

3/16/42

Master

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, MARCH 16, 1942

4:30 - 5:00 P.M. PWT  
7:30 - 8:00 P.M. PWT

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

MUSIC: (THEME)

51454 0856

(FOLLOWING MUSIC)

GOODWIN:

You see lots of people smoking Camels these days. Ask one of them why. Chances are he'll say he likes the way they taste. Yes, it's Camel's rich, extra flavor, combined with smooth extra mildness that has made it a favorite with so many. Flavor and mildness don't just happen -- they're the result of two carefully controlled factors -- one is the costlier tobaccos used in Camels, and another is expert blending, the famous Camel know-how that makes choice tobaccos a better cigarette. Less nicotine in the smoke, too! 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. Get a pack of Camels tonight. Bet if you do, you'll want to buy a carton tomorrow!

Now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads. Well, Blondie and Degwood have until midnight to night to get their income tax sent off. They've been struggling with it all day, they've had a different figure each time they worked it out, but now -- just after dinner -- they've got it right. At least it sounds that way...

DAGWOOD: Here's the figure I got, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Let me see, Dagwood.

(RATTLE OF PAPER...)

BLONDIE: Well, for heaven's sakes!

DAGWOOD: Wrong again, hunh?

BLONDIE: No -- it's exactly what I got.

DAGWOOD: That worries me. There must be something wrong if we both got the same answer.

BLONDIE: Well, it would seem that way, Dagwood, but I think we've got it right at last.

DAGWOOD: (SIGHS) It seems too good to be true.

BLONDIE: The best part about it is that we can pay it, too.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- it's a lot more than it was last year, but it's worth it. The government needs the money more than we do

BLONDIE: Well, the government uses the money for us, anyway. We're really giving it back to ourselves.

(HEAVY RATTLING OF PAPER...A COUPLE OF RUSSELS OF IT)

DAGWOOD: Gee, we used up almost a dollar's worth of pads. just figuring it out.

BLONDIE: Now here is the envelope to mail it in. And here's another envelope for that letter to that book company. You said you wanted to write a letter to them.

DAGWOOD: They've been driving me crazy. They say I owe them two dollars and ninety-eight cents for that book they sent me and I sent back to them.

BLONDIE: Why don't you just forget about it, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Oh, no! They've written me some very tough letters, and I'm going to write them a letter they'll never forget. I'm going to make their hair curl! I'm going to write them a letter that'll go up in smoke when they open it!



BLONDIE: Heh-heh.

DAGWOOD: Well, only occasionally.

BLONDIE: All right -- where's the letter? ~~to the book company?~~

DAGWOOD: Right here. ~~See on the envelope -- it's to the book company.~~ It's really going to put them in their place.

(UNFOLDING LETTER)

BLONDIE: Go ahead. Read it.

DAGWOOD: (CLEARS HIS THROAT) "PAY TO THE ORDER OF THE COLLECTOR OF INTERNAL --"  
~~"The First National Bank of --"~~

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- that's a check you're reading.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Yeah -- isn't that silly? It's my check for  
~~How'd THAT get in there?~~  
the income tax. ~~Imagine thinking it was the letter.~~

BLONDIE: Dagwood...

DAGWOOD: Hahh?

BLONDIE: What is your check for the income tax doing in the envelope addressed to the book company?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) I don't know. I guess I got it mixed up.

BLONDIE: Is your income tax return in there?

DAGWOOD: No -- there was <sup>(RATTLE OF ENVELOPE)</sup> just the check.

BLONDIE: It sounds like you've sent your return with that nasty letter ~~to the book company~~ to the government.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, it does look as though I -- hey! Hey, Blondie! That's awful! Holy smoke! What're we going to do?

BLONDIE: What did you say in the letter?

DAGWOOD: I said -- I said -- "Dear Chiselers! If you think you're going to get any money out of me, you're crazy. ~~You won't get one cent...~~

BLONDIE: Didn't you start with the name of the book company?

DAGWOOD: No -- just "Dear Chiselers".

