

AS
BROADCAST
MASTER

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

"BLONDIE'S HUSBAND QUIT HIS JOB"

CBS-STUDIO "C"
MONDAY, MARCH 20, 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.....ELVIA ALLMAN
DIMPLES.....LURENE TUTTLE
DR. CRUNCH..JOHN McINTYRE
VOICE.....JEANNETTE NOLAN
ANNOUNCER...KEN NILES
CONDUCTOR...BILLY ARZT
YANK..(Salute)..PAT McGEEHAN
G.W. HITCH-HIKE..FRED SHIELDS

SOUND EFFECTS:

DOOR
WHIZZ WHISTLE
CRASH.(MEDIUM - ONLY A ONE MINUTE LAUGH RIOT)

ENGINEERING:

FILTER IS NEEDED

(REVISED)

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, MARCH 20, 1944

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

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

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

WILES: These days, more than ever, freshness counts in a
cigarette -- and of course Camels have to be fresh,
so stay fresh anywhere, because Camel cigarettes are
first with men in all the services, according to
actual sales records. The Camels that get to Labrador
and the Camels that get to you are fresh, cool smoking,
and slow burning, because they're packed to go around
the world! More people want Camels now, both at home
and overseas -- 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!

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

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58

51454 2781

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 FOR:)

NILES: Well, in the last three or four days sparks have been flying at the J. C. Dithers Construction Company. It started with a slight difference of opinion between Dagwood and Mr. Dithers, and by nursing it along carefully they've managed to build it into one whale of a battle. This morning at breakfast Blondie is getting the latest communique from Dagwood....

DAGWOOD: Well, anyway, Blondie, I'm through taking any more of that stuff from Mr. Dithers!

BLONDIE: That's good, Dagwood. You've got to demand a little respect from Mr. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: Right! I know ^{To} ~~how~~ I'll make him respect me!

BLONDIE: How dear?

DAGWOOD: I'll quit my job if he calls me anything worse than a driveling, drooling, soft-headed nincompoop!... That's where I draw the line!

BLONDIE: Personally, I'd object to being called a driveling, drooling, soft-headed nincompoop.

DAGWOOD: With Mr. Dithers that's just casual conversation.

BLONDIE: Well, ^{then} what do you call him?

DAGWOOD: I call him Mr. Dithers.

BLONDIE: And that's where he draws the line, eh?

DAGWOOD: Well, I'm not going to stand for any abuse from him today! I'm going to talk right back to him! And if he even dares to so much as open his mouth to fire me -- !

BLONDIE: Yes?

DAGWOOD: I'll resign!...I'll show him he can't kick Dagwood Bumstead around.

BLONDIE: No sir. The only person who can kick Dagwood Bumstead around is Dagwood Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Well, it's about time I stood up for some of my rights.

BLONDIE: Yes, it's high time you -- Oh, Dagwood, look at the time! You've got to hurry if you're going to catch the bus!

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke -- I'm going to be late! I've got to step on it! Get the door open for me, Blondie!

BLONDIE: All right, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Where's my hat and coat....(FADING)

BLONDIE: They're right there on the chair beside you. Just pick them up and hurry, Dagwood! I've got the door open.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...)

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Well, I'll let you know how everything comes out, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Goodbye, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Goodbye!

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS...NO WHIZ WHISTLE...)

BLONDIE: Gee, something wrong. He went out that door pretty slowly for Dagwood Bumstead.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS SUDDENLY...)

DAGWOOD: I'm back again.

BLONDIE: What's the matter - did you forget something?

DAGWOOD: No - I didn't get a good start!

BLONDIE: Well, dear - goodbye again! Kiss me goodbye.

DAGWOOD: All right, honey. (KISS) Goodbye!

(WHIZZ WHISTLE...DOOR SLAMS...)

MUSIC:

(KNOCK ON DOOR...)

DITHERS: Hmmm- that's probably Bumstead. I'll jerk the door open and start the day right for him.

(DOOR OPENS SUDDENLY...)

DITHERS: (YELLS) What do you want, stupid?

DIMPLES: Why, Mr. Dithers!

DITHERS: Oh - oh, hello, Dimples. (LAUGHS)

DIMPLES: (STARTS TO CRY)

DITHERS: Oh, for heavens sakes don't cry! I thought you were Bumstead!

