

WILLIAM ESTY AND COMPANY

As Broadcast

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1942

CAMEL CIGARETTES

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

R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

CAST

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

DITHERS.....Hanley Stafford
 CORA DITHERS.....Agnes Moorhead
 ALEXANDER.....Leone LeDoux
 SALESGIRL.....Mary Jane Croft
 CLERK (TOYS).....Mel Blanc
 BABBLE.....Eivia Allman
 TWINKLE.....Dick Ryan
 MANAGER.....Joe DuVal
 WOMAN.....Ann O'Neal
 SANTA CLAUS.....Will Aubrey
 ANNOUNCER.....Harlow Wilcox
 CONDUCTOR.....Billy Artzt
 GEO. WASHINGTON ANNCT..Fred Shields

SOUND EFFECTS:

Doors
Dept. Store. B.G.
Car Honk
Toy Slot Machine

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1942

4:30 - 5:00 PM, PWT
7:30 - 8:00 PM, PWT

WILCOX: Ah -- ah -- ah -- Don't touch that dial -- Listen
to "Blondie"presented by Camel....the cigarette
Chorus: C-A-M-E-L-S.
That's FIRST in the service!
~~of costlier tobaccos.~~

MUSIC: (THEME)

WILCOX:

Loaded on the transports to England, Africa, Australia --
wherever American troops go -- are hundreds of cartons
of Camels -- the cigarette that's first with men in
the service, according to actual sales records in
Post Exchanges and Canteens. That makes us proud, just
as it made us proud twenty-five years ago that Camels
were so popular with the A.E.F. of 'seventeen and
'eighteen...yes, and popular with thousands of those
same men today. We say quarter-century loyalty like
that is proof of Camel character...the character that
goes with Camel's full, rich flavor, the extra flavor
that helps Camels hold up, pack after pack, without
going flat, no matter how many you smoke. There's
character in Camel's smooth, extra mildness, too --
the mildness that goes with slow burning and cool smoking.
Test Camels in your T-Zone -- "T" for taste, and "T"
for throat -- your own personal proving ground for
flavor and mildness. For your own smoking pleasure, 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. Well, today Blondie and Dagwood are going to finish up their Christmas shopping, and Dagwood's boss, Mr. Dithers, and his wife, Cora, are going along with them. Alexander's already out in the car, and while Blondie is still scurrying around, Dagwood gets Mrs. Dithers off to one side...

DAGWOOD: Bst, Oh, Mrs. Dithers. Pst!

CORA: What is it, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Did you see some of the things that Blondie got me last Christmas?

CORA: Why, yes, I did. They were very lovely.

DAGWOOD: Heh-heh.

CORA: Well...

DAGWOOD: Those pyjamas with epaulets. And those scotch plaid galoshes.

CORA: (LAUGHS) Oh, ^{those} yes -- I remember. They were a little too - uh-

DAGWOOD: They certainly were! ... But look -- this year I'd like Blondie to give me one of those swell wool lumberjack shirts.

CORA: Hmm--they're nice, but they're noisy.

DAGWOOD: I'll wear it with earmuffs...When she's looking around for something, you just sort of suggest one of those shirts, huh?

CORA: All right, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Boy, that's a big relief.

DITHERS: (COMING UP) Say, what are you two babbling about?

CORA: Nothing at all, Julius.

DITHERS: That's what it sounded like to me.

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) Come on, Blondie.

BLONDIE: (OFF) Just a minute. Mr. Dithers--will you help me with this window out here in the kitchen.

DAGWOOD: I'll help you, Blondie.

DITHERS: You wait here. No point in sending a boy to do a man's job.

CORA: Now Julius -- don't be muscular.

DITHERS: Oh, stop riding me!

BLONDIE: (COMING UP--LOW) Come in here a minute, Mr. Dithers.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

DITHERS: What is it? *Blondie?*

BLONDIE: Do you remember some of the things that Dagwood got me last Christmas?

DITHERS: Uh--yes, I think so.

BLONDIE: Those bedroom slippers with purple pom-poms the size of grapefruits.

DITHERS: I thought those were nice. What was wrong with them?

