

AS
BROADCAST
(Revised)

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

"BLONDIE HAS SECRETARY TROUBLE"

CBS-STUDIO "C"
MONDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1943

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

Written by John L. Greene

Directed by: Don Bernard

CAST

BLONDIE.....PENNY SINGLETON

DAGWOOD.....ARTHUR LAKE

With

JOAN DAVIS (Guest Star)

DITERS.....HANLEY STAFFORD
CORA.....ELVIA ALLMAN
DIMPLES.....LURENE TUTTLE
ANNOUNCER.....HARLOW WILCOX
CONDUCTOR.....BILLY ARTZT
YANK.....(Salute)..PAT MCGEEHAN
G.W. HITCH-HIKE...FRED SHIELDS

SOUND EFFECTS:

DOOR
LIGHT TRAFFIC
HAT BOX
TISSUE PAPER
DEPARTMENT STORE

"BLONDIE"

(REVISED)

MONDAY, DECEMBER 13, 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 Camels

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

WILCOX: More people want Camel cigarettes, both at home and
overseas! Yes, Camels have got what it takes -- they're
first with men in all the services, according to actual
sales records. "Give us fresh cigarettes!" says the fellow
on Tarawa -- and we say, "Your Camels will be fresh, cool
smoking, and slow burning, because they're packed to go
around the world!" Camel cigarettes have more flavor,
too -- the result of expert blending of costlier
tobaccos. Yes, Camel's tobacco standard is the same for
soldier, for civilian, anywhere in the world!

CHORUS: (C-A-M-E-L-S)

WILCOX: Camel cigarettes! They stay fresh because they're packed
to go around the world!

MUSIC: (OPENING...HOLD FOR:)

WILCOX: And now for our weekly visit with our neighbors, the Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue; ~~with our guest star tonight, the famous comedienne -- Miss Joan Davis!~~
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (BLONDIE THEME)

WILCOX: ~~Before we meet Joan Davis, let's look in on the~~
OUR SCENE OPENS NOW IN THE
millinery section of Ormandy's Department Store where Dagwood Bumstead has just bought a very fancy looking hat. Since it has a lot of cute little feathers on it, and a purple veil, we can assume Dagwood didn't buy it for himself. He's just sneaking away from the counter, looking like a criminal when Cora Dithers, his boss's wife, walks up behind him...

CORA: Hello, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Whoooooooooaaaa!...Oh, hello, Mrs. Dithers.

CORA: What's in that box?

DAGWOOD: Oh, just -- uh -- something--(SILLY LAUGH)

CORA: Really? Who's it for?

DAGWOOD: Oh -- uh -- someone.

CORA: I'll bet it's a hat.

DAGWOOD: What makes you think that?

CORA: Oh, just woman's intuition -- and besides, it's in a hatbox....Well, let's see what it looks like.

(RATTLE OF HATBOX COVER...TISSUE PAPER...)

DAGWOOD: Oh, Mrs. Dithers.

CORA: Oh, it's simply too too too!

DAGWOOD: And with feathers.

CORA: You know, just the other day Blondie was saying how much she wished she had this hat...I'll bet you heard her say it, didn't you?

*IF YOU SUSPECT ANYTHING DON'T
MENTION IT TO BLONDIE -*

DAGWOOD: Well, she shouted it right in my ear. Well I'd better be getting back to the office.

CORA: When you see Julius, Dagwood, you might just mention that among other things I'd love to have one of those perfume and cologne sets by Pierre LaMouche.

DAGWOOD: Shall I just mention it casually?

CORA: Yes, just mention it, and I'm sure Santa Claus will bring it to me -- if he knows what's good for him!

MUSIC.....

(DEPARTMENT STORE SOUNDS...)

BLONDIE: Cora! Cora Dithers!

CORA: Why Blondie! What are you doing here?

BLONDIE: The same as everybody else -- getting trampled. What are you doing?

CORA: I've been doing some of the trampling...Oh, by the way, I saw Dagwood ^{DOING SOME XMAS SHOPPING} ~~here~~ a little bit ago,

BLONDIE: (INTERESTED) Oh, you -- did?

