

AS
BROADCAST

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

"BLONDIE SHOPS FOR XMAS"

CBS STUDIO "C"
MONDAY, DECEMBER 6, 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

ALEXANDER.....TOMMY COOK

COOKIE.....LEONE LEDOUX

BROWN.....JOHN BROWN

VYOLA.....VYOLA VONN

ANNOUNCER.....HARLOW WILCOX

CONDUCTOR.....BILLY ARTZT

YANK...(Salute)..PAT MCGEEHAN

G.W. HITCH-HIKE..FRED SHIELDS

SOUND EFFECTS:

DOOR

PHONE

DEPT. STORE

ELEVATOR

ELEVATOR DOOR

PERFUME ATOMIZER

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"BLONDIE"

(REVISED)

MONDAY, DECEMBER 6, 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: The sailor who climbs down below after a hard night
watch is looking for a cigarette that's got what it
takes -- he wants a Camel cigarette -- first with men
in all the services, Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and
Coast Guard, according to actual sales records. Well,
our men overseas will get Camels, by the ton -- and we
know they'll be fresh, too -- cool smoking and slow
burning, because Camel cigarettes are packed to go around
the world! More Camels overseas may mean less in your
store -- but remember, when you get Camels you always
get more flavor, the results 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, there's no avoiding it in the Bumstead family any more. If they don't get their Christmas shopping done early, there's going to be another one of those frantic last minute rushes. Blondie is going to do her Christmas shopping today, and she's taking Alexander and little Cookie along with her. They're just about ready to leave the Bumstead chateau on Shady Lane Avenue....

BLONDIE: All right, Alexander, you're all buttoned up and ready to go.

ALEXANDER: Thanks, Mom.

BLONDIE: Come here, Cookie.

COOKIE: Yes, Mommy.

BLONDIE: I've got to fix you up, too. It's cold outside...I hope you're going to be a good little girl today.

COOKIE: I hope so too.

BLONDIE: Aren't you sure?

COOKIE: No, Mommy. I feel like I might be a bad little girl today.

BLONDIE: Oh, Cookie! Now what makes you--stand still now---what makes you say that?

COOKIE: I feel naughty.

BLONDIE: Maybe I ought to spank you in advance.

ALEXANDER: Mom, if Cookie's going to raise a rumpus, we ought to leave her home.

BLONDIE: Well, we can't now, Alexander. We'll just have to keep her away from the jewelry, perfume, and candy counters.

COOKIE: Candy--yum-yum!

BLONDIE: Cookie, if you're not going to be nice I'm going to put you on a leash!.....Just like a little puppy.

COOKIE: Mommy, you wouldn't do that.

BLONDIE: Why not?

COOKIE: If you did, I'd bark at people.

ALEXANDER: Oh, boy--are we going to have fun today!

BLONDIE: Well, you've got to help me take care of her, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: But Mom, she's your daughter.

BLONDIE: And she's your sister.

ALEXANDER: Aren't you a closer relative of hers than me?

BLONDIE: You mean "than I". Alexander, we are not going to quibble about taking care of Cookie. You're going to help.

ALEXANDER: Okay...But I want to have some fun at Ormandy's toy department so you've got to make Pop help, too.

BLONDIE: Don't worry, I will.

COOKIE: Gee, I'm getting to be a problem child.

BLONDIE: Now where did you hear that?

ALEXANDER: Say, Mom, there's been a nasty rumor kicking around school that there won't be any presents this Christmas.

BLONDIE: Now why should anyone say that?

ALEXANDER: Well, I heard that Santa Claus had converted to war work.

BLONDIE: That's just Axis propaganda!.....Now ~~I've got to call~~ ^{BOTH OF YOU STAND RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE AND DON'T MOVE A MUSCLE}
WHILE I PHONE your father at the office.

MUSIC:

(SOUND.....PHONE RINGS.....)

DAGWOOD: Shall I get the phone, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: Keep your clumsy paws off that phone...It may be a private call, if you know what I mean. (LAUGHS)

(SOUND.....PICK UP PHONE.....)

