

Mister 10/6/42

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1942

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

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

MUSIC: (THEME)

WILCOX: When you're talking about Army aircraft, "B" stands for "bomber," "P" for "pursuit," and "T" for "trainer." In cigarette language, "C" stands for "Camel" and "T" is for two of the most important words in the dictionary -- taste and throat. Right there you've got anybody's own personal proving ground for cigarettes. We call it the T-Zone. Take Camels to your own T-Zone for your final verdict on flavor and mildness. There's no judge of flavor like your own taste, no test of mildness that can stand up to the judgment of your own throat. Thousands of smokers who ^{ARE MAKING} ~~are making~~ the T-Zone test ^{ARE FINDING THAT CAMELS SUIT THEM TO A T.} ~~say -- I'm smoking more now, and Camels suit me to a T!~~ "Smoke Camels for steady pleasure! They're slow-burning, cooler-smoking, richer-tasting, milder -- better -- because ^{ARE} ~~every~~ Camels ~~is~~ made of costlier tobaccos, blended expertly in the years-old Camel tradition of quality tobacco blending. Remember -- you're the one who's doing your smoking! Get a pack of Camels tonight -- you'll want to buy a carton tomorrow!

WILCOX: Well, folks here are the Bumsteads back on the air again and now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads of ~~after their summer vacation. We find them at their home on Shady Lane Avenue.~~ ~~Well,~~ Dagwood has been at a special ^{have} meeting of the Dutch Uncle Club ~~this afternoon,~~ and he ^{AVENUE.} doesn't look very happy as he walks in the front door, a large cardboard box under his arm. He doesn't sound very happy, either....

DAGWOOD: (DOLEFULLY) Blooooooondie! Blooooooondie!

BLONDIE: (OFF) Dagwood -- what's happened?

DAGWOOD: You know, I've been telling you that the Dutch Uncle Club was going to put on a play....

BLONDIE: Yes?

DAGWOOD: Well, we drew straws to see who'd play a part nobody wanted, and I ~~lost~~ ^{won}. I'm it.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear. What are you in the play -- a dope peddler?

DAGWOOD: Much worse.

BLONDIE: A wife-beater?

DAGWOOD: No, Blondie. It's -- well, I have to play the part of a Nazi.

BLONDIE: Ohhhhhh. Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: The uniform's in this box...But that's not all.

BLONDIE: Is there more?

DAGWOOD: Yeah. You've got to play the part of my Nazi wife.

BLONDIE: What?

DAGWOOD: Your uniform's in here, too.

BLONDIE: I won't do it!

DAGWOOD: But Blondie, I promised. That was part of the agreement we made before we drew straws.

BLONDIE: No.

DAGWOOD: It's going to be very embarrassing for me.

BLONDIE: I don't see why.

DAGWOOD: Well, you'll see when you see the play. I have two very passionate love scenes. I guess I'll have to play them with someone else.

BLONDIE: Hrrrrrrrrrr. Passionate love scenes.

DAGWOOD: She'll probably be a brunette.

BLONDIE: I'll take the part.

DAGWOOD: Thanks, Blondie -- I knew you would.

BLONDIE: What's the play like?

DAGWOOD: Well, Mr. Nuggles, the plumber, wrote it.

BLONDIE: That's fine.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. It all takes place on a Japanese ocean liner -- the Salami Maru.

BLONDIE: That's enough. Let's see what my uniform is like.

DAGWOOD: Okay.

(SNAPPING STRINGS ON BOX AND OPENING BOX THROUGH THIS)

DAGWOOD: We've got to go down to the club at eight tonight to see how the costumes fit... There you are. That's yours, and this is mine. I guess we'd better put them on.

BLONDIE: Well -- all right. But something tells me this ^{All} is a mistake.

MUSIC:

(SCREEN DOOR CLOSES QUIETLY)

ALEXANDER: Gee, it doesn't sound as though Mom and Pop are home.

SNORE
~~(MURMURING OF PAPER COPY)~~

ALEXANDER: Holy smoke -- there's a man with a uniform ^{sleeping} ~~sitting~~ in Pop's favorite chair. My gosh, he's a Nazi! He's wearing a Nazi uniform. Oh, boy -- this is my chance. Mom never did like this old vase, anyway...I'll sneak up behind him.

DAGWOOD: (HUMMING OFF...COMES TO MIKE SLOWLY)

ALEXANDER: Wham!

