

"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 GROWS OLDER"

CBS STUDIO "C"
MONDAY, MARCH 27, 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		
COOKIE.....	LEONE LEDOUX		
ANNOUNCER.....	KEN NILES		
CONDUCTOR.....	BILL ARTZT		
YANK.. (SALUTE).....	PAT MCGEEHAN		
G.W. HITCH HIKE.....	FRED SHIELDS		
BRASLEY.....	DINK TROUT		

SOUND EFFECTS

DOOR
PHONE
BREAKFAST (DISHES)
DOORBELL
TEAR PAPER

"BLONDIE"

(REVISED)

MONDAY, MARCH 27, 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: Is your cigarette fresh? Of course you've heard that
Camels are first with men in all the services, according
to actual sales records -- and you may know that Camel
cigarettes are fresh from Chungking to Labrador --
because Camels are packed to go around the world! Well,
take it from me, your Camels, the Camels around your
corner are packed to go around the world, too -- packed
to stay fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning! 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!

1.00

.59

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, last week Mr. Dithers broke his leg kicking Dagwood out of the office and was forced to make him vice president and the temporary head of the J.C. Dithers Construction Company while he was ^{laid up} in the hospital. Dagwood is wallowing in his new importance and is thoroughly enjoying himself ^{with his feet up on Mr. Dithers' desk} when Blondie drops in for a visit, ~~this afternoon.~~

BLONDIE: Hello, Dagwood. How's it going?

DAGWOOD: (IMPORTANTLY) Er--hello, my dear ^{Busy, you know} Excuse me.

(PICK UP PHONE...)

DAGWOOD: Hello--get me Boleslavski!.....Be with you in a minute, dear--very important business...Hello, Boleslavski--this is Vice President Bumstead! Call up Adams in Sheridan City and tell him my decision is No....That's right, No--N-O-E!.....Goodbye.

(HANGS UP)

DAGWOOD: Well, I guess that'll surprise Adams!

BLONDIE: It'll surprise Boleslavski, too.

DAGWOOD: What do you mean?

BLONDIE: I saw him leaving the office three minutes ago ^{and he didn't}

DAGWOOD: ^{Mr. Dithers' secretary} You did, hanh? (WEAK LAUGH) ^{shut off the switchboard when she went out to lunch.}

BLONDIE: Any more big decisions, dear?

DAGWOOD: I guess not.

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BLONDIE: You know, Dagwood, you shouldn't try to fool your wife. It isn't nice, it isn't fair, and besides you couldn't get away with it....How do you like being vice president, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Well, it's a lot of fun, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Uh--you haven't been dictating any letters to Mr. Dithers' little red headed secretary, have you?

DAGWOOD: Oh, no, Blondie! Cross my heart!

BLONDIE: I just don't want you to take over all of Mr. Dithers work.

DAGWOOD: Oh, that wouldn't be work.

BLONDIE: Why Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Now don't worry, Blondie. I'm not going to chase her around the office. It isn't nice, it isn't fair, and besides I couldn't ~~get away with it,~~ ^{catch her}

BLONDIE: Well, would you if you could? ~~get away with it?~~

DAGWOOD: Well, naturally!

BLONDIE: Why, Dagwood Bumstead--how could you say such a thing!

DAGWOOD: It was easy....I just thought that I ought to surprise you with my answers once in a while.

BLONDIE: Well, surprise me with your answers about anything else but red headed secretaries.

DAGWOOD: Okay, honey....What's been happening at home since this morning.

BLONDIE: Well, Alexander's up to something again.

DAGWOOD: What is it this time?

BLONDIE: I don't know, but he's been going around with that strange expression on his face that always means trouble--you know, that angelic look.

DAGWOOD: That's bad.

BLONDIE: I suppose we'll find out what's on his mind sometime this evening.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I suppose so....Gee, Blondie--I wonder when Mr. Dithers is going to be able to come back to work?

BLONDIE: I don't know, Dagwood. You're in no hurry for him to get well, are you?

DAGWOOD: Not at all. As soon as he can get back to the office, I'll be ~~reduced~~ ^{demoted} from vice president to brigadier janitor. *I suppose*

BLONDIE: Dagwood, do you think Mr. Dithers would do that?

