

"BLONDIE"

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

As Broadcast

"BLONDIE'S HEARTBEAT GOES HAYWIRE"

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1943

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.....AGNES MOOREHEAD
ANNOUNCER.....HARLOW WILCOX
CONDUCTOR.....BILLY ARTZT
COMMERCIAL (Salute)....PAT MCGEEHAN
G.W. HITCH HIKE.....FRED SHIELDS

SOUND EFFECTS

House Door
Whizz Whistle
Slips and Body falls (assorted)
Rattle of paper
Restaurant Sounds
Ripping envelope

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1943

4:30 - 5:00 PM PWT
7:30 - 8:00 PM PWT

WILCOX: Ah -- ah -- ah -- Don't touch that dial - listen to
"Blondie" ... presented by Camel...

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

WILCOX: Packed to go around the world...Packed to stay fresh --
that's Camels -- first with men in ~~all~~ the
services, Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard,
according to actual sales records. Yes, Camel
cigarettes are packed to go around the world, to keep
their cool, slow way of burning, anywhere, for months at
a time. The Camel pack keeps your Camels fresh, too --
yes, it preserves that famous Camel flavor and mildness
for you -- sealing in the goodness of Camel's matchless
blend of costlier tobaccos.

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

WILCOX: Camels! If there's ever a time when your store is
temporarily out of Camels, remember, we're making more
Camels now than ever before -- but Camels are first in the
service -- and the service comes first!

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

WILCOX: And now for our weekly visit with our neighbors, the
Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue!
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (BLONDIE THEME.....FADE DOWN FOR.....)

WILCOX: Well, as we look in on the Bumsteads this morning,
Dagwood is just about to make that rocket-like dash for
the bus that takes him to the office of the J.C. Dithers
Construction Company. Blondie's got the door open and
is waiting for him, Dagwood is just gulping his last cup
of coffee, and ----- step aside, folks! He's ready to
leave!

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Blondie--have you got the door open?

BLONDIE: Yes, dear---and you'd better hurry. You're late again,
as usual.

DAGWOOD: Okay---here I come! (COMING UP FAST) / *where's my hat*
where's my hat Have you got my
hat, Blondie? / I can't find it anywhere.

BLONDIE: (PAUSE -- THEN FLATLY) *It's on your head -*
You're wearing it.

DAGWOOD: Now how did it get up there??.....Well, I've got to go
now!

BLONDIE: *Your collision insurance has expired, so be careful*
~~Don't run anybody down on the way....~~ Goodbye, dear,

DAGWOOD: Goodbye.

(WHIZZ)

(DOOR SLAMS)

BLONDIE: Ah, well--never a dull moment around here. If it isn't Dagwood it's Alexander, and if it isn't Alexander it's Cookie, and if it isn't Cookie it's Daisy, or one of the five pups, or Alvin Fuddle, or Mr. Woodley or ---

(KNOCK ON DOOR....)

BLONDIE: Well, who could that be?

(DOOR OPENS)

DITHERS: Hello, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Why, hello, Mr. Dithers. Come in.

(DOOR CLOSES....)

BLONDIE: If you're looking for Dagwood, he just dashed out. ^{He} You must have passed ~~him~~ ^{you}.

DITHERS: Oh--I wondered what ^{blurred by} whizzed past ~~me~~....I was just walking along the sidewalk and all of a sudden--(WHIZZ SOUND PAST MIKE)--and he was gone!

BLONDIE: Didn't you recognize him?

DITHERS: He was going so fast, all I could see was a ^{thin legged track,} blur.

BLONDIE: If it had a hat on, it was Dagwood.

DITHERS: Well, it could have been ^{a new} Halley's comet...Anyway, I'm glad he's not here. (SERIOUS) Blondie--I'm worried about Dagwood.

BLONDIE: ^{no one could know Dagwood and not worry} What's new about that? ^{about him}

DITHERS: I'm serious. The other day I saw an ad about having your handwriting analysed. So I sent in a sample of both my handwriting and Dagwood's.

BLONDIE: Well, what did they say--that you should have been a clam digger?

DITHERS: ^{Well, mine} No, no, Blondie. My analysis turned out all right--they said I was perfectly okay, but a little wacky. (ADDS)
 Blondie: ^{How late -- ah excuse me} No one ever understands great genius. (CONTINUES) But
 DITHERS: → when I read Dagwood's analysis -- well -- (SHUDDERS VIOLENTLY)

BLONDIE: That doesn't sound so good.

