

AS
BROADCAST

"BLONDIE"

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

"BLONDIE TAKES A BEATING"

CBS STUDIO "C"
MONDAY, JANUARY 10, 1944

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

DITHERS.....HANLEY STAFFORD
DIMPLES.....LURENE TUTTLE
ANNOUNCER.....KEN NILES
CONDUCTOR.....BILLY ARTZT
YANK....(Salute)...PAT MCGEEHAN
G.W. HITCH HIKE....FRED SHIELDS

SOUND EFFECTS

DOOR
PHONE
WHIZZ WHISTLE
BODY FALL
SLAP STICK
ALARM CLOCK
OFFICE BUZZER
KITCHEN DOOR (SWINGING)

(REVISED)

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, JANUARY 10, 1944

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

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

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

NILES: You know, more people want Camel cigarettes these days, both at home and overseas. Of course Camels are first with men in all the services, according to actual sales records. Here at home, Camels are getting more popular, too--and you may find your store's sold out from time to time. But remember--Camel cigarettes are worth asking for again. You can be sure they'll always have more flavor, the result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos. And you know that Camels stay fresh, too--they stay cool smoking and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world!

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

NILES: Camel cigarettes! Camel's tobacco standard is the same for soldier, for civilian, anywhere in the world!

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

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

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (BLONDIE THEME)

NILES: Well, it's about six o'clock in the morning in the Bumstead home, and Dagwood and Blondie are both fast asleep.

BLONDIE AND
DAGWOOD (GENTLE SNORING)

NILES: See?....But Dagwood is in the midst of one of his interesting dreams. Suppose we step into that dream for a moment and see what's happening in it.

MUSIC: (JUST A LITTLE DREAM MUSIC)

DAGWOOD: Hey, when does my dream go on?

NILES: The first show is starting immediately, sir. There are plenty of single seats up front. Just pull up a cloud and sit down. (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: Hey, wait a minute. This is my dream. Who are you?

NILES: I'm Ken Niles, the master of ceremonies of your dream.

DAGWOOD: This is the silliest dream I've ever had.

NILES: It's your own fault, Mr. Bumstead. You should never have eaten that sandwich.

DAGWOOD: Which sandwich is that?

NILES: The chicken, pickle, cole slaw, salami, onion, cheese, liverwurst, sardine, and smoked salmon on rye.

DAGWOOD: Okay. Well, get on with my dream.

NILES: Right away.... Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, and welcome to Dagwood Bumstead's dream, brought to you by Camels, the cigarette ^{THAT'S PACKED TO GO AROUND THE WORLD} of ~~costlier tobacco~~!

S - L - E - M - A - C - (CAMELS)

DAGWOOD: Oh, boy--some dream. A sponsor and everything.

NILES: You will remember that in his last dream, we left Dagwood hanging by his toes over the side of a steep cliff while the mad doctor Crunchmyer tickled the soles of his feet.

DAGWOOD: (GIGGLES AS THOUGH TICKLED) Hey, don't talk about that ^{I'M TICKLING}

NILES: But this is another dream, so we'll forget Doctor Crunchmyer.

DAGWOOD: Stop stalling! What's going to happen in my dream ^{TONITE}

NILES: This dream, Mr. Bumstead, is a preview of something that is going to happen to you today.

DAGWOOD: It's going to happen to me ~~9~~ - TODAY -

NILES: You can't escape it. It's fate. It's destiny.

DAGWOOD: I don't think I'm going to like this dream.

NILES: You should have thought of that before you had that sandwich. Remember, Dagwood--this is what is going to happen to you today! So, on with your dream.

MUSIC: (SINGLE MUTED TRUMPET.....TAH, TA-TA TAAAAAH!)

BLONDIE: Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Yeah, Blondie? What is it?

BLONDIE: Dagwood, I've got a lot of things I want you to do around the house, so don't drop onto your couch and fall asleep.

DAGWOOD: But, Blondie, I've been working like a dog at the office.

BLONDIE: I doubt it very much.

DAGWOOD: Yes, I have.

(DOOR OPENS QUICKLY)

DITHERS: No he hasn't, Blondie. He's been loafing all day.

BLONDIE: Thank you, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: ~~Not at all.~~ ^{I SHOULDN'T WONDER -} Goodbye. ~~Now -~~

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Now what have you been doing?

