

"BLONDIE"

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

(REVISED) **AS**  
**BROADCAST**

MASILLI ✓

"BLONDIE GETS A VALENTINE"

CBS STUDIO "C"  
MONDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 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  
CORA.....ELVIA ALLMAN  
VYOLA.....VYOLA VONN  
DAISY.....BILLY GOULD  
ANNOUNCER.....KEN NILES  
CONDUCTOR.....BILL ARPZT  
YANK..(Salute).....PAT McGEEHAN  
G.W. HITCH HIKE....FRED SHIELDS

SOUND EFFECTS

Door  
Whizz Whistle  
Restaurant B.G.  
Glass Crash

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1944

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

WILCOX: Ah -- ah -- ah -- Don't touch that dial .. listen to  
*Niles:* "Blondie!....presented by Camels.

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

NILES: More people want Camels now, both at home and overseas!  
Yes, we're sending Camel cigarettes by the million, by the ton, to our men all over the world - for Camels are first with men in all the services, according to actual sales records. And whether Camels go to Kwajalein, or to you, they'll be fresh, cool smoking and slow burning, because they're packed to go round the world! You can be sure your Camel cigarettes will have more flavor, too -- the result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos! Remember, Camel's standard of costlier tobaccos is the same for soldier, for civilian, anywhere in the world.

CHORUS: C A M E L S!

NILES: Camel cigarettes! If your store is sold out today, try again. Camels are worth asking for again!

1.0 2.

1.0 2.

MUSIC: (OPENING .. HOLD FOR:)

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

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

NILES: Well, today is Valentine's Day, but let's turn back the  
clock to last night, and see what was happening in the  
Bumstead home. Blondie was sitting in the living room  
with a puzzled eye on Dagwood who scribbling busily on a  
paper pad..

BLONDIE: Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Aaaaaah?

BLONDIE: What are you doing? Designing the dream home of tomorrow

DAGWOOD: No, I'm <sup>designing</sup> ~~writing~~ a comic valentine for tomorrow...I'm  
going to put it on Mr. Dithers' desk.

BLONDIE: Can't you think of a better way to waste your time?

DAGWOOD: Yes, but all the best ways to waste time are expensive..  
Say, Blondie, you used to write poems, didn't you?

BLONDIE: Yes, but that was before I met you, dear.

DAGWOOD: Well, <sup>in this valentine for Mr. Dithers -</sup> I need words to rhyme with dopey, drip, and jerk.

BLONDIE: You left out the word 'hooligan.'

DAGWOOD: I've got that. You empty headed hooligan, you ought to  
go to school again.

BLONDIE: My, there's nothing like Valentine's day to spread a lot of that warm friendly feeling around...(SIGHS) You know you used to write poems to me...

DAGWOOD: Oh, well, I'm older and wiser now...

BLONDIE: Well, anyway, you're older <sup>in one of your poems</sup>. You promised to build an ivory palace for me and lay the treasures of the world at my feet. ~~whatever happened to those promises~~

DAGWOOD: Dopey, drip, and jerk.

BLONDIE: ~~Dagwood!~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Hanh?~~

BLONDIE: ~~I said, you promised to build an ivory palace for me and lay the treasures of the world at my feet. What ever happened to those promises?~~

DAGWOOD: I was trying to get you to marry me then. Those were just campaign promises...For me, that year was an election year...Blondie - look at the picture I've got to go with Mr. Dithers' valentine.

BLONDIE: What is that, anyway?

DAGWOOD: It's a picture of a monkey eating a banana with one hand, cracking walnuts on his head with the other, and playing the piano with his feet. Wait till Mr. Dithers gets this Valentine tomorrow morning. He'll really blow his top!

BLONDIE: I suppose so, but for me it'll be just another day .. Come on Dagwood - it's time to go to bed or I'll never be able to get you up in the morning.

MUSIC:

(DOOR CLOSSES OFF...)

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) Who was that at the door, honey?  
BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Just Mr. Beasley, the postman. Well, let's see what's here .. Go on with your breakfast dear. You slept very late and you haven't much time.

