

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

AS
BROADCAST

✓ 4c

(REVISED)

BLONDIE LEARNS SPANISH

CBS STUDIO "C"
MONDAY, MAY 29, 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
CORR.....ELVIA ALLMAN
RITA.....VYOLA VONN
RINALDO.....HANS CONRIED
ANNOUNCER.....KEN NILES
CONDUCTOR.....BILL ARTZT
YANK... (SALUTE).....PAT MCGEEHAN
G.W. HITCH-HIKE.....FRED SHIELDS

SOUND EFFECTS

DOOR
PHONE
CRASH OF FOLDING SCREEN

ENGINEERING

FILTER IS NEEDED

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"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, MAY 29, 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"...
brought to you by Camel, 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:~~

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

NILES: The human throat is certainly a versatile organ...and
many varying things come out of it. The commands of a
top sergeant, ~~f'instance...like...Frrrrrrrd hrrmmph!~~
~~Or the plaintive tones of a lady looking over her
jammed clothes closet... "I simply haven't a thing to
wear."~~ Or the silvery high notes of a star soprano
singing an aria from Aida...well, that one I'd better
not try. But no matter how you use your throat -- or
what comes forth from it -- what you put into it is
mighty important when you choose a cigarette. So we say --
~~earnestly and emphatically~~ -- try a Camel and let your
throat find out for itself. Your throat is the proving
ground for cigarettes -- the best judge of what cigarette
is best for you. And your taste is certainly the most
dependable judge of the smoking enjoyment a cigarette
delivers. So try Camels on your throat -- and try on
your taste the full, rich flavor of their superb blend
of costlier tobaccos. In war as in peace, Camel is
still Camel! Try one...right now! If your store happens
to be out of them well, Camels 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, the Bumsteads and the Dithers have been seeing a movie tonight -- one of those Souse American movies that ends up with the entire cast doing the rhumba, including a pet goat. ^{Well} Anyway, the shots of the South American landscape really impressed Blondie and Mrs. Dithers, and not only that, they -- oh, but ^{Well} let's listen to them. They're having a nightcap in the living room of the Bumstead home.....

DITHERS: Ah-h-h-h-h! That's great stuff, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Yes, Mr. Dithers, it ^{really} ~~certainly~~ hits the spot.

CORA: Dagwood, would you mind pouring me another snort?

DAGWOOD: Oh, ^{my, my} not at all, Mrs. Dithers.

DITHERS: Just what kind is this, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Oh, it's just ordinary Grade A, pasteurized milk.

BLONDIE: ^{My} That certainly was a good picture tonight. South America must be wonderful. The beautiful mountains, & the mysterious jungles --

CORA: The gorgeous men.

DITHERS: Well, I wouldn't exactly throw rocks at those little senecritas, either. (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: Yeah, there certainly were some luscious brunettes.

BLONDIE: Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: (ADDS QUICKLY) But I hardly even noticed them.

DITHERS: It's a good thing you didn't or you'd be on your way to South America right now.

BLONDIE: Why Dagwood, you wouldn't leave me, would you?

DAGWOOD: No, you could come along if you wanted to.

BLONDIE: ^{By:} Why Dagwood Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Blondie, I was only joking. ^{honey} Really. I wouldn't leave you.

CORA: Don't believe him, Blondie. He looked dreamy-eyed when he said it, and he had his fingers crossed.

DAGWOOD: ^{Now} Now Mrs. Dithers--!

CORA: ~~Now~~ Blondie, they couldn't go down to South America anyway. After all, they don't know the language.

DITHERS: That's all right, Cora. I know how to say all the important things in sign language. ^{Don't worry} I'd get by!

BLONDIE: You know, Dagwood, I'm surprised that you haven't learned Spanish. Everybody is studying it.

DAGWOOD: ^{well} I'd rather be different. I'd rather learn how to speak Aztec, ^{or} Cherokee, or Eskimo. (Laughs)

DTH: ^{Bumstead} Bumstead when you lay an egg that big at least

BLONDIE: I'm serious, Dagwood. ^{cluck}

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DAGWOOD:

/ Well
Maybe you are, but I'm not.

BLONDIE:

Why, all we girls at the Women's Club had a little Spanish lesson the other day. ~~It was very interesting.~~ And very charming. *It was very interesting.*

CORA:

Oh, si, si, Blondie. ~~He was heaven.~~ *He was out of this world. OTH: Jeez but you didn't give them!*

DITHERS:

~~Oh, Cora! You say that about every man.~~

CORA:

~~Well, any man is heaven in contrast to you,~~ *Oh* Poochie.

