

#11 ✓

Q3 Broadcast

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, AUGUST 18, 1941

3:30 - 4:00 P.M. PST
6:30 - 7:00 P.M. PST

[Handwritten signature]

SCENES:

- 1. PENNYPACKER MANSION
- 2. THE SAME FOR COMMERCIAL
- 3. BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD
- 4. AT THE BANK
- 5. OFFICE OF MR. FROST
- 6. GARDEN OF PENNYPACKER MANSION
- 7. KITCHEN OF PENNYPACKER MANSION
- 8. ROOM IN PENNYPACKER MANSION
- 9. DRIVEWAY OF PENNYPACKER MANSION
- 10. ATHLETIC CLUB FOR COMMERCIAL
- 11. IN FRONT OF PENNYPACKER MANSION
- 12. ROOM OF PENNYPACKER MANSION

CAST:

- BLONDIE.....PENNY SINGLETON
- DAGWOOD.....ARTHUR LAKE
- ALEXANDER.....LEONE LE DOUX
- EMILY.....LURENE TUTTLE
- FROST.....WALLY MAYER
- MAN.....CHARLES LUNG
- SHERIFF.....GRIF BARNETT
- COMMERCIAL CAST:
- ANNOUNCER.....BILL GOODWIN
- HITCH HIKER ANN...BOB GARRED
- VOICE.....FRED SHIELDS
- HOGAN.....JACK MATHER
- DI MAGGIO.....WES MEARS

SOUND EFFECTS:

- RATTLE OF TRAY....KNIFE....DOOR BELL....DOOR...SCREEN DOOR.....
- GRAVEL FOOTSTEPS.....MAILBOX....RIPPING ENVELOPE OPEN...UNFOLDING LETTER....SCRAPING OF CHAIRS....GLASS FALLS AND BREAKS....CRICKETS...
- CAR DOOR...CAR STARTS...PRIZE FIGHT GONG...WINDOW UP...SPLASH OF WATER...FEET UP STEPS...KNOCK ON DOOR...OFF CAR APPROACHING...
- TOOTING OF HORN RATTLE OF PAPERS...CAR STOPS OFF...TINKLE OF DIME...
- HEAVY PLOP OF A PACK OF GEO. WASHINGTON TOBACCO.

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, AUGUST 18, 1941

3:30 - 4:00 P.M. PST
6:30 - 7:00 P.M. PST

GOODWIN: Ah -- Ah -- Ah -- Don't touch that dial -- Listen to
"Blondie"...presented by Camel...the cigarette of
costlier tobaccos.

MUSIC: (THEME)

GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads. They're on vacation, you know -- visiting with Mrs. Emily Pennypacker, an elderly lady who owns quite a large house and estate on a lake just outside a little town. Last week, somebody tried to scare her into selling her house by secretly hiring a man to play ghost and haunt the house. The Bumsteads captured the ghost, but he escaped... ~~well~~, Blondie, Dagwood, and Alexander have just come back from swimming in the lake, and right now they're talking to Mrs. Pennypacker in her kitchen...

DAGWOOD: Yeah, we had a wonderful swim, Mrs. Pennypacker.

BLONDIE: We're all getting brown as Indians.

ALEXANDER: Yep, and Pop caught a crab this afternoon, too.

EMILY: Well, well -- a crab. How did he catch it?

DAGWOOD ~~WELL IT WAS NOT HIM~~
ALEXANDER: It was hanging onto his big toe when he ran out of the water. Look, I've still got him.

DAGWOOD: He's still full of fight, too. ^{Look} / If you stick your finger anywhere near him, he'll -- ouch!

BLONDIE: That's what he'll do.

~~EMILY: Well, you all certainly seem to be having a good time here.~~

~~BLONDIE: I should say we are, Mrs. Pennypacker. Particularly since we got rid of the ghost.~~

~~EMILY: I should say so. I can't imagine who could want to do such a thing to me -- trying to haunt this house. But I guess that's all over.~~

DAGWOOD: Gee, Mrs. Pennypacker -- where'd you get the recipe for this?

EMILY: Oh, it's been handed down in my family for generations. ~~There are a lot of little things I do to make it just right, but the real secret is putting only the finest ingredients in it.~~

(DOOR BELL RINGS...)

EMILY: Oh, there's someone at the front door.

DAGWOOD: Hey -- that looks like Mr. Frost.

(DOOR OPENS OFF)

FROST: (OFF) Hello, Mrs. Pennypacker. Hello, Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead.

MRS PENNYPACKER: HELLO
MR FROST

(THEY AD LIB GREETINGS...)

(SCREEN DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES...)

FROST: Hello, young man.

ALEXANDER: Hello, ~~Mr. Frost~~.

FROST: Hmmmm...Mrs. Pennypacker, there's something I'd like to talk to you about in private.

EMILY: Oh, you can talk in front of the Bumsteads. We're very good friends.

BLONDIE: We'll leave you for a moment.

EMILY: No -- please stay...What is it, Mr. Frost?

FROST: Well, it's about the loan I made you.

EMILY: Oh, goodness yes. I'd forgotten all about it. I owe you some interest on it about now, don't I?

FROST: Yes...I'll have to have it, too. I'm -- well -- I'm a little pressed for cash.