DAGWOOD: I know he ~~will~~ ^{would} -

BLONDIE: Well, I know how to handle that, Dagwood. Just order some business stationery for the J. C. Dithers Construction Company and have Dagwood Bumstead, vice president, put on it right under Mr. Dithers name.

DAGWOOD: Hey, that's an idea, Blondie!

BLONDIE: And be sure you order enough for the next five years!

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: Say, Blondie--did you see in the paper here where--

BLONDIE: Dagwood--sh-h-h. Alexander's coming downstairs now and maybe we'll find out what's on his mind.

DAGWOOD: I hope it isn't ~~women~~ ^{girls} again.

ALEXANDER: (OFF) Oh, Pop-oh, Mom.

BLONDIE: Uh--yes, Alexander?

DAGWOOD: What do you want, son?

ALEXANDER: A million dollars.

DAGWOOD: Yipe!

BLONDIE: How do you want it---in large bills?

DAGWOOD: Blondie--don't give it to him!....Hey, wait a minute--
what am I saying? What's going on here? What do you
mean you want a million dollars?

ALEXANDER: Well, don't you, Pop? You just asked me what I wanted
and I told you.

DAGWOOD: I meant what did you want us for?

ALEXANDER: Oh, why didn't you say so?

BLONDIE: Now Alexander, you knew perfectly well what your father
meant, didn't you?

ALEXANDER: Er--well, yeah, Mom, but now and then I like to throw
him a few curves.

DAGWOOD: Well, don't throw any more curves at Pop or he'll bat
'em right back at you!...Now what did you want to see
us about?

ALEXANDER: I wanted to have a little talk with you and Mom.

BLONDIE: All right, Alexander--what seems to be the trouble?

DAGWOOD: Go right ahead, son.

ALEXANDER: Well, I've been doing a lot of thinking lately, Pop.
You remember the time I told you I wanted to be an
actor?

DAGWOOD: I'll never forget it! You were going to change your
name to Alexander Boyer.

ALEXANDER: Ah, yais--ze Casbah-h-h...And you remember a couple of
weeks ago when I was ^{madly in love -} ~~having some trouble?~~

BLONDIE: Yes, I remember, but I've been trying to forget.

ALEXANDER: Gee, sometimes I do some childish things!....You'd
think I was just a kid.

DAGWOOD: Well, you're not exactly middle-aged yet.

ALEXANDER: Well-1-1-1-1, no.

BLONDIE: Now Alexander, let's stop beating around the bush.
What is it you wanted to talk over with us?

ALEXANDER: Well, it's just that I want to be treated like an adult.

DAGWOOD: Like an adult? You mean like a grown-up?

ALEXANDER: Well, that's what adult usually means.

BLONDIE: Alexander, just what makes you ask this of us? Aren't you happy the way things are?

ALEXANDER: Oh, yes, I'm happy, but I don't feel that I'm getting all I should out of life.

BLONDIE: Well, Alexander, life is sort of like a grapefruit. If you try to squeeze the last drop out of it, it'll squirt you right in the eye.....I suppose if we treated you like an adult you'd expect us to let you quit school.

ALEXANDER: Oh, no, no--not that. I realize that school is very important. I wouldn't think of quitting....See? I'm thinking like an adult, aren't I?

DAGWOOD: What's the catch in this, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: There's no catch in it, Pop.

DAGWOOD: There always has been before,

BLONDIE: I'm a little suspicious of this, too, Alexander. Just what do you mean by treating you like an adult?

~~ALEXANDER: Well--uh--I just want you to--uh--treat me like an adult.~~

~~BLONDIE: That explanation is pretty childish.~~

ALEXANDER: Well, I wanted to be treated like an equal, like an intelligent person (ahem!) and be given the same responsibilities and stuff that an adult gets.

BLONDIE: What do you think, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: It sounds like a trap.

ALEXANDER: Gee, Pop, you ought to give me a chance to grow up.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, but you want to grow up so fast that in a couple of years you'll feel like a father to me.

