

"BLONDIE"

As broadcast

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1942

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

*Master*

WILCOX: Ah -- ah ah -- Don't touch that dial -- Listen to  
"Blondie"...presented by Camel...the cigarette that's  
first in the service.

MUSIC: (THEME)

WILCOX: Know a man just to say "hello" to, and he may fool you. Spend a few months with him, in an Army tent, say, and you'll really find whether he wears well, whether he has character, or just "front." We invite you to give Camels that same kind of close partnership test, pack after pack, day in and day out. It'll tell you about Camel character, show you why thousands have smoked Camels, and only Camels, for ten, fifteen, and twenty years. The answer is in your T-Zone -- "T" for taste and "T" for throat. Your taste will tell you that Camels have more flavor, and it's extra flavor <sup>helps</sup> ~~that~~ make Camels wear well, hold up pack after pack, keeps them from going flat. And your throat is the world's best judge of mildness. You'll find that Camels are mild, because they're slow-burning and cool ~~low~~-smoking -- the result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos. Remember, you're the one who's doing your smoking! Get a pack of Camels tonight! Let your throat and your taste decide!

WILCOX: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue. You remember last week Blondie and Dagwood were rescued off their roof by the fire department, and to show their gratitude, they bought two tickets to the annual Firemen's Ball. This morning they're looking at the tickets at the breakfast table....

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, tonight's the night, all right.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, and tomorrow at this same time will be the morning after.

BLONDIE: You know, I think it'll be fun. It's a good band, too. "Billy Artz and his Musical Upstarts."

DAGWOOD: I never heard of them.

BLONDIE: That's because we never go dancing any more. I don't know how long it's been but it seems to me that the last time we went dancing the most popular piece was "Yes, We Have No Bananas!"

DAGWOOD: <sup>I think it will be a hit.</sup> Well, we're going to the dance tonight. I hate to go alone, though.

BLONDIE: Alone? You're taking me, I hope.

DAGWOOD: I mean, I wish we had someone to go with us. I don't know many firemen.

BLONDIE: Well, neither do I. I don't know what Emily Post says about inviting your employer and his wife to go to a dance with you, but how about Mr. and Mrs. Dithers? I know Cora Dithers would love it.

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers wouldn't. He'd never buy a ticket.

BLONDIE: Well, then -- why don't you call up the Fire Chief and tip him off to drop in and sell Mr. Dithers a couple of tickets.

DAGWOOD: Hey, that might work.

BLONDIE: It certainly wouldn't hurt to try.

DAGWOOD: I ought to give the Fire Chief an excuse for dropping in. Maybe I ought to start a fire at the office.

BLONDIE: No, dear.

DAGWOOD: Just a small fire -- in a wastebasket?

BLONDIE: No, dear.

DAGWOOD: Well, it was just a thought. I'll go in and talk about the Firemen's Ball to J.C. this morning.

MUSIC:

DITHERS: And another thing, Dagwood -- you and I ought to go over to Sheridan City tomorrow and see Henry Martin. He has that housing project around the Sheridan City war plants, and I think we could do some subcontracting for him.

DAGWOOD: Okay, J.C. (HUMS A TUNE TO HIMSELF)

DITHERS: Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Hmh?

DITHERS: Stop waltzing around my office!..And stop that humming!

DAGWOOD: Er -- J.C., wouldn't you like to dance?

DITHERS: If you mean with you, no!

DAGWOOD: I didn't mean that. I was thinking about the Firemen's Ball tonight. Blondie and I are going.

DITHERS: Bumstead, you insult me!..Wild horses couldn't drag me to that rat race!

DAGWOOD: But J.C., it'll be lots of fun. Dancing is good exercise, too.

DITHERS: Not for me -- ~~I don't dance that way. When I want exercise, I'll go roller skating.~~

DAGWOOD: I can't understand why they didn't sell you a couple of tickets.

DITHERS: That's easily explained. When ~~the~~ Fire Chief <sup>Wilson</sup> called on me last week, I hid under my desk.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

DITHERS: Come in.

(DOOR OPENS)

CHIEF: Good morning, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Er -- hello, Chief Wilson.

CHIEF: Hello, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Er -- hello.

DITHERS: I'm sorry I missed you when you called last week.