DIMPLES: (TEARY) You did? (WAILS) But I don't look anything like Mr. Bumstead! (SOBS)

DITHERS: If you did, you wouldn't be my secretary...Now stop crying, Dimples. There, there. (LITTLE GIGGLE)

(DOOR CLOSING...)

DIMPLES: And you barked at me like a great big bad old mink!

DITHERS: I'm sorry, Dimples. Uh -- I didn't know minks barked.

DIMPLES: Well, a wolf then.

DITHERS: That's different. (LAUGHS) Now just put your head on my shoulder and I'll wipe away those two great big tears.

DIMPLES: Thank you, Mr. Dithers...Is that your arm going around my waist?

DITHERS: Yes - uh - just to hold you steady.

~~DIMPLES: Oh, Mr. Dithers, you're not going to~~

~~DITHERS: Sh-h-h-h!~~

DIMPLES: ~~But it's so early in the morning.~~

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

DITHERS: Oh, no! (CALLS) Who is it?

DAGWOOD: (OUTSIDE) It's me.

DITHERS: I'm busy, Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: What're you doing?

DITHERS: I'm working on something.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Anybody I know?

DITHERS: *I can't see you now - I'm alone and very busy -*
I'm in here alone! What did you want?

DAGWOOD: I just wanted to say good morning.

DITHERS: Well, say it and go!

DAGWOOD: Good morning.

DITHERS: (YELLS) Good morning!

DAGWOOD: Good morning, Dimples.

DIMPLES: Good morning, Mr. Bumstead....Oh!

DITHERS: That did it!...Well, you can go back to your desk now,
Dimples. I'll buzz for you when I want you.

DIMPLES: All right, Mr. Dithers. *Just buzz me -*

(DOOR OPENS...)

DITHERS: Bumstead! Come in here!

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) ~~Yes~~, what do you want, Dithers?

DITHERS: Dithers? Who do you think you're talking to, you weak
minded, pathetic, broken-down, imitation of a human being!

DAGWOOD: You mean, to whom, do I think I'm talking.

DITHERS: Yes! To whom do you think you're -- oh, stop clowning
around! What's the idea of interrupting me? -- When I'm
dictating.

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers, I'm going to give you a piece of my mind.

DITHERS: Oh no, not your last piece.

DAGWOOD: That's enough! I don't have to stand for these insults!

DITHERS: Oh, yes you do!

DAGWOOD: Oh, no I don't!

DITHERS: Oh, yes you do!

DAGWOOD: Oh, no I don't!

DITHERS: Oh, yes you do!

DAGWOOD: Oh, yes I do!

DITHERS: Oh, no you don't!... ~~Bumstead!~~ You'll take everything I disl
around here or I'll be reluctantly forced to ~~terminate~~ our
long and ~~pleasant~~ ^{dull} association. In other words, I'll can you.

DAGWOOD: I'd resign first.

DITHERS: Now listen here, you weak minded, wet chinned, dough headed
drip!

DAGWOOD: That did it! I quit!

DITHERS: You're fir--Oh, you beat me to it, eh?

DAGWOOD: Yeah. And don't think I can't get a job over ^{the} at Goliath. Company.

DITHERS: Now, Dagwood - let's not be hasty. I need you. Let me
hire you back again. I'll give you ten dollars a week
more, and make you a vice-president of the Dithere Company.

DAGWOOD: Oh, boy! That's more like it!

DITHERS: Are you working for me again, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: I sure am, J.C.

DITHERS: Okay - ~~now~~ you're ~~fi~~red!

DAGWOOD: Whooooaaaa! I've been double-crossed!

DITHERS: I've had enough of you and your eternal arguments! And
incidentally, in reference to our heated conversation of
yesterday, you were wrong!

DAGWOOD: I was not! You're just being a stubborn old goat! ~~There I said it~~

DITHERS: Oh, don't talk like an ~~idiot~~ ^{jackass} -

DAGWOOD: I have to talk to ~~that~~ way so you can understand me!

DITHERS: Bumstead! Get out of here! Get out of here or I'll kick you out!

DAGWOOD: I dare you to!

DITHERS: Is that an invitation?

DAGWOOD: Yes. *I'll even stoop once -*

DITHERS: Okay - here it comes!

DAGWOOD: ~~Look out!~~ (YELLS) Whooooaaa!

DITHERS: Look out! ~~There goes the water cooler!~~...Hey! Help!

(CRASH, BANG, SMASH...)

DITHERS: (SINCE YOU'RE BREAKING YOUR LEG PLEASE BREAK DOWN AND GIVE US A GOOD, RESOUNDING --): Taaaaaaaaaah!