DITHERS: J. C. Dithers, president of the J. C. Dithers Construction Company, prices to fit all budgets and houses to fit all families -- speaking..Oh, hello, Blondie.

DAGWOOD: I'll take it J. C.

DITHERS: Oh, you're going Christmas shopping today, eh? What are you going to get me?....An address book?....
Hold the phone.

DAGWOOD: Thank you, J. C.

DITHERS: Just a minute! What have you been telling your wife about me? She said she was going to give me an address book for Christmas. Have you been telling her about **DIMPLES** ~~Sneaky?~~

DAGWOOD: No.

DITHERS: Marie?

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DAGWOOD: No.

DITHERS: Olga?

DAGWOOD: No...Try Linda.

DITHERS: All right. Linda?

DAGWOOD: No.

DITHERS: ~~Oh~~, Bumstead!.....Did you tell her about Dolores del Morris?

DAGWOOD: I haven't even heard about Dolores yet. What about her?

DITHERS: None of your business...Excuse me, Blondie, but I just had to make a few important business decisions. Now, Blondie, I don't want you to get the wrong impression about me. I occasionally take ^{my} a secretary out to lunch but that's all--and only if she looks hungry...Besides, I've got an address book.

DAGWOOD: I'll talk to her now, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: What did you want with Dagwood, Blondie?....Oh.....All right, I'll tell him.

DAGWOOD: Can I have the phone now?

DITHERS: Yes, Blondie...Of course...Just a minute. (TO DAGWOOD) Say goodbye.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye?

DITHERS: Thank you...That was Dagwood, Blondie. Goodbye.

(SOUND...HANGS UP...)

DAGWOOD: Hey, what did you hang up for?

DITHERS: Oh, did you want to talk to her?

DAGWOOD: Well, I haven't been holding my hand out to ~~signal a left~~ ^{SEE IF ITS RAINING} turn.

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DITHERS: I'm so sorry but there was no need for you to talk to her. Blondie ^{JUST} wants you to meet her inside the main entrance of Ormandy's department store in about a half an hour.

DAGWOOD: Okay.

DITHERS: And by the way, you can get something for me to give to Cora for Christmas. It's a nail polish and manicure set, and the sales-girl is a gorgeous brunette.

DAGWOOD: I'll be glad to get it for you, Mr. D.

DITHERS: Well, I'll tell you where it is. You walk down the main aisle and turn left at black silk underwear. Then you--that sales-girl is really a knockout. The luscious type, if you know what I mean, and if you don't know what I mean, you might as well be dead.

DAGWOOD: Continue with the directions.

DITHERS: Oh, yes, Well, you turn left and walk along till you come to a dummy in a blue rayon negligee. Then---boy, wait till you see this gorgeous brunette. You'll

positively drool! SHE HAS THISAS AND THATAS AND EVERYTHING THAT MATTAS -

DAGWOOD: Yeah, but Mr. Dithers--how do I get there?

DITHERS: ~~What? Oh--oh, of course. Well, you turn right at the dummy, and pass a floorwalker with a carnation in his buttonhole and then you--you know, the first time that salesgirl smiled at me, I got so weak I had to prop myself up on the counter for support. She has thisas and thatas and everything that mattas.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Yeah, but how do I--~~

DITHERS: ~~Oh, never mind,~~ ^{WELL YOU TAKE THE...} ^{GET MY HAT AND} On second thought, I'll go along with you!

MUSIC:

(SOUND.....DEPARTMENT STORE SOUNDS...)

