

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

AS BROADCAST

3c

"BLONDIE'S BEAUTIFUL DREAMER"

CBS STUDIO "C"
MONDAY, JUNE 19, 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
DAISY.....BILLY GOULD
COOKIE.....LEONE LEDOUX
ANNOUNCER.....KEN NILES
CONDUCTOR.....BILL ARTZT
YANK..(SALUTE).....PAT MCGEEHAN
G.W. HITCH-HIKE.....FRED SHIELDS

SOUND EFFECTS

DOOR
PHONE
SPOON FALLS (LAYS THERE)
TEMPLE BLOCK
BODY FALL
CRASH (AHEM;)
SPLASH OF WATER (PITCHER FULL)
RATTLE OF PAPER

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"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, JUNE 19, 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: Did you happen to read an item in the paper about that concert singer who insured her throat for a million dollars? Well, after all, everyone's throat is a "million-dollar" throat to ^{its} ~~the~~ owner. An intricate organ that certainly rates care and attention. Like the careful choice of a cigarette, for example. Try Camels and let your own "million-dollar" throat judge for itself how welcome Camel's mildness and smoothness and coolness are. Also, we know that Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos brings fuller, richer flavor. But...does your taste know? Try a Camel...on your taste and your throat..

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

NILES: Maybe, like millions and millions of other smokers, Camel will be your cigarettes.

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, just at the moment things are very quiet this
afternoon at the Bumstead home, Well, that moment just
passed, and there's going to be a little action, In just
a second the phone is going to ring. ~~Wait, Just be~~
~~patient, Don't push it.~~

(PHONE RINGS)

NILES: *oh-hah*
/ There we are! And here comes Blondie to answer it....

BLONDIE: (FADING IN) Now I wonder who that could be, I just
talked to Cora Dithers an hour ago.

(PICK UP PHONE.....)

BLONDIE: Hello??

DAGWOOD: (FILTER) Bloondie, is that you?

BLONDIE: *oh*, Yes, Dagwood. *oh* My ^{goodness} / it's hot today, Where do you?

DAGWOOD: I'm in jail.

BLONDIE: Well, I hope it isn't as hot there as it is here
because ^{it's} in jail?

DAGWOOD: I've been arrested.

BLONDIE: What for....jay-walking?

DAGWOOD: *oh*, No. I've been arrested on suspicion of bank-robbery.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: *Yeah*, Isn't it awful?

BLONDIE: What bank did you rob?

DAGWOOD: The First National Bank....no, no! I mean, that's the one they think I robbed yesterday afternoon. I'm innocent! *Blondie, listen* /Will you come down right away and get me out of jail? I'm not happy here.

BLONDIE: All right, Dagwood! I'll get Mr. Dithers to meet me there. I'll call him right up!

DAGWOOD: Okay. *honey* Goodbye, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Goodbye!

MUSIC:

(PHONE RINGS...PICK UP PHONE....)

DITHERS: J.C.Dithers Construction Company, office of J.C. Dithers, president of the J.C. Dithers Construction Company, J.C. Dithers *saying* ~~himself speaking~~, hello.

BLONDIE: (FILTER) Hello, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Oh, hello, Blondie. Say, do you know where Dagwood is?? He should be in the office working.

BLONDIE: He's in jail.

DITHERS: *oh (laughs) But wait,* /Who gave him permission to go there?....~~in jail?~~

BLONDIE: *Mr. Dithers,* /They arrested him for robbing the First National Bank yesterday afternoon.

DITHERS: What?? How dare he rob a bank on Dithers' company time!~~Why~~ he was supposed to be working for me not for himself!

BLONDIE: Wasn't he working for you yesterday afternoon. I'll *DITH: Why, course*
DITHERS: *why that's right - all afternoon. Bl: Then he couldn't have* meet you down at the jail, Blondie, and we'll get him right out!

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robbed the bank.

BLONDIE: Oh, thank you, Mr. Dithers, I knew you'd be anxious to help.

DITHERS: I'm not anxious to help, but every minute he spends loafing in that nice coll jail is costing me money!
Goodbye!

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: *Well, now that you're free*
~~Now~~ Dagwood, just relax, and enjoy your chocolate soda, and tell us what happened.

DITHERS: Why should they think that you'd want to rob a bank.
as I know
They know you know/that crime doesn't pay.

DAGWOOD: *do they know as I know*
But/~~they also know~~ that the Dither's Company doesn't pay. *either*

DITHERS: Bumstead! Don't be so ungrateful!...Now explain things.

