

AS  
BROADCAST

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

"BLONDIE'S SON GETS STAGE STRUCK"

CBS STUDIO "C"  
MONDAY, JANUARY 17, 1944

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

DITHERS.....HANLEY STAFFORD  
ALEXANDER.....TOMMY COOK  
MISS FRISBEE.....ANNE O'NEAL  
ANNOUNCER.....KEN NILES  
CONDUCTOR.....BILLY ARTZT  
YANK...(Salute).....PAT MCGEEHAN  
G.W. HITCH HIKE.....FRED SHIELDS  
VOICE.....BILLY GOULD

SOUND EFFECTS

DOOR  
WHIZZ WHISTLE  
DOOR BELL  
RATTLE OF DISHES  
CRASH OF DISH  
CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE  
CLICK OF WALL SWITCH  
SLIP AND BODY FALL

51454 2532

"BLONDIE"

(REVISED)

MONDAY, JANUARY 17, 1944

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

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

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

NILES: If your store was out of Camel cigarettes today, try again tomorrow! You know, more people want Camels now, both at home and overseas. Camels are first with men in all the services, according to actual sales records -- and more people want Camels at home, too. So remember, Camel cigarettes are worth asking for again. They'll always have more flavor, the result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos. And, of course, Camels stay fresh, 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 THEME)

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 evening in the Bumstead household. Dagwood has just come home from the office, has taken his usual dive for the couch, and is lying there all unravelled as Blondie tells him what happened during the day. This could be very dull stuff, but it happens that today at four o'clock in the afternoon -- but let's listen to Blondie.....

BLONDIE: And then at four o'clock, Alexander's school teacher, Miss Frisbee called up.

DAGWOOD: And said that she was keeping Alexander after school.

BLONDIE: And said that she was keeping -- how did you know?

DAGWOOD: Well, last night Alexander got me to teach him my good old one-two punch.

BLONDIE: I see. And you were expecting interesting developments today.

DAGWOOD: Well, I thought that today the black eye would be on the other kid instead of on Alexander.

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, I don't know if he's been fighting or not. Miss Frisbee sounded very cheerful.

DAGWOOD: That's a bad sign. Something awful must have happened.

BLONDIE: And Alexander should have been home long ago.

DAGWOOD: He's probably been fighting a running battle with a wolf pack.

BLONDIE: That was last night....I don't believe he's been fighting.

DAGWOOD: He's a Bumstead! I'll bet he has!

BLONDIE: What'll you bet?

DAGWOOD: If he hasn't been fighting, I'll do the dinner dishes <sup>TONITE</sup> If he has been fighting, you've got to take care of the furnace. ~~tonight!~~

BLONDIE: It's a bet!

DAGWOOD: And that includes going down to look at it at five in the morning.

BLONDIE: ~~Okay!~~ THAT'S A HARD BARGAIN...BUT, OKAY -

(DOOR OPENS OFF...AND CLOSSES)

BLONDIE: Is that you, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: Yes - it is I,

DAGWOOD: What've you been doing, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: (LOFTILY) Good evening, Pater.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

ALEXANDER: Good evening, Mater,

BLONDIE: E-gad! I mean, goodness!

ALEXANDER: I'm so sorry I was delayed. Ah, it's a splendid evening, nespah?

DAGWOOD: What kind of talk is that?

BLONDIE: Alexander, is that you?

ALEXANDER: It always has been, Mater,

<sup>BLONDIE: BEEN!</sup>  
DAGWOOD: Uh--Alexander, have you been fighting today?

ALEXANDER: Oh perish the thought!....Ridiculous.

DAGWOOD: Answer yes or no!

ALEXANDER: No, Pater.

DAGWOOD: Hey, what is this Pater business?

ALEXANDER: That's ~~English~~ <sup>BRITISH</sup> for Latin for my old man.

DAGWOOD: And you haven't been in a fight today.

ALEXANDER: Great scott -- no!

