

AS
BROADCAST

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

"BLONDIE'S LAST MINUTE RUSH"

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

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

Written by John L. Greene

Directed by: Don Bernard

CAST

BLONDIE.....PENNY SINGLETON

DAGWOOD.....ARTHUR LAKE

DITHERS.....HANLEY STAFFORD
BROWN.....JOHN BROWN
ALEXANDER.....TOMMY COOK
GUY.....FRANK NELSON
COOKIE.....LEONE LEDOUX
O'TOOLE.....DICK RYAN
ANNOUNCER.....HARLOW WILCOX
CONDUCTOR.....BILLY ARTZT
YANK.....(Salute) PAT MCGEEHAN
G.W. HITCH-HIKE.....FRED SHIELDS

SOUND EFFECTS:

DOOR
STAMPING FEET
COOKIES IN BOX
DEPARTMENT STORE
MANY PACKAGES AND BOXES
RUSTLE OF BRANCHES (PINE TREE)
DOORBELL
SPARK GAP
CLICK OF SWITCH

"BLONDIE"

(REVISED)

MONDAY, DECEMBER 20, 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: "They've got what it takes!" says a soldier in Italy,
holding up a pack of Camels that are still fresh, even
though they've been weeks on the way. Yes, Camel
cigarettes stay fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning
because they're packed to go around the world! That's
one good reason why Camel cigarettes are first with men
in all the services, according to actual sales records.
It's true that more people want Camels now, both at
home and overseas -- and that may mean that your store
will be sold out from time to time -- but remember,
Camel cigarettes are worth asking for again. They
always have 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, it's a few days before Christmas, and all through the house, every Bumstead is stirring, including the Bumstead mouse. The packages are wrapped and hidden with care, and there's general confusion as there is everywhere. Today's rat-race begins with the arrival of the postman. Dagwood answers the door....

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Well, good morning.

BROWN: Yuletide greetings, brother. Do you mind if I come in and defrost?

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) It's the postman, Blondie!

BLONDIE: (OFF A BIT) Tell him to stamp the snow off his feet first.

(STAMPING OF SNOW OFF FEET)

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

BROWN: Say, Bumstead -- when are you going to shovel that white Christmas off your walk?

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah. (CALLS) Alexan-n-n-nder!

ALEXANDER: (OFF) What do you want, Pop?

DAGWOOD: I thought you were going to shovel that snow off the front walk.

ALEXANDER: I decided to wait and let it melt off.

DAGWOOD: Go on -- get going.

ALEXANDER: But Pop -- I've got other things to do.

DAGWOOD: ~~He~~ -- Alexander -- Christmas will be here soon.

ALEXANDER: Okay, you talked me into it!

BROWN: Well, I got some packages for you here,

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Where's Mr. Beasley, our regular postman?

BROWN: It's the Christmas rush. His arches fell down. The doctors are trying to jack them up again.

BLONDIE: Oh, that's too bad.

BROWN: Yeh. What did it was delivering a mummy to a guy over on Yingling Street.

DAGWOOD: A what?

BROWN: A mummy. I asked around and found out that a mummy is a de-hydrated Egyptian.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah -- I knew that. *ALL THE TIME --*

BROWN: Educated, hunh?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I went to college.

BROWN: It just goes to show you can't tell nothing by appearances.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

BROWN: Is it true that if you put a mummy in water, he'll come ^{BACK} to life and sing the Desert Song?

DAGWOOD: *I DON'T KNOW MY MUMMY NEVER TOLD ME --*
Oh, no. ~~He might sing any song.~~

BLONDIE: Are some of these packages for us ~~OR IS THAT TOO PERSONAL -~~

BROWN: *Oh no -- YOU'VE GOT A CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHT TO KNOW --*
A Oh, yeah. Listen to this package.

(SOUND: COOKIES RATTLING IN BOX)

BROWN: They're cookies -- the crumbly kind.

BLONDIE: What makes you so sure?

