

"BLONDIE"

# AS BROADCAST

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

(REVISED)

## "BLONDIE'S LEAP YEAR DATE"

CBS STUDIO "C"  
MONDAY, MARCH 13, 1944

BROADCAST 4:30-5:00 PM PWT  
REPEAT: 7:00-8:00 PM PWT

Written by John L. Greene.

Directed by: Don Bernard.

### CAST

BLONDIE.....	PENNY SINGLETON	DAGWOOD....	ARTHUR LAKE
DITHERS.....		HNALEY STAFFORD	
CORA.....		ELVIA ALLMAN	
WAITER.....		<del>JOHN BROWN</del> JOE FORTE	
ANNOUNCER.....		KEN NILES	
CONDUCTOR.....		BILL ARTZT	
YANK..(SALUTE).....		PAT MCGEEHAN	
G.W. HITCH HIKE.....		FRED SHIELDS	

### SOUND EFFECTS

DOOR  
PHONE  
RESTAURANT  
CAR DOOR  
CAR STARTS-STOPS

51454 2756

(REVISED)

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, MARCH 13, 1944

4:30 - 5:00 PM PWT  
7:30 - 8:00 PM PWT

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

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

NILES: Are you looking for a fresh cigarette? If you are,  
remember that Camels stay fresh, cool smoking, and  
slow burning, because they're packed to go around the  
world! Yes, Camel cigarettes are first with men in all  
the services, according to actual sales records -- and  
Camels that stay fresh around the world are fresh around  
your corner, too! Both at home and overseas, more people  
want Camels now, more people want the fresh cigarette,  
the cigarette with more flavor. So remember, if your store  
is sold out today -- 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!

MUSIC: (OPENING...HOLD)

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

(APPLAUSE)

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

NILES: Well, we always know that there's something interesting in the air at the J.C. Dithers Construction Company.

(MUSIC OUT) Especially interesting when J.C. Dithers president opens his office door ----steps out into the hall -- and yells!

MUSIC: (TRUMBONE SAYS "BUMSTEAD!")

DITHERS: Bumstead!

MUSIC: (TROMBONE SAYS "COME INTO MY OFFICE!")

DITHERS: Come into my office!

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Mr. Dithers, did I hear you whispering for me?

DITHERS: Oh, don't be coy.

DAGWOOD: Well, Mr. Dithers, I wish you wouldn't call me that way.

Every time you yell like that, my fountain pen squirts.

DITHERS: *Try holding it in front of your face -*  
~~They don't put any ink in it..~~ Dagwood, I've got very interesting news for us.

(DOOR CLOSING)

DAGWOOD: You have?

DITHERS: Yes....Oh, by the way, we haven't heard anything further from Anderson Sanderson Henderson and Potts, have we?

DAGWOOD: Well, J. C. - nothing except that they've changed the name of the company again.

DITHERS: What is it now?

DAGWOOD: Anderson, Sanderson, Henderson and McGonnigle...Back where it started from.

DITHERS: Well, I'm glad to hear that McGonnigle's back. When they took Potts in, the company seemed to lose class somehow.

DAGWOOD: You are so right...But what was it you wanted to tell me?

DITHERS: Oh, yes. I heard the other day that all the girls at the Women's Club decided that since this is Leap Year they'd take their husbands out on dates this week.

DAGWOOD: You mean Blondie and Mrs. Dithers are going to take us out?

DITHERS: That's right. They'll have to pay for everything and treat us like perfect ladies.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Hey, that ought to be a lot of fun.

DITHERS: And what an opportunity for revenge! (DIRTY LAUGH) You know how women are. They're always late. And as soon as you take them someplace, they get up and leave for the powder room.

DAGWOOD: And they're always putting nail polish on one hand and peeling it off the other. It's perpetual motion!

DITHERS: And they're always gossiping.

DAGWOOD: Yeah - talk, talk, talk, talk, babble, babble, babble, babble.

DITHERS: And then back to talk, talk, talk, talk again... Well, this is our chance - this is our shining hour. When they take us out <sup>on this leap year date</sup> we'll do just what they always do.

DAGWOOD: Yeah - we'll be typical women.

