

"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 MEETS A SOLDIER"

CBS STUDIO "C"  
MONDAY, MAY 22, 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  
CORA.....ELVIA ALIMAN  
ALEXANDER.....TOMMY COOK  
JEFFREY.....CARLETON YOUNG  
DRIVER.....BILLY GOULD  
ANNOUNCER.....KEN NILES  
CONDUCTOR.....BILL ARTZT  
YANK... (SALUTE).....PAT MCGEEHAN  
G.W. HITCH - HIKE.....FRED SHIELDS

SOUND EFFECTS

DOOR  
PHONE  
BREAKFAST DISHES  
OPEN ENVELOPE  
TRAIN (PULLING AWAY)  
FOOTSTEPS

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"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, MAY 22, 1944

4:30 - 5:00 PM, PWT.  
7:30 - 8:00 PM, 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: Have you ever looked in a medical book and seen the diagrammatic drawing of the human throat? Quite a wonderful intricate mechanism, isn't it? Sensitive, too, and particular. That's why we are saying to you, earnestly and confidently, "please try Camels on your throat!" See for yourself if the mildness and coolness and mellowness of Camels' matchless blend of costlier tobaccos doesn't make your throat say, "That's swell, chief. Make the next smoke a Camel, too". After all, it's your throat that knows what cigarette is best for you. We don't say it's Camel... we do say, try Camel and see. Perhaps, as with millions of other smokers, the verdict will be a happy "yes". And Camels' flavor? ...Well, bring me that dictionary and get out the adjectives...and still I can't do it justice. That full, rich, fragrant mellowness...that taste-thrill that comes from Camels' know-how in the blending, well, you just better try that for yourself too.

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, several months ago the U.S.O. in the Bumsteads' town listed the names of service men who had no relatives and who wouldn't be likely to receive many letters. At that time Blondie chose one of the names and, unknown to Dagwood, she and the soldier have been corresponding regularly. However Alexander has discovered one of the letters and to him it looks pretty bad. This morning he goes into the kitchen where Blondie is fixing the coffee to talk to her about the letter....

(DOOR CLOSSES)

ALEXANDER: Uh - Mom.

BLONDIE: Why, Alexander - I thought you were going to school right after you had breakfast.

ALEXANDER: I was, Mom, but I want to have a talk with you before Pop comes downstairs - a serious talk.

BLONDIE: Oh? What about, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: It's about you.

BLONDIE: About me?

ALEXANDER: Yes, Mom. About you and - uh - and your conduct.

BLONDIE: All right, let's sit down and talk ~~it~~ -- my conduct??

ALEXANDER: Yes. I think we ought to sit down and discuss it like intelligent, civilized adults.

BLONDIE: Discuss what?

ALEXANDER: You know what I'm talking about, Mom.....Gosh -- poor Pop.  
If he ever found out, it <sup>little</sup> would break his heart.

BLONDIE: Alexander, what on earth are you talking about?

ALEXANDER: About you, and your mad infatuation.

BLONDIE: Mad infatuation?? Alexander Bumstead, I demand that you explain immediately just what you mean by that!

ALEXANDER: Gosh, Mom -- this is as embarrassing to me as it is to you

BLONDIE: It's not embarrassing to me!

ALEXANDER: It isn't? Gee, I should think you'd be sort of ashamed treating Pop that way. He's just a poor, innocent, unsuspecting fall-guy.

BLONDIE: Alexander -- it's been almost three months since I paddled you with the hair brush, ~~isn't it?~~ <sup>isn't it?</sup>

ALEXANDER: Yes, mam. The last time you paddled me you broke the hairbrush over my -- over me.

BLONDIE: Yes. You wouldn't want that to happen again, would you?

ALEXANDER: No, Mam. And besides, <sup>can you buy a hairbrush</sup> ~~could you afford to get another~~ <sup>these days?</sup> hairbrush?

BLONDIE: That's not the point. The point is, when are you going to get to the point, that's the point.

ALEXANDER: Okay. Mom, don't you think you ought to give up that soldier?

BLONDIE: What soldier?

ALEXANDER: The soldier who writes letters to you!

BLONDIE: Have you been reading any of those letters?!!

ALEXANDER: (STOULY) Mom - I thought it was my duty to Pop!

BLONDIE: Oh....

