

#5

"BLONDIE"

19-42  
MASTER

MONDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1941

4:30 - 5:00 P.M., PST  
7:30 - 8:00 P.M., PST

New York

#131

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

MUSIC: (THEME)

51454 0515

GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads. Well, Dagwood has just come home from the office, and for the first time in a long, long while, he hasn't gone right out to the kitchen to see what's on the stove for dinner. Apparently, he has something pretty important on his mind. Blondie's a little worried about it...

BLONDIE: Dagwood, is there something wrong with you? Aren't you feeling well? What's the trouble?

DAGWOOD: Oh, it's really nothing, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Well, what is it?

DAGWOOD: You know Bob Williams, don't you?

BLONDIE: Well, yes, I know him, but not very well. I always talk to him when I go to the bank. He seems like a very nice man.

DAGWOOD: He is, Blondie. I met him at the Dutch Uncle Club... Blondie, he has an awful problem.

BLONDIE: I hope he hasn't been playing the races with the bank's money.

DAGWOOD: Oh, no -- this is worse.

BLONDIE: Good heavens -- what is it?

DAGWOOD: He can't get up nerve ~~enough~~ to propose to Florence Carter

BLONDIE: Oh...

DAGWOOD: Well, he feels terrible about it, Blondie. He's in an awful state. He says he can hardly tell a five dollar bill from a fifty... Say, do you suppose that's why our checkbook doesn't balance with the bank statement?

BLONDIE: I don't suppose so.

DAGWOOD: I didn't really think so.

BLONDIE: No, the checkbook didn't balance because you subtracted four from six and got three.

DAGWOOD: Well, what's wrong with -- oh, I see what you mean... Now where was I?

BLONDIE: You were telling me how awful Bob Williams felt because he couldn't get up nerve to propose to Florence Carter.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- do you know her?

BLONDIE: About as well as I know Bob. We're both in the Red Cross First Aid Class... She seems very nice. ~~But why has this got you worried?~~

~~DAGWOOD: Well, I told Bob I could help him propose to Florence.~~

~~BLONDIE: And just how are you going to go about that?~~

DAGWOOD: I haven't any idea, but he needed pepping up, Blondie, ~~so I told him I could help him.~~ They're both very swell people honey, and I guess they're both in love, but he just can't say the words. (LAUGHS) <sup>I TOLD HIM I'D SHOW HIM HOW</sup> In a way, it's sort of ~~funny.~~ *BLONDIE! YOU DID?*

BLONDIE: As I remember, you weren't so very glib when you proposed to me.

DAGWOOD: I wasn't?

BLONDIE: I should say not.

DAGWOOD: Exactly what did I say, Blondie?

BLONDIE: I remember perfectly. You said, "Blondie, I -- er, what I mean is, I was thinking it might be a good idea if -- that is, why don't you and I -- well, would you?"

DAGWOOD: Is that what I said?

BLONDIE: It certainly is.

DAGWOOD: Hmmm-- that's not the way I told it to Bob Williams.

BLONDIE: I'm sure it isn't...Well, Dagwood, what are you going to do about Bob?

DAGWOOD: Why I'm going to ~~ask you, Blondie,~~ what AM I going to do?

BLONDIE: Well, of course, maybe Bob hasn't tried to propose to Florence under the right conditions.

DAGWOOD: Maybe not. What he needs is soft lights, beautiful surroundings, music, and -- hey, I think I've got an idea.

BLONDIE: What is it?

DAGWOOD: I'm not going to tell you, Blondie. You'd laugh at me. But it's got a pretty good chance of working.

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood -- tell me what it is.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Nothing doing. I'll tell you about it ~~after it~~ <sup>LATER</sup>  
~~works.~~

~~(DOOR BELL)~~

~~DAGWOOD: I'll go, Blondie.~~

~~(FOOTSTEPS)~~

DAGWOOD: ~~←~~ Gee, if this idea of mine only works, maybe I can patent it and sell it to other fellows who haven't got nerve enough to propose. *MUSIC CUE:*

~~(DOOR OPENS)~~

~~BOB: Er -- hello, Dagwood.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Oh, hello, Bob...Come on in.~~

~~BOB: Oh, no -- I just stopped for a second to ask if you'd thought any more about my problem.~~

~~DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Don't worry about a thing! I've got an idea that can't miss!~~

BOB: You have?!