CORA: (FULL OF HER SECRET AFFIRMATIVELY) Mmmmmmm-mmmmm!

BLONDIE: Well -- huh --- in what department did you see him?

CORA: Let me think now -- was it the jewelry department?

BLONDIE: Jewelry? Junk or Genuine?

CORA: I guess not...Maybe it was the handbag department.

BLONDIE: Maybe it was the mink coat department.

CORA: I don't believe so...

BLONDIE: Neither do I...Cora, you're teasing me!

CORA: (AFFIRMATIVELY) Mmmmmmm-mmmmm

BLONDIE: What did he get?

CORA: Well, you know that pink negligee--the transparent one?
With the yellow roses on it here and there?

BLONDIE: (EAGERLY) Yes! Yes!

CORA: He didn't get that.

BLONDIE: Oh, Cora... Aren't you even going to give me a little hint?

CORA: All right -- I'll give you a little hint. It's something
you wear on your head.

BLONDIE: A hat!!

CORA: Now you've guessed it!

BLONDIE: (BIG SIGH -- THEN QUICKLY) The one with the feathers and
the purple veil!

CORA: I think that's it.

BLONDIE: I'M SO GLAD HE BOUGHT IT FOR ME -

CORA: Well, Blondie, he didn't say he was buying it for you.
: He just said someone.

BLONDIE: That could be anybody.

CORA: Yes, and he acted very embarrassed. Like Santa Claus would
~~look~~ if he got hung up in a chimney.

BLONDIE: Cora, I'm just going to have to drop over to the office
this afternoon and ask a few questions...I want to be
sure he's got the right hat.

MUSIC: (WITH APPROPRIATE TROMBONE CADENZA...)

DITHERS: Bumstead! Come into my office!

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Si, si, senorita!

DITHERS: Bumstead, sometime I hope you try that on someone who
loves the Spanish language and is also handy with a
knife....What's in that box -- white mice?

DAGWOOD: It's just a ^{CHRISTMAS} present I bought.

DITHERS: Did you know that you came back from your noon hour
fifteen minutes late?

DAGWOOD: Yes, but I didn't know you knew.

DITHERS: I know everything.

DAGWOOD: Then what's the population of Tasmania?

DITHERS: Two hundred and forty-one thousand, five hundred and
seventy-six! Nyaaaaah!

DAGWOOD: Does that include all the new babies?

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

DAGWOOD: Then who's AT THE DOOR?

DITHERS: Yes, and if you don't believe me, you can go to
Thasmania and ask! ...In fact, I wish you would.

DAGWOOD: Mr.Dithers, what would you do without me?

DITHERS: I'd relax.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

DITHERS: Come in, come in, whoever you are!

(DOOR OPENS)

DAVIS: How do you do. I hope I'm not interrupting. I'm
^(APPLAUSE)
looking for an old bag, ~~a sack~~, I mean a package.

DAGWOOD: Hey, Mr. Dithers, what's this that just came in?

DITHERS: Don't be frightened, Dagwood. It's probably a wartime
^{A GORGEOUS HUNK OF JUNK -}
substitute for ~~a good looking girl~~.

DAVIS: Hey, wait a minute. What kind of talk is that?

DAGWOOD: Oh, I see -- the Victory model.

DITHERS: Yes! It looks like a long war, doesn't it? Wait a
minute! I know you -- you're Joan Davis!

(APPLAUSE)

DITHERS: What did you want here, Miss Davis?

DAVIS: Is this the J. C. Jitters Construction Company?

DITHERS: No, it's not!

DAVIS: Gee, I thought maybe you were Mr. Jitters himself.
They told me he was a red faced old turkey who should
have gotten the axe last Thanksgiving.

DITHERS: (CHOKES) Now see here, young lady....

DAVIS: Young lady? Gee --- thanks!

DITHERS: My name is J.C. Dithers.

DAVIS: Congratulations....But I'm looking for someone by the name of Dogwood Bumhead... I think.

DAGWOOD: Well, I'm Dagwood Bumstead. *THAT'S KINDA CLOSE TO IT -*

DAVIS: I'm glad to know you, Mr. Lumphead.

