



# 128-12-23-41

"BLONDIE"

MASTER  
4:30 - 5:00 P.M., PST  
7:30 - 8:00 P.M., PST

MONDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1941

GOODWIN: Ah -- Ah -- Ah -- Don't touch that dial -- Listen  
to "Blondie"...presented by Camel...the cigarette  
of costlier tobaccos.

MUSIC: (THEME)

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GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue. Well, the Bumsteads are just getting into the swing of the approaching holidays-- they've figured out their Christmas list, and with the aid of a little black magic and sleight of hand, they've squeezed it into their budget. The only problem they've got left is when they're going to have time to get the presents...Here are Blondie and Dagwood, sitting in the living room, this evening, trying to work things out.

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood -- I've looked over the list, and figured out how much time we've got left before Christmas, and I've come to one conclusion.

DAGWOOD: What's that, Blondie?

BLONDIE: We won't have time enough to buy half the presents.

DAGWOOD: We always arrive at that same conclusion every year.

~~BLONDIE: BUT THIS YEAR WE'VE ARRIVED AT IT EARLIER  
I don't suppose we could give half our presents on  
Christmas and half on New Year's, could we?~~

~~BLONDIE: I don't suppose so.~~

~~DAGWOOD: I didn't really think so...I guess we're stuck then.~~

(DOOR BELL RINGS...)

BLONDIE: Who could that be?

DAGWOOD: (GOING OFF) I'll <sup>go</sup> see, honey...

(DOOR OPENS...)

DITHERS: (FEELING LOW) Hello, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Hello, J.C.

BLONDIE: My goodness, Mr. Dithers -- come right in.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- you're cooling the house off -- er -- I mean, come right in.

DITHERS: Thank you.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

BLONDIE: Sit down, Mr. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: ~~Now tell us~~ -- what's wrong?

DITHERS: You see before you a man who is at the end of his string, a man who has suffered, a man who is nudging himself to the ragged edge of double homicide.

DAGWOOD: Double homicide?

DITHERS: Yes. It's a police term for choking two relatives. They wouldn't call it murder, because in this case, it's justifiable.

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, I'm surprised at you.

DITHERS: You wouldn't be if you'd ever met Rudy and Alma Crum. That's my brother-in-law and his wife. Every time I see them I instinctively reach for a blunt instrument.

BLONDIE: I gather you don't like them.

DITHERS: That's putting it mildly -- but Rudy is Cora's brother, and if I spoke one unkind word to him -- (SIGHS) -- well, what would happen is too awful to think about.

DAGWOOD: Are they staying with you, J.C.?

DITHERS: Well, they just arrived today. Rudy said they were only going to stay overnight, but the last time they stayed overnight they didn't leave for three months.

BLONDIE: Well, Mr. Dithers -- <sup>WHAT CAN WE DO ABOUT IT.</sup> ~~where do we fit into this?~~

DITHERS: Well -- er -- I did think you might be able to help me get rid of Rudy and Alma.

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers -- it won't take a lot of time, will it? Dagwood and I have quite a bit of Christmas shopping to do.

DITHERS: Listen, Blondie -- if you and Dagwood get rid of those two parasites, Dagwood can have practically the whole next week off.

BLONDIE: How many days is practically the whole week?

DITHERS: Well -- two days.

BLONDIE: Three days?

DITHERS: Okay -- three days...*BLONDIE: WISH I'D ASKED HIM FOR FOUR* Now here's my idea. You know, Mrs. Dithers is away visiting friends, so now is my best chance to give Rudy and Alma a brush-off they'll never forget.

DAGWOOD: *I'VE GOT A SMALL IDEA JC WHY DON'T YOU JUST MOVE OUT. So what's your plan, J.C.?*

*BLONDIE: WHAT DO YOU WANT US TO DO MY DITHERS*  
DITHERS: Well, I want you and ~~Blondie~~<sub>DAGWOOD</sub> to come over to my house as maid and butler and make things uncomfortable for them.

BLONDIE: You want us to play maid and butler?  
*DAGWOOD: YOU WANT US TO PLAY MAID AND BUTLER? BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! I JUST SAID THAT!*

DITHERS: That's it, exactly. I'd hire someone else to do the job, but I'd be afraid it might get back to Cora. All you've got to do is annoy them, keep them unhappy, get them to leave -- for good if possible?-- and I will be gratefully yours -- J.C. Dithers...Now what do you say?

DAGWOOD: Gee, me a butler. That might be all right. (LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) You know, this could be a lot of fun.

