Oh, come in, honey-pot.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: (QUICKLY) Now, J.C., we've got to contact Anderson, Sanderson, Henderson and Potts and get estimates on gimbling the wabe of the cravaswitch or we'll be up the frannistan without a croveny.

DITHERS: ^{OR WITHOUT A JABONY CRIVENY}
^ You are so right.....Oh, hello, girls.

DAGWOOD: Oh, hello, Blondie -- hello, Mrs. Dithers. *BUSY YOU KNOW*

BLONDIE AND CORA AD LIB HELLOS..

BLONDIE: My, there seems to be a lot of activity going on here, today, Cora.

CORA: It's nothing but camouflage. As soon as we'd leave, they'd both fall asleep.

DITHERS: We're very busy, Cora.

(PICK PHONE OFF HOOK)

DITHERS: ^{HELLO}
^ Get me Boleslavski.

DAGWOOD: Are you going to tell him about the contract with Timken, Plotkin, and Dodd?

CORA: Who are they? They sound like they've taken over from Winken, Blinken, and Nod.

DITHERS: Hello? Boleslavski?...I want you to look in your files and grapple the entire crimpet of Timken, Plotkin, and Dodd....What's the matter? Can't you understand me? And get the blueprints out on that hocklewelter we built them. We may have to ballicle the whole klarb all over again .. Never mind what I said - just do it!

(HANGS UP)

DITHERS: Doesn't understand English very well .. Well, you girls can see how busy we are.

DAGWOOD: Yes, it looks as though we'll be burning the midnight oil.

CORA: Are you sure you aren't giving us a little of ^{THAT} ~~the~~ old oil right now?

BLONDIE: It sounds like it to me.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, you and Cora just don't understand the construction business.

BLONDIE: Well, I understood everything you said.

DAGWOOD: You did, hanh? (LAUGHS) Then explain it to me.

BLONDIE: Well, you said that you and Mr. Dithers would have to get some estimates. And of course I understand that you want the estimates just in case a billerduck comes up and you get sued for hoggamy. Of course you could get an injunction to stop them from ragging the garpin of the cosmoline. But what good would that do you if the trannical porfin of the dinkle broke loose and hit one of the workmen on the rankadeemus? ..
Answer me that!

CORA: Blondie, you are so right.

DITHERS: You understood, all right.

DAGWOOD: But ^{JUST THE SAME} we will have to work late tonight, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Oh, that's a shame. And I'm going to have a delicious roast lamb with smooth creamy mashed potatoes and rich mouth-watering gravy.

DAGWOOD: (GROANING WITH ECSTASY) Oh-h-h-h, you got me! (LOW)
Mr. Dithers, let's forget about the poker tonight.

CORA: What was that, Dagwood? Did I hear you mention poker tonight?

DITHERS: No, no! Dagwood -er - Dagwood just said he'd have to work like a stoker tonight .. Isn't that ^{DAG - RIGHTWOOD?} ~~right, Dagwood?~~

DAGWOOD: Yes, that seems reasonable.

CORA: Blondie, I feel sorry for these poor, long-suffering slaves. Why don't we just drop in at the office tonight and keep them company?

BLONDIE: That's a good idea. ^{CORA} I'm sure they'd be delighted to have us.

DAGWOOD: Oh, no, no - please don't be so good to us.

^{YES AND}
DITHERS: It gets very cold in the office at night.

CORA: That's all right - we'll wear our longies.

DITHERS: I'm afraid that wouldn't help, ^{THEY'LL CREEP UP ON YOU -} We'll be much too busy to take time off to scratch your back.

(BUZZER)

DITHERS: Excuse me.

(PICK UP PHONE)

DITHERS: Yes? ^{WHAT'S THAT?} .. No, no - ~~nevermind~~, Boleslavski! ^{YOU CAN'T FIND A} CRIMPET... ^{WE'LL KEEP ON LOOKING -}

(HANGS UP)

DITHERS: He's ^{CAN'T FIND} ~~looking for~~ a crimpet.