EMILY: Oh, that's too bad. Well, Mr. Frost, I'll have the money for you in a few days.

FROST: ~~MRS PENNYPACKER~~ I'm afraid I'll have to have the money tomorrow.

EMILY: Oh, that soon?

ALEXANDER: ~~Yeah, I guess so, Mrs. Pennypacker. But it was fun while it lasted.~~

BLONDIE: ~~Alexander!~~

EMILY: (LAUGHS) Well, now, I have a little surprise for you.

DAGWOOD: I was hoping you'd say that, Mrs. Pennypacker. I hope it's what I've been smelling here in the kitchen ever since I walked in?

EMILY: (SMILES) I wouldn't be a bit surprised.

ALEXANDER: I smelled it too, but I was too polite to ask for some.

DAGWOOD: YOU WERE UM?

BLONDIE: ^{-you see} Mrs. Pennypacker. I'm afraid your surprise is much ~~too good to keep around here.~~ Every member of my family can smell home-made candy blocks away.

DAGWOOD: That's right...Er -- um -- where is it?

EMILY: Right over here -- cooling off by the window.

ALEXANDER: Oh, boy -- a whole trayful of fudge and stuff.

BLONDIE: My, it certainly looks good.

DAGWOOD: It's been smelling like heaven ever since I came in.

(RATTLE OF FUDGE TRAY...RATTLE KNIFE ON IT...)

ALEXANDER: ~~Hey, Pop... you're sending me away.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Well, Alexander, when it comes to candy you'll just have to -- ouch! -- Hey -- be more careful holding that crab, Alexander.~~

ALEXANDER: ~~I'm sorry, Pop. But I've got more fun now.~~

EMILY: Well, here you are, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Thank you, Mrs. Pennypacker.

EMILY: Blondie...and Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Mmm -- this is wonderful.

BLONDIE: I should say it is! Why it's the best fudge I've ever tasted. Mmmmmmm! This is marvelous! ISN'T IT DAGWOOD?

FROST: Yes. The interest due amounts to a hundred and fifty dollars.

EMILY: Oh, dear, I've been expecting my regular check but it hasn't come yet. I've written the company and I ought to hear from them in this afternoon's mail.

FROST: I sincerely hope you do. Otherwise it might force me to do something I've hoped we could avoid.

DAGWOOD: Gee, that sounds bad, whatever it is.

FROST: Yes, I wouldn't want to foreclose.

BLONDIE: Foreclose? Can you foreclose a note?

FROST: Er -- well, Mrs. Bumstead, the loan I made Mrs. Pennypacker wasn't on a note. It was a mortgage.

EMILY: A mortgage? Why, I understood it was a note. I'm sure you said it was a note. I'm quite sure you did.

FROST: *WELL* I guess you just didn't understand. It's a mortgage. *AND I'VE GOT TO HAVE THAT MONEY*
Well, I'll have to be running along now. Goodbye.

EMILY: Goodbye, Mr. Frost.

(SCREEN DOOR OPENS...)

FROST: I'll be around tomorrow afternoon. I'm sorry if I've inconvenienced you... it's -- ouch! Ouch! How did this crab get into my pocket??!!

ALEXANDER: HA HA

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: Well, well -- it looks as though Mr. Frost is determined to get Mrs. Pennypacker's old home away from her. I wonder what the Bumsteads will be able to do to keep him from carrying out his plans? Will Mrs. Pennypacker get her regular check in time? We'll see what happens in just a moment. Meanwhile, we find Alexander with fudge still on his face, making a noise like a -- well, you guess.

(COMMERCIAL)

GOODWIN: the cigarette of costlier tobaccos -- is the favorite!
(Cont'd) Why's that? Well, the boys know that Camels have

VOICE: extra flavor and extra mildness, and they say, too --
In the army we've got to make that twenty-one bucks

a month. go a long way, mister. Camels burn slower,
and give us more smoking in every pack.

GOODWIN: Right! And less nicotine in the smoke, too.

VOICE: (ECHO CHAMBER) Twenty-eight per cent less nicotine
than the average of the four other largest-selling
cigarettes tested...less than any of them, according
to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself.

GOODWIN: And the smoke's the thing! Do as the boys in camp
do -- get a pack of Camels -- tonight -- and you'll
want to buy a carton tomorrow!

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: Well, it's a little later that afternoon. The mailman has dropped something into the mailbox ~~by the road~~ at the end of the drive, and Blondie, Dagwood, and Mrs. Pennypacker are walking down to see if it's the check...

(FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL)

EMILY: I still can't understand it. I'm so sure Mr. Frost told me that I was signing a note when I borrowed that money from him.

~~DAGWOOD: And now it's all gone out to pay my mortgage~~

~~EMILY: Yes it sounds like that.~~

BLONDIE: ^{WELL} ~~And~~ it sounds slightly crooked to me.

EMILY: I remember there were a lot of ^{OTHER} papers I signed, but Mr. Frost has been so sweet and I really know so little about business things that I just signed.

DAGWOOD: I'm glad Alexander dropped that crab in Mr. Frost's pocket. It served him right.

BLONDIE: I don't think Alexander likes him ^{DAGWOOD: ME NEITHER} and children usually size up grown people pretty well...

