

As broadcast

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1942
COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM
Broadcast: 4:30 - 5:00 P.M. PWT
Repeat: 7:30 - 8:00 P.M. PWT

CAMEL CIGARETTES
R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

CAST

BLONDIE.....Florence Lake ***** DAGWOOD.....Arthur Lake

DITHERS.....Hanley Stafford
BERGER.....
SERGEANT.....Will Wright
CRUM.....Mel Blanc
JUDGE.....Cy Kendall
LAWYER.....Pat McGeehan
TWINKLE.....Dick Ryan
ANNOUNCER.....Harlow Wilcox
CONDUCTOR.....Billy Artzt
GEO. WASHINGTON ANNCT...Fred Shields

SOUND EFFECTS:

Two Car Auto Crash
Door
Telephone
Ring (Other end of line)
Knock on Door
Car Door (Falling off)
Gavel
Crowd noise
Pots and pans

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, DECEMBER 14, 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 --
(CHORUS: C-A-M-E-L-S) -- the cigarette that's
first in the service.

MUSIC: (THEME)

WILCOX: We're proud that Camel is first in the service, yes, first according to actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens. And we're proud, too, that so many men of the old A.E.F. who started smoking Camels in ¹⁹Seventeen and 'Eighteen are still smoking them today. We believe that more people have smoked Camels longer than any other cigarette -- and we say it's the best proof you can find for Camel character. By character we mean flavor, the extra flavor that helps Camels hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke. By character we mean smooth, extra mildness, too -- for Camels are slow burning and cool smoking. Give Camels a test in your T-Zone -- "T" for taste, "T" for throat, your personal proving ground for flavor and mildness. For yourself, for that fellow in the service, get Camels -- the cigarette that's expertly blended of costlier tobaccos!

WILCOX: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue. It's early in the evening and Dagwood is walking along the street, minding his own business. But up ahead of him, two cars are speeding along -- (SOUND) approaching the intersection from different directions.

DAGWOOD: (WHISTLING TO HIMSELF) ~~Hey, one of these cars better slow up or they'll -- hey!~~ (YELLS) Hey! Look out! Timber-r-r-r-r!

(SCREECH OF BRAKES OFF...CRASH AS CARS COLLIDE)

DAGWOOD: Oh-oh -- that did it! And there's no one else around. I better get right over there.

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

DAGWOOD: Hey! Hey! Are you all right in there?

BERGER: Never mind me, how are my tires?

DAGWOOD: They're all right.

BERGER: Thank goodness!

DAGWOOD: They left a long skid-mark on the pavement, but maybe you can scrape it up and glue it back on them again.

BERGER: Is my gas tank leaking?

DAGWOOD: No.

BERGER: What a relief...Help me open this door. It's jammed.

DAGWOOD: Okay. I'll give it a little pull.

(DOOR COMES OFF AND FALLS ON PAVEMENT)

DAGWOOD: Gee, I don't know my own strength! *Here's your handle.*

BERGER: (ANNOYED) Thank you.

DAGWOOD: Not at all -- it was fun...Say, you had quite a -- well, well, well, it's Mr. Berger. *of the GOLIATH Construction Company. You're our business rival! I'll see you later!*

BERGER: Oh, hello, Mr. Bumstead. I didn't recognize you.

DAGWOOD: I didn't recognize you or I'd have gone over to the other car first.

BERGER: Hmmm. Well, this accident wasn't my fault. I had the light.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I thought so, too. Well, I'd better see how the other man is. (RAISES HIS VOICE A LITTLE) Hey -- are you all right in there?

DITHERS: Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: (UNDER HIS BREATH) Holy smoke -- it's my boss -- Mr. Dithers!

DITHERS: Bumstead, were you driving that car! You idiot! You nincompoop! Why didn't you watch what you were doing? You smashed my car up! What have you got to say for yourself?!

DAGWOOD: Hello, J.C.

DITHERS: Oh, fiddle-diddle!

DAGWOOD: I wasn't driving the other car -- Mr. Berger was!