DAGWOOD: Well, Blondie, you know what I've been telling you about the dreams I've been having lately.

BLONDIE: Oh, yes. It's sort of interesting, Mr. Dithers. ~~Dagwood~~
Dagwood's been dreaming things that come true later.

DAGWOOD: That's right, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: And who makes your dreams come true.....a fairy godmother, precious?

DAGWOOD: Oh, cut it out! *J.C.*

DITHERS: Well/^{*then*} be sensible!

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, don't you dare say another word! ~~I want to~~
know why they arrested Dagwood on suspicion of bank robbery! *Now*
Go ahead, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Well, the other night I dreamt that the First National Bank would be held up, so when I went in there yesterday morning, I told Mr. Hoot, the cashier, ^{*Bl: You did?*} that the bank was
-CONTINUED-

DAGWOOD:
(CONT'D)

going to be held up in the afternoon. He wasn't much amused. Particularly after he got held up...I guess he told the police what I said and they grabbed me this morning.

DITHERS: *oh*, What are some of these other dreams you've been having???

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood dreamed that the Acme Market would sell me some ~~soap powder~~ ^{clothes pins}, and sure enough, they did! ^{DITHERS'} That's practically like a miracle.

DAGWOOD: And you know that property that the Hamilcar Barca Manufacturing Company bought for their factory last week??

DITHERS: Yes...what about it??

DAGWOOD: I dreamed they did it a week before they did.

DITHERS: Good grief, Bumstead! Why didn't you buy the property yourself and make a profit??

DAGWOOD: Gee, I never dreamed about that... ^{I mean,} I never thought about it either.

DITHERS: What a dope! What a nitwit!

BLONDIE: *oh*, Please! Mr. Dithers! Remember, you are talking about ^{my dream} ~~the~~ man I ~~love~~.

DITHERS: (LAUGHING IT UP) ^{A nightmare I call him -} ~~Oh, yes of course, that's right. Excuse me. Your error....I mean, my error.~~

BLONDIE: Now Dagwood, why didn't you buy that property yourself?

DAGWOOD: ~~Because I was a dope and a nitwit....~~ ^{well,} How could I tell the dream was coming true? After all, last night I dreamt that today ^{Mr. Dithers did} you'd find a ten dollar bill, and you haven't found one, have you? J.C.

BLONDIE: *well*, Have you, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: No...no, I haven't.

DAGWOOD: And the same night I dreamt that Blondie bought a pair of nylons at the little place right next ^{store here} to this drug store.

BLONDIE: Nylons?? *Next door. Why I don't believe it. Goodby.*
~~Of course it's silly, but it never hurts to ask, (FADING) Excuse me....I'll be back in just a moment, I hope.~~

DITHERS: Of course this whole thing is ridiculous. We all know that, don't we??

DAGWOOD: ~~Yeah...sure...Gee,~~ ^{DITHERS!} This is a good soda. / Oooops! There goes my spoon! *good grief, Bumstead, look what I found.*

(SPOON FALLS TO FLOOR WITH A CLATTER...)

DITHERS: Nevermind, clumsy....I'll get it. It's under my seat somewhere. Let's see, where is it?? I'll get my head under the table.

DAGWOOD: Now can you see it.

DITHERS: Yes, I...holy smoke!

(TEMPLE BLOCK...)

DITHERS: Ouch! My head!

DAGWOOD: What's the matter??

DITHERS: I think I see....

(TEMPLE BLOCK...)

DITHERS: Ouch! I think I....

(TEMPLE BLOCK...)

DITHERS: Can't I get my head out of here!...There! Look Bumstead! Look what I found!

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke....a ten dollar bill!

DITHERS: Your dream came true! ^{Hey} / Bumstead...you can see into the future!

DAGWOOD: ^{now} Oh, / *J.C., that's silly.* that's silly. How can I see into the future without a crystal ball? ?

DITHERS: (TO HIMSELF) ^{why!} This is amazing. There's a fortune in it. The stock market! Real estate! Oil wells! *Bingo!*
(ALoud) Dagwood, old friend, I want to make you a proposition.

DAGWOOD: You do?

DITHERS: That's right, Daggy, old friend of mine.

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers, whenever you smile and call me old friend of yours, I know you've got larceny in your heart!

DITHERS: Oh, Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: You're trying to figure some way of swindling me out of something, and I suppose I'll be a sucker as usual.