ALEXANDER: I sometimes do now.

DAGWOOD: That'll do!!

ALEXANDER: I didn't mean anything, Pop. It's just that sometimes I don't think you're as well-adjusted as I am.

BLONDIE: Alexander--there will be no more criticism of your father! *you'll give him an inferiority complex-*

DAGWOOD: Yeah--lay off me, will you?

ALEXANDER: Well, what's your decision? Are you going to treat me like an adult and give me a chance to grow up fast and make you proud of me?

DAGWOOD: Well, I don't know.

BLONDIE: Neither do I.

ALEXANDER: Oh, go ahead. Who knows, Pop--if you get called up by the draft I may have to help support this family.

DAGWOOD: Alexander--how many times have I told you not to mention that subject?

ALEXANDER: Excuse me, sir.

DAGWOOD: And stop saluting me!

ALEXANDER: Well, Pop, what's your decision?

BLONDIE: I think we should give him a chance, Dagwood. If Alexander wants to take on a little added responsibility it may be a very good thing for him.

ALEXANDER: You are so right!

DAGWOOD: Okay, Alexander -- we'll try to treat you like an adult.

ALEXANDER: Okay, Pop -- and I'll try to do the same thing for you.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, you treat us like adults, too -- hanh?

ALEXANDER: Well, I'd better be getting back upstairs. I have some studying I want to finish up. I'll get to bed by myself.

BLONDIE: All right, Alexander.

DAGWOOD: Good night, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Good night, Blondie -- and Dagwood.

MUSIC:

(BREAKFAST SOUNDS)

BLONDIE: Here's your coffee, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Thanks, Blondie.

(DOOR BELL)

DAGWOOD: There's the door. I'll see who it is, Blondie.

BLONDIE: It's probably Mr. Beasley, the postman...(FADING)

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Hmmm! I don't see anybody.

BEASLEY: It's me, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Oh, hello, Mr. Beasley. What were you hiding at the side of the door for?

BEASLEY: I just didn't want to get knocked over by you this morning, Mr. Bumstead. I'm not in the mood to collect any ~~new~~ ^{more} bruises.

DAGWOOD: Well, what did you want, Mr. Beasley?

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BEASLEY: It's about these letters you put out for me to pick up. You owe me an extra penny on the local letters and two cents more on the airmail. That's five cents, please.

DAGWOOD: How come? It's only two cents for local letters and six cents for airmail.

BEASLEY: No, Mr. Bumstead. Starting today it's three cents for all letters and eight cents for airmail.

DAGWOOD: So! Raising your prices on me, eh? Wait'll the OPA hears about this!

BEASLEY: But Mr. Bumstead --

DAGWOOD: No, sir! No black market letters for me! I won't pay more than the ceiling price!

BEASLEY: But Mr. Bumstead, this is a new law.

DAGWOOD: A new law? I won't stand for it! They can't do this to me! It's an outrage! I'll die before I give in! What's the idea of hijacking us this way!

BEASLEY: Well, Mr. Bumstead, it's to help win the war.

DAGWOOD: To help win the war?

BEASLEY: Yes, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Well, why didn't you say so in the first place?...Here's your nickel.

BEASLEY: Thank you, Mr. Bumstead. Goodbye.

DAGWOOD: ~~Goodbye.~~ Well, I'll probably be running into you one of these days -
(DOOR CLOSES)

BEASLEY: *Yeh, that's what I'm afraid of. Goodbye!*

(DOOR CLOSES)

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BLONDIE: What was all that shouting about, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Oh, that guy Beasley -- he's always trying to make a mountain out of a molehill. The slightest little thing gets him all excited...Well, back to my breakfast.

BLONDIE: You know, Dagwood, Alexander isn't down yet.

DAGWOOD: It's probably that adult business, sweetheart.

BLONDIE: Yes. Here's your toast -- honey? (SO IT SOUNDS LIKE A MISTAKE)

DAGWOOD: No, I'll take the strawberry jam. No honey, honey.

BLONDIE: All right, honey.

COOKIE: Mommy -- here comes Alexander...Why's he so late?

BLONDIE: He wants to be treated like an adult, Cookie.