(CRASH OF VASE)

DAGWOOD: (GROANS)

(BODY FALLS)

ALEXANDER: (YELLS) Help! Help! Hey, Mom! I caught a Nazi!
I knocked him out!

BLONDIE: (OFF) Alexander -- is that you?

ALEXANDER: (YELLS) I caught a Nazi!

(BLONDIE COMING DOWN THE STAIRS FAST)

ALEXANDER: Bring Pop's iron dumbbells down with you!

BLONDIE: Oh, Alexander...! Look what you've done!

ALEXANDER: Yeah. I'll bet Pop'll be proud of me.

BLONDIE: Look, Alexander -- this is your father.

ALEXANDER: Oh -- oh. Now I've done it...But why is he wearing that uniform -- and, gee, you're wearing one, too, Mom!

BLONDIE: We're playing ~~the part of~~ Nazis in a play.

ALEXANDER: Gosh, Pop certainly looked realistic.

DAGWOOD: (GROANS)

BLONDIE: Dagwood...Dagwood -- are you all right?

DAGWOOD: (GROANS) Blondie, I'm just coming to. Don't ask me to make snap judgments.

ALEXANDER: Er -- I think I'll go outside and play until dinner, Mom.

BLONDIE: All right, Alexander.

DAGWOOD: What happened, Blondie? (GROANS) Feel this lump on the top of my head. It's the size of a canteloupe.

BLONDIE: Alexander came in and saw you and thought you were a Nazi! He picked up the vase and struck a blow for freedom.

DAGWOOD: I wish he had used a softer vase...Where is he now?

BLONDIE: Uh -- he made a strategic retreat...How does your head feel now?

DAGWOOD: Like it was still lying on the floor.

BLONDIE: That's too bad, dear. But you mustn't blame Alexander. He probably read in the paper about that Nazi that escaped from a camp in Canada, and thought you were he, ^{- or should it be him? Dagwood: IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE AT A TIME LIKE THIS.} It's only natural. You'd do the same thing, wouldn't you?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I guess so.

BLONDIE: Of course you would. ^{get up, Dagwood, and stop lying around on the floor.} ~~New read the paper, and~~ after dinner we'll go to that rehearsal in these awful uniforms.

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON CAR)

DAGWOOD: We'd better stop in here and get some gas first,
Blondie. We're running a little low.

BLONDIE: All right, dear.

DAGWOOD: I hate to run out of gas these days.

(CAR SLOWS DOWN...AND THEN COMES TO A STOP)

BLONDIE: Well, here comes the station man.

MAN: (COMING UP) Good evening, soldier. By the way,
what branch of the service are you in? I don't think
I recognize the uniform. I've never seen one with
those swastikas on it and -- swastikas! You're a Nazi!

DAGWOOD: I am notzi!...I mean, I am not a Nazi!

MAN: Why you rat! Let me get my hands on you!

DAGWOOD: Hey -- cut it out! Let go of me! (CHOKES)

BLONDIE: Don't! We're not Nazis!

MAN: You took the gas out of my gas pumps and the sugar
out of my coffee, and the rubber off my tires! Well,
you louse, I'm going to fix . you so you'll never do
it again!

BLONDIE: Bite him! Bite his hand!

MAN: (YELLS) Yeooooooooow!

BLONDIE: Quick! Let's get out of here!

MAN: You can't get away from me, you dirty.....

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh! Hold tight -- here we go!

(CAR STARTS)

MAN: Come back here!

MUSIC:

VOICE: (FILTER) Calling all cars, calling all cars. Be on the lookout for an escaped Nazi, wearing a German uniform, and driving with a woman companion in a Nineteen Thirty-Nine blue sedan. Last seen heading for the county road at high speed. He is believed to be the Nazi who escaped last Tuesday from a camp in Canada, speaks good English....

MUSIC: (UP)

(COME UP ON CAR)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, where are we now?

DAGWOOD: We're lost now.

BLONDIE: Oh...Are we going to stay lost or are we going to do something about it?

DAGWOOD: Well, shall we stop at this hamburger stand and find out where we are?

BLONDIE: Yes, let's.

(CAR COMES TO A STOP...CAR DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Now remember, dear. Just find out how to get back to town. Don't order a sandwich.

DAGWOOD: I'm hungry, but okay, if you say so.