DITHERS: I suppose so, so let's get down to business....
I want to buy exclusive rights to all your dreams and the contents thereof.

DAGWOOD: Hmmm....would that mean I'd have to ask your permission to have a dream??

DITHERS: No, I wouldn't think so. But you'll have to tell me what your dreams are about whenever you have them.

~~DAGWOOD: Well, that might be embarrassing. After all, Mr. Dithers.~~

~~DITHERS: I see what you mean... Well, all your regular dreams then.~~

Sure! What do you say, Daggy, old buddy?

DAGWOOD: Well, Dithy, old fuddy-duddy, you haven't mentioned any sum of money yet, *as per the party of the second part ipsofacto*

DITHERS: Oh, yes...money. Well, I'll give you five dollars a week for your dreams.

DAGWOOD: Well, I don't know...five dollars a week seems like...

DITHERS: Ten dollars, then!

Well, of course,
DAGWOOD: ~~Sure!~~...Gee, I was just going to say that five dollars a week seems like a lot for my dreams.

DITHERS: Oh...well, don't worry, Bumstead...I'm going to make a fortune on your dreams! I'm going to make so much money there'll even be some left after I pay taxes on it, and believe me that's a lot of money...I wouldn't have believed this if I hadn't found that ten dollars.

NILES: (COMING UP) Hello, Dagwood...Hello, Mr. Dithers,

DAGWOOD: Hello, Ken.

DITHERS: Hello, Niles...what do you think I just did??

NILES: You just tried a Camel in your T-Zone. That's T for taste and T for throat. And you just proved to yourself as many others have that your taste will give you the true story on Camels rich full flavor, and your throat will tell you about Camels cool, smooth mildness,

DAGWOOD: *oh*, No, Ken. Mr. Dithers just found....

NILES: I know, I know. He found that Camels have more flavor, the result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos, and more flavor is what keeps you enjoying Camels, pack after pack, no matter how many you smoke.

DITHERS: Now look, Ken...

NILES: Wait...you interrupted me. I was going to say that in war as in peace, Camels are still Camels.

DITHERS: Well, I was just going to tell you that I found a ten dollar bill on the floor here. Look!

NILES: *oh*, Thanks, ~~Mr. Dithers~~, I lost that here fifteen minutes ago. Goodbye now.

DITHERS: Hey! Hey, Niles!

(DOOR CLOSSES OFF....)

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS)
If you're laughing

DITHERS: *Oh*, what's so funny???

DAGWOOD: I forgot to tell you that my dream also said you'd lose the ten dollars. (LAUGHS)

(DOOR OPENS OFF....)

BLONDIE: (OFF) Oh, Dagwood! (COMING UP) Dagwood,.....look! I bought three pair of nylons!

DITHERS: Good grief!

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke...^{hey} my dream was right again!

BLONDIE: They'd fallen down behind the shelf,^{and} the sales woman had just found them, and they didn't happen to be her size!

DITHERS: Bumstead....don't forget that you sold me the rights to your dreams for ten dollars a week!

BLONDIE: *oh*, Dagwood...it's worth twenty five or fifty times as much!

DAGWOOD: *Well, Blondie* / He hasn't paid me any money yet to bind the contract.

DITHERS: Here's twenty dollars in advance!

BLONDIE: Don't take it!

DITHERS: Take it!

BLONDIE: Dagwooooooooood!

DITHERS: Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: *well*, I promised, I'll ~~take~~ take the dough, *Blondie*.

DITHERS: That's the stuff, Dagwood,) (LAUGHS)

~~BLONDIE:~~ ^{now} Dagwood....go pay for the sodas, ~~will you dear??~~

DAGWOOD: Okay...I'll be back in a minute...(FADING)^{oh} Boy, twenty bucks!

BLONDIE: *Now see here, Mr. Dithers*

DITHERS: Now Blondie, don't try to talk me out of my contract with Dagwood. He's stuck with it. Boy, I'm going to make a fortune out of this! And he can't tell his dreams to anyone but me!

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, did you ever stop to think that Dagwood might talk in his sleep???

DITHERS: *why*, Oh-oh.

BLONDIE: I hate to be mercenary, but I'm the business man in our house and I expect to be out in on my husbands dreams. And if you don't want to cooperate with me, I'll just listen in when Dagwood talks in his sleep and sell the information to someone else.