DAGWOOD: I've been loafing all day.

BLONDIE: Yes. Now you're going to help me change the furniture around, fix the garage door so it doesn't stick, and fix that loose board on the back porch. Every time I step on it, it flies up and spans me.

DAGWOOD: Which board is that?

BLONDIE: This board right here. You step on it.

DAGWOOD: Okay.

(BOARD SPANKS HIM)

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) Yeow-w-w-w-w!

BLONDIE: You see what I mean?

DAGWOOD: But wait a minute. I thought this board was on the back porch. What's it doing here? *IN THE BEDROOM -*

BLONDIE: This is a dream. Don't be so critical.

DAGWOOD: I'm not critical!

BLONDIE: Yes, you are!

DAGWOOD: No I'm not! I won't stand to have you talk that way to me, Blondie! I'm the master in this house!

BLONDIE: Since when?

DAGWOOD: Starting right now! And I'm not going to stand for any nonsense from you, woman! Don't give me any back-talk, either, or I'll beat you up and drag you around the house by your hair! (What am I saying???) I'm the male animal here! My word is law!

BLONDIE: Dagwood Bumstead, don't you dare say those things ^{DREAM} ~~EVEN IN A~~

DAGWOOD: I'll say all I want! And when I speak, you'd better tremble!

BLONDIE: (GASPS) Oh! You beast!

DAGWOOD: You heard me, woman! Now get those things fixed up yourself! And when you get through, you can come in here and apologize to me!....Now what do you think of that?

BLONDIE: *What do I THINK? WELL I THINK (MAD)*

MUSIC: (MUTED TRUMPET ALONE...TAH, TA-TA TAAAAAH!)

NILES: What does Blondie think ~~of that~~? And what will she do? Will she go home to her mother? Will she fix the loose board in the back porch that keeps spanking her? Will she beat Dagwood up and drag him around the house by his hair?

(CONTINUED)

NILES:
(Cont'd)

For the answers to these questions, don't forget to listen in tomorrow for the next episode in this exciting dream. Your announcer is Ken Niles. This is the Sleepy Dust Broadcasting System....When you hear the alarm clock, ~~Dagwood~~, it will be exactly ^{FOR DAGWOOD} time to get up.

MUSIC: (DREAM MUSIC....INTO ALARM CLOCK)

(ALARM CLOCK)

BLONDIE: (YAWNS) Oh, dear....

(STOPS ALARM CLOCK)

BLONDIE: Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: (WIDE AWAKE) Blondie, I didn't mean a word of it! I'm sorry I said those things!

BLONDIE: What are you talking about, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: You won't go home to your mother, will you?

BLONDIE: Dagwood, you've been dreaming!....What was it about?

DAGWOOD: Well, I was the master of the house, and----

BLONDIE: It was a dream, all right.

DAGWOOD: Gee, weren't you in the same dream I was in?

BLONDIE: If I was, I didn't see you anywhere.

DAGWOOD: What a relief!

BLONDIE: Come on---get up now, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Uh--Blondie. What would you do if I laid down the law to you, and--

BLONDIE: I'd drag you around the house by your hair!

DAGWOOD: Whoooooaaa!

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: ~~THAT WAS A SWELL BREAKFAST BUT I'M STILL WORRIED ABOUT THAT DREAM -~~

BLONDIE: Come on now, Dagwood--stop worrying about that dream and finish your breakfast. You've got to hurry if you're going to get to the office on time!

DAGWOOD: Yeah, okay, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Here's your coat and hat. I'll get the door open.

DAGWOOD: Okay....Blondie, I have a feeling that I might get mad at you today and say something that I'd be glad I was saying at the time but I'd be sorry for later.

BLONDIE: Don't you dare, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: But what if I can't help myself? What if it's destiny? What if it's fate?....(FADING A LITTLE)

BLONDIE: Hurry up, you're going to be late!

DAGWOOD: OH, LOOK AT THE TIME -... I'VE GOT TO HURRY -

DAISY BARKS:

BLONDIE: Get out of the way, Daisy, or your father will run over you.

DAISY WHINES:

BLONDIE: Well, all right. I'll pick/^{you}up and hold you in my arms.....That's it...Come on, Dagwood--I've got the door open.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP FAST) Okay, Blondie. I hope everything works out all right. I'll be seeing you.

