

"BLONDIE"

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

AS
BROADCAST

MASTER ✓

"BLONDIE'S SON FALLS IN LOVE"

CBS STUDIO "C"
MONDAY, MARCH 6, 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
ALEXANDER.....	TOMMY COOK
MISS FRISBEE	ANNE O'NEAL
COOKIE.....	LEONE LEDOUX
ANNOUNCER.....	KEN NILES
CONDUCTOR.....	BILL ARTZT
YANK..(Salute).....	PAT MCGEEHAN
G.W. HITCH HIKE..	FRED SHIELDS

SOUND EFFECTS

Door
Whizz Whistle
Phone (Varga Type)

(REVISED)

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, MARCH 6, 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: Think what it means when we say that Camel cigarettes are
first with men in all the services, according to actual
sales records! It means that every day millions of Camels,
tons of Camels, are going to every corner of the earth.
It means these Camel cigarettes have to stay fresh --
and they do. Camels stay cool smoking and slow burning,
because they're packed to go around the world!
Both at home and overseas, more people want Camels today,
more people want the fresh cigarette, the cigarette with
more flavor. So remember, if your store is sold out
today -- Camels 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.

1.08

1.19

51454 2730

*copy
revised*

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 UNDER AND OUT)

NILES: Well, it looks as though Alexander has been up to something in school today. It's late in the afternoon and Alexander's school teacher, Miss Henrietta Frisbee, has just dropped in at 127 Shady Lane Avenue, where she is talking to Blondie and Dagwood, who's just come home from the office...

FRISBEE: Yes, Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead, I'm afraid I have bad news for you.

BLONDIE: Oh dear, Alexander's school work, I suppose.

FRISBEE: Indeed it is, indeed it is.

DAGWOOD: Well, ^{what's the bad news?} ~~okay. Miss Frisky -- get it off your chest.~~

FRISBEE: To begin with, Alexander's scholastic standing has dropped from excellent to crummy.

BLONDIE: Oh, Miss Frisbee, and just when he was doing so well, too. Doesn't he pay attention in class?

FRISBEE: Frankly, Mrs. Bumstead, Alexander goes around giving the appearance of being in a comma.

DAGWOOD: ~~A comma? Oh,~~ ^{oh, Miss Frisky -- Miss Frisbee, a comma} such English!

FRISBEE: Er -- uh -- I mean, a coma.

DAGWOOD: Tsk, tsk! What would the board of education say?

FRISBEE: Oh, Mr. Bumstead, I hope you'll keep my little grammatical mistake strictly on the hugger-mugger.

BLONDIE: Goodness -- what does that mean?

FRISBEE: That's a slang expression for under your derby.

BLONDIE: Well, let's get back to Alexander, shall we?

FRISBEE: We shall.

DAGWOOD: Has he been fighting at school?

FRISBEE: Oh yes. but I expect normal, healthy children to engage in an occasional slugfest. On the other hand, a black eye is unsightly, and I don't like to see children in my class with painted peepers...But it isn't that, Mr. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Well, what is it, Miss Frisbee?

FRISBEE: Mrs. Bumstead, it is my opinion that Alexander has been slugged by the love bug.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! You mean he's fallen in love?

FRISBEE: Yes, if you want to put it that way...You see, there's a new little girl who's just come to town and started in school. Her name's Judy Lester, and she's really quite a glamour-puss....I'm afraid Alexander isn't paying any attention to his studies.

BLONDIE: Well, he's fallen in love before, but it usually ended when he'd find out the girl only loved him for his chocolate sodas.

DAGWOOD: He's always been disillusioned.

FRISBEE: Well, I've been disillusioned myself. Two weeks ago yesterday I noticed that Mr. Collier, the gym teacher, was winking at me. ~~I never thought he'd give me a tumble.~~ Then I found out it was just something in his eye...darn it

BLONDIE: Well Miss Frisbee. what can we do about Alexander?

FRISBEE: I'm sure I don't know, Mrs. Bumstead. ~~I just want you to know why his grades will be down.~~ ^{But} I feel it is the duty of the teacher to inform the parents about their children so they'll know what's cooking...Well, I'll be running along now.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Thank you very much, Miss Frisbee. I'm glad you told us.

