

"BLONDIE"

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

AS
BROADCAST

MASTER

"BLONDIE DEMANDS A REFUND"

CBS STUDIO "C"
MONDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 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
CORA.....EIVIA ALLMAN
CLARA.....JEANNETTE NOLAN
QUACKENBUSH.....JOHN BROWN
ANNOUNCER.....KEN NILES
CONDUCTOR.....BILLY ARTZT
YANK...(salute).....PAT MCGEEHAN
G.W. HITCH HIKE.....FRED SHIELDS

SOUND EFFECTS:

DOOR
PHONE
PHONE RINGS AT OTHER END
CLICK OF PHONE AT OTHER END
GUM VENDING MACHINE (STEAL ONE)
FLIPPING THROUGH LEGAL PAGES
TRAFFIC (LIGHT)
PENNY DROPS ON TABLE (COIN, NOT OUR STAR)

51454 2670

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1944

"BLONDIE"

4:30 - 5:00 PM, PWT.
7:30 - 8:00 PM, 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: Of course, Camel cigarettes are packed to go around the world,
packed to stay fresh, from Labrador to Kwajalein. Yes, it's
one reason why Camels are first with men in all the services,
according to actual sales records. But remember, because
Camels are packed to go around the world they're fresher
around your corner, too! Your Camel cigarettes stay fresh,
cool smoking, and slow burning! Both at home and overseas
more people want Camels now, more people want the fresh
cigarette, the cigarette that has more flavor! So remember,
if your store was sold out today, try again ~~again~~. Camel
cigarettes are worth asking for again!

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

NILES: Camel cigarettes! Camel's standard of costlier tobaccos is
the same for soldier, for civilian, anywhere in the world.

1.03

1.03

*early
report*

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, this morning Blondie has gone along with Dagwood on
his way to the office. They're standing for a moment on the
street corner downtown when Dagwood spots a penny gum
machine.....

DAGWOOD: Want a stick of gum, Blondie?

BLONDIE: No, thank you, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Oh, come on. It'll give you something to do on your way
over to Ormandy's...I always get some gum when I go to a
department store. Instead of snapping my fingers for a
salesgirl, I just stand at the counter and snap my gum.

BLONDIE: No, Dagwood, you get the gum. You can snap it at Mr. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: No, he might bite me back...But I'll get the gum anyway.
I've got one of those unpopular pennies.

(DROPS PENNY IN MACHINE)

DAGWOOD: Let's see now...

BLONDIE: You turn that handle.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah.

(TURNING HANDLE OF GUM MACHINE)

DAGWOOD: Hey, where's the gum?

BLONDIE: I guess the machine must be out of gum.

DAGWOOD: I've been robbed.

BLONDIE: Oh, well, nevermind, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Nevermind? Why it's just the same as though my pocket had been picked....Let me see this machine. I'll get that penny back. / (2:45)

(SHAKING HELL OUT OF THE MACHINE)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, don't! You'll shake it to pieces.

DAGWOOD: I want my penny back.

BLONDIE: Oh, what's a penny? This has happened to everyone.

DAGWOOD: That's just it. Everybody has lost a penny at some time or other in one of these machines.

BLONDIE: But they don't do anything about it, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: No, that's the trouble....they would like to do something about it, but they haven't the courage. It takes a Bumstead to fight for his rights. Blondie, this is going to be a personal crusade for everyone who has lost a penny. I want my penny back.

(MORE SHAKING)

BLONDIE: All right, Dagwood - I'll see you in sixty days.

(SHAKING STOPS)

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

BLONDIE: That's how long you'll be in jail if you break that gum machine. I guess it might be a nice rest for you. Go ahead, dear - shake it some more.

DAGWOOD: Now wait a minute, Blondie.....

BLONDIE: Go ahead, Dagwood - shake that thing.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, are you trying to get rid of me?...Blondie, don't take so long to think it over.