DITHERS: Then what are you doing here?

DAGWOOD: I'm just an innocent bystander.

DITHERS: Wait a minute -- did you say Berger was driving that other car?

BERGER: (COMING UP) Well, Dithers, this is going to cost you ~~plenty~~. *a pretty penny.*

DITHERS: Cost me? It was your fault! I'm going to sue you for every cent you've got! (THEN) How much have you got?

BERGER: I had the light and I'm going to break you for this! I'm suing you for seventy-five thousand dollars!

DITHERS: I'll see your seventy-five thousand and raise you
twenty-five!

BERGER: I'll bump it another fifty thousand!

DITHERS: I call.

DAGWOOD: Who opened?

BERGER: (CHUCKLES) It's going to be too bad for you, Dithers.
I've got a witness.

DITHERS: Who?

BERGER: Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Whoaaaa!

DITHERS: He's my witness! And furthermore, he's an employee of
mine, aren't you, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Well, yes, but --

BERGER: Mr. Bumstead has already told me that he thought I had
the light, didn't you, Mr. Bumstead?

DITHERS: I was in the right, wasn't I, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: (LONG PAUSE...THEN) Well, I guess I'll be running along.

BERGER: Wait a minute!

DITHERS: Not so fast, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Hey, fellas -- let go of my lapels! Hey, don't do
that!

(RIP CLOTH)

DITHERS: No quality in suits nowadays.

BERGER: Didn't you think I had the light, Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: Well -- yes...

DITHERS: Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: And no.

DITHERS: That's better...We'll settle this in court, Berger!

BERGER: You bet we will! And Bumstead is going to testify against you!

DAGWOOD: Toooh!

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: Oh, it sounds awful, Dagwood. And then what happened?

DAGWOOD: Well, they both said I'd be their witness. Gosh, Blondie -- I'm caught in a pincers movement!

BLONDIE: Uh -- Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, honey?

BLONDIE: Who do you think really had the green light with him?

DAGWOOD: Sh-h-h! (VERY LOW) Mr. Berger.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear!

DAGWOOD: It's horrible! I suppose it's what I deserve for trying to be helpful.

BLONDIE: And if they ask you on the witness stand, you'll have to tell them.

DAGWOOD: Couldn't I refuse to answer on the grounds that it might cost me my job?

BLONDIE: You could refuse, but you couldn't get away with it.

DAGWOOD: Oh woe is me!

BLONDIE: You're sure Mr. Berger had the green light.

DAGWOOD: Well, no, because --

BLONDIE: Tell the truth now.

DAGWOOD: Well, yes...Because I saw it, but it might have changed.

BLONDIE: Didn't you notice afterwards?

DAGWOOD: No. All I remember is the time -- eight forty-one.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- what those lawyers are going to do to you!

DAGWOOD: What do you mean, Blondie?

BLONDIE: They'll get you on that witness stand and ~~crucify you!~~

~~They'll~~ get you all balled up -- they'll fire questions at you until you won't even know what you're saying.

DAGWOOD: Ha-ha! I'd like to see them.

BLONDIE: You will.

DAGWOOD: Hahh?

BLONDIE: For instance. Which car did you see first?

DAGWOOD: I don't know.

BLONDIE: (SARCASTIC LAUGH) You don't know! Try to be more helpful, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: I suppose I saw Mr. Berger's car first.

BLONDIE: Oh -- you suppose. You're just guessing, is that it?

DAGWOOD: Well, yes, but --

BLONDIE: (POURING IT ON) How dare you presume to guess in these *hallowed* halls of justice! How dare you expect this jury to ~~accept your flimsy testimony.~~ To place any faith in this crazy quilt of guesswork, imagination, and hallucinations! You think, you suppose, you guess, you imagine, but you don't give me any facts!!

DAGWOOD: (WAILS) Blondie -- stop sneering at me!

BLONDIE: (SNEERS) That's all, Mr. Bumstead...Your witness -- and you can have him.

DAGWOOD: (PATHETICALLY) I don't feel well.