CHIEF: Oh, that's all right, Mr. Dithers. I knew if I came around later that you'd be delighted to buy a couple of tickets to the Firemen's Ball.

DITHERS: Oh, yes -- I'd -- be -- delighted.

<sup>Dagwood:</sup> Oh, yes, he'd be delighted.

CHIEF: And of course you'll come?

<sup>Dagwood:</sup> Oh, yes.

DITHERS: Well --

CHIEF: Mr. Dithers, you're not going to disappoint us, are you?

DITHERS: Well, you see --

CHIEF: If your house caught on fire, you wouldn't want the fire department to disappoint you, would you?

DITHERS: On second thought, I guess I can make it...Is this right for the tickets?

CHIEF: Yes -- thank you.

DITHERS: It's a pleasure.

CHIEF: Goodbye, and thank you again.

DITHERS: Not at all. Goodbye.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Goodbye.

DITHERS: Two tickets to the Firemen's Ball. I've been blitzed!

DAGWOOD: How about going with Blondie and me, J.C.?

DITHERS: Oh, all right. Misery loves company... But Bumstead, if I thought you had anything to do with this --

DAGWOOD: J.C. -- what a thing to accuse me of?

(DOOR OPENS)

CHIEF: Excuse me... I just came back to say thanks for the tip, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Toooooooh.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DITHERS: Bumstead!

MUSIC: (MODULATES TO DANCE MUSIC OFF)

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CHIEF: (COMING UP) Tickets, please... Well, well! Hello, folks. It's nice to see you here.

(AD LIBS OF "HELLO, CHIEF"... "GOOD EVENING"... ETC.)

CHIEF: Well, I never thought I'd see you here, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Neither did I!

CORA: We decided we'd drag him here -- dead or alive.

CHIEF: Which is he?

CORA: I'll know better after the first dance.

DITHERS: Oh, Cora.

CHIEF: (FADING) Well, have a good time.

BLONDIE: Listen to that music! It sounds wonderful!

MUSIC: (COMES TO A STOP)

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DAGWOOD: What music?

(SLIGHT HUM OF CONVERSATION OFF)

BLONDIE: Oh, dear -- it just stopped.

CORA: Look, Blondie -- there's Angela Clendenning. I never guessed she'd be here.

BLONDIE: Neither did I!

DAGWOOD: Neither did I. Who is she?

BLONDIE: She's that widow who has the big house on

Buckland Avenue.

*Dagwood:*

*Oh, that widow.*

CORA: I wonder who that is with her?

BLONDIE: He's handsome, isn't he?

CORA: Yes, and he has simply gorgeous hair.

BLONDIE: And such a firm, forceful looking chin.

*Dagwood:*

*is that his chin?*

CORA: And such a distinguished looking profile! (SIGHS) My, he's wonderful, isn't he?

DITHERS: Oh, stop throwing us on the scrap pile!

MUSIC: (STARTS UP OFF)

BLONDIE: Well, shall we dance, Dagwood?

CORA: Julius?

DITHERS: Dagwood -- there's Henry Martin from Sheridan City over there.

DAGWOOD: *We're going to see him*  
~~The man we're going to see~~ tomorrow?

DITHERS: We're going to see him right now...Excuse us, girls!  
Come on, Dagwood!

BLONDIE: Dagwood Bumstead!

CORA: Julius! Julius!...(FADES)

DITHERS: (CALLS) Oh, Mr. Martin...!

MARTIN: (COMING UP) (VICTOR MOORE TYPE) Oh, hello there,  
Mr. -- uh -- Mr. -- ?

DITHERS: Dithers. J.C. Dithers of the J.C. Dithers Construction  
Company.

MARTIN: Oh, yes, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: This is my assistant, Mr. Bumstead.

MARTIN: How do you do?

DITHERS: Mr. Martin, I wanted to talk to you for a moment about  
the possibility of doing subcontracting for you on your  
Sheridan City housing project. I've got plenty of  
equipment that --

MARTIN: Mr. Dithers, I don't want to talk business now.  
Did you happen to notice the man who's here with  
Mrs. Clendenning?

DAGWOOD: The man with the hair?

MARTIN: Yes. Ah, how I'd love to run my fingers through it --  
and yank!

DITHERS: Who is he?