EMILY: Well, I'm sure I've got a check there in the mailbox. My husband left me an annuity and it's taken very good care of me for a long while. Well, let's see --

(RATTLE OF TIN MAILBOX OPENING)

DAGWOOD: There's a letter there all right.

"BLONDIE"
8/18/41

-8-

EMILY: Yes. I knew there would be.

(MAILBOX CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Is it the right letter, Mrs. Pennypacker?

EMILY: Yes, indeed. Thank Goodness.

(RIPPING OPEN ENVELOPE...UNFOLDING LETTER)

EMILY: That's strange -- there's no check.

DAGWOOD: What does the letter say?

EMILY: (READING) Dear Mrs. Pennypacker. We have received your letter of the so and so regarding your annuity number such and such. This annuity expired with our final check of July fifteenth, as we notified you at the time...Oh, dear.

~~BLONDIE: There -- there aren't going to be any more checks!~~

~~EMILY: Well, I don't know. I guess not. They say not.~~

DAGWOOD: What did their last letter say?

EMILY: I don't know. I just took the check and put it into the bank. ~~I know so little about these things.~~

BLONDIE: The annuity ran out and you didn't know anything about it?

EMILY: ~~I guess that's right, Blondie.~~...Dear me, if I don't pay Mr. Frost, he'll be very put out.

DAGWOOD: It's worse than that. If you don't pay him, you'll be put out. Put out of your own home.

EMILY: Oh!...Well, I'll just have to go down to the bank and borrow some money...Would you mind coming along with me? I might need your advice.

51455 8466

"BLONDIE" -9-
8/18/41

MRS PENNYPACKER

BLONDIE: We'd be glad to come along. But you know, I have
a suspicion that Mr. Frost is going to make things
hard for you. ~~I don't like that man.~~

MRS. PENNYPACKER: OH!

MUSIC...

(SCRAPING OF CHAIRS)

MAN: Sit right down, Mrs. Pennypacker... Sit down,
Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead.

(THEY AD LIB THANK YOUS)

~~MAN: Now then, Mrs. Pennypacker, what can I do for you?
The bank is always at your service.~~

~~EMILY: You see, Blondie and Dagwood, I told you
Mr. Ellison would be glad to help me.~~

~~BLONDIE: Oh, that is fine.~~

~~DAGWOOD: It certainly is. We waited so long I was afraid
you'd never get in.~~

MAN: I'm sorry to have kept you waiting so long/-- but
I'm a busy man, you know. Lots of things to take
care of that require my personal attention.

DAGWOOD: WE DID
WAIT --

EMILY: Well, Mr. Ellison, ^{I'LL COME RIGHT TO THE POINT} I'd like to borrow about a
hundred and fifty dollars from the bank.

~~DAGWOOD: Mr. Mrs. Pennypacker.~~

~~EMILY: Yes?~~

~~DAGWOOD: About two hundred -- just in case there are a
couple of jokers in that mortgage Mr. Frost has.~~

MAN: A hundred and fifty dollars! That's quite a bit of money Mrs. Pennypacker.

EMILY: Is that so much?

MAN: Oh yes indeed.

DAGWOOD: Oh I don't know now. I'm in the constr.....

EMILY: Well Mr. Ellison, I'm sure you can loan that much to me on my property, can't you?

~~BLONDIE: Yes, it must be worth quite a lot of money.~~

~~BLONDIE:~~

~~BLONDIE:~~ ^{WHY} ~~Sure,~~ Mr. Ellison -- that house and the grounds around it are wonderful security. ^{DAGWOOD!} ~~It~~ happen to be in the constr.....

~~BLONDIE: Shhh, Dagwood.~~

MAN: Er -- um -- fair security.

DAGWOOD: Only fair? Say listen I'm in the constr.....

MAN: ^{DO NOT TELL ME MY BUSINESS} It would be ~~rather~~ ^{VERY} hard to sell that property.

DAGWOOD: Wait a minute I'm in the construction ~~business~~ ^{GAME}

BLONDIE: Dagwood.

MAN: I was addressing Mrs. Pennypacker.

DAGWOOD: Oh..... I'M SORRY.

EMILY: Why, Mr. Frost told me he knew of an offer himself.

DAGWOOD: That's right.

EMILY: It was a very, very small offer, but at least it --

MAN: The bank knows nothing of such an offer, Mrs.

Pennypacker. We have to be very cautious before making a loan.

~~BLONDIE:~~

You're being so cautious you're backing right away from it.

~~BLONDIE:~~

Now dear.

BLONDIE: WELL I DON'T CARE.

EMILY: Well, Mr. Ellison, you will loan me the money, won't you?

MAN: ~~Oh, yes, indeed.~~ WE'LL LOAN YOU THE MONEY BUT-

EMILY: That's fine. ~~I'll take it in twenties, please.~~

MAN: ~~Wait,~~ I won't be able to give it to you right now,
Mrs. Pennypacker. It'll take several days -- perhaps a
week.

DAGWOOD: Wait a minute ^{MR. ELLISON!} -- Mrs. Pennypacker has to have this money
right now.

BLONDIE: That's right -- it's very important that she does,
Mr. Ellison.

MAN: I'm awfully sorry, but there are certain regular steps we
must make before we loan any money. ~~Everything will have
to be checked over -- we'll have to look at your property.~~

~~EMILY: But you're withholding property.~~

~~MAN: Yes, but~~ this is a standard procedure, and we can't make
any exceptions. Come back in about a week,
Mrs. Pennypacker.