DITHERS: ^{oh} Now, Blondie, is that ~~fair~~? *fair.*

BLONDIE: Certainly! A dream with a lot of inside information could be very valuable. Now let's really talk business, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: *well,* I'll give you ten percent of all I make from Dagwood's dreams.

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, I want seventy-five percent!

DITHERS: (CHOKES) ^{why} Seventy-five! That's ridiculous! The most I'd *ever* give you is fifty percent.

BLONDIE: (QUICKLY) Sold!

DITHERS: I wonder if I spoke too soon.

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) ^{J.C.} Well, it's all paid for... Say, I guess I didn't tell you ^{J.C.} about another dream I had last night. It was very exciting.

DITHERS: What was it -- Betty Grable?

DAGWOOD: *oh,* No, the Annual ^{Boat} ~~River Rowing~~ Race between the Eastside and the Westside. Boy, what a race!

BLONDIE: Why that race isn't tomorrow afternoon.

DAGWOOD: *Yeah, I know it --*

DITHERS: Say, I just thought of something. Why this'll be worth a fortune to me.

DAGWOOD: What's that, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: Well, Cora's been thinking about where we're going to go for our vacation. It's the same old business -- the seashore or the mountains. Cora wants to go to the mountains and look at the scenery --

DAGWOOD: And you want to go to the seashore and look at the girls.

DITHERS: Yes....No! Well, let's face it -- I'm human.

DAGWOOD: That's news to me.

DITHERS: Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Excuse me.

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, what ~~is all this about~~ ^{does} your vacation got to do with Dagwood's dreams and the boat race tomorrow?

DITHERS: Well, Dagwood will tell me which side won the race in his dream, then I'll get Cora to bet with me that if the side I pick wins the race, I can choose where we go for our vacation. Oh, this is going to be wonderful!

DAGWOOD: ^{yeah, yeah,} ~~Yes,~~ it's a swell idea, Mr. Dithers, but it has one tiny little weakness.

DITHERS: What's that?

DAGWOOD: I didn't see who won the race in my dream.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood-- why was that?

DAGWOOD: Well, just as both boats drew towards the finish line and everyone was cheering and yelling and screaming --

DITHERS: Yes, what happened?

DAGWOOD: The alarm clock went off.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear -- is that all you remember about the race?

DAGWOOD: Well, Blondie, you made me get ^{out of bed} ~~up~~ then, and I haven't learned yet to continue my dream and brush my teeth at the same time.

DITHERS: Blondie, why didn't you let the poor guy sleep?

BLONDIE: Because if he did sleep and was late to the office, his penny-pinching employer would have docked his salary.

DITHERS: You bet he would have!.... Say, maybe Dagwood can continue

DITHERS: ~~his dream.~~ ^{Say} Maybe he can dream the race all over again. Dagwood how do you feel right now?

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Right now? DITH: *Yes*

DAGWOOD: / Oh, I feel fine! Very chipper and wide awake.

DITHERS: Don't you feel a little drowsy, Bumstead? (YAWNS IT)
Why, I'm practically asleep myself.

BLONDIE: Yes, Dagwood, after your experience in jail --(YAWNS) --
wouldn't you like to get a little nap on the couch?
Oh, excuse me.

DAGWOOD: No, I'm -- (YAWNS) -- I'm not a bit sleepy..., Or am I?

BLONDIE: We'd better take you right home and let you float off
to dreamland.

DAGWOOD: Oh, no, ^{oh, now} I couldn't sleep when I ought to be working for
Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS; *oh*, It's all right with me, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: No, no, I just couldn't sleep on the couch on company
time,

DITHERS; Why not? You sleep at your desk on company time!...
Constantly.

BLONDIE; *Oh*, Please, Dagwood.....

DAGWOOD: *Well* All right, Okay. I'm willing to lie down on the couch
and rest my eyes a little^{bit}, but I positively absolutely
refuse to go to sleep and that's final!

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: (IS SNORING)

DITHERS; *oh*, Blondie, I can't stand to listen to much more of this.
I'm getting sleepy myself,

BLONDIE; So am I, *oh*, Wait -- I think he said something.

DAGWOOD: (MUMBLES -- THEN SO WE CAN HEAR HIM) Boy, look at 'em go!
Wow!

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BLONDIE: It sounds like he's dreaming of the boat race, all right!

DITHERS: *oh*, This is wonderful! I've always wanted to be able to decide where to go on my vacation but it's almost impossible when you're married.

