

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

(REVISED) 45 BROADCAST

"BLONDIE'S DAUGHTER RUNS AWAY"

CBS-STUDIO "C"
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 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

DITHERS.....HANLEY STAFFORD
COOKIE.....LEONE LEDOUX
WOMAN.....SARA BERNER
GUY.....PHIL KRAMER
MAN.....FRANK NELSON
ANNOUNCER.....HARLOW WILCOX
CONDUCTOR.....BILLY ARTZT
YANK.....(Salute).....PAT MCGEEHAN
G.W. HITCH-HIKE.....FRED SHIELDS

SOUND: EFFECTS:

DOOR
CAR
CAR DOOR
RADIO TONE SIGNAL
TRAFFIC

MIXER

ECHO CHAMBER IS
NEEDED.

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1943

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

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

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

WILCOX: Ask a fellow in the Fifth Army if you want to know how
much cigarettes mean to a soldier. When they ran short, a
whole ton of them was flown from Sicily to Italy, in
General Clark's private transport plane! I'll bet plenty
of them were Camel cigarettes, too, because Camels are
first with men in all the services, according to actual
sales records. No matter where our armies go, the Camel
cigarettes will follow them -- and they'll be fresh,
cool smoking and slow burning, because Camels are
packed to go around the world! Remember that fellow in
the service if your store is ever temporarily sold out of
Camel cigarettes, and remember, too, that when you get
Camels you're always sure to get more flavor, the result
of expert blending of costlier tobaccos. Camel's tobacco
standard is the same for soldier, for civilian, anywhere
in the world!

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

WILCOX: Camel cigarettes! They stay fresh, because they're packed
to go around the world!

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

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

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

WILCOX: Well, it's early Saturday afternoon at the Bumstead home.
Dagwood's boss, Mr. Dithers, had just brought
Dagwood home from the office only to realize that he's
forgotten some important papers..

DAGWOOD: What was it you forgot, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: Oh, that file of correspondence from Anderson,
Sanderson, Henderson and McGonigle. I wish that firm
would change its name. The only one we ever hear from
is McGonigle, the end man.

BLONDIE: Dagwood will be glad to go back to the office and get it
for you, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Oh, thank you, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Hanh? I don't remember offering to go.

BLONDIE: No, but you're going, dear.

DAGWOOD: I suppose I am if you say so.

BLONDIE: Yes, and I'm going with you. I want to leave a dress
at the cleaners...Mr. Dithers, you won't mind staying
here --

DITHERS: Of course not. (LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: With Cookie.

DITHERS: ~~With Cookie!~~ Oh, no!

BLONDIE: Oh, you'll get along fine with her because you SAID YOU understand the childish mind. REMEMBER -

DITHERS: Yes, but only from long association with Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: They'll get along perfectly because Cookie's in her first childhood and Mr. Dithers is in his second.

DITHERS: Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Oh, excuse me...Now we're even.

DITHERS: Blondie, I can't take care of Cookie. I don't understand children. They're such unpredictable little animals.

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers! My daughter is not a little animal.

DITHERS: No, no! Put that pistol down, babe.

BLONDIE: (PAUSE) What?

DITHERS: It's just a figure of speech...What I meant to say was that one moment a child is sitting on your lap, and the next moment ^{YOUR LAP} -- no, no, I don't want to say that, either...It's just that I don't know how to entertain little girls.

DAGWOOD: Oh, I wouldn't say that, J.C. How about that little red-headed ----

DITHERS: Never mind ~~that~~ -

BLONDIE: Well, I think you and Cookie will get along very nicely.
(CALLS) Cookie?

COOKIE: (OFF) Yes, Mommie.

BLONDIE: Mother and Daddy are going downtown for a little while. Mr. Dithers will tell you some stories while we're gone.

DITHERS: Uh -- hello, Cookie.

COOKIE: Hello, Mr. Dizzy.

DITHERS: The name is Dithers!

COOKIE: Yes, Mr. Dizzy.

DITHERS: Oh, all right, all right. From now on you can call
~~me~~ ^{MOTHER} Mr. Dizzy.

COOKIE: All right, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: She's got me licked already.