FRISBEE: You're quite welcome. ~~I didn't want you to worry too much about Alexander.~~ Sometimes it's difficult to diagnose the difference between love and indigestion... Goodbye.

BLONDIE: Goodbye, Miss Frisbee.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. goodbye, Miss Frisky.

FRISBEE: Goodbye, Mr. Bumhead

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

DAGWOOD: ~~I meant to say, Frisbee~~
BLONDIE: Oh. dear -- Alexander in love. I can remember when the only thing he was interested in was getting his bottles regularly.

DAGWOOD: Yeah...Gee, I'm surprised he'd let a girl interfere with his school work.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, when you started going with me, you told me that you were so much in love with me that you ^{even} lost your appetite.

DAGWOOD: That's right. Blondie. I could only eat three meals a day.
BLONDIE: (WITH A TOUCH OF SARCASM) My. how you must have suffered.
DAGWOOD: (SERIOUSLY) Yeah, it was awful. Sometimes it just didn't seem worthwhile.
BLONDIE: Why, Dagwood Bumstead!
DAGWOOD: I mean, I thought I'd die of malnutrition. You wouldn't have wanted a husband in that kind of condition.
BLONDIE: I suppose not.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS OFF. .AND CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Is that you, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: (LISTLESSLY, I SUPPOSE) Yeah, it's me.

DAGWOOD: Hello, *Irene Bumstead* 'Little Beaver'.

ALEXANDER: Hello. Pop.

BLONDIE: Um -- uh -- what's the matter, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: Gee, I don't know, Mom. I feel terrible in a wonderful sort of a way.

Dagwood:
BLONDIE: He's got it. all right!

Blondie:
DAGWOOD: Is that all, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: Well, no, *Mom!* Sometimes I feel a little dizzy.

BLONDIE: That comes from your father's side of the family.

DAGWOOD: Never mind, Blondie.

ALEXANDER: And then I feel like my head's in the clouds, but someone's punching me in the stomach.

DAGWOOD: He's got it, all right.

ALEXANDER: What have I got?

DAGWOOD: Er -- well, the medical term for it is puppy-loveosis...
But you'll get over it.

ALEXANDER: I'm not sure that I want to...Say, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Yeah?

ALEXANDER: How old were you when you got married?

DAGWOOD: Married? What do you want to know for?

ALEXANDER: Well folks I'm thinking of taking the fatal plunge.

BLONDIE: Now, Alexander, don't be silly!

ALEXANDER: But Mom, I've heard that marriage was a great institution.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, but who wants to live in an institution. (LAUGHS)
I heard that on the Abbott and Costello program.

BLONDIE: Just at the moment it's not very appropriate...Now,
Alexander, you're just joking about this marriage
business, aren't you?

ALEXANDER: No, Mom -- I'm serious.

BLONDIE: Well, confidentially, Alexander, your father and I are
in no hurry to have grandchildren.

ALEXANDER: Gee, someone's always spoiling things.

DAGWOOD: Look here, young man. It takes money to get married...
and it takes more money to stay married....What are you
going to do for money?

ALEXANDER: Gee. Pop -- haven't you heard? Two can live as cheaply as
one.

BLONDIE: Don't you believe it.

DAGWOOD: Besides, you haven't got any money.

ALEXANDER: No, but she has!

DAGWOOD: Look, Alexander, would you want people to call you a
Cinderella Man?

ALEXANDER: ~~I wouldn't mind.~~ *Is that bad?*

BLONDIE: Who is this girl. Alexander?

DAGWOOD: Yeah. is it this Judy Lester?

ALEXANDER: How did you know? Did Miss Frisbee squeal on me?

BLONDIE: Well, she did tell us that your school work hasn't been very good lately.

ALEXANDER: The stool pigeon!

BLONDIE: What's ^{Judy} ~~she~~ like?

ALEXANDER: Gee, Mom -- she's really a gorgeous hunk of plunder.

BLONDIE: My, how times have changed.

ALEXANDER: She's the Lana Turner of the second grade...Oh boy, I've got it bad, and I'm loving it.