BLONDIE: They had six inch heels and I kept falling off them. Then there was that velvet house coat that crushed every time I sat down in it.

DITHERS: And those black lace--un--uh--

BLONDIE: Those, too...Well, this time I'd like Dagwood to get me something I really want -- a blue quilted bed jacket.

DITHERS: You want me to tell him?

BLONDIE: No, but when he's looking around, do you think you could suggest it in a -- well, a subtle way?

DITHERS: You couldn't have picked a better man. Dagwood won't even realize that I'm suggesting it.

BLONDIE: Oh, that's wonderful.

DITHERS: When you want someone to be smooth, suave, and subtle, J.C. Dithers is your man.

BLONDIE: Well, let's go back in now.

DITHERS: Blue quilted bed jacket.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

That's right.
BLONDIE: Well, we're all ready to go.

DAGWOOD: So are we. *(Where's Toby Pumpkin?)*

(SOUND: CAR HONKS OUTSIDE...OFF)

Alexander's out in the car. He's ready to go, too.
BLONDIE: ~~And so is Alexander.~~ Let's get started.

MUSIC:

(SOUND: DEPARTMENT STORE SOUNDS...FADE TO BACKGROUND)

(Calling Mr. Goldberg - Dept. 54, Mr. Goldberg.)
BLONDIE: Now let's decide where we're going to go and where we'll meet.

ALEXANDER: I want to go to the toy department.

Blondie: All right Alexander, you wait there until we come for you.
DITHERS: Dagwood and I will just wander around.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, we'll just wander around.

CORA: Blondie and I will, too.

BLONDIE: And suppose we all meet in the toy department.

Goodbye everybody. See you later.
ALEXANDER: ~~Get the goods from.~~

Be a good boy,
BLONDIE: All right, Alexander.....And -- uh -- Mr. Dithers--

DITHERS: Don't worry! *Blondie.*

DAGWOOD: Wuh, Mrs. Dithers--take good care of Blondie, hank?

CORA: I catch on...We'll see you later.

ALEXANDER: ~~So longy Pop.~~

DITHERS: Goodbye..Come on, Dagwood, let's step over the lingerie counter.

DAGWOOD: This is always very embarrassing.

DITHERS: Oh, fiddle-diddle! Just call that cute salesgirl.

DAGWOOD: Er--Oh, Miss?

GIRL: Hello, can I help you?

DAGWOOD: Whoaaaa!

DITHERS: My, my!

GIRL: What can I show you two wolves?

DAGWOOD: Well, I have a wife--

GIRL: Lucky you.

DAGWOOD: Yeah..ah..Hanh?And I want to get her some sort of a Christmas present. You know--(EMBARRASSED LAUGH) something sort of feminine--and flimsey--and

GIRL: And useless?

DAGWOOD: Yeah.

DITHERS: Dagwood, why don't you get Blondie one of those quilted bed jackets?

DAGWOOD: Oh, no, no, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: I think they're nice.

DAGWOOD: Well, they might be cute on you J.C. but you see Blondie--

GIRL: How about this lovely negligee? Do you think she'd like this?

DAGWOOD: It looks a little drafty..How much is it?

GIRL: Forty-nine fifty.

DAGWOOD: She wouldn't like it.

GIRL: Stingy!

DITHERS: What's wrong with a quilted bed jacket?

DAGWOOD: Blondie wouldn't like one.

DITHERS: Of course she would!

DAGWOOD: Who's wife is she?

DITHERS: Yours, but I know what women like!

GIRL: You don't look it.

DITHERS: You keep out of this!

DAGWOOD: No, J.C. -- Blondie wouldn't want one. Besides, if I got her one, then she'd want to put it on in the morning and have me bring her breakfast in bed.

DITHERS: Dagwood--believe me--Blondie would love a blue quilted bed jacket.

DAGWOOD: No, I know she wouldn't.

GIRL: I don't think so, either.

DITHERS: A fine salesgirl you are! What are you--a fifth columnist from another store? Show him a bed jacket.

GIRL: He won't like it.

DITHERS: I don't care whether he does or not! Show him one.

GIRL: You're a meany.

DITHERS: I am not! Young lady -- don't stick your tongue out at me!

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers, why don't you do some of your shopping and I'll meet you later.

