

AS BROADCAST

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

"BLONDIE PROTECTS THE HOME FRONT"

CBS-STUDIO "C"
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1943

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

Written by John L. Greene

Directed by: Don Bernard

CAST

BLONDIE.....PENNY SINGLETON

DAGWOOD.....ARTHUR LAKE

HANS.....HANS CONRIED
FRITZ.....BYRON RANG
DITHERS.....HANLEY STAFFORD
ALEXANDER.....TOMMY COOK
OTTO.....BILLY GOULD
ANNOUNCER.....HARLOW WILCOX
CONDUCTOR.....BILLY ARTZT
YANK.....(Salute).....PAT MCGEEHAN
G.W. HITCH HIKE.....FRED SHIELDS

SOUND EFFECTS

Click of heels (NAZI)
Light Traffic
Shot and Riccoshet bullet
Rattle of can (literal)
Window (up and down)
Rattle of paper
Car
Car door
Phone
Door Bell
Door
Temple Block
Pottery Crash
Body fall
Squirt of Squirt gun
Sock of Fist

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"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 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 SINGS.....C-A-M-E-L-S)

WILCOX: Right now there are hundreds of millions of Camel
cigarettes overseas, because Camels are first with men in
all the services, Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard
according to actual sales records. That's why Camels are
packed to go around the world, packed to stay fresh, cool
smoking and slow burning, anywhere. Because service men
go for Camel cigarettes, your store may be temporarily
sold out. But remember, when you get Camels, you always
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)

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

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (BLONDIE THEME)

WILCOX: Well, unknown to its unsuspecting citizens, the quiet little
town where the Bumsteads live has become a transfer point
on the secret route used by a spy ring to smuggle military
information out of the country. In a cheap room downtown,
one of the Nazi spies is looking out of the window, when
suddenly, there is a knock on the door.....

(KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK...THE KNOCK SAYS "HEIL HITLER"..)

HANS: Come in.... *Oh. FRITZ*

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSSES...THEN CLICK OF HEELS...)

FRITZ: (RAISES HIS HAND DRAMATICALLY) Heil Hitler!

HANS: (A LANGUID FLIP OF THE WRIST ...YAWNS IT) Heil. Ditto.

FRITZ: I have placed the plans of the new American B-twenty-nine
bomber in the trash can to be picked up by Otto ^{Von} Von Schmotto!

HANS: Good, Fritz.

(CLICK OF HEELS)

FRITZ: Heil Hitler!

HANS: Likewise!...And I wish you'd stop clicking your heels. I've
got a headache.

FRITZ: And so have I, Hans.

HANS: And if we can believe the news from the Russian front, so has
our beloved Fuehrer.

FRITZ: Ach, mine heart bleeds for him.

HANS: So does the German army.

FRITZ: Yah, but soon Marshall Rommel will take the Suez Canal!

HANS: Well, I hate to disillusion you, Fritz, but there's a rumor going around that our brave troops are no longer in Africa.

FRITZ: How could that be possible??

HANS: Well, I think it was one of our splendid strategical advances to the rear.

FRITZ: Yah, yah! (LAUGHS) How we fool them!

HANS: But soon our new secret uniforms will be in use and cut down our casualties.

FRITZ: What is that, Hans?

HANS: (CONFIDENTIALLY) Armor plate in the seat of the pants.

FRITZ: Ah, our German efficiency!,...Well, in three weeks those plans of the B-29 will be in the hands of the Luftwaffe. The Fuehrer will be proud of me!

HANS: Yes, Fritz -- I am going to recommend you for ^Athe great honor ^{Fritz: yah!} of being sent to the Russian front!

FRITZ: The Russian front! Couldn't you recommend me for a smaller honor?

HANS: Wait! Look outside the window down into the street. Two men are walking along toward the trash can.

FRITZ: Could it be Otto ^{Votto} Von Schmotto?

HANS: Not unless he has a dual personality...Watch them, Fritz! Watch them!