DITHERS: Then it's all settled. You can make arrangements for someone to stay here with Alexander and Cookie tonight, and we'll start right in. We've got to strike while the iron is hot!

*BLONDIE: IRON? HOT? MY GOODNESS. I LEFT THE IRON ON IN THE KITCHEN.*  
MUSIC: ON IN THE KITCHEN.

GOODWIN: Well, well! It looks as though Blondie and Dagwood have taken on a rather interesting assignment for Mr. Dithers.. ~~I wonder what success they'll have getting rid of Mr. Dithers! unwelcome house guests?~~ What kind of a butler do you suppose Dagwood will make, and what kind of a maid will Blondie be? Well, right now, we find Blondie and Dagwood in the car, on their way over to Mr. Dithers' house....

DAGWOOD: How's this, Blondie? "Yes, mum, thank you, mum." Do you think that's snooty enough?

BLONDIE: I don't know, Dagwood. You've got to be very superior to be a fancy servant. You sort of sneer.

DAGWOOD: All right. Ask me something.

BLONDIE: (VERY LA-DE-DAH) My good man, will you bring me a poached raisin on the hawf shell?

DAGWOOD: (SUPERIOR) Very good, mum.

BLONDIE: That's better. (VEDDY VEDDY AGAIN) Fetch me a cigarette, ignited on one end!

DAGWOOD: Quite right, mum. Won't you have one of the mawster's Camels?

BLONDIE: ~~No, Dagwood! You mustn't bring them Camels!~~  
*YOU ALWAYS OFFER CAMELS DON'T YOU*

DAGWOOD: Why not?

BLONDIE: Why, Camels are what really fine hostesses serve to please their guests. We're supposed to drive Mr. Dithers' guests away, not make them happy!

GOODWIN: You're right there, Blondie. Of course, many of America's most distinguished hostesses serve Camels. They know that America's favorite cigarette is always popular with their guests. You'll find that your friends will like Camels, too! If you want to prove that, try a pack yourself! You'll really like Camel's rich, extra flavor -- and you'll like the famous Camel mildness that lets you enjoy it! Notice the way Camels are slower-burning, too -- because that means cooler smoking, and more smoking per cigarette per pack -- more for your money! The reason behind all this Camel goodness is costlier tobaccos, blended with the famous Camel know-how -- the matchless blending that makes a really superb cigarette! Less nicotine in the smoke, too!

ECHO: Twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling cigarettes tested -- less than any of them, according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself!

GOODWIN: And the smoke's the thing! Get a pack of mild, flavorful Camels tonight -- and you'll want to buy a carton tomorrow!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: It's about an hour and a half later. Blondie and Dagwood are ~~out~~ in Mr. Dithers' kitchen, ready to step into their roles as maid and butler. Mr. Dithers is in the living room, talking to his unwelcome guests.

DITHERS: <sup>RUDY,</sup> Now my butler is a very unusual man. <sup>RUDY: YEAH</sup> Dagw -- that is, David has been in service with Lord Bumbletree of Barr<sup>ier</sup>~~ington~~. He's very particular. I hope you'll get along all right with him, Rudy.

RUDY: Certainly I'll get along all right with him, as long as he doesn't try to give me any sass. I ain't taking nothing from no one.

ALMA: That's right. Rudolph went to Dart-mowth.

DITHERS: Dart-mowth, eh? <sup>ALMA: Yes,</sup> It must have been a short visit.

RUDY: Hey! Are you insinuating I ain't got no education?

ALMA: You haven't told us about the maid.

DITHERS: Oh, yes -- you mean -- er -- Blanche. Well, she's blonde, and -- well, rather cute.

RUDY: Oh, boy!

ALMA: Rudolph!!

RUDY: ~~Oh,~~ excuse me, Alma.

DITHERS: Oh, I'll ring for <sup>The M</sup> ~~the butler and maid~~. I want to instruct them to take good care of you, even though you're just here overnight.

ALMA: Overnight? Did we say overnight?

DITHERS: Why, yes.

ALMA: Well, you're being so sweet to us, we couldn't think of leaving for a week at least.

RUDY: Of course we can't stay too long. I've got an important business appointment -- next March.

DITHERS: Taaaaaaaah.

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

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Did you ring for us, sir?

DITHERS: Oh, yes, Dag-- er -- David -- And Blanche...This is Mr. and Mrs. Crum. They'll be staying here for a while.

BLONDIE: Must they?

ALMA: Why, the idea! Did you hear that, Rudolph?...Rudolph, did you -- Rudolph! Stop staring!