DITHERS: In just a moment.

GIRL: Well, here's the bed jacket. You don't like it, do you?

DAGWOOD: No.

DITHERS: It's beautiful.

GIRL: Would you like to try it on, sir?

DITHERS: Dagwood, get this for Blondie.

DAGWOOD: She wouldn't like it.

DITHERS: Yes, she would! I demand that you get this!

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers.....No!

DITHERS: Bunstead!

DAGWOOD: Now wait a minute J.C. -- let go of my tie! (CHOKES) I'll buy it! I'll buy it!

DITHERS: Well, I'm glad I finally convinced you.

GIRL: What salesmanship!....~~Any particular color, sir?~~

~~DAGWOOD: Pinky please.~~

~~DITHERS: He wants blue.~~

~~DAGWOOD: But J.C.---~~

DITHERS: ~~Now listen, Dagwood --~~

DAGWOOD: ~~I guess blue would be more becoming.~~

GIRL: ~~I'll wrap it up.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Mr. Dithers, after I pay for this, would you mind too much if I did my own Christmas shopping?~~

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: You know I think Dagwood would like these Arabian house slippers with the long, pointed curled up toes.

CORA: Oh, Blondie...!

BLONDIE: I think they're cute.

CORA: But Blondie -- in wet weather the toes will probably uncurl. Then Dagwood will look like he's wearing skis.

BLONDIE: But, they are different.

CORA: Uh -- why don't you get him one of these lumberjack shirts?

BLONDIE: On of these? (LAUGHS)

CORA: What's so funny?

BLONDIE: Oh, not for Dagwood.

CORA: I'll bet he'd like one of these shirts.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) I'm afraid you don't know my husband, Mrs. Dithers.

CORA: Neither do you..men are peculiar.

BLONDIE: Well, I don't think we should help make them any more peculiar.

CORA: Blondie, I'm sure Dagwood would like this lumberjack shirt.

BLONDIE: Dagwood's no lumberjack.

CORA: I'm not a high school girl, but I buy clothes from the Debutante shop. Of course they're for large debutantes.. Get the shirt. Go ahead.

BLONDIE: But Cora, Dagwood would leave me..

CORA: No he wouldn't.

BLONDIE: Yes, he would. How much is it?
CORA: Ten dollars.
BLONDIE: He'd leave me.
CORA: I'm positive he'd like it.
BLONDIE: Oh, no. Let's look around some more.
CORA: Oh, Blondie...
BLONDIE: Must I buy it?
CORA: Certainly.
BLONDIE: Well, all right, but it's just a waste of time. I know exactly what Dagwood likes and doesn't like -- no matter what he says about it.
CORA: How have you ever managed to stay married so long?

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON MACHINE THAT WHIRRS AND STOPS, LIKE A TOY SLOT MACHINE)

CLERK: Hello, young man.
ALEXANDER: Hello. What's ^{that} ~~that~~ toy?
CLERK: Oh, it's a ^{fine} little game. ^{I think} You'd like it, too.
ALEXANDER: I'm not so sure. How's it work?
CLERK: Oh, any number can play it. ^{It's very simple.} You just pick one of these little airplanes, then you spin it, and if the airplane you pick comes up, you win.
ALEXANDER: What do you win?
CLERK: Well, whatever you're betting. You could play it with your little friends for marbles, and your father could play it with his friends for money.
ALEXANDER: It looks too easy.
CLERK: Heh-heh-. It does, eh? You don't happen to have a penny you'd like to bet, do you?

ALEXANDER: Sure--I've got a nickel.

CLERK: Well, that's carfare...Where's the nickel?

ALEXANDER: Where's yours.

CLERK: Right here.

ALEXANDER: I'll pick the green plane.

CLERK: (CHUCKLES) Okay. You see, that says five to one on it,
and if it comes up, you get a ^{GREAT ODDS} quarter. ^{IF it comes up.} Here goes.

(SOUND: MACHINE WHIRRS...THEN STOPS..)

ALEXANDER: There's the green plane. Pay off.

CLERK: Hmmm. Well, here's your quarter then.

ALEXANDER: Thank you.

