

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

AS  
**BROADCAST**  
MASTER-NEW YORK

"BLONDIE BECOMES A PRINCESS"

CBS STUDIO "C"  
MONDAY, MAY 15, 1944

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

Written by John L. Greene

Directed by: Don Bernard

BLONDIE:.....PENNY SINGLETON

DAGWOOD.....ARTHUR LAKE

CAST

DITHERS.....HANLEY STAFFORD  
ALEXANDER.....TOMMY COOK  
ALVIN.....DIX DAVIS  
COUNT DROVID.....HANS CONRIED  
ANNOUNCER.....KEN NILES  
CONDUCTOR.....BILL ARTZT  
YANK..(Salute)..PAT MCGEEHAN  
G.W. HITCHHIKE..FRED SHIELDS

SOUND EFFECTS:

DOOR  
PHONE  
TEMPLE BLOCK  
NEWSPAPER  
WHIZZ WHISTLE  
SCRATCH MATCH  
DOOR BELL

"BLONDIE"

(REVISED)

MONDAY, MAY 15, 1944

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

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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: Want a fresh cigarette? Of course you do, because  
freshness means cool smoking and slow, long burning.  
Well, when you buy Camels, you're sure of a really  
fresh cigarette, because Camels are packed to go around  
the world. Yes, Camel cigarettes have to be fresh,  
anywhere, because they're first with men in all the  
services, according to actual sales records. Because  
Camels are fresh in India, they're fresh around your  
corner too! Both at home and overseas, more people  
want Camels, the fresh cigarette, the cigarette with  
more flavor! So remember, if your store is sold out --  
Camel cigarettes are worth asking for again!

CHORUS: C A M E L S !

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

MUSIC: (OPENING THEME...)

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

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (BLONDIE THEME...)

NILES: Well, whenever Alexander has a problem to discuss with Blondie and Dagwood the results are sure to be interesting. This evening after dinner, he's come down from upstairs where he's been studying to ask his parents a few questions. Let's listen in and see what it's all about....

BLONDIE: Well, what is it, Alexander?

DAGWOOD: Do you want me to help you with your arithmetic problems?

ALEXANDER: <sup>oh</sup> Heaven forbid!

DAGWOOD: Why not, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: I'd rather do them myself and get them right.

BLONDIE: <sup>Pop, now what</sup> And besides, that's not the way for Alexander to learn, <sup>ALEXANDER! No offensive Pop!</sup>

Dagwood. Miss Frisbee has asked you several times not to do your son's home work.

ALEXANDER: <sup>Pop! Yeah, but</sup> Yeah, Pop. And besides, she says that you can't count over ten without taking off your shoes. (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: <sup>That's fine</sup> ~~Oh, she~~, eh? That's sabotage! <sup>Everyday I have got</sup> ~~The next time she comes here to talk to me about your school work, I'm going to have a little chat with her about her school work. On I'll have a few words with the board of education!~~

BLONDIE: <sup>How dear</sup> Just calm down now, Dagwood. You started all this by bringing up Alexander's arithmetic problems. <sup>Now listen</sup> Let's find out what's <sup>the boys'</sup> really on his mind.

DAGWOOD: Okay. Speak up, son.

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To get through something

5/15/44

DAGWOOD: *ok, ok. Speaks up son.*

ALEXANDER: Well, Pop, I'm going to write a history of the Bumstead family for my English class.

DAGWOOD: Oh, *oh I think that'll be fine.* Alexander.

BLONDIE: It ought to be funny, too.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, there's nothing funny about the Bumstead family!

BLONDIE: (LAUGHING IT) Oh, no, there's nothing funny about the Bumstead family. *oh no.*

ALEXANDER: Boy, that sounds as though there ought to be some pretty snappy material.

DAGWOOD: Well, Alexander, if you really want to roll your English class in the aisles, you should write about your mother's family.

ALEXANDER: *Blondie! oh oh,* Pretty comical characters, hunh, Pop?

DAGWOOD: Some of them are out of this world, and personally, I hope they stay there.