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BLONDIE: Yes, sir.



RUDY: Oh! What did you say, Alma?

ALMA: Nothing.

DITHERS: Now, David, I want you to take good care of Mr. Crum.

DAGWOOD: ~~Yeah, yeah.~~ *THANK YOU! PIPPIR-TOODLE DOO- CHEERIO.*

DITHERS: *AND DON'T OVER DO IT. DAG: Yeah*

RUDY: Well, well -- so you're a gentleman's gentleman.

DAGWOOD: Yes, but in your case I'll make an exception. *HAW HAW*

RUDY: Hey! ~~I'm Mr. Dithers brother-in-law, and I demand to~~  
~~be treated as his brother-in-law should be.~~

BLONDIE: Er -- is there something we can get for you now,  
Mr. and Mrs. Crummy?

ALMA: The name is Crum!

RUDY: Yeah -- see that you remember that. We're the Crums.

DAGWOOD: You certainly are!

DITHERS: (LAUGHS -- THEN STOPS SHORT) Why, that's awful! That's  
a terrible thing to say, David! Why you ought to be  
ashamed of yourself.

DAGWOOD: I'm sorry sir, but I thought they said they were the  
Crums.

BLONDIE: I thought they said that too, sir.

RUDY: We are the Crums.

DAGWOOD: You see, sir -- ~~they admit it.~~ *THAT MAKES IT UNANIMOUSLY*

ALMA: Mr. Dithers, are you going to sit there smiling and  
allow your servants to insult us?

RUDY: I won't stand for this! Come on, Alma -- we don't have to stay here! We'll leave! We'll go somewhere else. I've been insulted! Let's go!

ALMA: ~~Er -- Rudolf.~~ Where would we go to?

RUDY: Oh...oh, yeah. I guess I ain't as insulted as I thought I was. We'll stay anyway.

DITHERS: Oh, you will...Well, that's -- uh -- fine...And David and Blanche, I'll have to ask you to show the Crums a little more courtesy.

DAGWOOD: ~~Yes, sir.~~ THANK YOU.

BLONDIE: You see, sir, David has been rather upset lately, haven't you, David?

DAGWOOD: Hanh? / <sup>MY STOMACH</sup> Oh -- er -- yeah, <sup>Quite</sup> that's right, sir. *BLONDIE: DAVID.*

DITHERS: Upset?

BLONDIE: Yes sir -- you see -- er -- he's afraid Harry the Heel has found him...Isn't that right, David?

DAGWOOD: Er -- uh -- yes, -- that's right, I guess.

RUDY: Hey, who is this Harry the Heel?

ALMA: This all sounds very mysterious.

BLONDIE: He's a gangster.

*RUDY!*  
DITHERS: Oh, yes -- I've heard you mention him, David. <sup>HEAR THAT, ALMA?</sup>

DAGWOOD: You have, hunh? <sup>BLONDIE: DAGWOOD.</sup> Oh, sure -- of course you have.

RUDY: Well, what's he after the butler for?

DAGWOOD: He doesn't like me.

RUDY: He's got something there. *Brother.* (LAUGHS)

ALMA: Well, is this -- this Harry the Heel a dangerous man?

DITHERS: Oh, no -- not at all.  
ALMA: (SIGHS) Thank goodness.  
DITHERS: He's only killed about four men.  
ALMA: Ohhhhhhh!  
BLONDIE: Pardon me for correcting you, sir -- five men, so far.  
DITHERS: Oh, five men, ~~then.~~ *Thank You.*  
BLONDIE: David will make six.  
DAGWOOD: I got a letter from him yesterday -- he's found me all right.  
~~ALMA: Well -- what did he say in the letter?~~  
~~DAGWOOD: He said, "Dear Sir! It's a short life, wasn't it?"~~  
~~Signed, Harry the Heel."~~  
BLONDIE: David is afraid he'll come after him tonight.  
RUDY: T-t-tonight?  
DAGWOOD: Yeah -- it sort of upsets me. *OLD BOY - PIP PIP - CHEERIO*  
DITHERS: Well, anyway, David <sup>*You're STILL OVER DOING IT.*</sup> -- good luck to you. If there's anything I can do -- *LET ME KNOW.*  
DAGWOOD: You don't happen to have a suit of bullet-proof pajamas, do you?  
DITHERS: No, I'm afraid not."  
BLONDIE: ~~Maybe you'd better sleep in the tub tonight. That~~ ~~might deflect the bullets.~~  
ALMA: Rudolph, shall we go upstairs? It's getting late, and I'm a little tired.  
RUDY: Oh, yeah, Alma.  
DAGWOOD: I'll have breakfast sent up to you in the morning, if I'm around.