COOKIE: ~~Oh...I don't get it.~~ *He does -- what's that --*

BLONDIE: Never mind, dear...Good morning, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Good morning, family.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, hello, Alexander.

COOKIE: Hello, 'dult. (LAUGHS)

ALEXANDER: Aaa, go lay an egg! Nyaaaaaah!

COOKIE: Mommy! He's making faces at me!

BLONDIE: Well, so our grown man is making faces at his little baby sister, is he?

ALEXANDER: Well, tell her to lay off me, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Blondie? Now that'll do, young man! You're not going to call me Blondie just yet.

ALEXANDER: I thought you were going to treat me like an adult.

BLONDIE: All right--you can call me Mrs. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) That's the spirit, Blondie.

ALEXANDER: Okay--go ahead and laugh at me, Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS--THEN STOPS ABRUPTLY) Bumstead?!

ALEXANDER: Oh, by the way--how'd you like to have the car washed today?

BLONDIE: Oh, my! Why, that would be just wonderful, Alexander.

DAGWOOD: Gee, I'll say it would.....Are you sure you're all right this morning, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: I'm just fine, and you?

DAGWOOD: I'm puzzled.

ALEXANDER: Well, I'll take care of the car then. I'll do it just the same as anyone else would do it, okay?

DAGWOOD: It's wonderful!

(DOOR BELL RINGS)

ALEXANDER: I'll get it.....(FADES)

~~COOKIE: What's the matter with Alexander, Daddy?~~

~~DAGWOOD: What do you mean?~~

~~COOKIE: He is being so nice. There must be something wrong.~~

~~BLONDIE: Maybe there is, Cookie, but I hope not.~~

(DOOR OPENS....AND CLOSSES OFF,....)

ALEXANDER: (CALLS FROM OFF) It's Ken Niles, Mom....Come on in, Niles.

NILES: (OFF A BIT) Huh? Oh, thanks.

DAGWOOD: Hello, Ken. 1350 1341

BLONDIE: Hello, Mr. Niles.

DAGWOOD: She kissed you?

NILES: Yes, what's surprising about that. She was my sister...
Well, I better be running along. See you later, folks.

(AD LIB GOODBYES....)

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES OFF.....)

ALEXANDER: He certainly has some interesting experiences, doesn't he?

DAGWOOD: Constantly, and somehow he always manages to work
Camels into them.

ALEXANDER: Well, I think I'd better be off to school...Oh, mother--
if you have anything else you want me to do around the
house, just make out a list and I'll see that
everything is attended to.

BLONDIE: Well, you were going to clean up the garage, and get
the garden tools ready for spring and--

ALEXANDER: (RAISES A HAND TO STOP HER) Please, Mother--write it
down so you won't forget. Goodbye, Mother.

BLONDIE: Goodbye, Alexander.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Good day, sir....Goodbye, Cookie.

COOKIE: So long, sport!

ALEXANDER: Aaaaaaaaah!...(FADING)

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES OFF.....)

BLONDIE: Cookie, where did you learn that "so long, sport"
business?

COOKIE: I heard it on the radio.

BLONDIE: Well, I guess we shouldn't keep them from listening to
the radio should we?

DAGWOOD: I'll say not....Hey--look at the time!

NILES: Hello, folks. I'm going over to see Mr. Dithers at the hospital today, and I wondered if you had any messages for him.

DAGWOOD: Nothing right now that I can think of, Ken. Thanks though.

BLONDIE: How've you been, Mr. Niles?

