

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

(REVISED)

As Directed

"BLONDIE SQUELCHES A SQUABBLE"

MONDAY, AUGUST 2, 1943
CBS STUDIO "C"

Broadcast: 4:30 - 5:00 PM, PWT
Repeat: 7:30 - 8:00 PM, PWT

Written by John L. Greene

Directed by: Don Bernard

CAST

BLONDIE....PENNY SINGLETON

DAGWOOD....ARTHUR LAKE

J.C. DITHERS.....HANLEY STAFFORD
CORA DITHERS.....AGNES MOOREHEAD
MR. KENNEDY.....HANS CONRIED
ANNOUNCER.....HARLOW WILCOX
CONDUCTOR.....BILLY ARTZT
COMMERCIAL (Salute).....PAT MCGEEHAN
G. W. HITCH HIKE.....FRED SHIELDS

SOUND EFFECTS

House Door
Phone
News paper
Restaurant

STUDIO MAINTENANCE:

Hammond Organ is needed

(REVISED)

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, AUGUST 2, 1943

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.....

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

WILCOX: You know how good it is to break open a fresh pack of
Camels, and smell that good, rich tobacco fragrance. Well,
thank a Yank in a foxhole for that. ^{freshness} He and guys like him
are our star customers today -- Camels are first with
men in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard,
according to actual sales records. To be sure they'd get
their Camel cigarettes fresh we developed a new
moisture-proof inner wrapping -- to hold in Camels'
rich, extra flavor, month after month, and to preserve
Camels' extra mildness, and cool, slow way of burning.
Look at the moisture-proof inner wrapping on your
pack of Camels. You'll see why Camel cigarettes stay
fresh - preserving for you the extra goodness of Camels'
matchless blend of costlier tobaccos!

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

WILCOX: Camels! Fresh because they're packed to go around the
world!

MUSIC: (OPENING CURTAIN...HOLD FOR:)

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

(APPLAUSE)

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

WILCOX: Well, this afternoon, Blondie has been shopping with
Cora Dithers. Quite by accident, they happened to meet
Dagwood on the street, and they've dragged him into the
millinery section of Ormandy's Department Store for his
advice....

BLONDIE: Dagwood....

DAGWOOD: Yeah, Blondie?

BLONDIE: How do you like this hat?

DAGWOOD: Uh -- is that a hat???

BLONDIE: Of course it is!

CORA: What did you think it was, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: A butterfly net (~~A lobster pot.~~)

BLONDIE: That's just the veil part.

DAGWOOD: Where's the hat part?

BLONDIE: This right here.

DAGWOOD: (AMAZED) No kidding!

BLONDIE: Yes, no kidding! What's wrong with it?

DAGWOOD: It's nothing more than a milk bottle cap with a feather
stuck in it.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- you're cruel and inhuman.

DAGWOOD: I better be getting back to the office.

CORA: Oh, Dagwood -- how do you like this hat?

DAGWOOD: Whooooooooaaaa!

CORA: Is that good or bad?

DAGWOOD: I better be getting back to the office.

CORA: Now, Dagwood -- I want you to tell me how you react to this hat.

DAGWOOD: I better be getting back to the office.

CORA: And I want the truth.

DAGWOOD: I better be getting back to the office.

CORA: Come on now -- how do you react to this hat?

DAGWOOD: ^{How do I react to this hat?}
^ Er -- did you ever sit down in a beach chair when the seat was full of rain water? (WEAK LAUGH)
That hat gives me that same uneasy feeling.

CORA: Why, Dagwood!

BLONDIE: Dagwood Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: I better be getting back to the office.

CORA: If you don't think the hat would be good on me, who would it be good for?

DAGWOOD: It would be lovely on a horse...If you cut holes *in it* for the ears.

CORA: Well, I like it.

BLONDIE: And I like mine.

DAGWOOD: (HELPLESSLY) Gee, women are wonderful.

BLONDIE: No one asked you to give us any advice.

CORA: We'll pick our own hats without any outside help,
thank you just the same.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, but you asked me to --

BLONDIE: Just because you told me I could buy a new hat with
the five dollar a week raise you got doesn't mean
I have to wear any old thing you decide on.

DAGWOOD: Sh-h-h! Blondie!

CORA: Oh, Dagwood -- did Julius give you a five dollar
a week raise?