DAGWOOD: How do you doodle-do.

DITHERS: Well, so you're Joan Davis! -- the famous comedienne.

DAVIS: Well, the jury's still out. *I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT -*

DAGWOOD: Gee, how does it feel to be Joan Davis?

DAVIS: I don't know -- how does it feel not to be Joan Davis?

DAGWOOD: Wonderful!

DAVIS: I was afraid that wouldn't come out right.

DITHERS: What are you doing here, Miss Davis?

DAVIS: I'm looking for a package that was left for me somewhere. Somebody called up my radio program Thursday and said maybe I'd find it here.

DITHERS: Find it here?

DAVIS: Hey, maybe this is it on the desk!

DAGWOOD: No, no, no -- that's mine. I got that for Blondie.

DAVIS: For Blondie! Why you little rascal, you -- does Mrs. Woodshed know about this?

DITHERS: Blondie is Mrs. Woodshed -- (HARUMPH) I mean, Mrs. Bumhead!

DAGWOOD: No, Mrs. BUMSTEAD -

DAVIS: Well, I guess it isn't here then. I'll have to keep on looking. Say, maybe Archie over at Duffy's has got it. I'll try there.

DITHERS: Well, we're awfully sorry, Miss Davis, that we couldn't help you.

DAVIS: So am I. Well, goodbye Mr.Dribble.

DITHERS: Oh, no!

DAGWOOD: Goodbye, Miss Davis.

DAVIS: Goodbye, Mr.Bump-sa-daisy.

(DOOR CLOSES)

(APPLAUSE)

DITHERS: Nothing but interruptions..Now, Bumstead, paddle off to your office and get me the last letter from Anderson, Sanderson, Henderson and Potts.

DAGWOOD: Oui, oui, mademoiselle.

DITHERS: Bumstead, I don't mind your ^{GARGLING}~~speaking~~ French or Spanish on company time, but please keep my gender straight.....
Now go!

DAGWOOD: Right! I'm off!

DITHERS: You ~~were never on.~~ ^{CAN SAY THAT AGAIN -}

(DOOR CLOSSES)

DITHERS: (SIGHS) Some day I'll have to make the decision. Either I ~~will have to~~ shoot myself or shoot Bumstead. I think I ~~id better shoot~~ ^{IT WOULD LOOK BETTER ON} him,..Hm -- I wonder what kind of a present he bought.

(BUSINESS OF UNTYING AND OPENING HATBOX...)

DITHERS: E-gad! (THEN, REASSURED) Oh, it's only a hat. I thought it was going to spring at me.

(TAPPING AT DOOR...)

DITHERS: Come in!

(DOOR OPENS)

DIMPLES: May I come in, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: Oh, hello, Dimples...You're looking very--uh--well, very.

DIMPLES: Did you want to dictate to me?

DITHERS: Well, no letters, anyway.

DIMPLES: (TITTERS)

DITHERS: (GIGGLES)

DIMPLES: You remember you said I could take my Christmas vacation starting tomorrow?

DITHERS: ^{I DID} Oh, yes, I remember I did say that in a foolish moment.

DIMPLES: Well, I want to give you your Christmas present now. Here it is.

DITHERS: Oh, it's wonderful! It's marvelous! It's just what I wanted!....What is it?

DIMPLES: A hand-embroidered pen wiper.

DITHERS: Goody. It'll be so useful.

DIMPLES: I hoped you'd like it. I made it myself.... Merry Christmas!

DITHERS: Oh, yes.....Well -- uh -- and I have something for you, ^{too} - Dimples.

DIMPLES: Oh, Mr. Dithers, you old darling!

DITHERS: ^(LAUGHS) I may be darling, but I'm not old. At least, not that old.....Here you are -- it's a hat.

DIMPLES: Oh! it's wonderful! It'll be lovely on me.

DITHERS: Anything would be lovely on you--from a thin coat of shellac to a bearskin rug.

DIMPLES: Mr. Dithers, you say the nicest things....Here's a great big kiss for you.

(OF GREAT BIG KISS.....)

DIMPLES: There---how was that?