BLONDIE: And in the meantime, your grades are getting worse and worse. So while you're waiting for dinner, you march right upstairs and do some studying.

ALEXANDER: (LISTLESSLY) Okay. Mom. Did you say dinner?

BLONDIE: Yes. dinner.

DAGWOOD: You know -- food.

ALEXANDER: I don't think I could face it...I've lost my appetite..

(FADING)

DAGWOOD: He's got it all right!

BLONDIE: Yes, he's got it allright!

ALEXANDER: (OFF) Oh, Mom -- what are we having for dinner?

BLONDIE: Pork chops, mashed potatoes and gravy, applesauce, and green beans.

ALEXANDER: (OFF) Pork chops, eh? Well, I may have a small snack, but no second helpings.

BLONDIE: Hmmmm...Well, I guess there's still hope.

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: Alexander, you ~~are~~ ^{just dawdling} just dawled over your food at breakfast this morning.

ALEXANDER: Gosh -- it's awful to be in love, isn't it?

DAGWOOD: Oh, it's not so bad. Your mother and I have managed to stand up under it for quite a while.

ALEXANDER: The trouble is, every other kid in the second grade is in love with Judy too. She hardly even looks at me. Gee, the first time I saw her there was such a crowd of kids around her I thought it was a fight.

BLONDIE: ~~I'm sorry it wasn't.~~ Alexander, just how long are you going to feel like this and get bad grades in school?

ALEXANDER: Forever and ever, I ~~guess~~ ^{hope}... ~~Unless she falls for me, too.~~

BLONDIE: Well, you've just got to pass in school.

DAGWOOD: If you don't, you'll end up being the only guy in the ~~second~~ grade who has to shave.

ALEXANDER: I won't be much good to the world, anyway.

COOKIE: Mommy..

BLONDIE: Yes, Cookie. Do you want some more cereal?

COOKIE: No. What's wrong with Alexander?

BLONDIE: He's in love.

COOKIE: What's that?

ALEXANDER: You wouldn't understand, Cookie. You're too young,

COOKIE: What's love Daddy?

DAGWOOD: ~~It's sort of a sickness.~~ ^{It's like a stomach ache... only higher up -} curable only by marriage.

COOKIE: If Alexander's sick, what's he smiling for?

DAGWOOD: Because he doesn't know any better. Love is very peculiar, Cookie... ~~I'll never forget the time -~~

Blondie: Now, dear -

Dagwood: Oh, yeah

COOKIE: Alexander looks funny.

ALEXANDER: Oh, stop criticising me!

BLONDIE: You see, Cookie, there's a little girl that --

COOKIE: Oh I get it Mommy. ^{Alexander's} ~~He's~~ got a girl. (SING-SONG)
^{He's} Alexander's got a gir-ul, ^{He's} Alexander's got a gir-ul,
^{He's} Alexander's got a gir-ul!

ALEXANDER: Oh, stop it! ~~You're driving me mad! Tell her to pipe down, will you, Mom?~~

BLONDIE: That'll do, Cookie.

COOKIE: ^{Alexander's} Do you kiss her?

ALEXANDER: No!

COOKIE: Do you hug her?

ALEXANDER: No!

COOKIE: Do you hold her hand?

ALEXANDER: No!

COOKIE: You haven't got a girl.

ALEXANDER: A lot of sympathy I get from my family... Well, I guess I'll go to school.

BLONDIE: It's still a little early, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Well, I better be going.

DAGWOOD: I suppose you want to go to school by way of Judy Lester's house, hanh?

ALEXANDER: You catch on, ^{Pop} ~~Pop~~... I don't suppose it'll do me any good though. So long, ^{Pop} ~~Pop~~. So long, ^{Mom} ~~Pop~~... (FADING)

BLONDIE: Please study hard and get some good grades today.

ALEXANDER: I'll try, but I'm doomed to failure.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye, Alexander.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES OFF)

BLONDIE: He's got it all right.

DAGWOOD: Yep, he's ~~certainly~~ got it.

COOKIE: You are so right.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS OFF)

NILES: (OFF) Alexander told me to walk right in. Okay? 11.45 1200

BLONDIE: Oh, hello, Mr. Niles. Come on in.