EMILY: I can't have the money any sooner?

MAN: I'm afraid not... ~~Now she has to get back to work.~~

Good afternoon.

DAGWOOD: ARE WE GOING?
(SCRAPING OF CHAIRS)

BLONDIE: YES, COME ON DAGWOOD.
(DOOR OPENS)

MAN: Thank you for coming in to see me.

DAGWOOD: You've been a big help.

MAN: Goodbye.

(DOOR CLOSES)

MAN: Well, that's that...(RAISES VOICE) All right, Mr. Frost.
They're gone.

(ANOTHER DOOR OPENS)

FROST: I heard the whole thing from this closet, and you did a beautiful job. ~~They sounded like they didn't know where to turn next.~~

MAN: ~~How would you~~ -- I'd certainly be skinned alive if the other officers of the bank found out what I did.

FROST: Skinned alive? You'd be fired. ^{MAN: FIRED?} But don't worry about that -- when I get Mrs. Pennypacker's place for a resort hotel, I'll see that you're well taken care of.

~~MAN: I wish that plan of yours to scare her out with the fake ghost had worked -- then you could have any amount of it.~~

~~FROST: I would have worked, if those Bumsteads hadn't talked to me.~~

MAN: ~~And right, Mr. Frost.~~ You'd better go over to your office. Mrs. Pennypacker and the Bumsteads will probably be over there to ask you for an extension on that mortgage.

FROST: Yes... (LAUGHS) And I'm afraid I won't be very cooperative.

MUSIC...

EMILY: Mr. Frost, can't you give me a few weeks to get the money together, ~~to pay the interest on that mortgage?~~

FROST: I'm afraid not, Mrs. Pennypacker. I'll have to be firm about this.

BLONDIE: From what Mrs. Pennypacker tells me about your credit in town, Mr. Frost, you ought to be able to wait a little while for just a hundred and fifty dollars.

FROST: That's beside the point.

EMILY: Then you won't help me?

FROST: I'd like to, Mrs. Pennypacker, but I can't this time.

FROST: ~~Yes, it's a business matter, Mrs. Pennypacker. But~~ this is
a business matter, and I never allow anything else to
interfere with business.

DAGWOOD: It's too bad it's summer now, isn't it?

FROST: What do you mean, it's too bad it's summer?

DAGWOOD: If it were winter, you could throw Mrs. Pennypacker right
out into the snow.

FROST: Mr. Bumstead, I don't like your attitude.

DAGWOOD: Do you want to make something of it? Would you like to
step out into the alley for a little chat?

BLONDIE: Dagwood!

FROST: Be careful now, Mr. Bumstead -- don't threaten me.

DAGWOOD: Why, it's guys like you --

~~FROST:~~ *WHY - YOU -*

EMILY: I think we'd better go now.

BLONDIE: Yes, Mrs. Pennypacker -- come on, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: ^{ILL GO} Okay. But let me tell you one thing, Mr. Frost -- you
won't get away with anything while we're around. You're
bucking up against the Bumsteads now, ~~as usual.~~

~~Mrs. Pennypacker.~~ And we won't give up.

(DOOR OPENS)

~~BLONDIE:~~ Come on, Dagwood.

~~DAGWOOD:~~ Whether you like it or not, we're going to see that you
don't win the title you want. We're going to see that you
don't become the great American ~~thing.~~

(DOOR SLAMS)

(GLASS FALLS OUT)

FROST: Come back here! You broke the glass in my door! Come back here!

AND YOU'LL PAY FOR IT-

MUSIC...

(COME UP ON CHICKETS)

EMILY: Well, I suppose I'm going to lose this old place. I'll hate to go.

BLONDIE: Mrs. Pennypacker, Dagwood and I have been talking things over.

ALEXANDER: I've been talking things over with them, too, Mrs. Pennypacker.

DAGWOOD: That's right --

BLONDIE: And we thought we could help you. We've got just about enough to pay that hundred and fifty dollars, and we'd be very glad to loan it to you.

EMILY: Oh, I couldn't.

DAGWOOD: If we hadn't come here to visit with you, we would have gone someplace else and spent the money. You might just as well have it.

BLONDIE: We've had a wonderful time here with you, and it's been ~~really~~ worth it. *MUCH MORE THAN THAT.*

EMILY: Oh, no -- thank you. You're all very kind, but I really couldn't accept your money.

DAGWOOD: But listen --

EMILY: You're awfully kind -- but I just couldn't.

ALEXANDER: Gee, we've got to do something.

DAGWOOD: Well, let's see. What you need is something you can get money from regularly, isn't it?

EMILY: Yes, I guess that's it.

DAGWOOD: Let me see.

~~EMILY: Remember, Dagwood, I'm no youngster anymore.~~

DAGWOOD: Mmmmmmm...I don't suppose you could open a gas station.

BLONDIE: I don't suppose she could. DEAR

DAGWOOD: I didn't really think so.

MRS PENNYPACKER: REMEMBER DAGWOOD, I'M NO YOUNGSTER ANYMORE

ALEXANDER: Mrs. Pennypacker, can I have another piece of candy?

EMILY: Certainly, Alexander...Let's all of us have one. ~~we~~
~~may help us to think.~~

DAGWOOD: That's a good idea.