DITHERS: I thought it was my -- well, my duty to tell you some of the things they said so you'd be prepared in case anything frightful happens.

BLONDIE: Uh--did you say frightful?

DITHERS: Uh--yes, but I meant gruesome....You know--(SHUDDERS AGAIN)

BLONDIE: ^{Mr. Dithers: You're speaking of the man I married.} (A LITTLE WORRIED) Well--uh--what did it say?

DITHERS: Well, Blondie, I don't want to read you all the horrible details because you might faint dead away and I haven't got time to revive you. Got to get to the office.

BLONDIE: (DRYILY) That's very thoughtful of you.

DITHERS: But--well, I've got it here, and I'll read you a few bits.

(RATTLE OF PAPER....)

DITHERS: Let's see. (MUMBLES TO HIMSELF) ^{Annie; Glendale 490 -- ah no, wrong paper.} Handwriting shows... ^{neurotic} violent temper....definite psychopathic case...., ^{homicidal} dangerous....ought to be locked up....~~criminal tendencies.~~

...Oh, here's something I can tell you about.. It says the way he crosses his T's shows he has a poor sense of balance and is always stumbling and falling.

BLONDIE: Yes, but what was all that other stuff you whizzed over?

DITHERS: Oh, that was nothing. It just said that Dagwood's handwriting showed he was the ^{incipient psychopathic} axe-murderer type. ^{type}

BLONDIE: Oh, that was nothing, eh? *Something trivial like a*
incip ~~like~~ *what you said*

DITHERS: Well, I didn't want to worry you, Blondie....Now here's
something else that isn't so bad. It says he likes to
chase women. *(giggle)*

BLONDIE: Oh, that's awful!...What kind of women?

DITHERS: It ~~says here~~ *oh* --all kinds...Blondes, brunettes, redheads
or ~~what have you.~~ *blue toned.*

BLONDIE: (WAILS) Oh, Mr. Dithers...! (STOPS) Oh, I think this
is all silly. You're just getting me upset over nothing

DITHERS: Maybe so, but I wouldn't be too sure. These handwriting
analysts are pretty good, and maybe this analysis is
the true Dagwood Bumstead.

BLONDIE: ~~Oh, goodness--I hope not, Mr. Dithers!~~..Of course,
Dagwood does sometimes get a sort of wild look in his
eyes.

DITHERS: You see? Violent temper. I wouldn't leave any blunt
instruments lying around the house...Or anything with
sharp edges, either.

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, do you really think ---?

DITHERS: Yes, I do, Blondie. It says he's dangerous--and the
brutal type.

BLONDIE: The brutal type. (SHUDDERS) Oh, dear. And he is
always stumbling and falling--just like it says.

DITHERS: Yes. That means he's mentally and physically off ~~his~~ *the*
~~trolley~~ *beam*....Oh-oh--look at the time. I've got to get to
the office. ~~myself.~~

BLONDIE: ~~Well--huh--I don't know whether there's anything to this,~~
I don't know why you didn't go straight to the
office in the first place.
but thank you just the same, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: That's all right, Blondie. I don't want to worry you --

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BLONDIE: Oh, no.

a little

DITHERS: But if I were you, I'd be ~~might~~ suspicious if he comes after you with a butcher knife!

Blondie: aaaaah!

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: (HUMMING) Well, I guess I'll go in and kid ~~around with~~ J.C. for a moment. *for a minute*

the boss

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

DITHERS: (INSIDE) Come in!

(DOOR OPENS.....AND CLOSES.....)

DAGWOOD: Hello, J.C., I just--whooooops!

(SLIPS...AND FALLS TO FLOOR.....)

DAGWOOD:

What happened?

DITHERS: Oh, Bumstead--I said come in, not fall in.

DAGWOOD: I couldn't help it. I just stumbled and fell.

DITHERS: (SIGNIFICANTLY) Oh--Oh--yes--so you did. Hm...Um..

uh--- how do you feel?

DAGWOOD: *uh boy*
J.C. -- I feel brutal.

DITHERS: Oh-oh.

J.C. I hate to mention this but

DAGWOOD: By the way, Mr. ~~Dithers~~, you were late this morning.

How come? I demand an explanation to the office

DITHERS: Well, I'm sorry, but I--uh--I---Bumstead! Why should I explain to you?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) I was just kidding, J.C.

DITHERS: (HALF TO HIMSELF) Mentally unbalanced. *hauled*

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

DITHERS: Tell me something, Dagwood. Were any of your charming ancestors *latent megalomaniacs* axe murderers?