BLONDIE: (SWEETLY) See what I mean, Dagwood? That's the way *those lawyers will* ~~they'll~~ treat you in court.

DAGWOOD: That wasn't fair. You took advantage of me.

BLONDIE: Don't you think the lawyers will, too?

DAGWOOD: No. ^{They won't} ~~All they want is the truth~~

BLONDIE: Ha-ha.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, well, we'll see. I've always wanted to be on the witness stand in court. No one's going to take advantage of ^{A BUMSTEAD} ~~me~~, Blondie. I'm the only witness, and they've got to be nice to me!

MUSIC: (BRIDGE TO BACKGROUND FOR:)

(FADE IN ON DIALING...PHONE RINGS AT OTHER END....
PICK UP PHONE)

MUSIC: (OUT)

BLONDIE: (FILTER) Hello?

DAGWOOD: Is that you, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Yes, dear.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, I just wanted to know -- can they put me in jail, ^{just} because I'm a witness?

BLONDIE: No, of course they can't put you in jail.

DAGWOOD: Well, that's where I'm calling from.

BLONDIE: Ohhhh!

DAGWOOD: Mr. Berger had me put in here so I wouldn't be tampered with.

BLONDIE: But they can't do that!

DAGWOOD: That's what I keep telling the ~~Sergeant!~~ ^{Policeman here with the Keys.}

BLONDIE: And what does he say?

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DAGWOOD: He just smiles and keeps on reading the funnies.

BLONDIE: Well, are Mr. Dithers and Mr. Berger in jail?

DAGWOOD: Oh, no! They're free as the birds. Nobody seems to care if they're tampered with.

BLONDIE: Oh, that's awful. I'll come down and bring you some cake and magazines and things.

DAGWOOD: Thank you, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Well, anyway, Dagwood, you'll finally have time to read "Gone With the Wind"...You've been putting that off for a long time.

DAGWOOD: Well, I wanted to make sure it would be a best seller... Goodbye, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Keep your chin up.

DAGWOOD: Every time I do, somebody slugs it...Goodbye.

(HANGS UP)

SERGEANT: Okay, Mr. Bumstead, ^{you're cells on the third floor.} -- right this way.

DAGWOOD: Gee, I hope the mice here are friendly.

MUSIC:

(RATTLE OF KEY IN LOCK...CELL DOOR OPENS)

SERGEANT: ^{Oh,} Mr. Bumstead, ^{you've got a visitor -} here's a Mr. Dithers to see you.

DITHERS: Hello, Dagwood, old boy. Sorry I haven't been in to see you before.

DAGWOOD: Oh, stop grinning!

DITHERS: (SMOTHERS A CHUCKLE) Excuse me, Dagwood.

48 hours

DAGWOOD: What's so funny? I've been here for ~~almost a week,~~
and I'm just a witness! What do I have to
do to get out of here -- sue somebody myself?!

DITHERS: Now calm down, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: I am calm!

DITHERS: You know, Berger's the one who had you put in here
so I wouldn't bring any undue pressure against you.

DAGWOOD: Then don't tamper with me or I'll be thrown into
solitary confinement.

DITHERS: Oh, Dagwood, I wouldn't try to influence you...but --

DAGWOOD: I thought so! *Here it comes.*

DITHERS: No, Dagwood. You know me...

DAGWOOD: That's just the trouble.

DITHERS: I just want you to tell the jury the truth. That I
had the right with me.

DAGWOOD: But I don't think you did!

DITHERS: I did, too, and don't contradict me!

DAGWOOD: J.C., I cannot tell a lie.

DITHERS: Oh, stop striking that George Washington pose. You
look like a postage stamp...Now Dagwood, this lawsuit
is a very serious thing.

DAGWOOD: Look who's talking! I'm in jail!

DITHERS: The facts of the matter are, if I lose this ^{\$150,000}suit, I lose
my business and you lose your job.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke!

DITHERS: Of course I don't want to influence you, but you can
see what'll happen. Furthermore, I'd choke the life
out of you!