DAGWOOD: I certainly have! You call up Florence and ask her for a date around ten o'clock tonight. Then come over here at seven-thirty, and we'll start to work.

BOB: Okay, Dagwood, that's swell...Gee, if you can only help me out somehow, just fix it so I can say those words to Florence, you'll make me the happiest man in the world.

DAGWOOD: Don't worry about a thing, Bob. You're practically engaged to be married right now.

BOB: That's great...Well -- er -- I'll be over at seven-thirty. Goodbye.

DAGWOOD: So long, Bob.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Gee, this is going to be quite an experiment.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, are you sure you're not building Bob up to an awful let down?

DAGWOOD: You'll see, Blondie..(LAUGHS) You'll see.

MUSIC

GOODWIN: Well, I wonder just what this stunt is that Dagwood has up his sleeve? He's promised Bob Williams that he can help him propose to his girl, but will he be able to make good on ~~this~~<sup>it</sup>? We'll see what happens in just a moment. ~~Meanwhile~~<sup>while</sup> let's catch Blondie and Dagwood in a football conversation --

(COMMERCIAL TO BE INSERTED LATER)

DAGWOOD: Well, Blondie, who do you think's going to win the Rose Bowl game at Duke Stadium?

BLONDIE: Well, I was talking to Harriet, Dagwood. She says she's got it all figured out.

DAGWOOD: Yes?

BLONDIE: She thinks the Oregon State team will win. See, she read in the paper that Duke had some wonderful broken-field runners.

DAGWOOD: But ~~it's~~ <sup>that's</sup> good to have fine broken-field runners, Blondie.

BLONDIE: I know, Dagwood, but Harriet thought that for a great big game like the Rose Bowl, they'd have the field fixed.

DAGWOOD: Ohhhhhh! Blondie, don't you know that --

BLONDIE: (LAUGHING) Yes, Dagwood! It means running through scattered tacklers in the open field. So I guess Harriet's wrong about Oregon State.

DAGWOOD: Well, not necessarily! Both the teams are mighty good. In fact, the only sure thing about that game, Blondie, is that it will be at Duke Stadium in Durham, North Carolina -- and, of course, it's a pretty sure bet that the college students at the game will be smoking more Camels than any other cigarette!

GOODWIN: Yes, I think it's fair to make that statement, Dagwood -- because a survey conducted independently in colleges and universities throughout the country showed that American college men and women smoke more Camels than any other cigarette. What's the reason? Why do these well-informed young people like Camels? One's the famous Camel flavor -- extra flavor -- and the extra mildness that lets them enjoy it! Yes, and economy, too -- because Camel's slower-burning means not only cooler smoking but also extra smoking per cigarette per pack. Yes, you'll find a lot of pleasing answers in Camel's costlier tobaccos, too, and the matchless blending of those fine tobaccos, into a really better cigarette. And, of course, there's less nicotine in the smoke!

ECHO: Twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling cigarettes tested -- less than any of them, according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself.

GOODWIN: And the smoke's the thing! You'll like Camels! Get a pack tonight -- and I'll bet you'll want to buy a carton tomorrow!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, it's <sup>NOW</sup> after dinner at the Bumstead home -- about seven twenty-five to be exact. Cookie is asleep upstairs, Alexander is working on his lessons, Dagwood is mysteriously busy down in the cellar, <sup>WORKING ON SOME</sup> so Blondie is <sup>MATHEMATICAL</sup> alone in the living room when the door bell rings. <sup>TRICKS FOR</sup>

(DOOR BELL)

BLONDIE: Well, I suppose that's Bob Williams. I certainly hope Dagwood doesn't disappoint him.

(DOOR OPENS)

BOB: Oh -- uh -- hello, Mrs. Bumstead. Dagwood asked me to come over here tonight --

BLONDIE: Yes, he told me. Come right in.

BOB: Thank you... Er -- did Dagwood tell you about my problem, Mrs. Bumstead?

BLONDIE: Why, yes -- he did. What seems to be the difficulty?

BOB: It's very embarrassing. Maybe you can help me, Mrs. Bumstead. I'm losing all my confidence in myself. I don't have any trouble at all speaking before the Rotary or Kiwanis Clubs, but when I open my mouth to ask Florence, nothing comes out. I just sit there with my mouth open.