BLONDIE: You know this candy is really the best I've ever -- oh!!

DAGWOOD: Huhh?

BLONDIE: The candy!

DAGWOOD: Yeah, it's good, isn't it?

BLONDIE: That's it! / ^{WHY CAN'T} You ~~could~~ make candy and sell it. Why, it's the best fudge in the world, ~~and people would~~
~~always buy something that's the best there is.~~

EMILY: Why, that might be nice. I love to make candy.

DAGWOOD: Have you got plenty of trays around here? Could you make a lot of it?

EMILY: Oh yes -- I make a lot every Christmas. Pounds of it.

ALEXANDER: Oh, boy! Pounds of candy! I bet I could sell a lot of it.

BLONDIE: Well, I know I could! All those people over at the Hotel Lavish. They've got lots of money, and they love candy.

EMILY: Oh, this will be fun...but I'm afraid ~~we won't have~~ ^{I WON'T HAVE} enough money to buy the sugar and coco, and milk and -- no, we won't have nearly enough.

BLONDIE: Well, that's where we can use our money.

DAGWOOD: Say, I just thought of something. When Mr. Frost comes around tomorrow, we'll have to have money for him. ~~Now~~

~~we won't have nearly enough.~~ If we buy stuff to make the candy, we won't have enough to pay him.

BLONDIE: We'll just have to take that risk.

~~Yes -- I guess it's all or nothing.~~ ^{COME ON} Well, let's get started right away. ~~We'll have to work almost all night.~~

DAGWOOD: ^{WELL OK COME ON BABY DUMPLING}

BLONDIE: Yes...let me see -- "Mrs. Pennypacker's Fudge". You know, it sounds just right. I think we've got a chance of beating Mr. Frost, after all! ^{DAGWOOD! THE PANS!}

MUSIC:

(RATTLE OF TIN TRAY)

BLONDIE: Well, here's another batch all ready, Mrs. Pennypacker.

EMILY: That's fine.

DAGWOOD: Here, I'll put it over by the window to cool with the rest of the trays.

ALEXANDER: The first tray looks like it's cool enough now.

EMILY: All right, Alexander -- we'll take the fudge out and start putting it in boxes. Then we can put a new batch in the tray.

DAGWOOD: Boy, this is mass production.

~~EMILY: Are you sure you can make it?~~

~~DAGWOOD: Oh, sure.~~

BLONDIE: We'll have to take along a little box of samples. Once they taste a sample, they won't be able to resist buying a whole box -- or maybe two boxes.

DAGWOOD: I just wish there was some way to keep Frost from coming here ~~for his money~~, tomorrow-- at least until we get back with the money from the candy we've sold.

EMILY: ~~Oh dear~~
~~Well, I guess we'll just have to take the whole~~

BLONDIE: ~~I HAVE AN IDEA~~
Oh, Mrs. Pennypacker -- do you know a good doctor in town?

EMILY: Oh yes, -- Doctor Douglas. He's the county health commissioner.

BLONDIE: Is he a good friend of yours?

EMILY: My, yes -- I know him quite well.

BLONDIE: Do you suppose you could call him up and ask him to come out here tonight? I have a feeling Alexander isn't well.

DAGWOOD: SAY THIS NEW TRAY TASTES JUST AS GOOD AS THE OTHERS

ALEXANDER: I'm not sick, ~~mom~~
WHAT DO YOU WANT A DOCTOR FOR MOMMY
BLONDIE: (SMILES) Well, you ~~never know~~, Alexander.

BLONDIE: NEVER KNOW
STOP EATING UP THE PROFITS

ALEXANDER: All I need is ~~another small piece of candy~~ and I'll be all right again.
TO LICK THE REST OF THE JOBBERS

BLONDIE: No, I'm afraid it's something worse than that...Yes, I think we'd better call your friend, Doctor Douglas, right away. MRS. PENNYPACKER.

DAGWOOD: ~~Hey, what's going on here?~~

BLONDIE: ~~You'll see, Dag.~~

MUSIC:

(DOOR BELL RINGS)

~~BLONDIE: Come on, Dagwood. Let's see who that is at the door at this hour.~~

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) Nevermind, Mrs. Pennypacker, we'll go to the door. You and the doctor and Alexander just stay right in the kitchen.

EMILY: (OFF) All right, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: *(GIVE HIM ANOTHER PIECE OF CANDY)*
That's a nice doctor, isn't it.

BLONDIE: Yes, he's very understanding, and he's certainly going to help us a lot...well, let's see who's here.

(DOOR OPENS)

FROST: Oh, good evening, Mrs. Bumstead. *MR. BUMSTEAD*

BLONDIE: It's not a good evening when you're around, Mr. Frost.

~~FROST:~~ *I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT*
DAGWOOD: Isn't it a little late for you to be around calling on people?

FROST: Oh, it's just a little after ten.

DAGWOOD: Well, good ~~bye~~. *NIGHT*

FROST: No, wait a minute. You see, I happened to see Doctor Douglas drive in here, and *I THOUGHT SOMETHING MIGHT BE WRONG* ~~I was afraid perhaps Mrs. Pennypacker would be in.~~

~~BLONDIE: Are you sure about that?~~

~~FROST: The doctor would be happy, and I thought something might be wrong.~~

DAGWOOD: Well, we hate to disappoint you, but nothing much is *GOOD NIGHT*

FROST: May I come in and see Mrs. Pennypacker?

