

"BLONDIE"

Master - n.y.

PRESENTED BY

CAMEL CIGARETTES

MONDAY, JULY 7, 1941

BROADCAST: 3:30 - 4:00 PM  
6:30 - 7:00 PM

SCENES

1. BUMSTEAD HOME
2. COMMERCIAL
3. BUMSTEAD HOME
4. DAGWOOD'S CAR
5. BUMSTEAD HOME
6. COMMERCIAL
7. AT THE COUNTRY CLUB

CAST

- BLONDIE.....PENNY SINGLETON  
 DAGWOOD.....ARTHUR LAKE  
 DORIS.....FLORENCE LAKE  
 TED.....ELLIOT LEWIS  
 PHIL.....ED McDONALD  
 MR. BEASLY.....GRIF BARNETT  
 ANNOUNCER.....BILL GOODWIN

SOUND

- TAPPING ON WINDOW PANE  
 SLIDING WINDOW  
 COLLISION OF BODIES  
 RIPPING LETTER OPEN  
 TIN PANS...DISHES CRASHING  
 DOOR BELL  
 DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE  
 CLICK OF HEELS  
 CAR MOTOR  
 RATTLE OF PAPER  
 AIRPLANE MOTOR  
 SMACK OF FIST  
 NICKEL IN PAY PHONE  
 RECEIVER LIFTED

COMMERCIAL CAST

- ANNOUNCER.....BILL GOODWIN  
 WILCOX.....FRED SHIELDS

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, JULY 7, 1941

3:30 - 4:00 P.M. PST  
6:30 - 7:00 P.M. PST

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GOODWIN: Ah -- Ah -- Ah -- Don't touch that dial -- Listen to  
"Blondie"...presented by Camel,,,the cigarette of  
costlier tobaccos.

MUSIC: (THEME)

GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads. It's a Saturday morning -- the breakfast dishes have been washed, the baby has been bathed -- and Blondie and Dagwood are just sitting down ~~to the breakfast~~ for a moment of rest.

BLONDIE: Well, dear, I guess we didn't get any mail this morning. I just saw <sup>THE MAIL MAN</sup> Mr. Beasley walk past without stopping.

DAGWOOD: Well, maybe it'll be a nice quiet Saturday, ~~FOR A CHANGE.~~

BLONDIE: I hope so, but ~~that sounds almost impossible. Last week was the height of July.~~

~~DAGWOOD: He is the mailman, isn't he?~~

(TAPPING ON WINDOW PANE)

DAGWOOD: What's that?

BLONDIE: I don't know.

(TAPPING AGAIN)

DAGWOOD: Hey -- someone's tapping on the side window.

BLONDIE: It's Mr. Beasley, ~~the postman.~~ I'll open the window and see what he wants.

~~DAGWOOD: That's funny -- tapping on our window.~~

(WINDOW GOES UP)

BLONDIE: Good morning, Mr. Beasley?

DAGWOOD: Hello, Mr. Beasley. What's the idea of coming to the side window?

BEASLEY: I've got a special delivery letter you'll have to sign for, and I wasn't going to take any chances of having another collision with you at the front door.

DAGWOOD: Aw, Mr. Beasley -- you know it's just an accident when I bump into you.

BEASLEY: Maybe so, but it's the most consistent accident I know of.  
I'd rather deliver mail to a nitroglycerine factory.

BLONDIE: We're sorry, Mr. Beasley.

BEASLEY: Yes, Mrs. Bumstead, I know you are. ~~But this is not~~  
~~the letter I was looking for.~~...

Here's the letter, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Thanks...Have you got a pencil?

BEASLEY: Here you are...Just sign opposite your name.

DAGWOOD: Okay...Dagwood Bumstead...There you are.

BEASLEY: Well, thank goodness for once I got off without a single  
bruise.

(WINDOW DOWN)

BLONDIE: ~~POOR MR BEASLEY.~~

DAGWOOD: Well, this is for Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead. Hey, Blondie --  
it's from an Army Camp.

BLONDIE: It must be from my Cousin Ted.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah -- I remember. Oh --- oh! I forgot to give  
Mr. Beasley, <sup>BACK</sup> his pencil ~~back.~~

BLONDIE: You'd better hurry out the front door and catch him,  
Dagwood. ~~He's running away.~~

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie -- I'll catch him --

(WHIZZ...ALMOST ON TOP OF ABOVE)

BLONDIE: Look out!

(SOUND OF COLLISION OF BODIES)

BEASLEY: Taaaaaaah!

DAGWOOD: ~~Help!~~ Let me help you up, Mr. Beasley. I'M SORRY

BEASLEY: Oh, why didn't I get into a nice safe business like working  
on high tension wires...Mr. Bumstead -- give me that pencil!