NILES: Oh, just fine, but I had quite a surprise yesterday. I was walking along the street when a beautiful girl came up to me and said, (GIRL'S VOICE) "Pardon me, sir, but are you looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many you smoke?" Imagine that! I started to say, (DEEP VOICE) "You must be talking about Camels, the cigarette that's expertly blended of costlier tobaccos -- " when she said, (GIRL'S VOICE) "If you are, get Camel cigarettes for more flavor -- more flavor that helps Camels hold up, pack after pack!" (DEEP VOICE) "Then you want me to try Camels in my T-Zone, eh?" I said, and she replied, (GIRL'S VOICE) "You mean, T for taste and throat, of course." (DEEP VOICE) "Naturally," I said. "My taste tells me that Camel cigarettes do have more flavor --" (GIRL'S VOICE) "And your throat gives you the last word on Camel's smooth extra mildness," she added. (DEEP VOICE) "Camels are fresh too," I said; and she said, (GIRL'S VOICE) "And they stay fresh, cool smoking -- " (NILES STARTS TO GET HIS VOICES MIXED UP...NOW IN DEEP VOICE) " -- and slow burning -- " (GIRL'S VOICE) " -- because -- " (DEEP VOICE) " -- they're packed to go around the world!" And then the beautiful girl kissed me and walked away.

DAGWOOD: She kissed you?

NILES: Yes, what's surprising about that. She was my sister...
Well, I better be running along. See you later, folks.

(AD LIB GOODBYES....) 15.15 15.14

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

ALEXANDER: He certainly has some interesting experiences, doesn't he?

DAGWOOD: Constantly, and somehow he always manages to work Camels into them.

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BLONDIE: Well, you were going to clean up the garage, and get the garden tools ready for spring and--

ALEXANDER: (RAISES A HAND TO STOP HER) Please, Mother--write it down so you won't forget. Goodbye, Mother.

BLONDIE: Goodbye, Alexander.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Good day, sir....Goodbye, Cookie.

COOKIE: So long, sport!

ALEXANDER: Aaaaaaaaah!...(FADING)

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

BLONDIE: Cookie, where did you learn that "so long, sport" business?

COOKIE: I heard it on the radio.

BLONDIE: Well, I guess we shouldn't keep them from listening to the radio should we?

DAGWOOD: I'll say not....Hey--look at the time!

BLONDIE

3/27/44

DAGWOOD:
BLONDIE:

Holy Smoke - Look at the time -
My goodness, Dagwood, you're going to be late if you don't dash!

DAGWOOD: Get the door open for me, Blondie!

BLONDIE: Right away, dear!

DAGWOOD: (FADING A LITTLE) I don't know why we always wait until the last minute, but we always do. I wanted some ~~of breakfast pastry~~ *jelly doughnuts*, too.

COOKIE: (~~OFF A BIT~~) Take some with you, Daddy.

BLONDIE: Leave your father alone, Cookie! He's got to hurry!

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: The door's open, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie! (COMING UP FAST) Where's my hat and coat! ~~I gotta hurry or I'll be late!~~

BLONDIE: Here's your coat--and here's your hat!

DAGWOOD: Thanks, honey!

BLONDIE: Goodbye, Dagwood. (KISS)

DAGWOOD: Goodbye!

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

COOKIE: (AFTER LAUGH) Mama!

BLONDIE: Yes, Cookie?

COOKIE: Can Daddy go faster than a P-38?

BLONDIE: Well, the Lockheed people don't think so, but I wouldn't be a bit surprised!

COOKIE: Can I quote you?

(DOOR OPENS.....)

DAGWOOD: *Hey, I'm back -*

BLONDIE
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BLONDIE:

Why, Dagwood!

(DOOR CLOSES....)

DAGWOOD:

I don't know why I was running. Mr. Dithers is in the hospital ^{and} I'm head of the J.C. Dithers Construction Company ^{now, so} ~~and~~ I've got all the time in the world.

BLONDIE:

Is that why you came back?

DAGWOOD:

No. I'm still hungry.

BLONDIE:

I thought so...Well, the ^{jelly doughnut} ~~breakfast~~ pastry is still there.

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DAGWOOD: Good! I'm going to put ^{them} ~~it~~ between two pieces of toast and make a sandwich out of it!