DAGWOOD: But you don't want to influence me.

DITHERS: Certainly not.

DAGWOOD: But J.C., if I told them you had the light, it would be sort of like perjury. Then I'd be here forever.

DITHERS: Bumstead, I did have that light! I mean that -- sincerely -- right ^{FROM} ~~in~~ my heart.

DAGWOOD: Have you got a heart?

DITHERS: Oh, fiddle-diddle! Do you know definitely that Berger had the green light when he smashed into me?

DAGWOOD: Well, no, but --

DITHERS: Believe me, Dagwood, I saw the red light that was against me change just before I hit the intersection. You know what kind of a man Berger is. ^{Just because he's my business} I wouldn't say ^{idiot}, anything against him for the world -- but he's a liar, a chise1er, and a crook.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I know.

DITHERS: Dagwood, you are on my side, aren't you?

DAGWOOD: Well....

DITHERS: That's fine!

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

SERGEANT: Mr. Bumstead, a lawyer -- (COMING UP TO OFF A BIT)
Mr. Berger's lawyer is here to see you.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Sergeant -- just a minute.

DITHERS: (LOW) Dagwood, don't let Berger's lawyer threaten you now. You don't have to take anything from him.

DAGWOOD: I won't let him threaten me, J.C.

DITHERS: Fine! Just take it easy, and incidentally, since you're not doing anything, you might address these envelopes for the monthly bills.

DAGWOOD: But Mr. Dithers....

(CELL DOOR OPENS)

DITHERS: Goodbye, Dagwood. See you in court tomorrow.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- goodbye.

DAGWOOD: Say, Sergeant -- where's Mr. Berger's lawyer?

SERGEANT: He's coming. He and Mr. Dithers are just passing each other ^{Right} now.

DITHERS: (OFF) Nyah!

CRUM: (OFF) Nyah!

DAGWOOD: (TO HIMSELF) I won't let him threaten me.

CRUM: (COMING UP) Hello, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, hello.

(CELL DOOR CLOSSES)

CRUM: Here's my card, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Oh, so you're the Jack of Diamonds.

CRUM: (MAKES WITH THE JOWLS) Oh, wrong card. My mistake. My name is ^{J. Axel K.} ~~William Jennings~~ Crum.

DAGWOOD: ^{J. Axel K.} ~~William Jennings~~ Crum. Did you make ^{that} it up yourself?

CRUM: Mr. Bumstead, when Mr. Berger told me you had agreed with him that he had the light, even though your employer was in the other car, I said, "Ah, there's an honest man."

DAGWOOD: Hanh? Aren't you going to threaten me?

CRUM: No. I only want the privilege of shaking your hand. You're a brave man, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: I am? But I don't want to be.

CRUM: You're faced with losing your job or telling the truth, but will you hesitate? Ah, no. And you wear the brave smile and the proud eyes of an honest man. Oh, it wrings my heart -- (SNIFFS) -- and I say to you with all sincerity, "You're a better man than I, Dagwood Bumstead."

DAGWOOD: (TOUCHED) Well, gee -- thank you.

CRUM: Ah, don't thank me, for I only stand humbly before you.

DAGWOOD: (SNIFFS) I've always wanted to do the right thing.

CRUM: (SNIFFS) Your family will be proud of you, and no matter what happens, your little son can always lift his head and say, "My father told the truth. He's the finest, most honest, sweetest person in the whole world." (ALMOST SOBS)

DAGWOOD: (NEAR TEARS HIMSELF) I'd never let Alexander down.

CRUM: Ah, no, of course you wouldn't. And you'll be repaid a thousand fold by the look of adoration in his bright, shining eyes.

DAGWOOD: (SOBS IT OUT) You're right, Mr. Crum -- I'll do anything you say!

MUSIC:

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: Well, poor Dagwood -- it looks as though Mr. Berger's lawyer has swept him away on a wave of emotion. We'll see how things turn out in court in a moment....

Ah, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Yes, Mr. Wilcox!