No, they were Democrats

DAGWOOD: Well, ~~let's see, J.C. No, I don't believe so.~~

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

DAGWOOD: *Just one thing Mr. Dithers a lot of my*
Of course, we had two hammer murderers, one hatchet
relatives/friends kept disappearing mysteriously
murderer, four stranglers, and some assorted poisoners.

DITHERS: Oh, no, no, no, no! Dagwood--you must be joking!!

DAGWOOD: That's right--I am.

DITHERS: Oh, Bumstead--stop it! You're pumping my blood pressure
up and down!

DAGWOOD: Now J.C., don't lose your temper.

DITHERS: You should talk!

DAGWOOD: That reminds me of something, Mr. Dithers. Just a
I'll go out and get it.
minute I left it outside.

(OPENS DOOR)

DITHERS: (TO HIMSELF) Oh, that man is really dangerous. And all
this time I thought he was just a *ordinary* natural-wack.*eroo.*

(DOOR CLOSES....)

DAGWOOD: Here it is, J.C.

DITHERS: Good grief! Is that an axe?

DAGWOOD: It isn't a butcher's cleaver.

DITHERS: Br-r-r-r-r!

DAGWOOD: Come here a minute, J.C. -- I want to show you something

DITHERS: What? No, no--I'll just stay here.

DAGWOOD: No, no--come on.

DITHERS: Hunh-uh.

DAGWOOD: I just want to show you how nice and sharp/*the edge* it is.

DITHERS: I'd rather you'd show me from a distance.

DAGWOOD: These axes are really sharp. They'll cut through
anything -- wood, sheet metal, roots --

DITHERS: Skulls.

DAGWOOD: That too....Come here a minute, J.C.

DITHERS: I won't do it!...Dagwood--that axe makes me nervous.

DAGWOOD: Why, [?] ~~Daddy?~~

DITHERS: Oh, Bumstead!...Give it to me.

DAGWOOD: Okay--I'll give it to you!

DITHERS: No, no, no! Don't!

DAGWOOD: You asked for it.

DITHERS: Just put it away somewhere.

DAGWOOD: But Mr. Dithers--we use quite a few axes in our construction work and I wanted to show you how much better these axes are than the ones we used to get from Henderson and Brown.

DITHERS: Is--is that all you wanted to show me?

DAGWOOD: What did you think I was going to do with the axe--part your hair with it?

DITHERS: Yes, but a little deeper.

DAGWOOD: Gee, Mr. Dithers, you're pretty nervous today.

DITHERS: You would be too if you were working with a maniac.

DAGWOOD: I often think I am.

DITHERS: Oh, Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: (IN THE SAME TONE) Oh, Dithers!

DITHERS: H-h-h-hanh?

DAGWOOD: ^{Excuse me -- I just couldn't help yelling like that?}
^ I wish you'd stop yelling at me all the time, Mr. Dithers. It makes me mad sometimes. I get a nasty feeling boiling around inside me. It sort of scares me, because I'm afraid someday I'm going to really get mad and--and--.

DITHERS: Oh, no, no. Just calm down. Calm down, Dagwood...Or would you rather have me call you Mr. Bumstead?

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DAGWOOD: ^{now} Gee.....At last I'm getting a little respect around here. (SUDDENLY MAD AGAIN) And it's about time! See that you don't forget.

DITHERS: Yes, sir.

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir what?

DAGWOOD: Thank you very much -

DITHERS: Yes, sir, Mr. Bumstead...Just sit down and relax, Dagwood. I don't want you to stir up your criminal tenden--I mean, I don't want you to get excited until I can get you taken away by the keepers--I mean, until you leave--I mean ---

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers, what's wrong with you?

DITHERS: There's nothing wrong with me, but you're in a horrible shape! I just found out that---good grief! What's this letter doing on my desk?

DAGWOOD: I put it ^{there} . It's the letter to Smith and Woolson. ^{Smith} I wrote it this morning.

DITHERS: Yes, but you've got it stuck into an envelope addressed to Anderson, Sanderson, Henderson and McGonigle...Oh, Bumstead! You idiot! You nitwit! You nincompoop! You blithering, blathering, bird-brained booby!

DAGWOOD: (PAUSE-THEN) ^{what did you say, Mr. Dithers?} Who's an idiot?

DITHERS: ^{I'll condense it for you -- your complexion nit wit -- nincompoop -- booby} You are! Did you send that letter off to Anderson,

DAGWOOD: ^{Mr. Dithers, please don't call me a nitwit -} Sanderson, Henderson and McGonigle?