BROWN: There's a hole in the box and I had a few crumbs. Very tasty.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- look -- they're from Aunt Mamie. ~~There's her~~
DAGWOOD: ^{OH NO YOU} ~~address,~~ ~~we~~ forgot to send her something;
BLONDIE: ^{GEORGE!} / ^{YES} She's expecting something, too, ^{DAGWOOD! HOW DO YOU KNOW?} Look on the box -- she's
got her return address in five different places.
BROWN: She must be a sweet old swindler...and here's another
package. It's from Fiorello Bumstead.
BLONDIE: Oh, yes. That's Dagwood's Uncle Fee.
DAGWOOD: Holy smoke -- did you forget him, Blondie?
BLONDIE: I could never forget your Uncle Fee. When we got married,
instead of throwing rice, he ~~was throwing~~ ^{THREW} lighted
firecrackers.
BROWN: Well, it takes all kinds to make a world.
BLONDIE: Yes, but look at the shape it's in. ^{BROWN! YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN --} I don't know what
Uncle Fee sent us, Dagwood, but I'll bet it's ^{SET} ~~time~~ to
explode on Christmas morning.
BROWN: He must have a wonderful sense of humor. I'll bet he really
kills you.
DAGWOOD: So far he hasn't been successful...What's that other
package?
BROWN: ^{OH YES, THIS PACKAGE} / Have you got a cousin who puts up homemade jelly?
BLONDIE: What flavor?
BROWN: Gooseberry.
BLONDIE: That's Cousin Nellie.
BROWN: Tell Nellie her jelly wasn't packed very welly...All along
my route I've been licking it off letters...Here's ^{THE JELLY} ~~you one~~.
DAGWOOD: Oh, gooey!....This must be Cousin Nellie's revenge for
that vase we sent her last year.
BLONDIE: Well, we forgot her, too.

BROWN: You people seem to be sort of absent-minded....Here's a bunch of Christmas cards for you. Some of them are pretty cute. Let me read you this one here.

DAGWOOD: This must be a new government service. The postman not only delivers your letters, but reads them to you.

BLONDIE: Well, go on.

BROWN: Here it is. "Dear Blondie and Dagwood!" I send a card of Christmas cheer, and hope your life is pleasant. Please note my address on this card, and thanks in advance for your present...Signed, Cousin Edgar."

A beautiful sentiment, nespah?

BLONDIE: Oh, dear -- isn't that just like Cousin Edgar.

BROWN: It's very touching.

DAGWOOD: ^{VERY TOUCHING} I think Edgar's mother must have been Minnie the Moocher..... Oh, well -- he's a pretty good guy at heart.

BLONDIE: Come on Dagwood, we have to go down to Ormandy's Department Store, we have a lot of last minute shopping to do.

BROWN: Well, I've got to be on my way (FADES) Goodbye!

BLONDIE: Be careful, the steps are icy.

BROWN: (OFF) Oh, don't you worry about me, Mrs. Bums.....
(Whoooooo!)

(SOUND....CRASH)

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood, run out and help him up and be sure you apologize to him.

DAGWOOD: But, Blondie, I didn't even touch him.

BLONDIE: I know you didn't dear, but the neighbors would never believe ^{THAT} ~~it~~.

MUSIC: (DEPARTMENT STORE SOUNDS....)

MY GOODNESS, ORMANDY'S DEPT. STORE IS JUST AS CROWDED AS EVER

BLONDIE: ~~Now~~ Dagwood, hold still while I pile these packages
on you.

DAGWOOD: But Blondie -- I can't carry any more ^{PACKAGES} I've got my
hands full now.

BLONDIE: Nonsense, dear. Stick out your little finger....Now
just hook it under the string around this package.
There we are.

DAGWOOD: That's all, Blondie.

BLONDIE: What's your other little finger doing?

DAGWOOD: It's ^{GETTING COLD} ~~out on strike~~.

BLONDIE: We'll just hook another package onto it...There. Now what am I going to do with this last package.