DITHERS: (HAPPILY) It was worth it ^{BETTER GET OFF MY LAP NOW -} ~~now~~ Don't tell anyone I gave ^{THE HAT} ~~it to~~ you. You know how people talk.

DIMPLES: I'm going to wear it the rest of the day....Thank you...

DITHERS: Oh, not at all, not at all, Dimples.

DIMPLES: I'll come back later and show you how it looks. HUH?

DITHERS: ALL RIGHT -- SEE YOU LATER -

(DOOR CLOSES.....)

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DITHERS: ^{WHEW!} I'll say I'm not old. If I were, she never would have gotten that hat....I wonder what happened to that perfume and cologne set I ordered for her?

(DOOR OPENS.....)

DAGWOOD: Well, J.C. here's that letter you were looking for.

DITHERS: Good.

DAGWOOD: Have you been dictating some letters?

DITHERS: No -- what makes you think so?

DAGWOOD: You've got lipstick on you.

DITHERS: (REACTION -- THEN) Where?

DAGWOOD: You ought to know.

DITHERS: I do, brother!....I better wipe that off. (AS HE WIPES IT OFF, SLIGHTLY MUFFLED) It was just a friendly kiss.

DAGWOOD: For a friendly kiss, it made quite a smear.

DITHERS: Oh, ~~Bumstead!~~ I USED TO BLOW THE BUGLE IN THE BOY SCOUTS -

DAGWOOD: Oh, Mr. Dithers -- what did you do with ~~the~~ ^{my} hatbox and the hat?

DITHERS: Oh, yes -- that. Well, I was afraid that Blondie might drop in, and you wouldn't want it right here on my desk, would you?

DAGWOOD: No, of course not, but I don't think --

DITHERS: That's just the trouble -- you don't think.

(KNOCK ON DOOR.....)

DITHERS: Come in!

(DOOR OPENS.....)

BLONDIE: Hello, Dagwood -- hello, Mr. Dithers.

CORA: Hello, Dagwood -- and Julius.

DITHERS: Hello.

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers, you're a genius.

DITHERS: ^{Do you think so, too?}
~~Oh, at least!~~

BLONDIE: Uh, Dagwood -- Cora tells me you've been shopping today.

DAGWOOD: (PRETENDING TO BE CASUAL) Oh, yes-yes. Just a few things. Nothing for you.

BLONDIE: Nothing for me?

DAGWOOD: No, it was for someone else.

BLONDIE: Well, if it's not for me, could I see it?

DAGWOOD: I'm afraid not.

DITHERS: Dagwood's already given it away, haven't you, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, that's right. J.C.

CORA: Why, Dagwood, have you, really?

DAGWOOD: Now you keep out of this, Mrs. Dithers?

^{BLONDIE}
CORA: Who'd you give it to, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: I'd rather not say.

DITHERS: It's just someone who admires him, isn't it, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Sure.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, you're joking.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS)

(TAPPING ON DOOR.....) ^{DIMPLES!... HELLO!}

DITHERS: Come in! (THEN QUICKLY) No, no -- don't come in!

(DOOR OPENS.....)

DIMPLES: Hello -- don't I look cute ^{IN THIS} ~~with the~~ hat?

DITHERS: That did it!

^{BLONDIE!}
DIMPLES: Oh, excuse me.

(DOOR CLOSES.....)

BLONDIE: (LOUD--HER VOICE QUIVERING) Dagwood Bumstead!

~~DAGWOOD: Hey, that's the hat!~~

CORA: Why, Dagwood - I never knew you were a secretary snatcher!

DAGWOOD: Now wait a minute --- I'm innocent!

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood, how could you do such a thing! That's the hat I've been hinting about for two months! (REALLY SOBS)
And then you go out and get it and give it to a secretary!

DAGWOOD: But Blondie -- . I didn't give her the hat! *MR. DITHERS DID!*

BLONDIE: It's no use lying about it.

CORA: Julius, you don't happen to know anything about this, do you?

DITHERS: (STARTLED INNOCENCE) I?

CORA: Yes, you, Poochie!

DITHERS: Oh, don't call me Poochie!...Dagwood has already admitted he gave it to an admirer of his.