DAGWOOD: I better be getting back to the office.

BLONDIE: Yes, just before Dagwood became temporary president,
I guess.

DAGWOOD: Sh-h-h!

BLONDIE: Just before you and Mr. Dithers left for vacation,
I think.

CORA: Well, well, that was nice of Julius. And it's so
unlike him, too.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, isn't it?

CORA: I'll tell him this evening how nice I think it is
of him to give you a raise.

DAGWOOD: Oh, ^{no, I don't think I would} ~~I wouldn't~~ mention it, Mrs. Dithers.

BLONDIE: Not that Dagwood didn't deserve it.

DAGWOOD: I wouldn't even mention it.

CORA: Well, I think I ought to tell him when he does
something nice for a change...(FADING)

DAGWOOD: Whooooaaa!

BLONDIE: What's the matter, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Nothing, Blondie -- nothing at all. Just go right ahead and buy that hat today, but don't be surprised if you have to send it back tomorrow.

MUSIC:

CORA: Oh, Julius...

DITHERS: Yes, dear.

CORA: You know, you're awfully nice sometimes.

DITHERS: Would ten dollars be enough?

CORA: Put that paper down and listen to me!

(SUDDEN CRASH OF PAPER AS SHE KNOCKS IT
OUT OF HIS HANDS)

DITHERS: Oh, Cora! *you knocked the paper out of my hand.*

CORA: Julius -- it's very rarely I can say anything nice about you -- with a straight face. When I do get an opportunity to compliment you, you might at least give me one minute of your time, you miserable wretch.

DITHERS: Why, Cora, I didn't know you cared.

CORA: I just wanted to tell you I thought it was sweet of you to give Dagwood that five dollar a week raise.

DITHERS: Oh, well, it was really nothing, and Dagwood deserved to -- what five dollar a week raise???

CORA: That one you gave him.

DITHERS: I didn't give him any raise. Do you think I'm losing my mind?

CORA: Well, I wouldn't be surprised if you'd mislaid it.

DITHERS: Five dollars a week! Wait till I see Bumstead at the office in the morning! If he isn't Four-F now, he will be when I'm through with him!

CORA: You didn't give him a raise then?

DITHERS: Of course not!

CORA: Oh, Julius -- then you're still the same old heel after all.

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: (IS HUMMING TO HIMSELF)

DITHERS: (OFF) Bumstead!!!

DAGWOOD: Whooooa! That sounds like the beginning of the end of my five dollar raise. (UP) Did you call me, Mr. Dithers? *J.C.*

DITHERS: What other Bumstead do you know?

DAGWOOD: Well, there's Blondie, and Alexander, and Cookie, and my uncle Alfonso Bumstead --

DITHERS: Oh, fiddle-diddle! Get in my office!

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DITHERS: Bumstead, I've just heard an ugly rumor that you've been getting a five dollar raise.

DAGWOOD: You're all wrong, J.C.

DITHERS: (SIGHS) Well, that's a relief.

DAGWOOD: It's not a rumor -- it's a fact.

DITHERS: Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Well, ~~so long, J.C.~~ *I'll see you later* I've got work to do and --

DITHERS: Come back here!

DAGWOOD: Couldn't we discuss this later when you're not in such a vile humor?

DITHERS: (HOARSELY) Dagwood -- who gave you that raise?

DAGWOOD: ~~Eh -- uh -- J.C.~~ ^{ah that, Mr. Dithers} remember when I was temporary president of the J.C. Dithers Company *a few weeks ago.*

DITHERS: Yes, *go on.*

DAGWOOD: Well, one day I didn't have anything else to do, so I gave myself the raise.

DITHERS: Just to pass the time away.

DAGWOOD: Well, it seemed like a good idea *at the time.*

DITHERS: Well, as of today, your salary is reduced five dollars, retroactive to the date of the raise.

DAGWOOD: ~~Eh -- uh -- J.C.~~ *Mr. Dithers.*

DITHERS: What?

DAGWOOD: As president I wrote out a little contract with me so that you can't possibly reduce my salary.

DITHERS: Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Yeah, and you know it was the first time I ever had a contract where I was both the party of the first part and the party of the second part. I felt like two people *all the time*

DITHERS: So it's fixed so I can't take away the raise, eh?

DAGWOOD: That's right, J.C., and I want you to know that I think this advance in salary was mighty big of you *and me too.*

DITHERS: No way I can get around it, eh?