VYOLA: CALLING MR. GOOSEBERRY... GOSH, WHERE ARE YOU MR. GOOSEBERRY?
BLONDIE: Well, ^{HERE WE ARE AT ORMANDY'S} we've all got different places where we want to go.
How're we going to manage it?
DAGWOOD: Well, Blondie, Mr. Dithers and I thought we'd drop over
toward the perfume counter and---
BLONDIE: And talk to that beautiful brunette?
DAGWOOD: Yeah, how did you know, no, no, no!
DITHERS: Nothing was further from our thoughts, Blondie.
ALEXANDER: Mom.
BLONDIE: Yes, Alexander?
ALEXANDER: When Mr. Dithers said that, he had his fingers crossed.
DITHERS: You keep out of this! — MIDGET
COOKIE: I want to see the toys! I want to see the toys! I
want to see the toys!
DAGWOOD: We heard you the first time.
ALEXANDER: I want to go through the commando course they have on the
third floor.
BLONDIE: Well, I want to look for a housecoat for Aunt Lizzie on
the fourth floor so we'll compromise and go there:
(SOUND....ELEVATOR DOOR OPENS OFF....)
BLONDIE: There's the elevator. Let's get in.
BROWN: (OFF) Hurry, hurry hurry! Elevator now leaving for first
floor, second floor, third floor, and fifth floor!

BLONDIE: You missed the fourth floor.

BROWN: ^{ALL RIGHT}
~~Okay~~, so I'm sloppy...Step to the rear of the car,
please.

DAGWOOD: Gee, I always feel nervous when I get in an elevator.

BROWN: You feel nervous? How about me, brother? This is my
solo flight.

DAGWOOD: ~~Whooooaa!~~

DITHERS: You can run this thing, can't you?

BROWN: I'll know in a minute.

(SOUND...DOOR CLOSES...ELEVATOR...)

BROWN: Second floor--Christmas trees, shoe trees, hall trees,
whiffletrees, and family trees...Anybody out?

BLONDIE: No, thank you.

BROWN: Well, so far, so good. Third floor---lamp stands, ink
stands, pink stands, umbrella stands, and frannistands....
Any customers?

BLONDIE: We want to get out on the fourth floor, please.

BROWN: I hope we make it...Fourth floor--negligees, lingerie,
toupees, and chickens to raise.

BLONDIE: Here's where we get out, I hope.

(ELEVATOR STOPS)

BROWN: ^{THERE WE ARE} Anybody got any idea how ^{THIS ELEVATOR} ~~the~~ door opens?

DAGWOOD: Don't you know?

BROWN: Not yet, brother...There's a manpower shortage and I'm the utility man around here.

BLONDIE: Just step on that button on the floor and I think the doors will open.

BROWN: Okay, but how I'd laugh if we dropped down four floors. (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: Yeah - how we'd laugh. (HOLLOW LAUGH)
DITHERS: WHAT A SPOT FOR AN INSURANCE SALESMAN -

(ELEVATOR DOOR OPENS)

BROWN: Well, what do you know. ^{IT OPENED} Goodbye, folks.

BLONDIE: Happy landings.

BROWN: ^{OH THANK YOU... SWEET}
(ELEVATOR DOOR CLOSES)

DITHERS: Whew! Pardon me while I blot ~~off~~ ^{BRW} my forehead."

DAGWOOD: Never again!

BLONDIE: Well, here are the housecoats. There aren't any salesgirls around so I guess we'll just have to wait on ourselves.

COOKIE: I want a housecoat.

BLONDIE: I'll get you one later, Cookie -- in about sixteen years.

ALEXANDER: Mom, I want to get to that commando course so I hope you'll make a quick decision.

BLONDIE: Don't rush me. Let's see - Aunt Lizzie is about a size ~~twenty~~ four.

DITHERS: Sort of a stylish stout.

BLONDIE: Only bigger.

DAGWOOD: What Aunt Lizzie needs is sort of a plaid pup tent.

BLONDIE: Here's something she might like. Slip into it, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: ~~Here?~~ ^{SLIP INTO IT -}

DITHERS: Yes, get into it, Dagwood. It might be very becoming.

DAGWOOD: Now wait a minute! I refuse to model clothes for Aunt Lizzie! I don't have to do this! I've got a few rights! I'm not going to be anybody's dummy!

BLONDIE: Are you all through, dear?

DAGWOOD: Yes!