DAGWOOD: I'm not holding anything in my teeth.

BLONDIE: That's right, you're not...Open wide.

DAGWOOD: Bloooooondie!...No, don't. Blooooo -- (MUFFLED) --oongy!
(TRIES TO TALK) Hake it hout hof hy houth!

BLONDIE: It's just a necktie for Uncle Fee...Now I've got to buy a ration book holder for Aunt Mamie and I'll be right back.

DAGWOOD: Don't be surprised if you see me sitting in a pile of packages.

BLONDIE: Well, don't go away, Dagwood...(FADING)

DAGWOOD: How can I?...A fine thing..I hope someone doesn't think I'm a Christmas tree and start picking packages off me.

GUY: (TOUGH) Hey, bud.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

GUY: Got the time on you?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, but I also got a lot of packages on me.

GUY: I just want the time.

DAGWOOD: ^{WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO ASK SOMEONE ELSE -} Yeah, but --

GUY: YAH! Come on, Bud...!

DAGWOOD: ^{OKAY!} Yes, ~~oh~~. Wait'll I put these packages down.

(SOUND: PUTTING PACKAGES DOWN...)

GUY: The least a guy can do is give a person the time of day.

DAGWOOD: Okay...Gosh -- I'll never get them back again...Well, there you are -- it's quarter of eleven.

GUY: Well, what do you know. I guess my watch is right on time.

DAGWOOD: Your watch? (MAD) Why, I'd like to give you the worst --

GUY: You'd like to give me what?

DAGWOOD: If you weren't so big.

GUY: What're you going to do about it?

DAGWOOD: I'm going to -- I'm going to --

GUY: Yeah?

DAGWOOD: I'm going to pick up my packages again.

(SOUND: RATTLE OF PICKING UP PACKAGES...)

DAGWOOD: I don't suppose you'd want to help me.

GUY: Nah.

DAGWOOD: You must have lots of friends...Well, there. I got them all up again. I'll bet I couldn't do it again.

GUY: Hey, Bud.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

GUY: Got a match?

DAGWOOD: ~~No.~~ NAH

GUY: Look and see.

DAGWOOD: I'm sure I haven't got a match.

GUY: I ain't sure...Come on, Bud -- unload. I'LL LOOK FOR MYSELF --

DAGWOOD: ^{STOP I'M TICKLISH} Yes, sir...Gee, you'd make a great good will ambassador.

GUY: Yeah, they tell me I got lots of charm.

(SOUND: UNLOADING PACKAGES WHICH DROP TO THE FLOOR)

GUY: Come on -- what's taking you so long?

DAGWOOD: There...Now let's see. Oh, yeah -- I do have a match. Here.

GUY: Yeah.

DAGWOOD: (COACHING HIM) Uh -- what do you say now?

GUY: (INSTEAD OF THANK YOU) So long.

DAGWOOD: You must have had an unhappy childhood.

GUY: Yeah. We were very poor, and I had nothing to do to amuse myself ^{ALL DAY} except beat up ^{ME} old man...Quite a stack of packages you got there, Sterling.

DAGWOOD: You wouldn't want to help me get these ^{FEW PACKAGES} ~~couple~~ up, would you?... (WITH GUY) Nah.

GUY: Nah.

DAGWOOD: I thought so... Well, I've got them fixed all right myself. But I couldn't do it again in a million years.

GUY: Hey, Bud.

DAGWOOD: Oh, no -- not again.

GUY: I just discovered something. I ain't got ^{NO} A cigarette.

DAGWOOD: Why, don't you go over to that counter over there and buy a package of Camels?

GUY: I'd rather bum one from you... Come on, bud -- shell out.

DAGWOOD: Aw, why don't you pick on someone your own size?

GUY: And get myself beat up?... I'd rather pick on smaller guys with no muscles like you.

DAGWOOD: Well, I've got some muscles.

GUY: Okay, so you can wiggle your ears... Now come on -- make with that cigarette!

DAGWOOD: Oh, all right!... Whooooa! Look out! There go my packages!