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, if you want your money back all you do is go to the people who own the machine. See - their name's right here. The Quentine Q. Quackenbush Vending Machine Company.

DAGWOOD: Oh,...Well, they can't get away with this. I'm going to get my money back from them if it's the last thing I do.

BLONDIE: If you really need that penny, I'll be glad to give it to you.

DAGWOOD: Nothing doing. They owe me a penny and they're going to pay up.

BLONDIE: All right, stubborn -- I'll see you later.

DAGWOOD: / I'm going to call them up as soon as I get to the office. I'll tear 'em apart over the phone.

This is going to be a crusade for everyone who has ever lost a penny in a gum machine. -- or peanuts.

MUSIC:

(PHONE RING (AT OTHER END))

DAGWOOD: Ah-ha! Their phone is ringing now.
I'll show 'em.

CLARA: (FILTER) ^{QUINZUS Q} Quackenbush Vending Machine Company.

DAGWOOD: Oh, this is Dagwood Bumstead!

CLARA: I'm sorry, sir. Mr. Bumstead isn't in.

DAGWOOD: No, no. I'm Mr. Bumstead. I want to talk to Mr. Quackenbush.

CLARA: Very well, sir. Put him on.

DAGWOOD: Put who on?

CLARA: Who've you got there?

DAGWOOD: Look--there's just Mr. Bumstead at this end.

CLARA: Let me talk to him.....Maybe he'll make a little more sense than you do.

DAGWOOD: But I'm Mr. Bumstead.....Now, please--let me talk to Mr. Bumstead!No, no, I mean Mr. Quackenbush.

CLARA: Make up your mind, please.

DAGWOOD: Maybe we'd better start all over again. Go ahead.

CLARA: Quackenbush Vending Machine Company.....Who's calling, please?

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dagwood Bumstead.

CLARA: He just went out the door.

DAGWOOD: Oh, he did, eh? *JUST WENT OUT THE DOOR.*

CLARA: Yes, sir.

DAGWOOD: Then let me talk to Mr. Quackenbush.

CLARA: Mr. Who-enbush?

DAGWOOD: Quackenbush. Quack! Quack, quack, quack!

CLARA: I'm sorry, sir, but it is against the policy of this company to accept phone calls from ducks.

DAGWOOD: Now look here--I lost a penny in one of your gum machines and I want it back!

CLARA: I don't own a gum machine.

DAGWOOD: Who does?

CLARA: Why don't you call the ^{Quintus Q} Quackenbush Vending Machine Company?

DAGWOOD: I am calling the ^{Quintus Q} Quackenbush Vending Machine Company!

CLARA: Then you must have the wrong number. Goodbye.

DAGWOOD: Hey, wait a minute!

(CLICK OF PHONE AT OTHER END)

DAGWOOD: She hung up on me! They can't do this to me!

(HANGS UP)

DAGWOOD: This is an outrage!

(DOOR OPENS)

DITHERS: Bumstead! What are you screaming about? Did someone steal your all-day sucker?

DAGWOOD: Oh, good morning, Mr. Dithers, ^{well}... Oh, I put a penny in a gum machine and didn't get any gum. I'm trying to get my money back from those bandits. Excuse me.

Dithers: What's what you think.

(PICK UP PHONE...DIALING PHONE)

DITHERS: Bumstead, you look like a whole posse hot after a horse thief!

DAGWOOD: They won't get away with this! I'll fix that girl this time!

CLARA: (FILTER) ^{Quintus Q} Quackenbush Vending Machine Company.

DAGWOOD: Let me speak to Mr. Vending.

CLARA: Oh, it's you again.

DAGWOOD: Yes, it's me again! I want my money back or I'll dynamite your office!

CLARA: You'll have to appear in person, sir. It's against the policy of the ^{Quintus Q} Quackenbush Vending Machine Company to make any refunds ~~at all~~ ^{at all}...much less over the telephone.