DAGWOOD: Be careful with her, Mr. Dithers. She's a clever kid.

BLONDIE: We'll be back in just a little bit, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: All right, but don't stop to watch any parades...
and don't forget those letters.

DAGWOOD: What letters? ~~IS THAT~~ -

DITHERS: The letters from Anderson, Sanderson, Henderson and the
funny man.

DAGWOOD: Oh, those. I was thinking we were just going down
to the cleaners.

DITHERS: If you don't bring back those letters, I'll personally
take you to the cleaners!...and now as we say in
Spanish, ^{SCRAMOLA -} ~~disappear~~!

BLONDIE: Let's go, Dagwood.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Well, J. C. -- as we say in Spanish -- goodbye-~~o~~ LA!

(DOOR CLOSES)

DITHERS: ^{oh, BROTHER} ^ Cookie, you have a very interesting father.

COOKIE: Thank you.

DITHERS: He's so interesting someone ought to ~~shoot him~~, stuff
him, and put him in ^{THE QUEEN -} ~~a museum~~.

COOKIE: Tell me a story, please.

DITHERS: All right, I'll tell you a story. A Marine had just
gotten back on leave from the South Pacific and he
hadn't seen a ^{DAME, oh} / -- no, that wouldn't do.

COOKIE: It sounds good.

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I'LL DREAM

DITHERS: It is. (CHUCKLES) But ~~I think I know~~ one you'd like a lot better. Once upon a time, in a far off country called Jerkovina, there was a little ^{JERK... SHE WAS A NATIVE DAUGHTER} ~~girl~~ named Sally who lived in an alley.

COOKIE: Was she a good little girl?

DITHERS: Yes, ^{SO OF COURSE,} ~~but~~ she was very poor, and she had to work for a living by mending other people's clothes and repairing zippers. One evening there was a knock on the door of her shack, and when she opened it, there was the Queen of the Fairies.

COOKIE: Imagine that.

DITHERS: What do you think I'm doing?

COOKIE: Go on with the story.

DITHERS: Well, the Queen of the Fairies was about fifty pounds overweight. But she had managed to cram herself into a size twelve housecoat. And then the zipper jammed. She was half-in and half-out of the housecoat, and so embarrassed her face was as red as Mayor Snipe's nose.

COOKIE: Gee, this is exciting!

DITHERS: I'm getting ^{GOOSE PIMPLES} ~~interested~~ myself... So poor little Sally unjammed the zipper. Then the Queen of the Fairies heaved a big sigh of relief and burst a couple of seams. So Sally let out the rest of the seams and fixed the housecoat so the Queen of the Fairies could wear it, and she also sewed a little label in it that said ^{JUNIOR MISS} Size Ten. The Fairy Queen was delighted. She waved her magic wand - which could do everything else but fix zippers - and swoooooosh! Sally was in Fairyland.

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COOKIE: Wow! What a story! ... What was it like in Fairyland?

DITHERS: Frankly, it was the nuts!... Right outside Sally's new house was a tree of chocolate covered cherries. The roof was shingled with slabs of peanut brittle... and the whole house was stuccoed with carmel corn.

COOKIE: Yum-yum.

DITHERS: And sitting on top of the weathervane was a lemon-meringue crow. Sally went inside to take a bath, but when she turned on one faucot, strawberry syrup came out, ^{COOKIE: Oh} and other gave pineapple malted milks, and another one squirted marshmallow. Finally she spied the shower. She stepped inside, turned the handle marked hot, and the next minute she was covered with hot fudge sauce! ^{GOOEY, huh} And a little contraption at the top of the shower dropped maraschino cherries on her head. What a mess! She was sweet enough to eat!

COOKIE: Gee! How did she get clean?

DITHERS: She finally took a bath in gingerale and lived happily, ^{EVERY} ever after! ... End of the story. ^{AFTILY}

COOKIE: Gee, Mr. Dithers, that's a wonderful story.

DITHERS: You ought to hear the stories I tell my wife. (LAUGHS)

COOKIE: Where do you suppose this house is?

DITHERS: Oh -- it's in that direction.

COOKIE: Past Swabbers' Drug Store?