(SOUND: BOXES AND PACKAGES TUMBLING TO FLOOR)

GUY: Quite a mess... Now, let's have that Camel, Oscar.

DAGWOOD: Here you are.

GUY: And one for later.

DAGWOOD: Okay.

GUY: And one for after that.

DAGWOOD: Here, take the whole package.

GUY: Yeah, that would be better.

WILCOX: (COMING UP) Oh, hello, there, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Hello, Harlow. Looking for someone?

WILCOX: Yes. I'm looking for someone who hasn't tried his second pack of Camel's cigarettes.

DAGWOOD: Here's your man right here. Mr. Wilcox, I want you to meet Mr. ^{MR. MR,} (MUMBLES SOMETHING)

WILCOX: How do you do, Mr. (MUMBLES THE SAME THING)

GUY: You got the name wrong. It's not (MUMBLES THE SAME THING)
It's really (MUMBLES SOMETHING ELSE)

WILCOX: Please accept these Camel cigarettes from me. 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!

GUY: (CHANGING TO PLEASANT PERSON) Well, I'm delighted to hear that. I'll try these Camels and see for myself.

DAGWOOD: Hanh? Did that nice voice come from you?

WILCOX: Why, sure, Dagwood, it came from his T-Zone -- and incidentally, Mr. (MUMBLES SOMETHING ELSE), that's just the place to try these Camel cigarettes -- in your taste and throat -- your own personal proving ground for Camel's rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness.

GUY: Thank you, I'll do that.

DAGWOOD: I didn't know he could say "thank you."

WILCOX: And, of course, another thing -- Camel cigarettes stay fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world! ...Oh, here's a package for you, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Oh, thanks, Harlow.

GUY: It's been a pleasure to make your acquaintance,
Mr. Wilcox.

WILCOX: Thank you....Well, goodbye.

GUY: Goodbye, Mr. Wilcox.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, goodbye.

GUY: And now, sir, allow me to explain my conduct. Ormandy's
department store gives five ten dollar prizes a day
to the most courteous customers in our store.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

GUY: You are the most courteous I've met today, and here is your ten dollars, sir.

DAGWOOD: Gee, ten bucks. Well, thanks, ~~but~~

GUY: (TOUGH AGAIN) Not at all, Bud. (POLITE NOW) Good day and happy shopping.

DAGWOOD: Imagine that.

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Hello, dear -- oh, what happened to all the packages.

DAGWOOD: Well, it's a long story, ^{BLONDIE} but this ten dollar bill is ..

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Oh, Dagwood -- how did you know I needed another ten dollars?

DAGWOOD: Wait! Hey, Blondie!

BLONDIE: Thanks dear! Now just pick up the packages and wait for me. I'll be right back!

DAGWOOD: Blooooooooooooondie!

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: ^{THERE WE ARE} ~~We~~, Dagwood -- these are already to mail. Now take them down to the postoffice, and you might also get our Christmas tree on the way back.

DAGWOOD: But Blondie - I just finished shoveling the snow off the drive to the garage and --

BLONDIE: And you're all dressed to mail these packages. Run along now.

DAGWOOD: But I need a little nap first to recover my strength.

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- did you ever walk in your sleep?

DAGWOOD: Oh, sure -- I used to do it a lot.

BLONDIE: Try doing it on your way to the postoffice, and you can kill two birds with one stone.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...)

BLONDIE: Goodbye, Dagwood. Remember -- Christmas comes but once a year.

DAGWOOD: And that's enough for me, my dear...Goodbye.

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Oh, dear, it's the same old rush.

COOKIE: (OFF) Mommy.

BLONDIE: What is it, Cookie?

COOKIE: (COMING UP) Look at the beautiful dolly I found.

BLONDIE: Oh, Cookie -- where did you get that?

COOKIE: I found it in your closet with a box around it.

BLONDIE: Cookie -- that's one of your Christmas presents!

COOKIE: Thank you, Mommy.