DAGWOOD: Where are your offices?

BLONDIE
2/21/44

-6-

CLARA: That's for ^{you} ~~me~~ to know and ^{me} ~~you~~ to find out! ~~Goodbye now!~~

(HANG UP AND OTHER END)

DAGWOOD: She hung up again!

(HANGS UP)

DAGWOOD: But they can't discourage me! I'll get that penny back!

DITHERS: That's the spirit I like to see, Bumstead. Don't give up, be aggressive, demand your rights. And now hand over ten cents for those two personal phone calls!

DAGWOOD: I've been stabbed!

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: Quackenbush Vending Machine Company. Well, here's the place, Blondie.

BLONDIE: I hope this won't take long, Dagwood. Cora Dithers is probably waiting for me to have lunch with her right now.

DAGWOOD: Well, it's my lunch hour, too, and I'm hungry. But I'm not going to let these highway robbers get away with that penny of mine! Let's go in.

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

QUACKENBUSH: Ah, good afternoon.

BLONDIE: How do you do?

DAGWOOD: How do you do? I'm Dagwood Bumstead.

QUACKENBUSH: I'm glad to hear that.

DAGWOOD: What do you mean?

QUACKENBUSH: My name is Quintus Q. Quackenbush. I'm glad to meet someone who has a sillier name than mine.

BLONDIE: Come on, now, dear. Get your penny back and let's go.

DAGWOOD: I lost a penny in one of your gum machines.

51454 2678

QUACKENBUSH: Oh, that's too bad. Well, it's been nice meeting you.

DAGWOOD: Now just a minute--I want my penny back!

QUACKENBUSH: And I'll be delighted to give it to you, sir.

DAGWOOD: Hahh?

QUACKENBUSH: Delighted. Happy. You know--(SILLY LAUGH)--but--

DAGWOOD: I thought so.

QUACKENBUSH: But, I must be sure you really lost a penny in one of our machines. How do I know you didn't come up here to swindle me out of one of my hard-earned pennies?

BLONDIE: Now, Mr. Quackenbush, that doesn't seem very likely.

QUACKENBUSH: No, it doesn't, does it, but that's the attitude we take.

BLONDIE: Then your policy is never to give anyone back a penny that he's lost in your machines?

QUACKENBUSH: Oh, no. We're just ten times more cautious about it than is absolutely necessary. We require a witness to the loss for instance.

DAGWOOD: That's okay with me. Mrs. Bumstead witnessed it.

BLONDIE: Yes, I saw him put the penny in and he didn't get his gum.

QUACKENBUSH: You saw it with your own eyes?

BLONDIE: Well, I certainly didn't see it with anyone else's eyes.

DAGWOOD: Come on--hand over that penny.

QUACKENBUSH: Unfortunately, we have a rule that we cannot accept the testimony of a man's wife. I wouldn't dare break that rule.

BLONDIE: Who made that rule?

QUACKENBUSH: I did.

DAGWOOD: That's not fair!

QUACKENBUSH: Well, sir, I never accept my own wife's testimony,
so why should I accept your wife's? I'm afraid you'll
have to fill out our regular application for a refund.

BLONDIE: Wouldn't it be simpler just to give Mr. Bumstead his
penny?

QUACKENBUSH: It would be for him, but not for us.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood, why don't you forget about the whole thing?

QUACKENBUSH: Yes, Dagwood--just forget about it.

DAGWOOD: Nothing doing! A Bumstead never gives up!

QUACKENBUSH: Niether does a Quackenbush!

DAGWOOD: Where's that application for a refund?

QUACKENBUSH: You'll have to get that from our Miss Claphammer, and
she's out to lunch!

BLONDIE: Oh, come on, Dagwood, I've got to get some lunch myself.

QUACKENBUSH: (CHUCKLING) Well, goodbye, folks.

DAGWOOD: Okay, you can laugh, but I'm going to get that penny if
it takes me six months.