BLONDIE: Dagwood Bumstead -- don't you dare talk that way about my family.

DAGWOOD: *Now* Blondie, you started this!

BLONDIE: Why, Dagwood, I did no such -- *well* that's right, I did, didn't I? *well* I'm sorry dear.

ALEXANDER: Shall we get back my problem, folks?

DAGWOOD: *Blondie! oh* Oh, yes - go ahead, *go ahead.*

ALEXANDER: Well, some of these family histories are going to be read in class, so I want to make this one I write as sooko as possible.

BLONDIE: And you want your father to give you something exciting about the Bumsteads, is that it?

ALEXANDER: Yeah, that's the idea.

DAGWOOD: Well, *now* let's see, *oh yeah* there was ~~that~~ *the* time I got expelled from school for putting a mouse in the teacher's -- no, no, that wouldn't be so good.

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BLONDIE: Uh <sup>hey</sup> wasn't there someone in the family who was called Bluebeard Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: Sh-h-h! We don't talk about him.

ALEXANDER: Oh, is he the skeleton in the closet?

BLONDIE: ~~Well, he's one of the skeletons in one of the closets,~~

DAGWOOD: Oh - uh <sup>I know something say</sup> Alexander, has your history teacher ever told you the story about the little Prince who was kidnapped from his father's <sup>place</sup> ~~palace~~ in Europe years and years ago and brought over to this country?

ALEXANDER: Yeah - ~~yeah~~, I think so, Pop. He was the Prince of one of those little countries that are about the size of a measles on the map.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, <sup>oh yeah</sup> that's right, Alexander. He was Prince Gregor of Orlandia.

ALEXANDER: Nobody ever knew what happened to him. <sup>toed</sup>

DAGWOOD: Not for sure, but <sup>you know something</sup> the story in our family is that your great-great-grandfather Gregory Bumstead was really Prince Gregor of Orlandia.

BLONDIE: Why Dagwood Bumstead! That's the biggest fib you've told this year! <sup>and it's only May, you see</sup>

DAGWOOD: Well, that's the story, Blondie. <sup>you see</sup> My father never paid much attention to it, but that's what my grandmother Bumstead told me, and she gave me <sup>a royal</sup> ~~the~~ ring grandfather always wore.

ALEXANDER: Oh, boy, Pop - that would make you a Prince, wouldn't it?

DAGWOOD: Yeah - I guess it would, Prince Dagwood. <sup>ah boy</sup> (LAUGHS)

ALEXANDER: (DRAMATICALLY) And I - I would be Prince Alexander!... <sup>ah</sup> ~~too~~, that really rocks me!

BLONDIE: Well, I guess that would make me a princess, wouldn't it?

DAGWOOD: Er - uh - I'm not so sure <sup>Blondie</sup>.

BLONDIE: What do you mean?

DAGWOOD: (LOFTILY) You forget, my dear, that it is I, who have the royal blood. You are only a commoner. (Laughs)

BLONDIE: Well, you'd better make me a member of the nobility right away, or there's going to be trouble in the royal palace.

DAGWOOD: ~~You'll have to discuss that with the Lord High Chamberlain.~~  
*oh yeah I guess so.*

In the meantime, I'll think it over.

ALEXANDER: Pop--- tell me the truth. Is there really something to this story, or is it just some typical Bumstead hokus-pokus?

DAGWOOD: No, Alexander, I'm telling you the truth. This is the way I heard the story from my grandmother.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, why haven't you ever told me about this?

DAGWOOD: I've started to a couple of times, but you've always interrupted to tell me about a new hat or something else more important.

ALEXANDER: Oh, boy! ~~Just give me the details~~ *throw me a bone.* and call me Prince! *now I want to* Come on, Pop, give me all the details about this! I'm really going to riot my class tomorrow.

DAGWOOD: *No* You want to hear any more, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Well, I'll listen while I'm darnin your socks. After all I'm only a commoner, myself, *oh yeah* but one of these days things will be different with you noblemen

DAGWOOD: When's that going to be?

BLONDIE: Come the revolution!