DITHERS:

Oh, don't call me Poochie!

CORA:

~~All right, lover.~~ *OTH: Now what are you saying a conversation?*

BLONDIE:

Is it all right if I say something now?

CORA:

Go right ahead, Blondie.

BLONDIE:

/ Oh thank you
I just wanted to ask you men if you wouldn't take

Spanish if we took it?

DAGWOOD:

Well now let's see
What do you think, J.C.?

BLONDIE:

Dagwood, stop shaking your head!

DITHERS:

Well, I've thought it over very carefully, and I'm happy to say that my answer is - -

BLONDIE:

Yes?

DITHERS:

~~Is~~ no.

DAGWOOD:

Ditto.

BLONDIE:

No, hunh?

CORA:

OAG: yes... no... yes. OTH: Burnt ones! DAG: How did you get mixed up in this...
~~I'm not surprised.~~ Our husbands are too backward.

Mentally, they're still in the Dark Ages.

BLONDIE:

Dagwood, I've asked you in a *very* nice way whether you'd like to learn Spanish. Now I'm asking you whether you'd like to learn Spanish or else.

DAGWOOD:

/ Well
I'll take or else.

DITHERS: Me, too. I'll stick by you, Dagwood. We definitely will not learn Spanish!

DAGWOOD: That's final!

BLONDIE: (GIGGLES) That's what you think!

MUSIC: (TROMBONE "BUMSTEAD")

DITHERS: *Senor*
Bumstead!

TROMBONE: (COME INTO MY OFFICE)

DITHERS: Come into my office!

DAGWOOD: (OFF) *plu*
Si, si, senorita!

DITHERS: Bumstead, do I look like a woman?

DAGWOOD: Yes, but not like a good looking woman.

DITHERS: ~~Oh~~, nevermind. I just don't want any more of that si, *si*,
si business *I'm getting seasick* ~~around here~~. Cora's been after me to take lessons with her and Blondie for the last three days.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, Blondie's been the same way. And she thinks Spanish will help me in business, too.

DITHERS: Phooey!

DAGWOOD: That's what I said to Blondie.

DITHERS: What did Blondie say to that?

DAGWOOD: Nothing--she just *washed my mouth out with soap.* ~~made me apologize.~~

DITHERS: I see. Well, *Amated* ~~Dagwood~~, I don't know how it is around your house, but I've had a feeling that something sinister is afoot in my little love ~~nest~~. *trap*

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I think Blondie's up to something too.

DITHERS: I know Cora is. She's been acting very sweet to me lately. That's a bad sign.

DAGWOOD: *You know* ~~the~~, the last couple of mornings when I've come downstairs for breakfast Blondie's taken one look at me and busted right out laughing....I didn't know I looked that funny.

DITHERS: Oh, didn't you?.....Well, I just wondered if our wives were getting together to cook up some trouble for us.

(PHONE RINGS)

DITHERS: Excuse me.

(PICK UP PHONE)
DAG: *Oh he glad too. Dth: Thank you Dag: you're welcome*
J.C. Dithers, president of the J.C. Dithers Construction Company, prices to fit all budgets if you've got a budget speaking.

BLONDIE: (FILTER) This is Blondie, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Oh, hello, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, Cora and I wanted you and Dagwood to know that we'd be out this afternoon. And also, you're having dinner with us tonight.

DITHERS: That's fine, Blondie.....Do you want to talk to Dagwood?

BLONDIE: I'll just say goodbye to him.

DITHERS: Here you are, Dagwood, Blondie wants to talk to you.

DAGWOOD: Thanks....Hello, honey.

BLONDIE: Goodbye, dear.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, goodbye.

(HANGS UP)

DAGWOOD: Well, that was a pleasant chat,

DITHERS: *a little drawn out though.*
Cora and I are going to be your dinner guests tonight. The girls are going somewhere this afternoon.

Dth: Don't mention it. Stop that!

DAGWOOD:

Hmmmm--they're going out, eh?

DITHERS:

~~Yes~~ *you know your salary*
I'd give ~~anything~~ to know just what they're up to!