MUSIC: (QUICK MUSIC BRIDGE...VERY SHORT)

(LIGHT TRAFFIC OFF...)

DITHERS: Well, Dagwood, ~~then~~ how do those figures compare with the estimate from Anderson, Sanderson, Henderson and McGonigle?

DAGWOOD: Well, I think they're -- oh, by the way, ^{MR. DITHERS} did I tell you that they changed the name of the firm?

DITHERS: That's good -- ~~it~~ always seemed silly to me, ^{Anderson - Sanderson Henderson, but MCGONIGLE}

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- they threw out McGonigle... Now it's Anderson, Sanderson, Henderson and ^{Potts} ~~Colluoni~~.

DITHERS: That's fine. It gives them a little more dignity... Well, come on, Dagwood -- you can figure out the estimates as we walk along.

DAGWOOD: I haven't got anything to write on. Have you any paper?

DITHERS: No.

DAGWOOD: That's okay. We can write on your shirt front.

DITHERS: Bumstead! Get away from me!

DAGWOOD: Oh, all right if you're going to be fussy... Let's see -- there's some paper in this trash can.

(RATTLE OF CAN)

DITHERS: Aren't you afraid of germs?

DAGWOOD: I don't know -- I've never seen any... Hmm -- here's a copy of Esquire, but all the pictures are cut out. ^{DOGGONE IT}

DITHERS: Oh, ^{shucks} ~~tee-ee~~.

DAGWOOD: And here's last Sunday's funny paper.

DITHERS: Hmm -- Flash Gordon. He meets the best looking dames!

(WHISTLES)

DAGWOOD: Oh, here's just the thing ^{TO WRITE ON} A big manila envelope.

DITHERS: Good.

DAGWOOD: There are some papers or something inside it. That'll stiffen the envelope so we can write on it.

DITHERS: Fine. Let's go now. I hate to fish around inside a trash can.

DAGWOOD: Me, too, I always feel that someone's watching me.

DITHERS: So do I, and right now I feel particularly self-conscious.

(SHOT.....AND RICCOSET OF BULLET)

DITHERS: Now I feel conspicuous!

DAGWOOD: I feel like a target ...Let's get out of here!

MUSIC: (QUICK BRIDGE)

FRITZ: Hans -- put your gun down! Close the window!

HANS: But Fritz - they took the envelope with the plans of the B-Twenty nine!

(WINDOW GOES DOWN)

FRITZ: *Don't worry* I will get the plans back again in time for them to be picked up for transmission by ^{Utto} Otto Von Schmotto.
I...*(CLICK-CLICK)* You can rely on Fritz Von Schweinhunde!

HANS: But they'll be gone.

FRITZ: I know those two men. They are Mr. Dithers and Mr. Bumhead of the J.D. Dithers Construction Company.

HANS: My congratulations!

FRITZ: *(CLICK-CLICK)* Heil Hitler!

HANS: Me, too.

FRITZ: You know, Hans, until you fired that shot at those men, I was beginning to think you were not as devoted to our beloved Fuehrer as I.

HANS: I adore our beautiful leader! I give you my word - and my word is as good as the Fuehrer's!

FRITZ: Good! And now I am going to get the plans back. I will use my gun only if necessary. ^{CLICK-CLICK} Heil Hitler! ^{HANS: you said it} ~~is there~~

~~anything else?~~
~~ARE THERE ANY MORE ORDERS~~

HANS: ~~Heil Hitler~~ ^{YES} a hot pastrami on rye!

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: And you ^{REALLY} think someone shot at you?

DAGWOOD: Well, something buzzed past us like this, Blondie.
(IMITATES RICCOCHETING BULLET)

DITHERS: And it's a little chilly out for bumblebees.

DAGWOOD: Of course, maybe it was some kid shooting high-powered spitballs.

BLONDIE: On the other hand, maybe it was your imagination

DITHERS: Then how do you account for that sound like a shot?

BLONDIE: It was probably some girl snapping her gum.