ALEXANDER: Someone has to protect him.

BLONDIE: Yes, you're right.

ALEXANDER: Are you going to do like they do in the movies -- make a clean breast of it to Pop and let him ~~throw~~<sup>throw</sup> you out of the house?

BLONDIE: I am going to do nothing of the kind. I was just wandering whether I ought to punish you or not.

ALEXANDER: <sup>I will</sup> /I better be running along to school.

BLONDIE: And I decided not to.

ALEXANDER: <sup>oh</sup> /In that case I'll stay.

BLONDIE: But you are never to read another of my letters again. It/<sup>just</sup>so happens that I am writing letters to a soldier who hasn't any family to write to him. Or do you think he should just get along without any mail at all?

ALEXANDER: Oh, no, Mom. Gee, I'm sorry.

BLONDIE: Well, you should be sorry, and while you're at it, you might apologize.

ALEXANDER: I apologize and I'll never do it again...But it's only logical for a guy to think things like that when he's got a good looking mother.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS SELF-CONSCIOUSLY) *oh...oh dear*

ALEXANDER: ~~Yes,~~ <sup>mom, mom</sup> /but let me give you a little tip, Mom. I suggest that you explain to Pop about this.

BLONDIE: I suppose I really should, but I ~~don't~~<sup>just don't</sup> know how he'd feel about it.

ALEXANDER: Yes, Pop ~~is~~ the impulsive type, but you can handle him.

BLONDIE: Well, I always have.

ALEXANDER: Anyway, <sup>you</sup> take my advice and tell him. Honesty is the best policy.

BLONDIE: Nevermind telling me those things! <sup>Now young man</sup> /You just run along to school, ~~young man.~~

ALEXANDER: Okay, I'll be home for lunch at twelve.

(DOOR OPENS)

ALEXANDER: Oh, here's the mail.

BLONDIE: / <sup>oh well</sup> Well, I wonder what Mr. Beasley left for us this morning.

ALEXANDER: Oh-oh-~~there's~~ <sup>here's</sup> another letter from that soldier!

BLONDIE: / <sup>Now hand it over dear now</sup> You run along to school! Goodbye, Alexander!

ALEXANDER: ~~Good~~bye, Mom.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

BLONDIE: Oh, dear. Well, let's see what it is.

(TEARING OPEN ENVELOPE)

DAGWOOD: (SUDDENLY) Good mornig, Blondie!

BLONDIE: (STARTLED SCREAMS)

DAGWOOD: What's the matter, <sup>Blondie?</sup>

BLONDIE: / <sup>oh dagwood</sup> Don't you ever sneak up behind me and bite my ear again!

DAGWOOD: What's that letter? <sup>hub!</sup>

BLONDIE: Uh -- letter? What letter?

DAGWOOD: That letter you just put behind your back.

BLONDIE: Oh, it's just a letter... / <sup>oh</sup> Now come <sup>dear</sup> on in/and eat your breakfast. You've got to hurry.

DAGWOOD: No, I don't....What's the letter? <sup>hub?</sup>

BLONDIE: Sit down/ <sup>come on dear sit down</sup> and eat your breakfast like a nice husband.

DAGWOOD: Well, tell lme about the letter like a nice wife...or I won't eat my breakfast like a nice husband.

BLONDIE: Here's your coffee, dear.

(RATTLING OF CUPS AND OTHER BREAKFAST PARAPHERNALIA.)

DAGWOOD: ~~of~~ course I know I can't win, I'm just dope enough to keep asking -- what's the letter? <sup>hub?</sup>

BLONDIE: Dagwood--eat your breakfast and just let me talk to you.  
Never-mind asking questions.

DAGWOOD: You can't win.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, <sup>Dagwood: ha.</sup> if you were a serviceman and you didn't have any family or relatives, how would you feel?

DAGWOOD: Well, I can't tell you about how it would feel to be a service man, but not having any relatives would be wonderful! *ha, ha, ha!*

BLONDIE: (DISAPPOINTED) Oh.....But you'd be lonely.

DAGWOOD: No, I wouldn't.

BLONDIE: Yes, you would!

DAGWOOD: No, I wouldn't.

BLONDIE: <sup>oh</sup> Yes, you would!

DAGWOOD: <sup>no</sup> Okay, have it your own way. ~~independence~~.

