

As Broadcast  
Repeat On.  
Columbia -  
Aug 27 1944

"BLONDIE"

vs. A. Brunette

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1942

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

WILCOX: Ah -- Ah -- Ah -- Don't touch that dial --  
Listen to "Blondie" ... presented by Camel ... the  
cigarette that's first in the service.

MUSIC: (THEME)

WILCOX: Twenty-five years ago it was Liberty Bonds instead of War Bonds, and "Over the Top" instead of "V for Victory" -- but then, as now, in the camps and on the march, Camel was the soldiers' cigarette. Thousands of the veterans of 'seventeen and 'eighteen are still smoking Camels, the cigarette ~~that~~ <sup>we believe</sup> more people have smoked longer than any other. We're grateful for that year-in, year-out loyalty, and we say it's the best proof in the world of Camel character. If you don't know how a cigarette can have character, try a Camel, and I think you'll find out. Character's in flavor, in the added flavor that helps make Camels hold up, pack after pack, keeps them from going flat after a few puffs, or a few packs. Character's in smooth, extra mildness, too, the kind that goes with slow burning and cool smoking. Don't take my word for it. Test Camels in your T-Zone -- "T" for taste, and "T" for throat, your own proving ground for flavor and mildness. I think you'll agree that Camel's costlier tobaccos, ~~expert~~ expertly blended, make a better cigarette! Get a pack tonight! You'll want to buy a carton tomorrow!

WILCOX: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue. Well, it's a nice windy morning, and Dagwood is on his way to the office when he sees a woman's hat blowing along the street. He runs after it like this -- (WIND WHISTLE) -- catches it, picks it up and...

DAGWOOD: Gee, I wonder who it belongs to.

LOLA: (COMING UP) Oh, thank you so much.

DAGWOOD: (WHISTLES IN ADMIRATION) I mean, you're welcome.

LOLA: It was awfully sweet of you to run after it for me.

DAGWOOD: I wasn't sure I could catch it, but I managed to stop it, all right.

LOLA: Yes, I can see your heel mark on the brim...But you know, nowadays there aren't very many men who are polite and gallant enough to run after a girl's hat for her.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I guess they figure if a girl can become a riveter, she can run after her own hat.

LOLA: (LAUGHS) Incidentally, I'm afraid I'm lost. Could you tell me how to get back to the Palace Hotel?

DAGWOOD: It's right around the corner...You're a stranger here, hanh?

LOLA: Yes -- I'm staying at the hotel with my father. I've been lonely, too.

DAGWOOD: Is that right?

LOLA: I wish you'd call me up sometime. My name's Lola Whillikers.

DAGWOOD: I'm Dagwood Bumstead, but --

LOLA: I think you're cute. (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: (GIGGLES) Oh, but I'm not!

LOLA: Oh, yes you are!

DAGWOOD: Oh, no I'm not!

LOLA: Oh, yes you are!

BABBLE: (COMING UP) Well! Hello, Mr. Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: (CAUGHT) Tooooooh! Hello, Mrs. Babble.

MUSIC:...

(DOOR BELL RINGS...)

(DOOR OPENS...)

BLONDIE: Well, hello, Mrs. Babble.

BABBLE: Hello, Blondie. I just thought I'd drop in for a moment and say hello.

(DOOR CLOSES...)

BLONDIE: <sup>hello</sup> ^ Well, what's happening?

BABBLE: Oh, nothing, nothing. (DIRTY LAUGH)

BLONDIE: Oh, really? Tell me about it.

BABBLE: Well, you know how I hate to gossip, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Yes -- it's only your life's blood.

BABBLE: Yes...Why, Blondie! Anyway, Mr. and Mrs. Ketchum were fighting right outside my window last night. I almost caught pneumonia listening to them.

BLONDIE: What were they fighting about?

BABBLE: They didn't say.

BLONDIE: Oh.

BABBLE: Of course, they have oil heat and it's rationed, so maybe they were just fighting to keep warm.