DITHERS: Then why do you think we ran all the way ^{HOME,} ~~here?~~

BLONDIE: Well, Mr. Dithers, I thought you were probably chasing Dagwood ~~AGAIN~~ -

DAGWOOD: Oh, no, Blondie. When Mr. Dithers chases something, it's got to wear skirts.

DITHERS: Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Oh, excuse me.

DITHERS: I don't like that kind of a remark to get back to my wife. She might get the right idea...~~No, no, I mean that~~ ^{NEVERMIND} oh, just skip it.

DAGWOOD: What I can't understand is why anyone would shoot at me.

DITHERS: That doesn't puzzle me. ^{I WANT TO DO IT EVERY DAY -}
~~I've often wanted to myself.~~

What I can't understand is why anyone else would want to shoot at ^{YOU} ~~Dagwood~~.

BLONDIE: Of course, maybe he didn't like Dagwood.

DITHERS: That seems reasonable. But if you shoot at a person, you really ought to be more than just peeved at him.

DAGWOOD: How true, ~~how true~~.

BLONDIE: Well, I think it's just a lot of nonsense anyway.

I've got to be running along to the Women's Club now.

A woman is lecturing on "How to get along with ^{NO BROWN} ~~red~~ points while you're saving up for a three rib roast."

DITHERS: When are you having the three rib roast?

BLONDIE: Next Tuesday.

DITHERS: Cora and I will be delighted to come.

BLONDIE: All right, Mr. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: ^{OF COURSE IT WILL BE A B.Y.O.R.P. PARTY.}
~~Friendship is a wonderful thing, but this is a bad-~~

DITHERS: ~~B.Y.O.R. WHAT'S THAT -~~

~~example.~~

DAGWOOD: ^{BRING YOUR OWN RATION POINTS -}
^{ON SECOND THOUGHT I CAN MAKE IT -}

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- I'm taking some papers and things along with me. Let me have that envelope you brought home.

DAGWOOD: Okay -- wait till I take this stuff out ~~OF IT -~~

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

BLONDIE: What is it?

DAGWOOD: It looks like tracing paper drawings of an airplane.

DITHERS: Probably the idle dreams of some kid taking mechanical drawing in school. Look at all those turrets. Look at the size of it! That's not a bomber -- it's more like a private invasion..... Well, throw it all in the basket.

DAGWOOD: Okay!

(RATTLING OF PAPER)

DAGWOOD: And here's the envelope, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Thank you.....I'm taking the car. I've got some shopping to do.

DAGWOOD: Let us know if anyone shoots at you.

MUSIC:

FRITZ: Ah, ^{MRS. BUMSTEAD} she's getting into ^{HER} ~~the~~ car with ~~the~~ envelope. I will stop the car, open the door, and jump in beside her. How easily our National Socialist minds deal with inferior races!

(CAR STARTS UP OFF)

FRITZ: Stop, please! Stop!

(CAR COMES TO A STOP)

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) What is it? *FRITZ: Wait -*

(CAR DOOR OPENS QUICKLY ...AND SLAMS)

FRITZ: Drive on!

BLONDIE: This is a funny way of hitch-hiking, but I suppose it gets results.

(CAR STARTS UP)

BLONDIE: I guess you're a war worker.

FRITZ: Oh, yes...I am a war worker...Now you will please give me that envelope or there will be trouble. I need it.

BLONDIE: Don't tell me there's that bad a paper shortage.

FRITZ: Hand it over.

BLONDIE: Why I'll do nothing of the kind.

FRITZ: Look. I've got a gun.

BLONDIE: You don't need to tell ^{ME} what it is -- I know a gun when I see one... What about it?

FRITZ: Hand over that envelope or I'll shoot.

BLONDIE: You'll shoot who? Anybody in particular?

FRITZ: Yes -- you.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) You know, I think you must have coffee nerves.

FRITZ: Very well -- I am going to shoot.

BLONDIE: Wait a minute! Wait.

FRITZ: That's better.