(WALKING ON GRAVEL...THEN DOOR OPENS)

WOMAN: Good evening.

DAGWOOD: Er -- uh -- could you tell me how to get back to town, please?

WOMAN: Why of course. You just drive straight ahead for about three miles, and turn left at the crossroads -- that's the state road and there's a marker before you get to it so -- (STOPS)

DAGWOOD: Yeah?

WOMAN: I thought there was something fishy about you! That uniform! You're a Nazi!

DAGWOOD: Now wait, lady -- ! Hey -- put that frying pan down!

(BONG OF FRYING PAN REVERBERATING ON DAGWOOD'S SKULL)

WOMAN: Take that, you scoundrel!

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh! Stop it! I'm not a Nazi!

WOMAN: You spoiled my canning season this year!

DAGWOOD: Cut it out! Stop it!

WOMAN: Help! Help! Somebody help me!...Take that!

DAGWOOD: Ooooooooooh!

WOMAN: Heeeeeelp!

DAGWOOD: What are you yelling for? I'm the one who's getting hurt!

(THE COMMOTION SUDDENLY STOPS)

WOMAN: Oh! Oh, for goodness sakes!

DAGWOOD: Hahh?

WOMAN: I forgot I've got a shotgun here right behind the counter. ~~You stay right where you are!~~

~~DAGWOOD: Nothing doing!~~

(RUNNING UP TO DOOR)

WOMAN: Don't you dare go away until I get this gun!

DAGWOOD: Goodbye!

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Bloooooondie!

(WHIZZZZZZ)

BLONDIE: (COMING UP FAST) Dagwood -- what's ^{the matter?} ~~been happening?~~
You're all covered over with blood!

DAGWOOD: It's not blood -- she hit me with a ketchup bottle!

(CAR DOOR CLOSES...)

(CAR STARTS UP...)

(BANG FROM OFF...)

(RATTLE OF PEBBLES ON WINDOWS...)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, she's shooting at us!

DAGWOOD: Yeah. Nazis aren't very popular around here!

(CAR UP...)

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: Dagwood, you think we'll be safe here?

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- we're parked off the road a bit. No one'll run into us, and we've got to think this over, Blondie. We're in sort of a jam as long as we have these uniforms on.

BLONDIE: I don't know about you, Dagwood, but I can't take my uniform off and keep my modesty.

DAGWOOD: I've got on those shorts of mine with the black and orange squares.

BLONDIE: I knew you'd regret those some day.

DAGWOOD: Well, what do you think we ought to do?

BLONDIE: I don't know, but it's getting late. It must be after ten by now.

DAGWOOD: I suppose we've been reported by the man at the gas station and the ^{nice} woman at the hamburger stand.

BLONDIE: Yes -- I suppose the police are after us.

(SIREN WAY OFF...)

BLONDIE: Listen! ~~Here comes a car.~~
~~Now I know they are.~~

DAGWOOD: Oh, my gosh, Blondie. It's a police car.

(SIREN IS CLOSER...)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, I'm afraid.

DAGWOOD: So am I.

(CAR COMES UP AND STOPS...CAR DOOR OPENS...)

DAGWOOD: Here they come.

BLONDIE: I know.

COP: (COMING UP) Say, folks, have you seen a car with two
Nazis in it travelling -- (STOPS...THEN AMUSED) Oh,
excuse me, soldier. Sorry we disturbed you..(FADING)

(CAR DOOR SLAMS...CAR STARTS UP...AND FADES...)

BLONDIE: (BIG SIGH) There they go.

DAGWOOD: (BIG SIGH) Holy smoke.

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- why didn't you explain the situation to that
policeman? That was our opportunity.

DAGWOOD: I couldn't say a word. The cop who poked his face
inside the car had a tommy gun with him, and it was
staring right at me!

~~BLONDIE: Oh! I would have fainted.~~

~~DAGWOOD: I was too scared to faint.~~

BLONDIE: Dagwood, there's only one thing for us to do.

DAGWOOD: You mean -- surrender?

BLONDIE: Well, yes. We'll go to the nearest police station,
walk in, and explain.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie...Gee, it'll be wonderful to be American
citizens again.

MUSIC:

(CAR COMES TO A STOP...)

DAGWOOD: Well, here we are, Blondie. Right behind a police car, too.

BLONDIE: Thank goodness we got here without being stopped.