~~BLONDIE: Well, how did it come out?~~

BABBLE: ~~Well, eventually Mrs. Ketchum patched it up, and then she patched up Mr. Ketchum...I couldn't wait to see because the little Smith girl across the street was just coming home from a dance with a sailor. <sup>She</sup> I don't know why I'm so tired every morning. I wish I knew something that would help.~~

BLONDIE: Have you tried putting cotton in your ears?

BABBLE: I'm not that tired...Oh, by the way, I saw Dagwood this morning. He was talking to a very cute girl. Simply lovely.

BLONDIE: Probably one of the Dithers Company secretaries.

BABBLE: In a mink coat?

BLONDIE: Oh.

BABBLE: She was a brunette, of course.

BLONDIE: Well, Mrs. Babble, I'm not worried about Dagwood.

BABBLE: Of course not. There's no need to get yourself upset so soon.

BLONDIE: I'm sure it's nothing at all.

BABBLE: Probably just a mad infatuation...She certainly was lovely --so young looking.

BLONDIE: Hmmmmmm!

BABBLE: If you want to, I'll wait while you call Dagwood.

BLONDIE: No, thank you, Mrs. Babble, I wouldn't think of calling Dagwood at the office!

MUSIC:

(PHONE RINGS)

(PICK UP PHONE)

DITHERS: Hello, J.C. Dithers speaking...Oh, hello, Blondie -- it's for you, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Oh, thanks, J.C...Hello, Blondie.

BLONDIE: (FILTER) Well, Dagwood...?

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

BLONDIE: Did you have a lot of fun chasing hats this morning?

DAGWOOD: Oh, that.

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood...?

DAGWOOD: But Blondie, I had to be a gentleman and catch her hat for her.

BLONDIE: A brunette, too.

DAGWOOD: But Blondie --

BLONDIE: When my hat blows off you just point to it and say, "Look at it roll!"

DAGWOOD: But Blondie --

BLONDIE: If it's windy on the way home tonight, try to be less of a gentleman.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie.

BLONDIE: The idea--a brunette.

DAGWOOD: Yes, dear.

BLONDIE: Goodbye, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye.

(HANGS UP...)

DITHERS: (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: What's so funny?

DITHERS: You....Who's the girl, Dagwood, you old rake.

DAGWOOD: I've never seen her before.

DITHERS: (LAUGHS) What's her name?  
I don't know a thing about her.

DAGWOOD: She said her name was Lola Whillikers. She's staying at the Palace Hotel with her father.

DITHERS: Holy smoke! Lola Whillikers. Her father's the man I want to see!

DAGWOOD: Who's he?

DITHERS: The big industrialist--H. G. Whillikers. ~~Bumstead, don't you even read the papers?~~

~~DAGWOOD: Not any more. I just get a chance to skim over the first page, and ZIP! Blondie turns it in for salvage.~~

DITHERS: Well, the papers have been full of stuff about Whillikers. He's going to build a ten million dollar plant here, and when I think of our profit on a ten million dollar plant.. ohhhh, I'm groggy.

DAGWOOD: Well, so much for Mr. Whillikers.

DITHERS: What do you mean? We're going after Whillikers. I want that business so bad I can taste it.

DAGWOOD: What flavor is it?

DITHERS: Oh, Bumstead!....Can't you see this is our opportunity? You've got to make a date with the girl for lunch so I can meet her father.

DAGWOOD: No, that's impossible, J.C.

DITHERS: Doesn't she like you?

DAGWOOD: Oh, sure -- she thinks I'm cute.

DITHERS: You are--you're darling...Why is it impossible?

DAGWOOD: If Blondie found out, she'd cut my head off.

DITHERS: Oh, stop worrying about trivialities...You're going to call Lola Whillikers right now.

DAGWOOD: Oh, no I won't.

DITHERS: Oh, yes you will.

DAGWOOD: Oh, no I won't. *Dagwood: oh no --*

DITHERS: Oh, yes you will, or you're fired as of last payday..~~What do you say to that?~~

DAGWOOD: Oh, ~~yes~~ I will.

DITHERS: I'll put in the call for you. Let's see -- Palace Hotel.

DAGWOOD: Don't get your finger caught in the dial.

(DIALING...)

DITHERS: Of course, you can put the lunch on your expense account.