QUACKENBUSH: It will, brother--it will!

MUSIC:

10.39

12.02

(DOOR CLOSES)

DITHERS: Well, Ken Niles--come in, sit down.

NILES: Hello, Mr. Dithers--thanks. I was just passing by
Dagwood's office, and he seemed very upset. He snarled
at me.

DITHERS: Yes, he's feeling very low.

NILES: I'll bet someone must have snitched his last pack of
Camels.

DITHERS: Well, you see--

NILES: The poor guy. He needs a Camel, the cigarette that has more flavor because Camels are expertly blended of costlier tobaccos.

DITHERS: ~~This~~ is something different.

NILES: Well, Camel cigarettes are different! That extra flavor helps them hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke! Someone stole his Camels, eh? No wonder he feels bad.

DITHERS: No, Ken, it ~~isn't~~ ^{isn't} Camels.

NILES: But it is Camels! That's the cigarette every smoker ought to try in his taste and throat - his T-Zone. Anybody's taste is his own last word on flavor, and where can anyone find out more about Camels' mildness than he can in his own throat?

DITHERS: You're perfectly right, Ken, but I mean --

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

DITHERS: Now Ken, we all know about Camels // Dagwood's problem is getting a penny back that he lost in a gum machine. 11.36 13.05

NILES: What's the matter? Don't you pay him enough here?

DITHERS: Certainly I do. He's getting his ceiling salary from me, and I can't help it if the ceiling happens to be slightly below the floor level...It just seems that the gum machine people ~~hate to part with their money~~ ^{sick to their pennies like gum}. They're demanding character witnesses for Dagwood.

NILES: Well, why don't we go over with him? We're both characters.

(GIGGLES)
DITHERS: ^{I'm afraid of you, brother -} Yes, it might be fun. Just a second -- I'll call him.

NILES: Why don't you just buzz for him?

DITHERS: No, thanks--I like to hear myself yell.

(DOOR OPENS)

DITHERS: Bumstead! Come into my office!

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Coming, mother!

DITHERS: If I ever got an intelligent answer from him, I'd drop dead.

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Did you call me, Senior ~~Dithers?~~ *Dagwood*

DITHERS: No, I was calling a moose, but he didn't show up.

DAGWOOD: Well, no moose is good moose. (LAUGHS)

DITHERS: *I seem to have gotten a jackass instead*
Oh, Bumstead! Get your hat and coat. Ken Niles and I are going with you over to that gum machine company to help you get your penny back.

NILES: We'll be your character witnesses.

DAGWOOD: *and he'll be one, too -*
Gee, that'll be swell.

DITHERS: *no, Bumstead, a character witness have intelligence and twice as character - you have no intelligence and twice as character*
Okay. And after you get your penny, I hope things will settle down to subnormal again. Let's go!

MUSIC:

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSSES)

DAGWOOD: Well, here's the place. I guess that's Quackenbush's secretary. We'll fix 'em.

DITHERS: Right! Justice will be done.

NILES: Right! We'll get your money back, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Right!

CLARA: Wrong! Good afternoon, sir.

DAGWOOD: Are you the girl I talked to this morning over the phone?

CLARA: Yes, I am. (GIGGLES) You must be Mr. Quackenbush.

DAGWOOD: Now wait a minute! You can't pull that stuff on me again. *What's your name -*

CLARA: *Puttin' some ask me again and I'll tell you*
~~I guess not. Well, once in a while we get a guy like~~
~~she some -~~
~~you who's gone penny mad.~~

DAGWOOD: Is Mr. Quackenbush in?

Dithers:

CLARA:

Remember your T-Zone -
Just a moment, and I'll see. Excuse me, ~~I suppose.~~ *I'm afraid*

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSSES)

DAGWOOD: We've got them this time!

DITHERS: Dagwood, I just happened to think. As character witnesses, do we have to tell the truth about you?