DAGWOOD: Uh -- not without my written permission.

written permission

DITHERS: Oh. ^ Hmnnnnnnnn.

DAGWOOD: How's that again now?

DITHERS: (VERY QUIET, BUT SINISTER CHUCKLE)

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers -- you wouldn't do that!

DITHERS: Dagwood -- let me help you off with your coat.

DAGWOOD: But I like it on.

DITHERS: I know, but it's so hard to remove blood stains.

DAGWOOD: Now, J.C. --

DITHERS: Oh, Dagwood -- would you mind folding your arms across your chest.

DAGWOOD: Like this?

DITHERS: Fine. Now close your eyes.

DAGWOOD: What for?

DITHERS: I just want to get a preview of how you'll look when the coroner comes.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke!

DITHERS: Yes, Dagwood. You're going to make a beautiful unidentified body.

DAGWOOD: Now take it easy, Mr. Dithers!

DITHERS: I'm going to give you one chance to sign that written permission.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, but if I don't --

DITHERS: Oh, well, it's a short life.

DAGWOOD: Well, ~~so long, J.C.!~~ *I'll see you later, Mr. Dithers.*

DITHERS: Come back here!

DAGWOOD: Let go of me!

DITHERS: I'll teach you to give yourself a raise when my back is turned!

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers, put down that flower vase!...Help!

(DOOR OPENS)

CORA: Julius!

BLONDIE: Dagwood!

DITHERS: Oh -- uh -- hello, Cora. Hello, Blondie.

CORA: Well, Julius, who do you think you are, holding that vase up in the air -- the Statue of Liberty?

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- put that letter opener down.

CORA: Well, Blondie, it looks as though we got here just in time. In another minute they'd have turned this office into another Stalingrad.

DITHERS: Blondie, while I was away on vacation Dagwood gave himself a five dollar a week raise. Tell me, honestly, what do you think about that?

BLONDIE: Why, Dagwood -- is that how you got the raise?
DAGWOOD: Sure, Blondie. *as President of the J.C. Dithers Co.* I just asked myself if I didn't think I deserved a raise, agreed that I did, and gave myself one.

DITHERS: Now is that fair, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Well-l-l-l-l, *that was one way of getting it!* I do think Dagwood should have waited for you to give him the raise, Mr. Dithers.

CORA: Yes, but by that time he would have no hair and a long white beard.

DITHERS: Oh, Cora!

CORA: Well, it's the truth, Poochie.

DITHERS: Don't call me Poochie!

BLONDIE: Anyway, I think it's perfectly ridiculous of you to try to settle things the way you were. Two big full-grown ^{children} ~~men~~ squabbling like ~~children~~ ~~men~~.

DITHERS: But it's such a quick way of ending the argument, even if it is a little messy.

DAGWOOD: I'll never give up this raise -- I hope.

BLONDIE: Well, I think you ought to arbitrate it.

DAGWOOD: I'm willing, but what is it?

BLONDIE: Good. How about you, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: No one can ever say I'm not an agreeable man. I'm willing to arbitrate, too -- as long as they decide in my favor.

DAGWOOD: Well, what could be fairer than -- hahh?

DITHERS: I'm open minded.

CORA: You're not open-minded. You've just got a hole in your head. And a lot of silly conversation comes out of it.

BLONDIE: Oh, Cora! I just thought of something.

CORA: What?

BLONDIE: Dagwood and Mr. Dithers can arbitrate their problem on that radio show. You know -- the ^{Board} ~~Court~~ of Human Appeals.

CORA: Oh, yes. That's that program where the people come with their problems -- and they all speak through their noses. (NASALLY) Mr. Kennedy, my problem is this. I'm engaged to eight guys, y'unnerstan', and there's only seven days in the week. So how should I date them so I don't offend none of my fiancees, hahh? Hahh? Hahh?

BLONDIE: Yes, that's it, And Mr. Kennedy would settle everything on the air for Dagwood and Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Wait a minute. I thought the ^{Board} Court of Human Appeals only specialized in sad cases.

CORA: You'll do, Julius...Blondie, that's a wonderful idea.

BLONDIE: Well, I've just gotten tired of the constant bickering and squabbling and fighting, and this seems like a good way to get it all over with.