DAGWOOD: Did I hear a noise?

DITHERS: Holy smoke - I slipped ~~and fell~~ *...and broke the water cooler..*

DAGWOOD: (STRAIGHT) Gee, that's too bad, Mr. Dithers. (LAUGHS LIKE HELL)

DITHERS: Oh, stop it and help me up from this puddle of water.

DAGWOOD: I'm in no mood to be helpful! I've just been fired. Of course, I might help you if I were your employee.

DITHERS: Okay, you're hired again.

DAGWOOD: I am?

DITHERS: Yes..

DAGWOOD: Okay - now I resign again!....Nyaaaaaah!

DITHERS: Oh, my leg! I can't move it.

DAGWOOD: It hurts, hunh?

DITHERS: Pretty bad.

DAGWOOD: The one you kicked me with?

DITHERS: That's the one.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: (OFF) There they are, Cora.

CORA: (OFF) What's Julius doing on the floor -- playing with his Tinker-Toy set?

DITHERS: Oh, fine! They would show up now.

DAGWOOD: Right over this way, girls. And be careful that you don't step on any miscellaneous pieces of the great J.C.Dithers.

BLONDIE: My goodness -- what a mess!

DAGWOOD: I'll say he is.

CORA: Julius, what are you doing sitting in that puddle of water-- did you back into a blowtorch?

DITHERS: No, my pants don't *fit* and I'm trying to shrink them to size. ...Help me up, will you?

CORA: Are you too lazy to get up by yourself?

DITHERS: I'm suffering here! I wouldn't be surprised if I had a broken leg!

BLONDIE: My goodness, Cora -- do you suppose he could have a broken leg?

CORA: It's possible! Julius will do anything to attract attention to himself.

DITHERS: (CALLS) Help! Someone help me! Help!

DAGWOOD: Now just calm down, Mr. Dithers, and we'll get you up.

BLONDIE: *in the world* How did it happen, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: He *slipped when he was* ~~broke his leg~~ kicking me out of his office! (LAUGHS)

DITHERS: Go ahead and laugh! But just wait till you try to sit down!

DAGWOOD: Well, at least I resigned before you fired me.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- aren't you working for Mr. Dithers any more?

Dithers. He never did -

DAGWOOD: ~~No~~, Blondie. I've freed myself of the tyrant's yoke.

DITHERS: Yes. Now you won't have to worry about being held up at night. You won't have any money...Listen, if no one's going to help me while I'm lying here dying, the least you could do is ~~leave me alone~~ and point out the way to the elephants graveyard.

NILES: (OFF) Hello, everyone. 10.25 10.40
(AD LIBS OF HELLO MR. NILES..HELLO KEN..ETC)

NILES: What's the matter with you, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: I think I broke my leg. Amusing, isn't it?

NILES: You know, I broke my leg once. I was alone in the north woods and one day I stumbled on the cabin floor and snap!
--There I was!

BLONDIE: Mr. Niles, what has that got to do with Camel cigarettes?

NILES: You mean Camel -- the cigarette that's expertly blended of costlier tobaccos?

BLONDIE: That's right.

NILES: Don't worry, Blondie - they've very important in the story
Well, there I was in the middle of the cabin floor.
At one end of the cabin was the telephone I could use to call for help. At the other end was a carton of Camels.
And I knew I only had strength enough to drag myself either to the phone or to the Camels. My life was in the balance -- and yet I knew that Camels have more flavor --- that more flavor helps them hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke!

BLONDIE: I suppose for once in your life you ~~turned your back~~ ^{HAD A REAL QUESTION}
~~on Camels.~~ ^{TO DECIDE -}

NILES: What? Could you have denied your T-Zone the pleasure of those Camel cigarettes? No! My taste and throat wanted to enjoy that rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness! So I ~~gave~~^{gave} up hope of rescue -- and dragged myself over to those Camels! I lit one! Ah, they were so fresh, so cool smoking and slow burning! I knew they would be, because Camel cigarettes are packed to go around the world! Quite a situation, wasn't it? But I've never regretted my decision.

CORA: Well, what happened?

NILES: It was one of those tragedies of the North Woods. They never found me!..goodbye now! 12,02 12,07

DITHERS: Well, there's a cheery soul..Now for heavens sakes, someone help me up.

BLONDIE: I'll help you, Mr. Dithers. You might really have a broken leg.