DITHERS: Oh, yes...Now you go and play like a good girl.

COOKIE: All right...In that direction?

DITHERS: Yes, yes ^(YAWNS) Now you go and play. ~~(SINGS)~~ I want to take a little nap.

COOKIE: Goodbye, Mr. Dithers.
DITHERS: (YAWNS) Goodbye.
COOKIE: I'm going to find the house.
DITHERS: (PAYING NO ATTENTION) That's good.
COOKIE: I may not be back for awhile.
DITHERS: (DROWSY) ^{CAN I COUNT ON THAT} ~~That's dandy~~....Goodbye.
COOKIE: ~~GOODBYE NOW -~~

MUSIC:

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOES)..

DAGWOOD: Hey -- where's Mr. Dithers?
BLONDIE: Look -- he's **asleep** in the chair.
DAGWOOD: ^{DAISY AND} And ~~all~~ the puppies are asleep in his lap.
BLONDIE: Go on - get off there - ^{TAKE ALL YOUR CHILDREN, TOO -} ~~seat! - Go out in the kitchen!~~
DAGWOOD: Don't blame ^{DAISY} ~~the dog's~~...listen to Mr. Dither's snore.
DITHERS: (SNORES...WITH WHISTLES)
BLONDIE: Wake up Mr. Dithers.
DITHERS: (SLEEPILY) Oh, Cora -- don't bother me.
BLONDIE: It's not Cora.
DITHERS: (STARTLED) Good grief! Who is it then? ..Oh, it's
you Blondie.
DAGWOOD: Hello, Poochie.
DITHERS: ~~Bunstead!~~ Don't call me Boochie. ^{PUMSTEAD}
BLONDIE: Where's Cookie, Mr. Dithers?
DITHERS: Who?...Oh, Cookie. She's around here somewhere -
I hope.....Dagwood, where are those letters from
Anderson, Sanderson, Henderson and McWhoozit?

"BLONDIE"
11/15/43

6-A
(REVISED)

DAGWOOD: Here you are.

BLONDIE: (CALLS) Ooooooookieeeeeeeeee!

DITHERS: I told her to go and play.

BLONDIE: Alexander watches her better than you do.

DITHERS: Well, I happen to be talented along other lines. (CALLS)
Cooookieeeee!

DAGWOOD: Cooookkieeeeeee!

BLONDIE: She doesn't seem to be out in the back yard, either...
I WONDER What's happened to her?

DITHERS: Oh, now I remember. She said something about going to
find the house.

DAGWOOD: What house?

DITHERS: Well, I suppose it was the house in Fairyland that I --
great suffering humanity!

DAGWOOD: Fairyland? That must be a new real estate development ...
where is it?

DITHERS: At the end of the rainbow, ^{BROTHER} Right next to the pot of, ...
gold!

DAGWOOD: Oh, now I know.

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, what is all this?

DITHERS: Well, I told her a story about a little girl who went
to live in Fairyland in a house that had a roof
shingled with peanut brittle, built-in banana splits,
and doughnut doorknobs. ^{DAGWOOD: SOUNDS VERY TASTY} Then she asked me where it
was, and I told her it was in that direction...
no, that direction...No...Oh, I don't know where I said
it was.

BLONDIE: And that's where she went -- looking for the house in
^{your}
~~the~~ story?

DITHERS: I suppose so. She probably was hungry. You don't
feed her enough.

DAGWOOD: ~~My~~ geeh, Blondie - she's run away!

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwoood!

DITHERS: Now I remember. I told her that the Fairyland house was past Swabbers Drug Store.

BLONDIE: That's not much help. There are a lot of places past Swabbers Drug Store.

DITHERS: Well, she's got to stop eventually because if she keeps on going in that general direction she'll run into the Pacific Ocean.

DAGWOOD: And she can't swim!

BLONDIE: Come on, Dagwood and Mr. Dithers -- we've got to find her!

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Wait a minute -- I've got to get my handbag. I left it over there on the table.

DAGWOOD: It's not there now.

DITHERS: It's on the floor.

BLONDIE: Oh, yes... But it's open. ~~And everything is strewn around.~~ Cookie's been into my handbag.