DAGWOOD: Sure.

DITHERS: Taaaaa! Then you must have put it in the envelope addressed to Smith and Woolson. ^{Smith} If they get that letter my goose is going to be dried, fried, and fricassed... Bumstead, are you sure it left the office?

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DAGWOOD: Yes. I gave it to Miss Wilson to mail a couple of minutes ago.

DITHERS: Miss Wilson?

DAGWOOD: Yes. The little brunette with the big, dark eyes and a dimple in her left cheek and --

DITHERS: (CUTS IN) Oh, you mean ^{Dimples} ~~Sneaky~~!.....I mean, you mean Miss Wilson.

DAGWOOD: ^{Dimples} Sneaky, eh? (LAUGHS)

DITHERS: (MAD) Yes, that's her name! Miss ^{Dimples} ~~Sneaky~~ Wilson!

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS)

DITHERS: Bumstead! Don't stand there braying at me like a ^{Jackson} donkey! Go out and get her! Stop her before she mails that letter! Get out before I brain you with this water cooler!

DAGWOOD: I just left!

DITHERS: ^{Hurry!} ~~Hurry!~~ get out!

DAGWOOD: I'll get her, Mr. Dithers, if I have to --

(TRIPS AND FALLS.....)

DITHERS: Oh, Bumstead! Pick yourself up and ~~go!~~ ^{get out}

DAGWOOD: Okay...(FADING) Oh, ^{Dimples} ~~Sneaky~~!.....Oh, ^{Dimples} ~~Sneeeeeeeekies!~~

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: (A LITTLE WEEPY) Oh, Cora--^{did you see what I saw} I can hardly believe it, but we saw it with our own eyes. Dagwood chasing that girl down the street.

CORA: There, there, Blondie. We'd better go into Julius' office here and rest a moment....Sometimes I think husbands were invented just to keep women from enjoying life.....The heels.

BLONDIE: There he was, chasing her down the street, and screaming,
"Sneoooookie!" -- (AND RIGHT INTO TEARS) Oh, it was-
awful!

CORA: ~~And she was a brunette~~ --
He was gaining on her, too.

BLONDIE: ~~And she was a brunette.~~
And ~~she was a brunette.~~

CORA: Now, now, Blondie. It could have been worse.

BLONDIE: How?

CORA: It could have been a redhead....Now let's go into
Julius' office. Maybe he knows something about the way
Dagwood's acting.

(KNOCK ON DOOR.....)

DITHERS: (INSIDE--SHOUTS) Who is it?

CORA: Hmnnnnn--he's in a vile mood....I'll fix that.

(DOOR OPENS.....)

DITHERS: (YELLS) What's the idea of breaking into my-- (QUICK
SWITCH) ---Oh, hello, Cora, darling. ~~my ducklet~~

CORA: When you say that, smile! ~~Julius~~ Blondie's not feeling very
well.

DITHERS: What's the matter, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Oh, Mr. Dithers---Dagwood ~~has~~ ^{just whizzed} past us outside, and he
was chasing a girl.

CORA: I haven't seen a chase like that since the last picture
with the Marx Brothers.

DITHERS: Tell me--did he catch her?

CORA: We didn't wait for that. Blondie said she didn't want
to see the finish....It's my guess he's got her right
now.

BLONDIE: Oh, Cora....!

DITHERS: Now wait a minute! I sent Dagwood out to catch that girl.

CORA: So he could bring her back to you?....Julius, you low, contemptible --

DITHERS: Oh, Cora! She was going to mail a letter we didn't want mailed, and Dagwood had to stop her.

BLONDIE: *Just sounds to me like a new way*
(BRIGHTENING) ~~Oh. Oh, was that why he was chasing her?~~ *to play postoffice*

DITHERS: ~~Certainly.~~ *yes and* Of course, I'm not saying he isn't thoroughly enjoying it. *I know I do --*

BLONDIE: Oh, Mr. Dithers.....!

DITHERS: Well, you remember what I told you about that handwriting analysis. It said ~~he~~ *Dagwood* liked to chase ~~the~~ *women* ~~skirts.~~ *downs* And another thing -- he's been stumbling and falling all over himself today. And he brought an axe in here this morning. I thought he was going to slice me up like salami.

CORA: Well, it would do you a world of good, Poochie.

DITHERS: Don't call me Poochie!

CORA: All right, lover.

DITHERS: Oh, Cora!

CORA: Julius, what is all this flapdoodle about handwriting analysis?