CLERK: Not at all...We--would you like to play for a quarter now?

ALEXANDER: Sure. I'll take the yellow plane.

CLERK: That's even money. I'll spin it again now.

(SOUND: MACHINE WHIRRS...AND STOPS)

CLERK: Good grief! My lunch money!

ALEXANDER: Ha-ha! Where's the fifty cents?

CLERK: Here you are, you little bandit.

ALEXANDER: Well, I guess I'll go now.

CLERK: Wait a minute, little boy. You want to be fair, ^{About this} don't you?

ALEXANDER: Maybe.

CLERK: Dont' you want to give me a chance to win my money back?

ALEXANDER: That would be silly.

CLERK: Suppose we play again, hunh? You'd like that, wouldn't you?

ALEXANDER: Well...

CLERK: Why don't you put that fifty cents on the silver plane.

If it wins, you'll get five whole dollars.

Alexander: Hoh-oh. Clerk: come on, Kid. Give me A chance.
ALEXANDER: Okay - I'll put twenty five cents on it.

CLERK: Ahhhh!

ALEXANDER: Wait a minute--where's your two dollars and a half?

CLERK: Oh....(CHUCKLES) Well, here it is.

ALEXANDER: Put it down...Okay.

(SOUND: MACHINE WHIRRS...AND STOPS WITH A CLICK)

CLERK: (SHUDDERS) Ohoooooooooh!

ALEXANDER: Gee, thanks! Two dollars and a half.

CLERK: Oh, how'm I ever going to explain this to Shirley..Oh,
just a minute. ^{my little man} Now you give me my money.

ALEXANDER: Hanh?

CLERK: Sure---we were just playing for fun. (LAUGHS)

ALEXANDER: I wasn't.

CLERK: (MENACING) Now look, little boy--

ALEXANDER: Get away from me, or I'll call that man with the flower
in his buttonhole. (STARTS TO CALL) Oh, Mister -

CLERK: No, no! Don't! (SMOOTH AGAIN) Would you -- uh -- like
to try some of these other games?

ALEXANDER: Sure. I've got lots of time, if you've got lots of money.

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: Oh, Miss - uh -- my friend ^{Mr Withers has} gone now, so could I please
take back this bed jacket?

GIRL: I'm sorry, sir, but you'll have to go to the exchange
counter.

DAGWOOD: They'll take it back there?

GIRL: Not if they can help it... But you can try.

BABBLE: Oh, hello, Mr. Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Tooo! Hello, Mrs. Babble..It's nice seeing you. Goodbye.

BABBLE: Having trouble shopping for Blondie? Oh, you poor confused man.

DAGWOOD: Who? Me?

BABBLE: I'll help you...what lovely slips these are! Oh, Miss!

GIRL: Well, here we go again...Yes? *MADAM?*

BABBLE: He'll take two or three of these slips.

DAGWOOD: Make it two.

BABBLE: Make it three. Size fourteen...And aren't these sweet pyjamas!

DAGWOOD: Oh, I don't like them.

BABBLE: You'll learn to...Put in two of them, too. A blue one and a yellow one.

GIRL: All right.

DAGWOOD: Now, Mrs. Babble--please--

BABBLE: Oh, it's no trouble at all. I'm loving it! ... ~~And how much is this dancette here?~~

GIRL: Well, I think it's --

BABBLE: Oh, never mind the price.

DAGWOOD: No, don't give it another thought.

BABBLE: Three of them will be plenty.

DAGWOOD: Why not two? You know -- two's company, three's a crowd.

BABBLE: (LAUGHS) Oh, yes--that's right...He'll take three anyway.

DAGWOOD: I was afraid I would.

GIRL: May I suggest these cute little mules?

DAGWOOD: No, don't!

BABBLE: Oh, they're dreams!

How much are they?

DAGWOOD: ~~Now, Mrs. Babble, control yourself. You're going hog wild with my money.~~

BABBLE: ~~Oh, these are really lovely! He'll take the powder blue ones, size five and a half triple A...~~ *Never mind the price. Dagwood: No, don't give it in with a thought.*
Babble:
ones, size five and a half triple A... Wrap everything as gifts and charge it to Mr. Dagwood Bumstead, one-twenty-seven Shady Lane Avenue.