DITHERS: And remember that old saying - "It's the woman who pays" - ~~and I don't mean us!~~

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: Well, Cora - we might as well take ~~them~~ <sup>our husbands</sup> out <sup>to lunch</sup> today and <sup>dancing</sup> tonight. We've got to do it sooner or later.

CORA: To think that we have to take them out.

BLONDIE: You know, Cora -- I think it'll be a nice thing. Sometimes I wonder if we're not a little too hard on our husbands.

CORA: Well, Blondie, I think of Julius as being something like a tough steak. The more I hammer him, the tenderer he is.

BLONDIE: But we're always so suspicious of them. Whenever they're nice to us, we always suspect them of having done something wrong.

CORA: And sure enough, they always have.

BLONDIE: Now that's not fair, Cora. Lots of times we accuse them of things they're innocent of.

CORA: That's perfectly fair, Blondie. It just evens things up for the things they get away with...Of course, you're right - we've got to take them out on this <sup>leap year</sup> date sooner or later.

BLONDIE: Well, we might as well go down to the office and make the date and hope for the best.

CORA: And believe me, Blondie -- if they're on to why we're taking them out, the best will be none too good!

BLONDIE: Well, ~~let's be just as nice and sweet to them as we can possibly be.~~

MUSIC:

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

DAGWOOD: Hey, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: What is it?

DAGWOOD: There's either someone knocking at the door, or the first woodpecker of spring is here.

DITHERS: Hey, maybe it's <sup>our wives -</sup> the girls. Remember, we're going to be typical women as soon as they date us up.

DAGWOOD: But of course, my dear.

DITHERS: (CALLS) <sup>not yet - come in</sup> ~~Come in!~~

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Oh, hello, Blondie -- hello, Mrs. Dithers.

DITHERS: Hello, Blondie -- and Cora. Well, this is a surprise!  
Heh-heh!

BLONDIE: Hello Dagwood.

CORA: I just thought I'd drop in and say hello, sweetheart.

DITHERS: Sweetheart? Are you talking to me, Cora?

CORA: Of course, darling.

DITHERS: Oh, I get it. Will ten dollars be enough?

CORA: No, no -- I don't want money, sweetie-<sup>pie</sup> ~~lemb~~.

DITHERS: Sweetie-<sup>pie</sup> ~~lemb~~? Good grief, Dagwood -- she's delirious!

DAGWOOD: I'll call an ambulance!

DITHERS: Okay -- but get a cheap one.

BLONDIE: Now just a minute! Dagwood -- get away from that phone. There's nothing wrong if Cora wants to call Mr. Dithers by a pet name, is there?

CORA: I shouldn't think there'd be anything wrong with it, Julius.

DITHERS: Why, Cora, I didn't know you cared.

CORA: Now look here, you ...

BLONDIE: No, no, Cora! Don't say it!..Mr. Dithers, 'once in a while you ought to call Cora by a pet name, *Too*.

CORA: Yes, Julius.

DAGWOOD: Yes, Julius.'

DITHERS: Bumstead!... Cora, would you like to have me call you by a pet name?

CORA: Yes, lambikins.

DITHERS: Pet name -- um-uh--all right, Cora -- I'll call you Rover.

CORA: You do and I'll bit you!

DITHERS: Oh, Lassie -- go home.

DAGWOOD: Hey, hey, hey -- wait a minute. Let's not start any fights in here until I can <sup>hide</sup> get someplace where I won't be hurt.

BLONDIE: Let us tell you what we came here for, angel.

DAGWOOD: Angel? Blondie, you've never called me that before!

BLONDIE: But dearest, you don't mind, do you, darling.

DAGWOOD: What is all this?

BLONDIE: Oh, it's really nothing. Cora and I thought it would be nice if we - well, it's Leap Year, and we though we'd make a date with you two today.

CORA: We'll take you out. How would you like that?

BLONDIE: Wouldn't it be fun?

DAGWOOD ~~AND~~

~~DITHERS:~~ (SORT OF DUBIOUSLY) HMMMMMMMMMMMMMM--hmmmmmmmmmm.

BLONDIE: What's the matter?

DAGWOOD: <sup>*Jim*</sup> We're thinking it over.

DITHERS: After all, it's nearly noon. It's sort of late to be calling for a date tonight. You can't call on us any old time, *after all* -

BLONDIE: why?  
DAGWOOD: I can't go out, I haven't got a thing to wear.