DAGWOOD: Gee, Mr. Dithers -- you've been a big help to us.

DITHERS: I get the same kind of cooperation from you at the office.

BLONDIE: Oh, goodness!

DAGWOOD: What's the matter?

BLONDIE: Cookie's taken my ^{CHANGE} purse with ^{ALL} my money, and all our ration books!

DITHERS: Now you've really got to find her -- or ~~starve!~~ ^{EAT FISH -}

MUSIC: (BRIDGE INTO BACKGROUND PUNCTUATION THROUGHOUT)

WIICOX: (FILTER) Calling all cars, calling all cars. Be on the lookout for a little girl, three feet two, eyes of blue, wearing a pink dress and a ribbon, too.
She has a curl in her hair, complexion fair, and she's on her way to no one knows where.
That is not all. That is not all.
If you are looking for that little girl, follow the description above. But if you are looking for a cigarette that won't go flat, the only description you need is -- Camels! Yes, your second pack of Camels will taste even better than your first -- because Camel cigarettes have more flavor, the thing that helps them hold up, pack after pack, no matter how many you smoke.

(POLICE CAR RADIO SIGNAL)

WIICOX: Try Swabbers Drug Store for the little girl. And try Camel cigarettes in your T-Zone -- "T" for taste and throat -- everyone's own proving ground for Camel's rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness.
That is not all. That is not all.
We don't know where the little girl is, but no matter where you are, your Camel cigarettes will be fresh, cool smoking and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world!

(POLICE CAR RADIO SIGNAL)

WIICOX: The little girl's name is Cookie Bumstead. Her parents have offered a reward for her of eight red points.
That is all, brother.

MUSIC: (UP INTO BRIDGE)

WOMAN: Well, here I am again, little girl. Your hair looks lovely, and I think you can come out from under the drier now.

COOKIE: Have you got a mirror?

WOMAN: All beauty shops have plenty of mirrors ... Here you are.

COOKIE: Gee -- I'm gorgeous!

WOMAN: I suppose you've got a heavy date tonight.

COOKIE: Yes, I'm going to Fairyland.

WOMAN: ~~Oh~~ ^{REALLY} What band is playing there ~~now~~ -

COOKIE: Hanh?

WOMAN: I go ~~there~~ dancing. ~~there~~ -

COOKIE: With a Fairy Prince?

WOMAN: If I called him that, he'd slug me.

COOKIE: How do you get to Fairyland?

WOMAN: Just hop in a cab and tell the driver to take you there..
~~All right~~ ^{O.K.}, I guess I'm all through with you unless you want a facial.

COOKIE: Not today.

WOMAN: Now let's see. That's a dollar and a half for a shampoo and wave and fifty cents for the manicure. Two dollars.

COOKIE: Here you are.

WOMAN: Thanks, Shorty.

COOKIE: You're welcome.

WOMAN: I'm sorry I didn't have time to give you a permanent.

COOKIE: That's okay... Goodbye.

WOMAN: Goodbye...

(DOOR OPENS,...AND CLOSSES ... TRAFFIC OFF)

COOKIE: Say, Mister...

GUY: Who said that?... Oh -- oh, there you are -- down there.

COOKIE: Are you a taxi?

GUY: Well, I personally ain't a taxi. I'm a human being. But this hunk of junk I drive around is a taxi.

COOKIE: Okay. Take me to Fairyland.

GUY: That dancehall is certainly picking their hostesses young... Have you got any money? It's a fifty cent ride.

COOKIE: Sure. Look!

GUY: Wow -- you're filthy with it!

(CAR DOOR ^{CLOSES} ~~OPENS~~)

GUY: Get in, sister. You're on your way to Fairyland!

MUSIC:

(TRAFFIC OFF ... FADE)

BLONDIE: Well, I think we're on her trail. Mr. Swabber said she asked where a beauty shop was, and he told her in this block. I'll go into the shop across the street and you go into the one ^{RIGHT} here.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie.

DITHERS: What would she be doing in a beauty shop?

BLONDIE: She's probably getting a mud pack.

DITHERS: I'm sorry I asked.