DAGWOOD: Besides, Blondie, Mr. Dithers and I may have to go over to Sheridan City tonight on business.

BLONDIE: Oh, that would be fine. We can go along with you and see a movie over there.

DITHERS: Oh..

DAGWOOD: It's probably a movie you've already seen.

CORA: You know, Blondie - I'm beginning to get the idea that our husbands don't like us.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, don't you love me any more?

DAGWOOD: Of course I do, Blondie.

CORA: Well, Julius, you might also put in your two cents.

DITHERS: Of course I love you, Cora.

CORA: You can say that again, but this time with a little more feeling.

DITHERS: (WARMLY) Of course I love you, Cora - snookie-pie.. We'd love to have you both come down here and watch us work, wouldn't we, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: (NOT VERY CONVINCING) Oh, sure, sure, Of course we would.

DITHERS: It's just that women and business don't mix.

CORA: Then how do you account for that little red-headed secretary of yours?

DITHERS: (PAUSE...THEN WARMLY AS ABOVE) Of course, I love you, Cora.

BLONDIE: Well, Cora and I wouldn't think of deserting you two men when you're going to work so hard just to make us happy? .?

CORA: That's right. Yes, Julius, wheresoever thou goest, I'll be right on your heels.... YOU HEEL -

DITHERS: ^{FEEL LIKE I'M IN A BOOTCAMP!} Well, that's too too considerate of you. Now we've got a lot of work to do.

DAGWOOD: Yes, we're very busy.

BLONDIE: I suppose you've got to work out a lot of double-talk contracts...

(KNOCK, KNOCK ON DOOR)

DITHERS: Who's there?

NILES: (OUTSIDE) Yukon.

DITHERS: Yukon, who?

NILES: (OUTSIDE) Yukon be sure your Camel cigarettes are ~~fresh~~ because they're packed to go around the world!

DITHERS: Oh, come in, Niles.

NILES: Well, hello, everyone.

(AD LIBS OF "HELLO, MR. NILES", "HELLO, KEN".)

NILES: Well, Dagwood and Mr. Dithers, are you going to be over at Fred Potter's tonight?

DITHERS: Sh-h-h-h!

DAGWOOD: No, no, no!

BLONDIE: What's this about Fred Potter's tonight?

NILES: Oh, excuse me. Did I say something wrong?

CORA: No, no, not at all. Just go right on, Mr. Niles. I'd like to hear more about this sink of iniquity that always seems to be inhabited by low characters like my husband.

DITHERS: Oh, Cora!

CORA: Nevermind, Poochie!

DITHERS: Don't call me Poochie!

CORA: All right, loyer....Go on, Mr. Niles.

BLONDIE: Yes, tell us more.

NILES: Well - um - uh -- occasionally a few of the boys get together at Fred Potter's and -- uh --

BLONDIE: And just what do you do there?

NILES: Oh, we talk about Camel cigarettes! Don't we Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: You are so right!

NILES: We talk about how Camel cigarettes have more flavor, the result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos.

DITHERS: And then I often mention how I've noticed that more flavor helps Camels to hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many I smoke.

NILES: And then we try Camels in our T-Zones -- that's "T" for taste and throat -- and, of course, there's nothing like your own taste to tell you about Camel cigarettes' rich extra flavor -- and nothing like your own throat to give you the last word on Camel's smooth extra mildness!

CORA: ^{MR. NILES} ^ That's all very true about Camels, ~~Mr. Niles~~ -- but what about Fred Potter's?

BLONDIE: What else goes on there?

DAGWOOD: Oh, Blondie - it's perfectly harmless. You shouldn't mind if we play a little game of --

DITHERS: Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Of penny ante - Oh, what did I say?

CORA: Well, a game of penny ante, eh?

NILES: Oh, no, no, Mrs. Dithers, you must have misunderstood what Dagwood said.