BLONDIE: IT'S COMING OUT  
ALL RIGHT.

BLONDIE: Won't she help you out a little?

BOB: I guess she's embarrassed, too.

BLONDIE: Well, have you tried writing out what you want to say on a piece of paper, and reading it to her?





BOB: Okay, Dagwood...What's the phonograph for?

DAGWOOD: You'll see. (LAUGHS) Boy, this is really going to be something. It'll work, too...Now, read what I've got written on this <sup>LITTLE</sup> piece of paper.

BOB: Oh...All right. "Darling, there's something I want to tell you -- something I've been wanting to tell you <sup>FOR</sup> a long time. I love you, and I want you to marry me...Will you?"

*DAG*  
DAGWOOD:

*Yes -- Oh No!*  
That's very good. You'll have to put a little more feeling into it -- a little of that Charles Boyer stuff

*BOB: I'm*  
BOB:

-- without his accent, of course.  
*NOT THE TYPE -- DAG: WELL WITHOUT THE ACCENT OF COURSE.*  
Is this what I'm supposed to say to Florence?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, that's it?

BOB: Er -- don't you think we ought to put a "please" into it somewhere?

DAGWOOD: No -- it's right just the way it is. If you put a "please" in, it would take the punch out of it. There's no time for shilly <sup>ING</sup>shallying when you're proposing. You've got to get right to the point.

BOB: Okay, but my trouble is actually saying it to her. I can write lots of speeches -- I just can't get them out at the right moment.

DAGWOOD: Don't worry about that -- I've taken care of the whole thing. / You see, Bob -- I'm going to teach you to say this to the tune of some music.

*Bob: You are? DAG: Sure.*  
BOB: I don't get it.

DAGWOOD: Well, you've read about how they've taught fish to come to the edge of a pool to be fed whenever they hear a whistle, haven't you? ~~And how they've taught other animals to do certain things when they hear a certain word.~~

~~BOB: Oh, you mean a conditioned response.~~

~~DAGWOOD: That's it -- a condition -- a con -- yeah, that's it.~~

~~They're trained so that a certain sound makes them do some particular thing.~~ Well, we're going to train you

so that when you hear this tune you'll propose.

BOB: Say, that's an idea! That's wonderful!

DAGWOOD: Just a little thing I thought up. Whenever you hear the tune, you won't have to think -- the words will just naturally come out. You'll have to propose!

BOB: Swell! Let's go.

DAGWOOD: Okay -- I'll read it along with you...Just a second --  
I'll put the record on...It's all very simple, isn't  
it? You just say it with music! Okay -- here we go.

MUSIC: (MUSIC STARTS)

DAGWOOD: Okay -- now!

BOB & DAGWOOD: (IN UNISON) Darling, there's something I want to  
tell you -- something I've been wanting to tell you for  
a long time. I love you, and I want you to marry me...  
Will you? *HA H ?*

DAGWOOD: Swell...Now let's start over again.

MUSIC: (MUSIC OUT ABRUPTLY)

DAGWOOD: We've got to say this over and over again until you just  
can't help saying it when you hear this music. We've  
got to keep this up until <sup>a</sup>quarter to ten -- just before  
you go to see Florence...Okay -- here we go again.

MUSIC: (MUSIC AGAIN)

DAGWOOD & BOB: (IN UNISON) Darling, there's something I want to tell  
you -- something I've been wanting to tell you for a long  
time. I love you and I want...

(BOARD FADE)

(PAUSE)

MUSIC: (FADE IN MUSIC)

DAGWOOD & BOB: (IN UNISON)...something I want to tell you --  
something I've been wanting to tell you for a long time.  
I love you, and I want you to marry me...Will you?  
DAGWOOD: Okay -- it's practically time for you to leave now.

MUSIC: (MUSIC STOPS ABRUPTLY)

BOB: (SIGHS) Whew! We've been saying that over and over  
for two and three quarters hours. My voice is a little  
husky.

DAGWOOD: That's all right -- it'll sound more romantic.

BOB: I'm sort of tired -- but I'm in the groove all right.

DAGWOOD: That's good. You think you'll be able to say it to  
Florence now?