BLONDIE: I was going to tell you, Cora. Mr. Dithers sent his and Dagwood's handwriting off to be analysed, and Dagwood turned out to be sort of a Jack the Ripper.

CORA: How did your analysis turn out, Julius?

DITHERS: Well, it said I was a little wacky.

CORA: That's a masterpiece of understatement.

DITHERS: But otherwise I'm a sweet, lovable, loyal, friendly, *modest* person....How well they know me!

CORA: You must have bribed them. *Julius* What did it say about Dagwood?

DITHERS: Well, here it is--you can see for yourself.

BLONDIE: I'd like to look at it, too.

DITHERS: You'd better not, Blondie. Believe me--you'll be happier not knowing the *horrible* horrid details.

CORA: Oh, good heavens!

BLONDIE: Why, Cora! Is it so awful?

CORA: Wel-l-l-l-l, yes, But I don't believe it can be right. I've never thought of Dagwood as the home-wrecking playboy type.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear--neither have I. Of course, sometimes when he goes out with Mr. Dithers---

CORA: Well, that's different. Then he's in bad company.

DITHERS: Oh, Cora! If you can't say anything good about me, don't say anything at all.

CORA: What? And shut up like a clam for the rest of my life?

DITHERS: Sometimes I'm tempted to grab up a ---

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers--put down that axe!

CORA: Julius Caesar Dithers!

DITHERS: Oh, I wasn't going to!

CORA: If you ever hit me with an axe, I'll never speak to you again.

DITHERS: You're so right.....Now what are we going to do about Dagwood?

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, I can't believe that he's--he's--well, completely *seriously* serewloose.

DITHERS: All I know is what it said in that handwriting character analysis. It hasn't been wrong so far. Of course, I don't know that he's--uh--done away with anyone yet, but I'm expecting him to turn up any minute with a body.

CORA: I hope it won't be anyone we know.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

DITHERS: Come in, but leave the body outside...I don't want my office cluttered up.

(DOOR OPENS....)

Dagwood
DAGWOOD:

Hi me
(COMING UP) Hello, J.C., I---whooooops!

(STUMBLES AND FALLS.....DOOR CLOSSES)

Dagwood
DITHERS:

There I go again
You see, Blondie? Mentally *bottom heavy* unbalanced, That's what he gets for crossing his T's like that.

DAGWOOD: Hey, what's going on here?...Blondie, I didn't know...

DITHERS: Did you catch *blondie* Snookie?

CORA: Did he catch whom?

DITHERS: Er--uh--Miss Wilson.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I caught her.

DITHERS: Good! Where did you catch her?

DAGWOOD: Around the waist.

BLONDIE: Dagwood Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: No, no, no. I mean, I caught her at Main and State... Blondie, I'm absolutely innocent.

DITHERS: Nevermind the *interesting* details. Did you get the letter from her?

DAGWOOD: Yeah--here you are.

CORA: Anyway, he didn't bring a body in with him.

DAGWOOD: Oh, no--Mrs. Dithers told me to leave it outside...I better go get it.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood--a body?? You didn't--really--I mean, it is a--real body? I mean, did it used to be a--real body? I mean--Dagwood-- did you?

DAGWOOD: I better go get him. He's lying on the floor in the hall and it doesn't look very tidy.

(DOOR OPENS)

DITHERS: Bumstead! Stop! You can't bring a habeus corpus in here!

CORA: You mean, corpus delicti.

DITHERS: Corpus shmorpus! I don't want one knocking around my office!

DAGWOOD: (GRUNTING) But J.C., it's just poor old Harlow Wilcox.

~~I was going to bring him right in, but you told me not to.~~
Here give me a hand--will put him on the couch--

DITHERS: Good grief! Is he-- is he--I mean, is he?

DAGWOOD: You see, Mr. Dithers, when I finally caught up with--uh --with uh --

DITHERS: With ~~Snookie~~^{de mugsles}? I mean, Miss Wilson.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. Well, some of the people on the street got the wrong idead and they started to grab at me and so on, and then Harlow came along and tried to get me out of it.

BLONDIE: Oh, I see. And what happened?

CORA: I can guess. The same thing that happens to all innocent bystanders. ~~He~~^{Harlow} got clonked.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. A brick just flew up out of nowhere, and bounced off his skull.

WILCOX: (MOANS)

BLONDIE: I think he's coming to now...Oh, Dagwood, for a moment I was afraid you had done something awful.

DITHERS: Harlow! Harlow---are you all right?

CORA: Julius, you might save that question until after he regains consciousness.