MUSIC:

(DOOR CLOSSES)

Alex: Hello Pap - Home so soon -
DAGWOOD: ~~(CALLS) - Blooooondie!~~

BLONDIE: ~~(COMING UP) Hello, Dagwood -- home so soon?~~

DAGWOOD: Well, there wasn't much going on so I decided to send my self home early. Gee, it's wonderful to boss yourself around the office... ~~How've things been going here?~~

~~BLONDIE: Dagwood, I just don't know what to make of Alexander the last couple of days. He's been so helpful around the house. He's helped dust, and he did the lunch dishes, and he gave Daisy and the five pups a bath, and he hands up his clothes and cleans his teeth and does all sorts of things I had to keep after to get done before.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Maybe we ought to take him to a psychiatrist.~~

~~BLONDIE: Oh, no, Dagwood,~~

~~DAGWOOD: But that's not normal!~~

~~BLONDIE: Well, maybe he's just grown up very fast.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Well, this can't last. We'll wait and see what he's like tomorrow!~~

MUSIC:

ALEXANDER: Say, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Yes, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: How'd you like to have me shine your shoes? You don't want to go to the office with them looking the way they are. Not now since you're a vice president.

DAGWOOD: Well, that'd be fine, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: And another thing, Pop -- Mom's been after you to clean up the attic for a couple of weeks. Want me to do that for you?

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke!.....Well, sure--go right ahead. But I can't understand why you're doing all this.

ALEXANDER: For the same reason that any other adult would do it....
~~Maybe I'd better press some of your ties, too. They're~~
looking a little crummy.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Alexander....Now you stay right here a minute -- I'll be right back.

ALEXANDER: Where are you going, Pop?

DAGWOOD: I'm going to get a thermometer and take your temperature!
I think you're delirious!

MUSIC.....

BLONDIE: Dagwood, you don't think Mr. Dithers will mind having Cookie and me visit him, too, do you?

DAGWOOD: Oh, no Blondie--he'll be glad to see you. I'm sorry Alexander couldn't come *to the hospital* -

BLONDIE: Well, he had to buy some clothes for himself. I gave him ten dollars to get some shirts and socks and things. You know -- we've got to treat him like an adult.

COOKIE: I wish you'd treat me like an adult.

BLONDIE: Now, Cookie!

COOKIE: Well, I'd like ten dollars, too.

DAGWOOD: Well, here's Mr. Dithers' room. I'll knock.

(KNOCK ON DOOR.....)

DITHERS: (INSIDE) Who is it--friend or ~~foe~~ *Bumstead!*

DAGWOOD: It's me, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Oh---a calamity....Well, come in.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Hello, J.C.!

BLONDIE: Hello, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Hello.

COOKIE: Hello, J.C.

BLONDIE: Now, Cookie, that isn't the way to talk to Mr. Dithers.
You try again.

COOKIE: Hello, you old goat.

DITHERS: What's that!

BLONDIE: Cookie Bumstead!

COOKIE: But Mommy, Daddy calls Mr. Dithers an old goat!

DAGWOOD: Sh-h-h-!

DITHERS: Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Did you speak to me, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: Bumstead, come over here by my bed so I can throttle you!

DAGWOOD: Er---no thank you....How's your ^{*broken*} leg?

DITHERS: It's still broken...How's the Dithers Company? Have you got
it in the same shape as my leg?

DAGWOOD: Not yet, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: I'll bet your trying hard.

DAGWOOD: I certainly am!

DITHERS: What?

DAGWOOD: I mean, I'm trying hard--you know, working hard.

DITHERS: Well, that'll be a novelty.

BLONDIE: Uh, Mr. Dithers, is your secretary still the nurses' aide here?

DITHERS: You mean Dimples? (GIGGLES)

BLONDIE: Yes, I mean Dimples. (MIMICS HIM)

DITHERS: Oh, yes, she's around. I had hoped she might be able to tell me what was going on at the Dithers Company, but unfortunately she says she just found out a week ago that we were in the construction business...

DAGWOOD: Well, that's all right, Mr. Dithers--don't you worry. I'm taking care of everything.

DITHERS: That's why I'm worrying....~~What have you heard from Anderson, Sanderson, Henderson and McGonnigle?~~

~~DAGWOOD: Well, there's a rumor that McGonnigle is going to buy out the other partners and change the name of the company.~~

~~DITHERS: What again? What's he going to change it to?~~

~~DAGWOOD: Eyecher, Peyecher, Domineyecher and McGonnigle.~~

~~DITHERS: Who are those first three jokers?~~

~~DAGWOOD: Nobody at all. They're just in there to give McGonnigle a build-up.~~

COOKIE: Why does your leg look that way, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: It's in a cast, Cookie.