BLONDIE: ~~Yes.~~ <sup>Dagwood</sup> What would you be doing while the other servicemen were reading letters from home?

DAGWOOD: I'd be shooting pool.

BLONDIE: (PAUSE) Dagwood, eat your breakfast and don't talk so much.

DAGWOOD: <sup>oh</sup> You can't win.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, <sup>look</sup> don't you think that it's the duty of every woman in America to help keep up the morale of the soldiers?

(PAUSE) Well, don't you? (PAUSE) Dagwood, answer me!

DAGWOOD: <sup>well</sup> Do you want me to answer you or <sup>do you want me</sup> to eat? I can't do both.

BLONDIE: <sup>oh dear well</sup> Answer me.

---

DAGWOOD: Then I think it's the duty of every woman in America to help keep up the morale of the soldiers -- every woman except my wife.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear.

DAGWOOD: *Well* I'd rather have you keep up the morale of the women who are keeping up the morale of the soldiers.

BLONDIE: Well, *Dagwood* do you think ~~that~~ *that* —

DAGWOOD: Yes and no.

BLONDIE: What do you mean, yes and no?

DAGWOOD: Well, yes I think, and no I don't agree with what you were going to say.

BLONDIE: How do you know what I was going to say?

DAGWOOD: I don't, but if a woman can have feminine intuition about things I can have masculine premonitions. ~~That~~ was a masculine premonition.

BLONDIE: Well, don't have any more of them in this house. *now* ~~we're~~ going to have a soldier for a guest today *Dagwood, by: huh.* -- maybe he'll stay for dinner. *By: oh we are?*

DAGWOOD: *hey* When did this happen?

BLONDIE: Well, in his letter. *today.*

DAGWOOD: ~~letter?~~ *oh that letter huh?*

BLONDIE: Well, you see this soldier's all alone.

DAGWOOD: Now how *in the world* can you be all alone in the army?

BLONDIE: I mean he never had a father and a mother.

DAGWOOD: Never? ~~Now~~ Blondie, you know better than that.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, eat your breakfast and don't talk so much. *By: ok.*

I'm going to tell you about this. I've been writing to a soldier for several months now. The U.S.O. had a list of soldiers who didn't have any relatives and a lot of us girls picked a name to write to.

DAGWOOD: I'll never understand women -- fortunately.

BLONDIE: Well, I picked the name of a man I didn't think anyone else would choose. I wrote to him because I felt *well I felt* sort of sorry for him.

DAGWOOD: <sup>yeah</sup> What's his name. *Blondie* *hah!*

BLONDIE: Well, uh--his name is Aloysius Piggledinker.

DAGWOOD: ~~Hoys-woys!~~ Aloysius Piggledinker! And he's coming for dinner?

BLONDIE: Well, I just got this letter this morning. He said I'd been so nice to write to him and so forth that he was going to stop off on his way through here and see me, *see us.*

~~DAGWOOD: That's gratitude for you!~~

~~BLONDIE: Now Dagwood, don't talk that way. He may be very nice.~~

DAGWOOD: Aloysius Piggledinker!...Why I wouldn't have let myself get born with a name like that!

BLONDIE: Then why didn't you do something about Dagwood Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: <sup>well</sup> /I didn't think about it at the time....<sup>now</sup> /look, Blondie, have you been teasing this soldier along?

BLONDIE: <sup>oh</sup> /No, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Did you send him a picture of yourself?

BLONDIE: <sup>oh no Dagwood... oh... oh...</sup> /Well, he said that he wanted just a little snapshot to --  
<sup>sure of</sup> /uh--

DAGWOOD: So! Teasing him along, eh?

BLONDIE: But Dagwood, you can imagine how lonely a person would be whose name was Aloysius Piggledinker....I just had to write to him because I was sure that now one else would.

DAGWOOD: <sup>well</sup> /If you want someone to write to, you can write letters to me at the office.

BLONDIE: It's not the same thing at all.

DAGWOOD: <sup>well</sup> /Personally I don't see how you can write to anyone called Aloysius Piggledinker without getting hysterical everytime you addressed the envelope.

BLONDIE: That'll do, Dagwood! I don't want to hear any more about it!

DAGWOOD: / *yeah* But Blondie--

BLONDIE: No more! That's final!