(CAR DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES...)

VOICE: (OFF A BIT) Calling all cars...calling all cars.

DAGWOOD: Where's that coming from?

BLONDIE: ^{the radio in}
^ The police car -- there's no one in it, though.

VOICE: (CLOSER) Here's a follow on the escaped Nazi. Your orders now are to shoot him on sight. The man is dangerous, so shoot on sight and ask questions later. That is all.

DAGWOOD: That's all for me, too, brother! Come on, Blondie.

(CAR DOOR SLAMS...)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, where are we going to go now?

(OTHER CAR DOOR SLAMS...)

(CAR STARTS UP...)

DAGWOOD: Blondie -- we're going to get ourselves lost again -- as fast as possible!

Blondie: oh!

MUSIC:

WILCOX: Well, it looks as though Dagwood is a hunted man. Will he escape from the net closing around him? What are he and Blondie going to do? We'll see in a moment! Say Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Yes, Mr. Wilcox.

WILCOX: You know anything about maps?

DAGWOOD: Gosh, these days who doesn't? Every day in the newspaper --

WILCOX: That's good because I wanted to get the low-down on conical projections with rectified meridians and standard parallels.

DAGWOOD: Oh -- rectified conicals with projected -- you did, huh?

WILCOX: Yes, Dagwood, these days nearly every officer in every service has to do all kinds of complicated map work. And men who've been through it usually find that during the tense hours of planning and waiting, they're ... likely to be smoking more. That's true, too, of many of the civilian workers on the home front. Charlotte Thon (PRONOUNCED "THAWN"), for instance, is one of the Rand McNally and Company cartographers who make Uncle Sam's fighting maps. Miss Thon finds she's smoking more than ever these days. She's said QUOTE--

THON VOICE: No matter how often I smoke, Camels never give me a feeling of harshness or irritation. They don't tire my taste, either.

WILCOX: UNQUOTE: Yes, and it's Camels on the front lines, too. 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.

(CONTINUED)

WILCOX:
(Cont'd)

First Camel you smoke will tell you why. It'll say "Flavor" -- rich, extra flavor with the mildness that lets you enjoy it. It'll say "Cooler smoking", too, because Camels are slow-burning. The reason? Costlier tobaccos, expertly blended. Let your throat and your taste decide! Get a pack of Camels tonight! Send a carton to that fellow in the service!

MUSIC:

WILCOX: Well, a half hour has passed, and Blondie and Dagwood, still costumed for the play in their Nazi uniforms, and still pretty nervous after hearing the "shoot on sight" orders over the police radio, have been driving along a country road. But now -- well, listen for yourself...

(COME UP ON ENGINE RUNNING OUT OF GAS...COUGHS,
GURGLES, AND FINALLY GASPS AND QUITS...)

BLONDIE: Out of gas?

DAGWOOD: ^{Now we're out of gas.}
Yep.

BLONDIE: Where are we?

DAGWOOD: ^{Out of gas.}
Well, Blondie -- fortunately,, I managed to get us lost again. We won't be bothered with the police out here.

BLONDIE: Thank goodness for that. I hate to think how close we came to being shot.

DAGWOOD: Me, too. ~~Br-r-r-r-r!~~...Well, let's get out and walk.

BLONDIE: I guess we might as well.

DAGWOOD: Gee, I'd give anything for one of those "I am an American" signs. I'd like to have it right around my neck.

(CAR DOORS OPEN...AND CLOSE...)

BLONDIE: Well, it's a nice night out, anyway.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, but I'd rather be at home in bed, with the covers over my head.

BLONDIE: We might as well start walking.

(WALKING ON GRAVEL...)

DAGWOOD: Yeah...You know, Blondie,..I think Fate has it in for us.

BLONDIE: Seems like it.

DAGWOOD: Everytime we start out to do some perfectly innocent thing, Fate says, "There go the Bumsteads. Watch me fix their wagon!"

BLONDIE: I know, dear. But what are we going to do about this?

DEPUTY: (FARMER) Put up your hands.

BLONDIE: But what good will that do us? We're -- oh!

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke!

DEPUTY: Come on now -- (CLUCK OF TONGUE) -- put up your hands. Got a gun here, you know. (CLUCK, CLUCK)

DAGWOOD: Who-who-who are you?