(FOOTSTEPS UP STAIRS)

RUDY: Heh-hehe...yeah...(FADING) Goodnight.  
ALMA: Goodnight...(FADING) *Cheerio.*  
BLONDIE: (AFTER A PAUSE) Well, they're gone now.  
*Door Closes.*

DAGWOOD: ~~How did I do, Mr. Dithers?~~

DITHERS: ~~Frankly, Dagwood, as a butler you'd fool nobody but my wife's relatives.~~

DAGWOOD: Hey, Blondie -- what's all this about Harry the Heel?  
What's the idea, Blondie?

BLONDIE: I thought we could stage sort of a murder tonight  
that might make them leave.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Hey, that's good, Blondie. What am I going  
to do.

BLONDIE: You're going to be the body.

DAGWOOD: Tooooooooh!

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, you've got a gun and some blank cartridges  
around, haven't you? The gun you use when you're the  
starter at the high school track meets?

DITHERS: (LAUGHS) Sure, I have.

DAGWOOD: Hey, this is going to be pretty exciting.

BLONDIE: I hope it'll be on the gruesome side, too. Now here's  
what's going to happen. In the middle of the night --  
maybe around two o'clock in the morning.

(FADING)

MUSIC:

(CLOCK STRIKES <sup>Three</sup> TWO)  
(PAUSE... THEN ~~THREE~~ <sup>TWO</sup> SHOTS)

DAGWOOD: (DIES LOUDLY OFF) oh - oh -

~~(DOOR OPENS SOFTLY AND CLOSSES SOFTLY)~~

~~Well, heree goes. (ALoud) Help!~~

~~(DOOR OPENS,~~

DAGWOOD: ~~What's the matter?~~

BLONDIE: ~~Get back in there. You're dead!~~

"BLONDIE"  
12/8/41

-12-A-  
(REVISED)

BLONDIE: Well, here goes. (ALoud) Help! Help!

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: What's the matter? *Blondie?*

BLONDIE: Get back in there! You're dead!

(DOOR CLOSE)

BLONDIE: Help! Help! Oh, please help -- somebody! Help!

*DAGWOOD: Oh yea I For Got.*  
(DOOR BANGS OPEN)

RUDY: Hey! What's going on?

BLONDIE: I don't know. I think the butler has just been murdered!

RUDY: Murdered?

BLONDIE: Yes -- I'm sure of it! Help me!

RUDY: Oh, no -- not me!

(DOOR SLAMS)

BLONDIE: (TO HERSELF) The big sissy.

(DOOR OPENS)

DITHERS: What was that? I heard some shots!

BLONDIE: The butler's been shot! (LOW) Your brother-in-law just poked his head out and ducked in again when I told him.

DITHERS: (LOW) I'll get him out. (ALoud) Good heavens! A murder in my house! Rudy! Alma!

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

DITHERS: Get up -- quick! Something awful has happened!

(DOOR OPENS)

ALMA: (FRIGHTENED) Wh-wh-wha-what's happened?

DITHERS: Where's Rudy?

ALMA: Under the bed.

~~BLONDIE: He looked out the door a moment ago, and when I called to him to help me, he closed the door.~~

RUDY: ~~I came in here to protect~~ <sup>WAS PROTECTING</sup> Alma....A fine maid you are -- the floor under our bed is covered with dust. Look at me! I'm a sight.

BLONDIE: What's unusual about that?

DITHERS: Never mind that -- let's go into David's room and see -- and see how he is.

RUDY: Er -- I'll stay here.

BLONDIE: Maybe it would be better if we left Mr. Crum here...alone.

RUDY: Alone? All alone? I'll go with you.

BLONDIE: Right down the hall, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: How did this happen?

BLONDIE: I don't know, sir. I heard a little scuffling, then heard David begging for mercy, and then three shots.

ALMA: Oh, heavens! Rudolph.....!

RUDY: I'll protect you, Alma.

BLONDIE: Well, here's the door to the butler's room. Do you want to open it, Mr. Crum?

RUDY: Er -- no thanks. Ladies first.

BLONDIE: All right -- I'll open it.

(DOOR OPENS)

(THEY ALL GASP)

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: He's -- ohhhhhhhhh!

DITHERS: He certainly is!

ALMA: Oh -- he was lying there in a pool of -- a pool of --  
oh, it was terrible!.....Oh, Rudolph! What are we  
going to do!