DAGWOOD: If I'm not there, try the poor house.

GIRL: ~~Yes, Ma'am.~~

BABBLE: Well, there we are! *Dagwood.*

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- there you are, but where am I?

BABBLE: Wasn't that easy now? Oh, my, what wonderful things for Blondie.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, and what wonderful bills for me.

BABBLE: You certainly are a thoughtful husband---Well, merry Christmas, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: (PATHETICALLY) Yeah--Merry Christmas.

MUSIC:

WILCOX: Well, poor Dagwood--he hasn't done much shopping, but he's certainly done a lot of buying. We'll return to the Bumsteads and the Dithers in just a moment....

WILCOX: Say, Blondie, why the wrinkled brow? You got worries?

BLONDIE: I'll tell you, Mr. Wilcox. I've got a bad case of maybe-they'll-get-another-one's.

WILCOX: A bad case of what?

BLONDIE: Of maybe-they'll-get-another-one's. Every time I think of something to give somebody for Christmas, I begin to wonder -- "what if somebody else gives them another one?"

WILCOX: Well, the easy way out of that pickle, Blondie, is to give 'em something they'll be glad to get another one of. Like, for instance, Camels -- because a smoker can't get too many Camels -- the cigarette that's always safe to give because so many people like them. Camels come in three different holiday packages: -- the carton, Christmas-wrapped in a Santa Claus package -- four flat fifties in a red cardboard Christmas House -- "or the Camel Gift Box, holding five hundred cigarettes, twenty packs and two flat fifties. Whichever package you choose, you'll find that the Camels inside are, as always, mild, rich-tasting, cool-smoking, slow-burning, better -- because Camels are made of costliest tobaccos, blended expertly and matchlessly, as only Camel knows how to blend. There's still time to get the special Holiday packages of Camels -- for Christmas!

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 Mondays, it's Blondie.

(CONTINUED)

WILCOX:
(Cont'd)

And now -- Act Two of "Blondie."

MUSIC:

(TO BACKGROUND AND OUT UNDER:)

WILCOX:

Well, it's a little bit later in Ormandy's Department Store. Blondie and Mrs. Dithers are looking around in the men's department when...

Blondie:
TWINKLE:

(SOUND: DEPARTMENT STORE BACKGROUND)
I'm getting a little tired, AREN'T YOU, CORA?
Hello.

BLONDIE:

Why, hello, Mr. Twinkle... Oh -- Mrs. Dithers, this is Mr. Twinkle. He lives right in back of us.

CORA:

How do you do?

TWINKLE:

Charmed, *I'm sure*... you know, Mrs. Bumstead, this is the first time we've met when I haven't had my apron on.

BLONDIE:

Mr. Twinkle does all the cooking in his house, *CORA*

CORA:

Is that right?

TWINKLE:

Oh, yes, indeedy. *That's my wife,* Beulah always says, "A man's place is in the home."

CORA:

That ain't the way I heard it.

BLONDIE:

(COVERING UP) I suppose you're getting Christmas presents for Beulah.

TWINKLE:

Oh yes. I've been cutting corners on my household budget. But I'm afraid I can't get what she has her heart set on.

BLONDIE:

What's that?

TWINKLE:

A pool table... She's always wanted to have one at home so she could practice combination shots.

CORA:

How many points does she spot you?

TWINKLE:

Oh, I don't play very well. Beulah can't seem to teach me to play pool, and I can't seem to teach her to crochet.

BLONDIE: Well, what are you going to get her?

TWINKLE: I've decided on a twelve gauge shotgun...Beulah goes on a hunting trip with the girls once a year. Of course I'll bet anything they just sit around in that cabin and play stud poker.

CORA: Julius went on one of those hunting trips once, ^{and found a little} ~~and when~~ ^{black and white. Ritty in the woods. we had to burn his clothes.} ~~he come back he looked awful.~~

^{Blondie:} I'll bet Beulah will love the shotgun. ^{she}
TWINKLE: I'm also going to get her a door mat so ~~there~~ won't be any ~~excuse for coming in the back way and~~ tracking up my clean kitchen floor when she takes the ashes out.