BLONDIE: No.

FROST: You have no right to keep me out of here.

DAGWOOD: How would you like to get nudged by a left hook?

BLONDIE: By the way, Mr. Frost, how did you happen to be around here to see Doctor Douglas drive in?

FROST: Why -- why I was just driving past, that's all.

BLONDIE: You mean you were snooping around, trying to see what we were doing. That's more like it, isn't it?

FROST: Not at all. I just saw the doctor drive in and thought it my duty as a friend of Mrs. Pennypacker's to see if I could help.

DAGWOOD: Well, you can help. Just forget about the interest on that mortgage for a while.

BLONDIE: Yes -- that would be a nice thing to do ~~if you're found a friend of Mrs. Pennypacker's~~

FROST: Why, that's ridiculous. I couldn't do that.

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) Then get out of here! Hurry up! Beat it before I throw you off this property! You're trespassing, and we know Mrs. Pennypacker's rights! Now beat it before I chase you down the drive!

FROST: Very well, Mr. Bumstead, I'll go. But I'll be here again tomorrow, ^{DAGWOOD: NOT FOR LONG} and I'll have the sheriff with me.

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh!

FROST: I guess you won't try anything with him around! Goodbye

MUSIC:

EMILY: Here're some more boxes of candy, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Oh, thanks, Mrs. Pennypacker. I'll put them on the floor of the car.

(CAR DOORS OPEN)

BLONDIE: Yes, we've got the back seat loaded with boxes already.

ALEXANDER: Here's the last, Pop. That's all there is.

DAGWOOD: Okay.

EMILY: Where are you going to go to sell all this. There must be at least fifty boxes in the car.

BLONDIE: There are more than that. I counted sixty-eight.

DAGWOOD: Well, I guess we're about ready to leave. We'll get to the Hotel Lavish about eleven and start selling.

BLONDIE: If we sell all of it, we'll have plenty to pay Mr. Frost and enough left over to make some more candy and get a little business started for you, Mrs. Pennypacker.

EMILY: Oh, that'll be just fine...But if you don't sell my candy --

DAGWOOD: We will -- don't worry about that.

(CAR DOORS CLOSE)

ALEXANDER: Gosh, I wish you'd let me go along with you. I'm a pretty good salesman, too.

DAGWOOD: I know, Alexander, but you've got to stay here with Mrs. Pennypacker and keep Mr. Frost out of the house.

ALEXANDER: Okay -- I guess I'm pretty good at that, too.

(CAR STARTS UP)

BLONDIE: Goodbye -- we'll be back with the money!

DAGWOOD: Goodbye!

ALEXANDER: I'll take care of everything here, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Alexander.

EMILY: Good luck to you. Good luck!

(OAR DRIVES OFF)

EMILY: Oh, I hope they do sell my candy. ~~Thinking to have a~~
~~little candy business~~

ALEXANDER: You just leave everything to Mom and Pop, Mrs.

Pennypacker, and you'll have a ^{SWELL} ~~big~~ candy business.

EMILY:
ALEXANDER:

IT SOUNDS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE
And don't worry about Mr. Frost coming here this
afternoon. I'll take care of him!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, will Alexander and Mrs. Pennypacker be able to
keep Mr. Frost and the Sheriff away until Blondie and
Dagwood return? And when Blondie and Dagwood do
return, will they have enough money from candy sales to
save the day? We'll see what happens in just a
moment...but first let's drop in on a little scene
down at the athletic club.

(COMMERCIAL)

GOODWIN: Now it's a little later in the afternoon. Mr. Frost and the Sheriff are walking up to the door of Mrs. Pennypacker's house to serve the foreclosure notice when...

SHERIFF: Say! Just a minute, Frost.

FROST: Well, what's the matter now? ~~What's the matter about?~~ ^{SHERIFF}

SHERIFF: You've been hanging back ever since we started, ~~sheep~~. You know what your duty is, don't you?

FROST: Yes, but look what's on the door.

SHERIFF: What?

FROST: A red quarantine sign...Hmmm -- it says, "Measles". ^{LET'S GO}

SHERIFF: Measles? ^{SHERIFF! LITTLE RED SPOTS (OL' DARNDEST THINGS)}

FROST: Well, what if it does say Measles? I had them when I was ~~just~~ a boy -- I won't get them now.

SHERIFF: Sorry, ^{FROST! WHAT?} but it's against the law to go into a quarantined house. We'll have to serve this notice some other time.

FROST: No one in there has measles!

SHERIFF: ^{MUST HAVE!} You see the sign, don't you?

FROST: This is just another trick to keep me out ^{SHERIFF} -- that's all it is, a trick! I won't stand for this!

SHERIFF: I'm afraid you'll have to, unless you get permission to take that sign down. ^{COME ON}

FROST: We'll get permission. ^{So} That's why Doctor Douglas was here last night. They talked him into putting that quarantine sign up to keep me out! I'll show them!

(SOUND OF WINDOW GOING UP OFF...)

ALEXANDER: (OFF A BIT) Ha-ha! (SINGS) You can't come in here, you can't come in here! Ya-yah!