MARTIN: I don't know, but Mrs. Clendenning and I have been  
engaged for two years, and now --

DAGWOOD: You get the brush-off, hanh?

MARTIN: Yeah, that's it. I've done everything -- I've written  
to her, I've sent her flowers and candy. I've even  
taken scalp treatments.

DITHERS: But it didn't do any good?

MARTIN: Well, I grew a little fuzz...<sup>Dagwood:</sup> But you can see right  
through it.

DITHERS: Is -- uh -- is that your ring she's wearing?



MARTIN: No. I don't know what happened to the ring I gave her.

DAGWOOD: It's probably in the safe deposit box.

DITHERS: Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Ouch!

DITHERS: Don't be so gloomy.

MARTIN: Now you can understand why I'm disturbed. My fiancée with that hair tonic ad...I'm going over and see if she'll speak to me. Goodbye.

(AD LIB GOODBYES)

DAGWOOD: Boy -- he's got it bad!

DITHERS: Henry Martin, the tough, two-fisted contractor of Sheridan City, reduced to a quivering, love-sick pulp!... Ah, these women.

DAGWOOD: Incidentally, where are our women? I don't see them anywhere.

DITHERS: They ran off on us!...A fine thing!

DAGWOOD: I'll never be able to understand women.

MUSIC: (UP A LITTLE)

DITHERS: Look! There's Blondie!

BLONDIE: (OFF) Yoo-hoo, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: She's dancing with a fireman!...Blondie!

DITHERS: Good grief -- so is Cora!

CORA: (OFF) Hello, wall-flower!

DITHERS: Corrrrrrrra!

DAGWOOD: Biocooondie!

MUSIC: (FADES OUT)

(PAUSE)

BLONDIE: Well, Mr. Smith, did you give Mrs. Clendenning this lovely ring?

SMITH: (A DRIP) Just a little token of my affection. (LITTLE BUT IRRITATING LAUGH)

MRS. C: Oh, Claude, you're so sweet. (EMBARRASSED LAUGH)

<sup>Smith:</sup> CORA: Oh, not at all. Then are you two really engaged, Angela?

MRS. C: Well, I wouldn't say we were....

CORA: Oh.....

MRS. C: But I wouldn't say we weren't....

SMITH: Don't you think we ought to tell them, darling?

MRS. C: N-n-no, let's not.

CORA: Oh, go ahead.

SMITH: Yes, dear -- do.

MRS. C: Oh, I feel so silly.

CORA: That's part of it.

MRS. C: Well, Claude and I --

MARTIN: (COMING UP...PITIFULLY) Angela...

MRS. C: Oh...Oh, hello, Henry.

MARTIN: Angela, may I talk to you a moment?

MRS. C: Mrs. Dithers -- Mrs. Bumstead -- Mr. Martin.

(AD LIB "HOW DO YOU DOS")

MRS. C: And Mr. Smith, Mr. Martin.

SMITH: (LOFTILY) How do you do?

MARTIN: The same to you...Angela, may I talk to you a moment?

MRS. C: Why, yes -- go right ahead, Henry.

MARTIN: In private.

MRS. C: Now, Henry -- please. If you have anything to tell me, you can tell me here.

MARTIN: All right. I want to know why you're running around with this drip.

SMITH: I beg your pardon!

MARTIN: You ought to!

MRS. C: Why, Henry -- !

BLONDIE: Cora, maybe we'd better be running along.

CORA: No, let's stay and watch the fun.

MARTIN: He's not your type, Angela. He's the kind of a guy who'd wear a zoot suit!

MRS. C: Henry, I'll have to ask you to leave.

MARTIN: All right, Angela...He probably brushes his hair two hundred strokes each night...He's a gigoio....(FADING)

SMITH: I'm sorry he bothered you ladies. I could have handled him myself, but I didn't want to create an unpleasant scene.

MRS. C: You were a perfect gentleman, Claude.

SMITH: I'm a quiet man, but I'm dangerous when aroused.

DITHERS: (OFF) Cora!

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Blondie!

BLONDIE: Oh, Cora -- they're wearing firemen's suits! Hats, coats, boots and everything!

CORA: How hideous!

BLONDIE: Dagwood, what are you doing in that outfit?