BLONDIE: But you can't have it yet. It isn't Christmas.

COOKIE: Mommy.

BLONDIE: Yes?

COOKIE: I thought Santa Claus brought all the presents on Christmas Eve.

BLONDIE: (STUMPED) Oh...Oh...Did I tell you that?

COOKIE: You sure did...Has Santa Claus been here all ready?

BLONDIE: Well -- uh -- (TO HERSELF) I wish I had a book that would answer these questions.

COOKIE: Has Santa ^{CLAUS} been here all ready?

BLONDIE: Well, Cookie -- you've heard of the manpower shortage, haven't you?

COOKIE: Oh, sure, but I don't know what it is.

BLONDIE: Well, it means that everyone is short of helpers, including Santa Claus. (TRIUMPHANTLY) So he had to bring part of your presents earlier so he wouldn't have such a big load on Christmas night! WHEW!

COOKIE: Is that the truth, Mommy?

BLONDIE: Well, it'll have to do ... It's a ~~reasonably exact~~
~~facsimile.~~

COOKIE: Hanh?

BLONDIE: Now Cookie -- just because you hear your father making
that noise doesn't mean you should go around saying,
"Hanh?"

COOKIE: Hanh?

BLONDIE: Now don't do that!

COOKIE: Yes, Mommy.

BLONDIE: And you'd better give me that doll and let me put it
back in the closet. If Santa Claus knew you had it out
before Christmas, he'd have a fit. (SUDDENLY) ^{C.H.} Just a
minute, young lady! How did you get that closet door
unlocked?

COOKIE: Oh, Alexander opened it with a skeleton key.

BLONDIE: (IMMEDIATELY) Alexan-n-n-n-nder! Alexander, ~~you~~ come
right ~~down~~ ^{IN} here! (LOW) More like his father every day.

ALEXANDER: (OFF A BIT) What do you want, Mom?

BLONDIE: ^{COME IN} March ~~right-down~~ here this minute.

ALEXANDER: (OFF) That did it. I'm a bum again.

BLONDIE: (TO HERSELF) Every year ^{SOME HOW} he gets into the right closet
some how.

COOKIE: Is Alexander a bad boy?

BLONDIE: Yes he is

ALEXANDER: (ALL INNOCENCE) What is it, Mother? ~~DEAR~~

BLONDIE: So you opened that closet with a skeleton key?

COOKIE: Bad boy!

ALEXANDER: Stool pigeon.

BLONDIE: Have you opened any of the packages yet?

ALEXANDER: No, but I gave them a few shakes to see if they rattled.
GAVE THE PACKAGES AN
I sort of ~~auditioned~~ ~~them~~.

BLONDIE: (SIGHS) Well, that's not so bad.

ALEXANDER: Say, Mom - how about these packages here? This one is addressed to The Reverend Mr. Gabriel Dithers and it's got Mr. Dithers' return address on it.

BLONDIE: Well, I don't know.

ALEXANDER: There are three other packages up there with Mr. Dithers' return address on them, too -

BLONDIE: We'll ask your father about it when he comes home. Now you can bring those packages of Mr. Dithers' downstairs and put this doll back in the closet and lock it again. And if you get into that closet again, Alexander --

ALEXANDER: I promise I won't, Mom. I've seen all I wanted to see, *BLONDIE: Oh*
ALEXANDER
and oh, boy - what a Christmas it's going to be!

BLONDIE: Oh! Alexander. Wait till your father hears about this.

ALEXANDER: Where's ~~is~~ Pop now?

BLONDIE: It's always hard to tell where your father is, but he should be buying a Christmas tree right now.

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: Well, hello Mr. O'Toole.

UPON ME WORD

O'TOOLE: (DICK RYAN) Will, will, will, will, will! - if it isn't

Mr. Bumstead!

HELLO MR. O'TOOLE

DAGWOOD: I want to get one of your Christmas trees.

O'TOOLE: You've come to the right place, my boy. I've got trees
all sizes from one ^{FEET} ~~foot~~ to a hundred feet ... I suppose
you want something in between.