MUSIC:

ALEXANDER: Well, Alvin, that's my proposition. I'll make you a knight, but I've got to get plenty of service from you.

ALVIN: Well, okay, Alexander, I'll -- wait a minute.

ALEXANDER: What's the matter?

ALVIN: If I'm a knight and I meet a major general, do ~~you~~<sup>he</sup> have to salute ~~me~~<sup>him</sup> first?

ALEXANDER: ~~He~~, you gotta salute everybody but technical sergeants.

ALVIN: I don't know whether I like this deal. I could do better by joining the air corps. ~~He'd~~<sup>They'd</sup> make me a major in a month.

ALEXANDER: Of course, if you make a good knight, I might promote you to duke or earl or something.

ALVIN: Alexander, are you sure--

ALEXANDER: Just a moment, if you please. Remember to whom you're speaking.

ALVIN: Listen, your highness, are you sure this is all on the level about your being a highness?

ALEXANDER: That's what his highness, my Pop said.

ALVIN: That's what worries me...Well, all right, it's a deal. Make me a knight.

ALEXANDER: Not so fast, Alvin. This is a C.O.D. proposition...Now open the front door of my house, and announce me.

ALVIN: Yes, your Highness. It shall be done immediately, your highness.

ALEXANDER: Very well, your lowness.

DOOR OPENS.....

BLONDIE: (OFF) Is that you, Alexander?

ALVIN: It's Alvin, Mrs. Bumstead. <sup>ALEXANDER: ah, ah, ah.</sup> (ANNOUNCES) His Highness, Prince Alexander of Orlandia!

ALEXANDER: Thank you....You may close the door now.

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ALVIN: Yes, your highness.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

BLONDIE: Well, Hello, Alexander. *now*

ALEXANDER: Good afternoon, mother.

ALVIN: Is there anything else your highness desires?

ALEXANDER: Not at the moment, boy...Just stand by.

ALVIN: Yes, your highness.

BLONDIE: Alexander, just what is this your highness business?

ALEXANDER: Well, you know a prince has to have a couple of lackeys following him around and if Alvin's good at it, I'm going to make him a knight...Boy, Mom - you should have been in class when I read 'em about me being royalty.

BLONDIE: *th* Were they pretty surprised?

ALEXANDER: *you brag about me Alvin*  
~~Oh, boy, I'll say they~~ uh, well, maybe I shouldn't brag about myself...Alvin!

ALVIN: Yes, your highness.

ALEXANDER: You brag about me.

ALVIN: Yes, your highness...Well, he really stunned them. Miss Frisbee said that she thought Alexander was fibbing and Alexander told her that a Prince always tells the truth!

BLONDIE: My, it sounds very impressive!

ALEXANDER: Uh - how was I, Alvin?

ALVIN: You were sensational, your highness.

ALEXANDER: That's what I thought. I just wanted to check to be sure.

ALVIN: You were magnificent!

ALEXANDER: How right you are... Well, I guess you can run along home now, Alvin.



ALVIN: When do I get knighted?

ALEXANDER: On the schoolhouse steps tomorrow morning -- bring your own sword for the ceremony...And don't forget you're pulling me to school in your wagon. *and bring your tangle.*

ALVIN: Aw, wait a minute -- that's a lot of work and I --

ALEXANDER: Or don't you want to be -- Sir Alvin Fuddle?

ALVIN: *Oh* Okay, your highness. See you tomorrow morning.

ALEXANDER: Bow as you go out.

ALVIN: Yes, your highness.

(DOOR CLOSES)

ALEXANDER: Ah, me -- what a day!

BLONDIE: I can see that you've been working on all the angles in this nobility business.

ALEXANDER: Oh, no -- ~~you~~ got a few more angles left, and I think they're really going to pay *me* off.

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

DAGWOOD: (CALLS FROM OFF) Bloooooondie!

BLONDIE: Here we are, Dagwood, *my goodness* / What's all the excitement?

DAGWOOD: Nothing. It's just me again -- home from the office. *That's all*

ALEXANDER: Good evening, your Highness.