DAGWOOD: They've got a fire truck outside and for a dollar you can have your picture taken in a fireman's suit.

DITHERS: We thought you might like to see us break the camera.

CORA: And don't think that's not possible, either.

BLONDIE: Oh -- excuse me -- Mrs. Ciendenning, this is  
Mr. Bumstead -- and Mr. Dithers.

(AD LIB "HOW DO YOU DOS")

BLONDIE: And Mr. Smith -- Mr. Bumstead and Mr. Dithers.

(AD LIB "HOW DO YOU DOS")

DAGWOOD: Mr. Smith, I've been wondering -- what do you put on  
your hair?

SMITH: Nothing at all. A good stiff brush, and three hundred  
strokes at night, each way.

CORA: Don't you think it's lovely, Julius?

DITHERS: Yes -- heavenly!

BLONDIE: We were just looking at Mrs. Ciendenning's engagement  
ring.

DITHERS: Oh, may I see it?

MRS. C: Of course, Mr. Dithers -- I'll take it off for you....  
Here you are.

DITHERS: (WHISTLES) What a rock!

SMITH: Just a little token of my affection.

DITHERS: A little token, eh? I'd hate to get hit on the head  
with it.

DAGWOOD: May I see it?...Thanks. Gee, it's big, isn't it?

SMITH: I think it's <sup>Five</sup> ~~one and a third~~ carats.

DAGWOOD: That ain't vegetables! CARATS -- Vegetables. get it?

Dithers: <sup>How Awful.</sup>  
(SOUND OF FIRE BELL RINGING OFF)

SMITH: What's that?

BLONDIE: It sounds like a fire!

(BIG FIRE TRUCK STARTS UP OFF)

DITHERS: They're starting the fire truck up! Come on, Dagwood --  
duty calls us!

(CROWD MURMURING UP... "A FIRE!"... "THERE'S A FIRE  
SOMEWHERE!")

DAGWOOD: So long, Blondie -- we'll put it out and be back in a  
flash!

MRS. C: My ring! Mr. Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah -- here you are, Mrs. Clendenning!

MRS. C: Look out -- be careful of it!

DAGWOOD: Goodbye!

(WHIZZ)

MRS. C: My ring! Where's my ring!

BLONDIE: Haven't you got it?

SMITH: Didn't he give it to you, Angela?

MRS. C: No!

CORA: I don't see it on the floor!

MARTIN: (COMING UP) Angela -- what's happened!

MRS. C: My ring's gone! And Mr. Bumstead had it last!

MUSIC:

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: Well, what happened to that ring? Did Dagwood give it back to Mrs. Clendenning or didn't he? We'll see in a moment, when we return to the Firemen's Ball.

Oh, say, Blondie!

BLONDIE: Yes, Mr. Wilcox!

WILCOX: Have you noticed there are fewer nylon stockings at the store?

BLONDIE: I should say! Lots of women are using lisle mesh, or rayon, or cotton, now.

WILCOX: I'll tell you how it all started.

(SOUND: FADE IN PLANE MOTOR)

WILCOX: Two thousand feet up, a plane circles a landing field. Crouched at the open cabin door is a young woman, and strapped on her back is a parachute made of nylon, the first one ever used on a "live" parachute jump.

GRAY VOICE: I guess it's time to go downstairs! Here goes!

MUSIC: (SHARP CHORD TAKES AWAY PLANE ENGINE)

WILCOX: A few minutes later, Adeline Gray is safe on the ground, first human to trust her life to this nylon 'chute. An experienced parachute rigger herself, Miss Gray likes to make her own "live" tests. With cigarettes, too, she trusts only the judgment of her own taste and her own throat. She's said, QUOTE: --

GRAY VOICE: I always smoke Camels! Have for years. The flavor is just the way I like it, round, rich and full. No matter how often I smoke, they never tire my taste or get my throat.

WILCOX: UNQUOTE. And with men in the service, Camels are the favorite, too, according to actual sales records in the stores where men of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard buy their cigarettes. Try Camels yourself for steady pleasure. You'll like the way Camel's extra flavor helps them hold up, pack after pack. No matter how much or how little you smoke. Camels are milder, too, because they're slow-burning and cooler-smoking. One of the reasons is costlier tobaccos, blended in the machtless way that Camel has perfected during long years of experience. Remember, you're the one who's doing your smoking! Let your throat and <sup>your</sup> taste decide! Get a pack of Camels tonight! And send a carton to that fellow in the service.