DAGWOOD: Harlow!....Hey, his eyes are opening"

WILCOX: (MUMBLES) Ummmmmm. Where am I?

DAGWOOD: You're all right! You're okay, Harlow old boy.

WILCOX: "Who old boy?"

DAGWOOD: Harlow, old boy.

WILCOX: Who's he?

DAGWOOD: That's you? Harlow Wilcox. Remember?

WILCOX: Never heard of him.

DITHERS: Oh, Dagwood! Now Wilcox has got insomnia.

BLONDIE: You mean amnesia.

DITHERS: ^{no I don't} He can't remember who he is!

DAGWOOD: Look, Harlow, this'll help you remember. Just light up this Camel.

(SOUND: STRIKE MATCH)

WILCOX: (ENJOYING IT) Ahhhhhhh: ^{Say} Delicious! What brand is that?

DAGWOOD: Now I know he's got amnesia! It's a Camel cigarette!

WILCOX: I like the flavor. Why, with this extra flavor, I'll bet these -- ah -- Camels would hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many I smoked!

DITHERS: It's the same old Wilcox.

WILCOX: A Camel, you say! Delicious! So fresh, too! So slow burning and cool smoking! Isn't that the cigarette that stays fresh because they're packed to go around the world?

DAGWOOD: Uh -- Harlow, are you sure you've got amnesia!

WILCOX: Can't remember a thing! Remarkable cigarette, this -- ah Camel. Why don't you fellows try one!

DITHERS: Look! Do you think we carry Camels around just to give to you?

WILCOX: No, but I mean really give Camels a try-out in your T-Zone -- "T" for taste and throat, your own proving ground for Camels' rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness! You'll see what a difference Camels matchless blend of costlier tobaccos can make!

BLONDIE: Mister Wilcox! Are you trying to tell us you don't remember who you are?

WILCOX: Where'd you get that silly idea, Blondie! Everybody knows I'm Harlow Wilcox, the Camel man. Well, I think I'll be running along now.

DAGWOOD: Well, whoever you think you are, Harlow, thanks for helping out with that mob.

~~WILCOX:~~ Well, now I feel great again. I think I'll be running along.

~~DAGWOOD:~~ Thanks for helping me out with that mob, Harlow.

WILCOX: What's that, bud?

~~DAGWOOD:~~ I said thanks for getting me out of that jam with that mob.

WILCOX: Why I wasn't trying to protect you from the mob. I was trying to protect the mob from you. I thought for a while you were going to murder the whole twenty-five or thirty of them. Boy, what a temper!

~~DAGWOOD:~~ Hey! You mean, they were afraid of me?

~~WILCOX:~~ Why shore!

~~DAGWOOD:~~ (SUDDENLY FULL OF FIGHT) In that case, I'm going back there and tear them to shreds! I'm going to massacre them! Where's that axe?

~~BLONDIE:~~ Now Dagwood - calm down right away! (ADDS) Uh-please.

~~DAGWOOD:~~ Well, okay.

WILCOX: (LAUGHS) You'd better watch that man, Blondie. He's a violent case .. So long, folks

(DOOR CLOSES....)

DITHERS: How well he knows you.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

BLONDIE: Well - uh - what do we do now?

DITHERS: I don't know.

CORA: I don't know

BLONDIE: I don't know.

DAGWOOD: Neither do I .. What are we talking about?

DITHERS: Um - uh - Dagwood, will you go into your office and get me a copy of the specifications for Anderson, Sanderson, Henderson and *that other fellow* - McGonigle.

DAGWOOD: Sure - right away .. Hey - why is everyone looking at me?

DITHERS: Because you're pretty! .. Now get those specifications.

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir. *right away*
(DOOR OPENS .. AND CLOSSES)

DITHERS: Well, there's one thing we've got to decide on first.

BLONDIE: What's that?

DITHERS: What institution are we going to commit him to? That handwriting character analysis proves he's got a *slat-zopher* loose on his roof *in his meadow*,

BLONDIE: Oh, no, Mr. Dithers.

CORA: If Dagwood's going away, you ought to go along with him.

DITHERS: Yes - he'll need company.

CORA: I meant the two of you could share the same padded cell .. You're something of a pixie, yourself, Poochie.

DITHERS: Oh, Cora!

CORA: Personally, I don't think there's anything wrong with Dagwood, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Well, I'm glad to hear you say that, Cora, but now I'm not so sure.

CORA: Well, why don't we take the poor boy out to lunch. If he doesn't make violent love to everyone in the restaurant, he's a well man.