BOB: Oh, sure.

DAGWOOD: Okay <sup>Bob</sup> here's the record. Take it with you, and play  
it on her phonograph. Then call up here, and let me be  
the first to congratulate you.

BOB: Thanks, Dagwood...You don't know how much I appreciate  
this. It's going to make a different man of me.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Yeah -- a married man.

BOB: That's right. I'm going right over to see Florence now,  
and this time, I can't fail!

MUSIC...

FLORENCE: Well, sit down, Bob.

BOB: Oh -- uh -- thanks, Florence.

FLORENCE: You know, I was a little surprised when you told me over the phone that you wanted to come over here at ten o'clock. It's sort of late.

BOB: Yeah -- it is -- sort of late.

FLORENCE: What've you got there?

BOB: What? Oh -- just a record. I'll play it for you in a moment.

FLORENCE: Oh, that's lovely.

BOB: Er -- do you mind if I turn some of the lights down a little.

FLORENCE: (PLAYFULLY) Why, Bob?

BOB: Er -- you see -- er -- they get in my eyes, sort of.

FLORENCE: All right -- go ahead.

BOB: Er -- thanks.

(LIGHT SWITCH)

BOB: That's better.

FLORENCE: Yes -- it is, isn't it?...You seem very nervous about something.

BOB: Nervous? Who? Me?...Oh, I'm not nervous -- that is, not much -- I mean, just a little.

FLORENCE: <sup>is</sup> <sup>There</sup> Anything wrong?

BOB: Oh, no -- no! Nothing's wrong...Er -- is the phonograph working all right?

FLORENCE: Why, Bob -- I don't think I've ever seen you so upset. You're shaking all over.

BOB: It's cold out.

FLORENCE: But it's not cold in here.  
BOB: Er -- do you mind if I play this record right away.  
FLORENCE: No -- I'd like to hear it.  
BOB: (SIGHS) Well, here goes then... I'll just put it on the  
phonograph and...

(STUMBLES AND FALLS...RECORD SMASHES)

FLORENCE: Oh, Bob -- did you hurt yourself?  
BOB: Never mind ~~the~~ <sup>The DETAILS</sup> -- what happened to the record?  
FLORENCE: It's smashed.  
BOB: Doooooooooh!

MUSIC...

(PHONE RINGS)

BLONDIE: There's the phone, Dagwood. I'll get it.  
DAGWOOD: No ~~let me~~ <sup>WAIT A MINUTE</sup>, Blondie. I think it's Bob calling me.  
He's just become engaged to Florence Carter.  
BLONDIE: How do you know?  
DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Oh, just intuition -- that's all. You'll see.

(PICK UP PHONE)

DAGWOOD: Congratulations, Bob!... <sup>HAM?</sup> ~~What?~~... You aren't engaged yet?  
...Oh -- you broke it. Gee, that's tough. <sup>YOU FELL ON IT AND</sup> You were too ~~to~~ <sup>BROKE</sup> nervous, hunh?... Well, let me see. You get another  
record, and we'll practice some more tomorrow night...  
Then instead of your playing the record, we'll get out  
dancing, and get the orchestra to play it instead...  
Yeah -- you can't drop an orchestra and break it... ~~Oh,~~  
Bob ~~is~~ <sup>isn't</sup> so long!

(HANGS UP)

BLONDIE: Well, it doesn't sound as though he's engaged.

DAGWOOD: Don't worry, Blondie -- I'm not through with him yet...  
Oh, by the way, how'd you like to go dancing with Bob  
and Florence tomorrow night?

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- that would be wonderful. We almost  
never go out dancing. <sup>ANY MORE</sup> It's awfully sweet of you to think  
of it.

DAGWOOD: Oh, it's nothing at all. It'll be sort of an engagement  
party for Bob and Florence. He's going to propose to  
her tomorrow night.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, you're sure you're not gumming up his life  
somehow?

DAGWOOD: Certainly not! I'm fixing everything up for him, Blondie.  
He'll be over here before he picks up Florence. Bob and  
I have a little serious work to do first -- just to make  
sure that nothing can possibly go wrong.

BLONDIE: It sounds very mysterious.