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, you might be a little more interested in finding Cookie. You lost her.

DITHERS: I did not. Can I help it if I'm a marvelous story teller?

BLONDIE: Well, let's not waste time. I'll meet you right here...
(FADING)

DITHERS: Hmm -- Fifi's Beauty Shoppe. Shall we go in?

DAGWOOD: Sure. After you, J.C.

DITHERS: No, no -- go ahead.

DAGWOOD: No, no -- ^{YOU GO FIRST} ~~the honor is yours.~~

DITHERS: I don't know how to go into a beauty shop. Get in, will you?

^{CLOSES}
(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: How do you go about looking for someone in here?

(DOOR CLOSES)

DITHERS: How should I know? I've never gone in for marceils.

DAGWOOD: There's no one around out here *AT ALL*.

DITHERS: Well, let's go back here and look in the booths.

DAGWOOD: Okay. (PAUSE) Just -- look in the booths?

DITHERS: Certainly. Here's the door to one of them. *I'LL PEEK IN -*

(DOOR OPENS)

WOMAN: (SCREAMS)

(DOOR CLOSES)

DITHERS: That wasn't Cookie.

DAGWOOD: *ARE* You ~~are~~ sure?

DITHERS: Oh, brother! *NOW IT'S YOUR TURN* Try that booth. Maybe she's in there.

DAGWOOD: Okay.

(DOOR OPENS)

WOMAN: (SCREAMS)

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: If that was Cookie, she's put on weight in places where she could do without it.

DITHERS: I'll try the next booth.

(DOOR OPENS)

DITHERS: (SCREAMS)

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: What was that?

DITHERS: It was a man...I think he was getting a permanent.

WOMAN: (COMING UP) I beg your pardon!

DAGWOOD: Oh, thank you. We were just going to beg yours.

WOMAN: May ^{BE CAN}/I/show you the way out?

DITHERS: No thanks. We just came in.

WOMAN: Did you come in for a scalp treatment? Or are you just looking.

DAGWOOD: Well, we were looking.

WOMAN: So I noticed.

DITHERS: We're looking for a girl.

WOMAN: Well, you won't get one if she sees you first.

DITHERS: You should talk. You may run this beauty parlor, but apparently it hasn't done you any good.

DAGWOOD: We're looking for a little girl.

WOMAN: Oh, yes. She came in and had a shampoo, a wave, and a manicure.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! I suppose all that costs money.

WOMAN: It does here!

DAGWOOD: I can see that raising a daughter is going to be an expensive proposition. ^{THIS LITTLE GIRL YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT}..Where did she go from here?

WOMAN: I think she went to Fairyland.

DITHERS: Did you ride her there on your broomstick?

WOMAN: Well, that's all I know about it!

DAGWOOD: A fine thing! I never heard of a beauty shop with less inside information!

DITHERS: ^{YOU SAID IT} ~~Yes~~. You spend all day getting in people's hair and going gabble, gabble, gabble, gabble. But a little girl comes in ~~here~~, gets a shampoo, wave, and manicure, and all ~~you~~ ^{WE} get out of ~~her~~ ^{YOU} is that she's going to Fairyland!

DAGWOOD: Come on, J.C. -- we're wasting our time!

WOMAN: And mine, too!

(SOUND: DOOR ^{SLAMS} ~~OPENS~~)

DITHERS: We'll never ~~trade here again!~~ ^{HAVE OUR HAIR DONE HERE AGAIN -}

MUSIC:

COOKIE: (ECHO CHAMBER) Gee, the taxi man said this was Fairyland, but it doesn't look like it to me! It's just a great big place with a lot of nothing in it. (CALLS) Is anybody here?

MAN: (ECHO OUT) (OFF) Jeepers!

COOKIE: Hello.

MAN: (COMING UP) Don't tell me you came to answer my ad for a waitress!

COOKIE: Oh, no.

MAN: For a while I was worried.

COOKIE: How much does the job pay?

MAN: Nevermind, little girl you wouldn't do. Who are you looking for?

COOKIE: The Queen of the Fairies....Are you --

MAN: No, I'm not! And don't look at me that way.