MUSIC:

BLONDIE:

(A LITTLE SELF-CONSCIOUS) Well -- uh--well, I guess

this is the place, ~~where~~ *where you learn to speak Spanish.*

CORA:

Yes, I guess so. Shall we go in?

BLONDIE:

You go first, Cora.

CORA:

No, you go first.

(DOOR OPENS SUDDENLY)

NILES:

Buenas tardes, gals!

BLONDIE:

CORA:

(ARE BOTH STARTLED AND REACT ACCORDINGLY)

BLONDIE:

Why, Ken Niles!

CORA:

Oh, you startled us! What are you doing here?

NILES:

(POLISHING HIS NAILS) Oh, Spanish, you know.

BLONDIE:

Oh, how exciting! What can you say?

NILES:

Well, puedo decir -- that means "I can say" -- that
Camel Cigarettes in today's times and trouble-o's are
as always still Camels, and so popularo with the
taste-o and throat-o of millions and millions of
smokers.

BLONDIE:

~~Oh~~ *My goodness*
you speak it like a native.

NILES:

Just
Well, thanks, I guess I've just got a natural gift for
languages. It comes easy to me.

CORA: It's amazing that we can understand your Spanish --
without any lessons ~~either~~. It's a lot like English,
isn't it?

NILES: ^{you know}
~~Yes~~ Well...English with a Spanish accent, sort of. Try
uncigaretto Camel on your own throato, senors and
senoras, and find out for yourselfo if Camel's coolness
and mildness don't clicko. See if your own throato
doesn't say "Terrifico -- El Camel is the cigaretto
for mio -- and how:" Because the throato is the true
proving ground for cigarettos -- of course, you girls
realize I don't know all the words in the Spanish
language yet.

BLONDIE: Oh, ~~certainly~~ ^{positively}. Maybe by tomorrow you will.

NILES: ~~Oh, sure.~~ ^{so right!} By tomorrow I'll be able to say... "Try
Camels on your taste-o, too, as well as your throat.
See how you like that fullo, richo, mello-o flavoro.
Remember taste-o and throato -- try Camels on botho
and find out the answer for yourselfo. Well, I've
got to be running along. Gotta get home and study my
Spanish. Be seeing you.

BLONDIE: So longo, ~~eternamente~~. *Mr. Niles*

CORA: Good-bye-o!

Bl:
RINALDO: *See spanish must be easy.*
(RIGHT ON MIKE) Good afterndon.

BLONDIE:
CORA: (ARE STARTLED AGAIN)

RINALDO: I am Rinaldo Theobaldo Contralto Gestalto
Chocolatmalto Gonzalez...., Come right in.

BLONDIE: Oh, thank you. I'm Mrs. Bumstead, and this is
Mrs. Dithers.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

BLONDIE: We want to take ^{some} ~~the introductory~~ lesson in Spanish.

CORA: I'd like to take the get-acquainted lesson.

RINALDO: Ah, si, si. I will be delighted to teach the Spanish
to you two so charming young ladies.

BLONDIE: Well--uh--you're welcome. I mean, thank you.

CORA: Young ladies...Oh, I know I'm going to love Spanish.

RINALDO: And I know I am going to love teaching the Spanish to
you. I will outline the course: First I will teach
you to say hello, goodbye, and beat it. Then I will
teach you how to order the meal in the restaurant and
how to argue with the waiter about the check. And
then--ah--and then I ^{show} teach you how to flirt and
make the love in ~~the~~ Spanish. (Laughs)

BLONDIE: (A LITTLE NERVOUS AT THIS) Well, I'm not so sure that,
I want to learn how to make the love in the Spanish.

RINALDO: Of course you are joking. Why the Spanish people
invented the Spanish language just so they could make
loooove to each other?

BLONDIE: Well, I think I'll just skip that part.

CORA: Not me! I want the complete course!

RINALDO: ~~Good. Would you like to change your mind,~~

~~Mrs. Bumstead!~~

BLONDIE: Cora should we tell Senior Gonzalez what we're planning to do.

CORA: Oh, yes.

BLONDIE: ^{oh yes} Well, you see our husbands don't want to learn Spanish:

RINALDO: ^{all right} Un-mmmmmmmmm-Hmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm: *Bad neighbors, eh?*

BLONDIE: But we want them to learn it, so of course they're going to learn it.

RINALDO: Un-humm naturally.

BLONDIE: Well, we're not going to speak anything but Spanish to them at dinner, and if they don't ask for the food in Spanish, they won't get anything to eat!