CORA: Hmmm. We wanted to take you out to lunch and then maybe dinner and dancing tonight.

CORA: Where would you like to go for lunch?

DAGWOOD: I know a little <sup>duck of a</sup> tearoom that's simply darling, <sup>they have the</sup> but it's ~~closed~~ <sup>closed for the duration.</sup> <sup>cuttingest little sandwiches.</sup>

DAG: <sup>little sandwiches.</sup>  
CORA: Well, how about Quong Fong's Chicken Chow Meinatorium?

DITHERS: Oh, no, Cora. That's a place for hoi polloi.

DAGWOOD: But just the same, there's nothing like a good hot bowl of hoi polloi!

DITHERS: Oh, Bumstead! <sup>you goose</sup> Everyone knows that hoi polloi <sup>doesn't</sup> isn't anything that comes in a bowl. You eat it off a plate with your fingers. <sup>Dag: sh thanks -</sup> <sup>Dithers: you're welcome, don't mention it.</sup>

BLONDIE: I guess Quong Fong's is out then.

DITHERS: Oh, heavens yes.

CORA: All right -- you name the place then.

DITHERS: Well, where would you like to go, Daggy?

DAGWOOD: Oh, you decide, <sup>Julie part</sup> Julius. You have such good taste.

DITHERS: You're only saying that, but it's sweet of you to say it, even if you were only saying it... Well, if you <sup>girls</sup> really want to make an impression on us --

BLONDIE AND CORA AD LIB "OH, WE DO!" ...OF COURSE"...ANYWHERE"..

DITHERS: Then we'd like to have luncheon at the Palace Hotel - in the Outstretched Palm Room.

BLONDIE: Isn't that sort of expensive? I've heard that a drink of water costs seventy-five cents <sup>there</sup>.

CORA: And it's a dollar with ice...And even more if they don't serve it in a paper cup.

DAGWOOD: That sounds like just the place for us. You know, everybody who is anybody will be lunching there.



DITHERS: And you couldn't take two nicer people. You'll find out  
that Daggy and I are perfect ~~ladies~~ <sup>dates</sup>

MUSIC:

(RESTAURANT NOISES)

BLONDIE: Cora, it's been twenty-five minutes since they excused  
themselves and left the table.

CORA: And after all the fuss they made about getting here early.

BLONDIE: We no sooner sat down here than they popped up and left.  
I wonder what could be keeping them so long?

CORA: I don't know, but I'm dying of starvation. The next time  
a waiter passes by us with a tray I'm going to snaffle  
a lamb-chop--pants and all!

BLONDIE: They're certainly making us wait on them.

NILES: (COMING UP) Camels! Camels! Get your nice fresh Camels  
here! Oh, hello, girls!

BLONDIE: Hello, Mr. Niles!

CORA: Hello. What are you doing here?

NILES: I'm pinch-hitting for the cigarette girl. She's out taking  
her boy-friend on a leap-year date.

CORA: Don't you think you're over-doing it <sup>Mr. Niles</sup> in those black tights?

NILES: No, no! The women go crazy for me! I <sup>slide</sup> ~~slide~~ up to the table  
and coo--"Are you looking for a cigarette that won't go  
flat no matter how many you smoke? If you are, get a pack  
of Camels -- they have more flavor because they're expertly  
blended of costlier tobaccos! And more flavor helps  
Camels hold up, pack after pack!

BLONDIE: <sup>Well,</sup> I'll have to admit, <sup>Mr. Niles, certainly</sup> you look lovely in that leopard skin,

~~Mr. Niles~~

NILES: They call me the T-Zone Tarzan. See, I get 'em to try Camel cigarettes in their T-Zones -- "T" for taste and throat--and are they grateful! Their tastes tell 'em that Camels have more flavor -- their throats give 'em the last word on Camel's smooth extra mildness. When I've told 'em that - then, with a quick, cat-like movement, I sit on their laps, like this!

CORA: Mister Niles! Some people would say you were fresh!

NILES: Ah, yes, but not as fresh as Camels. You see, Camel cigarettes stay fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning because they're packed to go around the world!

BLONDIE: Cora! Here come Dagwood and Mr. Dithers now!