BLONDIE: NOW KISS ME GOODBYE HONEY - DAGWOOD, OKAY!
(SOUND: LONG KISS)

BLONDIE
1/10/44

(REVISED)
7-3A-

BLONDIE: Dagwood Bumstead! you kissed Daisy and scratched
me back of the ear!

DAGWOOD: Hanh? (BLOWING SOUND) Daisy, where did you learn
to kiss like that?

BLONDIE: Dagwood--you're going to be late!

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! I've got to go now!

BLONDIE: Goodbye, dear! (~~KISS~~)

DAGWOOD (KISS)

DAGWOOD: Goodbye!

(SOUND: WHIZZ...DOOR SLAMS)

MUSIC: (HURRY).....

DAGWOOD: Gee, I'm worried about that dream. If I talk to
Blondie today the way I did in the dream-- Whooooaaa!
I'd better ask Mr. Dithers' advice. I ^{WONDER IF} ~~think~~ he's in
his office. (ALoud) ^{I'LL SEE} Knock, knock!

DITHERS: (INSIDE) Who's there?

DAGWOOD: Dagwood.

DITHERS: Dagwood Who? *DAGWOOD BE HUMAN IF HE HAD A BRAIN -*

DAGWOOD: Look, Mr. Dithers, I'm not playing knock-knock with you. My knuckles are just sore.

DITHERS: Come in.

(DOOR OPENS...)

DITHERS: What's on your mind, Dagwood?

*HOPE YOU'RE NOT WORRIED ABOUT
THAT LETTER FROM ANDERSON-
SANDERSON, HENDERSON AND POTTS.*

...Sit down.

DAGWOOD: Thanks....Well, Mr. Dithers, it's about a dream.

DITHERS: A dream, ~~eh?~~ What's her telephone number? (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: It's not that kind of a dream. Have you ever had a dream that your wife was in, and--

DITHERS: Oh, those. I call them nightmares....What happened in this dream?

DAGWOOD: Well, the announcer in my dream told me it was sort of a preview of something that was going to happen today. He said I couldn't escape it. It was fate.

DITHERS: ~~Is this one of those dreams of yours where you're being chased by this Doctor Crunchmeyer?~~
*DON'T TELL ME YOU DREAMED YOU CAME DOWN HERE
AND DID A LITTLE WORK?*

DAGWOOD: No, in this dream I really laid down the law to Blondie! I gave her hail columbia, ~~broadcasting system.~~

DITHERS: You mean you had a fight with her in your dream?

DAGWOOD: Yeah--it was awful, although I was enjoying it at the time.

DITHERS: Well, who won the fight?

DAGWOOD: I don't know. The dream stopped just at the crucial moment so ~~I~~ ^{ILL} have to tune in again tonight to see what happened.

DITHERS: And you're worried because you think you'll get into this same fight with Blondie when you're not dreaming.

DAGWOOD: That's it. And I'm pretty sure I'm going to do it, too. The announcer in the dream said I had to do it...

MR. DITHERS You were in the dream, too.

DITHERS: What did I do?

DAGWOOD: Oh, you just popped in the door for a moment to make a liar out of me.

DITHERS: I'm a cute kid. (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers, what about all this? Do you think it will happen?

DITHERS: Oh, you can't tell, Dagwood. Once I dreamed that I was walking around in the street with just my pajamas on, and a lot of people were staring at me.

DAGWOOD: That didn't come true, did it?

DITHERS: ^{WELL} Yes. That night the house burned down, and there I was, standing in my pajamas with a lot of people staring at me.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke. If I have this fight with Blondie, it might break up our little home.

DITHERS: Oh, don't be so pessimistic. It'll probably only break up your furniture...Of course you may get a few fractures, yourself.

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers, do you have to be so optimistic?

DITHERS: And then once I dreamt that I walked down to the office with a big hole in the seat of my pants.

DAGWOOD: Did that come true the next day?

DITHERS: Well, no.

DAGWOOD: That's good.

DITHERS: I was so worried about the dream that the next morning I forgot to wear any pants at all...The conductor threw me off the bus.

DAGWOOD: Really got mad, hanh?