WILCOX: Why the troubled expression?

DAGWOOD: I can't decide what to give my Aunt Mamie for Christmas. I was going to give her something for sewing.

WILCOX: Why don't you?

DAGWOOD: Well, nowadays she spends most of her time up on top of a hill, so enemy planes can see her.

WILCOX: You mean so she can see the planes.

DAGWOOD: No, they decided that in Aunt Mamie's case, it was better for the planes to see her first.

WILCOX: Well, Dagwood, I don't know anything about your Aunt Mamie, but I know that changes in jobs and priorities have made the gift problem tougher than ever this year. That's why we're singing out our season's motto -- you know what, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Sure! Camels for Christmas!

WILCOX:

Right! It's always safe to give mild, full-flavored
Cameis -- because so many people like them. They
come three different ways, the carton,
Christmas-wrapped in a Santa Claus container --
four "flat fifties" in a red cardboard Christmas
House, or the Special Camel gift box holding five
hundred cigarettes -- twenty packs and two flat
fifties. Any of these ways you give Cameis --
full of that rich, extra flavor that helps Cameis
hold up, keep from going flat no matter how many you
smoke. For Christmas, give a holiday package of
Cameis -- the cigarette that's mild, slow burning,
cool smoking -- better -- because Cameis are expertly
blended of costlier tobaccos.

CHORUS:

C-A-M-E-L-S.

WILCOX:

Before we continue with the Second Act of "Blondie,"
let us remind you that Camel presents four great
radio shows each week. Thursdays, it's Abbott and
Costello. Fridays -- the Camel Caravan, Saturdays --
Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks," and ^{ON} Mondays it's
Blondie.

MUSIC:

WILCOX: And now Act Two of "Blondie." Well, it's not quite noon of the next day, and in the courthouse, the Case of Berger versus Dithers has been under way since morning. Mr. Berger's lawyer has just put Dagwood on the witness stand...

(GAVEL)

JUDGE: Just a minute, Mr. Crum.

CRUM: Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE: Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: Yes? Judge?

JUDGE: Mr. Berger?

BERGER: Yes, Your Honor?

JUDGE: During Mr. Bumstead's testimony, there'll be no rooting from the sidelines!...Proceed.

CRUM: Now then, Mr. Bumstead....

DAGWOOD: I'm ready.

CRUM: Mr. Bumstead, you witnessed the collision between the cars driven by Mr. Berger and Mr. Dithers, didn't you?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, and I'm sorry I did, *Mr Crum.*

CRUM: Tell the jury about it in your own words.

DAGWOOD: Well, I was walking down the street, minding my own business and whistling, when I saw two cars approaching the intersection. I thought to myself if they keep on like that there's going to be a beautiful crash. They did, and it was.

CRUM: Very good.

DAGWOOD: Thank you.

CRUM: What time was this?

DAGWOOD: Eight forty-one.

CRUM: And did you notice who had the green light?

DAGWOOD: Er -- do you really have to know?

CRUM: Indeed I do.

DITHERS: Tell him, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Okay -- Mr. Berger did.

DITHERS: Taaah!..Bumstead, you fibber!

(GAVEL)

JUDGE: Mr. Dithers -- if you please!

BERGER: (CHUCKLES)

DITHERS: Oh, quiet, Berger!

JUDGE: Proceed.

CRUM: And you subsequently told Mr. Berger you thought he had the light, didn't you?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, and this is what I get for shooting off my mouth.

CRUM: And the light didn't turn red before Mr. Berger's car reached the intersection, did it?

DAGWOOD: Not that I noticed.

CRUM: That's all, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: But it could have!

CRUM: That's all!

DAGWOOD: I wouldn't be surprised if it did.

CRUM: That's -- all!

DAGWOOD: Can I go home now?...Blondie and I have some Christmas shopping to do, and --

Judge:

LAWYER:

LAWYER:

DAGWOOD:

Just a moment, Mr. Bumstead,

Yes, if you don't mind.

Couldn't we make it later?