NILES: Well, I've got to be going, girls! See you later!  
(FADING) Camels! Camels! Get your nice fresh Camels here!

DITHERS: Hello, Ken -- how's your T-Zone?

KEN: Just fine, thanks.

DAGWOOD: Oh, Ken, your hair looks simply stunning today.

KEN: Do you really think so?

DITHERS: Who does it for you? I'm absolutely mad about those waves in it.

KEN: *why nobody*  
Oh, ~~the waves are natural.~~ (GIGGLES) I haven't had a permanent in ~~my life.~~

BLONDIE: Dagwood - we're getting awfully hungry.

CORA: Julius - please sit down and let's order.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, I'd never forgive myself if I didn't find out where Kensy Nilesy has his hair done.

~~DITHERS: Please don't rush us!~~

KEN:

*I've never had a permanent in my life.*  
Really, fellows, I do it myself... ~~Well, I've got to be~~  
~~running along.~~ Goodbye ~~now,~~

(AD LIB GOODBYES)

BLONDIE: Dagwood and Mr. Dithers -- won't you please sit down.  
We're starving.

DAGWOOD: All right, 'dear... Hmm -- the idea of him saying he does his  
hair himself. I'll bet he's fibbing.

DITHERS: Never had a permanent! One look at those waves and anyone  
could tell he's spent half a lifetime under the drier.

CORA: Would you mind paying just a little attention to us?

DAGWOOD: Oh, we're sor-ry!

DITHERS: Have we been neglecting you?

BLONDIE: Well, to begin with, you've both been gone a half an hour.  
What took you so long?

DAGWOOD: Well, my nose was shiny, and I had a couple of  
hangnails I had to tussle with. ~~And~~ *Alas,* I had to comb my hair  
over and over again. My regular barber ~~has been drafted,~~  
*went out to get a*  
*shave* and the ~~new~~ man is simply impossible!

CORA: What took you so long, Julius?

DITHERS: Well, I had to shave... Shall we order? Oh, waiter!

WAITER: (COMING UP) Are you ready to order now?

DAGWOOD: How would you girls like to start off with an order of --

BLONDIE: Just a moment, Dagwood... *WAITER: yes, make me!*  
Waiter, we are taking our husbands  
out, so we'll attend to the ordering.

WAITER: Very well, Madame.

CORA: Pay no attention to them at all. They're the beautiful but dumb type.

WAITER: Well, they don't look beautiful, but they certainly look --

DITHERS: Oh, tend to your waiting!

WAITER: Excuse me...Now then, ladies --

DAGWOOD: Hahh?

WAITER: No, not you, sir ... Let me suggest some special dishes. First, two orders of Roulod of Poulod a la Goulod.

DAGWOOD: It sounds delicious.

DITHERS: ~~It~~ also sounds gooey.

DAGWOOD: Yes, gooey, but in a yummy way.

BLONDIE: Just a moment, how much is it?

WAITER: Madame, when one orders Roulod of Poulod a la Goulod, one does not ask the price.

BLONDIE: Maybe one doesn't, but this is for four people and I <sup>gotta</sup> ~~want~~ to know.

WAITER: Oh, just go ahead and order it. Then you can try it in your T-Zone.

CORA: We might as well, Blondie.

WAITER: And then after the Roulod of Poulod a la Goulod, I recommend the Potage de Frommage.

DAGWOOD: Hey, what's that?

WAITER: Limburger soup...Mr. Niles just had some.

DITHERS: So that's what put that <sup>all</sup> curl in his hair!

WAITER: And then I suggest breast of guinea hen under glass, a fancy dessert, and coffee. How does that sound?

*Frightfully*  
BLONDIE: Expensive!

DITHERS: It sounds wonderful! Any comments, anyone?

DAGWOOD: Yes. I'd also like a <sup>double</sup> ham sandwich... *with piccadilly -*

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: Oh, gracious, what a delicious luncheon that was. The way I stuffed myself was shocking.

DITHERS: I'll bet I put on simply pounds!

DAGWOOD: And it doesn't look good on you there, either. *Mr. Dithers.*

BLONDIE: I'll bet I've lost weight just worrying about the check.

CORA: It must be awful. I'm glad you brought your money, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Cora, I didn't bring my money. I thought you had yours.