DAGWOOD: But Blondie -- I'd rather not get on any radio program. I'm not the type.

BLONDIE: Just the same, you're going on the ^{Board} Court of Human Appeals.

DAGWOOD: But that Mr. Kennedy may make me look pretty ridiculous.

BLONDIE: It'll do you a world of good.

DITHERS: Maybe Dagwood's going to be on the air, but I'm hanged if I'll appear on ^{the show.} ~~that cavalcade of crackpots.~~

CORA: Then you're hanged, because you're going to be on it, too.

DITHERS: But Cora!

CORA: You heard me, Julius.

BLONDIE: Then it's all settled.

DAGWOOD: ^{no it isn't settled.} Wait a minute, Blondie -- please -- not so fast. I don't like the idea. I'll be sort of -- well -- scared.

DITHERS: I understand those microphones snap at you.

DAGWOOD: Yeah.

BLONDIE: That's just a lot of nonsense.

DAGWOOD: I guess you haven't ever heard of mike-bite.

BLONDIE: You mean mike-fright.

DAGWOOD: That, too!

DITHERS: We don't want to go on the radio with our problem.

DAGWOOD: Maybe we could settle it ourselves, just talking it over.

BLONDIE: Maybe you could, but you had a chance to do that and you didn't. Now you can both argue it out with Mr. Kennedy and the radio audience.

DAGWOOD: Oh, Blondie -- no, no -- please!

DITHERS: Cora -- this isn't fair!

CORA: Blondie, don't you think it's fair?

BLONDIE: I certainly do, Cora!

CORA: Then it's all decided.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) ^{ah dear} Our husbands arguing on the radio!

CORA: (LAUGHS) I'll bet they'll be a panic.

BLONDIE: Let's go out and make the arrangements right now.

CORA: The sooner the better...Goodbye Julius.

DITHERS: Cora!

BLONDIE: Goodbye, Dagwood.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Bloooooooooooooondie!

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON RESTAURANT SOUNDS)

DITHERS: Dagwood -- there's Harlow Wilcox having lunch over at that table. He's a radio announcer. Maybe he can tell us something about what to do when we go on the air.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- I'm getting desperate ^{about the whole} Oh, Harlow!

WILCOX: Oh, hello, Dagwood...Hello, Mr. Dithers.

(AD LIB GREETINGS)

WILCOX: Sit down ^{here at my table} what's new?

DAGWOOD: We've got to go on the radio, and we want to know what to do and stuff.

WILCOX: Have either of you ever been on the air before?

DITHERS: No.

WILCOX: Oh-h-h-h-h.

DAGWOOD: Is that bad?

WILCOX: You're sure to get it. Oh, I feel sorry for you.

DITHERS: (NERVOUS) We're sure to get it?

WILCOX: Yes. Unless you've been inoculated with anti-mike-fright shots.

DAGWOOD: We've heard about -- mike-fright.

DITHERS: Is it -- so terrible.

WILCOX: (SHUDDERS) Don't ask me about it. It's horrible. I'm one of the few men who've had it and lived.

DAGWOOD: Whoooooaaa!

WILCOX: But it left its mark on me. It turned my hair white over night.

DAGWOOD: It doesn't look white to me.

WILCOX: Well, every week I get a dark rinse. Here's how it happened. I was on one of the Camel programs. Suddenly I saw the microphone before me. It bared its fangs in a sinister sneer.

DITHERS: Does a microphone have fangs, Harlow?

WILCOX: ^{Does it have fangs.} You'll find out. Well, I started to say (STILL IN A NATURAL TONE) "Folks, are you looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many you smoke? Well, try a pack of Camels! They have more flavor, the rich extra flavor that helps 'em hold up, pack after pack!"

DAGWOOD: What about the mike fright?

DITHERS: Yes, that sounded all right to me.

WILCOX: I'm coming to that. I said, "Folks, just give Camel Cigarettes a try-out in you T-Zone! "T" for taste and throat, your own proving ground for Camels' rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness!"

DAGWOOD: You don't sound scared to me, Harlow!

WILCOX: Just wait! "Folks," I said, "The reason Camel cigarettes are so good, so cool smoking and slow burning, is that they're expertly, matchlessly blended of costlier tobaccos!" Give me that singing part, boys!

DITHERS AND DAGWOOD: (VERY BARBERSHOP) C-A-M-E-L-S!