DAGWOOD: ^{I'M PRETTY SURE I WOULD} / Yeah. Who'd want a ^{CHRISTMAS TREE} hundred foot high ~~Christmas tree~~

O'TOOLE: Well, tall people who live in silos... Now over in the
old country I had a Cousin whose name was
Shamus Michael Patrick Timothy Kazootsky -- his father
wasn't Irish, but later he changed his name from
Kazootsky to Callahan. He was fourteen feet tall, and --

DAGWOOD: Fourteen feet! Now wait a minute -- he wasn't that tall.

O'TOOLE: Wei-1-1-1, no. Not in his stocking feet. He wore shoes
with high heels to make him appear tall. He had a
Christmas tree one year that was two hundred and ninety-seven
feet ^{HIGH -} ~~tall~~, not counting the star on the top of it. And
instead of the regular ornaments, he ^{TIED} ~~hung~~ midgets ^{ON} ~~from~~ it.

DAGWOOD: How about ^{JUST} / selling me an ordinary tree.

O'TOOLE: Don't you believe me, me lad?

DAGWOOD: No, I don't.

O'TOOLE: The divil chase me and singe me back hairs if it ain't the
truth... Now do you believe me?

DAGWOOD: Not yet.

O'TOOLE: Me own old mother told me the story.

DAGWOOD: I wouldn't believe it if I heard it straight from
Mother Macree.

O'TOOLE: Ah, they're a skeptical lot these days.

DAGWOOD: How much is this tree?

O'TOOLE: There you are, ^{YOU} ~~he~~ picked out the finest, freshest, most
beautiful one in the whole lot!... Five dollars.

DAGWOOD: Now look, Mr. O'Toole, that's too much for me.

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O'TOOLE: I'm standing ^{ON ME} ~~by my~~ price. Three dollars!
DAGWOOD: You're standing a little too far from it.
O'TOOLE: You heard my price, Mr. Bumstead. Two dollars -- cash.
DAGWOOD: When was this tree cut?
O'TOOL: I give you my word, not more than an hour ago.

(RUSTLE OF BRANCHES OF PINE TREE)

DAGWOOD: All the needles seem to be falling off it.
O'TOOLE: Imagine that! And it hasn't been out of the ground two days!

(RUSTLING OF BRANCHES AGAIN)

DAGWOOD: I don't know.
O'TOOLE: Here, here, here, here! Don't go shaking it like that until after you buy it... A dollar takes it away.
DAGWOOD: How much is this other tree.
O'TOOLE: It's yours for the small price of ---
DAGWOOD: That's too much. Let's get down to rock bottom and start from there.
O'TOOLE: A dollar and a half.
DAGWOOD: Sold.....Here's two dollars.
O'TOOLE: Thank you, me boy. I give you a Merry Christmas, A Happy New Year, and fifty cents change!

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: (COME UP) And Dagwood - while Alexander was in the closet he found these packages with Mr. Dithers return address on them.
DAGWOOD: Whooooaa! I knew there was something I didn't do. I was supposed to mail them.

BLONDIE: And instead you hid them with the presents we bought ...
Oh, Dagwood, if Mr. Dithers found out ---

DAGWOOD: Yeah. I'd hate to spend Christmas in the
emergency ward.

(DOORBELL RINGS)

BLONDIE: If that's Mr. Dithers, I'll scream.

(DOOR OPENS...)

DITHERS: Hello, Blondie.

BLONDIE: (SCREAMS)

DITHERS: Good grief! I know I don't look like Errol Flynn, but
I don't look like the Phantom of the Opera, either, ^{OR DO I?}
~~DON'T ANSWER THAT -~~

DAGWOOD: Uh --- hello, Mr. Dithers.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DITHERS: Dagwood, did you mail those packages I told you to mail?

DAGWOOD: Uh - what packages is that?