NILES: Yes. Must we reveal all the outlandish details?

DAGWOOD: As, now fellas--take it easy.

DITHERS: Sh-h-h. I think she's talking to someone now.

CLARA: (INSIDE THE OTHER ROOM...THEREFORE OFF MIKE) Well, what shall I tell them, Mr. Quackenbush?

QUACKENBUSH: (INSIDE THE OTHER ROOM) Tell them I'm not in. Tell them I'm in the hospital with a bad attack of rabies.

CLARA: What rabies, Mr. Q.?

QUACKENBUSH: It's dog poisoning.

CLARA: Gee, imagine that. I learn something every day.

QUACKENBUSH: Tell them I had to leave suddenly for Washington. Tell them I'm going to try to talk the WPB into allowing me more rubber to put into our gum.

CLARA: They won't believe that. Our gum already has too much bounce in it.

QUACKENBUSH: *Source - snaz - as long as it's healthy*
Then just tell them I'm out.

CLARA: All right, Mr. Quackenbush.

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

CLARA: Mr. Quackenbush is out.

DAGWOOD: I just heard him talking to you!

DITHERS: Yes, go in and take another look. Maybe he's hiding
in his waste basket.

NILES: Tell him to come out here or we'll make him chew some
of his own gum.

CLARA: But Mr. Quackenbush isn't in.

DAGWOOD: ~~We don't believe it.~~ *Are you telling the truth*

CLARA: Mr. Quackenbush said he wasn't in, and he ought to know.

QUACKENBUSH: (INSIDE) That's right--I'm not in!

CLARA: You see? I told you Mr. Quackenbush wasn't in, and
- you've just heard him confirm it.

DAGWOOD: We'll just go in and look for ourselves! Come on, J.C.--
come on, Ken.

CLARA: Wait--you can't go in there.

(DOOR OPENS)

QUACKENBUSH: Hello, Clara--I'm back.

DITHERS: Where are you back from? The hospital, Washington, or
the waste basket?

QUACKENBUSH: I just got in this moment, *gentlemen*

NILES: Maybe he flew in the back window.

DAGWOOD: Mr. Quackenbush, these are my character witnesses,

Mr. Dithers and Mr. Niles.

QUACKENBUSH: *Mr. Dithers - Mr. Niles -*
/ Fine, and now, who are you?

DAGWOOD: I'm Dagwood Bumstead.

QUACKENBUSH: Oh, yes--the man with the funny name. Well, gentlemen, I just want to be sure that Mr. Bumstead isn't a man who would willfully, maliciously and et cetera rob me out of a hard earned penny. Is Mr. Bumstead trustworthy?

DAGWOOD: Oh, yes--I'm trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind--

DITHERS: Bumstead! Keep the boy scouts out of this.

QUACKENBUSH: Yes, Mr. Bumstead--your testimony is worse than worthless.

DITHERS: Is Bumstead trustworthy? That's an interesting question. What would you say, Ken?

NILES: I'd rather not answer that question.

DITHERS: Neither would I. Next question, please.

QUACKENBUSH: Well, I want to make sure that Mr. Bumstead isn't a crank. To use the legal terminology--is he ~~a~~ crackpot?

DITHERS: I ~~check~~ ^{pose}.

NILES: By me!

DITHERS: Next question.

DAGWOOD: Hey! Hey, Mr. Dithers! Ken! You can't do this to me! You're sabotaging my reputation.

DITHERS: We've got to be honest.

NILES: Yes, Dagwood--we've got to be fair about this.

Dagwood: How did I get mixed up in this?

DITHERS: We're giving you every possible break.

Yes, how did you happen to miss my neck

DAGWOOD: Gosh, I wonder what they'd say if they didn't like me?

QUACKENBUSH: This is ~~additionally~~ ^{intensely} interesting, I'm beginning to see what kind of a person you are, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: You've got me all wrong! I'm a wonderful guy! Gee, I'm really swell!