DAGWOOD: You'll see tomorrow. Yes, sir -- The Bumsteads Never-Fail  
Positively Guaranteed Proposal Machine is going to be a  
success!

MUSIC: (SEGUE TO PROPOSAL MUSIC OF RECORD)

DAGWOOD & BOB: (IN UNISON) Darling, there's something I want to tell  
you -- something I've been wanting to tell you for a long  
time. I love you and I want you to marry me...Will you?

DAG: HAH?

BOB: DO YOU THINK I OUGHT TO PUT A HAH IN IT TOO?

MUSIC: (MUSIC OFF) DAG! NO NEVER MIND.



DAGWOOD: Whew!

BOB: Well, I've proposed about a thousand times to that record already...It's been swell of you to go through the whole thing with me, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Oh, that's all right. I haven't minded it. Besides, I wanted to prove to Blondie that it could be done. She was a little skeptical when I told her I promised to help you.

BOB: You haven't told her about this, have you?

DAGWOOD: Not yet. I'm going to tell her afterwards.

BOB: Well, it's time for me to be running along. I've got to pick up Florence. We'll meet you at the Heron Club at nine o'clock sharp.

(FEET UP STAIRS, FADING)

DAGWOOD: Okay, Bob...I'll be seeing you.

BOB: (FADING) You bet, Dagwood.

(DOOR CLOSES OFF)

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Boy -- I guess this'll prove something to Blondie. Bob and I have said that proposal speech over so many times to this music, he can't help proposing when the orchestra plays the number. ~~And~~

~~just as the record --~~

MUSIC: (PROPOSAL MUSIC)

~~DAGWOOD: It's going to work perf -- Darling, there's something I  
want to tell you -- holy smoke -- something I've been  
wanting to tell you for a long time. Hey! I love  
you, and I want you to marry me...Will you?~~

~~MUSIC: (OFF)~~

~~DAGWOOD: My gosh -- it's working on me! I proposed myself, and  
I couldn't stop myself! What's going to happen now?~~

~~MUSIC: (SEGUE TO DANCE MUSIC JUST FINISHING A NUMBER)~~

(PATTER OF APPLAUSE AS IT STOPS)

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- what were you talking to the orchestra  
leader about?

DAGWOOD: Oh, nothing -- just a number I wanted him to play...  
Gee, I wonder what's happened to Bob and Florence.  
He said they'd be here at nine o'clock sharp.

BLONDIE: It's about twenty after now, but that's not very late.

DAGWOOD: Gee, they'd better get here soon before the band  
plays that number.

BLONDIE: Why?

DAGWOOD: Well, <sup>IT'S BECAUSE</sup> I've fixed up something, Blondie.. It's still a secret, but I'll explain it later.

BLONDIE: About the proposal?

DAGWOOD: Yeah...Say, Blondie -- will you excuse me a second. I'm going to ask that hat check girl if Bob and Florence have come in yet.,

BLONDIE: HMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM

DAGWOOD: What do you mean, HMMMMMMMMMMMM?

BLONDIE: I didn't like the way that hat check girl was looking at you when we came in. I distinctly saw her giving you the eye.

DAGWOOD: <sup>Oh No She DIDN'T</sup> But I didn't wink back at her. I'll <sup>SEE YOU LATEY</sup> ~~be right back~~, Blondie.

BLONDIE: (FADING) Well, all right, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: (TO HIMSELF) Gee, they would be late.

GIRL: (COMING UP) Hello-o.

DAGWOOD: Er -- hello.

GIRL: I was hoping you'd come back to talk to me. I could sort of tell when you came in with your date that you liked me.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

GIRL: I'll bet if she knew you were talking to me, she'd be furious.

DAGWOOD: I wouldn't be <sup>A BIT</sup> surprised...By the way, I was wondering if some friends of mine had come in yet. Bob Williams and Florence Carter.

GIRL: Is that what you really wanted to ask me?

MUSIC: (PROPOSAL MUSIC BEGINS FROM ORCHESTRA...)

DAGWOOD: The music!...Darling, there's something I want to tell you --

GIRL: Yes?

DAGWOOD: Something I've been wanting to tell you for a long time.

GIRL: I knew it -- go on.

DAGWOOD: I love you, and I want you to marry me...Will you?

GIRL: Oh, you darling! Yes, of course I'll marry you!