Mr Dithers' Lawyer wants to ask you a few questions.

LAWYER: No. Mr. Bumstead, how do you happen to know the exact time?

DAGWOOD: I looked at my watch.

LAWYER: Why?

DAGWOOD: I thought it might be a handy thing to know in court... Is it?

LAWYER: Not particularly.

DAGWOOD: Oh, too bad.

LAWYER: You said Mr. Berger had the green light, but did he have it when he smashed into Mr. Dithers' car?

BERGER: I object! Dithers smashed into me!

DITHERS: I did not!

BERGER: Yes you did!

(GAVEL)

JUDGE: *Maybe we'll be happier if we*
~~Let's~~ use the phrase, "When the collision occurred."

Witness will answer the question. -- *I hope.*

DAGWOOD: I don't know whether Mr. Berger had the light then or not. I thought it changed, but I'm not sure just when.

LAWYER: Oh, you didn't notice.

DAGWOOD: No.

LAWYER: Were Mr. Berger's headlights on?

DAGWOOD: I don't know.

LAWYER: How about Mr. Dithers' headlights? Come on, Mr. Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: I didn't notice them, either.

LAWYER: Did either of the cars sound his horn? Quickly now! Come on!

DAGWOOD: They might have. I didn't hear them.

LAWYER: And are you sure you really saw the traffic light and not the green Christmas tree light in front of Ciancy's Bar and Grill?

DAGWOOD: Well, I thought it was!

LAWYER: You thought it was what?

DAGWOOD: The Christmas tree stop light! I mean --

LAWYER: Never mind what you mean! You're not sure you saw the stop light, are you?...Are you, Mr. Bumstead?... Well, are you?

DAGWOOD: Well, I ^{Presume} thought --

LAWYER: *How dare you presume in these hallowed halls of justice?*
I want facts, Mr. Bumstead! Are you sure? Remember you're under oath! Are you sure?

DAGWOOD: Well, no, but --

LAWYER: In other words, you practically didn't see anything, hear anything, or know anything at the time!

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh!

(GAVEL)

JUDGE: The court will recess for lunch!

(RUSTLE OF CROWD...MURMURS...FADE DOWN)

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Oh, Dagwood -- how do you feel?

DAGWOOD: I can't feel -- I'm numb.

BLONDIE: You look it, too.

DAGWOOD: I really don't remember exactly what happened, either. I remember Mr. Berger had the green light and then I think it changed or something. But I didn't notice.

BLONDIE: Well, don't worry about it, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: But what if they convict me?

BLONDIE: Dagwood, they're not trying you. You're just a witness.

DAGWOOD: I keep thinking they're trying to pin a murder on me.

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood -- I've got to go ^{back to our little} home now and fix lunch for Alexander and Cookie.

DAGWOOD: Okay, honey, and I've got to go back to my ^{little} cell.
And Blondie --

BLONDIE: Yes?

DAGWOOD: If you see two cars approaching an intersection on your way, look in the other direction.

MUSIC:

(RATTLING OF POTS AND PANS)

BLONDIE: Now let's see. I've got to open this can of corn.
And the peaches for dessert, and...

(TAP, TAP, TAP ON DOOR...SLOWLY AND LIGHTLY)

BLONDIE: Oh, someone at the back door.

(DOOR OPENS)

TWINKLE: Hello. Remember me -- Mr. Twinkle?

BLONDIE: Of course. Come right in, Mr. Twinkle.

TWINKLE: Thank you, Mrs. Bumstead.

(DOOR CLOSES)

Blondie: Well, how are you getting along with your housework?
TWINKLE: Oh, dear -- I did it again. Just look at me -- ^{just washing} ~~my~~ ^{my} fingers to the bone.
I forgot to take my apron off. *Blondie: Don't use it!*

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Oh, well... ^{Did you want anything special?} ~~What can I do for you,~~ Mr. Twinkle?

TWINKLE: Oh, I just came over to gossip...I've been a little upset today. ^{my wife} Beulah and I aren't speaking.