COOKIE: I'll bet you've got her locked in a closet.

MAN: No, I haven't. Who do you think I am?

COOKIE: The boogey man.

MAN: You got me all wrong, kid. I'm the manager of Fairyland.

COOKIE: Then why aren't you wearing little pink wings?

MAN: Because I'm not the type!....I'll never get wings. It'll be more like a fire extinguisher.

COOKIE: I don't believe you

MAN: You don't?

COOKIE: No.

MAN: You're a smart little girl.

COOKIE: I think you know where the Fairy Queen is. I'm going to tell the police.

MAN: Now look, kid -- I've got enough trouble with the dance tonight. The trombone player in the band just blew out a cheek and it's got to be vulcanized. Take it easy on me.

COOKIE: Where is she then?

MAN: Okay, little girl -- I'll tell you. The Queen of the Fairies ain't here. She's visiting her uncle in Altoona.

COOKIE: Gee, why didn't you say so in the first place?
MAN: I guess I should have. It always pays to be honest.
COOKIE: Goodbye.
MAN: Where you going?
COOKIE: To Altoona...Which way is it?
MAN: oh- That way.

MUSIC: (LIGHT TRAFFIC)

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood, I've asked in every store along here, and no one has seen anything at all of Cookie. She's just disappeared.
DAGWOOD: Now be brave, Blondie --we'll find her -- I hope.
DITHERS: She can't go far, Blondie.
BLONDIE: Why not? She has all my money and all our ration books..
(ALMOST SOBBING) Oh, Mr. Dithers -- why did you have to be such an awful dope?
DITHERS: Well, I didn't have to be. It just came ^{OVER} ~~ON~~ me.
WILCOX: (OFF) Hey, folks.
BLONDIE: Oh, hello, Mr. Wilcox.
DAGWOOD: Have you seen Cookie?
WILCOX: Well, that's what I came to tell you about.
BLONDIE: You've found her!!!!
WILCOX: Well, no. I just wanted to advise you not to go over to the police station. The cops are in a nasty mood.
DITHERS: What's the matter? Have they found Cookie?

WILCOX: Well, they've picked up twenty-three little girls answering her description but ^{NOT ONE} ~~none~~ of them is Cookie...The cops are taking a terrible beating and running up a terrific ice cream bill. The place is a madhouse... ^{I TELL YOU} (FADING) But I'll keep looking. So long.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- goodbye.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- what'll we do now?

DAGWOOD: Well, I'll try yelling again (CALLS) Oh, Coooooooookieeee! Coooooooookieeee!

GUY: (OFF) Hey, bud -- if you keep ^{BUMPING YOUR GUMS} ~~shouting~~ like that I won't be able to dope out my racing form.

DITHERS: Wait a minute - I think maybe I've got it. I told her that *story about the Fairy Queen's house and she's probably gone to find it -* We'll ask that cab driver to take us to the house with doughnut doorknobs, peanut brittle shingles, and marshmallow plaster. Then ^{AFTER HE'S EXAMINED OUR HEADS} wherever he takes us will probably be where Cookie is.

BLONDIE: That sounds like a good idea.

DITHERS: Naturally. Look who thought of it...Come on, there's a cab.

DAGWOOD: (RAISES HIS VOICE) Say, driver.

GUY: (COMING UP) What do you want, chum?

DAGWOOD: We want you to take us to a house with doughnut doorknobs, peanut brittle shingles, and ^Amarshmallow ~~plaster~~ *THING*.

GUY: You know, I thought you were nuts, but now I know it!

BLONDIE: And ^{MR. DITHERS} near the house is a tree loaded with chocolate eclairs.

GUY: You, too, hunh?

DITHERS: And the davenport cushions are made out of angel food cake.

GUY: Uh -- wouldn't that be a little sticky?

~~DITHERS:~~
~~BLONDIE:~~ Oh, ~~yes, but~~ afterwards you can take a bath in root beer.

GUY: Well, well. You don't happen to be looking for the Fairy Queen?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, that's right.

DITHERS: See, I told you he'd know.

GUY: Hop right in. I know just where to take you.