(OPENING LETTERS)

DAGWOOD: Oh, by the way, honey -- Happy Valentine's Day.  
BLONDIE: Why - why, Dagwood. A big box of candy!...Oh, thank you, darling. (KISS)

DAGWOOD: Oh, it's really nothing. It's just a small substitute for the treasures of the world I didn't lay at your feet.

BLONDIE: Would you like some candy?

DAGWOOD: No thanks, I've already had some, *you'll find a couple promised from the balloon boy*

BLONDIE: And here's a valentine from you that came in the mail. Why, it's got enough lace on it to make me a pair of -- to make me a blouse. Oh, and here's something for you. It looks like a Valentine.

DAGWOOD: Hmm - it looks like your handwriting...Aw, thanks honey.

BLONDIE: Oh, it isn't anything, Dagwood...Hmm--here's another Valentine, *for you* ~~I guess~~, and it isn't my handwriting.

DAGWOOD: It's probably from Mr. Dithers. You look at it.

BLONDIE: Hmm-it's ~~not~~ a comic valentine, and it says, "I love you madly, my wonderful man!" Then there are four exclamation marks and it's signed, *Margie* "~~Juanita~~"

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke!

BLONDIE: Dagwoooooood???

DAGWOOD: Now Blondie --!

BLONDIE: Who is *Margie* ~~Juanita~~, and what does she mean by those four exclamation marks?

DAGWOOD: Blondie, that's some of Mr. Dithers' work! He's trying to frame me. This is his idea of a comic valentine.

BLONDIE: Well, I don't know about that.

DAGWOOD: ~~Oh~~ -- have some candy, honey... Take several pieces. *go ahead*

BLONDIE: Well, maybe you're right. I still don't like the look of those exclamation points... What kind of a valentine did you fix up for Mr. Dithers?

DAGWOOD: It's a masterpiece. I'm going to put it on his desk before he gets to the office!... Here -- read it.

BLONDIE: Well, the title seems to be Ladies Man. "You're stuck up and conceited. You think your gaze makes women swoon. I think your face looks uncompleted. You're just a goon, you big baboon." .. Signed, Guess Whom.

DAGWOOD: (WITH PRIDE) It's got a lot of Nyah, hasn't it?

BLONDIE: ~~Yes, but it won't win the Pulitzer Prize~~ *nyah* .. Oh Dagwood.. look at the time. If you're going to beat Mr. Dithers to the office, you've got to run!

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke!

BLONDIE: Here's your hat and coat right here.

DAGWOOD: (FADING) Get the door open for me, Blondie!

BLONDIE: All right, dear. Hurry now.

(DAISY BARKS)

BLONDIE: Come here, Daisy. You've got to get out of the way when Dagwood goes out the door or you'll get scorched.

(DAISY BARKS AND WHINES)

BLONDIE: Oh, all right - I'll pick you up and hold you in my arms.. Come on, dear! The door's open!

(DOOR OPENS)

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DAGWOOD: (OFF) Okay, Blondie. (COMING UP) Boy, Mr. Dithers will never guess who put this valentine on his desk.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, you've got to hurry! Kiss me goodbye!

(KISS)

DAGWOOD: Gee, Blondie - what a wet kiss!

BLONDIE: Dagwood Bumstead! That wasn't me - that was Daisy!

DAGWOOD: Oh, Daisy, I didn't know you cared... *what a snook from a pouch -* ~~No wonder that Great Dane hangs around the house.~~

BLONDIE: Dagwood, you've got to dash! Kiss me this time..Daisy, stop horning in! (KISS) Goodbye, Dagwood! *(Kiss)*

DAGWOOD: *Yeah* Goodbye! *Dagwood, goodbye -*  
(WHIZZ..DOOR)

MUSIC: (TROMBONE SAYS "BUMSTEAD")

DITHERS: Bumstead!

MUSIC: ("COME INTO MY OFFICE")

DITHERS: Come into my office.

DAGWOOD: Good morning Your Majesty.

DITHERS: Bumstead - what do you know about this comic valentine?

DAGWOOD: Uh--what comic valentine is that?