COOKIE: It looks better that way.

DITHERS; Young lady, will you please stop heckling me.

BLONDIE: Now Cookie -- please.

COOKIE: But Mommy, Daddy said he was going to say everything he wanted to to Mr. Dithere. He said Mr. Dithers couldn't catch him now.

DAGWOOD: She's just kidding, J.C. (WEAK LAUGH)

DITHERS: You wait, Bumstead! When I get this cast off I'm going to break it over your ^{fat} head!...Blondie, I wish you'd go to the office occasionally and make sure that the whole place isn't falling apart under Dagwood's management.

BLONDIE: But Mr. Dithers, I'm sure it isn't.

DITHERS: I'm not sure. I'll pay you a small fee to supervise Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: That's not fair!

DITHERS: What's the difference! She supervises you all the time anyway!

BLONDIE: Uh--all right, Mr. Dithers, but when do you expect to be out of the hospital.

DITHERS: In three or four days, if they don't find me a better looking nurse....Now, Bumstead, here's what I want you to do. Tomorrow you bring me all our correspondence of the last two weeks.

DAGWOOD: Okay--~~I'll try to find it!~~

DITHERS: ~~You'd better find it, or I'll hobble over to the office and beat you silly with my crutches!~~

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir!

DITHERS: And I've got to have some reading matter. I need some sort ^{some} of mental stimulation. Here--take this, and buy me five dollars worth of the latest comic books!

MUSIC:

(DOOR CLOSES)

~~BLONDIE: Well, it's always sort of exciting to talk to Mr. Dithers.
It's like standing under a cold shower.~~

~~COOKIE: When he yells, he sure makes Daddy shiver.~~

~~DAGWOOD: I'm not afraid of him!~~

~~COOKIE: Then your knees are.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Blondie, she's growing up too fast!~~...I wonder if Alexander
Alexander's home. (STARTS TO YELL) Alexan --

ALEXANDER: (COMING UP) Here I am, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Oh.

BLONDIE: Did you get your clothes all right, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: Er--uh--well, I sort of changed my mind when I got
to the store--just as lots of other adults do.

BLONDIE: Well, what did you get?

ALEXANDER: Get a load of this, folks! A derby hat and a cane!

BLONDIE &
DAGWOOD (GASP)

BLONDIE: You're going to take that right back, Alexander!

ALEXANDER: I can't Mom. It's not returnable. Besides, I like it. It
fits my new personality.

DAGWOOD: Now look here, Alexander--I've wanted to carry a cane all
my life and I've never had the nerve to. If I can't get
away with it, you're not going to get away with it,
either!

BLONDIE: Did that whole ten dollars go for the derby and the cane?

ALEXANDER: Yep, but I'll buy shirts and stuff as soon as you pay me.

BLONDIE: Pay you?

ALEXANDER: Yes--pay me. For my work.

DAGWOOD: What work?

ALEXANDER: Well, you're treating me like an adult these days, aren't
you?

BLONDIE: Of course we are, but --

ALEXANDER: Well, you have to pay an adult to do work for you--so here's my bill.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke!

BLONDIE: Goodness. gracious.

ALEXANDER: Um--uh--please remit.

BLONDIE: Just a minute. Let's see. Cleaning garage, two dollars. Cleaning cellar, two dollars. Cleaning attic, two dollars and a half.

ALEXANDER: Fifty cents extra because it was cold up there.

BLONDIE: And you've charged us for shining shoes, running errands, brushing teeth, picking up clothes and hanging them up, pressing ties, helping with the dusting, helping with the dishes, setting table, doing studies--oh, Alexander!

ALEXANDER: What's the matter?

BLONDIE: All the time I thought you were just trying to be helpful. That you were doing all these things for us -- because you wanted to make it a little easier on your mother or father.

DAGWOOD: And he charged us for all those things?

BLONDIE: Yes, and his prices are inflated, too.