DAGWOOD: *oh yes* ~~Hi~~ Oh..oh, that. Yeah, good evening, Prince Alexander. How'd it go in class today?

ALEXANDER: Oh, fine, Pop. The class treated me royally. (LAUGHS)  
Catch on?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I catch on, but I'm going to let go.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) Come in.

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: *oh* / Why, it's Mr. Niles,

NILES: Hi, your highnesses!

ALEXANDER: Bow, when you say that!

NILES: Yes, your highness.

(SOUND OF TEMPLE BLOOM...)

NILES: Oops! -- my head! I bowed too low. *Well* / I just came to give your Majesties a present fit for a King -- particularly a King who's looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many he smokes. Accept these Camel cigarettes!

BLONDIE: *oh* / Thank you, Mr. Niles -- Uh -- Prince Dagwood, don't you think you ought to make Mr. Niles a nobleman for his kindness?

NILES: *oh; Well oh?* No, no! All I humbly ask is that your royal friends try Camels in their royal T-Zones *oh* their tastes and throats. Anyone's taste will tell him that Camel cigarettes do have more flavor, and anyone's throat will give him the last word on Camel's smooth extra mildness!

DAGWOOD: Very well - I'll make a royal announcement *all* about it.

NILES: Oh, thank you, your royal highness, ... I bow before you.

(TEMPLE BLOOM)

NILES: I bowed too low again.

BLONDIE: Oh, Mr. Niles, you hurt yourself. Can I do something for you?

NILES: Yes. Just put a P.S. on that royal announcement so that that everyone will know that Camels stay fresh -- ~~they~~ cool smoking ~~and~~ because they're packed to go around the world.  
BLONDIE: I'll speak to his highness about it.  
DAGWOOD: Yeah, she'll speak to me.

BLONDIE: Say, by the way, Mr. Niles -- where did you hear that story about the Bumsteads being descended from nobility?

NILES: There's a story about it in the paper.... Here--you can have my copy.

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

BLONDIE: Oh, thank you.

NILES: Well, I've got to be running along. Goodbye, your highnesses!

ALEXANDER: Bow when you say that!

NILES: Yes, your highness.

(TEMPLE BLOCK.....)

NILES: Ooops! I did it again! *Goodbye*

(DOOR CLOSSES.....)

BLONDIE: ~~Why Dagwood~~ *there's* quite a story about it in the paper

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! I didn't want everyone to know about it. It's just sort of a *little* family story, that's all. How did this get in the paper?

BLONDIE: *Well* Speak up, Prince Alexander.

ALEXANDER: I cannot tell a lie. My highness did it.... On the way home to lunch I stopped in at the newspaper office and told the story to one of the reporters in strictest confidence.

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~~BLONDIE: Alexander, there's no such thing as strictest confidence in the newspaper business.~~

DAGWOOD: *Well* I'm surprised he paid any attention to your story.

ALEXANDER: He didn't until I showed him this royal ring/you *oh yes, what's it?* showed me last night..... Here you are, Mom. *hey where did you find that?*

BLONDIE: *why Dagwood* It's beautiful and looks very old. Why, Dagwood -- you never even showed this to me!

*Oh I've had it in my toy chest. I use it as a cuff link for my electric train.*

DAGWOOD: Well, whenever I've started to tell you about it, you've always started telling me some scandal-like the time Mrs. Clunk accidentally fed her children chicken feed and couldn't keep them from roosting in the trees at night.

BLONDIE: Dagwood! I never told you any such thing!

DAGWOOD: Well, it was something like that. Maybe it was dog food and they howled at the moon all night.

BLONDIE: Never mind... <sup>Alexander</sup> What did he say about the ring,

~~Alexander?~~

ALEXANDER: <sup>Well</sup> He looked up the coat of arms on it, and said it was the real <sup>Mc Coy</sup> thing... ~~So he sent a story out on the A.P. wire.~~

BLONDIE: ~~The real thing? You mean it's genuine?~~

ALEXANDER: ~~Yes, Mom. It is what is technically known as the real McCoy.~~

BLONDIE: Oh, good heavens!

DAGWOOD: What's the matter?