BLONDIE: I never force Dagwood to go where I want to go for vacation. / I just say, "Dagwood - I'm going to the mountains. Do you want to come along?" And he always says yes.

DITHERS: Women are so sweet and reasonable.

DAGWOOD: Here they come! Wow!

BLONDIE: It must be the race, all right!

DITHERS: *yeah*, Bumstead, watch that race! Please see which boat wins it!

DAGWOOD: Hurray! Yippeeeeeeee!

DITHERS: (SHAKING HIM) Dagwood! Who won? ^{*repeat*} Who won the race?

DAGWOOD: Gee, I don't know... Holy smoke - I sure was dreaming wasn't I?

BLONDIE: Dagwood, did you dream about the boat race again? The race that's going to be held tomorrow afternoon,

DAGWOOD: *yeah*, Yeah -- that's right, Blondie! What a race! The guys in each boat were rowing like mad right up to the finish!

DITHERS: *well*, Didn't you see the finish?

DAGWOOD: No, I turned away to get a hot dog and missed it.

DITHERS: Bumstead!... *oh*... Let me at him!

BLONDIE: Please! Mr. Dithers! Don't!

DAGWOOD: Get off me! / ^{*now*} Stop choking me! (COUGHS) Help!

DITHERS: Oh, you driveling, drooling, drip!

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, you force me to get tough about this.

DITHERS: (YELLS) Owwwwwwwwch! Blondie -- let go of my ear!

BLONDIE: *all right* / Let go of Dagwood's ^{T-zone} ~~throat~~ first!

DITHERS: Oh, all right, if you're going to be sensitive about it.

BLONDIE: That's better.

DITHERS: *oh*, Bumstead -- ~~don't you see~~, this is the only chance I've ever had to take a vacation where I want to take it -- the only chance in years...and years...and years.

DAGWOOD: There there, ^{now} don't cry, Mr. Dithers,

DITHERS: Oh, I just can't help it, ~~Daggy~~,...Now then -- will you please go back to sleep again?

DAGWOOD: Oh, ~~no~~, I'm wide awake now.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, you've got to go back to sleep. Mr. Dithers wants to know ^{whether} ~~what your dream says is going to win the boat race on the river~~ -- the Eastside or the Westside boat. ^{is going to win.} See if you can't take another little nap.

DAGWOOD: No, I couldn't do it now.

DITHERS: Bumstead -- for heavens sakes, go to sleep!

DAGWOOD: No, I can't possibly!

DITHERS: *Well*, I'm not going to stand for any more foolishness! Put your big fat head down on that pillow! ^{come on} / Close your ^{broken down} eyes ~~now!~~ ~~Start breathing heavily!~~ ~~Come on!~~

DAGWOOD: (~~BREATHES HEAVILY~~) *Now listen, J.C.*

DITHERS: Now get to sleep, and if you don't get to sleep in ten minutes, I'll come back and ^{rock} ~~put~~ you to sleep with a rock. ~~something large and heavy that'll leave a goose-egg on your empty skull!~~ Get to sleep!

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: I think he's sleeping in there, Mr. Dithers. Let's go in, but be very quiet.

DITHERS: All right, Blondie, ^{oh} I hope he remembers which boat wins the race this time! I've got to win that bet with Cora!

(DOOR OPENS QUIETLY)

DAGWOOD: (IS SNORING)

BLONDIE: Why the poor darling is sound asleep.

DITHERS: The poor darling.

BLONDIE: Sh-h-h!

DITHERS: Sh-h-h, yourself!

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers -- be careful -- don't step on Daisy's tail!

DITHERS: Don't what on who's what? *which?*

DAISY HOWLS SO IT SOUNDS LIKE "OWWITCH!".....OR "OW-OOOOOOOO!".....

BLONDIE: Oh, Mr. Dithers!

DITHERS: Get out from under my foot, you low-bred, squalling, ill-tempered flea farm! (DOG BARK)

DAGWOOD: (WAKING UP) ^{who me?} Hey! Hey, what's going on here! What's happening!

DITHERS: Get back to your sleeping, Bumstead!

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, get off Daisy's tail!

~~DAISY IS AD-LIBBING HOWLS.....~~

DITHERS: Get out of this room before I ^{kick} beat you out!

~~BLONDIE: How dare you talk that way to me!~~

~~DITHERS: I mean Daisy here!~~

DAISY SAYS "OH, NOOOOOOOO!".....

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers-- don't kick Daisy! Get him, Daisy!