DEPUTY: I'm one of the sheriff's deppities. Looking for a couple of escaped Nazis. You could be they. (CLUCK, CLUCK)

BLONDIE: Oh, but we aren't.

DEPUTY: Ain't saying you are, ain't saying you ain't. I'm just saying you look it.

DAGWOOD: But honestly, we ain't.

DEPUTY: Well -- (CLUCK, CLUCK) you talk like Americans.

BLONDIE: We are Americans. (CLUCK, CLUCK)

DAGWOOD: You see, we were going to play the part of two Nazis in a play, but we got chased before we could get to the rehearsal.

DEPUTY: Hamn -- actor people, eh?

BLONDIE: Er -- yes, we're actor people.

DAGWOOD: Can we go now?

DEPUTY: Keep your hands up, there! (CLUCK, CLUCK) I'm going to give you a little test. You can play that there balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet. (CLUCK, CLUCK)

DAGWOOD: Tooooooooooooh!

Blondie: Dagwood, I think we'd better do it. Dagwood: Well, All Right.

BLONDIE: Well, uh -- all right. (DEEP BREATH) Romeo, Romeo --
Wherefore art thou, Romeo?

DAGWOOD: I art here...down in the garden.

BLONDIE: Uh -- why are you down there, Romeo?

DAGWOOD: Because I can't get up there where you are. The vines are
loose.

BLONDIE: Oh, Romeo...Romeo...

DAGWOOD: Oh, Blondie -- I mean, Juliet.

DEPUTY: That's enough -- that's enough. You certainly ain't actors.

BLONDIE: Of course, it would have been more realistic if we hadn't
had to keep our hands up.

DEPUTY: Yep, yep, yep, yep. Kind of had a hunch you was the
Nazis. Figgered right, too. (CLUCK, CLUCK) Well, where
do you want to be shot?

BLONDIE;AND DAGWOOD: (IN UNISON) Shot?!!!

DEPUTY: Yep, yep, yep, yep. Got orders to shoot on sight, and I'm
going to shoot.

DAGWOOD: (LOW) Blondie, I think he's serious.

BLONDIE: (LOW) Oh, Dagwood, so do I.

DEPUTY: Well, are you ready?

DAGWOOD: Not quite.

BLONDIE: Wait -- please, please, wait! We're really innocent.
We're not Nazis. It'll be murder if you shoot us.

DEPUTY: Don't try any of that sob stuff. If I let you go you'd
be laughing at me.

DAGWOOD: No we won't.

DEPUTY: I know you won't...Here goes!

(CLICK, CLICK OF PULLING HAMMER BACK..)

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- there's nothing funny. What are you laughing for?

DAGWOOD: I've decided this whole thing is a dream.

BLONDIE: Well, it isn't. I'll show you it isn't.

DAGWOOD: Ouch!...Holy smoke -- now I'm scared again.

DEPUTY: Stop moving around now -- you're spoiling my aim.

DAGWOOD: Don't shoot. Please, please...

DEPUTY: Won't do you no good to plead with me.

DAGWOOD: Toooooh! Something's got to happen now -- the way it always does in the movies.

DEPUTY: One...two...three!

(CLICK OF HAMMER ON FIRING PIN...)

DAGWOOD: I didn't hear anything. Am I dead?

BLONDIE: Dagwood, his gun isn't loaded.

DEPUTY: Stay right where you are! Don't move!

DAGWOOD: Nothing doing! I'm going to fix you! You almost shot us!

DEPUTY: Let go of that gun!

DAGWOOD: Try and make me! Come on Blondie -- I've got his gun -- Run!!

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

DEPUTY: (FADING) Hellllllp!

DAGWOOD: (PANTING) Lucky he can't run.

BLONDIE: Well, how do we stand now?

DAGWOOD: Blondie, if he was one of the sheriff's deputies, we're in trouble with the law. Now we're really fugitives!

MUSIC;

BLONDIE: Oh, I'm 'getting tired.

DAGWOOD: Me, too...What about that barn over there?
Couldn't we hide there for a while?

BLONDIE: Anyplace.

DAGWOOD: Gee, Blondie, if I could only change this Nazi uniform
for anything else, we'd be safe.

BLONDIE: What about my uniform? It's a Nazi uniform, too, isn't
it?

DAGWOOD: Well, without the swastikas they'll take you for a
Wack or a Wave or a Whatyoumaycallit.