BLONDIE: Have you got a license for that gun?

FRITZ: Of course not.

BLONDIE: Then it's against the law to shoot me....Now put that gun away and mind your own business.

FRITZ: I will not put down the gun!

BLONDIE: Now see here -- you're beginning to annoy me!...I don't mind picking someone up and giving him a lift, but when you start grabbing for envelopes and waving a gun around, well, that's just -- just -- well, it's not nice!

FRITZ: Mrs. Bumstead -- you don't seem to realize that I am holding you up.

BLONDIE: (SURPRISED) Oh! Is that what you're doing?

FRITZ: Yes, that is what I am doing.

BLONDIE: (PAUSE -- THEN) How did you know my name?

FRITZ: Don't try to change the subject.

BLONDIE: I hope we don't have mutual friends. I don't think I like you at all.

FRITZ: Will you please give me that envelope!

BLONDIE: Well, if you're holding me up, I'm certainly not going to chauffeur you around. You can get out right now!

(CAR COMES TO A STOP)

BLONDIE: Go on. Open the door and get out. Go on -- scat! Shoo!

FRITZ: Very well.

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

FRITZ: (WITH AN EFFORT AS HE GRABS IT) But I'll take that envelope with me!

BLONDIE: Oh! Oh! How dare you!

FRITZ: Goodbye, Mrs. Bumstead! Goodbye.

(CAR DOOR SLAMS)

BLONDIE: Oh! Why I believe he was serious!

MUSIC:

(HEIL HITLER KNOCK ON DOOR)

HANS: Come in. *Oh FRITZ*

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSSES)

FRITZ: ^(CLICK) Heil Hitler!

HANS: Same here... Well, where's my hot pastrami sandwich?

FRITZ: Oh -- I forgot it.

HANS: Fritz -- you have failed me!

FRITZ: But I got the envelope with the plans back again.

HANS: *out.* I'm still hungry...Let's see the envelope.

FRITZ: Here.

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

HANS: Let's look inside to make sure.

(RUSTLING OF PAPERS)

HANS: Why these aren't the plans of the plane. They're -- they're lecture notes. "How to make your child eat spinach." "Teh delicious soy bean recipes."

FRITZ: How could that be!

HANS: Fritz, this is disgraceful. If our beloved Fuehrer saw this, he'd have conniption fits...in addition to his regular ones.

FRITZ: I'll go back. I'll get those plans. I'll round up the rest of our friends and we'll surround the Bumstead house!

HANS: Very well! See that you don't return without the plans - and - a hot pastrami sandwich! ~~AND HOLD THE PICKLES~~

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: (A LITTLE BREATHELESS) And then he grabbed the envelope and ran away!

DAGWOOD: Are you sure ^{BLONDIE} all this wasn't just your imagination?

DITHERS: Yes. Just because we came back with an interesting story doesn't mean you have to make up a better one.

BLONDIE: But Dagwood - Mr. Dithers - this really happened! And he had sort of a German accent. And why would he want that envelope? He didn't look like a person who'd want soy bean recipes.

DAGWOOD: Maybe he's a spy and he thought there was something else in that envelope.

BLONDIE: Yes, like those airplane plans or -- the airplane plans!
DAGWOOD &
DITHERS: (ALONG WITH HER) The airplane plans!
BLONDIE: Where are they?
DAGWOOD: I put them in that waste basket.
DITHERS: They're not there now!

(SOUND: RATTLING OF PAPER...)

DITHERS: No, they're not here... Good grief! Do you suppose those plans were the real McCoy?

BLONDIE: They must have been.... Oh, if I had only known this, I certainly would have been scared to death.

DAGWOOD: But what could have happened to those plans?

ALEXANDER: (COMING UP) Hey, Pop -- where'd you get these plans of the B-Twenty-nine?

DAGWOOD: Hanh?... Hey, give me those, Alexander!

BLONDIE: What is the B - Twenty nine? I thought maybe it was a vitamin.... You know, B One, B Two, B Three and so on.