BLONDIE: I don't get this...Alexander, you don't sound like yourself at all.

ALEXANDER: *PERHAPS, IT'S MY COLD, MATER... I DO HAVE A NASAL IN DIS POSITION -*  
DAGWOOD: He doesn't act like a real Bumstead, *EITHER -*

ALEXANDER: I doubt if I ever shall again. I'm thinking of changing my name.

DAGWOOD: Alexander!

ALEXANDER: Yes, Pater?

DAGWOOD: Don't call me Pater.

ALEXANDER: Very well, sir.

DAGWOOD: I demand an explanation of all this.

BLONDIE: What do you mean, you're thinking of changing your name?

ALEXANDER: Well, Mater....*I THINK -*

BLONDIE: What your Father said about Pater goes double for Mater....  
Now what's wrong with your name?

ALEXANDER: Well, it doesn't have any dignity.

DAGWOOD: What's the matter with Bumstead?

ALEXANDER: Bumstead, Bumstead, Bumstead. It sounds like a man falling down the stairs.

BLONDIE: And what name were you thinking of?

ALEXANDER: Well, how about Alexander Barrymore...Of course, it would only be my stage name.

BLONDIE: Oh, so that's it!.....Dagwood, he wants to be an actor.

DAGWOOD: Oh, no, no, no, no, no! Not that.

ALEXANDER: Yes. I can't decide whether to be an actor and be famous, or be a ham and make money...What a decision! To be or not to be, that is the question! (ASIDE) Hamlet.

BLONDIE: Hamlet would say it differently today. To be or not to be, that is my problem, Mr. Anthony...What started all this? Are you having a school play?

ALEXANDER: That's right, and you're looking at the star of the play right now. Miss Frisbee and I decided that I was the most talented actor in our school. ~~Ahem. A very wise decision.~~

DAGWOOD: So that's why she kept you after school, eh?

ALEXANDER: Yes, she thought my opinions would be invaluable.

BLONDIE: Alexander, don't be so conceited!.....Of course, I'm sort of proud that you're going to be the star of the play.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, that's nice, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Thanks. I'm glad you realize what a smart son you have.... And about my fighting, Pop.....

DAGWOOD: Yes?

ALEXANDER: I won't be in any more fights. I wouldn't dare take a chance of marring my <sup>CLASSIC</sup> features. ~~A black eye would be very unsightly. And I've got to think of my public.~~

DAGWOOD: He may not be an actor, but already he's a ham.

~~BLONDIE: MORE LIKE HIS FATHER EVERY DAY -~~  
ALEXANDER: Well, I've got to go upstairs for a moment now. I want to see if I can put a little romantic wave in my hair.....

(FADING) Call me when dinner is served.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke. Our son an actor! ~~I never thought he'd sink so low.~~

BLONDIE: Why you'd think he was a star already. I've never seen him put on such airs. And if he turns out to be good in the play, he probably won't even speak to us.

DAGWOOD: The idea -- <sup>BABY DUMPLING</sup> ~~Alexander~~ Barrymore.

BLONDIE: Well, we'll just have to see what happens. But don't forget -- tonight, you wash the dinner dishes, and be sure you don't break any!

MUSIC:

(RATTLING OF DISHES OFF -- IN THE NEXT ROOM)

BLONDIE: Oh, this is wonderful. <sup>DAGWOOD OUT THERE WASHING THE DISHES -</sup> If I can make some more bets like that, life is going to be very simple.

(CRASH OF DISH OFF)

BLONDIE: Oh, dear. Life will be simple, but we'll run out of dishes. (CALLS) Dagwooooooooood!

(KITCHEN DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Gee, I'm sorry, Blondie, but it's not my fault. You shouldn't buy such slippery soap... <sup>THE DISH</sup> ~~it~~ practically leaped out of my hands.

BLONDIE: What ~~was it?~~ <sup>DID YOU BREAK!</sup>

DAGWOOD: The soup tureen.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear....Dagwood, you look very cute in that little apron of mine with the pink ruffles.