DAGWOOD: Hey -- wait a minute!

GIRL: I'll quit my job right now. I'll go <sup>RIGHT OUT AND</sup> paste the boss one in the eye for luck...

DAGWOOD: Now look -- please -- wait a minute -- don't be hasty!

GIRL: The moment I saw you, I knew that <sup>Hey! Hey!</sup> ~~hey~~, come back ~~here!~~ You can't run away from me! You just proposed to me! (FADING)

DAGWOOD: Goodbye...~~Holy smoke!~~

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Dagwood -- what in the world is the matter?

DAGWOOD: Blondie, don't look now, but that hat check girl is chasing me.

BLONDIE: She is? What did you say to her?

DAGWOOD: Er -- just a few words, that's all...Gosh, here she comes. Pretend you don't see her.

GIRL: (COMING UP) Darling -- what did you run away from me like that for?

BLONDIE: Darling! How dare you call him darling!

DAGWOOD: Goodbye, please.

GIRL: He called me darling, and you don't need to get so snooty about it. I've just shoved you out of the picture. He proposed to me.

BLONDIE: I don't care what he -- he did what?

GIRL: He proposed to me -- told me he loved me -- asked me to marry him. Didn't you, darling?

DAGWOOD: No comment.

BLONDIE: Dagwood you didn't propose to this -- ~~this~~ -- ~~this~~ ~~thing~~ did you?

DAGWOOD: Well, Blondie, you see, it was like this --

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Now wait, Blondie -- you see, the <sup>pretty</sup> music started, and I just couldn't help myself.

GIRL: That's right -- I swept him right off his feet. His eyes got glassy, and he proposed to me...You might just as well give him up, sister.

BLONDIE: I'll have you know he's married to me.

GIRL: Married?...Why you small time Romeo -- telling me you loved me -- asking me to marry you when you were already married! You -- you -- you bigamist!

DAGWOOD: Tooooooooh!

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- after all these years!

BOB: (COMING UP FAST) Dagwood! Hey, Dagwood! Something awful has happened! I'm in an awful jam!

DAGWOOD: So am I -- right up to my shoulders!

FLORENCE: (COMING UP) Bob Williams, I'm never going to speak to you again! ...Oh, hello, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Hello.

FLORENCE: Can you imagine! I've been waiting for months for Bob to propose to me. I've hinted, I've tried to help him along, but no -- he wouldn't propose to me!

BOB: But Florence!

FLORENCE: Don't you talk to me! *Bob: I'm sorry* And then, just as we were coming in here, he proposed to the cigarette girl. Told her he loved her and asked her to marry him...I was never so humiliated in all my life!

BOB: But Florence -- Dagwood can explain everything to you.

DAGWOOD: I can't even explain for myself.

GIRL: Hey, how about me? He proposed to me! If he's not going to marry me, I'm going to sue for breach of promise or alimony or something. My heart is broken.

BLONDIE: You had better get away from me while it's just your heart that's broken!

GIRL: A fine thing! I'm going to talk to my lawyer about this! ...(FADING)

BLONDIE: Florence, ~~would~~ *will* you ~~go~~ *come* with me?

FLORENCE: I'd be glad to.

DAGWOOD: Now, Blondie -- you've got to listen to reason. There's an explanation for this.

BLONDIE: I've heard enough for now.

BOB: Florence, you've got to let me tell you how this happened.

FLORENCE: Please don't follow me.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, <sup>WAIT A MINUTE</sup> won't you let me tell you about this?  
Please-pretty please, Blondie!

BLONDIE: No, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: I won't stand for this! I'm going to follow you until  
you listen to me!

FLORENCE: Shall we go in, Mrs. Bumstead?

BLONDIE: Yes.

( DOOR OPENS )

DAGWOOD: I'm not going to stop --

BOB: Hey, wait a minute, Dagwood -- you can't go in there.

DAGWOOD: I'd like to see them keep me -- oh, I see what you mean.

( DOOR CLOSES )

BOB: Oh, this is awful. We had just walked in, the music  
started, and the cigarette girl was right in front of  
me, and I proposed to her.

DAGWOOD: The same thing happened to me and the hat-check girl.  
I couldn't help it.

BOB: Gee -- it's got us. If that music had started a second  
or so sooner, I would have proposed to the doorman...  
What're we going to do?