DITHERS: Oh, yes, Cora, you misunderstood.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yes.

BLONDIE: What did he say, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: Uh--um--you take it, Ken.

NILES: Well, you see, Blondie, Mrs. Potter is called Penny, and we often play games with Penny's aunty .. A sweet old lady.

BLONDIE: What kind of a game?

DITHERS: Musical chairs, spin the bottle, or croquinole, OR SPIT IN THE OCEAN

NILES: Any more questions? Well, goodybe, all.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

BLONDIE: Well, Cora, I think we'd better we running along now.

CORA: Yes, we have some shopping to do. But we'll be back.

DITHERS: Oh, stop shaking your fist at me.. Goodbye now.

(DOOR OPENS..)

DAGWOOD: Goodbye, honey.

BLONDIE: Goodbye, Dagwood. We'll see you later.

DAGWOOD: That's what I'm afraid of .. Goodbye.

(DOOR CLOSES..)

DITHERS: Well, Dagwood. We've ~~g~~tt to think of a very cute gag or there'll be no poker game tonight.... How's this---when the girls come back - you can play like you're sick and we'll get

Fred Potter ~~can be~~ ^{OVER TO PLAY} the doctor.

DAGWOOD: ~~Oh, that's great J.C.~~ ^{NO, I'LL PLAY I'M SICK AND FRED POTTER CAN PLAY THE DOCTOR -} Oh, you just said that!

DITHERS: ~~YES, LITTLE SIR ECHO -~~

(BUZZER....)

(PICK UP PHONE)

DITHERS: Hello?... Oh hello, Boleslavski... Yes, I remember telling you to look for a crimpet... What?... Good grief... Yes.. thank you.

(HANGS UP)

DITHERS: Imagine that, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: What?

DITHERS: Boleslavski found a crimpet!

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: Now Cora, before we go into the officer, we want to decide what we're going to do.

CORA: Well, we're pretty sure there's going to be a poker game at Fred Potter's tonight, aren't we?

BLONDIE: We certainly are....We'll just go in and tell them we have other things to do tonight, and we hope they won't have to work too late. ~~tonight.~~

CORA: At that point we can expect loud cheers. Blondie, I've found out that at least once a month Julius likes to have me someplace where he isn't.

BLONDIE: ~~Dagwood's the same way... we'll just pretend we believe well, then we can just leave them, and show up tonight their story about working late... but tonight we show up at Fred Potters. at Fred Potters.~~

CORA: ~~I CAN'T WAIT~~
~~It's going to be interesting~~ to see what their faces look like when we do.....Shall we go in?

BLONDIE: Yes, let's do. I'll knock.

(KNOCK ON DOOR...)

DITHERS: (INSIDE) Come in!

(DOOR OPENS....)

DAGWOOD: (GROANING) What's wrong with me, Fred - I mean, Doctor?

POTTER: Well, according to the results of my preliminary examination----

DITHERS: Oh, hello, girls....Go ahead, doctor.

POTTER: It is my professional opinion, based on my research and studies in the field of medicine, both homeopathic and elsewhereopathic--

DAGWOOD: Yes, yes, what is it, Doctor?

POTTER: That you are what we physicians refer to technically as, a sick man.

DAGWOOD: I knew it. *I knew it -*

BLONDIE: Dagwood, what's the matter?

DITHERS: Oh, doctor, this is Mrs. Bumstead, and Mrs. Dithers.

~~Doctor~~ J. (quackington Webfoot. JUST CALL HIM DOCTER

POTTER: How do you do.

BLONDIE: Doctor, what's the matter with Mr. Bumstead?

POTTER: Um--uh--professional ethics do not allow me to reveal
the nature of his melody, ^{BLONDIE; What?} ~~I mean~~, malady.

CORA: Doctor, you're the first physician I ever saw who wore
a horseshoe stick pin and a rabbit's foot watch charm.