WILCOX: "Camels!" I said. "They stay fresh because they're packed to around the world!"

DITHERS: Well, then what?

WILCOX: Oh, that's all!

DAGWOOD: But what about the mike fright?

WILCOX: Oh, that! That was years ago! I don't even dare think about it anymore, because every time I do, I go --

(A WILD SQUEALING NOISE)

DAGWOOD: My gosh, Harlow--did you live?...Oh, sure -- of course you did.

WILCOX: What program are you two going to faint away on?

DITHERS: Well--(BREATH) We were going to be on the ^{Board} ~~Court~~ of Human Appeals.

WILCOX: Well, it could be worse. They have a special contraption there that props you up in front of the mike.

DAGWOOD: Oh. I see -- when you ^{sway} ~~sway~~, you don't fall doon.

WILCOX: I'm on the show myself as an announcer ^{by the way} and I can promise you they have plenty of ice water and smelling salts handy.

DITHERS: Is it--is it always that bad?

WILCOX: Oh, no, no, no! ^{I'm only kidding.} Of course not. Sometimes a person gets in front of the microphone and never gets mike fright at all.

DAGWOOD: That's better.

WILCOX: I remember a case like that three years ago. He didn't have any trouble speaking at all, but ever afterwards his ears twitched.

DITHERS: Well--uh--Harlow, what would you advise us to do?

WILCOX: ^{I advise.} Give up...Telling you about my awful experience has unnerved me. My hands are shaking so much that I can't get them into my pocket to pay my ^{lunch} check, so if you'll just take care of it instead of paying me a consultation charge, I'll call it square,...So long!

DAGWOOD: Yeah, so long...Hanh?

DITHERS: This is awful. What'll I be like on the air? I'll be the laughing stock of the town.

DAGWOOD: What's new about that?

DITHERS: Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: I mean, what do you know about that?

DITHERS: We're both going to look like first class jerks.

DAGWOOD: That's better than looking like third class jerks.

DITHERS: Oh, fiddle-diddle! There's only one way to get out of it.

DAGWOOD: Yes. You can let me keep the raise.

DITHERS: Never! You've got to give up the raise.

DAGWOOD: Never!

DITHERS: Then I guess we're both ^{dead ducks.} ~~gone geeses!~~

MUSIC:

DITHERS: (ON PHONE) What's that, Doctor?....Oh, you haven't, eh?....But you think my system would stand the strain,....All right, thank you, Doctor.

(HANGS UP)

He never even heard of anti-mike-fright shots. What a doctor!

DAGWOOD: Gee, all this ^{trouble} over a teensy-weensy, skimpy, measly, itsy-bitsy little five dollar raise.

DITHERS: Bumstead! Please speak of that five dollars with a little more respect.

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood and Mr. Dithers--we've got good news for you.

DAGWOOD: Oh, boy! You mean the whole thing's off?

BLONDIE: No! You're ^{both} going on the air this evening!

DITHERS: Okay, but what's the good news?

CORA: That's it, Julius.

BLONDIE: We've just talked to Mr. Kennedy, and he's had a cancelation. A husband and wife were going to bring their problem to him, but the husband won't be able to make it.

DAGWOOD: Why not?

BLONDIE: His wife shot him.

CORA: By the way, Mr. Kennedy says not to worry about mike fright. Of all the people he's had on the ^{Board} Court of Human Appeals, he's only lost fifty percent.

DAGWOOD: Whooooaaaa!

BLONDIE: And out of that fifty percent, only nine-ty-five percent were men.

Corn

DITHERS: Remember, I want a simple ceremony.

DAGWOOD: Gee, this is beginning to sound awful.

DITHERS: I'd give anything to get out of this.

BLONDIE: *Anything* Would you give five dollars a week?

DITHERS: ~~I'd give~~ *but* anything to get out of this except five bucks a week.

DAGWOOD: But J.C. -- it isn't very much.

DITHERS: Better death than dishonor....And besides, I can use that five bucks, myself...Bumstead, you got me into this! Take off your coat! We'll settle this right now!

why you - who comp - you pencil nibbling - without - you creep - just for that - you can't blow in your key to the men's powder room

DAGWOOD: *Okay!* That did it - let me at him!

BLONDIE: Now Dagwood---

DAGWOOD: Let go of me, Blondie!