DAGWOOD: I'm losing my appetite.

DITHERS: Ah, this will give me a chance to steal a march on Berger.

...Hello, Palace Hotel? Miss Lola Whillikers, please.

...I'm going to give you a build-up, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Not too high, please.

DITHERS: Miss Whillikers? This is Mr. Bumstead's confidential secretary. One moment, please.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

*SIR*

DITHERS: Mr. Bumstead, I have Miss Whillikers on the phone, and there's a call coming in from Washington...You'll talk to Miss Whillikers first? Yes, sir. (SOTTO) Here, Dagwood -- and make it good. Be smooth -- be suave.

DAGWOOD: Hello?

LOLA: (FILTER) Hello, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Remember me -- I stepped on your hat.

LOLA: Why of course I do.

DAGWOOD: I was afraid you would...Er--I wonder if you--

LOLA: I'd adore it. Suppose we have lunch in the Palm Room here at one.

DAGWOOD: I wondered if we could have lunch---oh, you just said that. Fine.

LOLA: It'll be heavenly to see you.

DAGWOOD: (NERVOUS GIGGLE)

LOLA: I'll be waiting for you. Goodbye

DAGWOOD: Goodbye.

(HANGS UP)



DAGWOOD: J.C., she sounds like a wolf!

DITHERS: Really? I wish I were younger...Now here's what we're going to do. You two'll be at lunch, and I'll wander past. You hail me and I'll sit down at the table. Then everything I say about myself you've got to build up.

DAGWOOD: For instance?

~~DITHERS: Well, I might happen to say to her, "You must come to dinner at my home--I have a nice little place."~~

~~DAGWOOD: And I'd say, "Little place? He's got a beautiful home with a big lawn and big trees--"~~

~~DITHERS: That's the idea.~~

~~DAGWOOD: And a big mortgage--~~

DITHERS: ~~Noooo!~~...Don't you see, Bumstead, we want to get to the place where I say I do a little contracting, you say I'm the biggest contractor in this part of the state and ought to meet Lola's father. Then she'll hop up and get him, and we'll grab the business.

DAGWOOD: Oh, I get it now.

DITHERS: At last!

DAGWOOD: Yeah---I just keep lying about you.

DITHERS: As long as it's complimentary...Oh, yes--I almost forgot. You've got to send her flowers. I'll call the florist.

(PHONE OFF HOOK...)

(DIALING...)

DAGWOOD: J. C., are you sure I won't get into trouble with Blondie about this?

DITHERS: Of course I am!...Hello? This is J. C. Dithers speaking.  
Yes, that's right. I want you to send an orchid to  
Miss Lola Whillikers at the Palace Hotel...Yes, put  
a card in with it and sign it, Love, Dagwood.  
DAGWOOD: *How'd I get mixed up with this?*  
Mr. Dithers!!!

MUSIC...

(RESTAURANT SOUNDS FAINTLY IN BACKGROUND)

DAGWOOD: How about this table here, Miss Whillikers?  
LOLA: Fine...And I wish you wouldn't call me Miss Whillikers.  
Don't be so formal.  
DAGWOOD: Oh, do you want me to call you Lola?  
LOLA: No, call me darling.  
DAGWOOD: Whooo!...And -- er -- you can call me Mr. Bumstead.  
LOLA: (GIGGLES)  
DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Well, shall we order?  
LOLA: All right.  
DAGWOOD: Order anything you want. It goes on my expense accou --  
I mean, don't bother about the expense.  
LOLA: Well, I'd love the pheasant and wild rice.  
DAGWOOD: Fine! It's only four dollars. (LAUGHS)  
LOLA: What are you going to have?  
DAGWOOD: Well, I'm not very hungry. I think I'll start off with  
oysters on the half shell, fruit cup, marinated herring,  
and a double shrimp cocktail.  
LOLA: You're not hungry.  
DAGWOOD: No, but maybe that'll give me an appetite.  
LOLA: That isn't all it'll give you...What are you going to  
have for the main course?

*Salami*

DAGWOOD: The ~~liver~~ thermidor...I guess that'll be enough to keep me alive until dinner.