BLONDIE: Yes, give him a little nip, Daisy!

DAISY SNARLS.....

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DITHERS: Look out! Help! Let go of ^{my leg} feet, you nut! Hel-1-1-1-1-1!

Help-I'm falling!

(CRASH AS DITHERS FALLS DOWN...)

~~BLONDIE: Well, now he's going to have to buy me a new bridge lamp!~~

~~DITHERS: (GROANS) Bumstead, what were you dreaming about?~~

BLONDIE: *Oh, Mr. Dithers, stop teasing Daisy, you'll only get her excited.*

DITHERS: *Perhaps you're right. Bumstead, what were you dreaming about.*

DAGWOOD: Well, it was sort of about the river race.

DITHERS: Good! Who won??

DAGWOOD: Well, I wasn't really dreaming about the race, Mr. Dithers. I was just dreaming that I was dreaming about it, so it wasn't a real dream but a dream of a *(DITH: Oh no) see do you* dream..... Do you/understand??

DITHERS: ~~Oh sure, I understand~~ ^{yes} perfectly. It couldn't be any clearer. *(well there's only one thing to do now.)* (MAKES THE FINGER ON THE LIPS SOUND)

BLONDIE: Well, what shall we do now, Mr. Dithers??

DITHERS: I wish I knew... Bumstead, please go back to sleep.

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers, this time it's hopeless. I've got so much sleep I don't even know if I'll be able to sleep tonight.

DITHERS: Well, you've got to sleep.

BLONDIE: But suppose he just doesn't sleep.

DITHERS: He'll go to sleep, Blondie! (LAUGHS) Don't worry, he'll go to sleep if I have to stay to dinner and put him to sleep!

BLONDIE: *What's that.*

DITHERS: *Come on, Dag, get up on my lap. Rockabye, baby.*

MUSIC:

DITHERS: *That was a nice dinner, I wonder where Dagwood is?*

BLONDIE: You know, Mr. Dithers, I wouldn't be surprised if

Dagwood was taking a little after-dinner nap right now.

DITHERS: I wouldn't be surprised either, I know he's taking a nap.

BLONDIE: Well, as a matter of fact, I know he'll take a nap, too!

You see, I put a sleeping pill in his glass of milk.

DITHERS: You did??

BLONDIE: *Yes ... Was that wrong??*

DITHERS: I don't know. I dosed up his milk, too.

BLONDIE: How many pills did you put in??

DITHERS: I don't know exactly. It was sort of a level handful....
I ^{just} wanted to be sure I'd send him to slumberland.

COOKIE: (COMING UP) Mommy...

BLONDIE: What is it, Cookie??

COOKIE: Daddy's on the couch ^{honking} blowing his horn.

BLONDIE: He's what??

COOKIE: You know... snoring. He's sound asleep.

BLONDIE: So soon?? Why he just laid down a minute ago.

COOKIE: I know he's sound asleep. He didn't wake up when I hit him in the face with my Raggedy Andy doll.

DITHERS: Are you sure he wasn't really awake and just pretending to be asleep??

COOKIE: Yep. I hit him again to make sure.

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, we'd better go right in and see if he's all right.

DITHERS: Oh, he'll be all right. Those pills are pretty weak.

BLONDIE: Well, I don't know about that!

DAGWOOD: (SNORING)

DITHERS: Oh, listen to those beautiful pear-shaped snores. He sounds like ~~the cat at feeding time.~~ ^{a frog with a man in his throat.}

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, I'm worried about this. I'm going to wake him up and see if he feels all right.

DITHERS: Now Blondie, don't do that!!

BLONDIE: I don't want to take any chances!Dagwooooooooooooood!

DAGWOOD: (MUFFLED NOISES BUT NO WORDS)

BLONDIE: Dagwood... ^{now} wake up! Wake up, dear!

DITHERS: Bumstead! Wake up!

DAGWOOD: (SLEEPILY) Good morning, honey.

DITHERS: Good morning, precious.

DAGWOOD: (SNORES AGAIN)

BLONDIE: Oh, he's really out! I'm going to shake him!...Dagwood,
wake up! (WITH EFFORT) *oh, Dagwood,* Wake up!

DAGWOOD: Hello, Mr. Dithers.

BLONDIE: I'm not Mr. Dithers, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Stop shaking me, Mr. Dithers!... ~~Gosh, Mr. Dithers, I
never realized you had such a cute figure!~~

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood!