DAGWOOD: Oh, stop it!

BLONDIE: <sup>MAY I POWDER YOUR NOSE -</sup> I'd like to see you wear it every night -- when you wash the dishes. <sup>DAGWOOD: NOW CUT IT OUT!</sup>

(DOOR BELL RINGS)

BLONDIE: Will you see who it is, dear?

DAGWOOD: ~~Okay~~ OH, BUT BLONDIE -

BLONDIE: You're the housewife tonight.

(DOOR OPENS)

FRISBEE: Oh, good evening, Mrs. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: I'm not Mrs. Bumstead. I'm her wife, ~~Dagwood Bumstead~~...No, no, I mean, she's my husband...Just a minute, I'll have her answer the door.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: You answer it, Blondie. I balled things all up.

BLONDIE: Wasn't that Alexander's teacher, Miss Frisbee?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I think so.

BLONDIE: ~~Well, get the apron off so you'll know who you are.~~  
*MY GOODNESS!*

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Hello, Miss Frisbee...Come right in.

FRISBEE: Good evening, Mrs. Bumstead...Thank you.

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: You remember Mr. Bumstead, don't you?

FRISBEE: Indeed I do, indeed I do!

DAGWOOD: *HOW HAVE YOU BEEN -*  
A Hello, Miss Frisky.

FRISBEE: Mr. Bumstead, ~~it's not Frisky. It's Frisbee.~~  
*IF YOU'RE GOING TO CALL ME MISS FRISKY.... I AM GOING TO CALL YOU MR. LUNKHEAD -*

~~DAGWOOD: Are you sure?....Oh, excuse me -- of course you are, it's~~

~~DAGWOOD: your name. HELLO, MISS FRISBEE!~~

BLONDIE: (ASIDE) Oh, Dagwood. (UP) Well, Miss Frisbee, you usually come to see us about something that's wrong with Alexander's work in school...I hope it's not that tonight.

FRISBEE: Oh, indeed not. Perhaps Alexander has told you something about his being ~~in our little dramatic offering.~~  
*AN ACTOR.....YOU SEE AT SCHOOL WE'RE HAVING A LITTLE DRAMATIC PAT RACE -*

BLONDIE: Oh, yes.

FRISBEE: I think he has great talent. I don't think I'm overestimating his acting ability when I say that he'll really have the audience ~~rolling~~ *LAYING* in the aisles.

DAGWOOD: Well, he's already got us rocking on our heels....The way he talks now!

FRISBEE: (PLEASED) Yes. Just like a perfect little gentleman!



DAGWOOD: We don't mind his being a gentleman, but we don't want him to overdo it.

BLONDIE: We'd rather have him be a little more normal. DO YOU REALLY THINK HE HAS TALENT?

FRISBEE: ~~Well, I think he has great talent.~~ OH, YES, I'M CONFIDENT ALEXANDER'S GOT A LOT ON THE BALL - You can't tell,

you know. He might grow up to be another Clark Gable (SIGHS) or Cary Grant (SIGHS) or ~~Errol Flynn.~~ MR. MINIVER (SIGHS) WOW

BLONDIE: Or he might grow up to be another Abbott and Costello.

FRISBEE: Well, I just wanted to tell you this so you won't discourage him.

DAGWOOD: But what are we going to do if he discourages us, and I'm discouraged already.

FRISBEE: You must be very careful with genius. It must be treated gently and nourished so it will grow.

BLONDIE: Nourished! Well, there's nothing wrong with Alexander's appetite.

DAGWOOD: He eats like a horse...And another thing -- we don't want him to be a genius. He'd be ordering us around before he's even old enough to join the Boy Scouts.

BLONDIE: What sort of a part is he playing in this play?

FRISBEE: We haven't decided yet...You won't discourage him too much, will you?

BLONDIE: Well, we won't say anything for a while at least.

FRISBEE: Thank you so much...Well, goodbye then.