Before we continue with the second act of "Blondie" let us remind you that Camel presents four great <sup>Radio</sup> shows each week. Thursday it's Abbott and Costello. Fridays -- The Camel Caravan. Saturdays -- Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks" and Mondays it's "Blondie."

MUSIC:

WILCOX: It's twenty minutes later, and the fire truck has just returned. Fire Chief Wilson is waiting, when Dagwood and Mr. Dithers, still clad in the firemen's suits, hop off the truck.

(FIRE TRUCK ENGINE...STOPS)

DAGWOOD: Don't worry about a thing, Chief -- we put the fire out.

DITHERS: Too bad we had to rush off without you.

CHIEF: What was it?

DITHERS: A fence caught fire and a couple of kids were roasting weenies over it.

DAGWOOD: They were good, too. Yum-yum!

CHIEF: Where did you get these outfits?

DITHERS: You know -- we were going to have our pictures taken on the truck. But when the alarm went off, we seen our duty and we dood it.

CHIEF: You've both got your helmets on backwards...It's disgraceful.

DAGWOOD: I thought it seemed silly when the visor kept falling over my nose...One of these boots is uncomfortable, too. It's hurting my foot. I'm going to take it off.

CHIEF: Just a minute, Mr. Bumstead -- something rather unpleasant has happened. Mrs. Ciendenning can't find her ring. She's afraid it was stolen. That's what I wanted to see you about.

DAGWOOD: Oh, you want my help as a detective?



CHIEF: Not exactly. You're one of the suspects.

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh!

DITHERS: That's good! Bumstead, the slick jewel thief. (LAUGHS)

CHIEF: Go ahead and laugh, Mr. Dithers -- you're under suspicion yourself!

DITHERS: What!

DAGWOOD: But I gave Mrs. Clendenning the ring back! I can prove it!

CHIEF: Have you got a receipt?...Have you?

DAGWOOD: No, but I'm innocent!

CHIEF: I have my doubts, but we'll see about that later! Both of you follow me...On second thought, I'll follow you -- and don't try to get away!

(PAUSE)

MRS. C: And then when the fire alarm went off, Chief Wilson, Mr. Bumstead started to run away. I asked him for my ring, and he turned around, poked something at my open hand, and ran.

DAGWOOD: I put the ring in her hand, Chief.

MRS. C: It wasn't there at all!

BLONDIE: I'm sure Dagwood wouldn't steal your ring, Mrs. Clendenning. He wouldn't think of such a thing!

DAGWOOD: At least, not seriously.

DITHERS: No, Bumstead, is not a hardened criminal.

CHIEF: What kind of a criminal is he?

CORA: Julius, you'd be more help if you just kept quiet.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, J.C. -- stay off my side.

CHIEF: Well, Mr. Bumstead, Mr. Dithers, Mr. Martin, and Mr. Smith -- I'm afraid you'll all have to be frisked.

MARTIN: Why should you search me? I was ten feet away when it happened.

SMITH: But you came running right up, Mr. Martin.

MARTIN: Aw, why don't you turn yourself in for salvage.

CHIEF: Now just a minute -- take it easy....By the way, how much is this ring worth?

MRS. C: It's very valuable, isn't it, Claude?

SMITH: Yes, Angela, dear. I don't like to say exactly, but it's worth in the neighborhood of five thousand dollars.

CORA: My, that's a nice neighborhood.

CHIEF: (LOW WHISTLE) I'll say it is...Well, suppose I search you first, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Okay, but I'd like to take off this fireman's suit first. It's awfully hot, and one of these boots hurts my foot, and my ears are getting tired of holding up this hat.

CHIEF: You were wearing it when the ring disappeared, weren't you?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, but --

CHIEF: I'll search you the way you are, then. Come on in this room here -- I'll start in and --

DAGWOOD: (STARTS TO LAUGH) Cut it out!

CHIEF: Stop laughing.

DAGWOOD: You're tickling! (LAUGHS)

DITHERS: Oh, Bumstead -- don't be maudlin!

DAGWOOD: How'd you like someone to go like this to you?