DITHERS: I'll handle him, Blondie. I'll get close and yell in
his ear.... Bumstead! Snap out of it! Are you all
right??

DAGWOOD: Yes, I'm fine, *goodnight* /darling. ~~Kiss me goodnight!~~

~~DITHERS: Hey! Out it out!~~

~~BLONDIE: Why Mr. Dithers, you kissed Dagwood!~~

~~DITHERS: I did nothing of the sort! I'm happy to say I
successfully fought him off before he could smooch me.~~

DAGWOOD: (IS SNORING) ←

BLONDIE: Oh, dear ... I guess he's all right, but he's asleep
again. Mr. Dithers, ~~you'd better help me carry him
upstairs and put him to bed, and then~~ *why don't you* come back tomorrow
morning and we'll see if he'd dreamed about the race.

DITHERS: All right, Blondie, but I'm beginning to wonder if it's
worth it!!

~~MUSIC:~~
MUSIC:

DITHERS: Bumstead,...wake up! It's ^{two} ~~one~~ o'clock in the afternoon!
The race is going to start any minute!

BLONDIE: Those sleeping pills really worked on him. He was awake a couple of times this morning, ^(clock strikes two) but he fell right off to sleep again.

~~(SIGNAL SHOT BEING FIRED TO DENOTE START OF RACE, .)~~
~~2:00 o'clock. The race started~~
DITHERS: Good grief, ~~that's the signal for the start of the race!~~ I've got to call Cora and make my bet with her, but ^{you} don't know which boat Dagwood dreamed would be the winner, ^{oh} Blondie... hand me that pitcher of icewater.

BLONDIE: Oh, Mr. Dithers, do you really think you should??

DITHERS: How can you ask that when you're shoving the pitcher right into my hands.

BLONDIE: Well, time's awasting... ^{oh} He'll make an awful yell.

DITHERS: Well, it's for a good cause, ^{oh} me.

(SPLASH OF WATER, .)

DAGWOOD: (AD LIBS REACTIONS FOR FIVE OR TEN SECONDS) I'm drowning! Help! Get that iceberg off my back! ^{help} / I've been birdseyed!

DITHERS: Blondie... get Cora on the phone right away.

BLONDIE: All right, Mr. Dithers.

(PICK UP PHONE... DIALING)

DITHERS: Dagwood, which boat won the race in your dreams... the Eastside or the Westside boat??

DAGWOOD: Good morning, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: It's good afternoon! Who won? ~~in your dreams??~~

DAGWOOD: Oh, yes. Well, the way I dreamed it, the race was won by..

BLONDIE: Good afternoon, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Good afternoon, honey.

BLONDIE: ^{well} Haven't you got a good morning kiss for me this afternoon?

DAGWOOD: *oh, sure —*
/ Why of course I have!

DITHERS: For the love of Pete, can't that goona-goona stuff
wait until I find out who won??

BLONDIE: Oh, no, Mr. Dithers....Here...,take the phone.

DAGWOOD: Here's your kiss, darling.

(LONG, INVOLVED KISS...)

DITHERS: Hello, Cora....I'll tell you the boat I'm betting on as
soon as I can pry Dagwood away from Blondie....Come,
folks...,break it up.

BLONDIE: (EMBARRASSED) Oh, excuse us, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: ~~Yes, yes, yes!~~ *DAG! Excuse us.*
/ Now who won, Dagwood?? I've got Cora
hanging on the other end of this phone.

DAGWOOD: Let me think *of a winner.*

BLONDIE: You know, they're going to signal the winner today with
one shot from a cannon if the Eastside wins, and two
for the Westside. We'll be able to tell right away...

Now DAGWOOD: Hurry up, Dagwood.
a minute, wait a minute.
Wait! Now I remember! Yep ... I remember who won!

DITHERS: Okay, Cora..., and remember that if my boat comes in, we
go to the seashore for our vacation!..., What is it,
Dagwood??

DAGWOOD: The Navy boat won!

DITHERS: The Navy boat, Cora! Call you later!

(HANGS UP...)

DITHERS: Well, I guess that's that, and I've got nothing the
Navy boat???? What did I say!! There's only an
Eastside boat and a Westside boat!

BLONDIE: *oh* Wait, Mr. Dithers!

DITHERS: Bumstead, what have you done to me??

DAGWOOD: I think I'll go back to sleep again.

DITHERS: I know you are....I'm going to slug you to sleep!