DITHERS: Thank you, Blondie..I don't think so. I just twisted it trying to give Dagwood a little extra something when I kicked him!

DAGWOOD: Blondie, are you going to help the man up who just a moment ago was attacking your loving husband?

BLONDIE: I've got to help him up, Dagwood. I can't stand looking at him sitting in that puddle of water with that sad expression on his face much longer or I'll burst out laughing at h--hi--(LAUGHS HILARIOUSLY)

DITHERS: Oh, that's dandy!

BLONDIE: (STILL LAUGHING) I'm sorry, Mr. Dithers -- I can't help myself! You're sitting there looking just like a cocker spaniel I know. (MORE LAUGHTER) Here, Mr. Dithers - let me help you.

DITHERS: If I can just get up on my --ouch! Ooooooh!

CORA: What's the matter, Junior?

DITHERS: (WITH A SMILE) Bumstead --call an ambulance for me, will you?

DAGWOOD: Just any old ambulance, or shall I ask them to make bids on the job?

DITHERS: Look, Bumstead -- I'm not a project. Just look in the Red book and call Sam's Economy Ambulance. (LAUGHS) Oh, boy!

BLONDIE: What's so funny, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: I've just been felling my leg where it hurts - (LAUGHS IT) --and do you know what?

CORA: What, Julius?

DITHERS: (LAUGHS) ~~I think~~ I have broken my leg!

MUSIC: (WORK IN A SIREN MOTIF SINCE WE CAN'T HAVE THE SOUND EFFECT.)

VOICE: (FILTER) Doctor Crunch is wanted in surgery. Doctor Crunch is wanted in surgery. *Doctor Crunch is wanted in surgery*

BLONDIE: Dagwood, isn't that Doctor Crunch who's in with Mr. Dithers right now?

DAGWOOD: Gee, I think it is.

BLONDIE: Well--uh--shouldn't we tell him he's wanted in surgery? I'm going to knock on the door.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

(DOOR OPENS)

CORA: Hello, Blondie -- did you want something?

BLONDIE: Is that Doctor Crunch who's examining Mr. Dithers?

CORA: Yes -yes, it is.

DOCTOR: Was someone looking for Doctor Crunch, Hnmmmmmmmm?

BLONDIE: Yes, Doctor - they want you in surgery.

DOCTOR: Oh, I don't think so

VOICE: (FILTER) Doctor Crunch is wanted in surgery.

BLONDIE: Well, Doctor Crunch, that makes two against one.

DOCTOR: No, Mrs. Bumstead. You see, I have her page me so that the patients here will think I'm busy and won't bother me with trivialities. When they really want me, the girl will say, "Doctor Crunch is ~~actually~~ wanted in surgery. *positively*"

(DOOR CLOSSES)

BLONDIE: That's what I get for trying to help.

DAGWOOD: Gee, it certainly smells like a hospital around here.

BLONDIE: Well, I know why that is.

DAGWOOD: Why?

BLONDIE: It is a hospital...Are you sorry you asked? *me?*

DAGWOOD: Yeah... Gee, Blondie, it's sort of tough on Mr. Dithers now. I mean, he's fired me, and there's no one to take care of the office and look after things.

BLONDIE: Well, I guess he'll hire you back.

DAGWOOD: Do you think I should take advantage of him?

BLONDIE: Well-1-1-1, Mr. Dithers has been pretty nice to us in the past.

DAGWOOD: Yeah.

BLONDIE: And until this last week you've been really good friends with him.

DAGWOOD: That's right.

BLONDIE: I guess you better stick him for all you can get!..Anyone who kicks you out of his office deserves that.

DAGWOOD: Okay.

BLONDIE: Why don't you sit down, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: I did sit down but I stood up so fast I hardly knew I'd been sitting down except that's why I stood up.

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood, I want to have a little talk with you about this business of going back to work for Mr. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: There's nothing to it, is there, Blondie? I just tell Mr. Dithers I want a substantial raise, a vice presidency, and my own key to the washroom.

BLONDIE: And then what?

DAGWOOD: And then if he doesn't agree to those terms, I'll leave him flat!..What's there to talk about?

BLONDIE: (WITH FEELING) Dagwood, I can't believe that you'd force a thing like that on Mr. Dithers when he's lying on that hospital bed with a broken leg.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

BLONDIE: (EMOTIONALLY) Taking advantage of him, kicking him when he's down, hitting him when he can't hit you back -- that's the thanks you give him in return for the friendship he's given you.