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers, you gave that hat to her!

DITHERS: What do you mean! I hardly even know Dimples!

CORA: Dimples?

DITHERS: I mean, Miss Wilson.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, he gave it to her! I know he did!

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwooooood! You're making it even worse by trying to blame it on poor Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: (THE PURE IN HEART) Thank you, Blondie, for your ^{GREAT} trust in me.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, I left the hat ^{ON MR. DITHERS' DESK} here and when I came back it was gone.

DITHERS: Oh, Dagwood -- how could you stoop so low ~~as to~~ blaming your guilty deed on me? This is shameful... You've hurt Blondie terribly! (TO BLONDIE) There, there, my dear.

DAGWOOD: Get your hands away from her! Oh! BLONDIE!

BLONDIE: (SOBBING) Dagwood, don't you come near me! Oh, you're awful!

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) I've been framed!

DITHERS: Oh, Bumstead -- what a cad you are!

CORA: Maybe I'm wrong, but this all has a very phoney touch to it. The Dithers touch.

DITHERS: ^{YES} Nevermind, Cora -....Here, Blondie, take my handkerchief.

BLONDIE: (SOBBING) Thank you, Mr. Dithers. Oh, Dagwooooood!

After all these years! How long has this been going on?

DAGWOOD: How long has what been going on?

BLONDIE: This admiring business.

DAGWOOD: Blondie -- please believe me-- I'm innocent!

BLONDIE: You've broken my heart! And besides -- (SOBS) I'll never find another hat as lovely as that one.

DAGWOOD: I think she feels worse about the hat than about me. I resent that.

BLONDIE: I'm never going to speak to you again!

DAGWOOD: But Blondie, who'll wake me up in the mornings?

BLONDIE: So that's all you care! (SOBS)

CORA: Just one moment, please!

DITHERS: What's the matter?

CORA: Look at that handkerchief! Lipstick!

DITHERS: (TO HIMSELF) I'm a bum again.

DAGWOOD: That's right, Mrs. Dithers! When I came in he had ^{SO MUCH} lipstick on him! I COULD SMELL THE FLAVOR -

DITHERS: Why that's your lipstick, Cora -- darling.

CORA: Mine?

DITHERS: Of course -- sweetheart? Don't you remember you kissed me goodbye this morning?

CORA: That's right, I did.

DITHERS: That was a close one.

CORA: What was that?

DITHERS: I said it was a close one -- a close kiss. Remember?

CORA: Oh, Julius, I'm sorry I suspected you. It was just that you have a natural talent for being a heel.

BLONDIE: (SOBS) IF I'D ONLY LISTENED TO MY MOTHER -

CORA: Oh, you men! What are you standing around here for? Can't you see how broken up ^{BLONDIE} ~~she~~ is about this? Go on outside and leave us alone.

DAGWOOD: Oh, all right....Come on outside, J.C. I want to talk to you.

BLONDIE: (SOBS....FADING)

DITHERS: All right Dag.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Okay now, Mr. Dithers -- take off your coat! We'll settle this right here. You framed me! IF I DO ANYTHING I'M SORRY FOR.....I'M GLAD OF IT -

DITHERS: Dagwood - I had to do it!

DAGWOOD: Why?

DITHERS: To keep myself out of trouble.

DAGWOOD: I suppose it's all right to blame me for something I didn't do just to save your hide.

DITHERS: It may not be right, but it's ~~the~~ sensible thing to do.

DAGWOOD: Okay, put up your dukes! ~~I'm going to sing~~ ^{I WANT} a confession out of you.

WILCOX: (COMING UP) Hey! Hey, wait a minute!

DITHERS: Well, it's Harlow Wilcox!

WILCOX: What's going on here -- fisticuffs?

DAGWOOD: He gave a hat I bought for Blondie to a secretary and told Blondie I gave it to her.

WILCOX: Shame, shame!

DITHERS: Oh, never mind whittling your finger at me.

WILCOX: If you had stopped to think, Mr. Dithers, you would have given her some Camels -- you know, the cigarette that's expertly blended of costlier tobaccos. It's the perfect present because Camel cigarettes make a friendly gift, but not too friendly, like a pair of pink and blue whatchamaduddies.