DITHERS: This is ~~disgusting~~ ^{slightly nauseating}.

NILES: I never realized Dagwood was so mad about himself.

DAGWOOD: Look, Mr. Quackenbush--haven't I got an honest face?
Haven't I got the innocent face of a child?

QUACKENBUSH: Well yes--it is a little childish.

DAGWOOD: I'm okay. I've got lots of friends.

DITHERS: Oh, Bumstead--name three.

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers, whose side are you on?

DITHERS: Oh, that's right. (VERY PHONEY) Yes, Mr. Quackenbush,
Dagwood has lots of friends. Hasn't he, Ken?

NILES: Oh, just scads of them.

DITHERS: And it isn't Dagwood's fault that most of ~~his~~ ^{them} friends
are in Alcatraz.

DAGWOOD: That's a lie!

QUACKENBUSH: Perhaps Mr. Dithers meant to say Sing Sing.

DAGWOOD: Yes, that's more like it--no, no, no, no!

QUACKENBUSH: Well, Mr. Bumstead, apparently you haven't any character
at all.

DITHERS: Oh, Dagwood has character, all right--it's just a little
on the flabby side.

NILES: And we like him, in spite of his many, many faults.
Go ahead and give him the penny.

QUACKENBUSH: Well, I'm going to be generous about this.

DAGWOOD: You're going to give me two pennies?

QUACKENBUSH: No, I'm going to let you fill out this application
for a refund. Here it is.

(FLIPPING OF LOTS OF PAGES)

DAGWOOD: Do I have to fill all this out?

QUACKENBUSH: Oh, yes. All I want is the date, your name, position and salary, business address and telephone number, home address and telephone number, amount of money lost and type of machine it was lost in, location of machine, detailed statement of the loss, name and address of previous employers, description of coin--date or other identifying data--name and address of any witnesses to the loss, name and address of three character witnesses other-than these gentlemen here, draft classification, father's name and mother's maiden name, statement of your citizenship and both your parents, and a statement, with dates and places, of all court convictions, including convictions for violations of traffic laws.

DAGWOOD: Is that all?

QUACKENBUSH: No. Have the whole thing sworn to in front of a notary public, then bring it to me and I'll think it over.

DAGWOOD: (GOES MAD) I won't do it! It's an outrage! Gimme my penny back! Let me at him! I'll tear him to shreds! You can't do this to me! This is a free country! I'll take this up with the White House!

DITHERS: Holy smoke, Ken, let's get him out of here! ~~He's~~
He'll gum up Washington -
~~going berserk!~~

MUSIC:

(TRAFFIC SOUNDS)

DAGWOOD: Well, here's the first gum machine, and I'm going to smash it into junk and turn it into the scrap drive! Now let me get a good ~~grip~~ on this axe!

swinging

BLONDIE: (OFF) Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: My gosh, it's Blondie.

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Dagwood--what are you doing with that axe?

DAGWOOD: I'm standing here with my axe, ready to strike a blow for freedom! They wouldn't give me my penny back! Stand aside, Blondie!

BLONDIE: No, no, Dagwood! Please!

DAGWOOD: Don't try to stop me now! I'm going to chop down this gum machine like ^{Jefferson} ~~Washington~~ chopped down the cherry tree ^{or was it Lincoln?} *BLONDIE: Washington* Our children's children will read about this in their history books! Step aside, Bondie!

BLONDIE: (VERY FIRMLY) Dagwood Bumstead--hand over that axe.

See-see
DAGWOOD: Yes, dear.

BLONDIE: That's better. All this fuss over a little thing like *a penny*.
~~this~~

DAGWOOD: I don't care. It's not the principle of the thing, it's the money!

CORA: (OFF) Yoooooooo-hoooooooo! Blondie!

BLONDIE: Why, there's Cora Dithers.

DAGWOOD: Maybe she'll help me smash this machine.