POTTER: Oh, that's just a little hokus-pokus. I don't want to
put all my faith in science.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, how do you feel?

DAGWOOD: (GROANING) I've got a terrible pain, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Where is it?

DAGWOOD: Where is it, Doctor?

POTTER: ^{The PAIN...} Er--uh--the pain is in the tibia-lumbar-tarsal-cerebral
region.

BLONDIE: What does that mean?

POTTER: That means he hurts all over....Very interesting case.

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, I'd better take you right home with me.

POTTER: Ah-ah-ah-ah! Don't get too close to him, Mrs. Bumstead.
I'm afraid he has something contagious, and you wouldn't
want to catch it.

DAGWOOD: (GROANS) What do you suggest, Doctor?

DITHERS: Do you suggest that perhaps Dagwood should stay at my
house tonight and Mrs. Dithers should go over to
Mrs. Bumstead's so that neither of them will catch
whatever it is that Dagwood has?

POTTER: Exactly.

DITHERS: Well, you heard what the doctor said, Cora.

CORA: What doctor? Are you talking about this snake oil
salesman? I'll bet he got his diploma from a Navajo ^{JOE, THE}
medicine man.

BLONDIE: Just a moment, Cora. I'm confident that Doctor Webfoot is a capable man.

POTTER: Thank you, ^{MADAM -} ~~Mrs. Bumstead.~~

CORA: But, if his name is Webfoot, why does his shirt have the initials, F.P.?

DITHERS: That's very simple. It stands for Famous Physician.

BLONDIE: But Doctor, it wouldn't be fair to let Dagwood give Mr. Dithers whatever it is he has. I think Dagwood should go to a hospital.

CORA: I agree with you, Blondie.

DITHERS: Why should he go to a hospital? I'd be glad to nurse him back to health.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, and besides, all the pretty nurses are in the army now.

BLONDIE: And Dagwood is really pretty sick, Doctor?

POTTER: Oh, yes indeedy.

DAGWOOD: Sure I'm sick. Just listen to me. (GROANS HORRIBLY)

BLONDIE: That's a shame. Mrs. Dithers and I just came here to tell Dagwood and Mr. Dithers that we wouldn't bother them if they wanted to work late tonight.

DAGWOOD: You did?

DITHERS: Why didn't you tell us that when you came in?

POTTER: In that case, I'll try to snap him out of it with one of the new drugs.

CORA: What's it called?

POTTER: Sulfafrannistan...if it's successful, it'll work very fast. Here you are, Mr. Bumstead--just swallow this.

DAGWOOD: (GROANS) Thank you, Doctor....(GULPS---THEN IMMEDIATELY)
Oh, boy--I feel fine! I feel great! ^{whoopie -} I'm cured!

BLONDIE: My, that certainly was a speedy recovery.
~~POTTER:~~
~~DITHERS:~~ Ah, the miracles of modern science!
DAGWOOD: Gee, thanks very much, Doctor.
POTTER: Oh, it was nothing.
CORA: That's what I've been saying all along....Well, let's --
go, Blondie.
BLONDIE: Now don't work too late, Dagwood.
DAGWOOD: Oh, no, no---I wouldn't think of it, Blondie.
DITHERS: But don't expect us home too early. It all depends
on the kind of cards--er--how hard the work is...
Goodbye, girls.
DAGWOOD: Yes, goodbye.
POTTER: Good day, ladies.
CORA AND
BLONDIE: (IN UNISON--WITH A SMILE) We'll be seeing you!

(DOOR CLOSSES)

CORA: (LOW) Blondie, I'm sure that was Fred Potter. Those
initials and everything.
BLONDIE: Of course it was, Cora, but it's much better to let
them think they're getting away with something. They're
going to be very surprised husbands tonight.
CORA: I just can't wait--the poor suckers don't realize
they've just stepped into a booby trap!

MUSIC: (INTO LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD }
DITHERS }
POTTER } (ARE ALL LAUGHING)

DAGWOOD: Yeah, that's pretty funny, Fred.