BLONDIE: Wait, Mr. Dithers... there was something in the paper this morning about there being a possibility of a Navy boat being entered. Some of the boys who are sailors got together and were going to rent a boat to row in the race.

DAGWOOD: That's the way it was in my dream!

(SHOT WAY OFF,...)

BLONDIE: One shot! The Eastside boat won.

(ANOTHER SHOT...)

DITHERS: No, the Westside.

(ANOTHER SHOT....)

DAGWOOD: No, the sailors won! I know they won!

DITHERS: Yahooooo! I'm going to the seashore at last! Oh, this is wonderful! ~~At last I've fixed it so we won't go to the mountains again!~~ So long, folks! Yahooooo! (FADING)

BLONDIE: *oh*, My goodness, Mr. Dithers certainly is pleased about winning the bet from Cora.

DAGWOOD: You know, I just didn't have the heart to tell Mr. Dithers about the rest of my dream. *Blondie*

BLONDIE: What was that??

DAGWOOD: *well*, I dreamt that no matter whether Mr. Dithers won or not, Mrs. Dithers is still going to make him go to the mountains!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC:

(2nd Show) NILES: Ah, ah, ah, ah, don't go away folks, the Blonde
will be back in just a moment. "BLONDIE" -24-
6/19/44

(1st Show) NILES:
MUSIC:

And now thanks to the Yank of the week!
(QUICK FANFARE)

VOICE:

~~Thanks to the Yanks of the Week!~~ Tonight we salute
Corporal James D. Slaton, of Laurel, Mississippi, winner
of the Congressional Medal of Honor, our country's
highest award, for his exploit in Italy where he wiped
out three Nazi machine-gun nests single-handed with
rifle, bayonet, and grenades!
In your honor, Corporal Slaton, the makers of Camels
are sending to our soldiers overseas three hundred
thousand Camel cigarettes.

MUSIC:

(FANFARE)

(APPLAUSE)

BLONDIE
6/19/44

*Repeat Show
Only*

NILES: And now I think Blondie and Dagwood have something they want to tell you.

DAGWOOD: You tell them, Blondie.

BLONDIE: No, you tell them, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: No, you tell them, Blondie.

BLONDIE: All right, I'll tell them.

DAGWOOD: No, I'll tell them.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, stop being difficult....What we want to tell you is that this is our last broadcast for Camel cigarettes. We've been on the air for five years for Camels and it's been a very happy association. We've been proud to work for such a fine product and for such fine people.

DAGWOOD: (STAGE WHISPER) Blondie, tell them about you know what.

BLONDIE: No, you tell them, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Well, we're going off the air for a few weeks vacation, but we'll be back on again with a new sponsor Friday, July twenty first, on another network.

BLONDIE: Remember - Friday, July twenty-first on another network. We'll be seeing you then.

DAGWOOD: So long, we'll be seeing you.

MUSIC:

(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 almost four million Yanks with free shows and free Camels!

NILES: Camel broadcasts go out to the United States four times a week, are shortwaves to our men overseas and to South America.

Listen Thursday to Harry Savoy; Friday to Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante; Saturday to Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks"; and next Monday to "Blondie" at this same time and over these same CBS stations.

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

(OWI ANNOUNCEMENT)

ANNCR:

The Fifth War Loan has just been launched. Need any arguments be given you to buy your quota ... and more?? What more reasons do you need than you find on the beaches of France ... the flak-filled skies over Caen... the glider trains of paratroopers crossing the Channel?? Yes, War Bonds pay you a handsome return on your investment; but you'll find the BIG reason to buy them on the front page of every newspaper you read, on the microphones of every news broadcast you hear. Get into this invasion ... with your dollars ... NOW!!!

MUSIC:

(BLONDIE...THEME)

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 *from Hollywood.* Goodnight ~~for Camel Cigarettes.~~
~~First in the Service.~~

MUSIC: (THEME AND APPLAUSE)

(GEORGE WASHINGTON HITCH HIKE)

SHIELDS: Packing up for a summer vacation?? Well, give a thought to what you pack in that pipe of yours, too, to make those vacations hours pleasanter still. Pack that pipe with fragrant, mellow, grand-tasting, mild George Washington Smoking Tobacco. And thrifty?? ... say, you get a dozen extra pipefuls for your ten cents in that big, blue two-and-a-quarter ounce package. George Washington is America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!!

This is CBS..... THE COLUMBIA... BROADCASTING SYSTEM.