DITHERS: This one right here! Look at the picture with my name under it!

DAGWOOD: Gee, Mr. Dithers, *I don't think that picture does you justice* ~~when did you have that picture taken?~~

DITHERS: That's not me -- that's a *balloon* ~~monkey.~~

DAGWOOD: Oh, excuse me. It's a natural mistake.

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DITHERS: Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Oh, I didn't mean that you looked like the ~~monkey~~ *baboon* -  
It's that the ~~monkey~~ *baboon* looks a lot like you.

DITHERS: Never mind the compliments...Then you know nothing about  
this ~~frightful valentine~~ *monstrosity* -

DAGWOOD: I know nothing.

DITHERS: You can say that again..Now go back to your office ~~and do~~  
~~something worthwhile~~ *surprise me* - ~~like a little work.~~ *little* -

DAGWOOD: Just a minute. Mr. Dithers, did you send me a valentine  
that was signed "~~Juanita~~" *Marguita* -

DITHERS: (OBVIOUSLY GUILTY) A valentine signed "Juanita"?  
Why should I do a thing like that?

DAGWOOD: To get me into trouble with Blondie.

DITHERS: Dagwood, old boy, it hurts me to think that you'd  
believe I'd do such a low, mean trick as that, *old boy* ~~Did~~  
it get you into trouble with Blondie?

DAGWOOD: Yeah - a little bit.

DITHERS: Oh. That's too bad. (LAUGHS) What a shame!

DAGWOOD: Are you sure you didn't send it, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: I'm just as sure I didn't send it as you are that you  
didn't send this comic valentine to me.

DAGWOOD: That's what I thought!

DITHERS: Oh, Dagwood..since this is Valentine's day, why don't  
we take our wives out to lunch? Call Blondie up and tell  
her we'll meet her and Cora at the Palm Room of the  
Palace Hotel!

DAGWOOD: Okay, J.C...(FADES) I'll call her from my office.

(DOOR CLOSES)



DITHERS: I thought he sent me this poison pen valentine. Well, I'll fix him, somehow.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

DITHERS: Come in!

(DOOR OPENS)

NILES: Hello, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Well, well, Ken Niles. What's on your mind?

NILES: I just came to deliver a couple of Valentines for you. This one is from the Goliath Construction Company.

DITHERS: Let me see!

NILES: Here.

DITHERS: (READING) "To the Dithers Construction Company, to its boss with head so fat; we hope you'll be our Valentine, and ~~we hope~~ your houses <sup>all</sup> fall flat!" Ohhhhhh!

NILES: That's nothing, J.C.! What if your houses fall flat, so long as you've got a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many you smoke! You see, Camel cigarettes have more flavor, the result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos! And that extra flavor helps Camels hold up, keep from going flat, pack after pack!

DITHERS: I know, I know! What's the other Valentine?

NILES: By a strange coincidence, it happens to be a pack of Camels. I can't tell you who it's from, but as you go out you might smile at your itty-bitty wed-headed secwetawy.

DITHERS: It's from Dimples!

NILES: It's a lovely sentiment. "Here's Camels to my Valentine, they're fresh in any seazone. They're packed to go around the world. Try 'em out in your own J-T-Zone!"

DITHERS: Did Dimples write that?

NILES: No, I did, but she approved of the sentiment. Just try these Camels in your taste and throat, J.C. That's your own proving ground for Camel cigarettes' rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness...What's going on around here - anything interesting? *Well* *the*

DITHERS: Well, I think Bumstead sent me this horrible comic valentine. *But I'm going to get even*

NILES: Hmmmmmm - I don't think this picture really does you justice.

DITHERS: That's not me, that's a monkey!

NILES: Now Mr. Dithers, you can't fool me.

DITHERS: Now look here, Niles...

NILES: (GIGGLES)

DITHERS: Oh - oh, stop riding me, will you? I'll tell you what I'm going to do to Dagwood. I sent him a valentine this morning with a note that said, "I love you madly, my wonderful man!" and signed it, "Juanita". Blondie is already suspicious.

NILES: Oh - oh, I think I smell a moose.