CORA: In other words they're going to learn Spanish or starve!

MUSIC:

(RATTLE OF DISHES)

BLONDIE: ~~Well--uh--~~ que le gustaria de postre?

(Keh leh goos-tah-ree-ah deh pohg-troh?)

DAGWOOD: Blooondie! Stop it! We haven't had anything to eat yet!

DITHERS: You know we don't know any Spanish words!

CORA: Que lastima! (Keh lehg-tee-mah!)

DAGWOOD: What's that mean?

CORA: It means -- (LAUGHING IT) -- what a pity!

BLONDIE: Well, dinner's over so I guess we can speak English again.

DAGWOOD: *Well I...*
Dinner's over??? It hasn't even started for us! I'm hungry!

DITHERS: *✓* I'm dying! My stomach's going to sue me for non-support

DAGWOOD: *How*
Blondie, have a heart! Just think of my poor little ~~stomach~~ *stomach* It's all empty and lonesome.

BLONDIE: Well, I told you you could have anything you wanted to eat--if you asked for it in Spanish.

DAGWOOD: But Blondie, I can't speak Spanish.

BLONDIE: Well, you could learn, dear.

DAGWOOD: Never! I won't even consider it!

DITHERS: That's the spirit, Dagwood! *Oh: yeah* We won't give in to them.

BLONDIE: Tomorrow night we're going to have delicious, juicy, golden pork chops with *carrots & potatoes on them* rich, mouth-watering cream *this high well* gravy, and ~~smooth fluffy~~ *smooth* mashed potatoes that melt *and little card* in your mouth and

DAGWOOD: (THROUGH THE ABOVE) No, no....Don't....I can't stand it...You're driving me crazy.

BLONDIE: Would you like to learn *Spanish* then?

DAGWOOD: ~~I'd love to!~~ *Well I...*

DITHERS: Bumstead! Don't give in!

DAGWOOD: ~~I can't help it!~~ *okay* I'm starving!...Blondie, I'll learn Spanish!

BLONDIE: Good!

DITHERS: No, he won't!

Just the sunset on Top.

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers, I've got to do something about that vacuum in my stomach. If I only had a piece of dry toast or something that would rattle around inside!

CORA: Julius--get your hands off Dagwood. He's decided to take lessons with us!

DITHERS: No he hasn't!

BLONDIE: Dagwood, I might fix some dinner for you now if you'll take lessons with us!

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie, I'll be--

DITHERS: Dagwood, will never give up! Death before dishonor!

DAGWOOD: Yeah, but I don't want to die hungry.

DITHERS: Come on, Bumstead! Let me talk this over with you first!

DAGWOOD: Let go of me, J.C.!

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, let go of Dagwood!

DITHERS: We'll be right back!

CORA: Julius Caesar Dithers!

DITHERS: ~~Nuts to you!~~ *Julius Dithers*

~~DAGWOOD: Help!~~

(DOOR SLAMS)

DITHERS: Now Dagwood--calm down and let me explain some things to you!

DAGWOOD: All right, but don't talk about food.

DITHERS: We're going to have to learn Spanish eventually. Our wives have decided on that, and let's face it--what they decided we're going to do, we eventually do do.

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DAGWOOD:

you're repeating yourself, J.C.
 Okay, let's go back in and get some food.

DITHERS:

No--wait. We don't want to give them the satisfaction of dragging us to their ~~own~~ teacher. We'll find a teacher of our own, and tomorrow we'll take our first Spanish lesson.

DAGWOOD:

Yeah well
 That'll teach them, but in the meantime, what are we going to do about our stomachs?

DITHERS:

Just
 We'll buy the girls a box of candy tonight, but first we'll eat the bottom layer....~~Just save yourself for that Spanish lesson tomorrow.~~

MUSIC:

DITHERS:

Well, there's a first time for everything, Bumstead. ~~and~~ here we are. I hope the girl I talked to on the phone about this lesson is cute.

DAGWOOD:

Well, what's the difference? *J.C.* The main thing is to learn the language, isn't it?

DITHERS:

I'll tell you after I see the girl....Well, here goes!

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

DITHERS:

When she opens the door, you can introduce me.

(DOOR OPENS)

RITA:

hallo!