DITHERS: I'll say she did...Oh, Dagwood, you have my sympathy. You're going to be a sad sack....Too bad.

(BUZZER..)

DITHERS: Excuse me.

(PICK UP PHONE...)

DITHERS: Yes?

DIMPLES: (FILTER) Good morning, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Oh, it's you, Dimples. (LAUGHS)

DIMPLES: Unh-hunh. Did you want me to bring my pad in for some dictation?

DITHERS: Oh, boy...Not right now, Dimples. How's my fwuffy--wuffy wittle wabbit?

DIMPLES: I'm just wuvvley.

DITHERS: You can say that again.

DIMPLES: I'm just wuvvley.

DITHERS: I didn't mean it literally...I'll buzz when I want you, Dimples.

DIMPLES: Goodbye.

DITHERS: (SIGHS) Goodbye.

(HANGS UP...)

DAGWOOD: Oh, you dweat big booful man you!

BLONDIE
1/10/44

(REVISED)
-11-

DITHERS: Oh, Bumstead!...I'm just trying to keep Dimples ~~and~~
^{TO XOO}
~~near~~ Miss Wilson happy here.

DAGWOOD: She's happy all right. She's been your secretary for
three months and hasn't touched her typewriter yet.

DITHERS: Well, ^{SHE SMELLS AWFULLY NICE} she's very good.

DAGWOOD: She's ^{VERY GOOD, HUH} ~~not very smart~~. The other day I saw her trying
to write a letter on the adding machine.

DITHERS: Well, don't let it worry you. You won't be here long.

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers--what do you mean?

DITHERS: You're going to have that fight with Blondie sometime
today, and where you'll end up after that, nobody
knows--or cares!

MUSIC:

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

BLONDIE: Oh--uh--hello, Miss Wilson.

DIMPLES: Hello, Mrs. Bumstead. Welcome to the Dithers Company.

BLONDIE: Thank you. Well, what are you doing today?

DIMPLES: Powdering my nose.

BLONDIE: Oh, well, you've probably earned a rest. What did
you do yesterday?

DIMPLES: I put ^{FRESH} ~~new~~ polish on my nails....twenty-five layers.

BLONDIE: (SIGHS) You know, Miss Wilson. I always wanted to
be a secretary myself. So many important things to
do, always busy, making decisions, and keeping the
office running smoothly.

DIMPLES: Does a secretary do that?

BLONDIE: I thought so. Don't you?

DIMPLES: Oh, no. I just sit around all day and look at my picture of Tyrone Power...Then Mr.Dithers buzzes for me and I got in and take dictation and then I come back to my desk and put fresh lipstick on.

BLONDIE: Hmmm--do you ever take any dictation from Mr.Bumstead?

DIMPLES: Oh, no, Mrs. Bumstead. Cross my little heart and hope to die!

BLONDIE: Well, you do have to type letters, don't you?

DIMPLES: I guess I'm supposed to, but I don't know which one of all these funny machines is a typewriter.

BLONDIE: Why this is a typewriter right here.

DIMPLES: (SURPRISED AND PLEASED) It is?But it's been sitting there for three months and it hasn't written any letters yet....Maybe it's broken.

BLONDIE: No dimp--er--Miss Wilson--you have to sort of help it along,.

DIMPLES; Gee Mrs.Bumstead, it must be wonderful to be a housewife.

BLONDIE: Well, it's an active life--particularly with two children. But it isn't very glamburous.

DIMPLES: I'd love to be in a kitchen, fooling around with pots and pans --

BLONDIE: And getting housemaid's knee, dishwater hands, and middle-aged spread.

DIMPLES: It must be heavenly.

DI

BLONDIE: And I have to chase around after the children. You don't have to do that here.

DIMPLES: No, I just get ^{AROUND} chased by Mr. Dithers... But he doesn't run very fast. ^{LATELY--NOT SINCE HE SLIPPED AND GOT HIS HEAD STUCK IN THE WASTE PAPER BASKET--}

BLONDIE: Well, I can't understand how you became a secretary. What were you before you came here?

DIMPLES: A high school girl.

BLONDIE: Well, don't tell me you met Mr. Dithers on a bus.

DIMPLES: Oh, no--it was a trolley car. The car was ^{crowded} crowded, and you know what a gentleman Mr. Dithers is.