DAGWOOD: Harlow, you're about fifteen minutes too late. Camel cigarettes would have been much better.

WILCOX: Of course. Whatchamaduddies have pink rosebuds, but Camel cigarettes have more flavor, the thing that helps Camels to hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke. And you can be sure she'll like Camels. All she has to do is try a pack in her T-Zone.

DITHERS: And she has a very cute T-Zone.

WILCOX: That's "T" for taste and throat, everybody's own proving ground for Camel cigarette's rich, extra flavor and smooth, extra mildness! And the Camels you give her will stay fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world!

DAGWOOD: But Mr. Dithers didn't give her Camel cigarettes, and I'm still in an awful jam. Come on, Mr. Dithers--let's get back to that fight!

WILCOX: Oh, ^{say} one other thing first. The receptionist asked me to hand this to you. It was just delivered.

DITHERS: Oh, thanks, Harlow.

WILCOX: Not at all. Goodbye (FADING)

DAGWOOD: So long, Harlow...

DITHERS: Oh, this is the present I was going to give Dimples.

DAGWOOD: Ah-hah! Well, I'm just going to take that and give it to Blondie! I'm going to tell her this is what I really got for her....Give it to me! (EFFORT) Thanks.

DITHERS: Now wait a minute, Bumstead -- I bought that myself!

DAGWOOD: That's just too bad. Blondie's going to get it from me.

(KNOCK ON DOOR.....DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Blondie.

BLONDIE: I'm not speaking to you. (TO CORA) Cora, ask him what he wants.

CORA: What do you want, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Tell Blondie that this is the present I got for her.

CORA: He says that this is the real McCoy.

BLONDIE: Tell him I don't believe him.

CORA: She says she thinks you're lying in your teeth.

DAGWOOD: Hey, stop making it worse...Here, Blondie -- open it up.
It'll be a little before-Christmas present.

BLONDIE: Tell him, all right, but I'm still mad at him.

CORA: All right, Dagwood -- fork it over.

DAGWOOD: Here.

CORA: Come on, let's open it, Blondie.

BLONDIE: (BRIGHTENING UP) Well, all right, Cora.
(TEARING OF PAPER, ETC....)

DITHERS: Look at them! They're tearing away at it like a couple
of wolves at a dead horse. *DISGUSTING -*

CORA: Don't mention the word wolf to me, you wolf...Oh, Blondie
-- look!

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood! It's lovely!

CORA: Why it's a perfume and cologne set by Pierre LaMouche!...
I'd like one of those myself.

BLONDIE: My, I'm certainly going to be a ~~gorgeous smelling thing!~~ ^{SMELL PRETTY}

CORA: I'd like one of those myself. ^{DITHERS: IT WON'T DO YOU A BIT OF GOOD -} Julius, did you hear what
I said?

DITHERS: What's that, Cora?

CORA: I said, I'd like one of those myself...Catch on?

DITHERS: (IRRITATED) Yes, I catch on...There's ^{NOT ONE IOTA OF} ~~no~~ delicacy left.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood, I'm so sorry about everything. I shouldn't have acted -- (STOPS) Oh, here's a card in with the cologne.

DAGWOOD: A card?

DITHERS: Oh-oh.

CORA: What's it say, Blondie?

DAGWOOD: Never mind, never mind!

BLONDIE: It says, "Merry Christmas and stuff to Dimples, from Guess Who."

DAGWOOD: Whooooooooaaaa!

BLONDIE: Dagwood Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: No, Blondie -- wait a minute -- I can explain this -- I think.

BLONDIE: So this is the real present you got for me! Oh, Dagwood, I don't know what to think of you!

DITHERS: (LAUGHS)

CORA: Well, Julius, what are you cackling about? Stand up and let us see if you're sitting on an egg.

DITHERS: (LAUGHS) I can't help it. I'll bet anything Dagwood is going to say that that's a present I was going to give ^{DIMPLES} ~~Snoopy~~ and he got it from me.

