



TO Mr. Thomas D. Luckenbill

WILLIAM ESTY AND COMPANY  
INCORPORATED

# MEMO

SUBJECT AS BROADCAST SCRIPTS BLONDIE  
AUGUST 16, 1943

DATE August 17, 1943

Attached are five copies of AS BROADCAST scripts for  
Blondie, August 16th.

DP for DON BERNARD

5 scripts

51454 1903

BLONDIE  
Produced by  
WILLIAM ESTY AND COMPANY  
For Camel Cigarettes  
R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.  
Winston Salem, N.C.

As Broadcast

"BLONDIE'S DOG HAS HER DAY"

MONDAY AUGUST 16, 1943

Broadcast: 4:30 - 5:00PM PWT  
Repeat: 7:30 - 8:00PM PWT

Written by John L. Greene

Directed by: Don Bernard

CAST

BLONDIE...PENNY SINGLETON

DAGWOOD... ARTHUR LAKE

FUDDLE.....HARRY LANG  
TWINKLE.....DICK RYAN  
DOG.....MEL BLANC  
ANNOUNCER.....HARLOW WILCOX  
CONDUCTOR.....BILLY ARTZT  
COMMERCIAL (Salute).....PAT MCGEEHAN  
G.W. HITCH HIKE.....FRED SHIELDS

SOUND EFFECTS

House Door  
Whizz whistle  
Water from hose  
Kitchen dishes and pans  
Temple Block  
Men fighting  
Dog scratches flee (Tag on collar jingles)

(FIRST COMMERCIAL...FINAL REVISION)

WILCOX: Remember -- Camels stay fresh because they're packed to go around the world! Yes, Camel cigarettes have to stay fresh, in any climate, for months at a time -- have to stay fresh to hold their position as the favorite cigarette with men in all the services, Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard, according to actual sales records. That's why we pack Camels to seal in their rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness -- to keep Camels cool smoking and slow burning -- anywhere in the world! The Camel pack keeps your Camels fresh, too, preserving for you the extra goodness of Camels' matchless blend of costlier tobaccos!

CHORUS: C-A-M-E-L-S!

WILCOX: Camels! Fresh because they're packed to go around the world!

(REVISED)

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, AUGUST 16, 1943

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

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WILCOX: Ah -- ah -- ah -- Don't touch that dial -- listen to  
"Blondie". presented by Camel...

MUSIC: (BAND SINGS...C-A-M-E-L-S)

WILCOX: Remember -- Camels stay fresh because they're packed to go around the world! Yes, Camel cigarettes have to stay fresh, in any climate, for months at a time -- have to stay fresh to hold their position as the favorite cigarette with men in all the Services, Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard, according to actual sales records. That's why we developed a new moisture-proof inner wrapping, to seal in Camel's rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness -- to keep Camels cool smoking and slow burning -- anywhere in the world! Examine the moisture - proof inner wrapping on your pack of Camels. You'll see why Camel cigarettes stay fresh, preserving for you the extra goodness of Camels' matchless blend of costlier tobaccos!

CHORUS: (C-A-M-E-L-S)

WILCOX: Camels! Fresh because they're packed to go around the world!

MUSIC: (OPENING CURTAIN HOLD FOR:)

WILCOX: And now for our weekly visit with our neighbors,  
The Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue!  
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (BLONDIE THEME .. FADE FOR:)

WILCOX: Well, the Good Neighbor Policy is doing all right between  
the North and South American republics, but the  
Good Neighbor Policy on Shady Lane Avenue is usually in  
pretty shaky condition. Dagwood and his next door  
neighbor, Mr. Fuddle, have just concluded a week of  
hostilities after several border incidents, and are now  
conducting peace terms on their front lawns....

DAGWOOD: Okay -- put her there, Fuddle, old pal.

FUDDLE: Okay, Daggy-waggy.

DAGWOOD: We're friends again, hanh?

FUDDLE: *Yes, friends, friends, will you know what they say*  
~~We're becom buddies, Daggy? DAGWOOD! What's that.~~

DAGWOOD: *A man's best friend is his friend's best dollar.*  
Wait a minute - I don't want to be ~~that~~ friendly with you.

FUDDLE: *But*  
And remember - all the apples from your tree that drop on  
my property are mine.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, but all those on the branches that just hang over  
your property are still my apples.

FUDDLE: Right!

DAGWOOD: Right!