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Goodbye, Miss Frisbee.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, goodbye, Miss Frisky.

FRISBEE: (TO HERSELF) ~~He's hopeless.~~ (UP) Goodbye MR. LUNKHEAD -

AND CLOSE THE DOOR -

BLONDIE: Come on inside, <sup>^</sup>Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Just a minute. There's somebody running up the walk.

NILES: (RUNNING UP) Wait a minute, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Oh, it's Ken Niles! Hello, Ken!

NILES: Hi, Dagwood. Who's the woman that just left?

DAGWOOD: Why, that's Miss Frisky, Alexander's teacher.

NILES: Maybe she's the one I'm looking for.

DAGWOOD: Who're you looking for?

NILES: I'm looking for somebody who's looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many you smoke! And if she is, she needs a Camel, the cigarette with more flavor, the result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos. More flavor helps Camels to hold up, pack after pack!

DAGWOOD: I know, I know, but Miss Frisky's already got a Camel. Right now she's a talent scout for the grammar school. She's looking for fresh... talent.

NILES: And anybody who's looking for <sup>A</sup>fresh ~~to~~<sup>CIGARETTE</sup> that stays fresh should get Camel cigarettes! You see, Camels stay fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning because they're packed to go around the world!

DAGWOOD: Come on inside, Ken, it's getting cold.

NILES: No, gotta dash. This is my night to tell people to try Camels in their T-Zones -- "T" for taste and throat, anybody's own proving ground for Camel cigarettes! rich, extra flavor and smooth, extra mildness! (FADING) So long, Dagwood!

"BLONDIE" 8-B  
1/17/44 (REVISED)

DAGWOOD: So long!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

ALEXANDER: (OFF) Hey, Mom -- hey, Pop!..I mean, Oh, Father --  
oh, Mother, dear.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, what is it?

ALEXANDER: (COMING UP) I've been giving the problem of changing my name a lot of serious thought. I have decided not to change it to Barrymore.

BLONDIE: Well, that's good.

ALEXANDER: How does this sound? Alexander---Boyer?

BLONDIE: Oh, no!

ALEXANDER: (AS BOYER) Ah, yais--you must come weez me to ze Kasbah-h-h-h. Ah, Hedy, we will forgait ze world in the Kasbah-h-h-h. (NORMAL VOICE) How's that?

DAGWOOD: Bah-h-h-h-h!....Now go on upstairs and get after your studies, and that doesn't include making faces at yourself in the mirror!

ALEXANDER: Very well, Father, dear.

DAGWOOD: And don't call me, Father dear. *CALL ME POP, DEAR*

ALEXANDER: Whatever you say, sir....Oh, by the way, Mom.

BLONDIE: Yes, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: Tomorrow morning I think I'll have breakfast in bed.....  
Goodnight!

MUSIC: (NIGHT AND DREAM MUSIC)

(CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE)

ALEXANDER: (SOFTLY) Oh, boy---it's midnight. I'll try my new character out on Mom and Pop. I'll talk into this wastebasket so it'll make my voice sound gruesome.

(DOOR OPENS SOFTLY...)

BLONDIE AND (ARE SNORING GENTLY)  
DAGWOOD:

ALEXANDER: Oh, boy, they're sound asleep. I'll hide down at the foot of the bed where they can't see me. Well, here goes. (GIVES A SHADOW LAUGH)

DAGWOOD: (SLEEPILY) Hanh? (THEN REALIZES THAT HE HEARD SOMETHING AWFUL) Whoooooaa! What was that! Blondie!

BLONDIE: (WAKING UP) What was what, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: I heard something awful.

BLONDIE: It was probably just a mouse.

DAGWOOD: If it's a mouse, it must be the size of a ~~horse~~<sup>MOOSE</sup> —

BLONDIE: Oh, nonsense! You're just dreaming.

ALEXANDER: (A GHOULISH LAUGH AGAIN)

BLONDIE: (A SCARED REACTION--A SCREAM)

DAGWOOD: Who's dreaming now?