ALEXANDER: ^{oh MOM -} Gee, the B-Twenty nine is one of our most secret bombers. It's sort of a super Flying Fortress, and that's all anybody's supposed to know about it.

DITHERS: But these plans show the size and the turrets and the bomb load and --

DAGWOOD: Let's see.... Holy smoke.

(SOUND: RATTLE OF PAPER... IT'S SHAKING VIOLENTLY
IN DAGWOOD'S HANDS....)

DITHERS: Bumstead! Hold the paper still.

DAGWOOD: I can't -- I'm too nervous.

BLONDIE: Well, how can we see it when your hands are shaking?

DAGWOOD: Just shake your heads in time with my hands.

BLONDIE: Well, I'm going to call the police or the F.B.I. If these plans are that secret, they have no business in the Bumstead home!

(SOUND: PICK UP PHONE...)

BLONDIE: Hello?....Operator....Operator!

DAGWOOD: What's the matter?

BLONDIE: The phone's dead!

DITHERS: They've probably cut the wires!

(SOUND: HANGS UP PHONE...)

ALEXANDER: Oh, boy -- this is just like a spy movie!

DAGWOOD: Only in spy movies they shoot actors, and we're real people.

DITHERS: I'm going to make a dash for it and try to get help.

BLONDIE: No, don't, Mr. Dithers! They're probably all around the house.

DITHERS: Don't try to stop me! I know my duty!

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Look! There's one of them waiting outside, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Okay -- you talked me out of it.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

ALEXANDER: Gosh -- in spy movies someone always gets killed.

DITHERS: Don't be so enthusiastic about it.

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) They're out in back, too. We're surrounded. Alexander, go upstairs, open the window right over the front door and put that big vase on the window ledge.

ALEXANDER: Oh, I get it. If one of them comes up to the door, you'll give me a signal and I'll let him have it!

DAGWOOD: Right! *No, I have another idea... if one of them comes up to the door - I'll give you a signal - oh no - same idea.*

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BLONDIE: Good. If they try to take us tonight, they'll run right into another Stalingrad on Shady Lane Avenue!

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: Dagwood. Mr. Dithers. Here comes someone ^{now} up the front steps!

DAGWOOD: Shall I turn on the porch lights?

DITHERS: No, no.

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) Get ready with the vase, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: (WAY OFF) Roger!

DITHERS: Dagwood, you open the door as soon as you give Alexander the signal, and we'll drag our first victim in.

DAGWOOD: Right.

BLONDIE: He's right at the door now.

(SOUND: DOOR BELL)

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) Okay, Alexander!

(SOUND: OPEN DOOR)

WILCOX: Hello, folks!

BLONDIE: Oh - Mr. Wilcox!

ALEXANDER: (OFF) Bo-o-o-ombs away!

(SOUND: TEMPLE BLOCK...POTTERY CRASH..)

WILCOX: (GROANS)

(SOUND: BODY FALLS)

DITHERS: Well, there's our first casualty, and as usual, it's an innocent bystander...Come on, let's drag him in.

DAGWOOD: (GRUNTS) Gee -- he's heavy. I wish ^{HARLOW WOULD} ~~he'd~~ take off a little weight...There we are.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

ANEXANDER: (COMING UP) Oh, boy! I ought to get a medal for this!

BLONDIE: Alexander, the man you bombed was Harlow Wilcox.

WILCOX: (GROANS) What happened?

DITHERS: Uh - well, Harlow - your head hit a vase.

ALEXANDER: I'm sorry I bombed you, Mr. Wilcox.

DITHERS: You should have had yourself declared an open city.

WILCOX: Oh-h-h, my ~~head~~! I just came over to find out if you folks know anybody who hasn't tried his second pack of Camel cigarettes.

DAGWOOD: Well, Mr. Dithers is on the second pack he's bummed from me this week.

DITHERS: Bumstead!

WILCOX: You see, your second pack of Camel cigarettes tastes even better than your first, because Camels have more flavor, the result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos! More flavor helps Camel cigarettes hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke!