DITHERS: I'm going to hire a dark, gorgeous looking creature to ~~pretend she's Juanita~~ and come up to our table when Blondie and Cora and Dagwood and I are having lunch today.

NILES: Oh, now Mr. Dithers - you really shouldn't do that. What will Blondie think?

DITHERS: The worst, I hope! (LAUGHS) Yes, sir - it'll be the first time I ever heard of anyone getting a real live Valentine!

MUSIC:

VYOLA: And you want me to pretend that I'm a friend of his called <sup>Margueta</sup> ~~Juanita~~, and then kiss him?

DITHERS: Yes, that's right .. I wish someone would play tricks like this on me. *oh you delicious bump* -

VYOLA: How do you want me to kiss him?

DITHERS: Well, I want him to feel that he just poked his nose into an electric light socket...about two hundred and twenty volts.

VYOLA: Two hundred and twenty volts. A.C. or D.C.?

DITHERS: Whatever you think will make his ears light up.. Perhaps we'd better have a ~~short~~ rehearsal. Would you mind?

VYOLA: I'd love it.

DITHERS: (GIGGLES)

VYOLA: (GIGGLES)

DITHERS: Well, go ahead.

VYOLA: Oh, Dagwood, my darling - how wonderful to see you here.

DITHERS: Fine. Now let's try out the <sup>smackala</sup> ~~smooch~~...You may kiss me now.

VYOLA: All right, Mr. Dithers - try this on for size.

DITHERS: (AFTER A LONG PAUSE..GASPING) Woo-woo-woe-woo-yahooooooooo!

VYOLA: Shall we try that again?

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*after five o'clock -*  
 DITHERS: ~~No, I'm afraid not.~~ I have high blood pressure and I'm afraid I'd blow out a fuse....Just save all your voltage for Dagwood Bumstead.

MUSIC:

(RESTAURANT SOUNDS)

BLONDIE: I imagine they'll be here any minute, Cora.

CORA: I suppose so...~~You know, it was sweet of them to think of us on Valentine's Day.~~ I can't imagine how <sup>Julius</sup> ~~they~~ happened to ask ~~us to~~ <sup>me for</sup> lunch. ~~They must have done~~ <sup>He must have dialed the</sup> ~~wrong number - or else they've done~~ something wrong. <sup>something dreadful -</sup>

BLONDIE: I hope not...But this morning, a Valentine came for Dagwood and it was signed "~~Juanita~~" <sup>marguita</sup> -

CORA: ~~Juanita?~~ <sup>marguita</sup> Why-why Blondie, that sounds like--

BLONDIE: Yes -- it sounds like a brunette!...And there was a little note with four exclamation marks after it.

CORA: That's bad! Four exclamation marks could mean anything.

BLONDIE: Dagwood said that he thought Mr. Dithers sent the valentine and wrote the note.

CORA: Well, it sounds like Julius. His sense of humor sometimes is about as funny as a temporary filling.

BLONDIE: Well, I suppose it's really nothing at all, but you know how men are. They say that if you believe the worst about them, you can't go wrong..But I always give Dagwood the benefit of the doubt.

CORA: The way I look at it where Julius is concerned, there isn't any doubt.

BLONDIE: <sup>Cora</sup> But you and Mr. Dithers really get along very well.

CORA: (BELLIGERENTLY) Yes, but only because we love each other!

BLONDIE: Well, that certainly helps.

CORA: And he's kind of nice. I don't believe I've ever met a sweeter heel.

BLONDIE: Well, here they come now.

DITHERS: (COMING UP) Well, hello, girls.

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Hello, Blondie. Hello, Mrs. Dithers.

BLONDIE & CORA: (AD LIB GREETINGS)

DITHERS: Cora, why aren't you wearing that bracelet I gave you ~~for~~ ~~a Valentine's Day present~~? Where is it? At a jeweler's being appraised?

CORA: Well, I didn't want to wear it until I was sure they didn't sell the same thing at the dime store.

DITHERS: Now I'm sorry I didn't send you an exploding Valentine.

DAGWOOD: Hey, hey -- take it easy.