LOLA: It sounds to me like you're trying to commit suicide... You know, it was very gallant of you to get my hat this morning when it blew off. I love gallant men.

DAGWOOD: You do?

LOLA: Uh-hunh. The strong, silent type -- like you.

DAGWOOD: It's a nice day, isn't it?

LOLA: And you have such broad shoulders.

DAGWOOD: It was a nice day yesterday, too.

LOLA: You look so capable. Look how tiny my little hands are beside yours.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, you do have small hands, but --

BABBLE: (PASSING BY) Hello, Mr. Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: (STARTLED) Whoo!

LOLA: Who was that?

DAGWOOD: That was Mrs. Babble, and she's a female J. Edgar Hoover!

*insert  
Comedical  
"B spots"*

MUSIC...

(DIALLING)

(PHONE RINGS AT OTHER END)

BLONDIE: (FILTER) Hello?

BABBLE: Hello, Blondie. This is Henrietta Babble.

BLONDIE: Oh-oh.

BABBLE: Blondie, you know how I hate to gossip.

BLONDIE: Yes, go on.

BABBLE: Well, I'm having lunch at the Palace Hotel and I feel it's my duty to tell you that Dagwood is here with that same girl I saw him with this morning.

BLONDIE: He is?

BABBLE: Yes -- that brunette. (PLEASED LAUGH)

BLONDIE: I don't think it's anything to worry about, Mrs. Babble.

BABBLE: He was holding her hand.

BLONDIE: Are you sure?

BABBLE: He wasn't giving her a manicure.

BLONDIE: Well, I'm sure it was nothing.

BABBLE: Blondie, she was giving him the business. All I've got to say is that if you don't get down here pretty quick, you're going to lose your husband!

BLONDIE: Uh -- yes -- uh -- thank you, Mrs. Babble.

BABBLE: Oh, that's all right. I'm always glad to help....Goodbye.

BLONDIE: Goodbye.

(HANGS UP)

BABBLE: Ahhhh! Now all I have to do is eat my lunch and wait for the fireworks to begin!

MUSIC...

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: Well, thanks to Mrs. Babble, it looks as though Dagwood is going to be in for a few bad moments. We'll see what happens in just a moment --

(CONTINUED)

WILCOX: Oh, Say, Dagwood!  
(Cont'd)

DAGWOOD: Yes, Mr. Wilcox!

WILCOX: Did you ever do any skiing?

DAGWOOD: Oh, sure! I'm famous for it!

WILCOX: You are?

DAGWOOD: Yeah. I made the first jump of its kind on record!

WILCOX: Really?

DAGWOOD: They said I was the only man in the world to go off a ski jump sitting down!

WILCOX: I'll have to tell Dick Durrance- about that one, Dagwood! He's one of the world's finest skiers -- he's so good that the Army made him an instructor for our hard-hitting ski-troopers. Dick knows his skiing from Gelandesprungs to Christianias, and he knows his smoking, too. He's said, QUOTE --

DURRANCE VOICE: I've smoked Camels for years. They have the full, rich flavor that I want in a cigarette. No matter how often I smoke, Camels never tire my taste -- never get my throat.

WILCOX: UNQUOTE. Yes, and with men in all the services Camel is the favorite, too, according to actual sales records in stores where the men buy cigarettes. Try Camels yourself for steady pleasure. You'll find they have more flavor, and it's extra flavor that helps keep Camels from going flat and wearing out their welcome, helps make them hold up, pack after pack, no matter how many you smoke. But even more important -- Camels combine flavor with mildness, the smooth extra mildness that goes with slow burning and cool smoking. The reason? One big one is  
(CONTINUED)

WILCOX:  
(Cont'd)

costlier tobaccos, and another is the way those quality tobaccos are blended, expertly and matchlessly, as only Camel knows how to blend. Let your throat and your taste decide! Get a pack of Camels tonight! Send a carton to that fellow in the service!

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

WILCOX: Camels!

Before we continue with the second act of "Blondie," let us remind you that Camel presents four great shows each week. Thursdays it's Abbott and Costello. Fridays -- The Camel Caravan. Saturdays -- Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks,!" and Mondays it's "Blondie."