POTTER: No bad, huhh?

DITHERS: You tell a pretty good story, but the best story was the one you told to our wives this afternoon. Boy, how they fell for that doctor business.

(THEY LAUGH AGAIN)

(THEN DOORBELL RINGS...)

POTTER: Well, I guess that's one of the other boys. I'll let him in and we can start the game. *hummm.*

DAGWOOD: Okay, Fred, old boy!....(FADING)

DITHERS: (FADING) We'll get the chips out.

(PAUSE...THEN DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Is this the residence of Doctor J. Quackington--oh, hello, Doctor Webfoot.

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Whoooooaa!

BLONDIE: *what was that?*

POTTER:

MICE!

CORA: We're not feeling well, Doctor Webfoot.

POTTER: Neither am I.

CORA: Well, Doctor--are you going to invite us in, or do you usually treat your patients on the front stoop?

POTTER: Er--uh--well, ladies, it's after office hours.

BLONDIE: But surely you have to uphold the noble traditions of your profession.

CORA: And besides, we're already in...~~You can~~ Close the door, Blondie.

BLONDIE: All right, Cora.

(DOOR CLOSES...)

POTTER: But Mrs. Dithers and Mrs. Bumstead, all my equipment is at the office. MY STETHESCOPE, MY STROBOSCOPE, AND MY VOO,DOO DRUMS - ALL I HAVE HERE ARE MY HERBS -

BLONDIE: That's all right. We just need a couple of pills of sulfafraannistan...That's probably the room you use for consultations, isn't it?

POTTER: No, no, not there. That's my den.

CORA: Well, it'll serve the purpose, come on Blondie --

(DOOR OPENS::)

BLONDIE: Well, well! I suppose this is the operating table-- the one with the poker chips on it.

POTTER: Now ladies - please!...

CORA: Oh, look, Blondie - there's a foot sticking out from under ~~one of the couches~~. It's probably just a dummy, so I'll just jab my hatpin into it.

DITHERS: No, no, no, Cora! Don't! I'll come out! I surrender!

CORA: I was right - it was a dummy.

BLONDIE: I think I'll look in this closet.

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: No one in here but just some clothes hanging up. I wonder if the clothes are ticklish...Kitchy-kitchy-kitchy!

DAGWOOD: Whoooooaa! Cut it out! You're tickling! Ya-a-a-a!
Wooooo! Blondie!

CORA: Well, Dagwood, and Julius, and Mr. Potter - now that we're all here you might just as well teach us how to play this little game.

BLONDIE: You know Cora I've heard it's quite like bridge....only different.

MUSIC:

(POKER CHIPS ON TABLE AFTER BETS)

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke--look at the size of this pot!

DITHERS: Well, I'll bump it a quarter.

POTTER: Up another quarter.

DAGWOOD: Up another quarter!

BLONDIE: Well, I don't know ^{whether to bump 'it or not -} ~~what to do~~. I'm not sure what these different hands are worth. But I guess I'll stay in....

CORA: It looks good to me, Blondie, but I'm out.

DAGWOOD: Gee, this is one of the biggest pots of the evening.

BLONDIE: Cora, is it a good hand if you have three Jacks and two little fours with it?

DITHERS: Oh-oh! I'm out!

POTTER: So am I!

DAGWOOD: Me, too..Blondie, you shouldn't tell what you have. The rest of us might have stayed in and you would have cleaned us out. That's a full house.

BLONDIE: Well, if you're all dropping out, do I get the money?

DITHERS: Yes, it's yours...Let's see your full house. Of course, you don't have to show it.

BLONDIE: Oh, I've only got the two fours.

DAGWOOD: }
DITHERS: }
POTTER: } (MORE OR LESS IN UNISON) What????

BLONDIE: Oh, yes. I haven't got three Jacks with the fours. I was only asking about that.