BLONDIE: My goodness, this is Valentine's Day. You shouldn't ~~quarrel~~ <sup>argue</sup> like this. ~~It just isn't right - not today of all days. Instead of arguing now -~~ why don't you wait until tomorrow?

DAGWOOD: Sure. We don't argue, do we, honey-pie?

BLONDIE: Of course, not, darling. And certainly not today <sup>of all days.</sup>

DAGWOOD: No, of course not!

BLONDIE: (WITH AN EDGE TO HER VOICE) Not even if you did get a Valentine from some brunette called ~~Janita~~ <sup>Marguerita</sup>.

DAGWOOD: Now, Blondie, I told you I didn't know who she was, and if you won't take my word for it--well, you'll just have to take my word for it! We ~~don't~~ <sup>won't</sup> discuss it anymore.

*alright*

BLONDIE: ~~Mr.~~ (PAUSE) Four exclamation marks!

DAGWOOD: But Blondie!

BLONDIE: Nevermind, Dagwood. As far as I'm concerned, the subject is closed forever! But I'd like to know what she meant by those four exclamation marks! And where did you meet her?

DITHERS: (~~IMITATING BLONDIE~~) My goodness, this is Valentines Day! *my goodness* You shouldn't quarrel like this! Not today of all days! *my goodness*

CORA: We don't argue, do we, honey-pot!?

BLONDIE: Oh, I'm sorry, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Okay - I forgive you.

BLONDIE: You forgive me? Now see here, Dagwood Bumstead --

CORA: Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah! Now, Blondie, I'm sure the whole thing is a joke.

BLONDIE: If it's a joke, why aren't I laughing? *Cora* What would you say to Mr. Dithers if he had gotten a card from this *Marquita* ~~Juanita~~?

CORA: I wouldn't have said anything. I'm a woman of action.. Now, Blondie -- just relax.

BLONDIE: Well, I suppose I am being foolish.

DITHERS: Well, don't be too sure. (LAUGHS)

CORA: Oh, Blondie - look at that stunning girl who just came in.

DAGWOOD: Where?

BLONDIE: Dagwood, she didn't ask you to look.

DITHERS: Woo-woo! I love my wife, but oh you kid!

CORA: That'll do, Julius.

DITHERS: I'll say she will..(GIGGLES)

BLONDIE: My <sup>Cora</sup> she is pretty and she's going to pass right by our table.

CORA: Sh-h-h! Here she comes!

VYOLA: (COMING UP) Oh, Dagwood! Darling!

DAGWOOD: Whooooaaaa! Who's she talking to?

BLONDIE: She's talking to someone called Dagwood, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Oh no. She's talking to someone called Dagwood, darling, honey.

VYOLA: Did you get the Valentine your little <sup>Margueta</sup> ~~Juanita~~ sent you?

BLONDIE: So this is <sup>Margueta</sup> ~~Juanita~~.

DAGWOOD: Oh, no!

VYOLA: You didn't, darling? Well, I'll give you one right now you lovely man.

DAGWOOD: No, no - get away from me. Don't you dare touch me, you gorgeous creature.

(SOUND OF KISS)

BLONDIE: Oh! Oh! So that's the meaning of the four exclamation points!

VYOLA: There, darling. How do you feel ~~12~~ now?

DAGWOOD: I feel like I just stuck my nose in an electric light socket.

DITHERS: I didn't get any Valentine either.

CORA: Julius!

DITHERS: Cora - put that fork down!

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, are you through for a while?

DAGWOOD: I hope so.

BLONDIE: Well, don't you think you should introduce us?

VYOLA: Dagwood, my sweet, who is this other woman?

BLONDIE: Other woman? You're the other woman! I'm his wife!  
At the moment, anyway.

VYOLA: His wife?

BLONDIE: Yes, his wife!! W-I-F-E. Wife.

VYOLA: Oh, Dagwood, my sweet, how could you do this to me?  
How could you toy with my affections the way you have?

DITHERS: I imagine it was easy.

DAGWOOD: Now wait a minute. Blondie, I don't know her at all.

BLONDIE: Are you quite sure, Dagwood, my sweet?