BLONDIE: That's all right with me...Shall we go in the barn?

DAGWOOD: Yeah.

(CREAKY DOOR OPENS...)

BLONDIE: Oh -- it's dark inside.

DAGWOOD: I'll say. (CLEARS HIS THROAT) Er -- anybody in here?

(HORSE WHINNYS..)

Dagwood.
BLONDIE: Nobody but just us horses.

(FOOTSTEPS ON WOODEN FLOOR...)

DAGWOOD: It's going to be a real pleasure to sit down and relax
and think this whole thing over.

BLONDIE: Whatever we do, we mustn't meet up with that deputy
again. He's sure to shoot us this time.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, and there'll be posses out after us in the morning.

BLONDIE: If you could only change clothes with someone, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Sure, but who'd change with me?

GUY: I will.

DAGWOOD: (AFTER A PAUSE) Blondie, do you believe in talking
horses?

BLONDIE: No, but I'd like to.

DAGWOOD: Who said that?

GUY: I did.

BLONDIE: Yes, but who are you? And where are you? We can't see you.

GUY: Never mind who I am. I'm right over here.

DAGWOOD: Er --- you said something about changing clothes?

GUY: I'll change coats with you.

DAGWOOD: Okay.

(FOOTSTEPS)

GUY: What kind of a coat do you have?

DAGWOOD: Oh -- er -- uh -- it's sort of different.

GUY: Good.

DAGWOOD: You'll be surprised... Have you got your coat off?

GUY: Yes. Here it is.

DAGWOOD: Well, here's mine... (LAUGHS) A fair exchange is no robbery.

GUY: That's right... Well, I think I'll be on my way. Goodbye.

BLONDIE: Goodbye.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye and thanks for the coat.

(DOOR CREAKS OPEN...AND CLOSES...)

BLONDIE: I wonder who he was?

DAGWOOD: I don't know, but what a break this is for us, Blondie..
Gee, the coat ^{Feels AS IF IT FIT} ~~fits~~ me pretty well, too.

BLONDIE: I'll light a match and we'll see what it looks like.

DAGWOOD: It's bound to be better than what I had.

(SCRATCH OF MATCH...)

BLONDIE: There.

DAGWOOD: Well, how do I -- holy smoke!

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- you're still wearing that Nazi uniform!

DAGWOOD: Only now it's got an Iron Cross on it.

BLONDIE: Yes! That wasn't there before.

DAGWOOD: I wonder when I was decorated?

BLONDIE: Dagwood, don't you see what this means? That man who was in here was wearing a Nazi uniform, too!

DAGWOOD: You mean, he really is an escaped Nazi?

BLONDIE: He must be! Just feel the material in the coat he gave you. It's ersatz.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- and it seems to be warped a little, too.

BLONDIE: Come on, Dagwood -- we've got to get to the police no matter what happens, and I hope it doesn't happen.

MUSIC:

COP: And when you found out this other bird was a Nazi, you came here to the precinct station, eh?

BLONDIE: Yes, that's it.

DAGWOOD: We came here at great risk to our lives.

COP: Okay. Now how do I know you're not the people we're looking for?

DAGWOOD: Well, you see-- it's hard to explain, but --

(SHOTS OUTSIDE)

GUY: (WAY OFF) Help! Police! Help!

(A COUPLE OF MORE SHOTS)

COP: Holy Pete -- were those shots?

(DOOR BURSTS OPEN...AND SLAMS)

GUY: (RUSHING UP...BREATHLESS, AND PANTING) Help me! That man -- he's trying to kill me.

Cop:
BLONDIE: Holy Smoke! ~~Another Nazi!~~ Officer, this man is the Nazi! He's the one you're looking for! He's the one who escaped!

GUY: Yes -- yes, I am. But save me from that fool who's shooting at me!

COP: Who's shooting at you?....Not that I blame him.

(DOOR BURSTS OPEN AGAIN)

DEPUTY: So there you are! Stand right where you are and don't move! You'll spoil my aim!

GUY: No -- no -- please! I surrender!

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh -- it's the deppity!

DEPUTY: You can put your hands up, too! I'll get to you in a minute!

BLONDIE: Officer -- quick -- do something!

COP: Hey -- now wait a second, Daniel Boone.

DEPUTY: I'll talk to you as soon as I polish the three of 'em off!

COP: It's too late! I've already taken the three of them prisoners of war!