FROST: I'll fix you, you young brat! You haven't got the measles and I know it!

GOODWIN: You know some of the boys do their real battling down in the locker room. Listen --

SOUND (PRIZE FIGHT GONG)

BILL: Say, I don't care what sport you're talking about! For long-run performance, nobody can top Joe DiMaggio's streak! Fifty-six ball games in a row with a hit in every one! That's something!

JACK: Sure, great, but how does it look against Ben Hogan's record? He's the greatest golfer alive. His streak has lasted more than a year. He's finished in the money in fifty-one tournaments in a row!

SOUND: (PRIZE FIGHT GONG)

GOODWIN: That's enough, boys! Why not admit that ball player Joe Di Maggio and golfer Ben Hogan are both mighty good. And like plenty of other champions, they're both strong boosters for Camels. Says Joe --

DI MAG VOICE: You bet I smoke Camels! I like a cigarette that's got extra mildness and extra flavor -- and believe me, that's Camel!

GOODWIN: And says golfer Ben Hogan --

HOGAN VOICE: (HE'S FROM TEXAS) Sure, it's Camels for me! They're cooler, slower-burning, give me extra smoking per cigarette per pack. Less nicotine in the smoke, too.

GOODWIN: Right, Ben. The smoke of slower-burning Camels contain twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling brands tested...less than any of them, according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself. Take a tip from the champions -- try Camels, the matchless blend of costlier tobaccos. You'll like the extra mildness and extra flavor. Get a pack of Camels today and you'll want to buy a carton tomorrow!

MUSIC:

ALEXANDER: Ha-ha! Look out below!

(SPLASH OF WATER)

FROST: Ooooooh! Sheriff! He poured water on me! I demand you arrest that boy! He poured a whole bucket of water on me from that upstairs window!

SHERIFF: ^{SORRY} I can't arrest a child.

FROST: Well, you can do something!

SHERIFF: ^{DON'T TRY TO WIN WHAT} ~~Hope~~. I didn't even see it happen. ^{ALL I CAN SEE IS YOU'RE ALL WET.}

FROST: Well, I'm going to fix them...Come on, let's go.

SHERIFF: All right, if you get permission to take down the quarantine, I'll serve this notice. But I can't do it otherwise.

FROST: I'll get the permission and -- ouch!

ALEXANDER: (YELLS FROST) Ha-ha!

FROST: Now he's shooting at me with a sling-shot! Are you going to let him get away with -- ouch!

SHERIFF: I haven't seen him doing anything.

~~FROST: Why, Sheriff, I should have brought my gun with me!~~

~~SHERIFF: Nope, I guess you should have brought my gun with you!~~

FROST: Ouch!...I'll fix them! They can't do this to me!
(CALLS) I'll be back, you little gangster! I'll be back, and I won't be so funny, either! Ouch!

MUSIC:

ALEXANDER: Well, here they come again, Mrs. Pennypacker. The Sheriff and Frost.

EMILY: Oh, dear -- I'm afraid Mr. Frost forced Doctor Douglas to let the quarantine sign be taken away.

ALEXANDER: ~~Well, it worked for a while, but I might keep them
off with my slingshot!~~

EMILY: ~~No, I'm afraid that's all right, good now.~~

ALEXANDER: Gosh, I wonder what's taking Mom and Pop so long. It's almost six o'clock and they're not back yet.

EMILY: Perhaps my candy wasn't as easy to sell as they expected it to be.

ALEXANDER: Well, it tasted awful good to me.

EMILY: ~~THANK YOU ALEXANDER~~
Well, here they come.

(FEET UP FRONT STEPS...OFF)

ALEXANDER: Gosh, I feel terrible.

EMILY: ^{How} Don't worry ~~now~~, Alexander. Maybe it's all for the best.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

EMILY: I guess we'd better let them in.

ALEXANDER: Yeah -- I guess so. ~~The sheriff seems like sort of
a nice person, in fact, that's my first.~~

MRS. PENNYPACKER: ~~COME RIGHT IN.~~
(DOOR OPENS)

EMILY: Come right in.

FROST: Thank you.

SHERIFF: I'm awfully sorry about this, Mrs. Pennypacker.

EMILY: I understand, Sheriff.

FROST: Measles, huh? Sheriff, you can see for yourself that the little boy hasn't got measles.

SHERIFF: Well, no, but Doc Douglas said he had a new variety -- eighteen hour measles.

FROST: Hmmm!...Well, let's get on with it, Sheriff. Read the notice to Mrs. Pennypacker.

EMILY: Mr. Frost, you ought to be ashamed of yourself.

FROST: Business is business...Read the dispossess notice, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: You haven't the money, Mrs. Pennypacker?

EMILY: I guess not.

FROST: Come on, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: Keep your shirt on...Let me see -- where are my glasses? Can't seem to find them.

FROST: They're right there in your coat pocket. Right here.

SHERIFF: ^(GLASSES) Oh, yes, so they are...

FROST: Well, go ahead -- go ahead. Read it.

SHERIFF: Just a second -- I'll have to clean the glasses.
~~They're awfully dirty.~~

ALEXANDER: Ha-ha!

FROST: Clean them after you read the notice.

SHERIFF: Now that would be silly -- cleaning them after I've finished with them.

FROST: Sheriff -- you're deliberately stalling! ^{SHERIFF: STALLING!} You could have read this and we could be out of here.