DAGWOOD: Sure I'm sure. If I did know her, I'd never forget  
her.

DITHERS: I can believe that.

VYOLA: Oh, this is awful!

CORA: You can say that again.

VYOLA: This is the end of our romance! I'll never again let  
you make mad, wild, impetuous love to me.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, does that sound like me?

VYOLA: I'm going out of your life forever, and I won't tell  
you where I'll be, even if my phone number will still  
be East 2354.....Goodbye..

DITHERS: East 2354.

DORA: Julius, put that pencil away.

DITHERS: What's the matter, Cora...East 2354...

DAGWOOD: Blondie - I - uh - Blondie, don't just look at me  
like that. Why don't you say something?



BLONDIE: Because my mother taught me that it wasn't polite to say the things I'm thinking of right now...~~Oh.~~  
~~Dagwood Bumstead, if you just know the things I'd like to call you now you'd be shocked!~~

DITHERS: Go right ahead, Blondie - Cora and I will put our fingers in <sup>her</sup> ~~our~~ ears.

DAGWOOD: Oh, stop egging her on!...Blondie, I haven't any idea who that girl was!

DITHERS: Oh, come, come, Dagwood. It's always best to tell the truth..East 2354.....East 2354..

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, what have you got to say for yourself?

DAGWOOD: What time is the first train out of here?

BLONDIE: So you admit your guilt, do you?

DAGWOOD: No, but I know when my goose has been fricasseed....  
No matter what I say, you're not going to believe me are you?

BLONDIE: I should say not!...But you might at least wipe her lipstick off your face instead of licking it off.

DITHERS: What flavor is it, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Raspberry.

DITHERS: Very tasty, ~~I'm sure..East 2354..~~ *isn't it? CORA: How do you know Julius?*

DITHERS: *What's the flavor of your lipstick, or is it livermush?*

DAGWOOD: I think Mr. Dithers framed me!

DITHERS: I?...Cora, you don't think I'd have anything to do with that girl, do you?

CORA: That's the silliest question you've asked me today.

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, it's Valentine's Day, and I don't want to be silly about this...

DAGWOOD: Gee, thanks, honey.

BLONDIE: Don't you touch me!. I'm still mad!. ~~I'm going to leave~~  
it to Cora and Mr. Dithers whether or not  
you're guilty. Is that all right, Cora?

CORA: Well, I suppose, Blondie, but I can only judge by  
my experience in cases like this with Julius, and from  
my experience in those cases, Dagwood is guilty.

DAGWOOD: Tooooh!

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: I'll be glad to give you my opinion, Blondie....  
East 2354.

DAGWOOD: Now J.C. -- please -- you've got to tell the  
truth.

DITHERS: Very well, Dagwood, I will.

DAGWOOD: Thank you.

DITHERS: And I hope you won't hold it against me.. East 2354.

BLONDIE: Well, that settles it, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Blondie, you can't <sup>ACT THIS WAY</sup> ~~do this~~! It isn't fair!  
I'm innocent! I've been framed!

BLONDIE: Dagwood don't shout! everyone's looking over this  
way!

DAGWOOD: Good!....I'm innocent, folks! I've been ~~un~~justly  
accused!

BLONDIE: *UNJUSTLY, DAGWOOD* DAG: *Unjustly!*  
NILES: (COMING UP) Hello, everyone. And you, too, Dagwood.

AD LIBS OF "HELLO, KEN". ....HELLO, MR. NILES"...

NILES: Well, are you having a happy, happy Valentine's Day?

DAGWOOD: No comment.

NILES: Say, Mr. Dithers - how did your little joke  
work out?