CORA: Oh, Blondie ... and look -- there's the waiter over there right now. He's figuring up our check on ~~an~~ <sup>that</sup> adding machine.

DAGWOOD: Uh -- J.C. -- my nose feels shiny. *Bl: Dagwood, you just come from there.* Does yours?

DITHERS: *no, but I do have to shave again -*  
~~Yes~~ -- let's go!

BLONDIE: Wait a minute!

CORA: Just a second! Have either of you two darlings got any money?

DAGWOOD: No, we thought you were taking us.

DITHERS: If we'd only known..! Oh, what a shame. (LAUGHS)  
*Blondie: Dagwood, don't you dare leave me now, or I'll*  
CORA: Well, here ~~he~~ comes. *never, never forgive you -*

WAITER: (COMING UP) Did you enjoy your lunch, ladies?

BLONDIE: I'll know after I see that check.

WAITER: Well, here it is, and it's a beauty!

CORA: *Wait a minute*  
^ What are those two pills?

WAITER: Sedatives -- to deaden the shock.

CORA: Well, let us look at it alone if you don't mind. We don't want you hanging over us like a starving vulture.

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WAITER: Very well, Madame. (ASIDE) Watch her reaction, men.  
It'll kill you...(FADING)

BLONDIE: Well, let's see how much it's ~~is~~ (STARTLED AND TERRIFIED REACTION)

CORA: Let's see, Blondie. (THEN A REACTION FROM CORA)

DAGWOOD: Gee, it must have been a better lunch than we thought it was.

DITHERS: I thought the sand in our spinach sparkled. <sup>mercy</sup> It must have been diamond dust.

CORA: Julius, you must have some money.

BLONDIE: And Dagwood, you're not broke, are you?

DAGWOOD: Well - uh - we might have a little money.

DITHERS: That we could lend you at an illegal rate of interest.

DAGWOOD: But if you want us to contribute the money, you'd better be nice to us.

DITHERS: Yes -- flatter us, tell us how wonderful we are, and admit that it was just dumb luck that you happened to get us.

CORA: Julius Caesar Dithers, you low--

BLONDIE: Cora! No, no, no! We do appreciate our wonderful husbands.

DAGWOOD: That's more like it.

BLONDIE: Just the other day I was saying to myself, Blondie, it's so fortunate that you married Dagwood. He's a man who -  
er -- a man who -- uh -- er -- a man who --

DAGWOOD: Well, I'm kind to animals.

BLONDIE: That's right ... You take it, Cora.

CORA: Julius, I've said some unkind things about you from time to time -- but you do have some fine qualities.

DITHERS: I'm glad you realize what a dream man I am. (LAUGHS)

CORA: Yes. When you go out at night, I don't have to worry about what you're doing. I ~~know~~ you're getting into trouble.

DAGWOOD: That's J. C., all right.

DITHERS: Oh, Bumstead!....Cora, you might say something nice about me.

CORA: All right, Julius *listen to this*

DITHERS: (AFTER LONG PAUSE) Well, what's the matter?

CORA: I'm ~~trying to~~ <sup>couldn't</sup> think of ~~something~~ <sup>anything</sup>.

DAGWOOD: Well, you girls helped us pay a check once, so we'll help <sup>you</sup> this time. *Mr. Dithers have you got change for a cent - at no, well help you -*

DITHERS: Oh, don't be such a softy.

DAGWOOD: Well, they're going to take us out dancing tonight.

DITHERS: Oh, yes -- that's right -- Well, here you are, girls. This'll take care of it.

CORA: Thank you, Julius. Well, we'll take you out dancing tonight, but I hope you men know how to follow because we're going to do the leading!

BLONDIE: *Yes, tonite we're going to step on your feet -*

MUSIC: (INFO DANCE MUSIC...WHICH ENDS QUICKLY...)

*(applause)*

CORA: <sup>oh</sup> Well, Blondie, it's after twelve o'clock, and they're still in the men's powder room.

BLONDIE: Well, at least they took back all the stuff they dumped into our handbags before we left tonight... ~~They claim we~~ <sup>*We don't fill*</sup> ~~do that to them.~~ <sup>*up their pockets when we go out with them, or do me - I guess we do -*</sup>

CORA: It's a good thing I have a big handbag. I've still got Julius' razor, razor strop, and shaving mug in mine...and a bottle of hair tonic - the large, economy size.