RUDY: (WEAKLY) Well, I thought -- perhaps -- maybe -- I'd  
just --

ALMA: Oh -- I think Rudy's going to faint.  
(BODY FALLS)

BLONDIE: He did.

ALMA: Rudolph, are you all right? Rudolph! Speak to me!

RUDY: I guess I fainted...Why doesn't somebody call the  
police?

DITHERS: We don't dare.

ALMA: Why not?

DITHERS: We wouldn't want to offend the murder. No need to  
make him mad, is there?

RUDY: Yeah -- that's right.

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, sir, hadn't we better do something  
about David? We can't just leave him in the room.

DITHERS: I guess you're right, Blon -- er -- Blanche. I'll  
take a look at him.



BLONDIE: You'd better cover up your eyes, Mr. Crum.

RUDY: Stop riding me -- I'm the nervous type.

DITHERS: Well -- here goes.

(DOOR OPENS)

DITHERS: Great scott!! The body's gone!

ALMA: The body's gone? Oh, why did we ever come to such an awful place?

~~DITHERS~~ <sup>BLONDIE</sup>: Free meals.

RUDY: The body's gone? Wh-what do you suppose that means?

BLONDIE: Only one thing. The murderer must still be around here -- in this house. Harry the Heel hasn't left us yet.

RUDY: If he's within hearing I hope he'll realize I'm just an innocent bystander. I don't hate anybody.

DITHERS: Well, that settles it. We'll just have to go downstairs -- turn on all the lights, and wait for daybreak.

BLONDIE: <sup>DITHERS-</sup> Mr. I just hope we're all here for daybreak.

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: (HOARSE WHISPER) Hey, Blondie....Blondie!

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- you scared me. I'm supposed to be looking for Mr. Dithers' gun, but I've really been looking for you.

DAGWOOD: Oh.....well, how's it working? Are they getting scared?

BLONDIE: They certainly are, Dagwood...I suppose it's an awful trick to play on anybody, but frankly, I can see exactly why Mr. Dithers doesn't want to have Rudy and Alma Crum visiting him.

DAGWOOD: So can I....Besides, if we get rid of them, we'll have plenty of time next week to do our Christmas shopping.

BLONDIE: Well, what are we going to do next?

DAGWOOD: Well, Blondie -- I've still got this ketchup all over my shirt front -- <sup>I KNOW</sup> ~~maybe~~ I could just ~~sort of~~ walk in, <sup>ON THEM</sup> and tell them that Harry the Heel can't kill a Bumstead.

BLONDIE: That's fine. <sup>THAT WILL SCARE THEM TO DEATH,</sup> ~~That'll just give the whole thing~~

~~away~~: Don't forget you're David, the butler. <sup>NOT DAGWOOD</sup>

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah...Well, anyway -- <sup>THE BUMSTEAD</sup> I'll just walk in on

them. Then I'll go out again pretending to be looking for Harry the Heel, put on a mask, and come back again.

BLONDIE: All right, Dagwood....I'd better go downstairs now, and put them in the right mood for your entrance.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie.

(BLONDIE GOES DOWN THE STEPS)

DITHERS: (OFF A BIT) Did you find the gun, Blanche?

BLONDIE: No, it wasn't there, Mr. Dithers...I didn't look very hard -- it sort of gave me the creeps.

RUDY: You've got the creeps? Think about me -- my nerves are all tangled up like a plate of spaghetti. I ain't had a quiet moment in this house.

ALMA: I guess Rudolph is just a little jittery. I know I am. I've never been more nervous.

BLONDIE: Well, no wonder, Mrs. Crum. After all, there is a body and a murderer knocking about in this house somewhere.

ALMA: Oh-h-h-h, don't say that again!

BLONDIE: I'm sorry, Madame.

(FROM OFF THE SOUND OF SLOW, OMINOUS FOOTSTEPS  
COMING DOWN THE STAIRS...)

BLONDIE: Listen!

RUDY: Oh, my gosh -- someone's coming down the stairs. Who-who-who-who-who do you suppose it is?

BLONDIE: It couldn't be the body.

ALMA: Then it must be the -- ?

DITHERS: Yes -- Harry the Heel. It couldn't be anyone else. ~~He'll be downstairs and into the room in a minute.~~

~~ALMA: Rudy, you will protect me, won't you?~~

RUDY: ~~I don't know~~ -- I think I'm going to faint again.

BLONDIE: Here are some smelling salts.

RUDY: No, thanks -- I want to faint.

ALMA: Oh, he'll be in the room in a second now. I -- I feel like screaming.