BLONDIE: Dagwood, what was that?

DAGWOOD: I asked you first....All I know is that I'm scared silly.

BLONDIE: Turn on the light.

DAGWOOD: I'd rather not.

BLONDIE: But someone or something is in the room.

DAGWOOD: That's why I don't want to turn on the light. I'd rather not see it.

BLONDIE: Well, I'm going to turn on the light.

(CLICK OF SWITCH...)

BLONDIE: Dagwood---do you see anything?

DAGWOOD: (MUFFLED A LITTLE) How can I? I've got my head under the covers.

BLONDIE: Well, I don't see anyone. It must just be our imagination. I'll turn the light off, and let's go back to sleep.

(CLICK OF SWITCH...)

ALEXANDER: (MYSTERIOUSLY) You cannot escape your doom. (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: (QUIVERING) Whooooaaaa!

BLONDIE: (FRIGHTENED) Who's there?

ALEXANDER: (HOLLOWLY) The evil spirit of Kah-loom. Say your prayers, ~~you miserable mortals your hour has come~~. Your doom is here! (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: I'm glad I paid my insurance premium.

~~BLONDIE: Oh, go away, whoever you are!~~

~~ALEXANDER: So! You are afraid of the unseen powers that lurk in the night.~~

BLONDIE: Who are you! Who are you!

ALEXANDER: (LAUGHS) I am Alexander Karloff! Yock, yock, yock!

BLONDIE: (PAUSE) Alexander bumstead!...Where's that light switch!

(TURNS LIGHT ON....)

ALEXANDER: Well, how did you like that *BIT OF ACTING* -

BLONDIE: Young man, you're going to be punished for this! The idea of sneaking in here that way and almost scaring us to death!

ALEXANDER: Sure, but wasn't it a swell performance? Didn't you think I was pretty realistic?

BLONDIE: Dagwood, I want you to take Alexander into his room and give him-----Dagwood! Dagwood!.....Alexander, look what you've done to your father! He's fainted!

ALEXANDER: Gosh! What a tribute to my acting ability! I must be a sensation ~~at~~

MUSIC:

(BREAKFAST SOUNDS....)

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, I don't know what to do about Alexander. He's certainly stage-struck....more butter, dear?

DAGWOOD: No, I guess not...Is there any more?

BLONDIE: No.

DAGWOOD: I didn't think so...Gee, the idea of our own son sneaking into our bedroom and haunting us. It's awful. ~~He must get that from your side of the family,~~

~~BLONDIE: My side of the family? Dagwood Bumstead! Your side of the family is the top-sided side!~~

~~DAGWOOD: I guess we'd better drop the subject.~~

~~BLONDIE: I wish we could drop some of your uncles--right on their heads...Now let's get back to Alexander.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Well, it won't do much good for us to talk to him. Children never pay much attention to their parents.~~

~~BLONDIE: No, they only take advice from everybody else. Dagwood, why don't you ask Mr.Dithers to talk to Alexander.~~

DAGWOOD: Say, that's a good idea. ~~Maybe he could talk Alexander out of being an actor.~~ I'll bring him home with me tonight after work.

BLONDIE: That'll be wonderful....Oh, Dagwood, look at the time! You've got to dash or you'll be late to the office!

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke, you're right, Blondie! Get the door open for me.

BLONDIE: ALL right, dear! Now don't go out the door too fast. People are beginning to think you're the new jet-propulsion fighter plane.

DAGWOOD: They are! Just think of that--Dagwood Bumstead, the secret weapon...Get that door open, Blondie!

BLONDIE: All right.

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: The door's open, Dagwood.

~~DAGWOOD: (OFF) Just a second, Blondie!~~

~~BLONDIE: Hurry, Dagwood!~~

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Okay--here I come. (COMING UP) Where's my hat and coat, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Right here, dear! Goodbye, Dagwood.