BLONDIE: Good. Now get into the housecoat. *DAGWOOD: BLONDIE!*

DAGWOOD: *Now* Yes, dear.

ALEXANDER: (LAUGHS) Oh, boy-this is going to be funny.

COOKIE: (LAUGHS) Look at Daddy.

DAGWOOD: (SNAPS AT THEM) Stop that laughing! It's not funny!

BLONDIE: Now children, you mustn't laugh at your father even if he does look sort of (GIGGLES) sort of (LAUGHS OUT LOUD)

DAGWOOD: I certainly get a lot of respect around here.

DITHERS: Dagwood, you look simply devoon!

DAGWOOD: Oh, cut it out!

BLONDIE: Here - let me zip the zipper up, *STAND STILL DEAR*...There we are, Dagwood

DITHERS: My aren't you lovely! *SHALL WE DANCE?*

COOKIE: Why is Daddy wearing ladies clothes?

DITHERS: Because it makes him look *so* *LOVELY* attractive.

DAGWOOD: I've had enough of this! I won't stand for anymore! I won't wear this another minute! Get me out of it!

BLONDIE: Well, I think I'll take it. Be careful of the zipper, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: *ABOUT THE ZIPPER* Never mind, I can get out of this all by my--whooooa!

DITHERS: What's the matter?

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! The jipper :zammed! ~~I mean the japper zimmed!~~

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood, you mean the zipper jammed..(SURPRISED)
Huh?

DITHERS: He means the zammer jipped.

ALEXANDER: The zipper jammed!

DAGWOOD: ^{YOU SAID IT} Anyway, I'm trapped in this! Somebody get me out!

DITHERS: Maybe you'll have to spend the rest of your life in Aunt Lizzie's housecoat. (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: Well, somebody do something about it! Help! Help! Help!

BLONDIE: CHILDREN, STOP LAUGHING.... That's your father -

MUSIC:

BROWN: Okay--steady now, Madam.

DAGWOOD: Don't call me Madam!

BROWN: Oh, I'm sorry, lady.

DAGWOOD: Look here--I'm a man! So don't call me lady! Can't you see I'm wearing pants?

BROWN: That doesn't prove anything.

DAGWOOD: Unjam that zipper, and hurry up.

BROWN: I'm working on it. Just be patient, Miss.

DAGWOOD: Stop heckling me!

BROWN: There you are! It's okay now.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. Thanks very much. I'll take it out to my husband.

No, no! My wife! THANKS AGAIN -

BROWN: You're welcome...and if you get in any other trouble, just call for me. I'm Ormandy's utility man.

(SOUND...DOOR OPENS)

Dagwood, at first his insistence, has a housecoat. The zipper gets stuck.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye.

(SOUND...DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: ^{HELLO DAGWOOD} ^ Well, I'm glad he got ^{YOU OUT OF THAT} that off you, Dagwood.

DITHERS: I'm sort of sorry.

DAGWOOD: You would be....Here, Blondie--take this, and never ask me to try anything on for you again!

BLONDIE: Well now, dear -- you've got some places you want to go in Ormandys and so have I. So suppose we all meet later in the toy department.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie....Where are you going, J.C.?

DITHERS: Oh, I thought I'd just wander around and look. (LAUGHS)

ALEXANDER: Mom, can I go with ~~them~~ ^{POP AND MR. DITHERS -}

BLONDIE: What ^{ON EARTH} for?

ALEXANDER: I want to see that ^{(GORGEOUS} brunette, too! ~~and~~ 'ooo'!

MUSIC.....

DEPARTMENT STORE SOUNDS.....FADE DOWN.....

DITHERS: Well ^{DAG} there she is over there at the perfume counter. What do you think of her?

DAGWOOD: (WHISTLES)

DITHERS: That's exactly the way I'd describe her. She's a gorgeous hunk of plunder....~~Come on~~....

DAGWOOD: ^{COME ON J.C.} What do you mean, come on? I'm ahead of you.

DITHERS: I'll cough for a little attention. (CLEARS HIS THROAT)

VIOLA: (COMING UP) Oh--hello.