~~BLONDIE: Don't -- you might scare Harry the heel. There is no telling what he'll do.~~

RUDY: I can't bear to look! It's going to be awful! Here he comes!

(THEY ALL GASP)

DITHERS: Why -- why David!

DAGWOOD: Er -- I hope I haven't disturbed you too much, sir.

RUDY: Holy smoke! We thought you were dead! You were lying so still on the floor -- your face was white -- your shirt front was all covered with -- gee, you looked terrible.

DAGWOOD: You don't look so good yourself.

DITHERS: But, David -- weren't you shot?

DAGWOOD: Only in a few places. It doesn't show if I keep my coat buttoned up.

ALMA: Oh, good heavens! Then you're not critically hurt?

DAGWOOD: No, Ma'am.... Incidentally, I took the liberty of packing your bags. I didn't think you'd want to stay around here long.

ALMA: Oh, thank you -- thank you, David.

RUDY: Yeah -- we want to get out of here as fast as we can.

DAGWOOD: Then I suggest you get your bags at the top of the stairs, slide down the bannister, and run out the front door.

RUDY: Gee, how can you stand there, talking like that, when you've just been shot? How can you take it?

DAGWOOD: Well, I'm sagging a little.

DITHERS: You see, Rudy -- I told you David was the finest butler in the world. Nothing disturbs his composure.

DAGWOOD: You'll have to excuse me now, sir. I have a little matter to attend to.

BLONDIE: What is it, Dag -- er -- David?

DAGWOOD: I'm going to find Harry the Heel. And when I do, <sup>SIR</sup>  
I'm going to <sup>ERASE HIM AWAY</sup> ~~sub him out~~! Oh, by the way -- if you hear any shots, don't worry about them. It'll only be us, fighting it out!

MUSIC:

DITHERS: (LOW) Blondie -- what's Dagwood up to now?

BLONDIE: (LOW) He's going to change into his street clothes, put on a mask, and come down as Harry the Heel.

DITHERS: (CHUCKLES) That ought to be the last straw. I thought Rudy and Alma would leave fifteen minutes ago. They would have, too, if they weren't afraid to go outside.

BLONDIE: Well, if this last idea doesn't work, I don't know what will.

DITHERS: I think when Dagwood comes down with the mask on, I'll make a pass at him. If he fires any blanks at me, I'll pretend to be shot, too.

BLONDIE: Sh-h-h, here come Rudy and Alma.

DITHERS: (ALoud) Oh, Rudy -- did you see anyone outside  
through the windows?

RUDY: No, but I didn't look very hard.

AIMA: Really, I'm afraid to leave. We might be caught in  
a gun battle.

DITHERS: Oh, I'm sure you wouldn't be.

AIMA: That doesn't convince me. You never liked us  
anyway, Mr. Dithers, and I'm not sure you care what  
happens to us.

DITHERS: How can you say such a thing.

VOICE: Okay, everybody -- put your hands up.

RUDY: Holy smoke -- there's a masked man standing at the  
bottom of the stairs.

AIMA: He's got a gun!

VOICE: Yeah! Up with 'em now!

RUDY: Yes, sir, yes, sir! Anything you say! I'm very  
easy to get along with! I never bother anybody! I  
wouldn't think of doing anything to offend you, or --

VOICE: Shut up!

RUDY: Yes, sir.

VOICE: Put 'em up, you! Up with your hands!

DITHERS: I'm not going to put mine up! I'm going to  
sacrifice myself for my guests.

RUDY: Don't do it, Dithers!

BLONDIE: Don't, Mr. Dithers! That doesn't sound like  
Dagwood!

RUDY: It doesn't sound like who-would?  
VOICE: Put your hands up, brother! I'm not kidding!  
DITHERS: (LAUGHS) You can't frighten me! I dare you to shoot!  
VOICE: Oh, you don't think the gun's loaded, eh?

(SHOT...THEN SMASH VASE)

DITHERS: I don't care whether that gun is -- holy smoke!  
It is loaded!  
BLONDIE: He's not kidding, Mr. Dithers! He's a real gangster!  
DITHERS: Taaaaaaaaaaaah!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Hey, this may have started out as a stunt to get rid of Mr. Dithers' objectionable house-guests, but it's taken a serious turn now. The man with the gun isn't fooling. Where's Dagwood been all this time? And will he run into the real gunman? Well, we'll see in just a moment -- but first, just listen!