DAGWOOD: You know it's a funny thing. This started out with you in the wrong, but it ended up with me in the wrong. I'll never understand how woman switch things around that way.

BLONDIE: *Dag: Now Dagwood calm down now listen dear dude*  
Then you're not going to help me entertain .

Private Piggledinker?

DAGWOOD: ~~No~~. You started this, Blondie, and you've got to finish it.

BLONDIE: *Dagwood* But/I don't know what he looks like, or what to say to him, or what to do or anything!

DAGWOOD: That's up to you, Blondie.

*up to me.*

(DOOR BELL)

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) Come in! *(Quiet) Come in please.*

(DOOR OPENS)

NILES: Hello, folks!

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: ~~Well,~~ <sup>oh,</sup> hello, Mr. Niles.

DAGWOOD: Hello, Ken. <sup>any</sup> What's cookin', good lookin'? What's buzzin',  
cousin? ~~What's smokin'...~~

NILES: I knew you'd think I just dropped in to speak a piece on  
Camels, the cigarette that everybody ought to try in their  
throat and taste, don't you?

BLONDIE: That "don't you" is sort of lonely, way out there at the  
end of that sentence.

DAGWOOD: Well, aren't you going to talk about Camels?

NILES: <sup>no</sup> ~~is~~, why should I? After all, everybody knows that Camel's  
matchless blend of costlier tobaccos means mellowness and  
coolness and delightful mildness.

BLONDIE: That's right, Mr. Niles, we know that.

NILES: Sure -- so why talk about it?

DAGWOOD: That's what I say. Now take ~~my~~ <sup>your</sup> problem about this soldier..

NILES: That's another thing I don't need to mention -- the  
soldier's enthusiasm for Camels, <sup>By the way</sup> And not only soldiers --  
the Marines, too -- and the Navy and Coast Guardsmen.  
Camel's ~~first~~ <sup>first</sup> in the service. Fighting men go for Camel's  
mildness and smoothness like ~~everyone else...~~ <sup>millions</sup>  
*of other smokers ~~the~~ everywhere.*

BLONDIE: You know, Mr. Niles, this is the first time you've dropped in you haven't talked about Camels.

NILES: *Yeah* It must be quite a surprise not to hear me talking about Camels' rich, full, can't-be-copied flavor, and how the makers of Camels determined that no matter how difficult it is to keep quality up these days they wouldn't compromise on the *standard of* quality that made Camel such a great cigarette.

DAGWOOD: *oh you are so right.*  
~~Yeah, it certainly is.~~

BLONDIE: Oh Dagwood, I've got to get some sort of present for that soldier.

NILES: Excuse me, Blondie, but much as I hate to break my rule not to talk about Camels at this time I'll just say they are first in the service and, well...who's the soldier?

BLONDIE: Oh, just a soldier.

DAGWOOD: *Yeah* His name is Aloysius Piggledinker. *Ha, Ha, Ha.*

NILES: Piggledinker *people*..Piggledinker. His name is sort of familiar to me for some reason. I can't think what it is.

DAGWOOD: Wasn't it someone called Piggledinker who ~~would~~ *would* marry a new wife every year and collect her life insurance a few months later?

BLONDIE: (ALARMED) Oh, good heavens! Dagwood! Really?

NILES: / I don't think it was that... Let's see - a bank robber? No.

DAGWOOD: Maybe he's got two heads.

BLONDIE: Oh, no!

NILES: / <sup>But</sup> Well, I guess I can't remember.

(DOOR OPENS)

NILES: I'll tell you one thing, Blondie -- I'm sure there's something very, very interesting about *this soldier* Aloysius Piggledinker!.... Goodbye.

(DOOR CLOSES)

~~BLONDIE: Oh, dear -- I wish I knew what it was! I'm going to get Cora Dithers to go with me.~~

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: And so, Cora, I'm going to meet him at the station or he'll meet me. I don't know what he looks like.

CORA: / <sup>oh</sup> A soldier, eh? You know, I've always felt sort of romantic about soldiers, <sup>they appeal to the Betty Grable in me</sup> but ~~they've never felt romantic about me...~~ Uh, what's his name?

BLONDIE: His name... Uh, would you like to go down to the station with me and meet him?

CORA: Well, I don't know, Blondie... What's his name?