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- the government's going to get your return with no check, and that letter, and how is it going to sound?

DAGWOOD: Awful. I told them I didn't owe them anything.

BLONDIE: That's going to sound as though you meant you didn't owe your government anything.

DAGWOOD: Tooooooooooooooh!

BLONDIE: What else?

DAGWOOD: I told them if they tired to collect, I'd make plenty of trouble for them....Blondie, we've got to stop that letter.

BLONDIE: How long ago did Alexander leave?

DAGWOOD: Just a little bit ago.

BLONDIE: Come on, Dagwood, let's hop into the car and see if we can catch him.

DAGWOOD: I gave Alexander a dime for a soda. Maybe we'd better stop at Swabber's Drug Store first.

MUSIC:

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Mr. Swabber! Oh, Mr. Swabber!

SWABBER: Well, well -- hello, Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Has our son been in here?

SWABBER: Yes -- yes, he has. <sup>Dagwood: Did he have --</sup> A strawberry soda -- and he talked me out of an extra dip of ice cream. I lose money every time Alexander comes in here.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Talked you out of an extra dip, eh? Well, good for Alexander. I always said he was --

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- that isn't why we came here.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah...Where is he now, do you know?

SWABBER: Let me see. ~~He did say something.~~

~~DAGWOOD: He didn't meet any friends of his here, did he?~~

SWABBER: ~~No. Oh, I think I know now.~~ <sup>oh yes. He went to the</sup> The picture show.

BLONDIE: He wouldn't go to the movies now. It's too late, and he has school tomorrow, and besides, he hasn't any money.

SWABBER: ~~That wouldn't stop him getting into the show.~~ He told me he has a deal with the cashier there. He brings her a piece of your cake, and she lets him into the movies free.

<sup>DAGWOOD:</sup> ~~BLONDIE:~~ <sup>SAY, THAT'S AN IDEA.</sup> So that's why my cake goes so fast Saturday afternoons. Come on, Dagwood -- let's get over to the movie as fast as we can.

MUSIC:

~~(CAR ENGINE IDLING)~~

~~(LIGHT TRAFFIC OFF)~~

~~(CAR DOOR OPENS, AND CLOSES)~~

DAGWOOD: What did you find out, honey?

BLONDIE: Well, the cashier said he was here a little bit ago. He looked at the pictures out front, and looked at the pictures in the lobby, and then <sup>asked</sup> ~~quizzed~~ her about the show.

DAGWOOD: Did he say where he was going?

BLONDIE: No, but she thought he was going home.  
DAGWOOD: Well, that's where we'd better go then. <sup>Come on, get in the car.</sup>  
BLONDIE: She also said she enjoyed my cakes, <sup>oh dear, there goes my</sup> and that <sup>stocking.</sup>  
anytime we wanted to go to a show we could make  
a deal with her, too.

(CAR STARTS UP)

DAGWOOD: I hope we can catch Alexander before he mails the  
letter.  
BLONDIE: He's already had to pass a lot of mail boxes.  
DAGWOOD: Gee, if the government reads that <sup>"Dear Chiselers"</sup> letter, and  
doesn't find a check, they'll arrest me for treason  
or something. I feel like I'm already entering the  
federal penitentiary.  
BLONDIE: If we don't get that letter, maybe you will.  
DAGWOOD: Tooooooh!

MUSIC:

(COMING DOWN STAIRS)

DAGWOOD: Blondie, was Alexander upstairs? Did he mail the  
letter?  
BLONDIE: No, he didn't mail, it, Dagwood.  
DAGWOOD: That's good.  
BLONDIE: He lost it.  
DAGWOOD: That's bad.  
BLONDIE: He said he had it with him, and he was holding it  
right in his hand, and then the next thing he knew,  
he didn't have it.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke. <sup>Blondie: He gets more like you EVERY day.</sup> When did he notice he didn't have the letter?

BLONDIE: When he got back here. Dagwood, we'll just have to make out another income tax blank -- you've got to get it in the mail by midnight tonight, you know.