BLONDIE: Oh, really?

TWINKLE: She's in the doghouse...I caught her sneaking in late last night.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear.

TWINKLE: She said she had been sitting up with a sick friend... But I found out. I went through her slacks.

BLONDIE: What did you find?

TWINKLE: Poker chips...Do you ever find them in Mr. Bumstead's pockets?

BLONDIE: No. When he plays poker he comes home with his pockets empty...He usually loses his shirt.

TWINKLE: Isn't it disgusting?...The last time Beulah played poker she lost her blouse.

BLONDIE: (LITTLE LAUGH) You'll make up with her, of course.

TWINKLE: Oh, yes. She'll come home from work tonight with flowers and a box of candy...I suppose I'll forgive her. (SIGHS) Beulah's so masterful.

BLONDIE: I'm sure she is.

TWINKLE: She sweeps me right off my feet.

BLONDIE: I don't believe I've ever seen her. Is ^{your wife} ~~she~~ my type?

TWINKLE: No, she's more the Wallace Beery type...Well, I guess I'd better be skipping along. I promised Beulah I'd make ^{here} some of my ^{delicious} ~~penicillin~~ brownies. I was making some last Thursday evening, but they burned.

BLONDIE: Why last Thursday evening was when that accident happened. The one Mr. Bumstead saw.

TWINKLE: Oh, yes -- I heard the crash. It was just down the street you know. Just a second before that, everything went black. The lights went out for a minute, my electric clock stopped -- and the ---

BLONDIE: Your lights went out?

TWINKLE: Oh, yes indeedy. And when the current went on again, of course the clock didn't start. ~~Silly me,~~
~~I didn't even think of that,~~ and ^{so} when I finally looked in the oven, my brownies were on fire!

BLONDIE: (THOUGHTFULLY) I wonder....

TWINKLE: Well, I must be going, Mrs. Bumstead.

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: ^{maybe that's the answer. Oh --} It was nice of you to drop over. Goodbye, Mr. Twinkle.

TWINKLE: ^{Not yet, Bill.} Goodiebye.

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: ~~Hummm -- maybe that's the answer!~~

MUSIC: (QUIET TO DRAMATIC...PUNCTUATE DIALOGUE)

CRUM: I object!

(GAVEL)

JUDGE: Overruled!

MUSIC: (OUT)

LAWYER: Mr. Bumstead, you say you think the green light ^{Mr. Bengler}
~~Mr. Bengler~~ had changed to red before ~~he~~ got to the intersection.

DAGWOOD: Well, I don't remember it changing to red, but I thought it changed.

LAWYER: What else could it change to -- purple?

DAGWOOD: That seems unlikely.

LAWYER: Have you ever been committed to an institution?

CRUM: I object!

DAGWOOD: So do I!

DITHERS: I think it's a fair question!

(GAVEL)

JUDGE: That'll do, Mr. Dithers!...Objection sustained.

LAWYER: Mr. Bumstead, do you ever have a feeling you're being shadowed by orange dragons?

CRUM: I object!

LAWYER: Do you ever hear voices when you're alone?

DAGWOOD: Yes.

CRUM: I object!

JUDGE: Just a minute. Mr. Bumstead, you do hear voices when you're alone?

DAGWOOD: Sure. Don't you?

JUDGE: Certainly not!

DAGWOOD: You would if you had ^{your} radio. *Turned on*

JUDGE: (CHOKES) You may continue with the questioning, but try to get back to the facts.

LAWYER: Your Honor, I'm only trying to prove an obvious fact -- that Mr. Bumstead is mentally incompetent.

JUDGE: Hasn't Mr. Dithers himself given Mr. Bumstead a responsible job in his company?

DITHERS: I just keep Bumstead around for laughs.

DAGWOOD: I object!

DITHERS: You never object on payday!

(GAVEL)

JUDGE: That's enough of that!

(DOOR OPENS OFF)

BLONDIE: (OFF) Oh, Your Honor! Your Honor!

DAGWOOD: Blondie!