DAGWOOD: ~~Oh,~~ I'm sorry, Mr. Beasley, but I guess I broke it when I  
ran into you.

51455 8256

BEASLEY: Oh, what's the use... Goodbye, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye. MR. BEASLEY

BLONDIE: Dagwood, you've just got to be more careful about Mr. Beasley. If this keeps up, some one of these days he's going to decide he'd rather burn up our mail than take a chance delivering it.

DAGWOOD: I try to be careful, but whenever I run out of the house he's always in front of me... Let's see what the letter is.

(RIPPING LETTER OPEN)

BLONDIE: It's from Cousin Ted, all right.

DAGWOOD: What's he say?

BLONDIE: Let me see... (READS HALF ALOUD) Dear Cousin Blondie... Haven't seen you in a long while... just finished war games... one week leave and thought I'd drop in on you Saturday and stay over night on my way home." Why, Dagwood, he's coming to visit us today.

DAGWOOD: He is? Today?

BLONDIE: Yes, he's on leave, and he's going to stop over night on his way home.

DAGWOOD: Gee, that's swell. We'll have to take him out and show him the town.

BLONDIE: He's really very nice... Oh, here's something else. (READS)

"P.S. How about fixing me up a date with a nice blonde?"

DAGWOOD: <sup>NICE BLONDE?</sup> I guess we can do that, can't we?

BLONDIE: I don't know, Dagwood. There's a dance at the country club tonight, and I'm afraid most of the girls in town will be there.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah, I forgot about that.

DAGWOOD: OH YEAH?

BLONDIE: Well, let's see...Ted would like Mary Smith but she's spending the summer at the lake,

DAGWOOD: There's Alice Miller, DAGWOOD: OH YEAH?

BLONDIE: She's going to the dance, WITH SOMEONE ELSE.

DAGWOOD: This isn't going to be easy.

BLONDIE: Oh, I know someone. What do you think of Doris Jones?

DAGWOOD: Well, ~~and she's a blonde~~, your cousin Ted said he wanted a date with a blonde and Doris is a brunette.

BLONDIE: Not any more.

DAGWOOD: Oh... <sup>SHE ISN'T?</sup> ~~Another blonde~~ -- she's sort of -- well, you know -- I've listened to her and she's got a line you can hang your socks on.

BLONDIE: Yes, I know. I've heard her say, "My what wonderful broad shoulders you have," and watched the boys fall all over themselves. But she is cute.

DAGWOOD: She's a female menace. If we take her somewhere with Ted, there's sure to be trouble.

BLONDIE: ~~I'm just afraid that in five minutes she'll have his army equipment and she'll be off his coat for good.~~

~~I~~ I don't know who else we can get, <sup>WELL</sup> ~~but~~ it's pretty short notice.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- <sup>IF ITS FOR THE ARMY</sup> I guess this comes under the head of a national emergency. Okay -- go ahead and call Doris.

MUSIC:

7/7/41

GOODWIN: Well, I have a hunch the Bumsteads are going to have an extra visitor tonight who isn't going to make things any easier. We'll all see what happens in just a moment. But right now --

(SOUND OF LOUD CRASH OF TIN PANS, DISHES, ETC.)

BLONDIE: (OFF MIKE...INQUIRINGLY) Dagwood! (COMING IN) Dagwood... What on earth are you doing out here in the kitchen? Oh my goodness...just look at this awful mess.

DAGWOOD: It's...it's all right, Blondie. I'm baking a cake. I wanted to surprise you.

BLONDIE: Sweet of you, dear, But let me help.

DAGWOOD: (SUPERIOR) Ha-ha...I don't need any help. The cake's in the oven already. Wait 'till you see how it turns out.

BLONDIE: Um-huh...and what recipe did you use?

DAGWOOD: Right here. (READING) Three egg yolks...three egg whites...

BLONDIE: Did you beat the egg yolks and whites separately?

DAGWOOD: Oh...that's just a waste of time. You've got to mix 'em together eventually, anyway. Then I threw in (READING AGAIN)...a cup of sugar...a cup of flour...

BLONDIE: Of course you sifted the flour.

DAGWOOD: Gee...honey...you worry about such little details.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, will you never learn...it isn't only what you put in a cake that counts...It's also how you do it.

"BLONDIE" 5-B  
7/7/41

GOODWIN: Blondie, I thank you. For your comments on Dagwood's cake-baking technique apply perfectly to the subject of cigarettes...it isn't only what you put into them, but how you do it. Camels have always been known as the cigarette of costlier tobaccos. But that, alone, doesn't explain Camel's position as America's favorite cigarette. No, you see it's that "sixth sense"...that indescribable "know-how"...that delicate art of blending that makes great tobaccos a great smoke -- Camel. A slower-burning smoke. A smoke that has extra flavor, extra coolness, extra mildness -- and twenty-eight percent less nicotine. Twenty-eight percent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling cigarettes tested...les than any of them, according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself. So...take a moment, a match, and a Camel, and have fun!