(KISS)  
DAGWOOD: Goodbye!

(WHIZZ....DOOR SLAMS)

MUSIC:



DITHERS: Sit down Dagwood, and rest your brain.

DAGWOOD: Thank you, Mr. Dithers. I've got a problem.

DITHERS: What's unusual about that? I've got a problem, too, and I've been married to ~~her~~ <sup>IT</sup> for seventeen years!

DAGWOOD: No, I don't mean that. This is about Alexander. He wants to be an actor.

DITHERS: Congratulations, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: What do you mean, congratulations.

DITHERS: Well, someone's going to have to support you in your old age. It's a cinch I'm not going to.

DAGWOOD: Let me explain about this. We'd rather he didn't become an actor right away. He talks funny.

DITHERS: Oh, well, like father, like son...I always wanted to be an actor myself. You know--the romantic type, of course. (BOYER) Ah, Hedy, ~~come weez me to the Kasbah-h-h-h-h. Ah, when I look into your eyes, I know that you loooooove me. Yais, you do loooooove me. Weel you be my very own? YOU LOUE ME - KISS ME!~~

DAGWOOD: Oh, Mr. Dithers, I didn't know you cared.

DITHERS: Oh, Bumstead!..... Who did that sound like?

DAGWOOD: It sounded like Alexander....Gee, Mr. Dithers, couldn't you just come home with me tonight and give Alexander a little fatherly advice?

DITHERS: What's wrong with your giving him a little fatherly advice?

BLONDIE  
1/17/44

(FINAL REVISION)  
15-B

DAGWOOD: You know how kids are. They don't pay any attention to what their parents tell them. But they'll listen to the first dope that comes along.

DITHERS: What's that????????

DAGWOOD: Oh, excuse me....You could tell him about the disadvantages of being an actor, couldn't you?

DITHERS: Well, let's see, ~~Dagwood~~. Actors make a lot of money, and have to kiss beautiful women, and have big homes with swimming pools, and have to kiss beautiful women, and--and--what are the disadvantages?

~~I'd trade the entire J. C. Dithers Construction Company for just one small but juicy part in a Lana Turner picture!~~

DAGWOOD: But you will talk to Alexander tonight, won't you?

DITHERS: Um--uh--what are you having for dinner tonight?

DAGWOOD: Roast prime rib of beef with mashed potatoes and gravy.

DITHERS: Okay, you talked me into it!

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: Now Mr. Dithers, when we go in the house, just ask Alexander casually if you can have a little talk with him.

DITHERS: And then you want me to talk him out of trying to be an actor.

DAGWOOD: That's it--and make it good. Just ask him if you can have a little talk with him.

DITHERS: Yes, yes, yes, Bumstead--let's go in.

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Hello, dear...Hello, Mr. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: Hi, honey.

DITHERS: Hello, Blondie.

ALEXANDER: (COMING UP) Gee, hello, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Well, well--so this is the digest size Mickey Rooney.

ALEXANDER: Uh, Mr. Dithers--I'd like to have a little talk with you.

DITHERS: You might at least wait until I asked you first.

BLONDIE: Well, we'll be out in the kitchen. Come on, Dagwood:

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DITHERS: Alexander, I understand that you---

ALEXANDER: That's what I wanted to talk to you about Mr. Dithers; you're a man of the world, aren't you?

DITHERS: Well, I've been around, if that's what you mean.

ALEXANDER: You catch on....You see, as an actor, I may have to play that I'm sort of a devil-may-care part. You know--a smoothie with the girls. I thought you might be able to give me a few pointers.

DITHERS: You've come to the right man. (LAUGHS)

ALEXANDER: What's the first approach, J.C.?

DITHERS: Well, first you----J.C.?

ALEXANDER: I mean, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Well, first you flatter the girl. If she's beautiful, tell her you admire her intelligence. That's sure fire. And if she's just average looking, tell her you admire her beauty. ~~Oh, what a cinch that is!~~  
(LAUGHS)

ALEXANDER: But what do you do about homely girls?