JUDGE: Now what's happening?

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Your Honor, I've just been talking to the electric light company, and I found out that there was a break in the circuit ~~the stop light was on~~ just a few seconds before the collision. So the ^{STOP} light didn't change to red -- it just went out and neither ^{Mr Berger nor} ~~of them~~ ^{Mr} Dithers had the green light.

DAGWOOD: I knew I was right!

BLONDIE: The light company fixed the circuit about a half a minute later.

JUDGE: That's fine! ^{CRUM: I object!} I'm throwing this whole case out of court! It sounded phoney to me right from the beginning! And if anyone ever mentions it to me again, I'll -- I'll -- no, I'd better not...Case dismissed!

(GAVEL...MURMURS IN COURTROOM AS PEOPLE GET UP

TO GO)

DAGWOOD: Gee, Blondie, you came just in time. They were just going to ruin my reputation permanently.

BLONDIE: I'm not surprised. Mr. Berger and Mr. Dithers were just suing each other out of spite anyway.

DAGWOOD: And they didn't care what happened to me...Shh!
Here comes Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: (COMING UP) Well, congratulations, Dagwood. You were
a wonderful witness.

DAGWOOD: I don't feel wonderful.

DITHERS: You were so confused Berger couldn't have convicted me
for anything. If I'd known this at the time of the
collision, I would have shot him.

BERGER: (COMING UP) I heard that, Dithers! You think you're
quite a wise guy ~~because~~ --

DAGWOOD: Now Mr. Berger --

DITHERS: Who're you calling a wise guy?!

DAGWOOD: Now Mr. Dithers --

BERGER: Pardon me -- I should have said stupid!

DAGWOOD: Now Mr. Berger --

DITHERS: Listen, fat-head --

DAGWOOD: Now, Mr. Dithers --

BERGER: I won't take that from anybody!

(SOCK OF FISTS...SCUFFLING...GAVEL)

JUDGE: Break that up! Stop it! Cut it out! Separate them!

(GAVEL...THE HUBBUB QUIETS DOWN)

JUDGE: All right -- who started this?

BERGER: Mr. Dithers did.

DITHERS: That's a lie! You did!

BERGER: Bumstead saw the whole thing!

DITHERS: Dagwood'll be my witness!

(GAVEL)

JUDGE: Mr. Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Yeah, Your Honor?

JUDGE: Who started this?

DAGWOOD: I didn't see a thing. This time I was smart and
kept my eyes closed!

MUSIC:

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: (~~NEXT WEEK'S TRAILER~~) Well, next week Blondie and Dagwood and Alexander have their Christmas shopping to do. As if that wouldn't be complicated enough, Mr. and Mrs. Dithers go along with them. There's plenty of fun in store for you next week, so don't forget to listen in when "Blondie Shops for Christmas."

WILCOX: Say, Blondie, ^{speaking of Christmas shopping,} maybe you can give the ladies a hint or two about ~~Christmas shopping!~~

BLONDIE: Well, I've found it's always safe to give Camels, Mr. Wilcox. So many smokers like the flavor and mildness, and the special holiday packages make beautiful presents!

WILCOX: Thanks, Blondie! Remember, Folks -- give Camels for Christmas!

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.

We know that you men stationed at Camp Polk, Louisiana, will be glad to hear that one of the Camel Caravan Units is coming your way within the next week. Fifteen other camps throughout the country are also scheduled for performances of these fine shows, so be sure to see them when they come your way.

This is Harlow Wilcox, reminding you to listen to Abbott and Costello this Thursday night, and saying good night for Camel Cigarettes. First in the Service!

ANNCR: Are you still trying to think what to get that fellow for Christmas? If he smokes a pipe, get him a pound of George Washington Smoking Tobacco. He'll think about you every time he settles back to enjoy the mild, mellow, tasty flavor. George Washington comes in a grand looking special Christmas package, too -- doesn't need any further wrapping. And it's mighty economical -- you'll be surprised when you price it. Get a pound of George Washington for every friend who smokes a pipe!