DAGWOOD: How are we going to do that, Blondie? It took us a all day to get it worked out right. We haven't got time.

BLONDIE: Well, we know what the right figure is because we've got the check right here. Just copy off your figures onto another blank.

DAGWOOD: But Blondie, I threw a all the paper away that we did our figuring on. It's a all burned up.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood....

DAGWOOD: Sometimes <sup>I think</sup> I just don't think.

BLONDIE: <sup>That's occurred to me too.</sup> Well, you've got to send the check to the government, but it won't do much good if your return isn't with it.

(PHONE RINGS)

BLONDIE: I'll answer it, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Gee, I feel awful.

(PHONE OFF HOOK)

BLONDIE: Hello?

SWABBER: (FILTER) Mrs. Bumstead, this is Mr. Swabber.

BLONDIE: Oh, hello, Mr. Swabber.

SWABBER: Did you find Alexander a all right?

BLONDIE: Yes, we found him. He was home.

SWABBER: That's good. It's nice he's a boy who knows when it's time to come home. I see lots of little boys his age out on the streets at all hours and I often wonder how're they're being brought up. Children should know when it's time to come home.

BLONDIE: Yes, that's right.

SWABBER: (PAUSE) Well, Mrs. Bumstead, what was it you wanted?

BLONDIE: Mr. Swabber, you called me.

SWABBER: What's that? Oh -- oh, yes, that's right, I did. Sometimes I forget who started these things. Now let me see -- now, I remember. It was about a letter

BLONDIE: Oh, did Alexander leave a letter at the drug store, Mr. Swabber?

SWABBER: Yes, he did. I didn't see it until after you left.

BLONDIE: (OFF) Dagwood, Mr. Swabber found the letter.

DAGWOOD: That's swell, Blondie. That's a relief.

BLONDIE: It certainly is. (ON) That letter was our income tax, Mr. Swabber. We were a little worried about it.

SWABBER: I noticed the address on the envelope, but don't worry, Mrs. Bumstead. I had my boy take it out and mail it.

BLONDIE: He mailed it?

DAGWOOD: Oh, my gosh. I knew it was too good to be true.

SWABBER: Yes, Tonight at midnight is the deadline, and I knew you'd want it in the mail. Just a minute, Mrs. Bumstead...(OFF) George, you did mail that letter, didn't you?...Don't say "what letter?" -- the one the Bumstead boy left here. Did you mail it? You did...that's good.

BLONDIE: Mr. Swabber...Mr. Swabber.  
SWABBER: Yes, Mrs. Bumstead?  
BLONDIE: What mailbox did he mail it in?  
SWABBER: Just a moment...(OFF) George, where did you mail it?  
...Yes, in a mailbox, of course, but what mailbox?  
... a green mailbox? Yes, but where was it, and  
please concentrate. George...I see, it was on Elm  
Street. There are a lot of mailboxes on Elm  
Street, George. Which one did you mail the letter  
in?!!

DAGWOOD: What's happening, Blondie?

BLONDIE: He's having trouble with George, his delivery boy.

DAGWOOD: That's normal.

SWABBER: Thank you, George -- thank you very much. (UP)  
Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Yes, Mr. Swabber.

SWABBER: George mailed the letter in the mailbox at the  
corner of Elm and Locust streets.

BLONDIE: Thank you very much, Mr. Swabber.

SWABBER: That's all right, Mrs. Bumstead -- glad to have been  
of service to you, Goodbye.

BLONDIE: Goodbye.

(HANGS UP)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, there's just one thing for you to do now.  
You'll have to wait by the mailbox at the corner of  
Elm and Locust until the postman comes to pick up  
the letters. Then maybe you can get the envelope  
from him and put the check in, and get that  
hard-boiled letter you wrote to the book company out.