BLONDIE: Oh, <sup>Cora</sup> it'll be lots of fun.

CORA: What's his name?

BLONDIE: Yes... come on, Cora -- will you do it?

CORA: All right, Blondie... I've got all day... But what's his name?

BLONDIE: Well, it's Aloysius Piggledinker.  
CORRA: <sup>(Gulp)</sup> / On second thought, I can't go. I've got a lot of things to do.  
BLONDIE: Now Cora don't you dare try to sneak out of it.  
CORRA: Now Blondie, I've got to--um--uh-- <sup>oh yes</sup> I've got an appointment with uh -- with my hairdresser.  
BLONDIE: You just went yesterday.  
CORRA: Oh, so I did...Well, I meant to say my appointment <sup>is</sup> /with --  
BLONDIE: You saw your dentist just last week.  
CORRA: Blondie! You didn't even let me finish what I was going to say!  
BLONDIE: You were going to say dentist, weren't you?  
CORRA: Yes, but I wanted to say it...Oh, dear -- Aloysius Piggledinker.  
BLONDIE: You can't tell anything by a name. Now you're coming with me, aren't you? You <sup>ought</sup> /at least ~~meet~~ /to meet him.  
CORRA: <sup>all right</sup> ~~Yes~~, but as soon as I <sup>meet him</sup> ~~do~~, I'm going to take a powder.  
BLONDIE: That's all right with me. I just want a little moral support. Now that I've got it I guess I'm ready to meet Private Piggledinker!

MUSIC:

DITHERS: <sup>(laugh)</sup> /Piggledinker, eh? (LAUGHS -- OLD FASHIONED BOSS LAUGH)  
DAGWOOD: Yeah. Aloysius.  
DITHERS: <sup>(laugh)</sup> /Aloysius, too? <sup>haha ha! oh boy!</sup>  
DAGWOOD: Yeah. Aloysius Piggledinker.  
DITHERS: (ROARS WITH LAUGHTER) And Blondie and Cora are going down to meet him at the train. I wonder what he looks like?

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*bumps*

DAGWOOD: Oh, I suppose he's all covered with ~~scars~~

DITHERS: why?

DAGWOOD: You can imagine how he's had to fight *all his life* with a name like that. Ah, these women. They certainly get themselves into ~~some~~ jams, don't they?

DITHERS: They get us into the marmalade, too...I'd certainly like to see what that soldier looks like.

DAGWOOD: *yeah* / So would I. Then I could kid Blondie about it for a week or two.

DITHERS: *say* / Why don't we go down to the station and surprise them with ~~this G.I. Mortimer Board~~ *Pigfeeder*.

DAGWOOD: *hey* / The idea appeals to me. Come on, J.C. -- let's get going. We don't want to miss the fun.

MUSIC:

(TRAIN IS FADING AWAY TO SOMEWHERE...OHIO)

*Blondie* BLONDIE: *Board* well, I suppose he's one of ~~those~~ *one* soldiers that got off ~~from~~ that train but I don't know which one.

CORA: Remember, Blondie -- you said I could leave as soon as I met him.

BLONDIE: Oh, Cora..

CORA: I'm going to hold you to it.

BLONDIE: ~~Well~~, all right, Cora...Oh, *dear* I hope he isn't that fat one who looks like Lou Costello.

CORA: Blondie! Blondie!

BLONDIE: Cora -- what's the matter?

CORA: Look -- one of those soldiers looks like Jeffrey Kane, the movie star. (PANTS)

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BLONDIE: Oh, Cora, you must be joke--jo--jo---jeepers!

CORA: He's coming over this way. Oh, what terrible things that man does to my blood pressure and how I love it!

BLONDIE: *You* I think it is Jeffrey Kane. He's in the army....Oh, here he comes. It's funny but my heart, is just going pittipat/<sup>hep</sup>pittipat pittipat.

CORA: Mine is going clankety clank clank...~~clank!~~

JEFFREY: Hello, there -- are you Blondie?

BLONDIE: Yes -- (TWO DEEP BREATHS) -- I'm Blondie....Aren't you Jeffrey Kane?

JEFFREY: Yes, I guess I am.

CORA: Oh, Mr. Kane it's so wonderful to see you in person. ~~my~~ I'm glad I came down here. Blondie's waiting for some clunk by the name of Piggiedinker.