BLONDIE: He offered you his seat?

DIMPLES: No, but he tipped his hat and offered me his lap... And three blocks later, he offered me this job... Gee I envy ^{you} your job, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Well, I sort of envy ^{you} yours. We'll have to trade jobs some day--just for the day--Is Mr. Bumstead in?

DIMPLES: Yes, but he's upset about something today. He made me cry.

BLONDIE: Oh, goodness.

DIMPLES: He said "Darn it" right in my presence. (SNIFFS A LITTLE) I wouldn't see him if I were you.

BLONDIE: Well, then, is Mr. Dithers in?

DIMPLES: I'll see, Mrs. Bumstead. I'll buzz him.

BLONDIE

(REVISED)

1/10/44

-13-A

(SOUND....PICKS UP PHONE)

DITHERS: (FILTER) Yes?

DIMPLES: It's Dimples. Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Hello Dimples. (LAUGHS)

DIMPLES: (~~OFF~~) Here you are, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Thank you.....Hello.

DITHERS: (FILTER) Is somepin boddering my fuzzy-wuzzy
wattle wed-headed secwetawy?

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, this isn't your fuzzy-wuzzy wattle secwetawy!

DITHERS: Yeow-w-w-w-w!

(~~HANG UP PHONE~~) (CLICK)

DIMPLES: I guess he's in, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: It certainly sounds like it.

DIMPLES: Isn't he the cutest thing? Well, I guess you can see
Mr. Dithers, but I wouldn't go in to see Mr. Bumstead.
He's in an awful mood today. (FADING)

BLONDIE: Well, all right. Thank you, Miss Wilson.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

DITHERS: (INSIDE) Er-uh - come in, I suppose.

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: (COYLY) Hewo, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Oh, Blondie!

BLONDIE: Does oo want to dictate any wetters to wattle me?

DITHERS: (CHOKES) Now Blondie - cut it out. I'm just in a childish
mood today.

BLONDIE: You can say that again.

DITHERS: ^{I'M JUST IN A CHILDISH -}
~~I'd rather~~ forget the whole thing.

BLONDIE: Speaking of moods, Mr. Dithers, I understand Dagwood
isn't feeling so well today. He seemed all right when he
left the house this morning.

DITHERS: ^{OK FOR HIM THAT'S BAD}
~~Oh, yes. Well, it seems that --~~

DAGWOOD: (OFF A BIT) Say, Mr. Dithers, should we--oh, hello,
Blondie.

BLONDIE: Hello, dear.

DITHERS: Oh-oh, ~~This is it.~~

BLONDIE: (Dagwood, I have to do a little shopping today, and I'll need about five dollars.

DAGWOOD: (STUNNED) Five dollars?!

DITHERS:

BLONDIE: ^{or DAGWOOD} / When you say it that way it sounds like five hundred dollars.

DAGWOOD: (TO HIMSELF) Holy smoke, it's going to happen now. (TO BLONDIE) Blondie, that's a lot of money. You've got to be more economical than that if --

BLONDIE: (FIRMLY) Now Dagwood, that isn't very much. Why that sandwich you made last night cost at least a dollar.

DAGWOOD: I don't care! I was hungry.

DITHERS: Bumstead. Watch yourself!

DAGWOOD: I don't have to stand for this kind of --

DITHERS: Bumstead, get me that letter from Anderson, Sanderson, Henderson and ^{YOU KNOW} Potts!

DAGWOOD: Hanh? Oh, yeah.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, what were you going to say just then?

DAGWOOD: I was going to say that --

DITHERS: Nevermind, Dagwood -- nevermind, Blondie!...Dagwood, give her the five dollars!

DAGWOOD: Oh, the five dollars. Well, now, wait just a minute!

DITHERS: Here--here, Blondie, Here's five dollars. I'll get it from Dagwood. LATER -

BLONDIE: Thank you, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Not at all. Dagwood was delighted to do it..Bumstead, you owe me five ^{DOLLARS AND TWENTY FIVE CENTS!} bucks.

DAGWOOD: What's going on here? ^{What?} DITHERS: CARRYING CHARGES YOU KNOW!

DITHERS: Just get that letter, Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: What letter?

DITHERS: Any letter! Do you want that dream to come true now?