DAGWOOD: Gee, Alexander, I thought you were doing it because you liked us.

ALEXANDER: Well, I do like you, but you--uh--well, you know. Adults charge for things.

BLONDIE: All right, Alexander--we'll pay this. But you want us to treat you like an adult, don't you?

ALEXANDER: Oh, sure!

BLONDIE: Well, let's see, Alexander. I'll make out a little bill for you from your Father and me. Let's see--hospital and doctor bills, about five hundred dollars. Room and board for all these years --

DAGWOOD: Oh, give him a special price, Blondie--about two thousand five hundred dollars.

ALEXANDER: Gee--wait a minute--

BLONDIE: And since you charged for doing little favors for us ^{maybe} we ought to charge something for watching over you while you were sick, sitting up all night with you when you had a fever and couldn't sleep --

ALEXANDER: Well, gosh, Mom - I didn't mean to -- uh --

DAGWOOD: And I suppose I ought to charge for all the glasses of water I got for you in the middle of the night when you woke up and were thirsty.

BLONDIE: I'll put that down, too....Well, there are a lot of other things, Alexander, and it all adds up to quite a lot of money. But here you are, Alexander.

(TEAR PAPER)

BLONDIE: *I'm tearing up our bill -- it's*
Here's a receipt from us -- paid in full.

ALEXANDER: Gosh--am I a heel! I'm sorry, ^{folks} Mom-- I'm sorry, Pop. I didn't mean to be so ungrateful.

(TEARS PAPER)

ALEXANDER: There--I tore it up.

DAGWOOD: That's nice, ^{sonny} Alexander.

ALEXANDER: I'm not going to charge for all the little favors I did for you.

BLONDIE: I'm glad you feel that way about it, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: And about cleaning up the attic and the garage and the cellar. Well, Pop--

DAGWOOD: Yeah?

ALEXANDER: ^{yeah} I'm going to be big hearted and take fifty cents off ~~the~~ ^{my} bill!

25.12

25.30

MUSIC: (TAG CURTAIN)

(APPLAUSE)

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

MUSIC: (VERY QUICK...FANFARE)

MCGEEHAN: Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute all the members of a PT boat squadron operating in the Mediterranean. Known as the "odd job boys" because they did almost everything, the squadron sank eighteen ships for certain, with many more probables, captured an Italian admiral, acted as targets to reveal enemy coastal guns -- and even stormed ashore from their boats to capture seven islands! In your honor, PT boatmen of the "Odd Job Squadron," the makers of Camels are sending to our Navy men in the Mediterranean area three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

26.07

26.21

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.

26.26

26.38

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!

26.35

26.42

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.

26.58

27.08

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

NILES: And now, Blondie, didn't you want to say something?

BLONDIE: Yes, I did, Mr. Niles. I went down to the Red Cross Blood Donor Center the other day, and one woman who was giving her blood showed me a letter from her son in Italy. "I'm coming home, Mom," he wrote. "They say in maybe a year or so I'll be good as new. But the doc told me if it hadn't been for the Red Cross and a little bottle of plasma -- well, I might not be coming home at all." After I read that I wanted to ask everyone to give their blood -- yes, and more -- to give as much money as they can to the Red Cross War Fund. It costs many thousands of dollars to collect and process the millions of pints of blood plasma that are going overseas. So give your blood -- and give your money, too!

MUSIC: ("BLONDIE" THEME)

.28.05

28.07

(APPLAUSE)

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

28.30 28.32

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!

28.41 28.42

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

28.47

28.47

MUSIC: (THEME AND APPLAUSE)

(GEORGE WASHINGTON HITCH HIKE)

SHIELDS: (ISOLATION BOOTH)

Up to a dozen extra pipefuls in every dime's worth of tobacco you buy! Yessir, every time you plunk down ten cents for a big blue two-and-a-quarter-ounce package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco, you're getting up to a dozen extra pipefuls! And, Mister, you're getting real smoking pleasure too -- even-burning, grand-tasting smoking, right down through the last puff at the bottom of the bowl! If you want up to a dozen extra pipefuls for your dime, get the big, big package of George Washington tomorrow!

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

29.30

29.30