BLONDIE: (WEAK LAUGH) Yes...What do you think she's going to give you for Christmas, Mr. Twinkle?

TWINKLE: Well, I don't know, but I'm hoping for an ^{A pressure cooker} ~~electric ironer.~~
(LITTLE LAUGH) I'll admit I've done a little hinting.

CORA: Haven't we all? I've even had to shout.

TWINKLE: Well, I'd better be skipping along. I've promised ^{Beulah I'd} ~~to~~ ^{steam her slacks,} ~~press Beulah's slacks.~~ Merry Christmas to you!

(DOOR OPENS)

CORA: Merry Christmas.

BLONDIE: Merry Christmas to you, Mr. Twinkle.

TWINKLE: Goodiebye.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

CORA: Well, ^{it's} ^{it's} an interesting world...Have you met Beulah yet?

BLONDIE: No, but I'm afraid I will someday...But I guess they get along beautifully. She works, and he's the homemaker...

Hmmm ^{by the way.} -- I wonder where our two homemakers are?
^

MUSIC

DITHERS: Come on, Dagwood -- stop finoodling around!

DAGWOOD: What's the rush, J.C.?

DITHERS: Well, don't you want to go up to the toy department and see what's new this year?

DAGWOOD: Oh, sure! And Alexander's there, too. But first, I've got to exchange these...a half dozen nylons ^{stockings} for a different shade.

DITHERS: Nylons! They're like platinum! Where'd you get them?

DAGWOOD: Oh, I got them before the Stocking Panic...I had them hidden in my ~~safe~~ ^{YOUR SAFE AT THE OFFICE.} ~~deposit box.~~

DITHERS: Well, where's the ~~section manager~~ ^{FLOOR WALKER}? Oh, there he is over there -- fluffing up his carnation.

DAGWOOD: Oh, ~~section manager~~ ^{FLOOR WALKER}...Hey!

MANAGER: Yes, sir?

DAGWOOD: I'd like to change these nylons for a different shade.

MANAGER: (AWED) ^{NYLONS!} A whole half dozen.

DITHERS: We're in a hurry.

MANAGER: Well, we'll take these back and I'll see if ~~we~~ ^{we have any more.}

WOMAN: (SOCIETY) Well, nylons!

DAGWOOD: Hey, just a minute! Let go of them! ^{lady!}

WOMAN: Never!...How much are these?

MANAGER: A dollar sixty-five a pair, Madam.

WOMAN: I'll take them all!

DAGWOOD: These are mine!

WOMAN: (ICILY) I beg your pardon! They're mine now!

DITHERS: Just a minute, madam. These stockings belong to my friend.

WOMAN: You keep out of this! Mind your own business!

DITHERS: Why don't you mind yours!

WOMAN: Don't you dare shout at me, you miserable old goat!

DITHERS: Hal And I always thought fat ladies had sweet dispositions. Hey -- put that umbrella down!

WOMAN: You get out of here right away or I'll call the store detective!

DAGWOOD: Wait a minute, please!

WOMAN: And you -- you let go of these stockings!

DAGWOOD: They're mine!...Just ask the ^{FLOOR WALKER}~~section manager~~ if they're not. Aren't these mine?

WOMAN: Well, ^{FLOOR WALKER}~~section manager~~?

MANAGER: The customer is always right at Ormandy's Department Store, but when two customers get into an argument, I can only referee the fight.

DAGWOOD: But I ^{AT THIS STORE}bought them here. And you ^{I WANT TO EXCHANGE THEM.}~~haven't changed them~~ yet!

MANAGER: ^{well}~~That's right~~ -- I guess they're yours, sir.

DAGWOOD: Yeah.

WOMAN: But I happen to be a close personal friend of Mr. Ormandy.

MANAGER: On second thought, they're yours.

WOMAN: Ahhh! Now will you let go?

DAGWOOD: Never!

DITHERS: Don't you do it, Dagwood!..Let go of those stockings, you overstuffed sofa pillow!

WOMAN: Stop twisting my arm!....I'll fix you!

DITHERS: Ouch! ~~That umbrella!~~

WOMAN: Nylons! Nylons!

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke, J.C.! Here comes a whole herd of women! Gee, I'll have to try some commando tactics!