FUDDLE: Well, so long, Daggy.

DAGWOOD: Where are you going?

FUDDLE: To get a clothes prop and knock some of your apples off  
onto my property. *(Laughs)*

DAGWOOD: Wait a minute, Fuddle!

FUDDLE: Let go of me! Let go of me before I stuff you down a gopher hole!

DAGWOOD: Daisy! Hey, Daisy!

BLANC: (DAISY BARKING .. COMING UP...)

DAGWOOD: Aha! Now I've got reinforcements!

FUDDLE: Wait a minute! Daisy - get away from me!

DAGWOOD: Eat him up, Daisy!

BLANC: (GROWLING)

DAGWOOD: She hasn't had any real meat for weeks.

FUDDLE: Cut it out! I'll give up. Get that dragon away from me!

DAGWOOD: Hey, Daisy.

BLANC: (DAISY WHINES)

DAGWOOD: Cease firing .. Yeah, that's a good dog.

FUDDLE: Well, are we friends again, Dagwood, old onion?

DAGWOOD: / Put her there, Fuddle!

FUDDLE: / We'll never quarrel again. (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: What's so funny?

FUDDLE: What a liar I am! .. Say, what's that lying out there in the middle of the sidewalk?

DAGWOOD: I was just looking at it .. It looks like a wallet. Well, excuse me, Fuddle, I'll just see if --

FUDDLE: Wait a minute! I saw it first!

DAGWOOD: Let go of me! Daisy go get that wallet! Go on -- go get it!

BLANC: (BARKING .. AND FADING)

FUDDLE: Don't touch it, Daisy! It's poison!

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Ha-ha! She's got the wallet!

FUDDLE: Make her give it to me! It's mine! Let go, Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: You let go of me! Ouch!

FUDDLE: Look out now!

(DOOR CLOSING...)

BLONDIE: Dagwooooood! Degwood Bumstead!

(THE FIGHT IS GOING ON .. AD LIBS OF "GET OFF ME" ...

"GET YOUR ELBOW OUT OF MY MOUTH" .. "STOP PUSHING MY FACE  
IN THE GRASS" "CUT IT OUT" .. ETC.

BLONDIE: Stop it this minute or I'll turn the hose on both of you!  
Stop that fighting!

(THE FIGHT CONTINUES ... "QUIT KICKING" .. "FIGHT FAIR" ..  
"I'LL SHOW YOU" "STOP TICKLING" .. ETC....)

BLONDIE: All right then - I'm going to turn on the hose!

(SPAYING OF WATER)

DAGWOOD: Hey, Fuddle - it's raining!

FUDDLE: Dagwood - stop drooling on me!

(THE WATER GOES RIGHT ON THEIR FACES..)

DAGWOOD: (COUCHING) Hey, Blondie! Stop it! I'm drowning!

FUDDLE: Blondie! Don't! Turn it off!

(THE WATER STOPS...)

BLONDIE: Maybe that'll cool you off a little! Why, the idea!  
You two rolling around on the ground like children!  
You ought to be ashamed of yourselves -- both of you!

FUDDLE: I'm ashamed, but Dagwood isn't.

DAGWOOD: I'm too wet to be *ashamed right now,*

BLONDIE: Now what was it all about? I want to know.

DAGWOOD &  
FUDDLE: Well, I saw this wallet --

BLONDIE: What wallet? I don't see any wallet, anywhere. I think both of you have been standing out in the hot sun too long.

DAGWOOD: Well, we both saw a wallet lying on the sidewalk, but --

DAGWOOD &  
FUDDLE: I saw it first!

BLONDIE: The wallet isn't there now.

DAGWOOD: Well, <sup>I guess</sup> it's gone.

BLONDIE: I think I'd better sprinkle you with a little more water.

(SPRAY GOES ON AGAIN...)

DAGWOOD: No, no, Blondie! Turn it off! (CHOKING) Cut it out!

FUDDLE: Please - Blondie! Stop!

(SPRAY GOES OFF....)

BLONDIE: Now would you mind making a little more sense?

FUDDLE: I'll tell you, Blondie. We both saw the wallet and started after it. Then we grabbed each other and Dagwood told Daisy to get the wallet and she did. What a low sneaking trick!

BLONDIE: And where is the wallet now?

FUDDLE: Yes, where is the wallet now?

DAGWOOD: That's an interesting question... I don't know.

BLONDIE: Goodness, I wonder if that could be the wallet that was advertised for in the lost and found column in the paper.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke -- what did it say?

FUDDLE: How much reward did it offer?

DAGWOOD: How much was in the wallet?



FUDDLE: A hundred dollars? A thousand? Ten thousand? A hundred thousand?

DAGWOOD: A million?...No, no -- a million dollars would be too bulky.

BLONDIE: Now just calm down a moment. The ad didn't say how much was in the wallet. It just said it was lost in this neighborhood and there's a ~~twenty five~~ <sup>fifty</sup> dollar reward.

DAGWOOD AND FUDDLE: ~~Twenty five~~ <sup>Fifty</sup> dollars?

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) Daisy-y-y-y-y-! Oh, Da-a-a-aisy-y-y-y-!

FUDDLE: (YELLS) Here, Daisy!!! Daisy!

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) Da-a-a-a-a-aisy!

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: Dagwooooooooood!

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Yeah, Blondie?

BLONDIE: I've found Daisy.

DAGWOOD: Quick -- where is she?

BLONDIE: Look. She's asleep in your favorite spot on the couch.

DAGWOOD: What a nerve! I tell her every day that she can't sleep -- maybe I'd better be nice to her ...Oh, Daisy.

BLANC: (GROWLS AN EQUIVALENT OF "GO AWAY AND LET ME SLEEP")

BLONDIE: Well, that's telling you off.

DAGWOOD: What did she say?

BLONDIE: It sounded like dog language for "Scram, bum."

DAGWOOD: Uh -- Daisy, you know that wallet you picked up.....

BLANC: ("HMMMMMM"....)

BLONDIE: Daisy, you'll have to show a little more respect for the head of the house.

DAGWOOD: Now why should she show you a little more respect?

BLONDIE: But, Dagwood, you're the head of the house.

DAGWOOD: I am?

BLONDIE: That's what I keep telling the girls of our bridge club.

DAGWOOD: That must be good for a laugh.

BLONDIE: Yes -- they know I'm just kidding.

DAGWOOD: Yeah...Hanh?

BLONDIE: Daisy -- pay attention to Dagwood.

(IF POSSIBLE, OF DAISY SCRATCHING AT HER COLLAR)

DAGWOOD: Hmrrrrrr. I don't like that casual way she's scratching herself. She knows she's got me in her power.

BLONDIE: Well, every dog has its day, and this seems to be Daisy's.

DAGWOOD: Well, she doesn't need to lord it over me that way... Daisy!

BLANC: (GROWLS BACK)

DAGWOOD: What did you do with that wallet? Where'd you hide it?

BLANC: ("YAP, YAP, YAP, YAP!")

DAGWOOD: That tells me absolutely nothing.

BLONDIE: You should have taught her to write.

DAGWOOD: You are so correct.

(DOOR OPENS OFF...)

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- did you hear the door open?

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- it's probably Alexander.

BLONDIE: I'm not expecting him back so soon.

FUDDLE: (OFF -- CALLS) Oh, Da-a-a-aaisy.

BLONDIE: Why, it's Mr. Fuddle.

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) What do you want, Fuddle?  
FUDDLE: (OFF) I'm not talking to you, I'm talking to Daisy.....  
Oh, Daisy...I've got some nice meat and a big bone for  
you!  
BLANC: (BARKS)  
DAGWOOD: Holy smoke -- look out, Blondie!  
BLONDIE: There she goes.  
BLANC: (BARKS FADING)  
(DOOR SLAMS...OFF...)  
DAGWOOD: Hey! Fuddle's after that wallet! He's trying to bribe  
Daisy!  
BLONDIE: What do you mean "trying", dear? He's all ready bribed  
her!  
DAGWOOD: He can't get away with this! I'm going over and beat him  
to a pulp! I'll fricassee him! When I get through  
with him he's going to look like a dehydrated carrot!  
BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood -- control yourself!  
DAGWOOD: Every day something like this happens on account of  
Fuddle! I'm going to hit him so hard his insurance  
company will tremble ~~in the street~~  
BLONDIE: Don't you dare! If you do, he'd call the police right  
away and have you arrested.  
DAGWOOD: That's right -- he would, wouldn't he?  
BLONDIE: Of course.  
DAGWOOD: Then I'll beat him to the punch! I'll call the police *myself*  
and have Fuddle arrested as a dog-napper!

MUSIC:

(SLIGHT RUSTLE OF DISHES SO WE KNOW BLONDIE IS IN  
THE KITCHEN...)

BLONDIE: (IS HUMMING)  
(SOUND: THERE'S A VERY LIGHT TAP, TAP, TAPPING AT  
THE DOOR.....)

BLONDIE: Why that sounds like Mr. Twinkle tapping at the back door. I haven't seen him in a long time.  
(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...)

TWINKLE: Hello, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Why, Mr. Twinkle!

TWINKLE: I'll bet you didn't expect to see me in a policeman's uniform.

BLONDIE: I should say I didn't. But should you be wearing that...

TWINKLE: Oh, dear! I forgot to take off my apron...What would the sergeant say?

BLONDIE: I'm afraid to guess....Come in, Mr. Twinkle.

TWINKLE: Thank you.  
(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES.....)

BLONDIE: Well, I can hardly believe this. Are you really a policeman?

TWINKLE: Oh, yes, indeedy. Two weeks ago I was busy as a bee with my housework so our little home would look <sup>spic</sup> ~~clean~~ and <sup>span</sup> ~~lovely~~ when Beulah came back from working in that nasty, dirty old factory.....And now .. I'm a flatfoot.

BLONDIE: For goodness sakes. How in the world did it happen?

TWINKLE: Well, they needed another policeman, and you've heard of the manpower shortage, haven't you?

BLONDIE: Oh, yes, of course.

TWINKLE: Well, I was all they had left to pick from.

BLONDIE: Oh, I see.

TWINKLE: My, they're certainly scraping the bottom of the barrel, aren't they?

BLONDIE: Well, is Beulah doing the housework now?

TWINKLE: Oh, heavens, no! I wouldn't let her anyway. It's bad enough the way she tracks up my nice clean kitchen with her <sup>big</sup> muddy feet. <sup>floor</sup>

BLONDIE: But I wouldn't think you'd have much time.

TWINKLE: Well, before I leave for the police station in the morning, I do the breakfast dishes, and dust, and rinse out a few things. Then at night I've been doing a little home canning.

BLONDIE: Oh, that's wonderful, Mr. Twinkle. So have I!

TWINKLE: (SWEETLY) Tomatoes?

BLONDIE: Yes..and chili sauce.

TWINKLE: You must give me your recipe.

BLONDIE: I'd be glad to. We housewives have to stick together.

TWINKLE: You're so right.

BLONDIE: And sometime if you want me to, I'll come over and help you with your curtains. I don't imagine you have much time to wash them.

TWINKLE: No, and they're so dingy-looking. Sometimes Beulah forgets herself and wipes her hands on them....And I am busy.

BLONDIE: Oh, you must be, Mr. Twinkle. Or should I call you Officer Twinkle?

TWINKLE: Only when I'm on duty.... <sup>And that's not all</sup> ~~Another thing~~, I haven't been able to do a thing on the turtle neck sweater I was knitting for Beulah.

BLONDIE: Why don't you let Beulah finish it??

TWINKLE: Oh, dear no. She's too strong. She breaks the needles.

BLONDIE: And they're so hard to get now.

TWINKLE: Yes. <sup>Just it the truth.</sup> And besides, whenever I ask her to do something around the house, she always says she has to go out to the car and drain the crankcase or grease the transmission....Aren't wives funny?

BLONDIE: Husbands are, too.

TWINKLE: I sometimes wonder if all wives are like my Beulah.

BLONDIE: I'd rather not answer that question....Tell me, how do you like being a policeman?

TWINKLE: Well, Mrs. Bumstead, it's sort of rough. And the language some of my fellow coppers use! Oh..it's <sup>just</sup> frightful.

BLONDIE: Well...uh...what do you do if you have to arrest somebody?

TWINKLE: Oh, if they act up, I just hit them over the head as hard as I can with my club, and they calm right down.

BLONDIE: That knocks them out, I suppose.

TWINKLE: Well, it hasn't yet....And Beulah's taught me a little jiu-jitsu.

BLONDIE: My, she's been quite a help to you.

TWINKLE: Oh, yes indeedy. She goes out with me sometimes when I have to walk <sup>my</sup> ~~AT~~ beat at night. I always feel so much safer <sup>with her -</sup>

BLONDIE: I'll bet she's very proud of you, Mr. Twinkle.

TWINKLE: Yes. The night I told her, she swelled right up with pride, and broke the shoulder strap on her overalls..... She says I'm doing my part. I'm releasing a woman for war work.

BLONDIE: I always thought it was the other way around.

TWINKLE: Well, I wanted to work in an aircraft plant or something, but Beulah said I'd just be taking a job away from some poor woman with a husband and three children to support.

BLONDIE: Oh, by the way, Mr. Twinkle...did you come over here to arrest someone?

TWINKLE: Oh-h-h, yes -- so I did. I just knew I'd forget if we stood around and gossiped. They called me at my house from the station and said Mr. Bumstead wanted Mr. Fuddle arrested.

BLONDIE: Oh, don't bother about that, Mr. Twinkle. Daisy ran off with a wallet they saw on the sidewalk, and they're squabbling over it. Daisy won't show them where she hid it.

TWINKLE: Why, don't they give her another wallet and see where she takes it?

BLONDIE: Hmm -- that might work.

TWINKLE: Well, I better be skipping along.

BLONDIE: It's been nice to see you again, Mr. Twinkle. Drop in anytime.

TWINKLE: Thank you.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Oh -- uh -- you'd better take your apron off first.

TWINKLE: Oh, yes, of course...

BLONDIE: Well, goodbye, Mr. Twinkle.

TWINKLE: Goodiebye!

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

BLONDIE: My, how times have changed! ... I wonder what Dagwood and Mr. Fuddle are doing now.

DAGWOOD: (WAY OFF) You can't do this, Fuddle! I'll have the law on you!

BLONDIE: Well, that answers my question...I better go outside and calm them down again.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSSES...)

DAGWOOD: (OFF) You kidnapped our dog! I hope you know the penalty for kidnapping.

FUDDLE: I didn't kidnap her. Daisy is just a guest in our house.



DAGWOOD: Well, she's got to come home. She's a member of our family, and besides, she's a minor.

BLONDIE: Now what's going on here?

FUDDLE: Why, Blondie, Dagwood's objecting because Daisy's visiting us.

BLONDIE: That's funny, Mr. Fuddle. You're usually the one who objects when Daisy visits you.

DAGWOOD: He's trying to get on the good side of her so she'll show him where she hid the wallet with the ten thousand dollars in it.

BLONDIE: What ten thousand dollars?

DAGWOOD: Okay -- a hundred thousand then.

FUDDLE: Blondie, you don't object if Daisy comes over to pay a social call, do you?

BLONDIE: Now, look -- if you really want to find that wallet, why don't you give Daisy another wallet and follow her?

DAGWOOD: Hey, I never thought of that.

FUDDLE: I'll bet it would work.

DAGWOOD: Who's got a wallet? You got one, Fuddle?

FUDDLE: Not with me.

DAGWOOD: Neither have I...How about you, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Now where would I carry it?

DAGWOOD: Well, you could -- oh, that's right.

WILCOX: (OFF) Hello, folks.

BLONDIE: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

DAGWOOD: Hello, Harlow.

FUDDLE: You don't happen to have a wallet with you, do you?

WILCOX: Why, yes I do!

DAGWOOD: Can I see it a minute?

WILCOX: Why, sure!

BLONDIE: Oh, dear.

FUDDLE: I'll let Daisy out of the house.

WILCOX: What's happening?

BLONDIE: Well, Mr. Wilcox, it seems that a man lost a --

WILCOX: I wonder if that's the man I was talking to a minute ago.  
He was looking and looking --

DAGWOOD: What for?

WILCOX: For a cigarette that wouldn't go flat no matter how many  
he smoked! Well, I said -- "Here, try a Camel! They've  
got more flavor, the very thing that helps Camels hold  
up, pack after pack!"

DAGWOOD: We know, Harlow. Now about that wallet --

WILCOX: Oh, right away! "Look", I told this guy, "Just try a  
Camel cigarette in your T-Zone, "T" taste and throat,  
everybody's own proving ground for Camel's rich extra  
flavor and smooth extra mildness!"

BLONDIE: Uh -- Mr. Wilcox - the wallet, please --

WILCOX: Sure, sure! Well, this guy lit up that Camel cigarette,  
and you should have seen his face! - the happy face of a  
man enjoying a fresh cigarette -- cool and slow burning --  
because Camels are packed to go around the world --packed  
to hold in the extra goodness of Camel's matchless blend  
of costlier tobaccos!

DAGWOOD: Harlow -- have you got a wallet?

WILCOX: Yeah, have I? I think I left it in my other suit!

BLANC: (FADE IN BARKING OF DOG)

WILCOX: No, here it is!

BLANC: (DAISY BARKING....)

FUDDLE: (COMING UP) Well, here's Daisy. Give her the wallet.

DAGWOOD: Okay -- here you are, Daisy.

WILCOX: Hey, wait a minute! That's mine! Come here, Daisy.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear -- there she goes under the house. Dagwood, you've got to board up that place or Cookie's going to follow her under there *some day*.

DAGWOOD: Haven't got time, now, Blondie! I'm going in after her and find that wallet she hid this morning.

FUDDLE: Hey, wait for me!

BLONDIE: Oh, Mr. Wilcox -- I'm sorry about your wallet, but you'll get it back. Was there much money in it?

WILCOX: Oh, no. All my money's in another billfold. I just carry that empty wallet to show to people who want to ~~borrow~~ *hit me up* ~~for a loan~~ *money from me*... Well, I'll pick my wallet up later. So long, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Goodbye, Mr. Wilcox.... Oh, those men! They're under the house already.

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Come on, Fuddle -- keep moving! You're holding things up!

FUDDLE: (UP CLOSER, BUT HE'S UNDER THE HOUSE) I can't move! I'm stuck!

DAGWOOD: Can you see, Daisy? What's she doing?

FUDDLE: She's dropped the billfold and she's coming right up to me. (STARTS LAUGHING)

BLONDIE: What's so funny, Mr. Fuddle?

FUDDLE: Nothing's funny. (LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: Then what are you laughing at?

FUDDLE: I'm laughing because (LAUGHS) Daisy's licking my face!

DAGWOOD: Hey, Fuddle, watch your feet! You're kicking me!

FUDDLE: I can't help it! (LAUGHS) You'll have to duck!

DAGWOOD: I can't. I'll hit my head on these beams.

(TEMPLE BLOCK)

DAGWOOD: Ouch! Like that!

FUDDLE: Daisy, cut it out!

BLANC: (WHINING AND BARKING)

FUDDLE: (LAUGHS) You're killing me!

DAGWOOD: Look out!

(TEMPLE BLOCK)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, come out of there before something happens.

DAGWOOD: But then Fuddle will get the billfolds.

BLONDIE: You crawl right back out before you knock yourself silly.

(TEMPLE BLOCK)

DAGWOOD: Oh, my head! Fuddle, if you put your foot in my face again, I'll bite it off up to the ankle.

BLONDIE: Come on now, dear,

DAGWOOD: Come on, Fuddle!

FUDDLE: Come on, Daisy!

BLANC: (BARKING)

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke, I'm out again.

BLONDIE: Oh, look how dirty you are!

FUDDLE: Here, Daisy -- give me that wallet ... Ah -- thank you!

DAGWOOD: Hey, Fuddle - hand it over!

FUDDLE: At last I've got it! (LAUGHS) I'm going to collect the  
~~twenty-five~~ <sup>fifty</sup> dollars reward for this -- (STOPS LAUGHING)

it says  
Hmmm - Harlow Wilcox.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, <sup>that's his wallet</sup> and it's empty.

FUDDLE: I was just going to borrow five bucks from him.

DAGWOOD: What for?

FUDDLE: Oh, just in case I needed five bucks. And I've always found out that if you owe a lot of different people money, you're never lonely.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Two grown men, and you can't even get a wallet away from a little dog.

DAGWOOD: I'll find out where she hid it. (MAD) Daisy--come here!

BLANC: (SNARLS AND GROWLS)

BLONDIE: My -- such language!

DAGWOOD: I'll try something else. (SWEETLY) Daisy...Daisy...

BLONDIE: Tell him the answer, do.

DAGWOOD: I'm half crazy, all on account of you.

FUDDLE: What do you mean, half crazy. You're the real McCoy...Step aside and let me try.

BLANC: (DAISY BARKS)

FUDDLE: Daisy, just remember I'm your pal -- poor old Farquhar Fuddle, a man who needs that ~~twenty-five~~ <sup>fifty</sup> bucks or it's the poor house for me and my family.

BLONDIE: Why, look -- Daisy's pointing like a bird dog.

FUDDLE: Do you suppose she's pointing in the direction of the wallet?

BLONDIE: No, I think she's pointing in the direction of the poor house.

FUDDLE: Okay -- I give up.

DAGWOOD: Step aside and let me try...Daisy, for a long while around our house you've been our favorite biscuit-sniffer. I've let you sleep on my own favorite couch -- when I wasn't using it. I've watched over you when you were sick, I've loved you like a brother.

BLONDIE: You mean a sister.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yes, excuse me, Daisy.

BLONDIE: This is very touching.

DAGWOOD: And Daisy, this is the first time I've ever asked you for a favor, and now --

BLANC: (DAISY BARKS...FADES...THEN COMES UP AND BARKS...AND FADES..

DAGWOOD: I think that did it. She's heading for Old Mr. Crumb's house.

FUDDLE: Well, I'm going that way myself. See you later, folks!

DAGWOOD: Hey, Fuddle! I'll be back in a flash with the wallet, Blondie! Goodbye!

(WHIZZ....OF WIND WHISTLE)

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) Let go of me, Fuddle. Cut it out!

FUDDLE: (YELLS) Give me that wallet! I saw it first! I even saw it first in Old Mr. Crumb's cellar!

DAGWOOD: Ouch! Quit twisting my arm! I'll show you!

(SOUND OF SOCK)

FUDDLE: Oh, so you want to fight, eh?

(ANOTHER SOCK)

(SCUFFLING SOUNDS)

TWINKLE: (COMING UP) Here now! Stop that fighting! I'm a policeman!  
You've <sup>simply</sup> got to stop!

DAGWOOD: Go away!

FUDDLE: ~~Beat it!~~ *I might as well go home for all the good I am doing around here.*

DAGWOOD: Let us fight in peace!

TWINKLE: Oh, dear -- I don't like to do this, but I'm afraid I'm going to have to. Where's my club -- oh yes. Well - here goes.

(SOUND OF TEMPLE BLOCK)

FUDDLE: (GROANS)

DAGWOOD: So you've had enough, eh, Fuddle?

(SOUND OF TEMPLE BLOCK)

DAGWOOD: Whooooaaaaa... (AND CRUMPLES RIGHT UP)

TWINKLE: Oh, my -- sometimes I think I'm just a brute...But Beulah would be proud of me.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS OFF)

BLONDIE: Oh, Mr. Twinkle! What happened?

TWINKLE: Oh, hello, Mrs. Bumstead...Well, they were fighting when I came along, and they wouldn't stop, so -- er -- they're resting now.

BLONDIE: Oh, I see...Well, I'll take over now.

TWINKLE: I wish you would. And tell them that it hurt me more than it did them.

BLONDIE: All right, Mr. Twinkle...Thank you -- and ~~goodbye~~ *goodbye*

TWINKLE: Goodiebye!

BLONDIE: Well, I'll just have to turn the hose on them again. The ~~smallest~~ *smallest* ~~littlest~~ thing in the world can crop up between them and they get tangled up like pretzels.

(SOUND: SPRAY GOES ON FROM HOSE...)

DAGWOOD: Hey! Hey, where am I?

FUDDLE: Help! I'm drowning! I'm going down for the third time!

(SOUND: SPRAY STOPS)

BLONDIE: Now just what were you fighting about this time?

DAGWOOD: Fuddle was trying to take the wallet away from me.

FUDDLE: *Dagwood* He grabbed it out of my hand.

BLONDIE: Is it the right wallet? Let's see it. Look inside it.

DAGWOOD: Just a second...gee, there's no money in it. Wait--here's a piece of paper.

BLONDIE: Let me see.

FUDDLE: What's it say?

BLONDIE: It's a note. It says, "I was sick in the hospital last spring, so this is my first chance to say -- April Fool!... Signed -- A Practical Joker."

DAGWOOD:  
AND FUDDLE:(REACT NOISILY)

BLANC: (DAISY WHINES)

BLONDIE: Why, Daisy -- what are you bringing to me?

FUDDLE: It's another billfold!

DAGWOOD: Gee, it is. Give it to me, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Ah, ah, Dagwood. I'll handle this myself...Oh, my -- money!  
Lots of it, too!

DAGWOOD: Daisy -- you swindled us!

FUDDLE: A fine dog.

BLONDIE: Well, I'm going in and call that number from the lost and found column. I can use that ~~twenty-five~~ <sup>Life</sup> dollars.

DAGWOOD: Half of it's mine!

BLONDIE: What's that?

DAGWOOD: Half of it's mine.

BLONDIE: I can't hear you.

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) Half of it's mine!

BLONDIE: There must be something wrong with my ears. It sounds as though you're saying ~~something as ridiculous as~~ half of it's yours. Goodbye, dear.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

DAGWOOD: Blooooooondie!....Tooh!

FUDDLE: Hey! Hey, Daggy, old pal.

DAGWOOD: What is it, Fuddle, old sock, old kid.



FUDDLE: Maybe Daisy's a bill-fold and wallet retriever. Maybe she knows where there are <sup>lots</sup> ~~lots~~ more of them.

DAGWOOD: Hey, maybe you're right!...where is she?

FUDDLE: She's gone!

DAGWOOD: Oh, Da-a-a-a-aisy!

DAGWOOD

AND FUDDLE: (IN UNISON) Oh, Da-a-a-a-a-aisy!

MUSIC: (TAG)

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: Tonight again we send our thanks to the Yanks of the Week. Americans who have distinguished themselves for heroism in the battle area.

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

MC GEEHAN: (ISOLATION BOOTH)

To Technical Sergeants Joseph Landry of Manchester, New Hampshire, and David Rosenthal of Newark, New Jersey, members of the crew of a Liberator bomber which took part in the great American attack on the Ploesti oil fields. When the bomb-bay doors refused to open, Sergeant Landry climbed down to crank them open by hand, during which time radioman Rosenthal took his place in Landry's turret. Though he had never fired a machine gun in battle, Sergeant Rosenthal blazed away at an attacking Messerschmitt, and brought it down with fifty rounds! We salute you, Sergeants Landry and Rosenthal, and in your honor the makers of Camels are sending to our men ~~in the Middle East~~ <sup>in the Pacific</sup> four hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)  
(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: On each of the three Camel shows we'll salute another Yank of the Week, and on each of them send four hundred thousand Camels to ~~men in his battle area~~ <sup>our men overseas</sup>...a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week.

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WILCOX: Since nineteen forty-one, Camels have thanked audiences of more than three million Yanks in this country with the traveling Camel Caravans, which have given free Camels and over two thousand free performances to service men in more than five hundred different camps.

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WILCOX: Also folks, be sure to listen to each of the three Camel Radio shows each week - Thursday, "Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante": Friday, Bob Hawk in "The Comedy Quiz, "Thanks to the Yanks" and next Monday -- "Blondie", that famous comic-strip family.

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WILCOX: Oh, Blondie!

BLONDIE: Yes, Mr. Wilcox!

WILCOX: Have you taken the Home Front Pledge?

BLONDIE: I certainly have - and I'm trying to get every woman on our block to take it, too! It's the best way to fight inflation and the black market. I wish every woman would repeat this after me. "I will pay no more than top legal prices. I will accept no rationed goods without giving up ration stamps."

WILCOX: The first part -- "I will pay no more than top legal prices" -- means that you should watch the legal price lists in the paper and in the store, and refuse to pay more.

BLONDIE: And really live up to the spirit of the second part -- "I will accept no rationed goods without giving up ration stamps." Don't make purchases with loose stamps, except one point red stamps; don't lend your ration book or unused ration points, or attempt to use old out-dated stamps.

MUSIC: (BLONDIE THEME FADE FOR)

WILCOX: Next week the Bumsteads are going to have an experience nearly every American family enjoys -- of course with The Bumsteads anything can happen. Tune in next week, when, "Blondie Goes on a Picnic". We guarantee it will be a picnic!

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WILCOX: Blondie is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood by Arthur Lake. The musical score is composed and conducted by William Artzt. Be sure to follow "Blondie, America's leading comic strip, in your local newspaper.

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WILCOX: Remember, for yourself, for that fellow in the service -- get Camels -- the cigarette that stays fresh, cool smoking and slow burning - because Camels are packed to go around the world!

51454 1931

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This is Harlow Wilcox, saying goodnight for Camels Cigarettes  
First in the service!  
(APPLAUSE)

(GEORGE WASHINGTON HITCH-HIKE)

SHIELDS: (ISOLATION BOOTH)

ANNCR: Pipesmokers, I'll bet that when you switch to George Washington Smoking Tobacco you'll get about a half ounce more tobacco in every ten cent package! Yessir, that's up to a dozen extra pipefuls! Plunk down your dime tonight for a big blue two and a quarter ounce package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco! It's mild, mellow, and tasty, right down through the last puff at the bottom of the bowl! Remember, George Washington is America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!