BLONDIE: To think that all these years I've been married to a prince

DAGWOOD: To think that all these years I've been a prince!

ALEXANDER: And I've been a prince, too--junior grade.

BLONDIE: (FLUSTERED) Well--well--well--what do we do about it?

DAGWOOD: <sup>Well, well</sup> /Do about what?

BLONDIE: Well, we just can't be royalty as simply as all this. Things just don't happen that way. <sup>What</sup> ~~They~~ we got to do something about <sup>us</sup> ~~this~~. Don't <sup>you</sup> ~~you~~ have to be crowned?

DAGWOOD: I don't know. Maybe we'd better just forget about the whole thing.

Dagwood: you never did

BLONDIE: But Dagwood, we can't just forget about it now. Everyone's heard about the lost prince of Orlandia. Why probably the State Department is hearing about us right now.....Oh, <sup>oh</sup> good heavens! I just thought of something awful

ALEXANDER: What is it, Mom?

DAGWOOD: What's the matter?

BLONDIE: Wouldn't it be terrible if Orlandia were at war with the United States?

MUSIC:

(PHONE RINGS.....)

(PICK UP PHONE....)

COUNT: Count Droid speaking....(JOYFULLY) Ah, yes, I have just read about it in the papers, and I am taking the train tonight. If ~~it~~ <sup>that</sup> is true, then this man--this Mr. Dogwood Bumphead -- he is the heir to the throne of my country...Yes...Thank you...So nice of you to call, Mr. Hull....,Goodbye.

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: Come on now--finish up your breakfast, your highness <sup>as</sup>.

ALEXANDER: Okay, Mom.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, Blondie. By the way, what were all those telephone calls before I came down this morning?

BLONDIE: (AIRILY) Oh, we've suddenly become popular, dear. Since we've become royalty, we've had three invitations to dinner, I've been invited to join two exclusive women's clubs, you've been asked to talk at the Rotary club on European foreign policy, you've been appointed an honorary president of the Chamber of Commerce, Ormandy's Department Store begged us to start a charge account with them, and the electric company threatened to turn off our light unless we paid our bill..  
..I forgot it last month.

ALEXANDER: <sup>Pop!</sup> Don't worry about it, Mom. Who ever heard of them turning off a prince's electricity? Call them up and threaten ~~them right back!~~ *with Siberia.*

BLONDIE: Now just be careful, Alexander. It was talk like that that started the French Revolution...Oh, Dagwood--look at the time!

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! I've got to ~~dash~~ *get out of here*!

BLONDIE: I'll get the door open for you, Dagwood!

ALEXANDER: I'll get your hat and coat, Pop!

DAGWOOD: (FADING) Okay! I'll be there as soon as I finish my coffee.

BLONDIE: Don't forget your Camels.

DAGWOOD: I won't! I've got 'em.

ALEXANDER: I've got your hat and coat, Pop!

(DOOR OPENS...)

BLONDIE: The door's open, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP FAST) Okay, hand me my coat/~~and hat!~~ *don't hang on to it.*

ALEXANDER: Here you are! *Here you are* /So long, Pop!

BLONDIE: Goodbye, dear!

DAGWOOD: Well, good -- wait a minute! I'm a prince! Why should I rush to the office! I'll take it easy and walk <sup>along</sup> slowly.  
Goodbye, honey.

BLONDIE: Goodbye, Dagwood.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

ALEXANDER: ~~Well~~, that's a switch! He usually goes out that door like a secret weapon!

BLONDIE: It surprised me too, Alexander.

(DOOR OPENS SUDDENLY...)

DAGWOOD: (EXCITED) It's no good! Prince or no prince, I've gotta have a good start when I leave this house! Stand back! Get out of my way!

ALEXANDER: Give her the gun, Pop!

BLONDIE: Goodbye, dear!

DAGWOOD: Goodbye!

(WHIZZ...DOOR SLAMS)

MUSIC:

(TROMBONE SAYS "BUMSTEAD!")

DITHERS: Bumstead!

(TROMBONE... "COME INTO MY OFFICE!")