(CLANKING OF MEDIUM TANK)

GOODWIN: That's a medium tank -- M-3 to the army -- and it's twenty-eight tons of horse-power, armor plate and artillery. At the driver's seat is Charles Dewey, tank tester -- and he's soaked from shoes to crash helmet because he's just dived his battle wagon into a water hazard...There's a brick wall up ahead and we're lunging right straight at it! (SOUND UP BRIEFLY)  
Hey, don't you see that wall!

DEWEY VOICE: (STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS, OVER SOUND) All right, baby, straight ahead...if you bust through there you've got what it takes!...Okay, baby, I'm ridin' with you! -- Hit it!

(CRASH AS BRICK WALL BURSTS AND THUNDERS TO THE GROUND)

GOODWIN: Yes, sir, that's daily routine for Charles Dewey, tank tester, whose job it is to be tougher than the world's toughest tanks. And when Charles Dewey climbs out of one of Uncle Sam's battle buggies the first thing he wants is a Camel! He's said...

DEWEY VOICE: Sure, I've been smokin' Camels for years! Guess that's because I like my cigarettes extra mild, with plenty of good, rich flavor!

GOODWIN: Yes, and plenty of the Army men who drive those tanks feel the same way! Actual sales records in Canteens, Post Exchanges, and Ship's Service Stores show that with men in the Army, the Navy, and the Marine Corps, Camel is the favorite. They like the famous Camel flavor and mildness -- and they like knowing that Camels burn more slowly -- giving cooler smoking, yes, and more smoking, too, per cigarette per pack. The reason? Camel's costlier tobaccos -- and the expert blending that makes fine tobaccos a better cigarette! Less nicotine in the smoke, too!



"BLONDIE" 22-B  
12/8/41

ECHO: Twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling cigarettes tested -- less than any of them, according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself.

GOODWIN: Get a pack of Camels tonight! You'll see for yourself that matchless blending of costlier tobaccos makes a finer cigarette!

MUSIC:

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GOODWIN: It's a moment or two later. The robber has herded Mr. Dithers, Blondie, Rudy and Alma out of the living room and into the hallway at the foot of the stairs...

VOICE: Okay -- just stay right here. I don't want you out in the light where anyone could see you if they happened to pass by. Don't try any tricks now.

DITHERS: (FRIGHTENED)N-no, sir -- we won't. I give you my word.

RUDY: What do you want with us anyway? Why don't you just bump off the butler and leave? He's around here somewhere.

ALMA: Yes, and leave us alone. We haven't any quarrel with you.

VOICE: Never mind that. Just hand over your money and your rings -- all of you. Come on. ~~Don't point~~

DITHERS: Don't point that gun in my direction.

VOICE: Okay, chum -- give!

DITHERS: Here's my wallet.

VOICE: You've softened up quite a bit, haven't you? You don't seem to be so anxious to throw your life away for your guests.

DITHERS: I decided it wasn't wise.

VOICE: I don't blame you -- if those two are your guests.

RUDY: How do you like that? Even the robbers in Mr. Dithers' house don't like us!

VOICE: Shut up!...Now you -- how about that wedding ring?

BLONDIE: I can't get it off my finger and I -- (SHOUTS) Dagwood,  
be careful! Don't! Put that suitcase down and run!

VOICE: Now wait a minute -- don't try that gag about somebody  
being behind me. I'm onto all those --

(CRASH AS SUITCASE HITS HIM IN THE HEAD)

VOICE: (GROANS)

(BODY FALLS)

DITHERS: You got him, Dagwood! Good work!

DAGWOOD: Hey, J.C.! Look out! There's another suitcase coming!

DITHERS: What did you --

(CRASH AS ANOTHER SUITCASE HITS DITHERS)

BLONDIE: Dagwood! You've knocked them both out! Come on  
down, quick!

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Okay, honey!

(FOOTSTEPS RUNNING DOWNSTAIRS)

BLONDIE: Mr. Crum -- quick -- sit on the robber!

RUDY: Not me! I've got my suitcase, Alma! Grab yours and  
let's get out of here!

BLONDIE: Dagwood, <sup>The Burglar's</sup> ~~the~~ getting away.

(SCUFFLE)

DAGWOOD: I got him, Blondie!

BLONDIE: Do you want me to help you hold him?

DAGWOOD: No, help me turn him loose!

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON SIREN FADING AWAY IN THE DISTANCE)

BLONDIE: Well, there go the police with the robber.

DAGWOOD: Yeah...Gee, Mr. Dithers has certainly been out like a  
light. Aw, come on, Mr. Dithers. Wake up! It's all  
over now.