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke -- I forgot! Goodbye! See you later!

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: What's wrong with him?

DITHERS: Maybe it's just nothing at all, Blondie. He's just afraid that something he thinks is going to happen will happen, and if it does happen he's afraid something else will happen, and he doesn't know what will happen after that... Now do you understand?

BLONDIE: Perfectly.

DITHERS: Then explain it to me.

DAGWOOD: (OUTSIDE THE OFFICE) A fine way to run an office! (AND AD LIBS)

BLONDIE: Goodness..listen to him!

DITHERS: Who's he talking to?...Let's ^{OPEN THE DOOR AND} see what this IS ALL ABOUT -

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: (OFF MIKE A LITTLE) ^{NOW YOU FIND THAT LETTER RIGHT AWAY} ~~A fine way to run an office,~~ Miss Wilson!

DIMPLES: But Mr. Bumstead, I don't know anything about any letter to anyone.

DAGWOOD: I'm not going to stand for any nonsense around here! Don't give me any back talk either!

DIMPLES: (WAILS) But Mr. Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: This is disgraceful! Find that letter -or else!

DIMPLES: Or else what?

DAGWOOD: ~~That's all! Just~~ Or else! I WILL -- THAT'S ALL --

(DOOR SLAMS OFF)

BLONDIE: My goodness.. something has happened to Dagwood!

DITHERS: Blondie, maybe you don't know it, but you're sitting on
the ~~edge of a volcano!~~ *BUSINESS END OF A DELAYED BOMB!*

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: But Mr. Dithers, I can't help myself!

DITHERS: I heard the way you talked to Dimples. Picking on a
poor little girl like that. Why she's so tiny she can
only cry two tears at a time. .

DAGWOOD: It's not my fault -- it's the dream. The dream
said I was going to fight with Blondie, and that worries
me, and when I worry I get irritated, and when I get
irritated I get mad, and when I get mad....

DITHERS: Yes, yes, yes, yes, I know. But when Dimples cries, her
mascara runs, and when her mascara runs, her eyes smart, and
that makes her cry even more, and her mascara runs more,
AND DIRTIES MY HANKERCHIEFS --
~~etcetera~~. It's a vicious circle.

DAGWOOD: But what can I do about it? That dream's got me down.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

DITHERS: Entrez-vous!

(DOOR OPENS)

NILES: Hello, Mr. Dithers. Hello, Dagwood.

CAMELS

DITHERS: Well, it's ~~Ken~~ Niles.

DAGWOOD: Hello, Ken...Say, do you remember being in my dream last night?

NILES: No. What was I doing in your dream?

DAGWOOD: Oh, just horsing around...And you told me that what happened in my dream would happen to me today.

NILES: Well, then, it will. I'm a man of my word, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: In this case, I wish you weren't.

NILES: For instance, you can take my word for it when I say that your second pack of Camel cigarettes ^{TASTES} even better than your first. That's because Camels have more flavor, the result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos. More flavor helps Camel cigarettes hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke!..Was it a bad dream?

DITHERS: It's been driving me crazy.

DAGWOOD: Well, I didn't mind it so much in my dream because I was the big shot around the house. I really laid down the law!...but that doesn't happen in real life. I don't dare try it.

NILES: Then why don't you try ----

DAGWOOD: Yes? What?

NILES: Try Camel cigarettes in your taste and throat -- your own T-Zone to prove they do have more flavor -- and smooth, extra mildness, too!

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I know. But the thing that worries me is that I won't be able to stop myself from getting into this argument with Blondie. And if I do, she'll really be burned up.

NILES: If she's gotta burn, Dagwood, tell her to burn slowly, like a Camel! See, Camels stay cool smoking and slow burning, in short, they stay fresh, because they're packed to go around the world!

DAGWOOD: Yeah, but what am I going to do when I see Blondie tonight?

DITHERS: That is in the lap of the Gods. ^{I WONDER WHERE THEIR LAP GOES WHEN THEY STAND UP-} ~~But~~ Dagwood, if worse comes to worst, and you get thrown out of the house and don't know where to sleep --

DAGWOOD: Yes?

DITHERS: They say the night air is very refreshing!

DAGWOOD: I guess I'm just going to have to go home and get it out of my system.