:

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, Dagwood trained Bob William to propose to a  
certain tune, but it looks as though he trained himself  
as well. I wonder if he'll be able to square himself  
with Blondie. And how about Bob -- will he ever propose  
to Florence? Well, we'll see in a moment when we return  
to the Bumsteads...But first, Listen to that!

(DRONE OF A TRANSPORT PLANE:)

GOODWIN: It's practice jump time for ~~the~~<sup>our</sup> parachute troops. The big army transport swoops down lower and lower. Suddenly, a green-clad figure plunges into space, then another and another. Twelve parachutes burst open like puffs of white smoke and float downward.

(PLANE MOTOR HAS ALMOST FADED AWAY)

TROOPER: (THINKING OUT LOUD) There's the field, right below... and just north in those woods ought to be our objective... Boy, that ground's coming up -- won't be long now!

GOODWIN: Yep, it's one of the army's new tricks, scarcely dreamed of by the A.E.F. of 'seventeen. But lots of things haven't changed! Around the Post Exchanges you can still hear...

TROOPER: I'd like a pack o' Camels, please!

GOODWIN: Actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens show that with men in the Army, the Navy, and the Marine Corps Camel is the favorite! What's the reason?

TROOPER: Flavor's the thing with me, mister! I like that rich extra flavor you find in Camels. And I like the Camel mildness that lets you enjoy it, too!

GOODWIN: You bet! And don't forget Camels are slower-burning -- and that means cooler smoking, and extra smoking per cigarette per pack -- more for your money! That's because Camels are made of costlier tobaccos -- and, even more important -- they're blended with the famous Camel know-how, blended expertly and matchlessly to make a really superb cigarette. And, of course, there's less nicotine in the smoke!



ECHO: Twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest selling cigarettes tested -- less than any of them, according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself!

GOODWIN: Get a pack of Camels tonight! You'll see what a difference skillful blending of costlier tobaccos can make!

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: Well, it looks as though some sort of a truce has been agreed upon between Blondie and Dagwood, and Bob and Florence, because here they are, riding along over a snowy country road in the car. Dagwood has the heater on in the car, but the atmosphere is decidedly chilly. Blondie and Florence are both sitting in the back seat, and Dagwood and Bob in the front. They've got the radio on in the car...

(CAR SOUNDS...FADE TO BACKGROUND...LIGHT DANCE MUSIC)

BLONDIE: I would like to know where we're going.

DAGWOOD: Oh, we're just driving around, honey.

FLORENCE: And I'd like to know why you stopped at that soda fountain

BOB: I told you I had to make a phone call, Florence.

FLORENCE: Who to -- that cigarette girl.

~~BOB: Now Florence, don't talk that way. She stopped me, didn't she? That should have satisfied you..~~

~~FLORENCE: A little bit ago -- while we were still at the Heron Club -- you were very anxious to give us explanations of the way you acted. I haven't heard any explanations since we got into this car.~~

BLONDIE: That's right.

~~DAGWOOD: We didn't think you were in very receptive moods.~~

BOB: If you really want to know what the phone call was -- I asked for a request number on this program we're listening to.

FLORENCE: I'm not particularly interested in request numbers now.

BOB: I think you will be in this one.

DOGWOOD: I'm sure she will.

(FINISH NUMBER...)

DAGWOOD: Hey -- maybe we're going to get our number now.

VOICE: (FILTER -- CAN BE GIRL DOUBLE) I've received a request for "I Love You (NAME)" from Bob Williams and Florence Carter and Mr. and Mrs. Dagwood Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) That's us!

BOB: Here it is...Florence -- Florence, I want you to listen to everything I say -- listen very carefully.

VOICE: They're riding around out in the country, and I'll bet it's ~~pretty~~ <sup>very</sup> romantic, too...How about it, folks?

DAGWOOD: Not right now it isn't.

VOICE: Well, here's the number.

BOB: Florence, look at me now -- and listen to what I say.

VOICE: We don't have "I Love You" -- the number you requested, but instead we're going to play a little number called, "I WISH I COULD SHIMMY LIKE MY SISTER KATE" "~~Stepping, Stomping, Staggering, Iivell~~."

BOB: Doooooooooh!