CORA: Julius! Think of your blood pressure!

DITHERS: Cora--keep your hands off me!

BLONDIE: Now just a minute--both of you big children listen to me!

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

DITHERS: What?

BLONDIE: You're going on Mr. Kennedy's *Board* Court of Human Appeals this evening. After you get off the air--you can go into a small room by yourselves and annihilate each other. That is, if you're not too weak. But until that time you're both going to act like gentlemen, even if it is a terrible strain on both of you!

(Revised)

KENNEDY: Quiet!
WILCOX: Quiet!
DAGWOOD: Quiet?
WILCOX: Quiet! (PAUSE) Mr. Kennedy's Board of Human Appeals. *is on the air.*

ORGAN: THEME.....

WILCOX: Each week at this same time we invite you to tune in to that kindly philosopher, that friend of mankind, that ray of sunshine, that good counsellor, ~~that -- that --~~
(ASIDE) ~~hmm -- there seems to be a whole page of this stuff missing out of my script! (CLEARS HIS THROAT) AND~~ -- that great humanitarian -- Mr. Kennedy, and his Board of Human Appeals. And friends, if fate has slugged you with a blackjack, when you weren't looking, if your life is tangled up like a plate of spaghetti, why not bring your problem to Mr. Kennedy, hmmmmmm?
It'll do you a world of good. And now -- Mr. Kennedy!

KENNEDY: Hel-lo-e-o-o.

DAGWOOD: Yeah-hello.

KENNEDY: Not yet....Our first case tonight is that of Mr. Dagwood Bumstead and Mr. J.C. Dithers. What is your problem? *hmmmm*

DAGWOOD: Well --(GULP) --you see--(GULP)--is that the microphone?

KENNEDY: (AFFIRMATIVELY) Mmmmmmm---hmmmmmmmmmmmm.

DAGWOOD: I check.

KENNEDY: Mr. Dithers, perhaps you'd like to ---

DITHERS: Tell that microphone to stop staring at me!

KENNEDY: Would you be happier if I blindfolded it?

DITHERS: Yes. It was trying to hypnotize me.

KENNEDY: I'll drop this ~~handkerchief~~ ^{handkerchief} over it....Now then, Mr. Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: My problem is this, Mr. Kennedy.....

KENNEDY: Yay-yus? (LONG PAUSE) Let me go over that again for the benefit of our audience who may not have heard you. Here we have Mr. J. C. Dithers--one of our town's finest men, by his own admission. A great, public-spirited, high-minded man who is the soul of generosity.

DITHERS: You're so right!

KENNEDY: This great philanthropist is having conniption fits because his employee got a well-deserved five dollar raise.

DITHERS: Now, look here--!

KENNEDY: One nasty word from you, Mr. Dithers, and I'll unmask this microphone and sick it on you....On the other hand, we have Mr. Dagwood Bumstead, a nice, quiet, well-intentioned, hard-working, and completely loyal employee.

DAGWOOD: How well you know me!

KENNEDY: As soon as his employer's back was turned, this moron sneaked in a five dollar raise for himself, the low, contemptible cad.

DAGWOOD: Mr. Kennedy, I resent your tone of voice.

KENNEDY: This is a case of the pot calling the kettle a pot...I don't see how Mr. Bumstead can stand working for a mean, stingy, violent-tempered man like Mr. Dithers, or how Mr. Dithers can stand having such a weak-minded, unreliable, low-grade imbecile like Mr. Bumstead working for him. I suggest you ^{two} immediately break up your working agreement.

DAGWOOD: What do you mean, Mr. Dithers is mean?

DITHERS: Look here, Kennedy, are you trying to break up the combination that's made the Dithers Construction Company what it is today?

DAGWOOD: That's sabotage! You can't talk about Mr. Dithers like that while I'm around!

DITHERS: I'll throttle any man who says Bumstead is unreliable! He's my right hand man, and he deserved that raise!

DAGWOOD: I've always been proud to work for a genius like Mr. J. C. Dithers!

KENNEDY: Now, just a minute--please--take it wasy--

DITHERS: We'll show you a little teamwork! You get him from your side and I'll get him from mine!

DAGWOOD: Right!

DITHERS: Right!

KENNEDY: Help!

BLONDIE: (OFF A BIT) Mr. Kennedy--quick! I've got the door open!