DAGWOOD: Hello, Ken.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

NILES: What's wrong with Alexander? He looked ~~sorta~~ ^{kinda} slap-happy.

BLONDIE: He's fallen in love, Mr. Niles.

NILES: Well, that's to be expected! The first breath of spring is in the air! As I was coming down the street just now I noticed it! (WOLF WHISTLE) "Can this be a dream walking?" I thought.

DAGWOOD: Was it?

NILES: I thought, "What will I tell her?" Is she, I asked myself, looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many she smokes?

BLONDIE: Was she?

NILES: "Well, if she is," I thought, "I'll offer her Camels, because Camel cigarettes have more flavor, the result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos - and more flavor is what helps Camels hold up, keep from going flat, pack after pack!"

DAGWOOD: And then what did you do?

NILES: My voice was hoarse with emotion. "You gorgeous thing," I said, "try these Camels in your T-Zone, your taste and throat. That's the best way to prove to yourself that Camels do have more flavor, and smooth extra mildness!" She raised her lips to mine --

DAGWOOD: Yes! Yes!

NILES: "Fresh!" she said. "Oh, yes, yes," I said, "these Camels are fresh as a daisy, and they'll stay fresh, cool smoking and slow burning, because Camels are packed to go around the world!" So I gave her a Camel, and ambled on, my head in the clouds.

BLONDIE: Well, I'm afraid Alexander's problem is more serious than that, Mr. Niles.

DAGWOOD: Yes! If his head stays in the clouds the rest of him may stay in the ~~second~~ ^{fourth} grade - for life! 13.17 13.35

BLONDIE: And so far, the girl doesn't seem to pay any attention to him.

NILES: Well - why don't you get Mr. Dithers to give him a little advice? Mr. Dithers seems to be good at that sort of thing.

BLONDIE: *Oh, I don't know about that -*
DAGWOOD: *Hey, that's a good idea. I'll ask him to give Alexander a few tips on how to get the girl to pay some attention to him, but Mr. Dithers is older - He got a head start -*

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood! Look at the time. You've got to rush or you'll be late to the office!

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

BLONDIE: All right, dear..... Come on, Mr. Niles/ *get out of the way* -- there's a danger
zone all the way from our breakfast table to the bus stop.

NILES: Well, if anything happens, I've got collision insurance.

BLONDIE: Hurry, Dagwood. Your hat and coat are on the chair beside
you.

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Okay, Blondie -- I've got 'em. I just want to finish
my coffee.

BLONDIE: You'd better stand right beside me, Mr. Niles.

NILES: All right, Blondie.

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: I've got the door open, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP FAST) Okay, Blondie -- here I come! I'll see
you tonight!

BLONDIE: Kiss me goodbye, dear!

Dagwood
(SOUND OF KISS)

DAGWOOD: Gee, Blondie -- what a rough chin! You're going to have
to start shaving.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, you just kissed Mr. Niles!

NILES: Oh, Dagwood, I didn't know you cared. (GIGGLES)

DAGWOOD: Oh, stop being funny! I hope I'm not poisoned...Here,
dear.

BLONDIE: (KISS) Goodbye, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye!

(WHIZZ...DOOR SLAM...)

MUSIC:

DITHERS: And you want me to give Alexander a little advice on how to dazzle this ~~pin sized~~ *jigger sized Dorothy Lamour* ~~Perlette Geddard~~, eh?

DAGWOOD: That's the idea, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Well, you've come to the right man. I'm an authority on ~~wifing~~ *females -*. When I was a Boy Scout, I ~~even~~ belonged to the Wolf Patrol.

DAGWOOD: Gee, it's hard to think that you ever helped old ladies across the street, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Oh, yes, Dagwood - and some of them were ^{even} as old as nineteen or twenty. (GIGGLES)

DAGWOOD: Well, let's get back to Alexander's problem. Do you think you could help him?

DITHERS: What a silly question, ~~Bunstead~~. Just have Alexander drop into my office this afternoon after school. When I get through with him, he'll be the ~~Tommy Marville~~ *Henry Bogart* ~~of the second~~ *fourth* grade!