MUSIC...

51455 8260



GOODWIN: Well, it's early evening on Shady Lane Avenue. Blondie's Cousin Ted, a lieutenant in the Army, has already arrived, had supper, and inspected the Bumstead's baby girl, Cookie. Right now he's sitting in the living room with Blondie and Dagwood...

BLONDIE: Well, Cousin Ted, how's the food in the Army?

TED: Wonderful, Blondie. ~~Nothing like the dinner you cooked,~~ <sup>HOW ABOUT THAT —</sup>

DAGWOOD: I'll bet it's hard work.

TED: Oh, sure -- there's plenty of that, ~~but I'm having a swell time.~~ By the way, speaking of a swell time, did you manage to find a blonde for me?

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Oh, yes -- we found one, all right.

TED: Cute, hunh?

DAGWOOD: Sure.

BLONDIE: Ted, have you had to peel potatoes?

TED: Oh, boy, that's for me!

BLONDIE: What? Peeling potatoes?

TED: Hunh? Oh, ~~I was thinking about~~ <sup>NO —</sup> my date. What's her name?

BLONDIE: Doris Jones.

TED: Doris, eh?

DAGWOOD: She'll be here any minute.

TED: That's fine. I usually knock 'em dead in this uniform.

DAGWOOD: I think you'll find she's half-dead already, in anticipation.

TED: What's he mean?

BLONDIE: Well, Ted, Doris is a very impressionable young girl.

TED: That's all the better.

BLONDIE: What I mean is, she's been engaged at least six times that I know of in the last year.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- it's sort of a hobby with her.

BLONDIE: We just wanted to warn you not to take her too seriously.

TED: (LAUGHS) Oh, don't worry about me, Cousin Blondie. When it comes to women, I sweep them off their feet, and not vice versa.

DAGWOOD: You've never met Doris Jones.

(DOOR BELL RINGS)

~~BLONDIE: Well, it looks as though you're going to meet her right now.~~

~~TED: Ah-h-h-h!~~

BLONDIE: I'll go to the door, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie.

TED: Well, how do I look? Is my tie straight, any smudges on my nose, everything okay?

~~DAGWOOD: Well, that's a question.~~

~~TED: Thanks, Dag.~~

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: (OFF A BIT) Hello, Doris -- come right in.

DORIS: Oh, thank you, Blondie!

(DOOR CLOSES OFF)

TED: (CLEARS HIS THROAT) Well -- uh -- Blondie..

BLONDIE: Oh...Miss Jones, may I present my cousin, Lieutenant Kane.

(CLICK OF HEELS)

~~TED: How do you do, Miss Jones.~~

DORIS: (SIGHS) Oh, <sup>MY</sup> aren't you wonderful!

TED: It's -- it's a pleasure to meet you, Miss Jones.

DORIS: Oh, this is the most marvelous moment in my life.

DAGWOOD: You see what we've been telling you about, Ted?

DORIS: I've always wanted to meet a hero.

TED: Well, I'm not really a hero, yet

DORIS: I'll bet you're an officer, aren't you? I can tell by that fearless look in your eyes.

BLONDIE: Ted's a lieutenant, Doris.

DORIS: Oh, isn't that just grand! ~~How long did it take you to get~~ promoted to sergeant?

TED: I guess you don't understand. A lieutenant is higher ranking than a sergeant.

DORIS: Isn't that silly of me, ~~What I meant was how long it took~~  
DAGWOOD: Oh its -

~~you're so smart~~  
TED: ~~That's a perfectly logical mistake~~ PERFECTLY LOGICAL MISTAKE

DORIS: Oh, never mind -- poor little me would never understand.

My! Haven't you got the broadest shoulders!

TED: ~~MATTER OF FACT I HAVE -~~  
BLONDIE: Well, let's all sit down, ~~Disagree with her, for~~  
~~entirely.~~

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- let's sit down.

DORIS: Oh, Blondie, it was so sweet of you to invite me over to meet this wonderful man! I think he's just divine.

TED: Now, Miss Jones -- !

DORIS: Now don't you deny it, Mr. Man. ~~You're just the sweetest~~  
~~thing!~~

DAGWOOD: Weather's been pretty warm, don't you --

TED: Well, you're pretty nice yourself.

DAGWOOD: Hunh?

DORIS: Oh, you're just saying that to be polite to poor homely little me.

51455 8263

TED: Oh, no, I'm not! And besides, you're darn good looking.

DORIS: Do you really think so?

BLONDIE: Oh, Ted -- you were telling us about Army life a little bit ago.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, Ted. Have you ridden in one of those tanks?

DORIS: Do you really think so?

TED: Of course I do.