DITHERS: Yes, ~~but what are you going to do if he tries to murder the waiters?-~~

CORA:- ~~The way the service is nowadays, it would do the waiters a world of good!~~

MUSIC:

(RESTAURANT SOUNDS...FADE DOWN AND OUT)

DAGWOOD: Well, that was a swell lunch, *girls, ladies*.

BLONDIE: Yes, wasn't it, though.

CORA: It was wonderful lamb stew.

BLONDIE: Yes. My lamb stew even had some lamb in it.

CORA: Sh-h-h, not so loud. If the manager found out, he'd fire the chef.

DAGWOOD: You know, Blondie, it's nice to have lunch with you.

BLONDIE: ^TWhy thank you, dear...How are you feeling, Dagwood. Uh-sort of -- uh -- normal?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Normal? ^vNot at all.

BLONDIE: (JUST LIKE OUR HERO, SHE SAYS:) Hank? *ah*

DAGWOOD: No, Blondie -- confidentially, I'm crazy.

CORA: Oh, Dagwood, don't be a dope and admit it. Keep the secret to yourself and make a fortune like so many other wackeroos.

DAGWOOD: Yes, Blondie --I'm crazy.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear.

DAGWOOD: About you.

BLONDIE: Oh....Well, that's nice, but ~~are you sure that it's~~ nothing more comprehensive than that?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS--PLAYING IT UP) I want to take you in my arms and clutch you to my manly chest.

BLONDIE: Now Dagwood! Not here!

DAGWOOD: I want to tell you how crazy I am - about you!

BLONDIE: Dagwood! People are looking. What will they think?

DAGWOOD: ^{I don't care} [^]Let them look! What do we care what they think? We've been married for quite a while.

BLONDIE: Not so loud! If they hear that, then they will think you're crazy.

CORA: Uh - Blondie, would you say this comes under the heading of violent love?

BLONDIE: Er - uh - well, its a violent as it's likely to get in a restaurant.

CORA: I hope I'm not intruding here .. Maybe I'd better leave.

DAGWOOD: Of course not, Mrs. Dithers.

CORA: Well, I sort of feel out of things.

DAGWOOD: Oh, well, I'll fix that. ^{Cora} (LAUGHS) Mrs. Dithers, You are one of the most gorgeous creatures of the universe. ^{Cora}

CORA: Oh-oh---that did it! Blondie, you might as well kiss him goodbye.

DAGWOOD: Ah, let me hold your hand in mine .. there! ^{Cora}

CORA: Dagwood Puh-leeze! ^{Dithers Cora! The name is Dithers.}

DAGWOOD: Ah, Mrs. ^{Dithers} Dithers, let us fly away someplace - away from the cares and troubles of the world.

CORA: There's no such place left anymore .. Now Dagwood give me back my hand! ^{Dagwood: Koochie - Koochie}

BLONDIE: Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Just you and I on a desert island with warm breezes loafing through the palm trees. ^(shadow laugh)

BLONDIE: Dagwood..!

CORA: Er-uh--how are you going to get away from Blondie?

DAGWOOD: Oh, I'll tell her I'm going down to the corner for an ice cream cone and never come back.

BLONDIE: Dagwood Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) Ouch! ... What's the matter, Blondie? ^{promised to take}

BLONDIE: That's the same desert island ^{when we} line you gave me before we were married, and I expect you to reserve that foolishness exclusively for me.

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DAGWOOD: Yes, Blondie, but Mrs. Dithers was feeling lonely.

CORA: Not that lonely.

DAGWOOD: And besides, I heard what you and Mr. and Mrs. Dithers were saying about a handwriting analysis and my being bughouse bait .. So I just sort of made violent love to you just for the fun of it.

CORA: Oh, you listened at the office door, eh?

DAGWOOD: Oh, no. I just didn't walk away from it very fast. (LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: And you didn't mean all those nice things you said to me?

DAGWOOD: Of course not! I mean, of course I did!

CORA: Look - here comes Julius.

DITHERS: (COMING UP) Hello, folks.

BLONDIE: Hello, Mr. Dithers.

CORA: Hello, Julius.

DAGWOOD: Hello, Poochie.

DITHERS: Bumstead! ... Never call me that again unless you want to *play* be the star ^{*cosplay*} of the Dagwood Bumstead Murder Case. *you know what*

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers - Dagwood knows something about ^{*you know what*} that handwriting character analysis.

DITHERS: Oh ... Then you realize that mentally you're out on a limb and sawing it off.

DAGWOOD: Yeah....But I feel perfectly normal.