DITHERS: (LAUGHS) Stop it! Cut it out! Get your hands off me!

CHIEF: Come on, Mr. Bumstead....

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHING) Don't! You're driving me crazy! Cut it out! Heeeeeeeip! (LAUGHS)

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Just think, Cora -- five thousand dollars.

CORA: Well, it's a big stone, Blondie. You don't suppose Dagwood could have done it, do you?

~~I always say, "The two most irresponsible things in the world are husbands and puppies."~~

BLONDIE: No, I don't. Besides, Dagwood looked innocent.

CORA: So did Julius -- and that's one reason I suspect him.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: (WIAK) Oh, Blondie....

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, what happened?

DAGWOOD: I just confessed.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: I had to tell him -- to make him quit tickling me.

BLONDIE: But you didn't steal the ring.

DAGWOOD: No. I retracted my confession after he stopped tickling.... The Chief's almost finished with J.C.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, you didn't take the ring, did you?

DAGWOOD: Not that I noticed.

CORA: Well, it certainly didn't drop to the floor because we looked. That leaves Julius, Mr. Smith and Mr. Martin.

Who do you suppose they'll pin it on?

DAGWOOD: Me...I'm always the fall guy...Well, I guess I can take this outfit off now.

BLONDIE: Wait a minute, Dagwood -- let's try to reconstruct the crime.

DAGWOOD: Hahh?

BLONDIE: They do it in the movies.

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

CORA: Hello, Julius...How did you make out?

DITHERS: I'm weak. The Chief tickled me so much I had to confess. I told them that Dagwood took it.

DAGWOOD: I'm being framed!

BLONDIE: Oh, dear.

DITHERS: I couldn't say I took it, and I hated to accuse a man who's wealthy enough to buy five thousand dollar diamond rings, and I couldn't say Martin took it because I hope to do business with him. So it had to be Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: I hope you'll all think kindly of me when I'm in jail.

BLONDIE: We were just going to reconstruct the crime. Now I'll be Mrs. Ciendenning -- here, Dagwood -- take my engagement ring.

DAGWOOD: Okay, but I don't see what good it'll do.

BLONDIE: Well, if we find out what happened to that ring, we can go in and dance. So far you haven't danced one dance with me!

DAGWOOD: Okay, you win...Well, I handed the ring back to Mrs. Ciendenning like this.

DITHERS: And I was pulling you -- like this!

DAGWOOD: Ouch!

(RATTLE OF RING ON FLOOR)

BLONDIE: Well, it just fell to the floor...Try it again.

DAGWOOD: Take it easy on me, J.C. That's the only right arm I've got...Okay -- here's the ring, Blondie.

DITHERS: Come on, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Ouch!

BLONDIE: Well, it just fell on: -- where is it?

DAGWOOD: I gave it to you.

BLONDIE: I haven't got it.

CORA: Julius! Where is it?

DITHERS: I haven't got it, Cora...Don't look at me like that.

BLONDIE: Well it couldn't have rolled away. We would have heard it on this floor.

CORA: We've got to hunt for it, Blondie.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke...Let's start looking, but I'm going to take off this outfit. One foot is just killing me. They ought to turn these rubber boots in and make tires....  
(GRUNTS) It's stuck....There it is.

(RATTLE OF TWO RINGS ON FLOOR)

BLONDIE: Look! The rings! Eureka!

DITHERS: Great Scott!

CORA: Where were they?

DAGWOOD: Inside this rubber fireman's boot I was wearing...No wonder it was uncomfortable. Here's your ring, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- what a relief...And that's Mrs. Clendenning's ring, all right. Let's take it right in.

DAGWOOD: And this time it won't get lost again. I'm going to put it on my finger for safekeeping...There!

CORA: Come on -- let's tell them we've got it.

(DOOR OPENS)

MRS. C: Why don't you want to call the F.B.I., Claude? Let them work on Mr. Bumstead.

SMITH: Angela, dear, I don't want to involve you in a lot of cheap sensationalism and excitement.

MRS. C: But I like cheap sensationalism!..And I love the F.B.I.

MARTIN: If you want the F.B.I., Angela, I'll call them myself.

SMITH: Mr. Martin, will you please keep your shiny little head out of this?

MARTIN: If you're not careful, you're going to get in trouble with me.