DAGWOOD: I'M GETTING KIND OF LONESOME -

DORIS: Oh-h-h-h. I don't suppose I should tell you this --

it isn't very modest of me -- but you simply thrill me right down to my toes.

BLONDIE: Would you two people mind coming back to this world for just a little while?

TED: Oh, pardon me, Blondie.

DORIS: I'm so sorry, Blondie. I guess I was being awfully rude, but he's just swept me right off my feet.)

~~TED: I guess he must be one uniform.~~

~~DORIS: Oh, yes. Where are we going tonight?~~

DAGWOOD: Well, Blondie and I thought we'd all go to the dance at the country club.

DORIS: I <sup>JUST</sup> love to dance. I'll bet you're a marvelous dancer, Lieutenant Lane --

DAGWOOD: Kane.

TED: Just call me Ted.

~~DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah, Ted.~~

DORIS: (GIGGLES) Ted.

TED: (GIGGLES)

DORIS: And <sup>YOU CAN</sup> ~~please~~ call me Doris.

DAGWOOD: Doris -- oh -- you weren't talking to me.

TED: All right -- Doris.

DORIS AND TED: (BOTH GIGGLE)

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Hunh?

BLONDIE: Could I talk to you for a moment?

DAGWOOD: It would be nice if somebody would.

BLONDIE: Will you people excuse us?

DORIS: Why of course.

TED: (FADING A LITTLE) <sup>YOU JUST</sup> Take your time. ~~Don't feel that you~~  
~~have to entertain me.~~

~~DORIS: I'll entertain him. (FADING)~~

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- we've just got to do something.

DAGWOOD: Hunh?

BLONDIE: That girl is out for Ted if any girl ever was out for any man.

DAGWOOD: Oh, well, it doesn't look dangerous.

BLONDIE: Well, I'll tell you how dangerous it is. They're practically sure to get engaged tonight.

DAGWOOD: What? So soon?

BLONDIE: Well, you know what a scatterbrain Doris is, ~~and how fast~~  
~~she gets engaged.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Well, but nothing will come of it.~~

BLONDIE: I'm afraid Ted is gone so far already that he might even talk Doris into marrying him. And Dagwood -- that would be awful!

DAGWOOD: Marrying him?! Gee, what would your Uncle Charlie do if Ted got married? And while he was visiting us?

BLONDIE: Probably come down and chase you around with a horsewhip. He also would probably disown us. Dagwood -- we've got to rescue Ted.

DAGWOOD: Well, ~~let's see~~ -- what can we do?

BLONDIE: Well, I'm going to go back in and have a little talk with Doris. ~~I'm sure she's just a little crazy.~~ YOU CAN TALK TO TED.

~~DAGWOOD: I'm sure she's just a little crazy.~~

~~BLONDIE: Sometimes I don't understand men at all. They can be so~~  
~~very unkind.~~

DAGWOOD: Hunh?

BLONDIE: Never mind, dear. Let's go in and I'll talk to Doris, WHILE YOU  
(DOOR OPENS) TAKE TED SOMEWHERE.

BLONDIE: Oh...Oh, Dagwood -- look...

DAGWOOD: Gee, it must be love at first sight.

BLONDIE: It can't be -- they haven't even had time to get a good look at each other.

DAGWOOD: (CLEARS HIS THROAT) WE'D BETTER BREAK THIS UP

BLONDIE: They don't even seem to hear us.

DAGWOOD: (CLEARS HIS THROAT LIKE MAD)

BLONDIE: Yoo-hoo.

TED: Oh...Oh -- er -- uh -- oh, hello.

DORIS: (GIGGLES) You tell them, Ted, darling.

DAGWOOD: Darling!

TED: Er -- Blondie and Dagwood -- we want you to be the first to know.

BLONDIE: Oh, goodness...Well -- the first to know what? I'M AFRAID -

TED: Doris and I are engaged.

51455 8266

7/7/41

DAGWOOD: Engaged? So soon? Why we were only out of the room ~~two~~ <sup>TWO</sup> minutes.

BLONDIE: You're just joking, aren't you?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Sure -- they're just joking.

BLONDIE: For a moment I thought you were serious.

TED: I am serious!

DORIS: Isn't it wonderful? Look -- he's even given me the buttons off his coat for earrings.

BLONDIE: I should have known.

DAGWOOD: What will your father say about this, Ted?

TED: I don't know, but I don't care.

BLONDIE: What will the Army say?

DORIS: Oh, they'll give him some more buttons.

BLONDIE: I wasn't talking about that.

DAGWOOD: <sup>WAIT A MINUTE</sup> Oh, Ted, I've got an idea. Why don't you let me take you on a little drive before we leave for the Country Club dance?

DORIS: Why that's a wonderful idea. I'll go along.