BLONDIE: I don't think so.

CORA: (COMING UP) Hello, Blondie--^{and} ~~hello~~, Dagwood. I'm sorry I was late Blondie, but I had a little tussle with *the* ~~a~~ floor walker at Ormandy's Department Store.

BLONDIE: Oh? How'd you make out?

CORA: I ripped his carnation to shreds--a petal at a time. I imagine that right now he's applying for his workmen's compensation.....What's happening here?

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood put a penny in a gum machine this morning. He didn't get his gum and the people won't give him his penny back....What would you do, Cora?

CORA: I'd smash the machine to smithereens!

DAGWOOD: I told you so, Blondie!

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, Cora and I will get your penny back for you, won't we, Cora?

CORA: We certainly will.

DAGWOOD: How could you do it?

BLONDIE: We'll do it. You should never under-estimate the power of a woman.

CORA: Yes, and we happen to be two women!

BLONDIE: Come on, Cora--we'll show Dagwood how to handle this.

CORA: That's right, Blondie. And bring along that axe. We may need it!

MUSIC:

(BLONDIE AND CORA READ THEIR FIRST SPEECHES TOGETHER SO IT'S JUST A BABBLE)

BLONDIE: You can't put us off, Mr. Quackenbush! You're going to listen to us right now, and we won't take no for an answer! Don't try to get out of it! We know our rights, and we're going to stick to them!

CORA: Don't you try to sneak away, or you'll find yourself in a lot of trouble, Mr. Quackenbush. You may be able to handle the men very easily, but you can't fool us, and we won't stand for any nonsense from you! Understand?

QUACKENBUSH: Now, please, ladies, please, please, please!

DAGWOOD: That's more like it!

BLONDIE: You keep out of this, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: But Blondie--

BLONDIE: We'll handle this.

QUACKENBUSH: Mrs. Dithers, would you mind putting down that axe?

CORA: I'm going to hold it right where it is--directly over
big fat
your head.... *right where it'll do the least harm.*

QUACKENBUSH: You wouldn't dare hit me with it!

CORA: No, but I might accidentally drop it....Accidents do
happen, ~~and~~ when I was on my ~~girl's school~~ basketball
team, my nickname was Butterfingers.

BLONDIE: Now then, Mr. Quackenbush, I have a few things to tell
you. Perhaps you don't realize it, but those machines
of yours violate Article sixteen, Section ten,
Paragraph three of the city statute books pertaining to
the operation of vending machines inside the city
limits.

DAGWOOD: That's the stuff, Blondie. And tell him about--

BLONDIE: Just let me handle this, Dagwood, if you don't mind... And furthermore, Mr. Quackenbush, there's a city and a county ordinance making it unlawful to possess or operate a gambling device or machine. That's Article 27, Section 12, Paragraph 8, and the penalty is not more than five thousand dollars fine and three years in jail.

QUACKENBUSH: But they aren't gambling machines!

BLONDIE: When a person puts a penny in your machines, he's gambling that he'll get gum, and it's an even longer chance that he won't get his money back if he doesn't.

DAGWOOD: That's exactly what I wanted to tell him.

BLONDIE: Just let me handle this, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Oh, excuse me.

CORA: And I'll tell you something, Mr. Quackenbush.) We'll get all the women in town after you! You don't realize how much trouble women could make for you!

Quack: Oh no, not you!

QUACKENBUSH: I know, sister--I've been married for ten years.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Hey, that's pretty funny.

BLONDIE: Never mind, Dagwood. Just let me handle this.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yes.

BLONDIE: That's not all, Mr. Quackenbush. We'll hound your every step! We'll parade up and down in front of your home with signs that will tell your neighbors just what kind of a person you are! We'll put placards on your machines.

(CONTINUED)

QUACK: ah, no

BLONDIE:
(Cont'd)

Your phone will ring every minute of the day and night!