CHIEF: Now, please, please....

DAGWOOD: We found it! We've got the ring! It fell into my boot.

MRS. C: Where is it?

DAGWOOD: Right here on my finger.

CHIEF: Holy Pete -- all this work for nothing.

MRS. C: That's it -- that's it! He's got it, Claude!

SMITH: Oh, fine.

MRS. C: I'm still sorry we didn't call the F.B.I. It would have been such fun!

DAGWOOD: A fine thing! And you were practically accusing me of taking it, too.

MRS. C: Yes, aren't I the silly one?

DAGWOOD: Do you want an honest answer?

MRS. C: Isn't it a lovely ring, Henry?

MARTIN: It looks nice on Mr. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, take the ring off and give it to Mrs. Clendenning, and let's get into the dance.

DAGWOOD: Okay... (GRUNTS)

BLONDIE: What's the matter?

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke -- it's stuck.

BLONDIE: Oh, no!

CHIEF: Just a minute, I'll fix that. I'll be right back...  
(FADING)

MARTIN: Look at the size of that ring -- it's vulgar.

SMITH: Mr. Martin, couldn't you go some place else?

MRS. C: I don't think it's so big, Henry... Do you, Cora?

CORA: Well, if you fell in the water wearing it, it would pull you down to the bottom.

DAGWOOD: I can't get it off. <sup>look AT the expression on my finger.</sup> And now my finger's swelling up.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- how do you manage to do these things?

DAGWOOD: I don't know. It just comes naturally to me... Boy, it's sure on this finger good and tight. I can't get it back over the knuckle.

DITHERS: Well, we can always remove the knuckle.

MARTIN: Try wetting it again, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Mr. Martin... (GRUNTS) Nope.

CHIEF: (COMING UP) Okay, Mr. Bumstead -- I've got some oil. This'll do the trick... Hold your finger out.

DAGWOOD: Oh, swell.

(OIL CAN)

CHIEF: Now try it.

DITHERS: Come on, Bumstead -- slip it off!

DAGWOOD: I can't!

DITHERS: I'll get it off... Hold still now. Ah -- watch this.

DAGWOOD: J.C.! Take your foot off my chest!.. Ouch! Ouch!

DITHERS: By George -- it won't budge.

CHIEF: Never mind, I brought some pinchers along. We'll just snip the ring in the band at the back, and it can be fixed just as good as new by any jeweler.

SMITH: No -- no, don't cut it!

CHIEF: Why not?

SMITH: I just don't want you to cut it, that's all.

BLONDIE: Well, Mr. Smith, you can't expect Mr. Bumstead to follow Mrs. Clendenning around the rest of his life...  
Furthermore, I wouldn't stand for it.

MRS. C: Go ahead and cut it, Chief Wilson. I can have it fixed.

CHIEF: All right.

SMITH: No! Don't!

MRS. C: Don't be stubborn, Claude...Go ahead, Chief.

CHIEF: Say, this is the hardest gold I ever heard of. It's tough.

(SNIP)

DAGWOOD: There!

DITHERS: Hey! Let me see that ring a minute.

CORA: Julius, if you put that on your finger....

BLONDIE: Is this gold? It looks like brass to me.

DITHERS: That's just what I was going to say!

MRS. C: Brass!?

MARTIN: It doesn't surprise me.

MRS. C: Why not?

MARTIN: Because there goes that Mr. Smith of yours now. He's scrambling!

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES OFF)

MRS. C: Claude!....Oh....Oh, dear...It can't be.



CHIEF: I'm not so sure this is a diamond, either.

MRS. C: And he had such lovely hair.

CORA: I knew that man was too beautiful to be true.

MARTIN: You'd better let me take you home, Angela. It's been a little trying on you tonight.

MRS. C: Oh, thank you, Henry. I wish you would. It's getting late, anyway.

MARTIN: Oh, Bumstead, and Dithers -- call me tomorrow and we'll arrange the details of the subcontracting.

DITHERS: Fine!

DAGWOOD: The first thing in the morning!

MARTIN: Come along, Angela, dear...By the way, have you noticed -- I'm growing a little fuzz on the top of my head.

MRS. C: (FADING) Why, Henry -- it's cute! So soft and downy....