DAGWOOD: How do you doodle-do.

DITHERS: Uh--hello. (GIGGLES)

VIOLA: Could I interest you in something?

DITHERS: You already have.

VIOLA: Did you want to buy a perfume?

DAGWOOD: Well, we're not sure. We're just smelling.

DITHERS: And looking...

VIOLA: So I see.....Please keep yours eyes on this perfume bottle.

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DITHERS: Must we?

VYOLA: Now this is the latest creation of the famous French perfume stylist, Andre Scrapatelli.

DAGWOOD: What's it called?

VYOLA: Sailor Bait.

DITHERS: ^{BLOW ME DOWN} ^ It sounds lurid.

VYOLA: It is. And it comes in three strengths--Flirtation, Infatuation, and Matrimony....Which would you like?

DITHERS: Well, I've tried matrimony....How much is ~~it~~ FLIRTATION

VYOLA: Five dollars an ounce or six hundred and twenty five dollars in the economical one gallon size.

DAGWOOD: What do you do---sop it on with a sponge?

VYOLA: Here's something that's very nice. It's a perfume for hopeless cases.

DAGWOOD: What's the name of it?

VYOLA: Fire Drill. ^{THE OTHER NIGHT} ^ I walked past the U.S. J. wearing this and emptied the place.

DITHERS: It wasn't just the perfume.

DAGWOOD: Did anyone get trampled on in the rush?

VYOLA: I should say so.

DAGWOOD: Who?

VYOLA: Me....Of course, men seem to go for me, for some strange reason.

DITHERS: I think the reason is perfectly obvious.

VYOLA: Oh, you're cute.

DITHERS: Oh, go on. (GIGGLES)

DAGWOOD: Hey, Mr. Dithers -- look. Here comes Harlow Wilcox.

DITHERS: ^{WIPE OFF YOUR CHIN -} ^ Oh, yeah. ^{HARLOW WILCOX} Now there's a man that you can't get to talk about anything else but Camels.

VIOLA: I'll bet I could.

DAGWOOD: I'll bet you couldn't.

DITHERS: We'll bet ten dollars against two bottles of your perfume.
If you lose, you've got to pay for the perfume.

VIOLA: This is a cinch. You don't know me.

DAGWOOD: But we know Harlow Wilcox .. We'll hide behind this pillar
and listen.

VIOLA: (FADING A LITTLE) All right - just watch.

DITHERS: Bumstead, don't stick your head out. He'll see you.

DAGWOOD: Here he comes.

VIOLA: (OFF MIKE JUST A LITTLE BIT) Hello, there.

WILCOX: Oh - uh - (GIGGLES) -- hello.

VIOLA: Are you looking for a really nice Christmas present for
someone special?

WILCOX: Oh, I've done my shopping. I'm giving all my friends
Camels! You know, the cigarette that's expertly blended
of costlier tobacco!

DAGWOOD: Good old Harlow. I knew he wouldn't fail us.

VIOLA: Oh, you're such a handsome man.

WILCOX: Gee, do you really think so?

DITHERS: Oh-oh--we're going to lose.

VIOLA: You know, I'm not doing anything tonight .. Have you got
any suggestions?

WILCOX: I'll say I have. ^{VIOLA! YES!} Why don't you try Camels in your T-Zone.
That's T for taste and throat, your own proving ground for
Camel's rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness.

VIOLA: Just a minute, please, ^{THINK I'LL HAVE} I want to spray a little of this
on me.

(PERFUME ATOMIZER)

Handwritten signature or initials at the bottom right of the page.

VYOLA: Now -- come a little closer.

WILCOX: (BREATHING HARD) Is this close enough?

DAGWOOD: ~~Good, J.C., -- this is a tense moment. --~~
~~If he gets any closer he'll be behind her --~~

DITHERS: ~~Will power is fine, but Harlow's overdoing it.~~

VYOLA: JUST A little closer.

WILCOX: (SIGHS) Oh-h-h-h.