MUSIC:

(DOOR CLOSSES)

DAGWOOD: Well, Mr. Dithers, here's Alexander.

DITHERS: Hello, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Hello, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Well, ~~Alexander~~ -- I understand that you've got a dame complex. (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: *Oh, please Mr. Dithers -*
ALEXANDER: *I guess so, Mr. Dithers.* Dithers: Pardon me --

DAGWOOD: *in other words*
He's been knocked stupid by cupid... ~~You better start right to work on him, Mr. Dithers.~~

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DITHERS: All right, Alexander. Now first - how do you go about making an impression on a girl?

ALEXANDER: Well, I usually do that by hitting her with a blackboard eraser.

DITHERS: Hmm - the subtle approach.

DAGWOOD: I used to do that when I was a kid. It's pretty hard for a girl to ignore a hit on the head.

DITHERS; Bumstead, please keep your ^{Bumped bumpings} ~~childish romances~~ out of this.

DAGWOOD: I'm only trying to help.

DITHERS: You can help me most by taking this tennis ball and putting it in your mouth.

DAGWOOD: I'd rather not - it's too fuzzy.

ALEXANDER: Well, Mr. Dithers, what should I do to make a good impression on Judy?

DITHERS: Well, women love chivalry, so the next time you see her just kiss her hand.

ALEXANDER: That really tears 'em down, huhh?

DITHERS: It's always worked for me. (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: And then you should say to her, Do your eyes bother you? When she says no, you say, Well they bother me! (LAUGHS)

DITHERS: Oh, ^{Mr. Bumstead} Bumstead! How sick-making.

ALEXANDER: Pop, I'm afraid that line is a little corny.

DAGWOOD: Gee, it used to work fine around here.

DITHERS: Yes, ^{John Smith pulled that on Peachtree,} but that was before Columbus landed.

ALEXANDER: What do you think I should say to her, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: Well, of course you want her to get the idea that you have a mysterious past. So after you kiss her hand you might say, "Judy, you remind me of a tragic love affair I had with a French girl named Camille."

Dagwood: Come, Mr. Dithers

Dithers:
ALEXANDER:

Oh, keep your T-zone out of this -
But I never met a French girl.

DITHERS:

I have. (LAUGHS) But that's neither here nor there.
You know, Alexander, you've got to make all this stuff
up. You've got to learn right now that in dealing with
women, it's always best to avoid the truth.

DAGWOOD:

With the exception of your mother, Alexander.

ALEXANDER:

Okay, but what if she asks me for details about this
French girl?

DITHERS:

Just look sad and say, "I'd rather not discuss it. There
are some things one must try to ^(SOBS) forget."

ALEXANDER:

Gosh, Mr. Dithers, you certainly know all the angles,
don't you?

DITHERS:

Oh, I've been around, and I know women, they used to call me, believe
Oh, I've been around, and I know women.

DAGWOOD:

I'll say. And just because he got his face slapped on the
street the other day doesn't mean he doesn't know his
stuff.

DITHERS:

Bunstead!...That was just a mistake.

DAGWOOD:

It wasn't a mistake - it was a policewoman...Well, got
get on with the lesson, J.C.,

DITHERS:

Well, Alexander, now that you've got her interested in
you and your tragic love affair, you start ignoring her.

ALEXANDER:

Well, she's the type that's very hard to ignore.

DITHERS:

I know the type - but older, of course. Tell her you
like her a lot, but you're afraid she's a little
too young for you.....She is younger, isn't she?

ALEXANDER:

Oh, sure -- at least three weeks...Maybe I ought to
sprinkle a little powder in my hair so she'll think I'm
prematurely gray.

DITHERS:

Er--I wouldn't do that or she'll wonder why you're not in
the army.

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DAGWOOD: Er-uh--Alexander, when ^{your father} I was going to school, I used to tell them that I wanted to be like a big brother to them, and --

ALEXANDER: (CUTS IN) Oh, no, Pop--not that!

DAGWOOD: It's no good? It always worked for me.

ALEXANDER: I'm afraid it's a little too childish for me.