JEFFREY: Well, that's my real name --Aloysius Piggiedinker.  
*Cora:* ~~E-gad!~~ That's the name the army knows me by.

BLONDIE: Oh, my goodness.

JEFFREY: Jeffrey Kane is just a stage name.

CORA: If you'll loan me a gun, I'll be delighted to shoot myself.

BLONDIE: And so I've been writing to you all this time. Oh, Mr. Kane -- or Piggiedinker <sup>pinker</sup> -- or whatever it is -- if I had only known who I was writing to I don't think I could have written to you.

JEFFREY: (SMILES) Well, why not?

BLONDIE: well, my hand would have vibrated too much. *J.....*

JEFFREY: well, it's been very sweet of you to write to me. It's meant ~~a~~ lot to me, and I <sup>just</sup> had to stop off on my way through and say hello.

BLONDIE: Oh, I'm glad you did...Oh, excuse me -- this is Mrs. Dithers.

JEFFREY: How do you do, Mrs. Dithers.

CORA: (DYING OF LOVE) Oh, I'm so glad to know you.

BLONDIE: It's too bad that Mrs. Dithers has to run along.

CORA: What? <sup>why</sup> I don't have to go <sup>anyplace!</sup> ~~anyplace.~~

BLONDIE: why, Cora, you said you were going to leave as soon as you met Private Piggledinker.

CORA: Oh, Blondie, don't believe a word I say!

BLONDIE: But I promised to let you go, and you said you were going to hold me to my promise.

CORA: what a bare-faced liar I am! I'm not going to hold you to any promise as long as you can hold onto him...What do you think, Mr. Piggledinker?

JEFFREY: It's up to Blondie.

BLONDIE: Well, I don't know -

CORA: <sup>oh</sup> Blondie, have mercy on me!

BLONDIE: Well, let's walk towards that cab over there and I'll decide.

JEFFREY: May I take your arm, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Yes -- uh--go right ahead...Thank you.

JEFFREY: The pleasure's all mine.

CORA: Don't you believe it!..Oh, Blondie -- look who's coming!

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Blondie! Blondie! <sup>hey where</sup> ~~who~~ is this guy you -- holy smokes! It's Jeffrey Kane!

BLONDIE: Private Piggledinker, this is my husband, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: er -- how do you do?

JEFFREY: Fine, thank you. And you?

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

JEFFREY: How do you do?

DAGWOOD: Not so well. <sup>thank you</sup> I'm losing out.

BLONDIE: Well, goodbye, Dagwood.

*goodbye*

DAGWOOD: ~~Now~~ wait a minute, Blondie --

DITHERS: (COMING UP) Cora!

CORA: Don't bother me, sonny.

DITHERS: Bumstead! What's going on here?

DAGWOOD: It's either a miracle or a mirage. *Mr. Dithers* But no matter what it is, it <sup>still</sup> looks like Jeffrey Kane.

BLONDIE: That's pronounced Aloysius Piggledinker... *Mr. Kane* Oh, this is Mr. Dithers.

(AD LIB HOW DO YOU DO'S...)

DITHERS: This is my wife here with the glassy look in her eyes and the silly smile on her puss.

CORA: (DREAMILY) Go away, junior.

DITHERS: Cora! Wake up! Snap out of it, unconscious.

CORA: I'm happy the way I am.

DAGWOOD: <sup>Hey</sup> Blondie, where are ~~you~~ <sup>we all</sup> going? *but?*

BLONDIE: Oh, we're just going to get in the cab and go someplace *where are you going?*

DAGWOOD: Oh... *Mr. Dithers* Hey -- wait a minute. *are you going Blondie?* ~~where's that?~~

BLONDIE: I don't know. *but here's our cab.*

(CAB DOOR OPENS..)

JEFFREY: May I help you into the cab Blondie?

BLONDIE: Thank you *Dagwood*... You might notice what nice manners Aloysius has, ~~Dagwood~~:

DAGWOOD: I know, I know -- I'm just a Barbarian.

BLONDIE: Are you coming along with us, Cora?

CORA: I'm coming with you if I have to hang on to the trunk rack.

JEFFREY: Get right in, Mrs. Dithers... Let me help you.