DITHERS: (GROANS A LITTLE)

BLONDIE: I think he's coming to...I'll put this ~~to~~ <sup>HOT WATER BAG</sup> ~~back~~ BACK OF HIS HEAD.  
~~on his face again for a moment.~~

DAGWOOD: Yeah....Gosh, Blondie, this has been one of the darndest experiences we've ever had.

BLONDIE: It was also one of the most dangerous ones.

DAGWOOD: For a while I felt sorry for the Crums.

BLONDIE: You needn't have. When the real robber turned up, they practically begged him to find you, shoot you, and leave.

DAGWOOD: Fine people.

DITHERS: (GROANS) Where am I?

BLONDIE: In your kitchen, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: What am I doing here -- I'm not hungry. What happened to me? <sup>DAG: I AM</sup>

BLONDIE: It's all right now, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Ooooooh! My head feels like it had been kicked around in a socker game. It's ringing like chimes...  
<sup>-ANY PARTICULAR TUNE, JC?</sup>

DAGWOOD: Oh, I remember now -- that suitcase.

DAGWOOD: Er -- my aim wasn't so good, J.C.

DITHERS: What happened to the robber? Where are Rudy and Alma?

BLONDIE: Well, the police got the robber, and Rudy caught his suitcase ~~on the second bounce~~ and dashed out into the night. Alma followed him, ~~carrying her own suitcase.~~

DITHERS: Well! I feel fine!

(DOOR BELL OFF)

BLONDIE: I'll see who's at the door, Mr. Dithers...(FADING)

DITHERS: Thank you, Blondie.

DAGWOOD: Well, J. C. -- how about a little something to eat now. I've just looked over your icebox, and I think I could manage to make one of my special sandwiches for you.

DITHERS: No, thanks, Dagwood -- I've been through enough tonight.

DAGWOOD: I hope you didn't mind my accidentally hitting you on the head with that suitcase.

DITHERS: No, Dagwood. Of course, I'm a little sorry I couldn't be around to see Rudy and Alma leave. I'd been looking forward to that. I hate house guests.

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) It was a telegram, Mr. Dithers...Here it is.

DITHERS: Read.. it to me, Blondie...I haven't my glasses.

(RIPPING TELEGRAM OPEN)

BLONDIE:

~~All right -- here it is.~~ *IT'S KIND OF PERSONAL* DITHERS: THAT'S ALL RIGHT GO AHEAD.  
"Dear Snookykins.."

DITHERS: That's from my wife.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Snookykins! That's pretty good.

DITHERS: Never mind, Dagwood...Go ahead, Blondie.

BLONDIE: "Dear Snookykins. Will arrive tomorrow morning.

Met four simply wonderful people on the train.

They've promised to stay with us for a week."

DITHERS: Taaaaaaaaaaaah!

(BODY FALL.)

DAGWOOD: MUSIC: He's FAINTED AGAIN,

GOODWIN: Well folks, don't forget Mr. Dithers gave Dagwood three days off for Christmas shopping as a reward for getting rid of the unwanted in-laws at his house. I wonder just how they plan to use that extra time? Will the Bumsteads really accomplish anything on their shopping spree? Well -- you're probably right if you think as I do -- that something is bound to happen when Dagwood gets loose in a crowd of holiday shoppers. So be sure to be listening next week at the same time to see what progress the Bumsteads make when "Blondie Shops For Christmas." "Blondie" is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood is Arthur Lake.

Our "Blondie" orchestra is directed by William Artzt who also creates the special musical effects.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

ORCHESTRA: (TRUMPET "THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING")

GOODWIN: Yes, the Camels are coming -- that means the Camel Caravan is rolling around from one army camp to another, giving free open-air shows for the men. This week the Camel Caravan is rolling through the state of Texas and tonight they will be at Kelly Field. Tomorrow they move on to Fort Sam Houston for performances there Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights. On Friday they will be at Randolph Field -- Saturday at the Navel Air Station in Corpus Christi -- and next Monday at Camp Hulen -- all in Texas. Best wishes Camel Caravan -- may your audiences have a grand time. This is Bill Goodwin speaking for the makers of Camel cigarettes.

ANNCR: Have you tried America's biggest value in pipe-smoking pleasure? It's George Washington Smoking Tobacco. The big blue package costs just ten cents -- holds a full two and a quarter ounces! Compare that with the amount of tobacco you're getting in your present brand. And compare George Washington for mild, mellow, tasty smoking -- right down to the bottom of the bowl! Plunk down a dime for a package of George Washington! You'll like it!

This is the COLUMBIA....BROADCASTING SYSTEM.