TED: THAT'S FINE THEN WE DON'T NEED DAGWOOD.

BLONDIE: No, Doris -- you stay here and help me...Go along <sup>DAGWOOD</sup> with Dagwood, Ted. THAT WASN'T THE IDEA.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, come on, Ted.

TED: Well, all right, Dagwood...Goodbye, Doris -- darling.

DORIS: Goodbye, sweetheart.

DAGWOOD: GOODBYE BLONDIE

BLONDIE: Goodbye, Dagwood. (SOTTO) And for heaven's sake, do something!

MUSIC.....

(COME UP ON CAR)

51455 8267

DAGWOOD: Er -- say, Ted -- doesn't this fresh air kind of clear up your mind a little?

TED: Isn't she wonderful?

DAGWOOD: Hunh?

TED: Dagwood, this is the real thing. She's the most wonderful, most intelligent, most beautiful girl in the whole world.

DAGWOOD: Who's that? Anyone we know?

TED: Doris, of course.

DAGWOOD: Er -- Ted, Doris is really a little flighty. She's been engaged at least six times in the last year.

TED: I know, she told me *ALL ABOUT IT*

DAGWOOD: She did, hunh?

TED: Yes, she said it was her soul searching for someone like me and not finding me.

DAGWOOD: Her soul, huh? You believe that, I suppose.

TED: Of course I do. She'll never look at anyone else again. Dagwood, she understands me.

DAGWOOD: ~~Well, she understands what she has to say to get you~~

~~brother~~ *COUSIN* You're making a big mistake, Ted.  
TED: ~~I'm not going to forget her.~~ *OH YEAH? DAGWOOD: YEAH TED: YOU'RE CRAZY*

DAGWOOD: ~~I'm not going to forget her.~~ *AND DON'T CHANGE THE SUBJECT.*  
You've got to forget her!

TED: I'll never forget her -- and she'll never forget me.

DAGWOOD: Tooooh!

MUSIC...



BLONDIE: Now Doris, you've just got to stop this foolishness. You and I both know that you're not in love with Ted.

DORIS: Oh, but I am, <sup>FOREVER</sup> temporarily, at least.

BLONDIE: I thought so. Well, I don't mind if you get that expert rifleman medal away from him for your charm bracelet, or his division insignia for a ring, or his coat buttons for a pair of earrings, but I draw the line at your getting engaged to him.

DORIS: But I like being engaged to a lieutenant.

~~BLONDIE: [REDACTED]~~

DORIS: And I won't give him up!

BLONDIE: Oh, Doris, don't be so silly.

DORIS: He likes me, and I'm crazy about his uniform. There's something about a soldier.

(DOORBELL RINGS)

BLONDIE: Just a minute <sup>TILL</sup> I'll see who that is.

DORIS: I'm not going to change my mind....(FADING)

BLONDIE: We'll talk about it some more. (TO HERSELF) ~~again~~  
~~the same old things to happen.~~ Why in the world did I ever invite her to meet him. I should have known.

(DOOR OPENS)

PHIL: Hello, Blondie! Surprise! Give me a kiss.

(SMACK OF KISS)

BLONDIE: Why! How dare -- for heaven's sake! Cousin Phil!  
What are you doing here and in uniform too.

PHIL: I thought you knew I was in the Navy, Blondie.

BLONDIE: That's right, I did -- but I had forgotten all about it.

PHIL: I'm on leave -- on my way home -- and I thought I'd drop in for the night.

BLONDIE: So you're on leave, too.

PHIL: Uh-huh. Who else is on leave?

BLONDIE: Cousin Ted -- he's in the army.

PHIL: That guy, eh? ~~I never did get along with him.~~

BLONDIE: Come to think about it, I remember how you used to fight when you were youngsters...But come on in.

PHIL: Thanks.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

PHIL: Oh, by the way, I wrote out a telegram to send you on the train but I thought I could bring it myself almost as fast. You might as well read it, ~~THOUGH~~

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

BLONDIE: Let me see. (READS) "Arriving five o'clock. How about staying with you overnight. How about a date with a blonde, Phil."

PHIL: That's right, How about it?

BLONDIE: Well, the blonde is right here.

PHIL: Lead the way, Cousin ~~Blondie~~ -- lead the way. The navy is <sup>RIGHT</sup> with you.

BLONDIE: Oh, Doris...

DORIS: (COMING UP) I won't give him up and I -- Oh-h-h-h!

BLONDIE: ~~You remember you said there was something about a~~  
~~soldier? Well, there's something about a soldier, too!~~  
...Miss Jones, may I present my Cousin Phil Putney?



PHIL:  
(Cont'd)

you! A salt sea spray peeling away from the prow  
of your ship, the breath of the tropics running  
through your blood like wine, the exotic sights of  
far away lands! Ah, Doris, the sea breeds men!