(THE MEN GROAN)

DITHERS: And I dropped out with an ace high flush! ~~Taaaaah!~~

MUSIC:

CORA: Well, are you going to stay in the game, Mr. Potter?

POTTER: (SNARLS) How do I know...I don't even know what I'm thinking about with all talk, talk, talk, talk,. What do I care if Mrs. Pengalley's daughter was out until two o'clock last night. And who cares if Mr. and Mrs.

~~Ferguson~~ ^{FUDDLE} wear the same slacks, OR THAT LITTLE BOY SWALLOWED HIS FATHER'S ELKS TOOTH-

BLONDIE: My goodness, Mr. Potter, you seem to be upset.

POTTER: Okay - I'll stay in...Here's my quarter.

BLONDIE: Well, I'm just going to keep my winnings.

DITHERS: I don't know whether to stay in or not by now.

DAGWOOD: Neither do I. Whoever wins this hand is going to clean the rest of us out--except Blondie. She's got a fortune over there.

BLONDIE: I'm going to keep it, too...Have you got a good hand, Cora?

CORA: Oh, yes, Blondie. I've got two pairs.

POTTER: (CHUCKLES) Two pairs, eh? Well, well! I'm glad to hear that. I'll bet everything I have here. The whole works! Shoot the moon!

DITHERS: I can murder two pairs. (CHUCKLES) I'll bet the works, too.

DAGWOOD: So'll I....I'll never have to carry my lunch again. TO THE OFFICE AFTER THIS -

(PILE OF CHIPS GOING IN)

CORA: Well, so will I!

POTTER: Two pairs. (LAUGHS) Well, this time one of the girls isn't going to win! You're called! Put your two pairs down and let us laugh at them.

CORA: All right. Here they are - two pairs of sevens, four sevens in all!

POTTER: (SOBBING) Oh, no, no, no!

DITHERS: We've been swindled!

DAGWOOD: This is an outrage! They took every cent of our money!

CORA: Well, Julius, I think I'll cash in and let's go home....Blondie, I guess you and I have all the money.

BLONDIE: Yes, Cora. I don't know about you men, but it looks as though Cora and I are both going to buy an extra War bond this month!

CORA: Yes, thank you very much, boys.

BLONDIE: It's been a wonderful evening. You know, Cora, I think we should do this more often!

27.50

MUSIC: (TAG...CURTAIN)

(APPLAUSE)

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

MUSIC: (VERY QUICK....FANFARE)

McGEEHAN: Tonight we salute Major Arthur L. Post, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, photo reconnaissance pilot, who made three trips in an unarmed plane over the Japanese base at Rabaul. On his third trip he was shot down, and spent a hundred days in the jungle, beating his way back to American troops. In your honor, Major Arthur L. Post, the makers of Camels are sending to our soldiers overseas three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

28.26

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: Each of the four Camel 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.

28.37

28.10

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.

28.45

28.18

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.

29.05

28.31

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

cut eastern

NILES: Blondie is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood by Arthur Lake. The musical score is composed and conducted by William Artzt.

cut repeat

NILES: and remember, Camel cigarettes are first in the service, Camels stay fresh, cool smoking and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world!

cut

2846

NILES: This is Ken Niles saying goodnight for Camel Cigarettes --
First in the Service:
(APPLAUSE)

2910

2852

MUSIC: (THEME AND APPLAUSE)

(GEORGE WASHINGTON HITCH HIKE)

SHIELDS: (ISOLATION BOOTH)

Mister pipe-smoker, do you want up to a dozen extra
pipefuls in every dime's worth of tobacco you buy? Get a
great big blue two and a quarter ounce package of
George Washington Smoking Tobacco! Costs only one dime!
George Washington's mild, mellow, and tasty, too, right
down through the last puff at the bottom of the bowl!
If you want around a dozen extra pipefuls, get that great
big package of George Washington tomorrow! It's America's
biggest value in smoking pleasure!

^{CBS}
This is _^ the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

29.41 29.30