VYOLA: Wouldn't you like to -- kiss me?

WILCOX: ^{KISS YOU? VYOLA: YES, KISS ME}
^ Lady, my weakness is Camel cigarette's extra flavor.

THAT'S the thing that helps Camels to hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke. And remember, Camels keep that flavor, they stay cool smoking and slow burning.... Thought I was going to weaken, didn't you??

VYOLA: Oh, you're fresh!!

WILCOX: So are Camel cigarettes!!! And Camels stay fresh, because they're packed to go around the world!.....
Goodbye now!!

DAGWOOD: Well let us be the first to congratulate each other.

DITHERS: Yes, and in addition, greetings of the season.

DAGWOOD: Uh.....^{MISS VYOLA: YES}~~them~~...we'll just take our perfume now, thank you.

VYOLA: (NEAR TO TEARS) All right ... here you are. (SOBS)
Oh, I hate myself! I'm a failure in life!

MUSIC:

ALEXANDER: (COMING UP) Oh, boy, Mom! That was fun!

BLONDIE: Did you enjoy going through the Commando course??

ALEXANDER: I'll say I did. And the man said I set a record.

BLONDIE: Oh, fine, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: (PROUDLY) Yep. I only tore my pants twice.

BLONDIE: Alexander Bumstead!

ALEXANDER: The man said that lots of kids end up without any pants at all.

BLONDIE: Hmm---so that's why their Commando course ends up in the boys clothing department!

ALEXANDER: Yeah--smart merchandizing....Say, Mom -- do you suppose Santa Claus mkght bring me a commando course?

BLONDIE: I doubt it very much. If you want a commando course, you can try going to school the back way through the alleys and over the fences and across Minnow Creek.

ALEXANDER: That wouldn't be as much fun.

BLONDIE: You'd get just as dirty...Now where are those holes in your pants?

ALEXANDER: Well, there's one here---

BLONDIE: That's not so bad.

ALEXANDER: And--uh---one here.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear!

ALEXANDER: Yeah, ~~it's~~^{it's} sort of drafty.

BLONDIE: It also doesn't look very nice....If you had to tear your pants, why did you have to tear them there?

ALEXANDER: Well, Mom, you know how it is when you crawl under barbed wire.

BLONDIE: No, I don't know.

ALEXANDER: They've got another interesting thing in the commando course. (LAUGHS) Sometimes fathers of the kids want to go through it. When they do, the man puts down a barrel that's big at the opening where you start to crawl through it, but small at the other end. The fathers get stuck.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) That's very funny.

ALEXANDER: Are you thinking of the same thing I am? (LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: I suppose so.

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Hello, Blondie -- hello, Alexander.

BLONDIE: Oh, you're back....Hello, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Hello, Blondie.

ALEXANDER: Say, Pop -- I just went through the commando course.

DAGWOOD: Yeah? How was it?

ALEXANDER: Oh, very easy for me, but it would be pretty tough for an ^{ELDERLY} ~~older~~ person -- like you.

DAGWOOD: What you mean ~~older~~ ^{AN ELDERLY PERSON} I'll show you that your Pop still has the same old pepper!: Where's that commando course?

BLONDIE: Now Dagwood--if you try it you may--well, you may get stuck in something.

DAGWOOD: (LOUD LAUGH) Not Dagwood Bumstead!.....Where is it?

ALEXANDER: You go through that door over there, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Want to come along, J.C.?

DITHERS: No, thanks. I'm still in my right mind.

DAGWOOD: ^{GOODBYE} Sissy! (FADING) I'll be right back!

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Uh-- Mr. Dithers -- they've got a sort of funnel-shaped barrel that the men get stuck in.

DITHERS: They have, eh? (LAUGHS)

ALEXANDER: Say, Mom -- where's Cookie?

BLONDIE: Oh, I left her in the children's room over there. There's ^{FORMER} someone watching her and a lot of toys to play with.

ALEXANDER: Pop ought to be about to the rollers now.