DORIS: Oh, you're wonderful!

PHIL: Not nearly as wonderful as you.

DORIS: You have the grandest broadest shoulders.

BLONDIE: He has nice curly hair, too.

DORIS: I'd just love to run my fingers through it.

PHIL: Go right ahead, darling. I couldn't deny you  
anything...Hey -- what are those buttons?

DORIS: Oh...well, Ted gave them to me for earrings.

BLONDIE: They're off his coat pockets.

PHIL: Give 'em to me. You won't want 'em anymore. I'll  
give you some Navy buttons.

DORIS: Oh, would you really?

PHIL: Certainly, I would. Of course, you'll have to  
break your engagement to Ted.

DORIS: Well, I don't know.

PHIL: Okay -- it's up to you. All I've got to say is that  
there are plenty of Army officers around, but Naval  
officers are scarce. *BLONDIE: THAT'S RIGHT DORIS*  
It's just a matter of whether  
you want to be exclusive or not.

DORIS: Of course I think you're just too too!

~~PHIL: Oh, on... what else?~~

~~BLONDIE: Why, I believe this is the most nervous moment in~~

~~DORIS: Huh.~~

7/7/41

DORIS: ~~You took the words right out of my mouth, Blondie!~~

BLONDIE: ~~I know you.~~

PHIL: ~~Are you going to tell Ted you really love me?~~ Are you going to break your engagement with ~~him~~ TED?

DORIS: Yes, Phil.

BLONDIE: Ah-h-h-h!

PHIL: Now you're showing some sense.

DORIS: You've just swept me right off my poor little feet.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Oh, Blondie! We're back.

BLONDIE: Just in time, too. And we've got a wonderful surprise. Cousin Phil just dropped in.

PHIL: Hello, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Hi, Phil. It's good to see you again.

PHIL: Thanks...Hello, Ted.

TED: Hi, <sup>PHIL</sup>..Doris. Darling, I'm back.

DORIS: Hello, Teddykins.

PHIL: (LAUGHS) ~~Teddykins, you're in for a big surprise.~~

Go ahead, Doris tell him.

TED: TELL ME WHAT?

DORIS: Well, Ted -- we wanted you to be the first to know.

DAGWOOD: Hey, what is this?

TED: That's what I want to know.

DORIS: Ted, I've decided to break our engagement.

TED: Oh, Doris!

DORIS: Now please don't take it too hard, Teddykins. I've been thinking it over and I know now that we'd never be happy together.

TED: What made you think that?

DORIS: Phil did.

TED: Oh, so it was you, eh?

PHIL: ~~Can I help it if my own personality and a Navy uniform is irresistible to her?~~ Can I help it if my own personality and a Navy uniform is irresistible to her?

TED: Navy! Listen -- I'm in the Army!!

PHIL: Army, huh? Do <sup>you</sup> ~~they~~ do anything besides play Notre Dame?

TED: I'm going to mop up the floor with you...

PHIL: Don't get gay, or I'll use you to dust the cobwebs off the ceiling.

BLONDIE: There aren't any cobwebs on my ceilings!

DAGWOOD: Now just a minute, fellas.

BLONDIE: There isn't going to be any fighting in here. This whole thing can be settled quietly and peacefully. The two of you can go into the kitchen and talk it over like gentlemen.

PHIL: That suits me.

TED: That suits me, too. Come on.

DORIS: Oh, isn't it just too, too, too, too romantic?

(DOOR OPENS OFF)

TED: Go on in.

PHIL: After you.

TED: Okay.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DORIS: I think I'd better powder my nose so I'll look cute when they come out.

DAGWOOD: Go right ahead.

DORIS: I'll be right back.

BLONDIE: ~~Well, Dagwood, I guess not to expect that, but hey, haven't we?~~ I'M CERTAINLY GLAD PHIL SHOWED UP.

DAGWOOD: Gee, Blondie, I was worried. I tried to talk to Ted in the car, but he was really serious about Doris.

BLONDIE: I know, dear. I guess it's just because he's been too busy in the army to have many dates, and Doris sort of got him.

~~DAGWOOD: For a while I was afraid that we were going to be blamed for something pretty awful. Doris wouldn't exactly make an ideal wife.~~

~~BLONDIE: Not exactly.~~

(SUDDEN COMMOTION IN THE KITCHEN)

BLONDIE: Dagwood! What's happening in the kitchen?  
DAGWOOD: I think Ted and Phil are talking it over like gentlemen!

(SMASHING AND BANGING)

DORIS: (COMING UP) What's all the noise?  
BLONDIE: They're fighting!  
DORIS: And about poor little me, too! Oh, how wonderful!

BLONDIE: Well, I'm going to stop it right this minute! They're smashing up my kitchen from the sound of it.