DITHERS: You know ^{WHAT} ~~the~~ packages. ^{IS THAT -} ~~I mean.~~

DAGWOOD: Oh, those packages...Why, Mr. Dithers, you know how I
usually carry out your orders.

DITHERS: Yes -- incompetently ... Well, I guess it's too late.

BLONDIE: Well, what's wrong, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Oh, I got the presents all switched around. I balled
everything up in a typical Bumstead manner. ~~It's really~~
~~sneaked.~~

BLONDIE: Now, Mr. Dithers, stop pulling your hair out and tell us
what happened.

DITHERS: Well, I switched the presents to Cora's Uncle Monty
and my Uncle, the Reverend Gabriel Dithers.

DAGWOOD: What's Cora's uncle do?

DITHERS: She always tells people he's a retired sportsman, but actually he's a race track bookie. I send him a book called "Fifty Great Sermons".

BLONDIE: And what did you send to the minister?

DITHERS: ^{A COLLECTION OF PIN UP GIRLS (LAUGHS)}
~~A Varga girl calendar~~... When Uncle Gabriel sees ^{THEM --} ~~that~~, he's really going to blow his horn. He doesn't appreciate art.

DAGWOOD: I suppose not that kind.

DITHERS: Then I switched the presents of my spinster aunt and a young neice who's just married an ensign in the navy. The neice is going to get a book called "Interesting Facts about Hardening of the Arteries," and my spinster aunt is going to get a funny book called, "How to be Happy Though Married to a Sailor".

BLONDIE: She'd be likely to think you were hinting.

DITHERS: I didn't realize I had such a talent for ignorance.

DAGWOOD: Well, very fortunately, ^{AND QUITE BY CHANCE, I HAD A PREMONITION --} Mr. Dithers, I didn't mail those packages.

BLONDIE: No, they're right here.

DITHERS: Oh, Dagwood -- you're wonderful, you're marvelous! I knew I could count on you to fail me!...Oh, Dagwood!

(~~KISSING SOUNDS~~)

DAGWOOD: ~~Hey! Out it out!.. Stop kissing my cheeks!... Who do you think you are -- a French general?~~

DITHERS: ^{RE-ADDRESS} What a relief! Well, I'll ~~change~~ these right away!

BLONDIE: I guess things ^{WILL} always turn out for the best.

(DOOR OPENS)

DITHERS: Well, goodbye.

(AD LIB GOODBYES..)

DAGWOOD
DITHERS: And thanks so much for not cooperating with me!

(DOOR CLOSES..)

BLONDIE: Well, that's that.

DAGWOOD: Now, ~~I can rest.~~ *FOR THAT LITTLE NAP -*

BLONDIE: Yes -- as soon as we get the Christmas tree all fixed up!
(CALLS) Alexander! Cooookie! We're going to start on
the Christmas tree!

MUSIC - - -

BLONDIE: Dagwood, aren't you about through under the tree? We've
got it all decorated.

ALEXANDER: The star's up at the top and everything.

COOKIE: Come on, Daddy.

DAGWOOD: Just a second. We want to be sure the lights will go on,
and I think I've found a loose wire here... Yeah -- here it
is.....

BLONDIE: Where?

DAGWOOD: Right here.

(SPARK GAP)

DAGWOOD: Help! Help! I'm being shocked! Whooooaaa!

(STOP SPARK GAP)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, for heaven's sake and for mine, too, please try
not to electrocute yourself unless it's absolutely
necessary.

DAGWOOD: Wait a minute -- I've got it now... That's it.

BLONDIE: Are you sure you need all those wires under there? They
seem to lead to every light socket in the room.

ALEXANDER: Yeah, Pop, it's a pretty complicated hook up. There's even
a wire that goes to the radio.

DAGWOOD: I just wanted to make the Christmas tree lights fool-proof *THIS YEAR.*

BLONDIE: I'd rather you made them Bumstead-proof.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?... Well, I've just got it fixed so no matter what happens to one set of wires, there are four other wires that will keep the lights going.

COOKIE: Turn the light on now, Daddy.