DAGWOOD:

Oh, how do you--(WHISTLES) Oh, excuse me. *I'm sorry.*

RITA:

Thank you....I am Rita Pepita Lolita Marcuita Juanita Chiquita Sparketta de Lopez.

DAGWOOD:

Gosh, I've never met so many nice people ~~before.~~

DITHERS: Bumstead, introduce me.

RITA: Won't you come in?

DAGWOOD: ^{John} I'd love to.

RITA: And you too.

DITHERS: You mean me?

RITA: Uh-hunh.

DITHERS: (GIGGLES)

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: *And* Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Hunh?

DAGWOOD: Your mouth is hanging open.

DITHERS: ~~Oh... Well, you should talk. You're drooling.~~

DAGWOOD: Er--uh--allow me to introduce myself.

RITA: I wish you would.

DAGWOOD: My name is Bumwood Dagstead.

I mean, Dagwood Bumstead.

RITA: How do you do?...And who is your friend with the big eyes? *eh?*

DAGWOOD: Oh, that's ^{that's} Mr. J. C. Dithers, president of the J. C. Dithers Construction Company, prices to fit all budgets if you have a budget and things and stuff--

DITHERS: Bumstead! Don't overdo it! (SWEETLY) ^{By: oh I want?} How do you do,

Miss Lopez?

RITA: How do you do?

DITHERS: I asked you first.

RITA: Oh, you North American business men are so very charming.

DITHERS: Oh, no, you're the one who's charming.

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RITA: ^{No} No, no, you are.

DITHERS: ^{No} No, no, you are.

RITA: ^{No} No, no, you are.

DAGWOOD: Shall we dance?

~~RITA: I'd love it!~~

DITHERS: Bumstead! Stop interrupting.

RITA: Well, ~~Senor Dithers and Senor Bumstead~~ ^{Now you lovely Americans} please sit down and we will start the first Spanish lesson.

DITHERS: I never realized that Spanish was going to be so interesting.

DAGWOOD: But Mr. Dithers we haven't even started yet.

DITHERS: I know, but it's ^{already so} interesting already.

DAGWOOD: ^{Yeah} I see what you mean.

RITA: Now take this books, and open them to page six, please.

DITHERS: Any ^{page} you say, Miss Lopez.

RITA: ^{Now} The vowels in Spanish are no difficult. A is pronounced Ah. Repeat after me. Ah.

DAGWOOD:
DITHERS: (IN UNISON) Ah-h-h-h-h!

RITA: ^{Senor} ~~Mr.~~ Dithers, ~~you~~ pronounce it ah, but without the winking of the eye.

DITHERS: Oh, excuse me.

RITA: The vowel O is pronounced Oh.

DAGWOOD:
DITHERS: Oh-h-h-h-h!

DAGWOOD: Hey, Mr. Dithers--open your eyes.

~~DITHERS: Onnnn.~~

~~RITA: And the vowel U is pronounced OO.~~

DAGWOOD:
DITHERS:

~~oo oo oo oo oo oo!~~

DAGWOOD:

~~ooh~~, what a fascinating language! *ooo... eeee... aaaa.*

LITHERS:

Bumstead are you in pain?
Miss Lopez, how long have you been in our town?

RITA:

Oh, not long at all, but I am finding it a lovely place to live.

DAGWOOD:

I shall fix but Miss Lopez.
How do you pronounce the vowel I?

DITHERS:

I hope you'll be very happy here.

RITA:

Oh, it is so sweet of you to wish that.

DAGWOOD:

How do you pronounce the vowel I?

DITHERS:

Bah!

DAGWOOD:

Bah?...That's a funny sounding vowel.

RITA:

No, no--I is pronounced EE.

DAGWOOD:

Thank you.... well come on come on.
Oh, ~~gee~~. Let's get on with the lesson.

DITHERS:

Bumstead, you've got your Spanish book there. Miss Lopez and I want to talk. You go over in the corner and read.

DAGWOOD:

But Mr. Dithers, don't you want to learn Spanish?

DITHERS:

Yes, but I'm not a fanatic about it...Miss Lopez, *why is it whenever a couple of people take Spanish lessons,* you're just the type of Spanish teacher I'd been dreaming about. Intellectual, but luscious.

DAGWOOD:

And you
~~How do you~~ pronounce R?

RITA:

(WITH A SLIGHT ROLL) R.

DAGWOOD:

~~How do you~~ pronounce double R.
How do you

RITA:

(ROLLING IT GOOD) Rrrrrr!