DAGWOOD: (MOVED BY THIS) *Well I didn't think* No, Blondie ~~---~~

BLONDIE: (PRACTICALLY WITH TEARS) Oh, Dagwood, there's a fine man lying in there -- and he's counting on you to take over in his place, to carry on bravely. He needs you, Dagwood, he's so sure you won't fail him.

DAGWOOD: (SNIFFLING) And I won't fail him *either* ~~now~~.

BLONDIE: Go in there and tell him -- tell him you'll do the job for him and take a ten per cent cut in salary.

DAGWOOD: I'll do it, Blondie! You're right! I can't fail him now!

BLONDIE: (FLATLY) Oh, Dagwood -- what a sucker you are!

DAGWOOD: What? Why, Blondie!

BLONDIE: I was just showing you why I wanted to have a little talk with you about going back to work for Mr. Dithers. You know Mr. Dithers is going to pull a sob story on you. ^{just like I did.} He's going to have tears in his eyes and his voice is going to quiver and throb like a two dollar violin.

DAGWOOD: Now wait a minute, Blondie --

BLONDIE: And the next thing I'll know, you'll be weeping on his shoulder and apologizing because he broke his leg kicking you.

DAGWOOD: Gee, Blondie, am I that gullible?

BLONDIE: Dagwood, you're my husband and I love you very much, but when someone pulls a sob story on you -- oh, what a cluck you are!

DAGWOOD: Now, Blondie!

BLONDIE: Well, dear, I know it's because you're soft-hearted, but you're the kind ^{of a person} people come to to get their notes co-signed.

DAGWOOD: I guess you're right, Blondie -- I'm just a chump.

BLONDIE: That's right.

DAGWOOD: You didn't have to agree with me so fast.

BLONDIE: Now when we go in to see Mr. Dithers, just be prepared ~~for~~ ~~-- (HUMS "HEARTS AND FLOWERS" FIRST FEW BARS) --~~ and watch him try to tear your heart out. You'll just have to steel yourself. You'll be doing a lot of extra work while he's in the hospital and I think you deserve to be paid for it!

DAGWOOD: Gee, Blondie, I'm surprised you feel so strongly about this.

BLONDIE: Well, I've got my eye on an Easter hat.

DAGWOOD: I should have guessed.

(DOOR OPENS)

DOCTOR: Now just let that cast harden, Mr. Dithers. Just relax and rest and -- don't go away!

DITHERS: (OFF A BIT) Oh, don't be silly! How could I get away?

DOCTOR: Well, we had one man who put roller skates on his cast and made a scooter out of himself.

DITHERS: It'll be a long while before I try that.

DOCTOR: Oh, it'll be sooner than you think. You haven't seen our nurses...Now, Mrs. Dithers, if he gives you any trouble just take that large pill I gave you --

CORA: (OFF A BIT) The one the size of a golf ball?

DOCTOR: Yes -- and hit him over the head with it...I'll drop in later. The nurses' aide will bring you a water jug and a glass. *Goodbye -*

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Oh, Doctor -- is it all right for us to go in now?

DOCTOR: Oh, yes indeed. He's not in ~~any~~ ^{too much} pain. (CHUCKLES)
Well, Mr. Bumstead ^(laugh) so he broke his leg kicking you out of his office, eh?

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- ~~he~~ kicked me ~~right here.~~

DOCTOR: Hmmm-mmmmm. Either Mr. Dithers must have a soft leg or you must have a -- have you noticed any discomfort when you sit down?

DAGWOOD: Yes, and strangely enough the discomfort is right --

DOCTOR: Yes, yes, yes!..Aside from that you're all right, hmmm?

DAGWOOD: That's right.

DOCTOR: Well, you're looking healthy too -- at the moment.

VOICE: (FILTER) Doctor Crunch is ~~actually~~ wanted in surgery *positively*.

Doctor Crunch is ~~actually~~ wanted in surgery *positively*.

DOCTOR: ^{ah goodness} Now they do want me...Good day.

BLONDIE: Goodbye, Doctor Crunch.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye...The jolly type, isn't he?

BLONDIE: He sort of looks at you like you were a delicatessen turkey all ready to be carved...Well, shall we go in to see Mr. Dithers?

DAGWOOD: Okay, honey.

BLONDIE: And remember what I told you. Sooner or later he'll pull a sob story on you.