DAGWOOD: How's your head feel, Harlow?

WILCOX: It's awful. I can't tell which is the lump and which is my head.

DITHERS: The one with ears is your head.

WILCOX: I hope my T-Zone hasn't been injured. That's "T" for taste and throat -- everybody's own proving ground for Camel's rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness. And of course, Camels stay fresh, cool smoking and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world!.. Help me up, please.

DAGWOOD: Hold on, now...That's it!

DITHERS: Take it easy.

WILCOX: How did all this happen?

BLONDIE: Well you see there are some airplane plans, and some spies, and --

WILCOX: Holy smoke! They're stark, staring mad!...Goodbye now!

(DOOR OPENS....AND SLAMS...)

DAGWOOD: Hey, Harlow! Come back here!...Holy smoke - he could have gotten the police for us.

FRITZ: (CLOSE) You think so, eh? It is too late for the police.

(AD LIB STARTLED REACTIONS)

FRITZ: I came in the back way while you were otherwise occupied.

BLONDIE: That's the man who held me up and took away the envelope!

DITHERS: He's a crummy looking character, isn't he?

DAGWOOD: But his gun looks to be in fine condition.

FRITZ: Where are the plans?

BLONDIE: That's for me to know and you to find out!

FRITZ: Mrs. Bumstead, I am not going to waste time.

BLONDIE: Well, I won't give them back to you until you give me back my lecture notes.

FRITZ: I will send them to you by mail.

BLONDIE: Fine. And then I'll send you the plans.

FRITZ: Very well. I shall have to shoot you.

BLONDIE: All right - I'll tell you.

ALEXANDER: Don't you do it, Mom!

BLONDIE: I stuffed the plans down the drainpipe outside the house.

FRITZ: You haven't been outside.

BLONDIE: All right. I used them to make curl papers.

DITHERS: The truth is, we've been ^{FRITTING}~~whiling~~ away the time shooting paper wads at each other .. Guess where we got the paper.

FRITZ: Maybe this will teach you I'm not fooling.

(SHOT...CRASH OF POTTERY)

BLONDIE: (SCREAMS)

FRITZ: The next time it will be one of you instead of the vase..
What have you got to say now?

DAGWOOD: I never did like that vase.

BLONDIE: I'll tell you what I did with the plans. I stuffed them into the pocket of Harlow Wilcox's coat as he was going out.

DITHERS: Good for you, Blondie!

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) But ~~he~~^{HARLOW} got away.

(DOOR OPENS..)

FRITZ: Hans - I am glad you came. (CLICK-CLICK) A Heil Hitler

HANS: ^{you ALL SO RIGHT} Well, Fritz - did you get the plans?

FRITZ: No.

HANS: Did you get my hot pastrami sandwich?

FRITZ: No.

HANS: You haven't accomplished much, have you?

FRITZ: She put the plans in the pocket of Harlow Wilcox's coat.

HANS: I wonder if that was the man I stopped and searched. He didn't have the plans, but his pockets were full of Camel cigarettes.

DITHERS: That's Wilcox, all right.

FRITZ: Hans, we've got to get those plans and give them to ^{OTTO} Von Schmotto! Shall we torture them?

HANS: Yes. Why don't you sing something?

DITHERS: Oh, for heavens sakes, make up your minds!

BLONDIE: Yes, and you --

HANS: I?

BLONDIE: Yes, you. You stop winking at me!

ALEXANDER: Okay, you two - put 'em up! I've got a gun!

DAGWOOD: Alexander, be careful of that. It might go off and hurt someone!

ALEXANDER: Don't worry, Pop - it's only a squirt gu----oh-oh!
That did it.

FRITZ: (LAUGHS) So it is only a squirt gun, eh?

ALEXANDER: Yeah, but it's loaded for Nazis! Laugh this off!

(SQUIRT OF SQUIRT GUN...)