DITHERS: Come into my office!

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Mr. Dithers, do you realize to whom you're talking to?

DITHERS: (ON THE LEVEL) Oh--excuse me, your highness. I meant to say, would you be so kind as to honor me with your presence in my humble office *here?*

DAGWOOD: *Well* Since you put it that way, okay.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DITHERS: Sit down, your majesty.

DAGWOOD: Very well, *very well, your honor.*

DITHERS: Prince Dagwood, there's something I want to ask you.

DAGWOOD: Then get down on your knees, you *peasant* peasant.

DITHERS: Uh -- yes, your highness...What next?

DAGWOOD: *Well now* You can stay there for a while and consider how low you are and how high my highness is.

DITHERS: Anything your highness says, your highness...There! I've just considered it, and you are so right.

DAGWOOD: Well, what's the favor you want, you commoner?

DITHERS: First --uh--have a Camel. *Dagwood: Oh thanks* take one for later, too.

DAGWOOD: Trying to bribe me, eh?



DITHERS: A light, your royal lordship?

(SCRATCH OF MATCH)

DAGWOOD: Well, I find that a cigarette always smokes better if you light it first.

DITHERS: *Amusing and yet* How very, very true... ~~How just~~ *DAGWOOD: oh you are so right.*

~~DAGWOOD: Never mind getting me in a mood that I'm not even you were?~~

DITHERS: Er--well, Dagwood, old friend *I mean your royalship.*

DAGWOOD: (WARNINGLY) Aa--aa-aa-aa!

DITHERS: ~~This is, I mean, your royalship,~~ I've always wanted to be a nobleman. Couldn't you just make me a *duke or count or something?*

DAGWOOD: Why should I make you a count?

DITHERS: Well, the Dithers family is an old family. We're all bluebloods.

DAGWOOD: ~~Bluebloods, Mr. Dithers, I'd better punch your nose and hand out.~~ *You are hunk* *Will* I doubt if you have any royal blood.

DITHERS: Another good reason for making me a count is that I would probably make you co-president of the Dithers Company.

DAGWOOD: Maybe you do have some royal blood....And would I get three months vacation with pay?

DITHERS: ~~Yes, I suppose so.~~ *oh now majestic listen lets not overdo it.*

DAGWOOD: Well, all right, Mr. Dithers. I'll make you a member of the royal family auxilliary, temporary reserve...You're a count until further notice.

DITHERS: Oh, thank you, your imperial highness.

(PHONE RINGS)

DAGWOOD: Answer that phone.

DITHERS: Can I get off my knees, please?

DAGWOOD: Well-1-1-1-1-1, *okay shortly go ahead.*  
(PICK UP PHONE)

DITHERS: J.C. Dithers Construction Company, his excellency  
Count <sup>air</sup> Dithers speaking. (LAUGHS)...Oh, hello, Blondie...  
What?.....What? <sup>DAGWOOD! What's a matter?</sup> Oh....Oh, yes, I'll tell him...Yes...  
Yes, your highness....Goodbye.

(HANGS UP)

DAGWOOD: Well, what was it, Count Dithers?

DITHERS: Blondie said that the Orlandian minister had just arrived  
from Washington and was going out to your house. He  
called up from the station.

DAGWOOD: Very well, Count Dithers -- get to work.

DITHERS: What do you mean?

DAGWOOD: You're going to carry my highness out to my car -- piggy  
back!

MUSIC:

(DOOR CLOSSES)

DAGWOOD: Gee, I wonder if the Orlandian minister is here yet?

DITHERS: I don't know, but would you please get off my back now.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yes...(CALLS) Bloooooo.

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) ~~Hi~~ <sup>Here I am, DAGWOOD! Oh, excuse me honey</sup> Dagwood, I'm glad you're home.....  
Hello, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Uh--Count Dithers....Temporary reserve.

DAGWOOD: Is he here yet, Blondie?

BLONDIE: No. Dagwood, what do you say to a count? What do you do?  
Do you bow? Do I curtsy? <sup>or what?</sup>

DAGWOOD: No, no, Blondie. He has to curtsy to us. I mean bow.