We'll send petitions to the city council suggesting they do something to remove your bad influence from

the city! We'll have an Anti-Quackenbush week! QUACK: ah no

And we'll have the District Attorney, whose wife is a close personal friend of ours, make a thorough

investigation of your business, and start criminal

proceedings against you and your company! QUACK: ah no!
Now what do you say?

QUACKENBUSH: No, no! That's enough! I give up! I'll make the refund!

BLONDIE: Now Dagwood-you can handle it.

DAGWOOD: Oh, boy--this is the payoff!

QUACKENBUSH: Here you are, Mr. Bumstead. Here's your penny.

(TINKLE OF PENNY ON TABLE)

DAGWOOD: Ahhhhh! Victory at last!

MUSIC:

(TRAFFIC SOUNDS...)

DAGWOOD: Gee, Blondie, how did you happen to know all about those laws, and section so and so of article whatsit?

BLONDIE: Oh, I didn't know any of those things. I was just bluffing!

DAGWOOD: My gosh! And Mrs. Dithers, you certainly had him bluffed with that axe.

CORA: I wasn't bluffing.

DAGWOOD: Gosh, how can I ever repay you?

BLONDIE: You can repay me by not going into a fit over the hat
I'm thinking of buying.

DAGWOOD: That's a hard bargain, but okay...Well, see you later.

BLONDIE: Yes, we have a little more shopping to do. (FADING)
Goodbye, dear.

CORA: (FADING) Goodbye, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye...Gee, it sure gives me a real feeling of
satisfaction to stand here flipping this coin.
I finally won out! I finally got-----whooooaa! It
slipped out of my hand! Holy smoke--it's rolling
toward that grating in the gutter! Look out! Stop!
There it goes down the drain! Blooooooooondie!

26.40 27.48

MUSIC: (TAG CURTAIN)

(APPLAUSE)

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

MUSIC: (VERY QUICK...FANFARE)

MCCEEHAN: Tonight we salute Captain L. Rodney Custis, of Hartford, Connecticut, and members of the famous All-Negro Ninety-Ninth Fighter Squadron. Sighting a large group of Focke-Wulfe fighters in the Anzio Beachhead area, Captain Custis led his pilots to the attack, shooting down one Nazi plane himself, while others of the crack Negro fliers destroyed eight planes, probably shot down four others, and damaged two more without losing a plane! In your honor, Captain L. Rodney Custis, and in honor of the Ninety-Ninth Squadron, the makers of Camels are sending to our soldiers overseas three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

27.32 28.33

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.

27.50 28.43

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.

27.58 28.50

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.

28.20

29.09

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

NILES: Dagwood was played by Arthur Lake. Penny Singleton who is usually starred as BLONDIE was unable to make tonight's broadcast as she was snowed in at her home in the mountains.

And so our thanks to Florence Lake, who took her place at the last moment.

cut
copy
of
the
script

(APPLAUSE)

The musical score, as always, was composed and conducted by William Artzt.

28.35

NILES: And remember, Camel cigarettes are first in the service!

cut
copy
of
the
script

Camels stay fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world!

28.42

NILES: This is Ken Niles saying goodnight for Camel

cut
copy
of
the
script

cigarettes -- First in the Service!

(APPLAUSE)

28.50

(GEORGE WASHINGTON HITCH HIKE)

SHIELDS: (ISOLATION BOOTH)

Mister Pipesmoker, do you know that George Washington Smoking Tobacco will give you up to a dozen extra pipefuls in every ten-cent package? Yessir, George Washington comes in a great big blue two-and-a-quarter-ounce package, costs only one dime! It's mild, mellow, and tasty, too, right down through the last puff at the bottom of the bowl! If you want up to a dozen extra pipefuls, get a big, big package of George Washington tomorrow! It's America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!

This is CBS...the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM!

(GEORGE WASHINGTON HITCH HIKE)

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This is CBS...the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM!

29.30

29.39