CORA: Oh, thank you so mu---wooo-wooo-wooo-wooo! Oh, the things that happen to me when you touch ~~me~~ *my arm-*

DAGWOOD: Wait a minute -- we're going along with you, too. *I think*  
BLONDIE: Oh, no you're not, Dagwood. You've got work to do.  
DITHERS: Cora! Where are you going?  
CORa: Who cares?...Get in, Jeffrey!

(CAR DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Well, ~~here~~ here we are...All right, driver -- go ahead.  
DRIVER: Where to, lady?  
CORa: ~~Who~~ cares?...Just start, that's all.  
DRIVER: Okay, lady.

(CAR STARTS UP..)

DAGWOOD: Hey! Blondie! Wait! *a minute!*  
DITHERS: Wait for us! Cora!

(CAR DRIVES OFF)

DAGWOOD: Bioooooooooondie!

MUSIC:

DITHERS: Well, Bumstead, it's four thirty. How long have we  
been sitting here waiting on your front steps?  
DAGWOOD: Two hours and forty-five minutes, and still they haven't  
come back.  
DITHERS: These are the hardest steps I ever sat on.  
DAGWOOD: I tried sitting on the welcome mat and you're ...  
welcome to it. I'll be picking fibers  
out of me for weeks.  
DITHERS: Oh, women are fickle, aren't they?  
DAGWOOD: Yeah.  
DITHERS: There's only one thing they're consistent about.  
They're consistently fickle.  
DAGWOOD: *Yeah* They fall for the first pretty moustache that comes along.

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DITHERS: Good thing he wasn't wearing a beard.

DAGWOOD: It's just my luck to have my wife pick a movie star out of that U.S.O. list. If it were anyone else's wife she'd get someone who looked like Aloysius Piggledinker sounds.

DITHERS: I just thought of something. Maybe our wives aren't coming back at all. Maybe we're being deserted, discarded, cast off like an old shoe. <sup>say, oh you think so?</sup> Just because we're not young and dashing, just because we're not movie stars. Oh, the injustice of it! (SNIFFS)

DAGWOOD: It's terrible, isn't it? <sup>Mr. Dehna?</sup> And I've given the best years of my life to Blondie. I've kept our little icebox full of cold cuts, I've taken the family on a vacation <sup>trip</sup> nearly every year, and when Cookie was little I did her things in the washing machine.....and now it's all been taken away from me. (SNIFFS)

DITHERS: Oh, this is awful. I'm off women for life. I'll never speak to another woman again.....I wonder where I put my little black book. *Last 2354.*

(FOOTSTEPS OFF)

BLONDIE: (OFF) ~~they~~ there they are! *Cora*

CORA: way the poor darlings.....What's the matter?

DAGWOOD: (WEEPING) Nobody loves us.

BLONDIE: Oh, poor Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Where's that guy? Where's Jeffrey Aloysius Kane Piggledinker.

DITHERS: Where's our rival?

CORA: Now Julius -- there wouldn't be any rivalry between you and Jeffrey. I'd make the proper selection -- but fast!

BLONDIE: We put him back on the train again, Dagwood, but what an afternoon we had.

DITHERS: Cora, do you still love me?

CORA: ~~I suppose so, Dithers, but don't ask me why.~~

DITHERS: (TO OTHERS) She's mad about me. *at least she's mad.*

~~BLONDIE: (SOULFULLY) Aloysius Piggledinker, what a perfectly heavenly name!~~

~~DAGWOOD: Blondie, do you still love me?~~

~~BLONDIE: It was wonderful having lunch with Jeffrey. Sheer ecstasy.~~

CORA: ~~And then~~ We went to the U.S.O. and danced and danced and danced. Oh, what a thrill.

~~BLONDIE: And then we put him on the train again. I'll miss him.~~

DAGWOOD: Blondie, do you still love me?

BLONDIE: Oh, that man was so wonderful to us.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, do you still love me?

BLONDIE: And what an adorable dancer Jeffrey is.

~~DAGWOOD: Blondie, do you still love me?~~

~~BLONDIE: So strong, and handsome, and just bubbling with muscles.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Blondie, do you still love me?~~

DITHERS: Ask her again, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, do you still love me?

BLONDIE: What?...Oh...Oh, that...Why of course I love you, Jeffrey. I mean, Dagwood. Oh, dear. Come on, Cora, let's get dinner.