ALEXANDER: All right, Cookie...Here we go.

(CLICK OF SWITCH)

BLONDIE: We're waiting.

✓ DAGWOOD: Gosh, they didn't go on. This is impossible!

ALEXANDER: Hey, ~~I think the radio is going on.~~
THE RADIOS ALL LIT UP

MUSIC: (COMES ON PLAYING *NATIONAL EMBLEM MARCH* "THE STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER". I

SUGGEST THE TRIO SO THAT ABE CAN LAY ON THE TROMBONE PART)

BLONDIE: (OVER THE MUSIC) I'll say the radio is on. And that reading lamp went on, too! ... I'll pull the switch on it.

MUSIC: (OUT ABRUPTLY)

(THE DOORBELL RINGS...KEEPS RINGING)

DAGWOOD: Hey, ^{now} the doorbell went on...Boy, this really is a complicated hookup...Turn the radio switch, someone.

COOKIE: I'll get it, Daddy!

(DOORBELL STOPS)

BLONDIE: Fool-proof, eh?

DAGWOOD: Now just a second. ^{THERE'S A LITTLE MISTAKE HERE SOMEWHERE} Let's see -- a wire runs from the lamp, over to the radio, then doubles back to the light socket, and then to the Christmas tree lights and back to - wait a minute -- I've lost my place.

BLONDIE: I've got an idea. I'll ^{STEP} ~~turn~~ on the switch for ^{ALEXANDER'S} ~~the~~
^{TRAIN} ~~overhead light~~. We haven't tried that yet..... ^{THERE}

(SWITCH)

ALEXANDER: Oh, boy! They're on! It works!

COOKIE: Gee, it's a beautiful Christmas tree.

BLONDIE: Yes, it certainly is.

MUSIC: (SNEAKS IN ON "SILENT NIGHT")

DAGWOOD: Holy Smoke, even the radio went on. ^{GEE, BLONDIE, THIS IS SURELY}
^{GOING TO BE A WONDERFUL XMAS FOR THE BUMSTEADS --}

BLONDIE: ~~Yes, and such nice music too....~~ ^{YES,} Dagwood, ~~Alexander,~~
~~and Cookie.... This is surely going to be a wonderful~~
~~Christmas for the Bumsteads!~~ And from the bottom of
my heart, I wish the same for everyone else ^{ALL OVER} in the
world!

MUSIC: (INTO QUICK STANDARD TAG)

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: And now our Thanks to the Yanks of the Week!

MUSIC: (VERY QUICK FANFARE)

MCGEEHAN: Tonight we salute twenty-four-year-old James W. Sheppard, former cowhand from Throckmorton, Texas, who was trapped, alone, in front of a German machine gun nest on the Italian front. Five Germans rushed from the emplacement to take him prisoner, and though he was equipped only with a bolt action Springfield rifle whose sights were clogged with mud, he shot offhand, without sights, killed two, wounded three, and made his way safely back to American lines. In your honor, James W. Sheppard, 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 audiences of more the three and a half million Yanks with free shows and free Camels.

WILCOX: Camel Radio boradcasts go out to the United States four times a week are shortwaved to our men overseas and to South America. Listen Thrusday to Abbott and Costello; Friday to Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante; Saturday to Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks". And of course next Monday and every Monday, be sure to listen to "Blondie", at this same time and over these same CBS stations.

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

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: Thirty-five thousand 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: And remember to give Camels for Christmas! Wherever you send Camel cigarettes, they stay fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning, 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)

Want to give that pipe-smoker a Christmas present that he'll enjoy for weeks and weeks? Give him a special Christmas packed pound of George Washington Smoking Tobacco. You'll be giving him hundreds of pipefuls, every one of them mild, mellow, and tasty, right down through the last puff at the bottom of the bowl!

George Washington Smoking Tobacco is mighty economical, too -- you'll be surprised when you price it. Get a special Christmas pound of George Washington Smoking Tobacco for every pipe-smoker on your list!

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