DAGWOOD: (WAY OFF) Whooooooooooooaaa!

ALEXANDER: Yep! That's it. And the barrel is next.

BLONDIE: You know, you really shouldn't have teased your father into that, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: I suppose not. (LAUGHS) He ought to be into the barrel now.

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Blooooooooooondie!

MUSIC:::::

DAGWOOD: A fine thing! If I'm not getting caught in a zipper, it's a barrel. There's a conspiracy against me. EVERY DAY I HAVE

BLONDIE: Well, come on. We've got most of our shopping done for this day, anyway. Let's get Cookie and go home.

DITHERS: Oh, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Yes?

DITHERS: This is sort of personal, but do you think Cora would like it if I got her--I want to whisper it to you ^{BLONDIE! Oh, ALL RIGHT} if I got her----(WHISPERS)

BLONDIE: Why, Mr. Dithers!

DITHERS: Well, why not?

BLONDIE: Black lace?

DITHERS: (EMBARRASSED) Oh, well, you know how those things are.

BLONDIE: But how often would she use them?

DITHERS: How should I know?

BLONDIE: Dagwood ^{DITHERS: Oh, no! no!} Mr. Dithers wants to buy Cora a pair of black lace ^{DITHERS: BLONDIE!} handkerchiefs!

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Why black lace?

DITHERS: So they won't show the dirt!....Let's just forget about the whole thing.

BROWN: Good afternoon, Madam. Is your child inside the playroom?
BLONDIE: Yes. I thought you were the elevator operator.
DAGWOOD: I thought you were the zipper mechanic.
BROWN: Well, I'm Ormandy's utility man. Right now I'm the child psychologist.
BLONDIE: My! How did you qualify for your job?
BROWN: I've got fourteen kids.
DITHERS: Hmm--an expert.
DAGWOOD: Well, ^{THANK YOU BUT} we haven't any problems now....Let's go in and get Cookie.

(DOOR OPENS.....)

ALEXANDER: There she is. Over on that rocking horse.
COOKIE: (OFF A BIT) Hello, Mommy.
BLONDIE: Come on now, Cookie. We're going home.
COOKIE: I don't want to go home.
BLONDIE: But you've got to go, Cookie.
COOKIE: No-o-o-o-o!
DAGWOOD: Come on, Cookie -- get off that horse now.
COOKIE: I want to say here!
DAGWOOD: (FIRMLY) You've got to get ^{RIGHT} off that horse. (ADDS)
Please.
COOKIE: I won't do it!
ALEXANDER: I'll get her off the horse. Cookie, you've got to ---
ouch! Hey! She ^{BIT} ~~slugged~~ me!
BLONDIE: Cookie, you're being a very bad little girl.
COOKIE: (STARTS TO CRY, AND LET'S HAVE A GOOD HEALTHY BELLER)
DITHERS: ^{LOOKIE} Cookie, if you get off the horse, I'll give you some
candy. ^{COOKIE: what kind?}
^{DITHERS} ^{rock!}
COOKIE: (WAILS) I don't want any ^{ROCK} candy.

BROWN: (COMING UP) ^{WELL WELL -} Having....trouble?

BLONDIE: Oh, no, no--no. We're just trying to persuade her to get off the horse.

BROWN: Oh, yes. ^{THAT'S} ~~It's~~ practically impossible.

BLONDIE: Dagwood--lift her off the horse.

DAGWOOD: Okay....All right, Cookie --- here we go!

COOKIE: No, no, no!

DAGWOOD: Blondie, she won't let go.

DITHERS: Maybe she's glued on.

BROWN: Ah, children are wonderful--at a distance.

BLONDIE: Cookie--Mother's got to go home and fix dinner. Now please get off the horse.

COOKIE: No-o-o-o-o-o!

BROWN: Uh--just for your information, Madam--the store closes in three hours.

BLONDIE: All right, if you're a child psychologist, let's see you get her off that horse.

BROWN: With pleasure. Oh, Cookie. I want to whisper something to you.