- BLONDIE: Well, here they come. They've certainly been ~~precious~~ <sup>bad boys</sup> tonight. *They've acted terribly - they think they're treating us the way we treat them -*
- CORA: They've taken advantage ~~of their position~~ all right.
- BLONDIE: *Yes, they certainly have -* Cora, I wish we could get even with them some way. There ought to be <sup>oh,</sup> ~~A-~~ (STARTS TO LAUGH)
- CORA: What is it -- quick?
- BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) I'll tell you on the way out. It's too funny to tell you now. (LAUGHING)
- DAGWOOD: Oh, hello there. We're back.
- DITHERS: It might be polite if you'd stand up. *you know Bummy, this is the swankiest place - you bump into some of*
- BLONDIE: (SMILING) Oh, excuse us. *the cutest mal-fettas -*
- CORA: Well, what kept you away so long this time. Were you plucking your eyebrows or was it a ~~crap~~ <sup>dice</sup> game?
- DITHERS: Why, Cora - you know I never play that game.
- CORA: Okay, dust your knees off and sit down.
- DAGWOOD: We ~~saw~~ <sup>saw</sup> Billy Artzt in there, and you know what - he had on a pre-war suit. Why it even had pleats in the trousers.
- DITHERS: We heard he's taking treatments for his hair - from a voodoo doctor.
- BLONDIE: You were just in there gossiping.
- DAGWOOD: Well, we couldn't leave when Joe Cohen started to tell us about ~~Don Bernard's~~ <sup>Mr. Fiddle's</sup> operation.
- DITHERS: Oh, the things we could tell you!!
- CORA: Well, go ahead - tell us. We've been sitting here all alone for half an hour with nothing to do but make eyes at the sailors.
- DAGWOOD: See? You turn your back on them for a moment, and that's what happens.
- DITHERS: It's all right, Daggy. We may not be so young, but we're still attractive.



BLONDIE: Well, it's late. What do you say we leave now?

DITHERS: Oh, are we going?

DAGWOOD: We'll have to go back and primp up a little. Excuse us,  
please.

*Blondie: Dagwood -*

DITHERS: We'll be back. I know my hair's a perfect sight again. *See you*  
*later -*

BLONDIE: Dagwood!

CORA: *ah,* Julius!

BLONDIE: You just wait - we'll get even with you!

MUSIC:

(SOUND: CAR DRIVING ALONG...)

DITHERS: Blondie, get on your own side of the road.

BLONDIE: I'm driving very carefully, Mr. Dithers. You just relax  
there in the back seat.

DAGWOOD: Blondie - don't try to drive with one hand.

BLONDIE: Nevermind, sugar. Just stay as sweet as you are.

DAGWOOD: *Stop tickling - you use both hands on*  
~~Hey, what kind of talk is that?~~ *the steering wheel -*

*Look out*  
DITHERS: There's a crossroad up ahead, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Yes, I know.

CORA: Julius, for heavens sakes stop helping Blondie or we'll all  
be in the ditch.

(SOUND: CAR SLOWS DOWN...)

DAGWOOD: What's the matter now?

BLONDIE: The car's stopping.

DITHERS: I might have known something would happen.

(SOUND: CAR STOPS..)

DAGWOOD: Now what do you suppose made it stop?

BLONDIE: I did.

DITHERS: What did you stop it for, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Well, there's a lovely moon out, and lots of stars, and I--  
uh -- thought we all might like to - talk. (DITHERS LAUGH)

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke - a she-wolf!...Now, Blondie --!

BLONDIE: Come here, you gorgeous hunk of plunder!

DAGWOOD: Get away from me!

BLONDIE: I'm not going to hurt you. What's the matter, darling?

DAGWOOD: I - uh - I just don't trust you.

BLONDIE: Aw, come on. Give me a little kiss.

DAGWOOD: No.

BLONDIE: Aw, sweetheart - you're so lovely tonight...How about it?

DAGWOOD: Well --

DITHERS: Don't you do it, Dagwood!

BLONDIE: You keep out of this!

DITHERS: Well, he's setting a bad example.

CORA: (COYLY) Julius, darling....