MUSIC.....

11/23/42

And now we RETURN to act two of "Blondie"

WILCOX: It's a little later in the dining room of the Palace Hotel. Dagwood has just finished the biggest lunch ever to go on an expense account.

LOLA: Now, Dagwood -- tell me something about you.

DAGWOOD: I'm stuffed.

~~LOLA: You did have a big lunch.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Yeah. I wish I had another note left in my belt.~~

LOLA: You know, Dagwood, it must have been Fate that brought us together.

DAGWOOD: Why blame it on Fate?

LOLA: (LAUGHS) Oh, you're cute!

DAGWOOD: I'm not really. (HICCOUGHS)

LOLA: What was that?

DAGWOOD: I've got the -- (HICCOUGHS) -- hiccoughs.

LOLA: Oh, you poor dear.

DAGWOOD: They'll go away. (HICCOUGHS)

LOLA: Here, darling -- drink this water.

DAGWOOD: Thanks.

LOLA: (WHILE HE'S DRINKING) Dagwood -- all during lunch I've been trying to get you to say something nice about me, but you haven't even said you loved me.

DAGWOOD: (COUGHS AND CHOKES) What was that?

LOLA: Other men usually do. Don't I even get one tiny little compliment?

DAGWOOD: Er -- uh -- well, I think you have a very nice -- (HICCOUGHS) They're back again!

LOLA: Oh, I was afraid this would happen when you ate that lobster with whipped cream.

DAGWOOD: It was delicious. (HICCOUGHS) Until now.

LOLA: And that banana split.

DAGWOOD: (HICCOUGHS) I don't feel well.

LOLA: Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

LOLA: Are your cheeks naturally green?...Oh, here comes someone.

DAGWOOD: Is she blonde and carrying a horsewhip?

LOLA: No, it's a man. Here he comes.

DITHERS: (CLEARS HIS THROAT)

LOLA: (LOW) Right in back of you.

DITHERS: (CLEARS HIS THROAT AGAIN)

DAGWOOD: Oh...Oh, hello, Mr. Dithers!

DITHERS: Why, if it isn't Dagwood Bumstead! Say, this is a surprise.

DAGWOOD: What's surprising about it? I told you I'd be here.

DITHERS: Ohhh...I mean, I -- er -- thought you were <sup>lunching</sup> dining alone.

DAGWOOD: But you were there when I made the date.

DITHERS: (GRITTING HIS TEETH) Oh, yes -- so I was. I forgot.

DAGWOOD: J.C., you're getting absent-minded.

DITHERS: So are you! Have you forgotten everything?

DAGWOOD: Hanh?...Oh...Oh, yeah! I'm sorry, J.C. -- I guess I ate too much. Shall we start over again?

DITHERS: Oh, what's the use!

LOLA: You might introduce me, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: That's right -- I might.

DITHERS: If it's not too much trouble...

DAGWOOD: ~~Let me see now -- I want to do this right -- whose name do I say first...~~ Oh, yeah -- Miss Whillikers -- (HICCOUGHS) -- may I present, Mr. J.C. -- (HICCOUGHS)

LOLA: How do you do, Mr. Eep.



DITHERS: The name is Dithers.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, that's right. J. C. -- (HICCOUGHS)

DITHERS: Oh, Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: I've got to get something for my hiccoughs. Will you excuse me, Miss Whillikers? (TWO HICCOUGHS)

LOLA: Of course.

DAGWOOD: Sit right down, J.C. I'll come back and build you up later!

DITHERS: Taaaaaah!

LOLA: Well -- uh -- how do you do, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: It's a pleasure to meet you, Miss Whillikers. I want to apologize for Dagwood. He's usually very charming.

LOLA: But I'm afraid, not the distinguished type.

DITHERS: Hardly. He's more of a screwba -- er -- a jer -- uh -- (STOPS...THEN) Well, he's different.

LOLA: I like a man who's more your type, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: (FLATTERED) Oh, is that so? Well, what type would you say I am?

~~LOLA: Oh, the cosmopolitan, man of the world type.~~

~~DITHERS: That's me.~~

LOLA: Worldly wise, cynical, yet underneath it all, gentle and loving. A small town Charles Boyer.