COOKIE: What is it?

BROWN: (WHISPERS)

COOKIE: Yes, sir! Right away! Let's go home, Mommy.

BLONDIE: Oh, my goodness!

DAGWOOD: What did you whisper to her?

BROWN: ^{I JUST USED CHILD PSYCHOLOGY -} I said: "Listen here you little brat" --

BLONDIE: ~~Oh-h-h!~~ BRAT

BROWN: If you don't get off that ~~stupid~~ horse I'm going to break every bone in your body."

DAGWOOD:

BLONDIE: Well I certainly don't call that psychology!

BLONDIE:

DAGWOOD:

But ^{DAGWOOD} ~~Blondie~~ ^{SOME TIMES} -- with a child, anything is psychology -- as long as it works.

MUSIC: (TAG CURTAIN)

(APPLAUSE)

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

MUSIC: (VERY QUICK FANFARE)

MC GEEHAN: Tonight we salute Private Margaret Maloney, of Rochester, New York, a member of the Women's Army Corps, decorated in Algiers with the Soldier's Medal, first woman to receive this decoration. Seeing a soldier who had fallen into a pool of blazing gasoline, she rushed in and helped to pull him out, saving his life. Private Maloney herself received serious burns, requiring weeks of hospitalization. In your honor, Private Margaret Maloney, and in honor of the Women Army Corps, the makers of Camels are sending to Army men and women overseas three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes.

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

(APPLAUSE)

*Should have
been WPC
Tipped dog
12/6 at 3PM*

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: Camel Radio broadcasts go out to the United States four times a week are shortwaved to our men overseas and to South America. Listen Thursday 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. NEXT WEEK BLONDIE WILL HAVE AS HER GUEST STAR THE FAMOUS COMMIEDIENNE, MISS JOAN DAVIS -

(APPLAUSE)

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

DITHERS:

THAT'S WONDERFUL NEWS ABOUT JOAN DAVIS BEING
Say Harlow - ~~you told me you had a very important~~
~~OUR GUEST NEXT WEEK --- IS THAT THE IMPORTANT MESSAGE~~
~~THE GOVERNMENT WANTED YOU TO MAKE TONITE -~~
government message tonight.

WILCOX:

^{NO}
Yes, Mr. Dithers. The government wants me to tell
people why they shouldn't travel over the holidays.
You know, because it keeps a soldier from seeing his
family before he goes overseas, and because the
space is needed for vital war travel, and ---

DITHERS:

Oh, Wilcox, everybody knows that! Why don't you tell
'em the sad case of J.C. Dithers! I tried to take a
business trip around Thanksgiving time. I stood up for
three hundred miles, wedged in between a Gladstone bag
and a team of acrobats!

WILCOX:

You should have gone in the dining car!

DITHERS:

I did! By the time I got a seat for lunch it was
dinner time -- and in between the cream of tomato
and the pot roast they had to switch the diner to
Scranton! Anybody who travels for pleasure today is
crazy!

WILCOX:

Did you get the business you went after?

DITHERS:

No! ^{OUR COMPETITOR} ~~The Goliath Company~~ got it by ^{AIRMAILING THEIR DEAL} ~~phoning in~~ the day I
was on the train!

MUSIC:

(BLONDIE THEME)

Client correction
asked us to use
"using air mail"
instead of "phoning
in" - Twisted
change 3PM 12/6

51454 2391

"BLONDIE"
12/6/43

-24-
(REVISED)

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, Camel cigarettes are packed to go around the world! Camels 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)

Mister pipe-smoker, here's a way to get more pipe tobacco for less money! Yessir, you can get up to a dozen extra pipefuls in every pocket package you buy! Just plunk down one dime, ten cents, for a big blue two and a quarter ounce package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco! Compare that two and a quarter ounce package with the amount you're getting now, according to the blue revenue stamp on top of your package. You'll like the way George Washington's mild, mellow, and tasty, too, right down through the last puff at the bottom of the bowl! It's America's biggest value in smoking pleasure. This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.