FLORENCE: Well, Bob -- I'm listening. What did you want to say?

BOB: Nothing...Drive back to your house, Dagwood. Let's get to your phonograph as fast as we can.

VOICE: Here it is -- dedicated to Florence Carter, Bob Williams, and Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead.

(NOISY SWING MUSIC...SEGUE INTO REGULAR CUE)

DAGWOOD: Now if you'll just all come down in the cellar for a moment, and we'll explain everything to you.

FLORENCE: What do you think, Blondie?

BLONDIE: I guess we might as well...Come on.

(GOING DOWN CELLAR STEPS)

BLONDIE: I don't know, but maybe there is a good explanation.

FLORENCE: I can't think of one.

BLONDIE: Have you thought of temporary insanity?

FLORENCE: No, but now you suggest it, it seems reasonable.

BOB: We really couldn't help what we did.

DAGWOOD: No, -- we were as innocent as new born babes, to coin a phrase.

BLONDIE: Don't coin any more of those.

DAGWOOD: Aw, Blondie, don't be mad at me.

BOB: Is the record here, Dagwood?

*BLONDIE: I'M NOT.*  
DAGWOOD: It better be.

FLORENCE: Well, we're waiting for your explanation.

DAGWOOD: I've got the record.

BOB: Florence, would you mind stepping over here, near me, please?

FLORENCE: Well...

DAGWOOD: And Blondie -- if you don't mind -- right about here.

BLONDIE: All right, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Here goes then.

MUSIC: (THE PROPOSAL MUSIC)

DAGWOOD (IN UNISON) Darling, there's something I want to tell you  
AND BOB: *KEEP OUT OF THIS DAGWOOD.*

*Bob:* something I've been wanting to tell you for a long time. I love you, and I want you to marry me...Will you?

*DAGWOOD: I CAN'T HELP IT.*

MUSIC: (MUSIC STOPS)

BOB: Well, will you?

FLORENCE: Oh, yes, Bob -- I will.

BOB: Oh, darling!

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Well, Dagwood -- do you want an answer from me, too?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) I Guess you gave me that answer a long time ago. You see, Bob practiced that speech with the music, so that whenever he heard the music, he would just naturally propose along with it. I helped him, and ~~I helped him~~ <sup>When I Heard The</sup> ~~music~~ <sup>MUSIC</sup> I couldn't help saying what I did. Well, anyway, it finally worked -- didn't it, Bob? (PAUSE) I said, didn't it, Bob?...Oh, excuse me.

BOB AND FLORENCE: (BOTH HEAVE GREAT BIG SIGHS)

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Well, may I be the first to congratulate you two.

DAGWOOD: And may I be the second.

FLORENCE: Thank you...It's really been a wonderful evening.

BOB: You don't know how much I've appreciated this, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Oh, that's all right.

BLONDIE: Is this our record, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, Blondie.

BLONDIE: I'll just take it.

(CRASH OF RECORD BREAKING)

BLONDIE: There!

DAGWOOD: What did you break it for?

BLONDIE: ~~The Red cross membership drive committee is having a~~ <sup>we're HAVING A MEETING OF THE RED CROSS COMMITTEE</sup> ~~meeting~~ here Wednesday, and I don't want you to be telling eight other women that you love them and want them to marry you!

(THEY ALL LAUGH...MUSIC UP TO FINISH)

GOODWIN: Well, folks, Dagwood's plan worked a little too well but it was a real success. Yes, poor Dagwood may get a lot of things done the hard way, but he's not always to blame for the problems the Bumsteads have. He doesn't know it yet but he's really headed for trouble along with the rest of the Bumsteads and through no fault of his own. What causes these new complications and what are they? Well, you'll see what I mean when you listen in again next week at this same time when "Blondie's Cousin Comes to Stay."

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

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

ANNOUNCER:

Feel like economizing after Christmas?  
Try America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!  
It's George Washington Smoking Tobacco --  
comes in a big blue package that holds two and  
a quarter ounces -- and it costs only ten  
cents! You'll cut expenses -- yet have plenty  
of enjoyment -- because George Washington's  
mild, mellow, and tasty right down to the last  
smoke at the bottom of the bowl. Get  
George Washington Smoking Tobacco tomorrow.  
This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.