DAGWOOD: ^{THAT'S A LIE!!!! NO!} ~~Hah?~~....Yeah, that's right. That's where I did get it.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, how can you keep on lying and lying like this?

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers, for gosh sakes, tell her the truth!

DITHERS: (NOBLY) Very well, Dagwood/^{OLD COMRADE} - we've always been friends..
Blondie -- I gave both those presents to ^{DIMPLES} ~~Snooky~~ --
Miss Wilson.

BLONDIE: Now you're being fine and noble and taking all the blame
to cover Dagwood. It's very nice of you Mr. Dithers,
but I can't believe you.

DITHERS: There you are, Dagwood. I've done all I ^{COULD -} ~~can~~.

CORA: Well, I know how to solve this, Blondie. I'll buzz for
Miss Wilson right now. We'll hide behind the filing
cabinets -- and Julius, when she comes in, just show her
the perfume and cologne set with the little card. Whoever
she thanks is the guilty man.

DITHERS: Now Cora, let's not do anything as foolish as that.

DAGWOOD: I'm all for it!

CORA: I'm buzzing for her right now...There....Come on,
Blondie. We'll see what happens.

BLONDIE: Oh, Cora -- I already know all I want to know.

CORA: You can't be too sure. Come on, Blondie!

BLONDIE: Well, all right.

DAGWOOD: At last we're going to get the truth. (LAUGHS) And
see that you don't tip her off, ^{MR. DITHERS -} ~~either~~.
*BLONDIE!
DAGWOOD!* <sup>SEE THAT I DON'T CATCH YOU TIPPING HER OFF EITHER -
DON'T WORRY YOU WON'T CATCH ME -</sup>
(TAP ON DOOR.....)

DITHERS: Come in.
(DOOR OPENS.....)

DIMPLES: (COYLY) I'll bet you want to do some more dictating, don't you, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: (COUGHS) No, not now.

DIMPLES: Hello, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: How do you doodle-do.

DIMPLES: Why, what's this on the table? Could ~~it~~^{THIS} be for little me?

DITHERS: Could be.

DIMPLES: And here's a card. "Merry Christmas and stuff to Dimples from Guess Who". Oh, it's perfectly divine!

DITHERS: And now guess who's ~~Guess~~ Who.

DAGWOOD: (CHUCKLES) Ah, this is going to be the pay-off'

DIMPLES: Oh, you sweet thing, Mr. Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Oh, no!

DIMPLES: And here's a great big kiss for you.

DAGWOOD: Hey! Cut it out! Help!

(SOUND OF KISS.....)

DIMPLES: There! And Merry Christmas to you, you lovely man! Goodbye!

DITHERS: (LAUGHING) Goodbye, Dimples -- Miss Wilson ---

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: I've been framed and bouble-framed!

BLONDIE: (SOBS)

CORA: I'm sorry, Blondie -- it was a bad idea!

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwooooooood! She kissed you!

DAGWOOD: And how! If I had only known I was going to be blamed for it, I would have relaxed and enjoyed it.

DITHERS: Well, Cora -- I hope you're satisfied as to my innocence,

CORA: I'm sorry I misjudged you, Julius.

BLONDIE: Cora, ^{MAY} ~~can~~ I stay at your house tonight?

CORA: Of course, Blondie. I don't blame you for not wanting to go home with that -- that --

BLONDIE: That fiend!

DAGWOOD: I won't stand for this! I object! I'm going to take this to court!

CORA: I thought for awhile that Julius might have -- just a minute! Julius, there was lipstick on your handkerchief!

DITHERS: Yes, but that was from kissing you goodbye this morning, darling.

CORA: I just remembered something. I didn't put on any lipstick until after you left! Come here, you low, mean miserable wretch!

DITHERS: No, no, Cora! Wait! Put that pistol down, babe!...
I'll make a full confession!

MUSIC:.....

(.LIGHT TRAFFIC.....FADE.....)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, you can't just walk along the street like this. You've got to speak to me.

DAGWOOD: (LOFTILY RIGHTEOUS) My feelings have been hurt.

BLONDIE: But Dagwood, I've been apologizing to you for eight blocks now.