DITHERS: You avoid them... <sup>WITH THE OTHERS SAY SOMETHING</sup> ~~then you want to call her something~~ nice. I recommend saying, "Hello, you gorgeous hunk of plunder." They eat it up.

ALEXANDER: Like this? Hello, you gorgeous hunk of plunder.

DITHERS: Yes, but put a little more nyah into your voice. ~~Your voice should sound like the look in Boyer's eyes.~~

ALEXANDER: ~~Well, how do I go about that?~~

DITHERS: ~~Well, it takes practice, but you'll find the practice is lots of fun.~~

ALEXANDER: Is that all?

DITHERS: Is that all? I could go on on the subject of women for three or four hours and at that it would only dust a little powder off their noses.

ALEXANDER: Well, go on, Mr. Dithers--go on!

DITHERS: Ah-h-h-h! With pleasure, <sup>MISTER</sup> Alexander!

MUSIC: (QUICK MUSIC BRIDGE...)

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Well, are you two through talking yet?

DAGWOOD: Yeah---J.C. Did you <sup>GIVE ALEXANDER SOME FATHERLY ADVICE</sup> ~~have a nice one?~~

DITHERS: Er--uh--why, yes. <sup>LET'S JUST CALL IT...ADVICE...COME IN--</sup> ~~We discussed a few things.~~

BLONDIE: Where's Alexander now?

DITHERS: Oh, he's just calling up a little <sup>SKIRT</sup> girl he knows.

ALEXANDER: (OFF A BIT) Can I talk to Marjorie, Mrs. Pengally?.....  
Thank you.

BLONDIE: (LOW) Did you talk him out of wanting to be an actor?

DITHERS: Well, uh--you see-uh--that is--

DAGWOOD: Well, what've you been talking about?

ALEXANDER: (CLOSER) <sup>HELLO MARJORIE -</sup> Marjorie? ~~A~~...This is Alexander. How are you, you gorgeous hunk of plunder?

BLONDIE: Gorgeous hunk of plunder!!!

DAGWOOD: What kind of talk is that!

DITHERS: Well, I'd better be running along now.

ALEXANDER: (TO MR. DITHERS) I'm going to try the rough stuff on her now, Mr. Dithers.

BLONDIE: Rough stuff?

DITHERS: Well, I'd better be running along now.

ALEXANDER: Listen, luscious, if you're a good girl, I'm going to give you a break and let you carry my books to school tomorrow. You heard me! If you don't want to carry my books, I'll let Rose Mary do it....Okay! And wait outside for me so I don't have to ring your bell... What if it is cold? It'll do you good....So long, babe!

(HANGS UP)

ALEXANDER: Boy, it worked like a charm, Mr. Dithers!

LITHERS: I better be running along now.

BLONDIE: Mis-ter Lithers!!!

DAGWOOD: <sup>WHAT KIND OF FATHERLY ADVICE IS THAT -</sup>  
/ You double crossed us, you double crossing double crosser!

LITHERS: Get away from me, Bumstead!...Blondie, put down those  
fire tongs! So long, folks!

(DOOR OPENS...AND SLAMS)

BLONDIE: Oh, <sup>DAGWOOD</sup> what are we going to do, ~~now?~~

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: Well, I guess Alexander ought to be back home from  
school any minute now.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, I don't mind Alexander becoming an actor later,  
but first he's got to live like a normal growing boy.  
We've got to get this stage-struck business out of his  
head.

DAGWOOD: It's almost impossible now.

BLONDIE: Wait a minute! I think I've got it. We'll do a little  
acting ourselves.

DAGWOOD: What do you mean, honey?

BLONDIE: Well, when he comes home, you can play a hard boiled guy  
--like Humphrey Bogart or Edward G. Robinson--

DAGWOOD: Hey, I'd like that.

BLONDIE: And I'll be a hard boiled wife. We'll show him how much  
fun it is to have someone acting different parts at  
home.