DAGWOOD: ~~Blondie!~~ *There's no place like home - absolutely no place.*  
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC:

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NILES: Ah, ah, ah, ah -- Don't go away, folks.  
The Bumsteads will be back in just a moment.

MUSIC: (QUICK FANFARE)

MCGEEHAN: Thanks to the Yanks of the week! Tonight we salute Lieutenant Roland Schellenberg of New Bedford, Massachusetts, Flying Fortress pilot, for his exploit on a raid over Hamm, Germany. Plane on fire. Exploding fifty-caliber machine gun bullets smash the instrument panel, blacken all the windows. Bombs are stuck...must be released by screw driver. Lieutenant Schellenberg fights fire with extinguishers, finally quenches flames by diving from twenty thousand feet to six thousand. And...brings charred wreck home to England. In your honor Lieutenant Schellenberg and your gallant crew, the makers of Camels are sending to our soldiers overseas three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes.

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

(applause)

NILES: Each of the four Camel radio shows honors a Yank of the Week, sends three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes overseas... a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week.

.....  
NILES: In this country the traveling Camel Caravans have thanked audiences of more than three and a half million Yanks with free shows and free Camels!

.....  
NILES: Camel radio broadcasts go out to the United States four times a week, are shortwaved to our men overseas and to South America. Listen Thursday to Abbott and Costello! 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: )

~~(DOOR CLOSING EFFECTS...)~~

DAGWOOD: Bloooooooooondie!

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood! Dagwood, *look at you! Were you* ~~what's happened to you? You're all~~  
~~bloody, your shirt is all ripped up, and your right eye is~~  
~~almost closed.~~

DAGWOOD: You should have seen the other guy, *Bl: What happened?*  
*well Blondie,* I let him have a right,  
and he ducked it ~~and slugged me in the jaw!~~ Then I missed him  
with a left and he smacked me in the eye. Then I hauled off  
and grazed his elbow *and then I gave* ~~with a terrific right, he poked me in~~  
~~the stomach and knocked me down.~~

BLONDIE: *oh Dagwood* It sounds like you lost the fight.

DAGWOOD: Oh, no, I didn't, Blondie. When he walked away from me he  
fell down an open manhole... That'll teach him to *not to* try that  
stuff on Dagwood Bumstead!

BLONDIE: Well, what was ~~the~~ *the fight about,*

DAGWOOD: He tried to sell me some black market gasoline. No Bumstead  
is ever going to have anything to do with the black market!

NILES: Good for you, Dagwood! The black marketeers and racketeers,  
the dealers in counterfeited gasoline coupons and hot gas  
know that it takes ~~two~~ to make a Black Market, the seller,  
~~and the buyer.~~ Every time anyone buys black market gasoline  
he's helping to build up a new, vicious, criminal underworld.  
The chief reason for the gasoline shortage today is that we  
have about reached the maximum crude oil productive capacity  
from known reserves in the United States. And more and more  
crude oil is being used for petroleum products to supply the  
Armed Forces! Don't buy Black Market!

MUSIC: (TAG INTO "BLONDIE" THEME)

(APPLAUSE)

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*him my old one - too, but his three - from was better*

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

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NILES: And remember -- get Camels, the cigarette that's first in the service. See if your throat and your taste don't make Camel a first with you too. Find out for yourself!

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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, here's something that sounds like a pipe dream -- but it's true. Delightfully, thriftily true! You get up to a dozen, extra pipefuls for every dime's worth of tobacco you buy if you start smoking that grand-tasting, even burning, mild, George Washington Smoking Tobacco. George Washington in the big, blue, two-and-one-quarter ounce package for just ten cents. George Washington is America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!

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

BLONDIE TIME SHEETS

May 22, 1944

	<u>EAST</u>	<u>WEST</u>
Opening	1.16	1.14
First Dramatic Spot	11.16	11.20
Commercial	13.49	13.48
Second Dramatic Spot	25.19	25.28
Yank of Week Announcement	26.14	26.29
Trailer	26.58	27.15
O.W.I. Announcement	28.15	28.38
Credits	28.50	28.49
Commercial	28.41	28.54
Close	28.45	28.57
Geo. Washington Hitchhike	29.25	29.26

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