DAGWOOD: I'll have to wait till the postman comes? On the street corner? In the dark? ~~It's going to be chilly tonight,~~ <sup>Too.</sup>

~~BLONDIE: If you don't, Dagwood, the day after tomorrow the government will be reading that letter, signed by Dagwood Bumstead and saying, "Dear Chiselers -- If you think you're going to get any money out of me~~

DAGWOOD: That's enough, Blondie -- I guess I'll just have to wait on that corner until the postman comes. ~~Gee, it's going to be chilly tonight, too!~~

MUSIC:

(PHONE RINGS)

(PICK UP PHONE)

COP: Third precinct station, Sergeant Dobson speaking.

WOMAN: (FILTER) Sergeant, there's a suspicious looking man prowling around outside my house.

COP: What's suspicious about him?

WOMAN: Well, he looks suspicious.

COP: He does, eh? What's he doing?

WOMAN: I told you -- prowling around.

COP: Look, Madam, is he trying to break into your house, is he jimmying someone's window, or is he trying to steal tires off your car?

WOMAN: He's just prowling around very suspiciously. He's leaning on the mailbox.

COP: Leaning on it? <sup>WOMAN: yes.</sup> That's not prowling!

WOMAN: <sup>All Right.</sup> ~~What~~, he's slouching against it. Sergeant, you'd better get right over here.

COP: I'll be right over.  
WOMAN: Thank you, Sergeant. Goodbye.  
COP: Hey, wait a minute. Where's all this going on?  
WOMAN: ~~Give you~~ -- right out in front of my house.  
COP: Could you be more specific?  
WOMAN: Oh...Oh, at the corner of Elm and Locust streets.  
COP: I'll be right over.

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: (HUMMING) Gosh, a fine thing! I have to wait here until eleven thirty for the postman to collect the mail from this box. I wonder if that letter went all the way down.

(PULLS DOWN MAILBOX LID...)

DAGWOOD: Hmmm -- say, there's a letter stuck here. Oh, boy--- that could be it. Now if I can just reach it with my fingers...

COP: (VERY MILD) One moment, Jesie James.

DAGWOOD: (STARTLED) Oh! ...Oh, hello, officer.

COP: (TOUGH) Get your hand out of that mailbox.

DAGWOOD: But officer -- I'm busy right now.

COP: Get your hand out before I clam that lid down on your fingers.

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir.

(CLANK OF MAILBOX LID...)

COP: Now -- what are you doing here?

DAGWOOD: I'm freezing!!

COP: Oh yeah -- what's the idea?

DAGWOOD: Well, you see, officer, it's a long story --

COP: Then I'll lean against the mailbox...Go ahead.

(WINDOW OPEN OFF)

WOMAN: (OFF) That's the man, Sergeant. He's been prowling around here for a half an hour. He's the man I called up about.

COP: (CALLS BACK) Okay, lady.

WOMAN: Aren't you going to arrest him? He might be a dangerous criminal. He looks like one, anyway.

COP: Just let me handle this.

WOMAN: Well, I think you ought to lock him right up.

DAGWOOD: (CALLS BACK) I haven't done a thing. I've just been standing by this mailbox.

WOMAN: I've seen you sneaking around. I've been watching you.

DAGWOOD: What I'm doing isn't any of your business.

WOMAN: Oh, yes it is! I think you're a burglar!

DAGWOOD: And you're a Peeping Tom!

WOMAN: How dare you!

COP: ~~Now just a moment!~~ <sup>Quiet!</sup> You're waking the whole neighborhood up. I'll take care of this whole thing, lady. You go back to sleep.

WOMAN: Well, see that you arrest that man.

(WINDOW GOES DOWN)

COP: Now then -- what were you going to say?

DAGWOOD: Well, Sergeant, I sent off my income tax, but I forgot to put the check in with it. So I'm waiting here to get the letter and put the check in. I don't want to get fined.

COP: That seems like a reasonable explanation.  
DAGWOOD: Yeah, it does, doesn't it?  
COP: But why don't you just mail the check separately?  
DAGWOOD: Well -- uh -- yeah, I don't know if that would be all right.

COP: Well, I'm not going to cause you any trouble. I'm here to keep things peaceful instead of starting arguments. I'm not going to take you in. I'm going to let you go.