MUSIC:

(SOUND: CAR COMES TO A STOP)

GUY: Well, here you are!

BLONDIE: Where's this? What's that building over there?

GUY: That's the county hospital, and that door is the entrance to the psychopathic ward...Just walk right in and register for a padded cell.

DAGWOOD: Oh, I get it! He thinks we're ~~nut~~ WACKY --

GUY: I ~~not~~^{NOT} only think so, Buster, but I'm willing to sign an affidavit to that effect.

BLONDIE: We're looking for a little girl who ran away.

GUY: } A little girl called Cookie?
BLONDIE: }
DAGWOOD: }
DITHERS: }

(IN UNISON) Yes -- where is she?

GUY: Well, I took her to Fairyland and --

~~DAGWOOD:~~
~~DITHERS:~~ Look out! Let me slug him!

GUY: It's a dancehall, dopey. You want to make something out of it?

~~DAGWOOD~~
~~DITHERS:~~

Sure. We'll get out of the cab ^{RIGHT NOW} and fight it out ~~right~~
~~here!~~

BLONDIE: Just a minute! We're going after Cookie, Driver, Take us to Fairyland, right away.

GUY: But listen, lady --

BLONDIE: Nevermind! You just take us there as fast as Secretary Ickes will let you!

MUSIC:

(SOUND: CAR STOPS)

BLONDIE: Is this Fairyland? Oh, yes -- I see the sign. Fairyland Dance Palace.

GUY: This is it, but your little girl won't be here.

~~DITHERS~~
~~DAGWOOD:~~ How do you know?

GUY: Because I brought her here and picked her up later.

BLONDIE: Why didn't you tell us that in the first place?

GUY: You wouldn't let me, lady.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear.

~~DAGWOOD~~
~~DITHERS:~~ Let me slug that guy!

GUY: Okay, buddy. Get out of the cab.

~~DAGWOOD~~
~~DITHERS:~~ Right!.

GUY: Right!

~~DITHERS~~
~~DAGWOOD:~~ Hey, wait a minute, ~~Mr. Dithers!~~ ^{DAGWOOD} We've got to find Cookie!

BLONDIE: Driver, you stay right where you are!...Where did our daughter say she wanted to go?

GUY: To Altoona.

DAGWOOD: Where's Altoona?

GUY: I don't know. I've heard of Poona, Buna, and
Goona-Goona, but I ^{AINT} never heard of Altoona.

BLONDIE: Well, where did you finally take her?

GUY: To an address on Shady Lane Avenue.

DAGWOOD: She's gone home!

BLONDIE: Take us there right away -- and get moving!

MUSIC:

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSSES)

~~DAGWOOD:~~ ^{DITHERS:} Isn't ~~Mr. Dithers~~ ^{DAGWOOD} coming in?

BLONDIE: He's paying the taxi driver. (CALLS) Coooooooookieeeeeee!

~~DAGWOOD:~~ Oh, Coooooooookieeeeeee!

COOKIE: (OFF) Hello, Mommy.

BLONDIE: (WITH A SIGH) Oh-h-h-h, dea-a-a-a-ar! ~

~~DAGWOOD:~~ Cookie, what was the idea of running away from home?

COOKIE: I was looking for the Fairy Queen, but she's in Altoona.

BLONDIE: Cookie, that was a terrible thing to do! We were nearly
frantic looking for you! What if we hadn't found you?

And Mother's told you never to touch her handbag or take
any of my money! That's stealing and it's not nice!

~~DAGWOOD:~~ ^{DITHERS} What's more, it's against the law. You could be arrested!

BLONDIE: And look at your hair!

COOKIE: Don't you like it?

BLONDIE: I most certainly do not! Little girls' hair looks much better when it's natural, and you are not old enough yet for an up-swing hair-do!Now I'm going to have to punish you for this. You're going to have to sit in that chair in the corner and face the wall.

COOKIE: Yes, Mommy, but why are you crying?

BLONDIE: When you grow up and have a little child of your own you'll understandNow ^{GO} sit in the corner.

COOKIE: Yes, Mommy.

~~BLONDIE:~~
~~DAGWOOD:~~ ^{COOKIE AWFULLY} But we're glad you came home, Cookie.