DAGWOOD:

(TRYING IT) Rrrrrrr?

RITA:

No, rrrrrrr!

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Some women always want to learn Spanish.

DAGWOOD: Rrrrrrrrrrr! Rrrrrrrrr! Rrrrrrrrrrr! Rrrrrrrrr!

DITHERS: Clear the flight deck! Bumstead ~~is~~ coming in for a landing!

DAGWOOD: ^{now} Oh, out it out! I'm trying to learn the language. I don't want to be starved again tonight.

DITHERS: ^{to} How can you think of food at a time like this?

DAGWOOD: I'm not thinking of food -- but my stomach is.

DITHERS: ^{well} I have a very simple solution. We'll take our Spanish teacher home to dinner with us to be an interpreter....
Would you like to have dinner with us tonight, Miss Lopez.?

RITA: Why I ^{would} love it!

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers -- this is suicide!

DITHERS: (LAUGH) ^{the murder. But} What do you think our wives'll say?

DAGWOOD: Who cares what they'll say! It's what they'll do that worries me!

MUSIC:

BLODNE: Well, Rinaldo, they ought to be home pretty soon now.

CORA: I hope you'll like our husbands, Rinaldo.

RINALDO: ^{well} I hope they'll like me, but if they do, there is something wrong.

CORA: Oh, I'm sure they will.

RINALDO: No, no -- I am too good-looking.

BLONDIE: Oh, I don't think Dagwood will mind my bringing you home for dinner -- ~~I don't think he will -- I suppose -- maybe.~~

(DOOR OPENS OFF)

DAGWOOD: (OFF) You wait here, Miss Lopez... (CALLS) Blooooooooondie!

BLONDIE: Oh, there they are, In here, dear.

CORA: Hello, Julius.

DITHERS: (COMING UP) Good grief, Cora -- what have you done to yourself?

CORA: That's not me, that's Rinaldo!

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Blondie ^{who's this?} who's this?

BLONDIE: Oh -- er -- uh -- you mean, this man?

DAGWOOD: Yes, I mean this man.

BLONDIE: Oh--uh--him.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- right here.

BLDONIE: Uh, Dagwood, I'd ~~like~~ like you to meet Senor Rinaldo Theobaldo Contraito Gestaito Chocciatmaito Gonzales.

DAGWOOD: Hello.

RINALDO: Mucho gusto en conogerie.

DAGWOOD: Smile when you say that.

CORA: And Rinaldo, this is my husband, Mr. Dithers.

RINALDO: How do you do?

DITHERS: How ^{do you do?} *do you do?*

CORA: Oh, Julius!

DAGWOOD: Blondie, who is this South American Clark Gable?

BLONDIE: ~~Who~~, Dagwood, he's our Spanish teacher. We thought that after dinner you might want to take a Spanish lesson.
(EMBARRASSED LAUGH)

DITHERS: You mean you thought we might be hungry enough!

DAGWOOD: Blondie, I'm surprised at you bringing this glamour man home for dinner without asking me first.

BLONDIE: ^{How} But Dagwood, Rinaldo is very nice and --

DAGWOOD: Very nice, eh? Aha!...You like him, eh?

BLONDIE: ^{Well} / Of course I do, and --

DAGWOOD: Aha!

BLONDIE: Dagwood Bumstead! Now you stop aha-ing at me!

RINALDO: Mr. Bumstead, if you will please to let me explain --

DAGWOOD: (SNAPS) Oh, besame mucho!

DITHERS: ~~And furthermore,~~ ^{yes and} bonus ^{with} / notches!.. ^{you} Didn't know we could speak the language, did you?

RINALDO: I'm still not convinced.

BLONDIE: Now Dagwood, I want you to be sensible about this.

DAGWOOD: I am being sensible! But do I bring beautiful girls home to dinner? ^{Oh, Bumstead} Answer me, Do I bring -- do I bring -- what am I saying? ^{Oh my!}

DITHERS: Bumstead! Change the subject!

DAGWOOD: Oh, yes! How's your victory garden, Sonor Gonzalez?

^{RITA:} CORA: ^{hello!} Blondie! Look! Who's this?

BLONDIE: Oh-h-h-h!

RITA: Had you forgotten me, Mr. Bumstead?

BLONDIE: So, Dagwood! Aha!

DAGWOOD: But, Blondie, she's just --

BLONDIE: A brunette, eh? Aha!