DAGWOOD: Gee thanks.

COP: Just send the check in separately and stay away from this corner and this mailbox.

DAGWOOD: Can't I stay here and wait for the postman?

COP: Look, if you stay here another minute, that window's going up again, and I'll have to arrest you. Now get going!

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir.

(COMMERCIAL)

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MUSIC:

BLONDIE: I'm sure sending the check in separately isn't right! Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: But, Blondie -- if I go back and stand on the corner waiting for the postman to open the mailbox and collect the letters, I'll get in trouble again. And it's cold out there.

BLONDIE: ~~Have another cup of coffee, Dagwood.~~ You'll just have to put your woolies back on again, dear.

DAGWOOD: ~~Thanks, honey.~~ No never mind.

(POURING COFFEE)

BLONDIE: And besides putting the check in, <sup>The ENVELOPE</sup> you do have to get that letter <sup>OUT</sup> ~~out of that envelope~~, too.

DAGWOOD: I know it, Blondie. If I don't it'll be the end of Dagwood Bumstead, the free man, and the beginning of Convict number three one four one six.

~~BLONDIE: Dagwood, what are we going to do?~~

~~DAGWOOD: You've got to think of something, Blondie. If you don't, I'm a dead pigeon!~~

MUSIC:

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GOODWIN: Well, I guess Dagwood's sorry he wrote that tough letter to the book company. If the government reads the letter he put in with his income tax return instead of the check, it's going to look as though Dagwood is daring them to try to collect it. Well, ~~Blondie's thinking the situation over, and~~ we'll see <sup>what they do about it</sup> ~~what ideas she may have~~ in just a moment...but first let's...

DAGWOOD: (MAKING A NOISE LIKE A MOTORBOAT)

GOODWIN: Did you hear that, too? I think Blondie heard it.

DAGWOOD: (CONTINUES TO MAKE NOISE)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, what's making that noise?

DAGWOOD: What noise?

BLONDIE: There, it went away! Were you doing it?

DAGWOOD: Oh, that. That was just the sound effects for this diagram here.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear! Another military secret?

DAGWOOD: But this is a real one! See, it looks like a regular motorboat, except there aren't any seats.

BLONDIE: How do people get in?

DAGWOOD: Oh, nobody'd want to! It's got explosives in the front, and when it hits a battleship, it blows up! See, in back is a wire, and that leads to shore, or to another boat. It's steered by electricity! Pretty good, huh?

GOODWIN: Here, I come, Dagwood, to throw water on another military secret! The Germans had an electrically steered motorboat like that with a big coil of wire in the stern. They actually used it in an unsuccessful attack on a British warship off the coast of Flanders, in nineteen-eighteen. Another military secret of nineteen-seventeen and eighteen was -- maybe you can tell me, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Sure, that's easy -- Camels!

GOODWIN: Yep, and Camels are even more popular today with men in all the services. Here are the facts!

ECHO: Actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens show that with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard -- Camel is the favorite.

GOODWIN: Yes, a soldier or a sailor has plenty of opportunity to know cigarettes -- and it's a tribute to Camel's extra flavor and extra mildness that he chooses Camel. He knows, too, that Camel's slower burning is like money in the bank for him, giving him extra smoking per cigarette per pack. Reason for that is costlier tobaccos, and the way they're blended, expertly, matchlessly, in the years-old Camel tradition of fine tobacco blending. 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 remember! That fellow you know in the service wants Camels! Send him a carton. Your dealer will do the wrapping and mailing. Get Camels for yourself -- and send on a carton!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: ~~Well, it's a few minutes later, and Blondie and~~  
<sup>NOW BACK TO OUR STORY:</sup>  
Dagwood are ~~still~~ trying to figure out how to stop  
Dagwood's income tax return from going to the ~~gov.~~ <sup>gov.</sup> ~~and~~  
government with the dangerous-sounding letter enclosed  
with it. END OF INSERT

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, it's no good for us to wait at the  
post office. The letters from that box would be  
mixed in with thousands of other letters. We'd never  
find it.