COOKIE: I ran out of money....Where's ~~Mr. Dithers?~~ ^{DADDY}

BLONDIE: He's settling up with the cab driver.

DITHERS: (OUTSIDE) ~~Taaaah! Help! Help!~~ ^{BLOONDIEEEE!}

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

~~DITHERS:~~ ^{DAGWOOD} ~~Mr. Dithers~~ - what happened?

~~BLONDIE:~~ ^{I tell you}

~~DAGWOOD~~ / I lashed out for the driver with my one, two - -

~~DITHERS:~~ ~~Then what.~~ ^{YES}

~~DAGWOOD~~ His three-four was faster -

~~DITHERS:~~ ~~Then~~ What did you do? ~~then?~~

DITHERS: I said, let that be a lesson to you....picked myself up and paid the bill.

COOKIE: Mr. Dithers, tell me a story!

DITHERS: No!

COOKIE: ^{please} Tell me a story!

DITHERS: Oh, all right! Once upon a time there was a bad little girl named Cokie who lived on Shady Lane Avenue.

COOKIE: (STARTS TO CRY)

BLONDIE: Oh, Mr. Dithers - haven't you helped us enough for one day? ? ? ?

MUSIC: (TAG CURTAIN)

(APPLAUSE)

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

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

MCGEEHAN: (ISOLATION BOOTH)

To Lieutenant Colonel William Dyess, of Albany, Texas, pilot in an Army Fighter Squadron, whose planes were smashed during the early Japanese attacks on the Philippines. Turning infantryman, he led his men in fierce ground fighting on Bataan, for which he received many decorations. Listed as missing for fifteen months, during which time he was in a Japanese prison camp on Luzon Island, he made a daring and successful escape, reaching American-held territory in a manner which must remain a military secret. We salute you, Lieutenant Colonel William Dyess, and in your honor the makers of Camels are sending to our soldiers overseas three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes.

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

(APPLAUSE)

WIICOX: On each of the four Camel shows we'll salute another Yank of the Week, and on each of them send three hundred thousand Camels to our men overseas....a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week.

WIICOX: Camels thank the Yanks in this country with the traveling Camel Caravans, which since nineteen forty-one have given free shows and free Camels to audiences of more than three million service men in more than five hundred different camps.

WIICOX: Also, folks, listen to each of the four Camel Radio shows -- each week.

MGEEHAN: Thursday night!....

WIICOX: Thursday night over another network, listen to those whirl-wind comics....Bud Abbott and Lou Costello.

MGEEHAN: Friday night!.....

WIICOX: Laugh with Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore every Friday, over these same CBS stations.

MGEEHAN: Saturday night!

WIICOX: Bob Hawk in the comedy quiz, "Thanks to the Yanks," also on Columbia.

MGEEHAN: Monday night!

WIICOX: And of course, be sure to listen to "Blondie", ~~America's famous comic strip family~~, each Monday night at this same time and over these same CBS stations.

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

WILCOX: Next week Blondie, Dagwood, and Mr. Dithers have a run-in with Axis spies over some secret super-bomber plans. You'll thrill, chill, and laugh fit to kill, so don't forget to listen in next Monday night at this same time when "BLONDIE PROTECTS THE HOME FRONT."

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.~~

WILCOX: Remember -- Camel cigarettes are first in the service! They stay fresh because they're packed to go around the world!

WILCOX: This is Harlow Wilcox saying goodnight for Camel Cigarettes -- First in the Service!
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (THEME AND APPLAUSE)

(GEORGE WASHINGTON HITCH HIKE)

SHIELDS:

(ISOLATION BOOTH)

Mister pipe smoker, do you want a tobacco bonus of as much as a dozen extra pipefuls per package? Get the big, big blue two and a quarter ounce package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco -- costs just one dime, ten cents! Yessir, George Washington gives you lots more tobacco for less money -- and wait'll you see how good it is! George Washington's mild, mellow, and fragrant, right down through the last puff at the bottom of the bowl! Get a great big package tomorrow! George Washington is America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!

This is the COLUMBIA.....BROADCASTING SYSTEM.