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: Well, the lights are still on in the living room. I guess Alexander is still up.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. Gee, Blondie, I thought we'd never be able to get away from there.

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

BLONDIE: (SIGHS) Oh, dear -- what an evening.

DAGWOOD: (SIGHS) ^{oh, dear.} What a life. But it's nice to be alive.

ALEXANDER: (COMING UP) Hello, mom...Hello, pop.

AD LIB: ("HELLO ALEXANDER")

ALEXANDER: You're very late.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- you see....

ALEXANDER: I worry about you when you don't come home when you're supposed to.

BLONDIE: Well, Alexander, we didn't realize we'd be so late.

ALEXANDER: You could have telephoned.

DAGWOOD: But we couldn't.

ALEXANDER: When I'm late for dinner, you always tell me I could have telephoned.

BLONDIE: Well, this was different.

ALEXANDER: Gee, it's always different for grownups. You wouldn't let me get away with an excuse like that.

DAGWOOD: No, but you see --

ALEXANDER: For all I knew, you might have been in an accident.

DAGWOOD: We almost were.

ALEXANDER: Cookie and I worry about you. Besides, Pop -- you're always getting into some kind of a jam.

BLONDIE: Tonight was no exception.

ALEXANDER: Well, I guess you'd better go right to bed. (CLEARS HIS THROAT) I'll lock up the house.

BLONDIE: Now, just a minute, young man. We've apologized.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, we're sorry. Now you trot right up to bed.

ALEXANDER: Gee, Pop -- where'd you get that Iron Cross?

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah. Well, that's a long story, but right now I'm going to take it and throw it so far that --

BLONDIE: Ah -- ah, Dagwood. I'll take it.

DAGWOOD: What do you want with it?

BLONDIE: Well, if the iron in it isn't ersatz, too, I'm going to give it to the scrap drive. Maybe the government would like to send it back where it came from -- by Flying Fortress!

MUSIC:

WILCOX:

Well next week the Bumsteads find themselves facing a real test of their ingenuity when Mayor Smipes Scrap Drive fails. He announces a new drive and dumps the responsibility for it's success squarely in the laps of Blondie and Dagwood. You will get some hints for your own scrap drive so don't forget to listen in next week at this same time when "Blondie gets in the Scrap".
Blondie will ^(CUT-2nd show) (also) appear in a special program at ^(7:30-2nd show) ten thirty in the evening next Monday over all Networks.

CUT-
Second
show

Blondie, maybe you can tell me why a woman should change over to Camels.

BLONDIE:

Well, you know, Mr. Wilcox, women don't like to be told anything! They like to find out for themselves. I'd just say this -- "Try a pack! Let your throat and your taste decide!"

WILCOX:

Blondie was played by Alice White and Dagwood is Arthur Lake. Musical interludes are composed and conducted by Welliam Arzt. Be sure to follow "Blondie", America's leading comic strip, in your local newspaper. Tomorrow, Blondie's offspring, Alexander, does some wishful thinking. You'll find the comic strip entertaining every day in the week. Remember, Camels present three great radio programs each week. Thursday night be sure to hear Bob Hawk in "How'm I Doin'". Friday night -- it's the great Camel Caravan with Lanny Ross, Connee Boswall, Herb Shriner, Xavier Cugat and "OurTown." Of course, next Monday it's "Blondie".
(CONTINUED)

WILCOX:
(Cont'd.)

And -- starting early next month -- a new Camel show
with Abbott and Costello. Be sure to check your
local newspaper for times and station.

MUSIC: (UP AND OUT)

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

WILCOX: And now for the latest news about the Camel Caravans -- those great traveling shows that are entertaining the men in camps.

The Camel Caravans will visit nineteen camps during the coming week including Pensacola Naval Air Station, Chico Army Flying School, Camp Davis, North Carolina and Fort Sam Houston, Texas."

Best wishes, Camel Caravan. May your audiences have a grand time. This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the makers of Camel Cigarettes.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

ANNOUNCER: That jinglin' noise you're hearing these days, folks, is just the dimes pingin' down on the counters for George Washington Smoking Tobacco. Yes, sir, a big blue two and a quarter ounce package of George Washington costs only ten cents. It's mild, mellow, and tasty, too, right down through the last puff at the bottom of the bowl! Get a big blue package of George Washington tomorrow! It's America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!