DITHERS: How well you know me...I -- er -- I like your type, too.

LOLA: You do?

DITHERS: (BREATHLESSLY) Yes....Tell me something.

LOLA: Yes?

DITHERS: Has your father decided on a contractor yet?

LOLA: (DISAPPOINTED) Oh, Mr. Dithers!

DITHERS: Excuse me, I was just swept away by the thought of that ten million dollar job.

LOLA: Are you a contractor?

DITHERS: I'm president of the J. C. Dithers Company.

LOLA: Oh, Daddy's heard of you, and I know he'll be glad to meet you.

DITHERS: Fine, fine. I'll be glad to meet him. I'll be delighted. Why don't I pay the check and we'll go up and see him now. Where is the check?

LOLA: Right here.

DITHERS: Well, let's see, it's eighteen dollars and -- Taaaaaah!

LOLA: What's the matter?

DITHERS: What did Bumstead have for lunch -- humming bird tongues with radium sauce.

LOLA: It's really not so much. Daddy often spends that much for lunch.

DITHERS: Oh...Well, yes, so do I. It was just a little surprising for here that's all. For another five dollars you could buy the whole place...~~and still get gyped.~~

LOLA: Mr. Dithers, before you see father, I'm going to tell you something -- because I think you're sort of nice.

DITHERS: Well, I think you're sort of nice, too.

LOLA: He's thinking about letting the contractor he picks buy into the business.

DITHERS: (PLEASED) Ahhhhh!

LOLA: It's a secret now. Just between the two of us!

DITHERS: Oh boy! J. P. Morgan, John D. Rockefeller, and J. C. Dithers! Ahhhhh!...Well, I'll pay this, and -- good grief!

LOLA: What is it?

DITHERS: I forgot to bring my money. I haven't a cent on me!

MUSIC...

(DIALING)

CORA: (FILTER) Hello?

BABBLE: Is that you, Mrs. Dithers?

CORA: Yes.

BABBLE: This is Henrietta Babble. You know how I hate to gossip.

CORA: Yes. Who's doing what?

BABBLE: Well, I hate to tell you, Cora, but your husband is having lunch here at the Palace Hotel with a lovely girl.

CORA: He is! Why, the old goat...

BABBLE: I thought she might be a niece of yours. (PLEASED LAUGH)

CORA: If you thought that, you wouldn't bother to call me.

BABBLE: Well, she's young enough to be -- and very attractive.

CORA: She is, eh?

BABBLE: Yes, and of course, Mr. Dithers is just at that foolish age when men fall head over heels for the first young thing who comes along --

(CLICK ON FILTER OF HANGING UP...)

~~CORA:~~  
~~BABBLE:~~ Oh? I don't believe it. She's just MAKING THAT up. Why, why she hung up! Oh, dear -- people never appreciate Julius and I've been MARRIED for 21 YEARS. He'd never do a thing like THAT to me. I'll MURDER THAT drugstore Commando.

MUSIC...

BLONDIE: (SNIFFLING A LITTLE) Come in, Cora.

CORA: (WEEPY) Thank you.

(DOOR CLOSES...)

BLONDIE: What's the matter *with you?*  
CORA: (WAILS) Julius is out with another woman.  
BLONDIE: (WAILS) And so is Dagwood.  
CORA: Oh, those heels!

(THEY BOTH BREAK DOWN AND CRY)

CORA: Is Dagwood with a brunette?  
BLONDIE: Yes...  
CORA: So is Julius!

(MORE SOBBING...)

BLONDIE: I don't really think they mean anything by it.  
CORA: No, neither do I, Blondie, but I don't like it just the same!  
BLONDIE: Neither do I!  
CORA: They never take us to the Palace Hotel for lunch.  
BLONDIE: They don't take us anywhere.  
CORA: After all the love and affection we've given ~~them~~ *these* well!  
BLONDIE: It doesn't mean a thing.  
CORA: The first girl who comes along and gives them the eye --  
BLONDIE: And away they go!