DAGWOOD: I suppose not. Gee, I've just got to go back to that  
mailbox and wait for the postman to come around.

BLONDIE: But if you do, then you'll have trouble with that  
policeman.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- I'm caught.

BLONDIE: I know, Dagwood. We'll take the car and park it near  
the mailbox and wait together. Then that woman won't  
see you standing around, looking suspicious.

DAGWOOD: That might work.'

BLONDIE: Well, it won't hurt to try. Let's go and see what  
happens.

MUSIC:

(PHONE RINGS...)

(PICK UP PHONE)

COP: Third precinct station, Sergeant Dobson speaking.

WOMAN: Sergeant, there's a suspicious looking car parked  
across the street from my house.

COP: Oh, it's you again.

WOMAN: Yes, and I hope you'll do more about this car than you did about that man who was prowling around.

COP: Okay, okay -- what's suspicious about this car?

WOMAN: There are two people inside it, but it hasn't got any lights on. What do you make of that?

COP: Well, it's almost Spring, the crocuses are coming up, and we're getting a few balmy breezes --

WOMAN: You mean -- necking??!!

COP: It's been done. Remember?

WOMAN: No, I don't.

COP: You have my deepest sympathy.

WOMAN: How dare you!

COP: Okay, okay -- I'll check into it right away.

WOMAN: See that you arrest somebody this time. I'll be watching you out my window.

COP: I'll wave to you. Goodbye.

(HANGS UP...)

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood -- the postman ought to be along any minute now.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. I guess it's working out okay.

BLONDIE: Uh-huh...(LAUGHS) You know, Dagwood -- we haven't been parked in a car for quite a while.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) We should do it more often.

BLONDIE: Yes. It is a little chilly, isn't it?

DAGWOOD: Shall I turn on the car heater?

BLONDIE: No, just hold me a little tighter.

DAGWOOD: Okay, honey.  
BLONDIE: It'll save running the engine.  
DAGWOOD: Yeah.  
BLONDIE: It's much nicer, too.  
DAGWOOD: I'll bet no one would believe we were married.  
Sitting here in the car -- parked the way we are.  
BLONDIE: Who cares? I don't.  
DAGWOOD: Neither do I...

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

COP: (CLEARS HIS THROAT) I hope you'll pardon the intrusion  
but what's going on here?  
BLONDIE: Nothing. We're just sitting around -- talking.  
COP: Talking. That's all.  
BLONDIE: Yes -- just talking.  
COP: Say, brother, why don't you drive away from here.  
DAGWOOD: No, thanks -- we're comfortable.  
COP: Oh -- oh, so it's you again. The burglar.  
DAGWOOD: Yeah, that's right. It's me, the burglar -- no, I  
didn't mean that. It's just me, that's all.  
COP: I thought I told you not to come back here again. I've  
had another complaint from that G-woman across the  
street. Are you trying to get me into trouble? I  
warned you about this, you know.  
DAGWOOD: Yeah, but I've got to get that letter.  
BLONDIE: It's very important, Sergeant. If he doesn't get it,  
he may get into serious trouble with the government.  
COP: Yeah, but if you don't move along, I might get into  
serious trouble with that old snoop across the street.  
The way I figure it, it's either you or me, so it's  
going to be you.

DAGWOOD: I guessed that.

(WINDOW GOES UP OFF)

WOMAN: (OFF) Well, Sergeant, why don't you arrest them? That's the suspicious car I told you about. Why don't you do something?

DAGWOOD: There's that G-woman again.

COP: (CALLS BACK) They're just a nice young couple in love, lady. You don't want me to break that up, do you?

WOMAN: I don't care. They haven't any right to be parked out there without lights.

BLONDIE: (CALLS) Would it be all right if we turned on the car lights?

WOMAN: Certainly not. They'd shine in my bedroom windows.

DAGWOOD: <sup>You're being</sup> ~~She's~~ very unreasonable, <sup>lady.</sup> ~~Blondie.~~

WOMAN: I heard what you said! I heard you! ...Officer, there's that burglar again. The man who was prowling around here before. I demand you arrest him!