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DITHERS: (LOW) Nevermind! (UP) What joke is that?  
NILES: Don't you remember? That girl you hired to come over here and kiss Dagwood.  
BLONDIE: What was that??  
DAGWOOD: I told you so!  
CORA: Julius Caesar Dithers!  
DITHERS: / Yes, dear? Sweetheart? Honey ~~honey~~ <sup>Jim</sup>?  
NILES: Well, did I say something I shouldn't have?  
DAGWOOD: Gee, thanks, Ken -- you're a real pal!  
DITHERS: Yes, he certainly is!  
NILES: Oh, do you think I'm a real pal, Mr. Dithers?  
DITHERS: Pal? Oh, I thought he said pill....And that you are.  
NILES: Well, that's my good turn for the day. Goodbye, folks.  
(FADES)  
BLONDIE: (ALL HUMILITY) Dagwood.  
DAGWOOD: I'm not speaking to you.  
CORA: (RISING INFLECTION) Well, Julius?  
DITHERS: No, I'm not well, thanks..East 2354.  
CORA: I have some interesting things to say to you, my only love. But I'm saving them for the privacy of our gymnasium.  
DITHERS: Yes, I know. Tomorrow I'll have to get my spine ironed out again.  
BLONDIE: Dagwood, I'm awfully sorry.  
DAGWOOD: Gee, Blondie you're always sorry afterward when my reputation is sagging around my ankles like a pair of old socks. I was innocent, and I told you I was innocent, but you wouldn't believe me. A fine way to treat your husband. I'm not going to listen to anything you say. And besides, I'm not speaking to you.

BLONDIE: But I couldn't help it, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: You'd think I was an old ~~man~~ <sup>thing</sup> who spent all his time chasing dames -- like Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Bumstead!

CORA: Dagwood, I'd appreciate ~~your giving me~~ any additional information you have about Julius!

DAGWOOD: It'll be a pleasure.

BLONDIE: But Dagwood - how would you feel if you saw a <sup>strange</sup> man come up and kiss me?

DAGWOOD: I'd be reasonable about it. I wouldn't get excited, I'd be calm and sensible.

DITHERS: A likely story! You've never been sensible yet.

DAGWOOD: Besides, I'm not talking to you, Blondie. My feelings have been hurt.

DITHERS: Oh, girls, will you excuse us ~~for a moment~~. Dagwood and I will go out for a moment, and I'll help him primp up his feelings. We'll be right back.

MUSIC:

(RESTAURANT SOUNDS OFF)

DAGWOOD: I guess we'd better go back to the table now.

DITHERS: Yes. We've ~~waited~~ <sup>stayed away from them</sup> long enough so that Blondie will think your feelings really were hurt.

DAGWOOD: Besides, I'm getting hungry..Hey! Look! Who's that guy talking to Blondie?

DITHERS: Handsome devil, isn't he?

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! He's kissing her! I'll tear him apart! I'll ~~jump down his throat and gaffop his insides out~~ *take his ears and reverse them!*

DITHERS: No! Wait a minute, Dagwood! He's leaving the table now. Don't forget you told Blondie you'd be reasonable if someone else kissed her.

DAGWOOD: I ~~will~~ <sup>will</sup> be reasonable! I only want to strangle him!

DITHERS: Dagwood - believe me, that would be wrong. But if you go over and you are calm, ~~and~~ reasonable, you'll have her in the palm of your hand...Now come on -- let's go over.

DAGWOOD: Well, okay, but --

DITHERS: No, no -- just be casual about the whole thing.

DAGWOOD: Well, I'll try and see what happens.

CORA: (COMING UP) Oh, there you are.

BLONDIE: (COMING UP EMBARRASSED) Oh - er - uh - (WEAK LAUGH)  
hello, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Hello, Blondie..By the way, dear, who was that who was just sampling your lipstick?

BLONDIE: Oh, that..Um--uh--it was really nothing, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: (PLEASANTLY) Okay, honey..What shall we order for lunch?  
This looks good - ~~steak~~ <sup>Casseroles</sup> a la Valentine. I wonder what it is.

DITHERS: It's ~~hamburger~~ <sup>chipmunk soufflé</sup> -

BLONDIE: Really, Dagwood - ~~he was just an old friend of mine.~~ <sup>The man thought I was somebody else -</sup>  
~~I hadn't seen him for a long time.~~

DAGWOOD: I know, Blondie. I believe you...Where's our waiter?

BLONDIE: He just walked over and kissed me.

DAGWOOD: (INTERESTED) Oh, did the waiter kiss you, too?