(GRADUALLY, THEY STOP CRYING)

CORA: Well, now that I've had a cry, I'm good and mad!  
BLONDIE: So am I!  
CORA: I'm going to show, Julius. I'm going down to the Palace Hotel right now and pick up the first man I see!  
BLONDIE: Oh, Cora!  
CORA: I don't care! And you've got to come with me. I may need protection.  
BLONDIE: But -- but how are you going to go about picking up a man?

CORA: Oh, I don't know. I could drop my handkerchief.  
BLONDIE: <sup>What would happen if you had</sup> But you might ~~have~~ to pick it up yourself.  
CORA: <sup>That would n't do</sup> Well, ~~then I won't use my handkerchief.~~ I've got a whole box of cleansing tissues...Come on, Blondie, let's find a man!

MUSIC...

DITHERS: Bumstead! What have you been doing in here?  
DAGWOOD: Oh, hello, J.C. I've been trying to cure my hiccoughs. (HICCOUGHS) I'm weak from hicking. (HICCOUGHS) How's everything going?  
DITHERS: (SARCASTICALLY) Oh, fine! Everything's ipsy-pipsy!  
DAGWOOD: That's good. (HICCOUGHS)  
DITHERS: A fine build-up you gave me! When I sat down with Lola my reputation was so low I had to dig for it.  
DAGWOOD: I'll build you up as soon as I cure these -- (HICCOUGHS)  
DITHERS: Never mind! Just give me the money I gave you for lunch. I finally got them to take my check.  
DAGWOOD: Okay.  
DITHERS: And what was the idea of running up a bill of eighteen dollars and forty cents? I sent you out to have lunch, not a banquet.  
DAGWOOD: I was hungry.  
DITHERS: Oh, fiddle-diddle! ~~There's only one other person in the world who could eat that much!~~  
DAGWOOD: ~~Who's that??~~  
DITHERS: ~~Gargantua! And he has to exercise to do it.~~ Now come on back to the table. Lola's waiting.

DAGWOOD: I can't. (HICCOUGHS) I'd keep bouncing around like a Mexican jumping bean. (HICCOUGHS)

DITHERS: Okay! Bumstead -- you're fired!

DAGWOOD: But J. C. -- !

DITHERS: You're through! Finished! Washed up! I never want to see you again! ~~And if we should be so unfortunate as to meet, please don't speak to me!~~

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers!

DITHERS: Well, did that cure your hiccoughs?

DAGWOOD: Yeah! They're gone!

DITHERS: Good!

DAGWOOD: You were just kidding, hanh? You didn't really fire me.

DITHERS: No, but come to think about it, it isn't a bad idea.

DAGWOOD: Tooooh!

DITHERS: Now come on -- let's go back to the table.

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

DITHERS: Lola is going to introduce me to her father just as soon as -- holy smoke, what's happened in the lobby.

DAGWOOD: What do you mean?

DITHERS: Look. Someone's littered the lobby with cleansing tissues...Say!

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

DITHERS: There's Cora ~~and Blondie~~ over there -- and there's a strange man with <sup>her</sup> ~~them~~.

DAGWOOD: Gee, look at the way your wife is hanging onto his arm.

DITHERS: ~~Come on~~, Bumstead -- I'm going to find out who this is. Cora!

CORA: (COYLY) Hello, Julius. Imagine seeing you here.

WHILLIKERS: Well, I think I'll be running along now, Mrs. Dithers.

CORA: No, no, don't go, dear.

WHILLIKERS: What?

DITHERS: Cora, aren't you going to introduce us?

CORA: Oh, I should say not.

DITHERS: Who is this man?

WHILLIKERS: Let me explain. You see --

CORA: You don't have to explain...It's none of your business,  
Julius!

DITHERS: I want to know who he is!

CORA: And I'm not going to tell you! Stop losing your temper!

DITHERS: I'm not losing my temper! Now for the last time,  
are you going to tell me who he is?

CORA: No!

DITHERS: All right then -- I'll fix him!

(CRACK OF FIST)

WHILLIKERS: (GROANS)

(BODY FALLS...)

CORA: (ENTHRALLED) Julius -- you do love me!