(ONE TERRIFIC CRASH AND RACKET STOPS)

DAGWOOD: ~~Hey, what's that? It's stopped!~~ *THEY'VE REACHED AN AGREEMENT.*  
DORIS: I wonder who won?

~~DAGWOOD: Whoever it is, I think our troubles are over.~~

~~BLONDIE: I hope so.~~

(DOOR OPENS SLOWLY)

DORIS: Oh, Teddykins! You won!

(DOOR CLOSES)

TED: You'll find your new fiance on the floor with his head under the sink.

DORIS: Teddykins, you're not angry at me. This was just a test.

TED: A test?

DORIS: Why of course, silly man. It was just a test to see if you really loved me. I don't care anything about that sailor.

TED: You really don't?

DORIS: Of course not, darling.

TED: Oh, Doris.

DORIS: Oh, Ted.

TED: Darling!

BLONDIE: Oh my goodness -- here we go again!



GOODWIN: Well, it looks as though Blondie and Dagwood are still on the spot. The date they picked for their Cousin Ted seems to have him right under her thumb, in spite of all they or Cousin Phil have done. In a moment, we'll see what happens when they all go to the dance at the country club. Meanwhile, let's look in on another branch of the service.

San Diego, California. A flying field...a plane is taking off.

(SOUND OF STARTING OF MOTOR...GUNS UP...AND OUT)

GOODWIN: An Army flying cadet is in the rear cockpit. In front Paul Wilcox, chief instructor at the Ryan School of Aeronautics, one of Uncle Sam's new "West Points of the Air." There are earphones in the cadet's helmet...and a mouthpiece before Wilcox's lips. Let's eavesdrop...Wilcox is talking to the cadet:

WILCOX: (FILTER) Hey, level off, will you...where are we, Coney Island? Let's get off the roller coaster...m'm, that's better. Okay, now...I want a loop...remember -- back on the stick...slow and easy...(PAUSE)...Whew...well, you did it. Now, remember what I told you about the snap roll. We'll do that next...do it like a good boy and Papa'll give you a Camel when we get downstairs...

"BLONDIE" 22-A  
7/7/41

GOODWIN: Camel it is...with Uncle Sam's nephews in the air, on the rifle range, in the tanks, aboard ship, wherever the colors are flying. Here in this most democratic army in the world...here in this cross-section of all America...here among the most modern alert, typical American group ever gathered under one banner at one time...you find one cigarette the favorite. Now this is no casual claim... it's what the sales records say! Actual sales records show that with men in the Army, in the Navy, in the Coast Guard, and in the Marine Corps, Camel, the cigarette of costlier tobaccos, is the favorite. That extra flavor and extra mildness click there -- as everywhere. And with that extra mildness, the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains twenty-eight percent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling brands tested -- less than any of them, according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself. Yes, sir, the smoke's the thing!

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: It's a little later in the evening at the country club dance. Blondie and Dagwood, and Cousin Ted and Doris are sitting at a table on the terrace. Cousin Phil is around somewhere...

BLONDIE: Well, how do you like it out here, Ted?

TED: It's swell, Blondie.

DAGWOOD: You're knocking 'em dead in your army uniform, Ted. I've noticed all the girls looking at you.

TED: (LAUGHS) There's nothing like an army uniform.

BLONDIE: Unless it's a navy uniform.

DORIS: But Ted, you weren't looking at anyone but me, were you, you wonderful man?

TED: Oh, no, Doris. Not me

DORIS: You're the handsomest man here tonight.

TED: Oh, now don't say that

DORIS: BUT I DO SAY THAT

BLONDIE: ~~Several girls have asked me to introduce them to you.~~

TED: ~~Really?~~

DORIS: ~~Blondie, you're trying to break up our beautiful~~  
~~friendship Ted and I have, are you?~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Don't answer that, Blondie. It would be a pity.~~

TED: Oh, say -- I'm all out of Camels. I'll have to get another pack.

DAGWOOD: Have some of mine.

TED: No, I'll get another pack, thanks...I'll be right back. Will you excuse me?

DORIS: Don't be gone long, dear.

BLONDIE: I wonder where Phil is?

DAGWOOD: I haven't seen him.

(SOUND OF SMACK OF FIST OFF)

BLONDIE: What was that?

DAGWOOD: If it's what I think it is, Phil is just around the corner.

BLONDIE: Goodness -- here he comes now.

PHIL: (COMING UP) Hello, everyone...Miss me?

DORIS: Hello. Where's Teddy?

PHIL: Your soldier friend is just on the other side of that potted palm -- flat on his back.

DORIS: You know, you're both so wonderful, I just can't decide between you.

PHIL: Well, you seem to have picked Ted.

DORIS: Oh, didn't you understand what I was doing? That was only a test.

BLONDIE: I knew it was only a test all the time.