DAGWOOD: Not this time, Blondie.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

DITHERS: (INSIDE) Come in, Dagwood, old friend.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Well, J.C., how does your leg feel?

(DOOR CLOSES)

DITHERS: Terrible...And how ^{do you} ~~does your~~ --

DAGWOOD: I can't sit down, ~~on it~~.

CORA: Blondie, Doctor Crunch said that Julius would be here for at least three weeks and maybe a month. Isn't that wonderful!

BLONDIE: Why, Cora, what do you mean?

CORA: That means that ~~for at least three weeks and maybe a month~~ I'll know where Julius is every minute!

DITHERS: Oh, Cora -- you'd think I was an old roue.

CORA: Yes, you certainly would.

DITHERS: That doctor told me someone would bring me a glass and some water -

BLONDIE: It'll be a nurses' aide. They're doing a lot of things that the regular nurses are too busy to do nowadays.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

DITHERS: Well, come in and annoy me!

(DOOR OPENS)

DIMPLES: Hello, there -- *Here's your glass of water --*
~~I've got your glass and water jug and I~~

DITHERS: Dimples!

Dimples: ah
(CRASH OF WATER JUG AND GLASS)

BLONDIE: Why she's a nurses' aide.

DAGWOOD: Well, hello, Miss Wilson.

DIMPLES: Hello, Mr. Bumstead -- and Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Hello, Miss Wilson.

DITHERS: And this is my wife, Mrs. Dithers...Miss Wilson.

CORA: How do you do?

DIMPLES: Oh, dear.

DITHERS: Why aren't you at the office? What are you doing here?

DIMPLES: Gee, Mr. Dithers, I've been a nurses' aide every afternoon for months and this is the first time you've missed me.

CORA: Well, Julius, wasn't it you who wanted me to run our house the way you run your office?

DITHERS: And all these afternoons I've been thinking she was out powdering her nose.

DIMPLES: Which job am I going to have to quit, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: You can keep them both, but be prepared to take dictation at a moment's notice...(LAUGHS) Now I'd like some water and a glass.

DIMPLES: Oh, I'll get another one right away, Mr. Dithers.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

DITHERS: Small world, isn't it?... (GROANS)

CORA: What's the matter, Julius?

DITHERS: Hadn't you heard? I broke my leg... Oh-h-h-h-h.

DAGWOOD: Gosh, Mr. Dithers -- does it hurt a lot?

DITHERS: No, I'm just making this face to amuse myself... Oh, to think that I'm lying here on this bed of pain in the hospital, and there's no one to take care of the Dithers Company.

DAGWOOD: Uh --

BLONDIE: (SOFTLY) Dagwood...

DITHERS: ^{said} ~~And~~ there's no one to take care of the Dithers Company.

BLONDIE: You're absolutely right, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Oh, Blondie... (GROANS) Oh, the pain -- somebody hold my hand.

CORA: I'll hold it, Julius.

DITHERS: Not you, Cora.

BLONDIE: I'll hold it, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: I'm tempted, but not you. (GROANS)

DAGWOOD: But Mr. Dithers, there's nothing romantic about my hand.

DITHERS: Ah! Ah, it's so wonderful to feel the hand of a true friend clasping your hand. And Daggy, old buddy, I know without your telling me that your firm warm handclasp says, "J.C. -- you can count on me through thick and thin, in fair weather or foul, in sickness or in health, to love, honor and obey -- "

CORA: Julius, you just jumped the track.

DITHERS: Excuse me.

DAGWOOD: (A LITTLE MOVED) Go on, J.C.

DITHERS: Daggy, I know that you'll forgive me for what I did to you today. I'm terribly sorry, and I deserve the punishment I've been given, even though it is a little hard on me. (~~SOBS~~) I don't believe I could take it if I didn't know that I had a grand, wonderful, true-blue friend like you who'd see me through ^(Sobs) my troubles.

DAGWOOD: Gee, Mr. Dithers -- it's all my fault. I'm sorry that I got in the way of your foot!..Of course I'll go back to work --

BLONDIE: Dagwood Bumstead -- you cluck!

DAGWOOD: Hahh?

BLONDIE: I'm sorry, dear, but remember what we were talking about?

DAGWOOD: But Blondie, my old friend, Mr. Dithers, is in trouble.

DITHERS: Your old buddy needs your help, Daggy.

BLONDIE: And your old wife needs an Easter hat!