WOMAN: Helllllp! let go of those stockings!

DAGWOOD: I've got them back, Mr. Dithers!
DITHERS: Then come on, Bumstead! Run for your life!

MUSIC...

CLERK: (TENSE) Now come on, little boy. This is my last five dollars.
ALEXANDER: Gee, you've had a hard time trying to get that nickel away from me?
CLERK: Don't rub it in... Well, shall we try once more? Come on, be a good sport.
ALEXANDER: Well, okay.
CLERK: ~~All right... Here we go.~~

(WHIRRING OF TOY... THEN IT STOPS...)

CLERK: Taaaah! I'm broke! I haven't a cent! ^{I lost \$5.00}
ALEXANDER: Gee, this is like taking candy away from a ^{GROWN UP} ~~baby~~... Here's a nickel for carfare.
CLERK: (SHUDDERING) Thank you, little boy... Now do you want to buy this infernal toy?
ALEXANDER: No, it's too easy to win on it.
BLONDIE: (OFF) Alexander... Alexander.
ALEXANDER: Oh, hello, Mom... Hello, Mrs. Dithers.
CORA: Hello, Alexander.
BLONDIE: Well, have you been having a good time?
ALEXANDER: Oh, sure. I've been playing games with this man.
BLONDIE: Oh. Well, thank you for taking care of my son.
CLERK: (SNAPS) Oh, not at all! I've enjoyed playing with the little bandit! Goodbye, and Merry Christmas!
BLONDIE: Well, what was wrong with him?

ALEXANDER: I think he's unhappy.

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Oh, there you are, Blondie. (PANTING) Gee.

DITHERS: (OUT OF BREATH) Well, we made it, Dagwood.

CORA: Julius, how did you get that bruise on your forehead?

DITHERS: An umbrella bumped into me.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, we were in the middle of a riot!...But it's all right now.

~~ALEXANDER: Well, I'm all through with my shopping.~~

BLONDIE: Have you been shopping?

ALEXANDER: Look at all these packages. They're all mine.

BLONDIE: One, two, three -- four, five -- seven, eight -- nine packages! Alexander, don't tell me you've started charging things!

~~ALEXANDER: They're all paid for.~~

BLONDIE: But you didn't have enough money.

ALEXANDER: (SINGS IT) Oh, yes I did!

DAGWOOD: Hey -- here's an interesting little game here. These colored airplanes spin around and you bet on them. I wonder if you can win anything on it?

ALEXANDER: (WISELY) It can be done! Look at these packages. And I got a whole book almost full of war stamps.

BLONDIE: Why, Alexander!

ALEXANDER: Yeah, the clerk tried to get my nickel away from me.

BLONDIE: ~~Oh, I suppose it serves him right...~~ Well, I guess we're all through shopping.

CORA: I know I am. I can't take it any more...not like I used to.

DITHERS: Yes, it's been quite a battle, but we won.

ALEXANDER: Mom, have I still got time to talk to Santa Claus?

BLONDIE: I think so.

Alexander. Why don't you go

DAGWOOD: He doesn't seem to be busy right now... ~~Let's go over.~~ *over?*

DITHERS: Same old Saint Nick. Hasn't changed a bit since I was a kid.

ALEXANDER: Isn't his beard any longer?

DITHERS: No, but it's whiter. Probably's just been dry-cleaned.

BLONDIE: Just walk right up to him, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Okay.

SANTA: Hello there, young man.

ALEXANDER: Hello, Mr. Claus.

SANTA: Well, you're a bigger boy than you were last year around Christmas time.

ALEXANDER: Well, I put on a lot of muscle collecting scrap.

SANTA: Good for you -- good for you! Well, what do you want for Christmas?

ALEXANDER: Didn't you get my letter?

SANTA: Oh, yes, yes, of course. But I thought you might have seen a few other things since you wrote me.

ALEXANDER: Well, sure, but -- uh -- say, Mr. Claus...

SANTA: Yes?

ALEXANDER: You're going to cover the whole world on Christmas night, aren't you?

SANTA: (GRAVELY) Yes -- all of it.

ALEXANDER: And you won't forget the kids in the occupied countries?