FRITZ: (YELLS) Oh, my eyes! Oh! I can't see! Hans! Hans!
Help me!

HANS: Look out, Fritz I've got your gun.

(SOCK OF FIST..)

FRITZ: (GROANS)

(BODY FALLS)

DAGWOOD: Hey, what's the big idea? I wanted to hit him!

HANS: Excuse me for muscling in.

DITHERS: Can I hit him when he comes to?

HANS: You and Mr. Bumstead can toss a coin for the honor.

BLONDIE: Alexander - what did you have that squirt gun loaded with?

ALEXANDER: A combination of onion water and ammonia.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear - my rugs .. Just a minute - are you a friend of
this man? *AND WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR ACCENT?*

HANS: Well, yes and no.

BLONDIE: But he knew you, and then you said look out, Fritz, and
hit him yourself.

HANS: Well, he had me doing Heil Hitlers till my arm creaked at
the joints. You see, I'm an F.B.I. agent working with the
spies. Where are those plans?

DITHERS: Are you sure you're an F. B. I. agent?

HANS: Positive. When I have more time I'll show you an
autographed picture of J. Edgar Hoover... Now where are
those plans?

BLONDIE: Well, I'm not so sure that you -

HANS: Quick - before ^{VOTTO} Otto/Von Schomotto gets here.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, tell him where you put the plans.
BLONDIE: I threw them back in the wastebasket again.
HANS: Good! This wastebasket?
BLONDIE: Yes.
ALEXANDER: Hey, wait a minute.
HANS: What is it?
ALEXANDER: Could I have your autograph? .. I've never met a G-man before.
HANS: ^{GET AWAY FROM ME BOY ... YOU BOTHER ME -}
A Later, later.

(RUSTLE OF PAPER)

HANS: Yes - yes - here they are! What a break!
ALEXANDER: It's a nifty looking bomber, isn't it?
HANS: Yes .. Now put up your hands - all of you!
DITHERS: Well, ^{THIS IS WHERE WE CAME IN -} ~~here we go on the same old merry-go-round.~~
DAGWOOD: Hey, what's the idea?
BLONDIE: Oh, I'm so mad I could -
HANS: Shut up - all of you! The first one who speaks I'll shoot you ^{COLDER} ~~colder~~ than a ^{MY HOT PASTRAMI SANDWICH -} ~~smoked salmon!~~

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

HANS: ^{THIS MUST BE OTTO -}
Come in!

(DOOR OPENS)

HANS: Ah, it's you, Otto!
OTTO: Have you got the plans, Hans?
HANS: Yes. Here they are.
OTTO: Good, good, good, good, good ... good, good.
DITHERS: He thinks its good.
HANS: Shut up!. .And Otto - you better take Fritz with you. He'll come to in a minute.
OTTO: Where should I put him?

HANS: Well, you know that trash can...

OTTO: Good, good, good, good good.

HANS: Here - I'll help you. (GRUNTS)

FRITZ: (GROANS) Where am I?

HANS: You're not on the Russian front.

FRITZ: Good, good

OTTO: Come on, Fritz... Lean on me.

HANS: I'll keep these people here ^{AT PISTOL POINT} until you make your getaway!

OTTO: Good, good, good, good, goodbye.

(DOOR CLOSES...)

HANS: Well, that's a relief. At last those plans are on their way to the Luftwaffe... You can all relax now.

BLONDIE: I'll never be able to relax. ^{WHY DON'T YOU MAKE UP YOUR MIND HOW YOU'RE GOING TO TALK} I should have known better than to trust you.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, you shouldn't have told him where the plans were.

BLONDIE: You told me to!

DAGWOOD: Huh? Oh, that's right I did .. Gee, what a jerk!

ALEXANDER: Now ~~they~~ ^{THE ENEMY} have the plans for our new bomber.

HANS: Just a minute, folks. I am with the F. B. I.

DITHERS: And you work with the Axis as a sideline?