DITHERS: For you that's an unhealthy condition....Well, I just got another letters from the handwriting analysis people. I haven't opened it up yet but I might as well right now.

BLONDIE: I wonder what it could be.

DITHERS: I don't know, Blondie, but after all, they did say that' from Dagwood's ^{his} handwriting, they could tell that he was a definite psychopathic case, had criminal tendencies, liked to chase women - (DIRTY LAUGH .. THEN LOW) -- who doesn't -- and ^{he} ought to be locked up. And I believe in handwriting analysis.

DAGWOOD: Now just a minute..!

DITHERS: Now, Dagwood - we've got to face facts. If that's the way things are, you ought to be a man, and go quietly someplace to have your head examined. Blondie, I don't want to pass judgment on anyone. You open the envelope and read the ^{it} er-- sentence.

BLONDIE: Well -- uh -- all right. Somebody's got to, I guess.

(RIPPING OPEN ENVELOPE...)

DAGWOOD: ~~Before you read it, Blondie, I might as well tell you I won't let anyone put me away. I'll pretest. I'll plead insanity! Oh, that wouldn't work in this case, would it?~~

BLONDIE: ~~No, dear~~ Well, here it is. (READS) Dear Mr. Dithers: We are writing to call your attention to a clerical error we made in the handwriting analysis we sent you. By mistake your character analysis was clipped to the handwriting sample of Dagwood Bumstead.

DITHERS: What???? *Here, let me see that letter. (slips + falls)*

DAGWOOD: ~~You're the one who ought to be locked up! (LAUGHS)-~~

CORA: ~~I've known that for years .. So you like to chase women, eh?~~

DITHERS: ~~Oh, Cora!-~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Can I go along and watch while they examine your head?~~

DITHERS: Wait a minute!-

BLONDIE: ~~There it is. Read it for yourself, Mr. Dithers .. and then~~
~~tell me what you're going to do.~~

DITHERS: ~~Wait!~~ ^{I just slipped a little bit} What are you all looking at me for? ^{Cora: mentally} I'm all right. ^{unhinged}

I've never felt better. (WEAK LAUGH) Let's just forget
the whole thing. I thought ~~it~~ ^{this analytical stuff} was a phoney right from the start
beginning.

THEY ALL LAUGH...

MUSIC:

(APPLAUSE)

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 Captain Paul A. Striegel, of Jefferson City, Missouri, who was leading a flight of Invader fighter-bombers over Italy, when he sighted an Italian warship hidden in a cove. Continuing on with the other planes to their objective, rail and highway junctions, he risked pulling out of a seven thousand foot vertical dive without releasing ^{his} bomb. Then retruning to the warship, he attacked it alone, smashing the stern and leaving it in flames. We salute you, Captain Paul Striegel, and in your honor the makers of Camels are sending to our soldiers overseas four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes.

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

(APPLAUSE)

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 our men overseas...a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week.

WILCOX: Camels thank the Yanks in this country with the traveling Camel Caravans, which in the past two years have given over two thousand free shows and free Camels to audiences of more than three million service men in more than five hundred different camps.

Also folks, be sure to listen to each of the three Camel Radio shows each week -- Thursday, "Garry Moore and Jimmy Durantee, Friday, the Comedy Quiz Show -Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks" and next Monday -- "Blondie" that famous comic-strip family .

MUSIC: (BLONDIE THEME...FADE FOR)

WILCOX: Be sure to tune in at this same time next, Monday because Alexander brings home a pig, hā won at the county fair. You can imagine the trouble the Bumsteads get into with a pig in the house and Mr. Dithers office. There's lots of fun in store for you next week when "Blondie ^{gets} sets a Porker".

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

WILCOX: And remember -- Camels stay fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning --because they're packed to go around the world!
This is Harlow Wilcox saying goodnight for Camel cigarettes.....First in the Service!

(APPLAUSE)AND THEME)

ENGINEER: (SLOWS BOARD FADE TO OUT)
(CUT APPLAUSE AND MUSIC)

(GEORGE WASHINGTON HITCH-HIKE)

SHIELDS: (ISOLATION BOOTH)

Pipe-smokers, look at the number of ounces on the blue revenue stamp on the top of your package of tobacco, and I think you'll see why you get up to a dozen extra pipefuls in every big blue two and a quarter ounce package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco. Costs only one dime, ten cents. Yes, you get up to a dozen extra pipefuls--mild, mellow, tasty pipefuls, too -- when you get the great big package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco. It's America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!

*This is the Columbia Broadcasting
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