PHIL: Well, you can't go on testing forever. What do you want? -- the army or navy?

DORIS: I like you.

~~PHIL: You're not going to change your mind the next time I run into a brick-puncher.~~

~~DORIS: Oh, don't you think little me is too fabulous?~~

TED: (FROM OFF) Oh, Phil -- could I talk to you for a moment.

DAGWOOD: Oh-oh, it's Ted. We're off again.

PHIL: (CALLS BACK) I'll be right there. (ON) Well, I suppose it's his turn again.

BLONDIE: Oh, no you don't. This time I'm going with you to referee. Dagwood, you and Doris ~~can~~ stay here. Come on, Phil.

DORIS: Can't I come along and watch. I've missed it both times.

7/7/41

DORIS

BLONDIE: You stay right where you are, (FADING)

DORIS: ~~YOU KNOW, MR. BUMSTEAD~~ (SIGHS) I guess I'm just sort of a femme fatale.

DAGWOOD: Hunh?

DORIS: ~~You know, Mr. Bumstead~~ -- sort of a Cleopatra. Men are always fighting over me, and I haven't the slightest idea why.

DAGWOOD: Of course not.

DORIS: Mr. Bumstead,

DAGWOOD: Hunh? DORIS: DO YOU MIND IF I SIT NEARER TO YOU?  
DAGWOOD: OH WELL NO -

DORIS: I don't think your wife understands you.  
BLONDIE!

DAGWOOD: ~~Hey, you know what she means.~~

DORIS: You're such a wonderful man, and --

DAGWOOD: I WONDER WHERE SHE IS -  
Please -- I'm married.

DORIS: Mr. Bumstead -- did anyone ever tell you you had --

DAGWOOD: Fearless eyes?

DORIS: How did you know?

DAGWOOD: It was just a shot in the dark.

DORIS: Oh, goodness -- there's Dick Pelton. He's a divine dancer

DAGWOOD: I NEVER DANCED WITH HIM  
DORIS! and I haven't seen him for hours. Excuse me,

Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Okay.

DORIS: I'll be right back, maybe.

DAGWOOD: Don't hurry. (STARTS TO HUM)

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) Oh, Dagwood -- where did Doris go?

PHIL: WHERE IS SHE?

DAGWOOD: Look.

TED: Hey -- she skipped out on both of us!

PHIL: A fine thing!

TED: You know -- maybe I'm not in love with ~~her~~ <sup>THAT DAME</sup> after all.

PHIL: By the way, Ted -- I noticed a couple of sweet looking numbers as I walked over. One's a blonde and the other's a readhead.

TED: I'll take the blonde.

PHIL: That suits me.

DAGWOOD: Hey -- how about your fight?

TED: Why, Cousin Dagwood -- when it comes to anything important -- the army and navy never fight with each other. You ought to know that.

PHIL: Yeah. Come on, Ted, those dames are waiting -- we're wasting time... We'll see you later.

BLONDIE: Okay.

DAGWOOD: Er -- good luck.

~~BLONDIE: Dagwood -- look. There's one first dame I've ever seen these two go off with an arm over each other's shoulder.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Yeah -- I thought they were each other.~~

BLONDIE: <sup>WELL DAGWOOD</sup> I guess ~~so~~. The army and the navy are going to do all right together.

DAGWOOD: Whew -- that's a relief.

BLONDIE: And now dear, there's one thing you've forgotten.

DAGWOOD: What's that.

BLONDIE: You haven't danced with me yet.

DAGWOOD: I haven't? Hey, that's right -- I haven't. Come on, Blondie -- let's head for the dance floor.

BLONDIE: OH DAGWOOD YOU HAVE SUCH A FEARLESS LOOK IN YOUR EYES

MUSIC....

"BLONDIE" -27-  
7/7/41 (REVISED)

GOODWIN: Well, folks, it was certainly a hectic day for the Bumsteads, but Blondie and Dagwood finally managed to straighten everything out. Next week Alexander gets some ideas on how to straighten a few things out for himself, so be sure to be listening next Monday at this same time to see what luck he has, and how "Blondie Holds Her Own."

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

GOODWIN: "Blondie" is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood is Arthur Lake.  
Our "Blondie" orchestra is directed by Bill Artzt who also creates the special musical effects.  
This is Bill Goodwin speaking for the makers of Camel Cigarettes.

(SOUND OF NICKEL INTO PAY TELEPHONE...BLINK AS  
RECEIVER IS LIFTED)

GARRCO.  
~~GARRCO.~~

It takes five cents to make a local phone call. Yes, and for only ten cents you can go a long distance in a big way...ten cents connects you with a big blue two and one-quarter ounce package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco. Yet George Washington still gives you mild, mellow, tasty smoking aplenty. Load up and light up with George Washington Smoking Tobacco -- that's thrift -- with a thrill.

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