DAGWOOD: Can you do it?

BLONDIE: I can try!

(DOOR OPENS OFF)

ALEXANDER: (OFF) Oh, Mother, dear...Oh, Father.

BLONDIE: (LOW) Wait and let him come in here.

DAGWOOD: (LOW) Then we'll let him have it.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

ALEXANDER: (COMING UP) Oh, there you are, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: (TOUGH) Don't call me Dagwood, see? If you call me that again, it's going to be just too bad you, see, kid?

ALEXANDER: What's the matter with father, Mother?

BLONDIE: (RASPY VOICE) How do I know what's the matter with him? Look here, Alexander--we don't like the way you talk. You sound like a sissy, see?

ALEXANDER: Who doesn't like the way I talk?

BLONDIE: Your old man and me!

DAGWOOD: (PAUSE) Yeah! None of that panty-waist talk or we'll go after you with a baseball bat!

ALEXANDER: Holy smoke! What's the matter? What's wrong?

BLONDIE: And it's going to be just too bad if you threw your coat on the floor in the hallway...Come on, let's take a look and see if he did it, Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Okay, babe!

ALEXANDER: But I brought home Miss Fris--~~AND SHE WANTED TO TALK TO YOU~~

DAGWOOD: Who cares, who cares!!

BLONDIE: Nah! We don't care what you brought home! We're tough, see, ~~and we don't~~

FRISBEE: How do you do, Mrs. Bumstead.  
BLONDIE: (GOING RIGHT ON) --And we don't stand for no monkey  
busi----o-o-o-o-o-oh, Miss Frisbee!  
LAGWOOD: Who's out there! I'll beat 'em within an inch of their  
life! Hi, Frisky ~~OLD GIRL~~ -  
FRISBEE: Great leaping Lucifer! ~~LET ME OUT OF HERE -~~

(DOOR OPENS...AND SLAMS)

LAGWOOD: Holy smoke--that was Miss Frisky! What did I say to  
her!

BLONDIE: Oh, Lagwooooooooood!

ALEXANDER: Gee, you scared her out of the house!

BLONDIE: What will she think of us now??

ALEXANDER: I don't know what to think of you, myself!....I just  
came home to tell you that I've decided not to become  
an actor.

LAGWOOD: Why didn't you tell us that before?

ALEXANDER: You see, they're starting a gym course in commando  
tricks for us kids, and I can't do the play and take  
the commando stuff, too, so I'm taking the commando  
course.

BLONDIE: Well, that's a relief, Alexander...What sort of trick  
are they teaching you?

ALEXANDER: Well, here's one, Mom. I slip behind Pop like this,  
crouch down, grab his coattails and pull--like this!

LAGWOOD: Hey! Hey! Look out! Whooooooooooooaaaa!

(THUMP OF BODY FALLING)

LAGWOOD: Bloooooooooondie!

MUSIC: (TAG CURTAIN)

(APPLAUSE)



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

MUSIC: (VERY QUICK FANFARE)

MC GEEHAN: Tonight we salute Navy Carpenter's mate George Bethune, of Raeford, North Carolina, crew member of a tank landing ship that was torpedoed in the Mediterranean. Thrown into the sea by the explosion, Carpenter's mate Bethune was seriously injured. However, seeing another crew member struggling in the water, he swam to him, shared his life jacket, and saved the man's life. In your honor, Carpenter's Mate George Bethune, and in honor of all the brave but often forgotten LST men of the Navy, the makers of Camels are sending to our Navy men in the European area three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: 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.

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NILES: 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.

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NILES: 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)

cut on first show  
only -

"BLONDIE"  
1/17/44  
(REVISED)

-24-

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

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NILES: 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!

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

MUSIC: (THEME AND APPLAUSE)

"BLONDIE"  
1/17/44  
(REVISED)

-25-

(GEORGE WASHINGTON HITCH HIKE)

SHIELDS: (ISOLATION BOOTH)

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