HANS: No, no. Those aren't plans of the real B-29. They're plans the F. B. I. designed to give the Nazis a lot of wrong information. But their pilots won't find out how wrong it is until they've met the B-29 and are going down in flames.

DAGWOOD: Oh. Oh, I get it now. You wanted them to have those plans.

HANS: ^{EXACTLY}
~~SURE~~. And at the same time, we're following their agents
and finding out who they're working with and how they get
their information out of this country..Well, I've got to
be running along now.

DITHERS: You mean to say that I've been doing all this perspiring
for free?

HANS: Well, I've been perspiring, too. The F. B. I.
appreciates your trying to help, but you and the
Bumsteads nearly gummed up the works....Goodnight.

(DOOR OPENS..)

DAGWOOD: Yeah, goodnight.

(DOOR CLOSES..)

ALEXANDER: Gosh, I feel ten years older. .But I guess I fixed that ^{SPY}~~gun~~
with my squirt gun.

DITHERS: My blood pressure will never be the same.

BLONDIE: Neither will those two vases.

DAGWOOD: And there's that lump on Harlow's head.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) There's one good thing about it.

DAGWOOD: What's that? ^{BLONDIE}

BLONDIE: I'm going right upstairs and weigh myself. I'll bet
I've lost ten pounds.

MUSIC:

(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: (VERY QUICK FANFARE)

MCGEEHAN: (ISOLATION BOOTH)

Thanks to the Yanks of the week! Tonight we salute Sergeant Lloyd E. Willefrod, of Greenville, Illinois, who was leading a mortar section during the attack on Acerno, in Italy. When mortar fire failed to clean out a German machine gun nest, he seized his rifle and rushed in, firing until the last German was killed. Then he dragged their machine gun to the top of a hill and opened fire on other Nazis. In your honor, Sergeant Willefrod, the makers of Camels are sending to our soldiers overseas three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes.

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: Each of the four Camel shows honors a Yank of the week, sends three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes overseas.... a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week.

WILCOX: In this country the traveling Camel Caravans have thanked nearly three and a half million Yanks with free shows and free Camels.

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

MCGEEHAN: Thursday night!.....

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

MCGEEHAN: Friday night!.....

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

MCGEEHAN: Saturday night!

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

MCGEEHAN: Monday night!

WILCOX: 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:)

5 SECONDS: If you want to speed up mail deliveries be sure you zone it. Both forwarding and return addresses should include Zone numbers.

10 SECONDS: Expedite the mail. Every time you write your address include your zone number. Make it a habit. Remember, mail is not completely addressed unless the Zone number forms a part of the address.

15 SECONDS: Without spending a penny you may show your friends that you are aiding in the war effort by zoning all mail. Also, place your Zone number after the City name in the return address of all correspondence -- thus advising your friends of your new complete address.

15 SECONDS: Everyone needs to know both his own Zone number and that of all correspondents. Even if you live in a city that does not have zone numbers find out the zone number of those you write to. Otherwise your letters to them will be delayed. May we stress, to avoid delay, Zone all mail every day.

30 SECONDS: 35,000 trained personnel of the Post Office Department have gone to war. Still your mail must go through. Zone numbers, which are key numbers to delivery stations, have been put into permanent use. For sure, swift, delivery of your mail always use your zone number in the return address and further request that your correspondents use it when writing to you. The inclusion of the Zone number permits any postal employee, trained or untrained, to Zone it to its destination WITH The Zone number should always appear after the city name.

WILCOX: Blondie is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood by Arthur Lake. The musical score is composed and conducted by William Artzt.

WILCOX: Remember, Camel cigarettes are first in the service -- and packed to go around the world! Camels 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, if you want up to a dozen extra pipefuls in every pocket package, get George Washington Smoking Tobacco! The big blue two and a quarter ounce package costs just one dime, ten cents. Yessir, a two and a quarter ounce package for ten cents.

George Washington's mild, mellow, and fragrant, too, right down through the last puff at the bottom of the bowl.

Get a great big package of George Washington tomorrow!

It's America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.