BLONDIE: (WORRIED AND DESPERATE) No, Dagwood, I mean that ~~one~~ <sup>man</sup>  
~~friend of mine. He made a mistake~~

CORA: Blondie didn't know he was going to kiss her, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Of course she didn't.

DITHERS: Dagwood wouldn't think of blaming Blondie, would you,  
Dagwood? *would you -*

DAGWOOD: Certainly not.

BLONDIE: But Dagwood! Please believe me. (SOBBING A LITTLE)  
It was just a ~~friendly kiss~~ <sup>mistake</sup>, and it was all perfectly  
innocent.

CORA: There, there, Blondie.

DAGWOOD: What's the matter now? I'm not suspicious. I'm not  
mad. What's wrong?

BLONDIE: (WAILS) After the way I treated you ~~at lunch~~ when  
that girl came up and kissed you, it isn't fair for  
you to be so noble and understanding.

CORA: The least you could have done was raise a slight  
squawk about it.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood, I wish you wouldn't be so good to me!

DAGWOOD: Gee, aren't women wonderful!

DITHERS: Yes, I love women. They're so ~~feminine~~ <sup>womanly</sup>... East 2354.

BLONDIE: (SNIFFLING) It makes me feel awful when you're so  
noble and I'm not.

DAGWOOD: Well, Blondie - I'll tell you the truth. I was really  
mad when I saw him kiss you. I wanted to slug that  
guy.

BLONDIE: (PLEASED) You did?

DAGWOOD: Sure!

BLONDIE: Than why didn't you?

DAGWOOD: He was bigger than me..Now dry your tears, dear, and we'll all have lunch.

BLONDIE: (HAPPY) All right, Dagwood. My, that little cry has given me a good appetite.

CORA: I'm hungry, too.

DITHERS: Yes. And we'll forget all about Blondie's ~~old~~ <sup>being kissed</sup> friend.

BLONDIE: And ~~we'll~~ <sup>she</sup> forget all about that beautiful - what was that girl's name?

~~DAGWOOD:~~

DITHERS: (IN UNISON) East 2354.

BLONDIE: Why Dagwood Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: It just slipped out, honey.

CORA: Julius Ceaser Dithers - you low miserable wretch!

DITHERS: Cora - put that plate down..... Look out.

(SOUND GLASS CRASH)

*Dagwood:*  
DITHERS: (LAUGHS) I ducked just in time.

DAGWOOD: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Blooooondie!

27.15

MUSIC: (TAG CURTAIN)

(APPLAUSE)

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

MUSIC: (VERY QUICK....FANFARE)

MCGEEHAN: Tonight we salute twenty-four-year-old  
Captain Walker Sorrell, an Army Engineer of Ozark,  
Louisiana. When the Germans flooded a valley,  
blocking American tanks, Captain Sorrell  
discovered that a dry river bed could be used by  
the Armored column. He strapped fifty pounds of  
dynamite on his back, carried it through enemy  
shellfire, blew up a footbridge blocking the river bed,  
and opened a firm passageway for our tanks to attack and  
pierce the Gustav Line. In your honor,  
Captain Walker Sorrell, the makers of Camels are sending  
to our soldiers overseas three hundred thousand Camel  
cigarettes!

28.07

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

(APPLAUSE)



NILES: Each of the four Camel Radio 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.

28,18

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.

28,27

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.

28,50

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

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

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NILES: And remember, Camel cigarettes are first in the  
*cut*  
*eastern* service! 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)

29.03

MUSIC: (THEME AND APPLAUSE)

(GEORGE WASHINGTON HITCH HIKE)

SHIELDS:

(ISOLATION BOOTH)

Mister pipe-smoker, do you want more tobacco for your dime? Want up to a dozen extra pipefuls? Then get the great big blue two and a quarter ounce package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco. Costs only one dime, ten cents, and it's mild, mellow, and tasty, right down through the last puff at the bottom of the bowl! Get a great big package of George Washington tomorrow! It's America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!

This is CBS...The COLUMBIA.....BROADCASTING SYSTEM

29.32

27.57