COP: I guess she has insomnia and is making complaints to pass away the time.

WOMAN: Officer, what are those people doing there?

COP: Believe it or not, lady, they're waiting for a mailman. The one who collects the mail from the mailbox.

WOMAN: You don't believe that, do you?

DAGWOOD: It's the truth! That's what we're here for!

WOMAN: Well, what are they waiting for? There's the mailman! He's just leaving the mailbox on the corner. A fine story!

DAGWOOD: Hey! That is the mailman!

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Oh, mailman!

DAGWOOD: Hey, mailman! Wait a minute. It's very important!

(RUNNING ACROSS THE STREET)

BLONDIE: Please wait a minute!

DAGWOOD: We've been waiting here for you for hours!

POSTMAN: (COMING UP) What's all the trouble about?

DAGWOOD: We put a letter in that mailbox by mistake, and we've just got to get it back again. If we don't something awful will happen.

BLONDIE: It'll be very easy to find because it's addressed to the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

POSTMAN: Oh, it'll be easy to find, eh? Where do you think all these letters are addressed? What do you think I've been picking up all evening? Bureau of Internal Revenue, Bureau of Internal Revenue. Gets monotonous!

BLONDIE: But our letter is in this box, and there weren't too many in it.

DAGWOOD: You'll let us look for our letter, won't you? ~~Please?~~  
~~Pretty please?~~ So we can go home and get some sleep.

POSTMAN: I'm sorry, but it's against the regulations.

WOMAN: (OFF) Stop all that talking out there on the street. You're keeping everyone awake! <sup>What do they want,</sup> ~~Sergeant - arrest~~  
Anyway?  
~~these people for creating a disturbance?~~

~~POSTMAN: They want a letter.~~  
~~BLONDIE: But we've got to get our income tax in before midnight~~  
WOMAN: Well, why don't you give them a letter. And we can all ~~or there's a fine we'll have to pay.~~  
get some sleep.

~~POSTMAN: I know all about that, but I can't help it.~~

~~POSTMAN: I can't. It's against regulations.~~

BLONDIE: Oh, dear -- we're sunk.

POSTMAN: I'll tell you what, though. I'll keep the letters  
from this box in one bunch, and you can look over them  
when I get to the post office, <sup>Blondie: Thank you so much.</sup> if the postmaster  
gives you permission.

Blondie: Huh?

MUSIC:

(SOUND OF STAMPING LETTERS OFF)

(SOUND OF LETTERS)

DAGWOOD: This isn't it.

BLONDIE: This isn't it.

DAGWOOD: This isn't it.

BLONDIE: This isn't it.

DAGWOOD: Neither is this.

BLONDIE: Neither is this.

DAGWOOD: Neither is this.

BLONDIE: Neither is this...Dagwood, it's two minutes to twelve!

DAGWOOD: I know...This isn't it.

BLONDIE: This isn't it.

DAGWOOD: This isn't it.

BLONDIE: Yes, it is! That's it!

DAGWOOD: <sup>oh boy!</sup>  
~~Excuse!~~ We found it!

(RIPPING ENVELOPE OPEN...)

BLONDIE: Here's that letter you should never have written. And here here's another envelope, all addressed.

(RATTLE OF PAPER...)

DAGWOOD: I'll put the check in...Now where's the check? I put it someplace.

BLONDIE: Your inside coat pocket.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah -- I've got it.

BLONDIE: Put it in, and lick the envelope.

POSTMAN (COMING UP) Is this the letter?

BLONDIE: Yes, that's it...Thank you so much. We were terribly worried.

POSTMAN: That's all right...I'll take this over now and -- wait a minute. You forgot to put a stamp on it.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

POSTMAN: You can't send it through the mail without a stamp  
-- unless you're a congressman.

DAGWOOD: Haven't you got lots of stamps here? We'll buy some.

POSTMAN: They're all locked up at this hour.