BLONDIE: Well, it looks as though everything's nicely patched up with those two.

DAGWOOD: It looks like it.

DITHERS: Yes, Dagwood -- we got that job, and you deserve a good, solid, substantial raise.

DAGWOOD: Gee, thanks, J.C. That's swell!

DITHERS: <sup>Too bad</sup> But unfortunately, the government has frozen wages.

DAGWOOD: Tooooh! Have they frozen bonuses?

DITHERS: <sup>Yes - Fortunately I got mine the day before</sup> ~~No, but it's a good idea...~~ Well, shall we go in and dance?

CORA: Yes, let's, Julius.

BLONDIE: I'm dying to dance.

DAGWOOD: <sup>Dagwood: Yes, so am I.</sup> I'm just dying. My feet are killing me.

DITHERS: <sup>Dithers: come on girls. let's dance the night away.</sup> (DOOR OPENS)

MUSIC: (DANCE MUSIC FROM OFF COMES UP...THEN STOPS...THEN INTO

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwooooood! This is the end!

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

(COME UP ON CAR)

BLONDIE: Well, Cora, at least we each had a dance with a fireman.

CORA: We would have been better off to have gone to the Ball by ourselves. I noticed several lonely hook and ladder cowboys who were giving us the eye.

DAGWOOD: It wasn't our fault things happened.

DITHERS: Of course not. It was just Fate.

CORA: I wonder if this is Fate who's pulling around us on a motorcycle.

BLONDIE: Oh-oh -- a motorcycle cop.  
Cora: Slow down, Julius. Dithers: I am slowing down.  
(CAR SLOWS DOWN)

DITHERS: This is just too much!..I should have expected it.

DAGWOOD: Maybe he just wants to know the correct time.

DITHERS: Oh, that's very likely.

(CAR COMES TO A STOP...MOTORCYCLE PULLS UP AND STOPS)

DAGWOOD: Here he comes. Smile, J.C.

COP: (COMING UP) Well, well -- it's Mr. and Mrs. Dithers. And Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead.

DITHERS: Oh, hello, Sergeant Mulhoolley.

(AD LIBS OF GREETINGS)

DAGWOOD: What's on your mind, Sergeant?

COP: How would you people like to buy four tickets for the Policeman's Ball next week?

(THEY ALL GROAN)

MUSIC: (UP)

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: Next week Dagwood gets caught in surprise army maneuvers --  
so don't forget -- listen in for the fun next week at this  
same time when "Blondie Visits An Army Camp."

WILCOX: (NEXT WEEK'S TRAILER)

WILCOX: To seamen everywhere, S.O.S. is a signal of distress, sent only in an emergency. The government has asked us to send out a special signal all over America tonight, in another sort of emergency. It's S.U.S., and it means "stop unnecessary spending." It's no secret that if all of us spend all the money we make today, there won't be enough goods to go around -- and that means inflation -- higher costs for everything, including war materials -- and higher taxes. There's a serious reason for all of us to buy war bonds, regularly, every pay day, as many as we can. There's a personal reason, too. You'll get four dollars back for every three dollars you put in. Stop unnecessary spending! Buy war bonds regularly.

WILCOX: Dagwood was played by Arthur Lake and Blondie by Florence Lake. Musical interludes are composed and conducted by William Artzt. Be sure to follow "Blondie," America's leading comic strip, in your local newspaper. Tomorrow Dagwood proves that a hungry man sometimes has a lapse of memory.

MUSIC: (UP AND OUT)

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

WILCOX: Here's the latest news about the Camel Caravans, those great traveling shows entertaining men in camps. This week the Camel Caravans, which to date have played to more than two million service men, are on their way to fifteen more camps throughout the country. This is Harlow Wilcox, reminding you to listen to Abbott and Costello on Thursday night, and saying goodnight for the makers of Camel Cigarettes.

ANNCR: . Say, Mister Pipe-Smoker, give that package of tobacco of yours the "weighin-in" test. You don't need a scale -- just look at the blue government stamp on top. Compare it with the big blue two-and-a-quarter ounce package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco. Yes, sir, all that mild, mellow, tasty tobacco ~~for~~ <sup>that costs so little</sup> ~~just ten cents,~~ too! Get a great big package of George Washington tomorrow! It's America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!