DITHERS: The thing to do, Alexander, is to work that tragic love affair stuff. Look said, but noble. Give her the impression that your life has been shattered.

ALEXANDER: How come, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: Well, women go for that. They like to meddle in other people's affairs. They love to reform a man. That's the reason there are so many married burglars and unmarried bishops.

ALEXANDER: Women are very interesting, aren't they?

DITHERS: Yes, they're so different from human beings. Some of them are angels, and others - like my wife - ~~are well, there are all kinds.~~

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers, you are so right,.

DITHERS: Well, Alexander - try out what I told you and let me know how it works.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ALEXANDER: Okay, Mr. Dithers - thanks a lot. So long..So long Pop.
AD LIB GOODBYES..

(SOUND: - DOOR CLOSES)

DITHERS: Well, Bumstead - that'll be one dollar, please.

DAGWOOD: What for?

DITHERS: For that lesson I just gave Alexander. You'd have to pay for trombone lessons, and what I taught him will be more valuable in later life ^{and he won't have to blow so hard} ~~than playing the trombone~~. Fork it over, Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Tccccch!

MUSIC:

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Bccccondie!

BLONDIE: (UP CLOSE) Sh-h-h! Dagwood--not so loud!

DAGWOOD: What's going on?

BLONDIE: I think Alexander is calling up that little girl on the telephone. You know - Judy Lester.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) He is, hanh?

BLONDIE: Sh-h-h-h!

ALEXANDER: (OFF) Hello... Is that you, Judith..This is Alexander Bumstead, Esquire.

BLONDIE: Esquire? My goodness. *Putting on airs* -

DAGWOOD: A fine thing. He sounds more important than I do.

ALEXANDER: (OFF) Judy, I've been trying to think who you remind me of, and now I know. You remind me of a Spanish girl I met in Morocco - in ze Casbah-h-h.

Dagwood.
BLONDIE: Alexander in Morocco? Has he been playing hockey from school?

DAGWOOD: *Goodness*
Gosh, that's quite an imagination.

ALEXANDER: (OFF) I'd rather not discuss it, Judy. We were very much in love, but it was one of those tragic affairs. ~~Her name was Lolita - or am I thinking of Carmen - no,~~ that was someone else. But it was very sad.

DAGWOOD: Listen to that line he's handing her.

BLONDIE: You used to have a pretty good one yourself.

DAGWOOD: That's right - you fell for it.

ALEXANDER: No, I'd rather not tell you, Judy. Lolita was much younger, lovely, and talented - just as you are - but then, then -- oh, no, I can't tell you now. I've just got to face life alone - with sorrow in my heart.. Goodbye, Judith.

(HANGS UP)

ALEXANDER: Alexander, you were terrific!

BLONDIE: Alexander Bumbstead! What was all that you were telling that little girl?

DAGWOOD: Oh, what a fibber you are!

ALEXANDER: Well, I'm just trying to build myself up a little. I want her to think I'm different.

BLONDIE: You sounded different all right. You don't think she's going to believe that stuff about the Casbah and Lolita do you?

ALEXANDER: Well, of course, she will....Gosh, It'll be wonderful if she falls for me. She's the only woman in the world for me!

DAGWOOD: She'll never believe that story you were giving her.

ALEXANDER: Mr. Dithers said she would.

(PHONE RINGS)

BLONDIE: I'll get it.

(PICK UP PHONE)

BLONDIE: Hello?... Alexander?.....Yes, he's here. Just a moment.
It's for you, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Ask who's calling, will you, Mom?

BLONDIE: Oh... "~~Who is calling, please?..~~Just a moment..It's Judy!

ALEXANDER: Thanks, Mom. Hello, ~~Judy-~~ Alexander speaking. No Judy,
I told you I'd rather not talk about my great
disappointments, ~~I'm trying to forget now,~~ *what's that? Well, I can't give* and I
~~you my answer now -~~ *Ill talk to you*
hope you won't mention anything I've told you to
~~about it tomorrow -~~ *Goodbye -*
anyone else...Well, someday, perhaps I'll bare my aching
heart to you..No...No....Goodbye, Judy. Maybe we'll meet
in school tomorrow. all right. Goodbye.