SHERIFF: Don't rush me.

(SOUND OF CAR OFF...TOOTING HORN)

ALEXANDER: Gosh, that sounds like our car ~~coming up the drive!~~

EMILY: Oh, my -- maybe everything's going to be all right.

FROST: Sheriff -- will you please read that notice immediately?

SHERIFF: Oh, yes -- the notice. Hmmm -- let me see now -- can't seem to make head nor tail out of this.

FROST: You fool, you've got it upside down!

SHERIFF: ^{UP SIDE DOWN?} Who're you calling a fool?

FROST: Oh, for goodness sakes, Sheriff -- read that.
SHERIFF: Now see here -- you just called me a fool, and I don't
take that kind of talk.
FROST: All right, all right -- I apologize! I'm sorry! Read
the notice!
SHERIFF: Hmmm -- let me see where this starts. Lots of papers
here.

(RATTLE OF PAPERS)

FROST: Right here! Start reading right here!

(CAR STOPS OUTSIDE)

ALEXANDER: (YELLS) Hurry up, Pop! Hurry! Mr. Frost is here
now!

FROST: Sheriff -- read! Go on!

SHERIFF: (CLEARS HIS THROAT) Hmm ^{IT SAYS HERE} seems to be something
in my throat. (CLEARS HIS THROAT AGAIN)

DAGWOOD: (RUSHING IN) Hey -- wait a minute -- stop! We've got
the money! Here it is!

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Is it too late? Did we get here in time?

SHERIFF: Yes, Ma'am, I guess you just made it...Gee, this is
too bad, Mr. Frost.

FROST: Taaaaaaaah!

BLONDIE: Here's your money. / ^{MR. FROST} Right here.

SHERIFF: Come on, Mr. Frost -- I don't think you're wanted
~~around~~ here any more -- I'll check the count of
that money.

EMILY: Thank you, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: It's been a pleasure, Mrs. Pennypacker...Good evening
to you. Come on, Mr. Frost.

FROST: Oh, all right. But mind you, I'm going to report
this -- ouch! Who put this turtle in my pocket!

SHERIFF: I'll test it for fingerprints later...Come on!!
(DOOR CLOSES)

EMILY: My goodness, you got here just in the nick of time.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- we got a ticket for speeding. ¹⁰⁰ But we wanted to get back before that Frost guy.

EMILY: Don't mention his name to me. I thought he was my friend

BLONDIE: -- and all the time he was trying to get your house away from you.

DAGWOOD: Say -- I'll bet it was Frost who hired that ghost -- so you'd sell the place cheap.

EMILY: Oh dear -- Do you really think --?

BLONDIE: Well, you won't have to worry about losing your house any more -- Wait'll we tell you about the candy. / ALMOST FORGOT

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- go ahead Blondie, tell her.

EMILY: Goodness -- did you really sell it all?

BLONDIE: Uh-huh. We met a man who's in the wholesale candy business and the minute he tasted your fudge, he bought up our whole stock.

EMILY: Oh, I don't know how to THANK YOU

DAGWOOD: Wait, that isn't all.

BLONDIE: And he's going to give you a contract to supply them with one hundred boxes a week for a whole year!

EMILY: Oh, that's wonderful! Just wonderful!

BLONDIE: Mrs. Pennypacker's fudge will be famous. And now, you'll never have to give up this place.

EMILY: (BEGINS TO CRY A LITTLE)

ALEXANDER: Gosh, Mrs. Pennypacker, don't cry. Everything's okay now.

EMILY: (HALF LAUGHING -- HALF CRYING) Oh, I just can't help it.
I'm so grateful to you all, and I feel so happy that I
just can't help it.

BLONDIE: (SNIFFLES) Dagwood -- lend me a handkerchief.

DAGWOOD: (SNIFFLES) Here.

MUSIC:

"BLONDIE"
8/18/41

-28-A

GOODWIN: WELL, FOLKS, THANKS TO BLONDIE AND
DAGWOOD, MRS. PENNYPACKER DIDN'T LOSE
HER HOME TO MR. FROST AFTER ALL. NOW
VACATION TIME IS ALMOST OVER AND THE
BUMSTEADS ARE RETURNING TO THEIR LITTLE
HOME ON SHADY LANE AVENUE SO BE SURE TO
BE LISTENING NEXT WEEK AT THE SAME TIME
WHEN BLONDIE COMES HOME FROM VACATION.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

GOODWIN: "Blondie" is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood
is Arthur Lake.
Our "Blondie" orchestra is directed by Bill Artzt
who also creates the special musical effects.
This is Bill Goodwin speaking for the makers of Camel
Cigarettes.

51455 8488

SOUND: (TINKLE OF DIME HITTING)

ANNOUNCER: Here that, pipe-smokers? That's the tinkle of a thin little dime.

SOUND: (HEAVY PLOP OF A PACK OF GEORGE WASHINGTON)

ANNOUNCER: Now that was the solid whack of a big blue two-and-a-quarter ounce package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco. Yep, I said two and one-quarter ounces -- all for just ten cents. And remember, that big pack of George Washington is crammed full of rich, mellow tobacco -- the kind you'll really go for. Load up with George Washington tonight -- and smoke it right to the bottom of the bowl!
This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.