DITHERS: Well, goodbye, folks.

CORA: Julius, you stay right where you are!

DITHERS: But she's just our Spanish teacher. You know -- she's teaching us to parlez-vous ^{the} el Spanish.

RINALDO: Er--pardon me, senorita, but I am Rinaldo Teobaldo Contralto Gestalto Chocolatmalto Gonzalez!

RITA: And I am Rita Pepita Lolita Marquita Juanita Chiquita Sparkeeta de Lopez!

RINALDO: What are you doing for dinner tonight?

RITA: Nothing. I'd love to.

RINALDO: Goodbye.

RITA: Goodbye.

~~CORA: Wait a minute, Rinaldo!~~

~~DITHERS: Oh, Rita -- Rita!~~

(DOOR OPENS.....AND CLOSSES)

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, just go ahead with that lecture you were giving me. The one that started out with your saying you didn't bring beautiful girls home to dinner. Go ahead, Dagwood -- tell me that I ought to apologize. That I ought to be ashamed for bringing Rinaldo home to dinner.

DAGWOOD: ^{yeah} But Blondie--

BLONDIE: That's right! Tell me I have no business trying to learn another language! ^{Oh: now now} Go ahead and say that I shouldn't cultivate my mind! You'd rather I did nothing but housework all day long! ^{Oh: yeah, but but} You only want to see me slaving in the kitchen and dusting the furniture, but you don't want me to improve myself mentally!

DAGWOOD: But Blondie--!

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood - how could you say such awful things to me!

DAGWOOD: Hahh?

BLONDIE: Now you apologize!

DAGWOOD: ^{yeah} But, Blondie, I didn't say that ~~these~~ *these things*

BLONDIE: You apologize if you want any dinner.

DAGWOOD: I apologize.

CORA: And Julius, you can apologize, too.

DITHERS: I'm very sorry, Cora.

CORA: I'll go over this more thoroughly with you ~~later this~~
~~evening~~ at our leisure.

DAGWOOD: But what about the Spanish, Blondie?

BLONDIE: You don't like Rinaldo?

DAGWOOD: Definitely no...and you don't like Rita?

BLONDIE: Absolutely not.

CORA: You can say that again.

BLONDIE: Absolutely not! ^{Now look} You know this whole Spanish business started when we saw that movie about South America.

CORA: Yes...I wonder what's playing at the Bijou tonight.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, what's going to be there, honey?

BLONDIE: Oh, ^{oh} I think it's a wonderful Tarzan picture.

DITHERS: Oh-oh. Now, you're going to have to learn jungle gibberish.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) I already know that language.

BLONDIE: Well, let's hear you say something.

DAGWOOD: Okay. (BEATING CHEST) Blooooooondie!

MUSIC:

(APPLAUSE)

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 Private First Class Richard A. Wakefield, ^{infantryman} of Chicago, decorated by General Mark Clark with the coveted Distinguished Service Cross. Among other exploits, Wakefield moved his machine gun into a gap in his battalion's lines through which the Germans were penetrating on Monte Castellone. But...the gun had "iced up." With nothing to work with but matches he melted away the ice casing on the gun's mechanism and then, as the communique declared, "directed deadly accurate fire at the on rushing enemy, killing or wounding forty or more Germans." In your honor Private First Class Wakefield, 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)

WELL, I think, I hope I never hear the word Spanish again.

By the way, what are we having for dinner, tonight?

LOUIS: You never want to hear the word Spanish again?

MARY: Never, what are we having for dinner, tonight?

LOUIS: You ought to know what we're having for dinner?

MARY: Yes.

LOUIS: Well, we're having steak, ribs with black sauce and
black beans, and black potatoes, and black hot tomatoes.

SPRING (MURMURING)

(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, 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!

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

MUSIC: (THEME AND APPLAUSE)

(GEORGE WASHINGTON HITCH HIKE)

SHIELDS:

Even if you didn't get that extra dozen pipefuls for your ten cents, George Washington Smoking Tobacco would be a great buy for that dime because it's so grand-grand-tasting, mild, and even-burning. But you do get a dozen extra pipefuls -- and that makes a great buy greater still. Remember the name George Washington --- and look for that big blue two-and-a-quarter-ounce package....America's biggest value in smoking pleasure! This is CBS....the...COLUMBIA....BROADCASTING...SYSTEM!