KENNEDY: Goodbye, all! I'll be back again next week at this same time!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS....

DAGWOOD: Come back here, you coward!

DITHERS: He got away!....Well, I guess we showed him, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: We certainly did, J. C.!

DITHERS: Put her there!

DAGWOOD: Shake!

DITHERS: I'm glad you got that raise, Dagwood. You've had added responsibility, and you deserve it.

DAGWOOD: Thank you, J. C. You've always been very generous to me.

DITHERS: It was nothing. I was going to give you a raise myself, anyway--one of these months.

DAGWOOD: Imagine--trying to split up a great team like us!

DITHERS: Our competitors must have bribed him to do it!....Come on, girls, what are we waiting around here for?

BLONDIE: You go on ahead--we'll be right with you.

CORA: We're coming.

DAGWOOD: (FADING) Okay. *aren't you my old bossy pie —*

BLONDIE: Well, look at them, Cora. *conchys cooing it all over the place.*

CORA: Hunh! Their arms over each others shoulders. You'd think they were two long-lost brothers.

BLONDIE: I guess they've forgotten all about that battle royal they were going to stage after the ~~show~~. *radio program.*

CORA: It was a good idea you had, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Well, I must say it seemed to work. For all the fights they have, I guess they really like each other pretty much.

CORA: Yes. *I made that deal with Mr. Kennedy and*

BLONDIE: But wait till they find out *they weren't even on the* air! I'll bet the whole thing'll start all over again!

MUSIC:.....

(APPLAUSE)

"BLONDIE"
8/2/43

-22- (REVISED)

WILCOX: Tonight again we send our thanks to the Yanks of the Week. Americans who have distinguished themselves for heroism in the battle area.

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

MCGEEHAN: (ISOLATION BOOTH) To Ensign Rollo H. Nuckles, of Kansas City, Missouri, and all the men who took part in the daring moonlight rescue of survivors of the cruiser, Helena. Slipping into Japanese waters at night in old converted four-stack destroyers, the rescue party sent small boats under the command of Ensign Nuckles, to the enemy shore where the survivors were hiding. Though detected and bombed by the Japanese, the rescuers returned without loss, having brought back to safety one hundred fifty-seven survivors of the Helena. We salute you and your companions, Ensign Rollo Nuckles, and in your honor the makers of Camels are sending to our ^{navy}men in the South Pacific four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

WILCOX: On each of the three Camel shows we'll salute another Yank of the Week, and on each of them send four hundred thousand Camels to men in his battle area..... a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week.

WILCOX: Camels have thanked audiences of more than three million Yanks in this country with the traveling Camel Caravans, which since nineteen forty-one have given free shows and free Camels to service men in more than five hundred different camps.

WILCOX: Also folks, be sure to listen to each of the three Camel Radio shows each week -- Thursday, "Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante" -- Friday, Bob Hawk in "The Comedy Quiz," "Thanks to the Yanks" -- and next Monday - "Blondie", that famous Comic Strip family.

MUSIC: (BLONDIE THEME .. FADE FOR:)

WILCOX: Next week Dagwood and Mr. Dithers try their hand at Hypnotism! Yes, that promises to be a hilarious show because they try to hypnotise their wives in order to get to a poker game. Tell your friends to tune in next Monday, when "Blondie Goes into a Trance"!

WILCOX: Blondie is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood is Arthur Lake. The musical score is composed and conducted by William Artzt. Be sure to follow "Blondie", American's leading comic strip, in your local newspaper.

WILCOX: And remember, whether you're thinking that Yank or buying for yourself, get the cigarette that's first in the service! Get Camels -- they're fresh because they're packed to go around the world!
This is Harlow Wilcox, saying goodnight for Camels Cigarettes. First in the service!
(APPLAUSE)

(GEORGE WASHINGTON HITCH-HIKE)

SHIELDS: (ISOLATION BOOTH) Pipe smokers, listen! A two and a quarter ounce package for ten cents! A two and a quarter ounce package for ten cents! Yes, I'm talking about George Washington Smoking Tobacco, in the big blue two and a quarter ounce package -- costs only one dime. Compare both the cost and the amount of tobacco with your present brand. Compare George Washington's mild, mellow, honest-tobacco-flavor, too, right down through the last puff in the bottom of the bowl. George Washington is America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!

This is the COLUMBIA....BROADCASTING SYSTEM.