DITHERS: Here. Take this card, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Whose card is it?

DITHERS: A doctor I know. ^{A PLASTIC SURGEON AT PATCHING FACES -} He's very good ~~with accident cases!~~

MUSIC:

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Well, here goes...Blooooooooondie!

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Hello, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Well--uh--I'm home.

BLONDIE: So I see... Dagwood, I've got a lot of things I want you to do around the house, so don't drop onto your couch and fall asleep.

DAGWOOD: (TO HIMSELF) Whooooaaaa! This is just the way the dream ~~STARTED~~ -
~~went~~.

BLONDIE: What did you say, dear?

DAGWOOD: Er---nothing.

BLONDIE: I want you to help me change the furniture around, fix the garage door so it doesn't stick, and fix that loose board on the back porch. Every time I step on it, it flies up and spanks me.

DAGWOOD: Which board is that? (TO HIMSELF) This is it -- I can't stop it now.

BLONDIE: I'll show you. Come on out here.

DAGWOOD: But Blondie --

BLONDIE: Come on---through the kitchen and out on the back porch.

(KITCHEN DOOR SWINGS..)

DAGWOOD: (TO HIMSELF) I just know I'm going to step on that board and get it myself.

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: It's that board right there. Go ahead--you step on it.

DAGWOOD: Okay.

(BOARD FLIES UP AND SPANKS HIM)

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) Yeow-w-w-w-w.

BLONDIE: You see what I mean?....

DAGWOOD: I knew I'd get it in the end.

BLONDIE: Now come on inside.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Well, I think I'll take a little nap just the same.

BLONDIE: Oh, no you don't! I want you to fix that right away.
Now get to work, Dagwood Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, I won't stand to have you talk that way to me!
I'm the master in this house!

BLONDIE: Since when?

DAGWOOD: Starting right now! And I'm not going to stand for any
nonsense from you, ^{FEMALE} woman!

BLONDIE: (GASPS) Oh!

DAGWOOD: Don't give me any back-talk, either, or I'll beat you
up and drag you around the house by your hair! (What am
I saying?) I'm the male animal here! My word is law!

BLONDIE: Don't you dare say those things to me, Mr. Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: I'll say all I want! And when I speak, you'd better
tremble!

BLONDIE: Oh! Oh! Oh, you beast!

DAGWOOD: You heard me, woman! Now get those things fixed up
yourself! And when you get through, you can come in and
apologize to me. I'll be napping on the couch!..Now
what do you think of that?

BLONDIE: (FULL OF LOVE) Oh, Dagwood! YOU WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL MAN -

DAGWOOD: Hahh?

BLONDIE: Oh, ~~Dagwood--your wonderful, wonderful man!~~ I just
love you when you're so masterful!

DAGWOOD: (SIGHS DEEPLY) YOU DO ?

(BODY FALLS)

BLONDIE: Well, for heaven's sakes! He fainted. ~~dead away!~~

MUSIC:

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: And now our Thanks to the Yanks of the Week!

MUSIC: (VERY QUICK FANFARE)

McGEEHAN: Tonight we salute Marine Private John Leibensperger, of Reading, Pennsylvania, who was scouting ahead of Marine forces during the attack on Cape Gloucester. A Japanese force counter-attacked, and though Private Leibensperger was entirely alone, he kept the enemy pinned down with rapid fire until other Marines could come up to launch a hand grenade attack. In your honor, Marine Private John Leibensperger, the makers of Camels are sending to Marines in the Pacific **three** hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

(APPLAUSE)

NIIES: 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.

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

NIIES: 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:)

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

NILES: And remember -- Camel Cigarettes are packed to go around the world! Camels stay fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world!

NILES: This is Ken Niles saying goodnight for Camel Cigarettes --
First in the Service!
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (THEME AND APPLAUSE)

(GEORGE WASHINGTON HITCH HIKE)

SHIELDS: (ISOLATION BOOTH)

Do you want up to a dozen extra pipefuls in every dime's worth of tobacco you buy? Then get the big blue two and a quarter ounce package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco -- costs only ten cents. See how many extra pipefuls George Washington gives you -- and notice how it's mild, mellow, and tasty, down through the last puff at the bottom of the bowl. Get a great big package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco tomorrow -- it's America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.