(HANGS UP)

ALEXANDER: Imagine that!

DAGWOOD: What happened'?

BLONDIE: What did she say?

ALEXANDER: It's working! She just proposed to me!

MUSIC:

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Just put your coat and hat here in the hall, J.C.

DITHERS: All right, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Blondie said that after the way you helped Alexander
yesterday, the least we could do was invite you to
dinner.

DITHERS: You're sure you're not just trying to get a refund on
that dollar I charged you.?

DAGWOOD: Oh, no.

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Oh, hello, Dagwood, Hello, Mr. Dithers.
AD LIB HELLO.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, I just got a call from Miss Frisbee, Alexander's teacher.

DAGWOOD: I guess he's doing better work now, hanh?

BLONDIE: I don't think so. Miss Frisbee says that his grades have dropped from ~~bad to ridiculous~~ ^{satisfactory to a mess-}. We've got to do something about that. I can't understand.xit.

DITHERS: Didn't he get the girl? I gave him a sure fire method that's never failed me yet. (LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: Well, I ~~thought~~ he got the girl, but I don't know. All afternoon -- ever since school let out -- little girls have been calling him up on the phone and leaving their numbers for him to call back when he came in .

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES...OFF)

DAGWOOD: Alexander, is that you?

ALEXANDER: (COMING UP) Yep, it's me, Pop. Hello, Mom, hello, Mr. Dithers. Gosh, I feel terrible.

BLONDIE: Now Alexander, don't tell us that it's another girl!

ALEXANDER: Nope, it's a half a dozen other girls.

DITHERS: But what happened with this Judy?

DAGWOOD: Yeah - the only woman in the world for you.

ALEXANDER: ^{you Dithers} That line you gave me was too good. Now she's crazy about me. She's hanging around all the time. And she tried to kiss me in the cloakroom!

DAGWOOD: Is that bad?

ALEXANDER: Yeah- she wouldn't let go. How would you like to walk into a class with a girl ~~hanging~~ ^{dangling} around your neck?

BLONDIE: But what about these other girls? They all called you
on the phone this afternoon.

ALEXANDER: They're interested in me now, too. Judy told them about
all ten of my tragic love affairs.

DITHERS: Ten? No wonder! You've been overdoing it!

ALEXANDER: They're all after me. I can't study! I can't think!
They're driving me nuts!

DAGWOOD: I guess you've decided not to get married, hanh?

ALEXANDER: I'll say not, Pop! I'm through with women.

BLONDIE: That's fine, Alexander. You have plenty of time for
that when you're older.

Dithers: Not too much - not too much -
ALEXANDER: ~~That's right, Mom.~~ I'm going to study hard in school
so I can be smart when I grow up ^{and} make a lot of money
and won't have to be bothered with dames. I'm going to

be a business man. *So I won't be bothered with*
girls -
DITHERS: *oh yes -* I'm a business man. (LAUGHS)

27.08 26.40

MUSIC: (TAG CURTAIN)

(APPLAUSE)

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

MUSIC: (VERY QUICK...FANFARE)

McGEEHAN: Tonight we salute Major W. T. Joyce, of Scranton, Pennsylvania, and Captain Eugene Moskowitz of Mount Vernon, New York, medical corps officers stationed in Alaska. Learning that an army sergeant deep in the Yukon wilderness had acute appendicitis, they volunteered to try to reach him. They made a dangerous night flight, landed in a heavy snow storm, and performed the operation in a log cabin, saving the sergeant's life. In your honor Major Joyce and Captain Moskowitz in honor of all our doctors in uniform, the makers of Camels are sending to our soldiers overseas three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

27.48 27.37

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.

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.

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, *who will have as their special guests this week, Blondie and* Friday to Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante; Saturday to *Raymond* 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.

28.32 28.32

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

NILES: This is Ken Niles saying good night 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 a great big blue two and a quarter ounce package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco! And mister, George Washington is more than just a great big dime's worth of tobacco - it's mild, sweet-smoking and grand-tasting, right down through the last puff at the bottom of the bowl! Plunk down your dime tomorrow for a big big package of George Washington! It's America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!

This is CBS .. THE COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.