BLONDIE: Just a minute -- just a minute -- I've got stamps  
here in my handbag...Wait -- let me see -- lipstick,  
compact, handkerchief, bobby pins, keys, mirror,  
pencil, grocery bill -- here it is...Just a second  
-- there!

POSTMAN: Thanks. I'll run this right through the machine.

(CLOCK STARTS TO STRIKE)

BLONDIE: <sup>midnight</sup> Oh, we just made it!

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! That was a close call.

BLONDIE: Now then, Dagwood -- I hope this will be a lesson  
to you -- don't write angry letters.

DAGWOOD: I'll never do it again, Blondie.

BLONDIE: That's good, dear.

DAGWOOD: That book company got me into this. If it hadn't  
been for them, I wouldn't have written that letter  
and got into this mess! Boy, wait till I get home!  
I'm going to write them a letter that'll be too  
hot to handle! I'm going to really tell them a  
thing or two! I'm going to --

BLONDIE: Dagwood...!

DAGWOOD: ~~Heaven~~ Oh -- I'll never write an angry letter again.  
Blondie.

BLONDIE: That's better, dear.

DAGWOOD: Well -- we might as well go home. We --- Holy Smoke!

BLONDIE: What's the matter dear?

DAGWOOD: I just remembered -- I think I forgot to sign the  
check --

BLONDIE: Oh dear -- .

MUSIC: (MUSIC)

(FOLLOWING MUSIC)

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GOODWIN: And before we say goodnight, I think Blondie has a little advice for the women in our audience.

BLONDIE: The next time you entertain, remember that it's just as important to have good cigarettes for your guests as it is to have good food. Many of America's most distinguished hostesses serve Camels, the cigarette of costlier tobaccos. Your guests will like the flavor and mildness of Camels -- and so will you!

GOODWIN: Here's a tip on next week's show. When the unscrupulous Harry Sharp of the Goliath Construction Company comes to grips with Blondie and Dagwood over a contract, almost anything can happen. So don't miss the excitement next Monday when "Blondie Goes on a Business Trip."

(COMMERCIAL)

~~ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP AND OUT)~~

GOODWIN: "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.

Be sure to follow "Blondie," America's leading comic strip, in your local newspaper. Tomorrow's "Blondie" finds one of Daisy's pups in a startling predicament. You'll find the "Blondie" comic strip entertaining every day of the week.

And remember, Camel brings you four great radio shows each week. Monday night, of course, it's our own "Blondie," Tuesday night it's Xavier Cugat, Thursday night it's the Al Pearce show and Friday night it's the new quiz show, "How'm I Doin'," with Bob Hawk and Vaughn Monroe and his orchestra. Be sure to check your local newspaper for times and stations.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP AND OUT)

ORCHESTRA: (TRUMPET: "THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING")

"BLONDIE" 29-A  
3/16/42

GOODWIN: Here's the latest news on the three Camel Caravans which are now entertaining the boys in camps. We've received word from Panama that the Grand Ole Opry Unit, Camel Caravan, has arrived in the Canal Zone -- the first entertainment unit to arrive since the beginning of hostilities -- in fact, the first show company to enter civilian restricted fighting areas.

The Eastern Unit will entertain the boys in camps throughout the New England area this week -- Rhode Island, New Hampshire and Maine, including performances at Fort McKinley, Portland, Maine.

The Mid-Western Unit will head south this week for Tennessee and Kentucky after performances at the Chicago Naval Armory, in Chicago, Illinois.

Best wishes, Camel Caravan. May your audiences have a grand time.

This is Bill Goodwin speaking for the makers of Camel Cigarettes.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

ANNOUNCER:

Remember, pipe-smokers, the government requires a blue stamp on the top of every package of tobacco -- and that stamp tells how many ounces there are in the package. Look on the top of a big blue package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco. The stamp says "two and a quarter ounces" -- and remember George Washington costs just one dime. You'll like the way it tastes, too -- mild, mellow, and tasty, right down to the last puff at the bottom of the bowl. Get a package of George Washington tonight! It's America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!