DITHERS: Now see what you've started!! (SNARLS) What is it?

CORA: Whose flabby little rascal are you?

DITHERS: Oh, out it out. Stop edging over my way.

CORA: I can't help myself. I can't resist you! You're so wonderful! You're so masculine!

DITHERS: Oh, you're just saying that!

CORA: Come on - put your head on my shoulder.

DITHERS: Oh, no.

CORA: (NO CHANGE OF TONE) Come on, darling, or I'll twist your arm behind your back.

DITHERS: You talked me into it.

DAGWOOD: Don't give up so easy, J. C.!

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood, darling - please don't be so nervous,

DAGWOOD: Now, Blondie - you trying to kiss me!

BLONDIE: Well....?

DAGWOOD: If anyone's going to do any kissing, I ought to kiss you.

BLONDIE: Not tonight, dear. This is our Leap Year Date. I'm kissing you.

DAGWOOD: No, no! Stop!

BLONDIE: ~~What is it?~~

DAGWOOD: ~~A burp...excuse me.~~

DITHERS: Now wait a minute, Cora - take it easy. Just because you're muscular, don't try to strong arm a kiss out of me.

CORA: I can't help it. You bring out the animal in me - the salmon going upstream!

DITHERS: Stop trying to smooch me!

DAGWOOD: Blondie - I won't be kissed!

BLONDIE: Dagwood, you let me kiss you or else!

DAGWOOD: No!

CORA: Julius, are you or aren't you going to weaken?

DITHERS: Better death than dishonor!

BLONDIE: Well, Cora, shall we ~~give it to them?~~ *kiss them anyway -*

CORA: Right! *one - two - three -*

*Blondie: Kitchie - kitchie -*

(BLONDIE AND CORA BOTH START TICKLING DAGWOOD AND DITHERS.

THIS WILL HAVE TO BE AD LIBBED...FINALLY DAGWOOD AND DITHERS

SCREAM, "LET ME OUT!"..."OPEN THE DOOR"!.."LET ME OUT OF HERE!"

(SOUND: CAR DOORS OPEN AND SLAM...)

(SOUND: CAR STARTS)

DITHERS: Hey! Hey! *Am I a wreck -*

*Dagwood: me, too -*

BLONDIE: Goodbye, boys! You can walk home!

*Cora*  
DAGWOOD: Blooooooooooooondie!

MUSIC:

(APPLAUSE)

3/13/44

NILES:

*The Blonde will be back in just a moment -*  
~~and now our thanks to the Yanks of the Week!~~

MUSIC:

(VERY QUICK...FANFARE)

MCGEEHAN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute twenty-three year old Sergeant Chris Hagen, of Fairmont, Minnesota, one of the Marines who assaulted Eniwetek Island. Just as his unit reached the top of the lagoon bank, snipers wounded two of his men. Discovering the sniper's hide-out, Sergeant Hagen killed three Japs with his rifle, and continued on, getting twelve more with his rifle and grenades, for a day's score of fifteen. In your honor, Sergeant Chris Hagen, the makers of Camels are sending to our Marines in the Pacific 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 travelling 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:)

(AFTERPIECE)

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke, J. C. - we've had a great time up until now.  
*Blondie + Mas. Dithers drive away with the car... but*  
How are we going to get home?

DITHERS: Fortunately, Dagwood, I happen to have a pair of roller  
skates with me for just such emergencies... Sit down and put  
them on and you can skate home.

DAGWOOD: But how are you going to get home?

DITHERS: ~~I'll be riding on your shoulders!~~ *piggy on you, of course -*

MUSIC:

*(applause)*

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: And remember - get Camels for more flavor! If you're looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many you smoke -- get Camels for more flavor!

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

MUSIC: (THEME AND APPLAUSE)

(GEORGE WASHINGTON HITCH HIKE)

SHIELDS: (ISOLATION BOOTH)

ANNCR: Mister, here's how to get up to a dozen extra pipefuls in every dime's worth of tobacco you buy! Get a great big blue two-and-a-quarter-ounce package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco -- yessir, I said a two-and-a-quarter ounce package for just ten cents! George Washington's mild, sweet-smoking, and grand-tasting, 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! It's America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!  
This is CBS...The COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM!