

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

(REVISED)

As Broadcast

"BLONDIE ENTERTAINS DOROTHY LAMOUR"

CBS-STUDIO "C"
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1943

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

Written by John L. Greene

Directed by: Don Bernard

CAST

BLONDIE.....PENNY SINGLETON

DAGWOOD:.....ARTHUR LAKE

With

DOROTHY LAMOUR (GUEST STAR)

J. C. DITHERS.....HANLEY STAFFORD
CORA.....AGNES MOOREHEAD
ALEXANDER.....TOMMY COOK
COOKIE.....LEONE LEDOUX
ANNOUNCER.....HARLOW WILCOX
CONDUCTOR.....BILLY ARTZT
COMMERCIAL (Salute).....PAT MCGEEHAN
G. W. HITCH HIKE.....FRED SHIELDS

SOUND: EFFECTS

Phone
House door
Drop paper weight
Plop of feet on desk
Walking up steps
Snap of Handcuffs
Temple Block
Rip of handkerchief

(Special Third War Loan Script)

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1943

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 Camels....

MUSIC: (BAND SINGSC A M E L S)

WILCOX: Remember, this is Christmas shopping time if you know a
service man overseas! Your carton of Camels should be
mailed to an overseas Army man by October Fifteenth,
to men overseas in the Navy, Marine Corps, and
Coast Guard by November first. Send a carton today,
and be sure the brand is Camel -- the cigarette that's
first in all the services, first with men in the
Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard,
according to actual sales records. And you can be sure
he'll have fresh cigarettes if you send Camels --
because Camels are packed to go around the world --
packed to stay fresh, cool smoking and slow burning --
anywhere. Mark your carton -- "Christmas Package" --
and don't include matches..

CHORUS: C A M E L S!

WILCOX: Camels! If there's ever a time when your store is
temporarily out of Camels, remember we're making more
Camels now than ever before -- but Camels are first
in the service -- and the service comes first!

MUSIC: (OPENING.....HOLD FOR:)

WILCOX: And now for our weekly visit with our neighbors, the Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue!---- And their special guest tonight -- Dorothy Lamour!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (BLONDIE THEME....FADE DOWN UNDER:)

WILCOX: Well, today everyone in the Bumstead's home town, is busy subscribing to the Third War Loan. ^{As} ~~Like~~ in every other town in America. each citizen is going to back the attack with the purchase of at least one extra one hundred dollar War Bond this month. Blondie and Mrs. Dithers are both on the local committee, and right now they're talking things over in Blondie's living room when the phone rings.

(PHONE RINGS.....FADE IN)

BLONDIE: Excuse me, Cora.

CORA: Go right ahead, Blondie.

(PICK UP PHONE)

BLONDIE: Hello?...Oh, hello, Mrs. Pettijohn....What?....Oh, yes, I'd be glad to have anyone who's in town for the Third War Loan drive stay overnight at my house. Yes, I know the hotel's crowded.... There is someone you want to stay with us; that's fine, who is it?.....(LOW) Who, (PAUSE -- THEN LOUDER) Who?? (EXCITED) Who??? (PAUSE) Whooooo!..... Uh ---- yes ---- yes, we'd be delighted to have her...of course...well -- uh thank you very much. ^{Well, hello, I mean} Goodbye, ^{ms. Pettijohn}

(HANGS UP)

CORA: Well, Blondie, there's only one thing I want to know....
Who?

BLONDIE: (DEEP BREATH) Dorothy Lamour!

CORA: What?

BLONDIE: That's right, Cora -- Dorothy Lamour. Imagine a
movie star, going to stay at our house, isn't it
wonderful? *no it isn't - we haven't a swimming
pool -*

CORA: Well, we can just kiss our husbands goodbye...whether
she's with or without her sarong --

BLONDIE: Oh, now Cora, *There's nothing new about a sarong. We wore
one once -- those three cornered ones -
Remember when we were pin up girls?*

CORA: The other night I saw her in a picture and you mark
my words Blondie...when Dagwood and Julius meet
Dorothy Lamour face to face...their ears will light up.

BLONDIE: Well, I know she's beautiful, but --

CORA: Blondie, our husbands will get what is known to
medical science as "Goo -- goo - itis".

BLONDIE: Well, I know that Dorothy Lamour is very beautiful and
glamorous, but there are other men outside
of our husbands who are interested in her, aren't there?

CORA: Well, yes. You could start out with the entire
male population of the country... That is, all men over
five years old.

BLONDIE: You think it'll be that bad?

CORA: Well, you just said she was beautiful didn't you?

BLONDIE: Yes, she is.

CORA: Well that isn't all. She also has a figure. You know,
one that goes like This and That.

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Yes, she wears it well, too -
A Oh, Cora -- now you've got me worried.

BLONDIE:

CORA:

Well Blondie -- after Dorothy Lamour leaves town it will probably take weeks and a hit on the head to jerk our husbands back to normal again.

MUSIC:

DITHERS:

Bumstead!

DAGWOOD:

I am yours to command, Mr. Dithers. *haha*

DITHERS:

Oh, stop it!... Bumstead, where did you file that letter we didn't send to Anderson, Sanderson, Henderson or McGonigle?

DAGWOOD:

I filed it under Things and Stuff.

DITHERS:

Bumstead! How long have we had a file called Things and Stuff?

DAGWOOD:

Ever since I started it.

DITHERS:

Good grief! What's filed in it?

DAGWOOD:

Things and Stuff!

DITHERS:

Bumstead -- take off your coat!

DAGWOOD:

Now wait a minute, Mr. Dithers -- what for?

DITHERS:

I'm going to stuff you into a ^{Trash} wastebasket and send you out with the ^{rest of the} rubbish! Take off your coat!

(PHONE RINGS)

DAGWOOD:

Saved by the bell!... (PICK UP PHONE) Hello! Oh hello Blondie. *glad you called*

DITHERS:

While you're talking, I'll wind up my ^(sound) punch.

DAGWOOD:

What, Blondie?... Who's coming to stay overnight?...
... Who?... Who?... Would you mind repeating that, please? She is!! Yaaaahooooo! Goodbye, Blondie!

(HANGS UP)

DAGWOOD: Who do you think is going to stay at our house tonight?

DITHERS: Who cares? I'm going to hit you so hard that --

DAGWOOD: Dorothy Lamour!
I'm going to hit you so hard -

DITHERS: ~~That -- that --~~ Dorothy Lamour.

DAGWOOD: That's right... She's in town for the Third War Loan drive, and she's going to be ~~our~~^{house} guest.

(SOMETHING HEAVY HITS THE FLOOR - IT'S A PAPERWEIGHT.....)

DAGWOOD: What was that you dropped?

DITHERS: Oh, nothing. Heh-heh. Just a paperweight ~~I happened~~^{in my fist.}
~~to have in my hand.~~
Now how do suppose that got in there?

DAGWOOD: Yeah? What were you going to do with it?

DITHERS: Dorothy Lamour eh? Well, well-sit down Dagwood, old friend, old pal.

DAGWOOD: No, I better go back to my office and get some work done.

DITHERS: I said sit -- down!

DAGWOOD: Ouch! ~~Don't do that.~~
Let go of my neck so I can -

DITHERS: ^{oh} ~~pardon me -~~
^ Dagwood, I've just realized how dreadfully I've been underestimating your intelligence, ability, skill, and sheer genius.

DAGWOOD: I've known it all the time... Well, I think I'd better be running along.

DITHERS: No, no -- relax, ~~Dagwood.~~^{Buddy} Put your feet up on my desk. Here -- let me help you.

(CLOMP, CLOMP OF DAGWOOD'S FEET ON DESK...)

DAGWOOD: ~~ok Thank you - you don't have to -~~
DITHERS: Now don't worry if your heels dig gouges into the finish. It's only ~~solid~~^{hand carved} mahogany and worth a fortune...
What can I do to make you comfortable, Dagwood, old pal?

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DAGWOOD: You might scratch my back. *a little bit* -

DITHERS: I'd adore it... So Dorothy Lamour is staying at your house, eh?

DAGWOOD: Scratch a little farther south, please.

DITHERS: Anything you say, Dagwood.... ~~I am yours to command...~~
So Dorothy Lamour is staying at your house eh?

DAGWOOD: You said that. *Scratch a little more --* You might fan me with your other hand J.C. It's warm in town today, isn't it?

DITHERS: Yes, but it's not the humidity -- it's Dorothy Lamour.

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers, I think I'd better be getting back to work.

DITHERS: Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Yeow! You're pulling my hair!

DITHERS: Are you going to invite me to your house to meet Dorothy Lamour or am I going to have to pull your hair out in handfuls?

DAGWOOD: Ouch! I'd love to have you come over, *honest*

DITHERS: (POLITELY) Why, thank you, Dagwood. That's very thoughtful of you to invite me.

DAGWOOD: Not at all... Now give me back my hair.

DITHERS: Suppose we take the afternoon off in favor of Dorothy Lamour. Let's hurry over to your house.... It would do our morale just oddies of good.

DAGWOOD: Oh you are so right.

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: Oh, Bloooooondie!

DITHERS: Oh, Cor-r-r-r-ra!
DAGWOOD: *were home!*
BLONDIE: (OFF) We're in here.

CORA: (COMING UP) Well, why aren't you two at the office -- as if I didn't know.

DITHERS: Oh, we just thought we'd sort of - uh -- well, uh -- uh didn't we, ^{Mr. Dithers} Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: You took the words right out of my mouth!

CORA: Look at them, Blondie -- a couple of Eager Edgars.

BLONDIE: Well, in a way, I don't blame them -(THEN QUICKLY) -- but in a way, I do.

DITHERS: It's -- it's a nice day, isn't it?

BLONDIE: Yes, beautiful.

DAGWOOD: Beautiful.

DITHERS: Yes, she certainly is. Sarong too. (PAUSE)
What did I say?

DAGWOOD: Uh -- Blondie -- uh -- by the way --

CORA: ~~HERE it comes.~~

~~DITHERS: Well, yes and no -~~
DAGWOOD: Uh -- when is Dorothy Lamour coming?

DAGWOOD:
DITHERS: Not that we're so terribly interested.

DAGWOOD: Oh, no --- just idle curiosity.

DITHERS: It doesn't mean a thing to us... When is she coming hanh?

BLONDIE: Well, we're expecting her any minute.
DITHERS: Any minute? How do I look, ^{Bumwood} ~~Dagwood~~ - DAGSTEAD
DAGWOOD: You look anxious.
DITHERS: Oh, Bumstead!...I mean, is my tie on straight?
CORA: Your tie's on straight, but your head seems to be on a slight bias.
DITHERS: Oh, Cora -- I merely want to look presentable.
CORA: Why look presentable? No one's giving you away.
DAGWOOD: J. C. -- is there any lint on my lapels?
DITHERS: No -- just this blonde hair.
BLONDIE: A blonde hair! Dagwood Bum..oh, that's right -- it's probably mine.

(DOOR BELL RINGS)

DAGWOOD: There's the doorbell. That's probably Dorothy Lamour.
DITHERS: I'll answer ^{Lamour} the door!
DAGWOOD: No, I will.
DITHERS: No, I will.
DAGWOOD: Stop shoving.
DITHERS: Get away or I'll slug you...Now who's going to the door? ~~over~~ ^{over} my dead body
DAGWOOD: You are.
DITHERS: R-r-right! I'll show you how to make a real impression on a movie star. ~~LAMOUR~~ - ~~TOUJOUR~~ - ~~LAMOUR~~

(DOOR OPENS)

DITHERS: Come right in, you gorgeous thing!
WILCOX: Why, Mr. Dithers, I didn't know you cared.

DITHERS: Oh, Wilcox!

(AD LIB GREETINGS TO WILCOX)...

WILCOX: Gee, folks....I've been told I was cute, but I didn't know I was gorgeous.

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers thought you were Dorothy Lamour.

WILCOX: I didn't know there was a resemblance...Of course I've tried to keep my figure, but (TAKE) .. Dorothy Lamour?

BLONDIE: You see, she's in town for the Third War Loan drive, and she's staying at our house tonight. We're expecting her any moment.

WILCOX: Gosh! Is that who that girl was?

DAGWOOD: What girl?

WILCOX: Well, just as I got here, she was coming up your front walk, carrying a suitcase.

DAGWOOD: Right outside?

WILCOX: Yes, ^{but wait a minute, and I said to her -} I said, "Gosh, you remind me of Camels. You look like you're packed to go around the world! That's why Camels stay fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning!"

DAGWOOD: Yes, yes, we know, but what did she say to that?

WILCOX: She said, "If you stay fresh, Sonny, I'll be cool and slow burning!" And with this encouragement, I offered her a Camel. "Try it in your T-Zone," I said, "T" for taste and throat, everybody's own proving ground for Camel's rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness!"

DITHERS: Well, ^{I'll} let her in, ~~Dagwood!~~ *And then I said to her look,*


WILCOX: Ah-ah-ah -- don't touch that knob! ^{I said} "Notice that rich Camel flavor," I said, "it's the thing that helps Camels hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke!"

DAGWOOD: Harlow, are you going to let Dorothy Lamour wait outside on the front porch?

WILCOX: I doubt if it was Dorothy Lamour. When I got through telling her about Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos, she opened up her suitcase and sold me three neckties!

DITHERS: Oh, Wilcox!

BLONDIE: Mr. Wilcox, I've got something I'd like to tell you about too. The Third War Loan drive is on right now, and all of us have to back the attack by buying --

WILCOX:  One extra hundred dollar war bond this month.

WILCOX: I'm glad you reminded me, Blondie. I'm going down town and get mine right now...So long, folks.

BLONDIE: Goodbye, Mr. Wilcox.

CORA: Goodbye.

WILCOX: Oh, Dagwood - ~~and~~ Mr. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: Yeah?

WILCOX: When you see Dorothy Lamour will you give her a personal message from me?

DAGWOOD: We'd be glad to Harlow. What's the message?

WILCOX: It's this: (GIVES A WOLF CALL) OW-W-WOO-OO-OO-OOOH!
(DOOR CLOSES)

CORA: Blondie, this is disgusting.

BLONDIE: All the men falling all over themselves just because a pretty girl is going to visit us.

DITHERS: Please -- Not just a pretty girl. Dorothy Lamour.

DAGWOOD: Yes. The girl who looks like, strawberries and cream taste Yum-yum!

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood!.....!

DAGWOOD: Now don't you complain Blondie. Remember when those two movie actors came to town, a couple months ago?

DITHERS: Yes, you girls went around in a ~~dream~~ ^{blue blur} for months!

BLONDIE & CORA: (IN UNISON) That was different.

DITHERS: It always is.

BLONDIE: We were just --uh--well--just interested in them as--uh--

CORA: Just interested in them as famous international figures.

BLONDIE: Yes--just as famous international figures.

DITHERS: That's what interests us in Dorothy Lamour. (heh-heh)

DAGWOOD: ~~I see~~ ^{I've seen} what you mean, J.C.

DITHERS: Say, I've got an idea. Dagwood you know that poem by Edgar Allan Poe that goes, "Helen, thy beauty is to me, like those Nicaean barks of yore-----"

DAGWOOD: Oh, sure.

BLONDIE: Cora, I think I know what's going to happen.

CORA: Yes, Julius, is going to do a little swiping from Edgar Allen Poe.

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Neither will he

DITHERS: Why not -- she'll never know. ^{ty} I'll tell her I wrote it -- I'll just say, "Dorothy, ^{ty} beauty is to me...and so forth." That'll really bowl her over.

DAGWOOD: Fine. You bowl her over and I'll ~~pick~~ ^{scoop} her up.

(DOOR BELL RINGS)

DITHERS: There's the door again This time we'll both answer it.

DAGWOOD: Okay.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: (WHISTLES) *oh excuse me*

DITHERS: (WOLF CALL)

LAMOUR: Hello, and thank you....I'm Dorothy Lamour.

DAGWOOD: You certainly are! I'm Dagwood Bumstead.

LAMOUR: And who is this----your little son?

DITHERS: (GIGGLES--THEN STOPS ABRUPTLY) No, I'm ^{Say D. Dithers} J.C. ~~S~~ithers.

LAMOUR: Congratulations....Uh--I'm looking for Mrs. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yes. I'm Mrs Bumstead's wife...No, no, no!

LAMOUR: You mean, she's your husband?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, that's right....Hanh?

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) How do you do, Miss Lamour. I'm Mrs. Bumstead.

LAMOUR: How do you do...It's awfully nice of you Mrs. Bumstead to take me in, like this.

BLONDIE: Oh, not at all...And this is Mrs. Dithers, Miss Lamour.

LAMOUR: How are you?

CORA: I'm fine, thank you, but my husband's in a pretty crummy condition.

BLONDIE: (SMILES) Yes, I'm afraid they're both a little groggy.

DITHERS: We like it ^{this} ~~that~~ way. (Heh-heh)

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Oh, here are our children, Miss Lamour. This is my little daughter, Cookie.

COOKIE: Gee, you're pretty.

LAMOUR: Why thank you, Cookie.

BLONDIE: And this is my son, Alexander.

LAMOUR: Hello Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Woo-woo! I mean, how do you do.

BLONDIE: More like his father every day.

ALEXANDER: Gee, Miss Lamour could I have your autograph?

LAMOUR: Of course, Alexander. (PAUSE) There you are.

COOKIE: Can I have your autograph, too? Miss Lamour.

BLONDIE: Now children don't bother Miss Lamour anymore.

Run along and play. You can talk to her after awhile -- after she's rested.

COOKIE: All right Momie.

ALEXANDER: (FADING) Oh boy, wait'll I show this to the kids!

(DOOR CLOSES)

DITHERS: By the way, Miss Lamour, when I heard you were coming here I knocked ~~at~~^{off} a little poem to you.

LAMOUR: Oh, how sweet of you.

DAGWOOD: Yes, he's a cute kid!

DITHERS: Oh, Bumstead, ^{please, my nerves} Miss Lamour would you like me to read my poem to you?

LAMOUR: (LONG PAUSE) -----

CORA: Well, so much for your poem, ^{Poochie} ~~Julius~~.

DITHERS: Now wait a minute -- she hasn't answered yet, have you, Miss Lamour?

LAMOUR: No, I certainly haven't.

DAGWOOD: She isn't going to, either, ^{poochie}

wipe off your ^{9/20/43} CHIN -- it's disgusting

DITHERS: Keep out of this [^]. Would you like me to read my poem, Miss Lamour.

LAMOUR: (SUSPICIOUSLY) How many stanzas?

DITHERS: ^{Only those who want to --- the rest can sit ---} Oh, ~~just a few~~... Would you like me to read it to you?

LAMOUR: Well go ahead, anyway.

DITHERS: Thank you. (CLEARS THROAT) "Dorothy, thy beauty is to me...."

LAMOUR ~~AND~~ ~~DITHERS~~: (~~IN UNISON~~) "Like those Nicaean barks of yore....."

DITHERS: Oh!

LAMOUR: You wrote that yourself!

DITHERS: Why--um--uh--yes.

LAMOUR: Oh, so you're Edgar Allan Poe!

DITHERS: ~~No comment.~~ I'm a dead pigeon -

BLONDIE: Dagwood, would you take Miss Lamour's bag up to the guest room?

DAGWOOD: Oh, sure, Blondie.

DITHERS: No, I'll get it, Blondie.

DAGWOOD: I've got it...Let go -- I said if first....

DITHERS: Oh, all right. You can carry her bag upstairs..Oh, Miss Lamour?

LAMOUR: Yes, Mr. Poe? I mean, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: May I carry you upstairs? (LAUGHS)

LAMOUR: Why don't you carry Mrs.Dithers upstairs? (LAUGHS)

CORA: Yes, Julius. I'd rather drop the subject -
DITHERS: It wouldn't be the same thing at all!

CORA: All right, Julius - just for that we'll carry Miss Lamour's luggage up ourselves. You two can sit there and pout!

DITHERS: You mean, sit here and defrost!

CORA: That too!

BLONDIE: You boys can match for it and bring the luggage up later. Suppose we go right up Miss Lamour.---

LAMOUR: Fine, thank you!

(FOOTSTEPS ON STAIRS)

BLONDIE: I'm quite sure the men will follow.

CORA: Yes, you'll be able to feel their hot breath on the back of your neck.

BLONDIE: Here we are! (DOOR OPENS) This will be your room Miss Lamour.

LAMOUR: Oh, it's lovely Mrs. Bumstead. I hope I'm not imposing on you."

BLONDIE: Not at all. I really feel quite honored.

LAMOUR: Oh, now really....

(DOOR CLOSES)

*The bath is at the
end of the hall.*

BLONDIE: Well, anyway....I hope you'll be comfortable tonight.

CORA: How's the bond drive coming along. You've been visiting a lot of other towns haven't you?

LAMOUR: Oh yes, I've been traveling a great deal. The people are responding pretty well, but as yet -- not well enough.

BLONDIE: What?

LAMOUR: Fifteen billion dollars is an awful lot of money, but that's how much we've got to raise. There's no use kidding ourselves that it's going to be an easy job, but we can do it....we've got to do it -- and so, we will do it.

BLONDIE: Well, the people of the United States have never failed their country yet. They won't sell America short.

LAMOUR: Oh, I know/^{they}won't Mrs. Bumstead -- not if they know what it means. An extra one hundred dollar war bond from everyone this month, means a smashing attack in Europe and in the Pacific. Tanks cracking through the Axis lines, and planes, -- our planes -- screaming down on those supermen who were going to put the world in chains. Buying bonds now will also send the Japanese Navy bubbling down to the bottom of the ocean. (DEEP BREATH) I know I'm pretty excited about it, but the extra bonds we're asking everyone to buy this month are really invasion bonds. We're attacking now. And we've got to back the attack with extra war bonds, this month.

BLONDIE: Well, we'll back the attack, all right!

CORA: You bet we will!

BLONDIE: You know -- it's a strange thing -- but the little boy -- ~~well,~~ he's nineteen now -- who always delivered our morning paper -- he's fighting on some island in the Pacific that I can't even pronounce. We're going to buy an extra bond this month because I don't like to think of that fine young boy running out of ammunition just because I didn't do my part. If I didn't buy an extra bond this month and something happened to him -- I don't think I could ever face his mother *again* --

LAMOUR: I think we all feel that way about someone we know who's fighting for us half way around the world.

CORA: I hear that an extra one hundred dollar bond this month can keep a Navy plane in the air for more than two hours - perhaps just long enough to cover a landing party which otherwise might be wiped out. We ~~on the home front~~ can't get our hands on the enemy but we're going to buy ^{the} bullets ^{and guns} for our fighting men who can.

LAMOUR: Yes, each time you buy a bond you personally join the attack and we move that much nearer to victory!

CORA: Of course, I can't speak for Dagwood, but as far as Julius is concerned you could not only sell him extra bonds, but the Brooklyn Bridge to boot.

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood wouldn't buy the Brooklyn Bridge ^{he's too smart} but ^{for that} ~~from you might be able to sell him the Holland Tunnel.~~
MISS LAMOUR HE'D BUY BOULDER DAM -

(LIGHT KNOCK ON DOOR)

LAMOUR: Who is it?

DAGWOOD AND DITHERS: (OUTSIDE -- SINGS IT) We brought your bag up, Miss Lamour.

BLONDIE: I'll let them bring it in, then we'll all leave so you can change.

LAMOUR: Yes, I have to speak at three meetings this afternoon.
(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Bring it right in.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie.

DITHERS: Wait a minute there Bumstead. I let you carry her bag all the way upstairs. Now it's my turn....Here you are, Miss Lamour.

LAMOUR: Thank you very much....you're very sweet.

DITHERS: (GIGGLES) Oh, it was nothing!

DAGWOOD: Uh -- I carried it up the stairs.

LAMOUR: And thank you, too, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: (HAPPILY) I loved every step.

DITHERS: Well, Cora and Blondie -- if you have to go downstairs now, Dagwood and I will try to keep Miss Lamour amused.

DAGWOOD: Yes, and if you want to take Mr. Dithers along with you, that's all right, too.

DITHERS: Bumstead!

BLONDIE: Both of you are going downstairs right now. Miss Lamour has a lot of important meetings this afternoon. Come on -- out you go -- shoo!

DAGWOOD: A fine thing.

DITHERS: This is disgraceful.

BLONDIE: Well have dinner here at seven, Miss Lamour.

LAMOUR: (OFF) Thank you Mrs. Bumstead....

(ON.....DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Well.....!

CORA: Our husbands.....bless them!

DAGWOOD: We were only trying to help.

BLONDIE: Would you like to do something for Dorothy Lamour?

DAGWOOD & (IN UNISON) We'd love to.

DITHERS: We were going to buy a flock of extra War Bonds anyway.

BLONDIE: Fine. Then you can do her an extra favor -- then you can help me set the table and get things started for dinner tonight.

DITHERS &
DAGWOOD: (GROANS)

MUSIC: _____ (PHONE RINGS - PICK UP)

BLONDIE: (ON PHONE) ^{Hello} Yes, Mrs. Pettijohn....Oh, I see. Yes, that is important. Well, Cora and I will come right over then, and we can map out our plans for ^{MISS LAMOUR'S} ~~the bond drive~~...
All right....Goodbye.

APPEARANCE AT THE ^{WAR BOND RALLY TONITE}

(HANGS UP)

CORA: A meeting at Mrs. Pettijohn's?

BLONDIE: Yes -- as soon as we can get there. Will you excuse us Miss Lamour?

LAMOUR: Oh, that's a shame you both have to leave.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Yes, isn't it?

DITHERS: Yes---how too, too anoying. (NASTY LAUGH)

CORA: Miss Lamour, I'm sorry we have to leave you with ~~these~~ ^{the} ~~two wolves~~ ^{wolf patrol} -- Look at them Blondie.

LAMOUR: I hope the boys can put up with ~~one~~^{ME} and I won't be ~~ge~~
getting in their way

DITHERS: (THAT LAUGH)

DAGWOOD: (WITH A SMILE) Gee Blondie we're sorry you and Cora
have to leave.

DITHERS: Yes-----can we help you on with your coats?

CORA: Julius, it won't be necessary to shove us out the door
bodily.

DITHERS: Oh, I didn't realize I was pushing so hard.

DAGWOOD: I'll get the door open!

(DOOR OPENS)

DITHERS: Goodbye.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye.

CORA: Just one moment, please. We had anticipated something
like this happening. Dagwood, put out your right arm,
and Julius put out your left.

BLONDIE: Come on now ----do as we say.

DAGWOOD: Okay.

DITHERS: All right.

(SNAP OF HANDCUFFS.....ONE ON EACH WRIST)

DAGWOOD: Hey--what are these?

BLONDIE: Handcuffs!

CORA: And on you they're becoming--incidentally, Blondie
and I hid all the files, hammers, and cold chisels.
Goodbye.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DITHERS: We've been sabotaged!

DAGWOOD: This is an outrage!

LAMOUR: (COMING UP -- LAUGHING) ^{Did} They handcuff~~ed~~ you together?

DITHERS: Well, these things aren't doughnuts.

LAMOUR: Now I know what Mrs. Bumstead meant when she said you two were inseparable.

DAGWOOD: Uh, ^{Miss Lamour} ~~Dorothy~~, you don't happen to have an acetylene torch with you, do you?

LAMOUR: I don't believe so.

DAGWOOD: Maybe if you just ^{breathed a little bit on} ~~kissed~~ these handcuffs, they'd melt off ~~away~~.

DITHERS: Yes. They're going to cramp my style.

LAMOUR: Oh-oh. I see what's coming.

DITHERS: What?

LAMOUR: Dorothy Lamour meets the Wolf Man...Maybe we'd better play games.

DITHERS: ~~Well~~--how about you and me playing postoffice?

DAGWOOD: Yey--what'll I do?

DITHERS: You ~~can watch~~.— you can keep score —

LAMOUR: No, postoffice is just a little childish.

DITHERS: I know, but I'm just a great big kid at heart...Ah, Dottie--you're giving me high blood pleasure.

LAMOUR: You see? We'd better not play postoffice. There'd be nothing left of you but a wisp of smoke and a clinker.

DAGWOOD: That would be his heart.

DITHERS: Oh, Bumstead--go away!

DAGWOOD: Okay, J. C. I will —

(BOTTLE OF HANDCUFFS)

DITHERS: Ouch! Those handcuffs! Come back here!

DAGWOOD: Gladly.

DITHERS: I've got it. We'll play a whistling game.

LAMOUR: A whistling game? How do you play it?

DITHERS: Well, we'll start with you. First you close your eyes
and pucker up your lips. (GIGGLES) *NO - NOT YOU DAGWOOD...*
We'll start with Miss Lamour -

LAMOUR: I see, we're back to postoffice again.....Now, boys, I've
got a big meeting tonight, and I ought to take a nap
this afternoon.

DITHERS: *Since you mention it - (YAWNS)*
DAGWOOD: And leave us all alone, *MISS LAMOUR -*

LAMOUR: Your wives will be back in an hour or so.

DITHERS: That's what we're afraid of.

LAMOUR: Well-uh--suppose we play hide and seek. You hide and I'll
look for you. Come on, *I'll* close my eyes and I'll start
counting...five, ten, fifteen...(FADES) twenty, twenty
five (ETC)

DAGWOOD: (DOWN) Come on, J.C. I know where she'll never find us!

DITHERS: Don't be silly! We want her to find us.

DAGWOOD: How about this closet?

(DOOR OPENS)

DITHERS: Good. (LOUD) She'll never look in the hall closet.....
Get in.

DAGWOOD: Okay. Bet you can't find us -- ~~here in the closet!~~

(CLOSET DOOR SLAMS)

DITHERS: It's nice and cosy in here and when she comes in to find
us-----*that's all* ~~oh~~, brother!

DAGWOOD: When she does find us, won't it be a little cramped in here?

DITHERS: *See what I mean*
~~You catch on!~~.....I think I hear her now. (COUGHS)

DAGWOOD: I hope she does find us because I forgot to tell you
something, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: What?

DAGWOOD: When you slam this closet door it automatically locks
from the outside.

DITHERS: ~~That did it~~ -- Hey Dottie - here we are!

(POUND ON DOOR ...RATTLE KNOB)

DAGWOOD: Hey! Let us out!

DITHERS: Hey, Dottie!

DAGWOOD: Oh, Dott-t-t-t-t-t-t-ie!

MUSIC:

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: That was a long meeting Cora but I think the plans for
Miss Lamour's War Bond meeting tonight are wonderful.

CORA: Yes. I wonder what our husbands --bless them--have been
up to while we've been gone. Blondie, look--there's a note
on the floor.

BLONDIE: Well, let's see. What's it say?

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

CORA: It says, "Dear Mrs. Bumstead and Mrs. Dithers: Your husbands
and I played hide and seek - but I wasn't able to find them
anywhere so I'm upstairs taking a nap." Signed Dorothy.
P.S. We girls have to stick together so you might look
for your husbands in the coat closet.

BLONDIE &
CORA: (BOTH LAUGH)

BLONDIE: Well, that's a relief.....Let's open the closet and see how
they are.

(UNLOCK CLOSET DOOR....DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD &
DITHERS: (SNORING)

BLONDIE: Well, they're getting their beauty sleep.

CORA: They could use it. Still handcuffed too.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD!

CORA: JULIUS!

DITHERS: (WAKING UP) *Don't kiss me again, Miss Lamour -*
~~What is it, Dotty darling?~~

DAGWOOD: Did you call me, Miss Lamour?

CORA: Hnnnnnnnnnn-----still dreaming.

BLONDIE: Dagwooooooooooooood!

DAGWOOD: Oh, hello, Blondie.

DITHERS: Hello, Cora....Ooooooooooooooh! My arm.

DAGWOOD: Mine's sore, too.....Ouch!

DITHERS: Where's Dottie - I mean Miss Lamour?

BLONDIE: Up taking a nap. I think we'd better call her or she'll be
late for the big ^{War bond} rally tonight.

DAGWOOD: Yeah...But get these handcuffs off us, will you, please
Blondie? We'll be good boys.

DITHERS: Yes, Cora, unlock us. We'll be regular little gentlemen.

BLONDIE: Well, I guess we might as well unlock the handcuff, Cora.

CORA: Yes. (STARTS TO KILL HERSELF LAUGHING)

BLONDIE: What are you laughing at, Cora?

CORA: Oh, Blondie. I just happened to think of something. (LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: What?

CORA: There never was a key to those handcuffs!

BLONDIE &
CORA: (DIE LAUGHING)

MUSIC: (TAG CURTAIN)

(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)

MCGEEHAN: (ISOLATION BOOTH)

To Staff Sergeants Raymond Keeper of Klemme, Iowa, and Ralph Callaway of Ellenwood, Georgia, crew members of the bomber "Pacific Tramp" on a mission over the Pacific A bomb, with the fuse set, slipped accidentally onto the closed doors of the bomb bay. Then all the bombs in the rack slid down on top of the fused missile. The two sergeants volunteered to go down into the bomb bay, and though their added weight might have opened the bomb doors and dropped them into the sea, they passed the bombs up to other crew members, finally removing the fused bomb, which exploded far below. We salute you, Staff Sergeants Raymond Keeper and Ralph Callaway, in your honor the makers of Camels are sending to our soldiers overseas 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 our men overseas....a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week.

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

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 it's "Blondie" that famous comic strip family. With a special war bond guest star...Frank Morgan....

MUSIC: (BLONDIE THEME.....FADE FOR)

WILCOX: When Dorothy Lamour left town tonight she told everyone that another movie star was coming to town next week. She didn't know just who it was going to be, but we can let you in on the secret. The guest star in behalf of the United States Treasury next week will be Frank Morgan!

(APPLAUSE)

Of course, Mr. Dithers supposes next week's star will be another glamour girl and he arranges for her to stay at his home instead of the Bumstead's. Will his face be red when he goes down to meet the train with open arms and Frank Morgan steps off. Don't miss the fun next week when -- "BLONDIE MEETS FRANK MORGAN".

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 newspapers.

WILCOX: And remember - now's the time to send your Christmas Carton of Camels overseas! Send Camels -- first in the service! They stay fresh because they're packed to go around the world!

This is Harlow Wilcox saying good night for Camel Cigarettes -- First in the service.

(APPLAUSE AND THEME)

(BOARD FADE AND CUT)