DITHERS: And he'll probably kiss your hand, Blondie. (laughs)

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*licking me you.*

BLONDIE: Oh, dear! I've just been doing the dishes and there's probably still soap on ~~the~~ *them*

(DOOR BELL RINGS.....)

DITHERS: I'll put him in the right frame of mind. (YELLS) Come in!

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

COUNT: I -- am Count Drovid of Orlandia. May I please <sup>to</sup> see the ring that was mentioned in the newspaper story.

DAGWOOD: This is it right here, <sup>Count</sup> I'm wearing it.

COUNT: That is it! That is the royal seal of Orlandia! Yes--yes ---you must be the heir to the throne of Orlandia! I bow before you my prince.

DAGWOOD: <sup>oh</sup> Thank you.

COUNT: I kiss your hand, my princess!

BLONDIE: Oh, dear.....oh, my.....

COUNT: (TASTING) <sup>well</sup> ~~them~~ - Super Suds.

BLONDIE: Uh -- Count Drovid.....

COUNT: Command me, your highness.

BLONDIE: <sup>oh</sup> Do you really and truly think that Mr. Bumstead is actual;  
a prince?

COUNT: Ah, yes! The ring <sup>is</sup> proving it. It was worn by the lost Prince Gregor when he was kidnapped many years ago. I have <sup>been</sup> searching many years for this ring. Over land and sea, across valley and hill--

DITHERS: And through bar and grill.

COUNT: Who is this person?

DITHERS: I am Count Dithers!...A very old family.

COUNT: I <sup>was</sup> ~~have~~ never heard of the Dithers family. It cannot be as old as the Drovids. We trace our family back to the thirteenth century.

DITHERS: We trace our family back to Adam and Eve. *Nah.*

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

BLONDIE: Is that you, Alexander??

ALEXANDER: (COMING UP) Yep. Oh, Boy, Mom.. I'm cleaning up!  
I've just made half of my class at school noblemen. I  
charged them fifty cents a piece to become a knight,  
and a buck to be a baron!

BLONDIE: Uh--Alexander, I want you to meet Count Drovid of Orlandia.

COUNT: How do you do, Prince Alexander.

ALEXANDER: I'm fine. *say* How'd you like to become a duke?

COUNT: No, thank you, your highness....Prince ~~Dog~~wood, I have  
just been noticing. *DAGWOOD: Nah* / You do not have the Schnappsburg  
twitch.

DAGWOOD: The whatsburg *whatch?*

COUNT: Your family name, you know, is really Schnappsburg. All  
the Schnappsburgs *DAGWOOD: oh it is.* / twisted their heads to the side and did  
this. (HE DEMONSTRATES WITH APPROPRIATE SOUNDS)

DAGWOOD: Whoooooaa!

BLONDIE: *oh* No, Dagwood never did that. Did the Schnappsburgs have a  
habit of taking lots of naps and lots of baths?

COUNT: Well, they took lots of naps...May I *to be!* / examining the ring  
closer, if you please?

DAGWOOD: Of course....Here....Here you are.

DITHERS: Bumstead, make him give you a receipt for it.

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers!

COUNT: Ah! What is this? An inscription *inscribed inside* / inside the ring. "To  
G.B. --"

BLONDIE: Dagwood--G.B. was probably your grandfather  
Gregory Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah, What's the rest of it?

COUNT: "To G.B. for saving <sup>of</sup> my life, from G.S." That would be  
Gregor Schnappsburg....I am afraid, Mr. ~~Bumhead~~ <sup>Bumhead</sup>, that  
you are not the heir to the Orlandian throne after all.

DAGWOOD: <sup>ALEXANDER: oh Lick</sup>  
Gosh, life certainly has its ups and downs. When we go  
up, we bump our heads on the ceiling, and when we go  
down we bump our -- well, that's life. *for you that's life.*

COUNT: Undoubtedly your great grandfather saved the life of the  
lost Prince Gregor in this country years ago and he gave  
him this ring as a token of his gratitude....It is too  
bad--I had thought the long, long search was over.