SANTA: No, sir. I never forget the children anywhere.

ALEXANDER: I was sort of thinking -- lots of them don't have homes any more or any place to hang their stockings in front of. And some of them have lost their fathers and mothers, and they'll be feeling pretty bad on Christmas Eve.

SANTA: Well, don't you worry, sonny -- I'll find them, wherever they are.

ALEXANDER: They'll be waiting for you, Mr. Claus. And -- well -- some of those things I asked for, if you could sort of divide them among the kids over there who haven't got much of anything -- well, I'd sure appreciate it.

SANTA: That's -- that's very nice of you. I'll do that, I promise you.

ALEXANDER: Thanks, Mr. Claus. *AND HERE'S \$50 I EARNED IT IN A ROUND ABOUT WAY, AND I'LL BUY A LOT OF CANDY FOR THOSE KIDS.* ~~I'll see you next year. Take good care of yourself.~~

SANTA: YOU'RE A VERY GOOD LITTLE BOY AND YOU CAN COUNT ON OLD SANTA.
SANTA: ~~I will. Goodbye, Goodbye.~~

Well, I have to go now.
ALEXANDER: ~~Goodbye.~~ *TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF*
SANTA: goodbye

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Well, what were you and Santa Claus talking about?

ALEXANDER: Oh, it was just something personal.

DAGWOOD: Is he going to take care of it for you?

ALEXANDER: Yep -- he's a swell guy.

DITHERS: Well, shall we run along now?

BLONDIE: Oh -- I almost forget, Mr. Dithers. I've got something I want to take back.

DAGWOOD: So have I. We'll be right back.

CORA: All right -- we'll wait here... (FADING)

DAGWOOD: What are you taking back, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Just something I knew you wouldn't like.

DAGWOOD: That's what I'm doing. It's silly. A blue quilted bed jacket!

BLONDIE: A blue quilted -- why, Dagwood! How wonderful!

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

BLONDIE: It's just what I wanted!

DAGWOOD: Well, what do you know? What are you taking back?

BLONDIE: Oh, one of those awful lumberjack shirts.

DAGWOOD: Blondie! That's just what I wanted!

BLONDIE: Just a minute -- did you tell Cora Dithers to^{get me --}

DAGWOOD: Yeah, did you tell Mr. Dithers?
(THEY BOTH LAUGH...)

DAGWOOD: Well -- uh -- it's a few days early, but Merry Christmas,
Blondie.

BLONDIE: Oh, Merry Christmas, Dagwood!..Give me a kiss!

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Okay!

DITHERS: (AFTER PAUSE...COUGHS NOISILY) Hey! Hey!

CORA: Shall I time this?

ALEXANDER: Hey, Pop -- break it up!

DAGWOOD: (SIGHS) My, my!

BLONDIE: I should say so!

WOMAN: (OFF...YELLS) There he is! There's the man with ^{my} ~~the~~
nylons!

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! Merry Christmas, lady! Merry Christmas,
everyone! Come on, Blondie -- let's go!

MUSIC...

WILCOX: Here's a little tip about next week's show. Dagwood has been worried about the gas and rubber situation and when he comes home to Blondie with a horse he's bought -- well, that's enough to tell you now. Don't forget to listen in next week, same time, same station, when "Blondie Goes to the Race."

Blondie, which kind of Camel holiday package are you going to give for Christmas?

BLONDIE: I don't know, Mr. Wilcox. First, I think it would be nice to give cartons, and then I think maybe it would be different to give those nice Christmas houses full of flat fifties. Maybe I'll compromise and get the Camel Gift Box, with both packages and "Fiat Fifties."

WILCOX: Well, one way or the other, you're sure to get mild, full-flavored Camels! 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.

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:

Say, stop worrying about a present for that fellow who smokes a pipe! Get him a pound of George Washington Smoking Tobacco. He'll really like the mild, mellow, tasty flavor from the very first puff -- and what's more important, he'll like the very last puff at the bottom of the bowl, too! Just wait'll you price George Washington -- you'll be surprised to find how economical it is! For that fellow who smokes a pipe, get a big pound of George Washington Smoking Tobacco -- in a special Christmas package!