DITHERS: Which is it going to be, Daggy -- pardner.

BLONDIE: It's going to be the Easter hat.

DITHERS: Blondie -- please. This is between ~~Dagwood and me.~~ *Daggy and Dithy.*

CORA: I haven't been able to follow what's going on, but it sounds to me as though Julius is trying to flimflam someone.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, let me help Mr. Dithers out of this jam. I'm willing to forget --

BLONDIE: You're willing to do nothing of the kind! Mr. Dithers, you want Dagwood to take care of the Dithers Company in your absence, don't you?

DITHERS: Yes.

BLONDIE: To do that properly he ought to be a vice president!

DITHERS: A vice president!

DAGWOOD: Or at least third assistant vice president.

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- keep out of this... Full vice president or nothing. Now you know you can't get anyone who knows the Dithers Company business like Dagwood.

DITHERS: Oh, all right -- vice president.

BLONDIE: *and you're got to pay him*
Ten dollars a week more!

DITHERS: I'm being stabbed! They're ganging up on me! Cora, why don't you have something to say?

CORA: All right -- I say ten dollars a week more.

DITHERS: Oh, no!

DAGWOOD: Or at least seven fifty more.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, -- keep out of this... Ten dollars more, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: (GROANS)

BLONDIE: What caused that groan -- the leg or the ten dollars?

DITHERS: The ten dollars.... Okay -- it's a deal.

CORA: Congratulations, Dagwood! I think you're going to make a fine vice president!

DAGWOOD: Gee, thanks, Mrs. Dithers.

DITHERS: Well, Dagwood -- congratulations, I suppose.

DAGWOOD: Thanks, Mr. Dithers.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- just think! Ten dollars a week more and vice president of the J.C. Dithers Construction Company! You certainly forced that out of him, you forceful, wonderful, masterful man! At last Mr. Dithers is going to give you what you have coming to you!

51454 2800

DITHERS: *You're right, Blondie, I certainly am --*
~~I've already given him what he had coming to him. That's~~
just as soon as my foot gets better.
~~now I broke my leg!~~

MUSIC: (TAG CURTAIN)
(APPLAUSE)

26.10 26.45

NILES: The Bumsteeds will be back in just a moment!

MUSIC: (VERY QUICK...PANFARE)

McGEEHAN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Red Cross Field Director James P. Shaw, of North Apollo, Pennsylvania, who has been named to receive the Silver Star for gallantry at the scene of action. During a Mediterranean landing operation, a bomb struck an American barge, hurling soldiers into the sea. Without regard for his personal safety, Mr. Shaw rescued many of the American soldiers, and cared for our wounded, though under continual fire from enemy planes. In your honor, and in honor of all the valiant men and women serving overseas with the Red Cross, the makers of Camels are sending to our men in the battle areas three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes.

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

27.02 27.40

(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.

27.19 27.52
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!

27.26 27.58
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.

27.47 28.18
MUSIC: ("BLONDIE" THEME ... FADE FOR AND OUT:)

(AFTERPIECE)

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, for a while there I was afraid
Mr. Dithers was going to put it over on you again.

DAGWOOD: Oh, no, Blondie ... he never fools me. Why I even
got him to sign a contract. ^{What} - Oh Boy, a ten dollar
raise and vice-president. Here it is in black and
white.

BLONDIE: Let me see that contract Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Here it is.

BLONDIE: Unhunh.....

DAGWOOD: What's the matter??

BLONDIE: Where's his signature?

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! He signed it in disappearing ink.

MUSIC: (BLONDIE THEME)

28.28 28.49

(APPLAUSE)

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

28.41 cut repeat

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!

28.50 29.00

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

(APPLAUSE)

28.56 29.04

MUSIC: (THEME AND APPLAUSE)

(GEORGE WASHINGTON HITCH HIKE)

SHIELDS:

(ISOLATION BOOTH)

Mister Pipesmoker, here's more tobacco for your money!

Here's up to a dozen extra pipefuls in every dime's worth of tobacco you buy! Yessir, just get a great

big blue two-and-a-quarter-ounce package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco. Why, you'll ~~hardly~~ ^{hardly}

believe George Washington costs only ten cents when you find out how mild it is, how sweet-smoking and

grand-tasting it is, right down through the last puff at the bottom of the bowl! If you want up to a

dozen extra pipefuls, plunk down your dime for a big,

big, package of George Washington! It's America's

biggest value in smoking pleasure! 29.29

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

29.42