BLONDIE: <sup>oh</sup>  
I hope we haven't troubled you too much.

COUNT: No, not at all...Goodbye then.

(DOOR OPENS)

COUNT: And if you ever travel after the war, my country will  
be <sup>happy to welcome</sup> ~~glad to help~~ the descendant of one who saved the  
life of a prince of Orlandia.

BLONDIE: Thank you very much.. Goodbye.

DAGWOOD: Yeah--goodbye.

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: <sup>oh</sup>  
~~Well~~, I guess that's that and frankly I'm glad it is.

DAGWOOD: So am I.

BLONDIE: <sup>Well, I guess I'll put back the company silver in the</sup>  
ALEXANDER: I wish I could have been a prince a little longer.

DAGWOOD: Well, it was fun while it lasted.

DITHERS: It was, was it?

DAGWOOD: Oh, hello, Mr. Dithers--<sup>kind of</sup> I forgot all about you.

~~BLONDIE: Well, I'm going out and get lunch ready.~~

*chest +  
feed my  
little  
pleasants*

DITHERS: <sup>John</sup> You forgot about me, eh? Get down on your knees, you--  
you employee!

DAGWOOD: Please, Mr. Dithers!

DITHERS: Call me your highness!

DAGWOOD: Yes, your highness!

DITHERS: Wait a minute! Before you get down on your knees, I want  
you to bend over. I'm going to knight you!

DAGWOOD: No, no, Mr. Dithers! <sup>Now, now</sup> / Don't do it! Don't! Bloooooondie!

MUSIC: (TAG CURTAIN)

(APPLAUSE)

*ah, ah, ah, ah ...; don't go away folks the Bumsteads will be back in just a moment.*

NILES:

The Bumsteads will be back in just a moment.

MCGEEHAN:

Thanks to the Yanks of the Week! Tonight we salute Private First Class E.N. Ratoliff, of Tyler, Texas, a truck driver on the Italian front. When a cannon company ran out of ammunition, he volunteered to drive back in broad daylight over a seven mile road that was under continual artillery observation and fire by the Germans. On the way back, with a truck load of high explosives, his truck was hit several times, one shell fragment bursting a tire. Though his truck was a stationary target, with enemy shells landing on all sides, he calmly changed the tire, and delivered the ammunition. In your honor, Private First Class E.N. Ratoliff, the makers of Camels are sending to our soldiers overseas three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

*will be back in just a moment.*

MUSIC:

(PANFARE)

NILES: Each of the four Camel radio shows honors a Yank fo  
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;  
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: Blondie, what were all those calls while I was trying to take a <sup>little</sup> nap before dinner?

BLONDIE: Well, dear, remember the calls we got this morning.

DAGWOOD: Yeah.

BLONDIE: Well, the three dinners we were invited to were called off, the invitations to the clubs were cancelled, the Rotary doesn't want you to talk to them on European foreign policy, you're no longer honorary president of the Chamber of Commerce, Ormandy's isn't going to give us a charge account, and--and--let's see, there was one other phone call.

DAGWOOD: Hey! Hey! The lights <sup>just</sup> went out all over the house!

BLONDIE: That's it! The electric light company still want their money!

MUSIC: (TAG-SEGUE BLONDIE THEME)

(APPLAUSE)

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 -- 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.

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

MUSIC: (THEME AND APPLAUSE)

(GEORGE WASHINGTON HITCH HIKE)

SHIELDS:

Mister Pipesmoker, do you have a package of your present brand of tobacco within reach? Look at the blue revenue stamp on the top. It tells how many ounces of tobacco you're getting. Compare that with the big, blue, two-and-a-quarter-ounce package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco, and you'll see why we say you get up to a ~~dozen extra pipefuls~~ for every dime's worth of tobacco you buy. Yes sir, that great big two-and-a-quarter-ounce package costs only ~~ten~~ cents. You'll like the way George Washington is grand-tasting, mild, and even burning, too, right down through the last puff at the bottom of the bowl! George Washington is America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!

*This is CBS... The Columbia Broadcasting System.*