DAGWOOD: Well, don't stop now, ^{KEEP AT IT} Just think of the awful things you accused me of.

BLONDIE: I know, dear, and I'm terribly, terribly sorry.

DAGWOOD: The last time you said that you had four "terriblys"
in it. You're not as sorry now, hunh?

BLONDIE: Oh, of course I am. I'm terribly, terribly, terribly,
terribly, terribly sorry.

DAGWOOD: That's better.....Blaming it on me, instead of
Mr. Dithers. He has all the fun, and I get all the
trouble.

BLONDIE: (SUDDENLY) Now see here, Dagwood Bumstead, I've
apologized until I'm almost hoarse, and if you don't
accept my apology and tell me you forgive me, ^{OR I WON'T FORGIVE} ~~there's~~
~~YOU FOR NOT FORGIVING ME -~~
~~going to be more trouble!~~

DAGWOOD: But Blondie -----!

BLONDIE: You heard me, DagwoodNow I'm sorry, ^{I'M SORRY - I'M SORRY} ~~Do you forgive~~
forgive me? And you'd better say yes.

DAGWOOD:

^{YES, WHAT?}

BLONDIE:
DAGWOOD:

^{YES - PLEASE}

Okay, I forgive you, honey.

BLONDIE:

~~THAT'S BETTER~~ ^{NOT TO START THINGS ALL OVER AGAIN BUT}
~~Thank you, Dagwood,~~ ...That Dimples Wilson certainly

cleaned up today, didn't she? Why, she got that -- oh,
Dagwood! Look!

DAGWOOD: What?

BLONDIE: Across the street? There goes Mrs. Pengally with a hat
exactly like the one you were going to give me!

DAGWOOD: Hey, you're right! It's identical!

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- am I glad I'm not going to get that hat
for Christmas! I'd never be able to wear it now!

MUSIC: (TAG CURTAIN)

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: And now our Thanks to the Yanks of The Week!

MUSIC: (VERY QUICK FANFARE)

MCGEEHAN: ~~Thanks to the Yanks of the week!~~ Tonight we salute Marine Sergeant Bernard Brown, former policeman of Saranac Lake, New York, and the four men who were with him in a fight against seventy-five Japanese on Bougainville Island. With a machine gun, five rifles, and some grenades, the five men fought for two and a half hours, ended up with one man slightly wounded, two thousand empty cartridges, and the bodies of seventy-four Japanese. In honor of you and your men, Sergeant Bernard Brown, the makers of Camels are sending to Marines in the Pacific three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: Each of the four Camel shows honors a Yank of the Week, sends three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes overseas.... a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week.

WILCOX: In this country the traveling Camel Caravans have thanked more than three and a half million Yanks with free shows and free Camels.

WILCOX: Camel Radio broadcasts go out to the United States four times a week are shortwaved to our men overseas and to South America. Listen Thursday to Abbott and Costello; Friday to Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante; Saturday to Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks", And of course next Monday and every Monday, be sure to listen to "Blondie", at this same time and over these same CBS stations.

MUSIC: "BLONDIE" THEME.....FADE FOR AND OUT:)

WILCOX: Blondie is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood by Arthur Lake. The musical score is composed and conducted by William Artzt.

WILCOX: And remember, Camel cigarettes make a wonderful Christmas gift! Wherever you send them, they'll be fresh, because Camels are packed to go around the world!

WILCOX: This is Harlow Wilcox saying goodnight for Camel Cigarettes
-- First in the Service!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (THEME AND APPLAUSE)

(GEORGE WASHINGTON HITCH HIKE)

SHIELDS: (ISOLATION BOOTH)

Say, here's a good big present to give that fellow who smokes a pipe. Give him a pound of George Washington Smoking Tobacco, all done up in our special Christmas package. It ought to last him for weeks and weeks -- and he'll think about you every time he lights up a mild, mellow, fragrant pipeful of George Washington! It's mighty economical -- you'll be surprised when you price it. Get a special Christmas pound of George Washington Smoking Tobacco for every pipe-smoker on your list!

This is the COLUMBIA.....BROADCASTING SYSTEM.