DITHERS: (SNAPS) Well, who said I didn't!  
*Dagwood: Holy Smoke, J.C. You knocked him out!*

LOLA: (COMING UP) Dagwood! Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Hey! Take your arms off my neck!

BLONDIE: Dagwood Buristead!

LOLA: But that's my father on the floor! What happened to  
him?

DITHERS: What? Is this man H. G. Whillikers?...  
*LOLA: of course he is. gee whillikers Holy Peter!* Get  
some smelling salts! Give him air! Ohhh -- ten  
million dollars! Wake up, Mr. Whillikers. *Please!*

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Blondie, Mr. Whillikers is going to build a big factory here and we were trying to get his business, that's all.

BLONDIE: Oh. I guess you can forget about it now.

WHILLIKERS: (GROANS) Ohhhh -- my jaw. What happened?

MAN: (COMING UP) Who did this? Who knocked Whillikers down?

DAGWOOD: Well, J. C. was --

DITHERS: He did it. Dagwood Bumstead,<sup>127</sup> Shady Lane Avenue.

DAGWOOD: Now wait a minute, Mr. Dithers -- !

MAN: Fine!...Hello, Lola -- I've been chasing you and your father all over the country. Just slip into these handcuffs.

LOLA: I haven't done a thing!

(SNIP OF HANDCUFFS...)

MAN: We'll argue that out later...Come on, Whillikers. Get up, and let's get going.

WHILLIKERS: All right, you've got me, Carson.

(SNIP OF HANDCUFFS...)

MAN: There! Let's go!

DITHERS: Wait a minute -- who are you and what is all this?

MAN: My name's Carson -- F. B. I.

BLONDIE: F. B. I.!

MAN: Yeah. Whillikers is a confidence man. He gets a lot of advance publicity, then goes into a town to pick a factory site, gets some dope of a contractor to put money into his phoney business, and skips town with the dough.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS)



DITHERS: Holy smoke! Bumstead!

MAN: You knocked him down, Mr. Bumstead, so I'll see that you get the five hundred dollar reward.

DITHERS: (GROANS)

DAGWOOD: Thanks very much. I was glad to do it.

MAN: (FADING) Come on, you two.

DITHERS: Dagwood, you know I really deserve that reward.

DAGWOOD: But I knocked him down. You said so yourself. <sup>Dagwood</sup>  
<sup>Bumstead</sup>  
<sup>Shady Lane</sup>  
<sup>Avenue.</sup>

CORA: I saw Dagwood do it with my own eyes.

<sup>DITHERS:</sup> Oh CORA

BLONDIE: So did I.

DITHERS: Oh, never mind!

(THEY ALL LAUGH)

MUSIC ...

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: Well, the Hatfields and the McCoys were reckless mountain boys, but their feud is nothing compared to the one between Dagwood and his next door neighbor, Herb Woodley. So listen in for the fun next week at this same time when "Blondie Settles A Feud." Blondie, seems to me I see more women smoking Camels every day. Why do you suppose that is?

BLONDIE: Well, you can expect women to know about flavor, Mr. Wilcox! And they're learning that Camels have more flavor and extra mildness at the same time!

WILCOX: Thanks, Blondie! Get a pack of Camels tonight, folks. You'll like 'em.

Dagwood was played by Arthur Lake and Blondie by Florence Lake. Musical interludes are composed and conducted by William Artzt. Be sure to follow "Blondie," America's leading comic strip, in your local newspaper.

MUSIC: (UP AND OUT)

XWILCOX: Here's the latest news about the Camel Caravans.  
This week those traveling Camel Caravan shows are  
on their way to eleven of the country's largest  
training centers to entertain the men of Uncle Sam's  
armed forces.

This is Harlow Wilcox, reminding you to listen to  
Abbott and Costello this Thursday night, and saying  
good night for Camel Cigarettes. First in the service!

ANNCR: Mister pipe-smoker, these days no matter what you're buying, it pays to look on the package to find out how much you're getting. The blue revenue stamp on top of the big blue package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco says two and a quarter ounces. Yes, sir, and that great big package of mild, mellow, tasty tobacco costs so little. Get George Washington Smoking Tobacco tomorrow! It's America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!