

"BLONDIE"

As broadcast

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1942

CAMEL CIGARETTES

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

R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

CAST

BLONDIE.....Florence Lake **** DAGWOOD.....Arthur Lake

WOODLEY.....Jack Mather
HARRIET.....Mary Jane Croft
MAYOR SNIPE.....Charlie Lung
MR. TWINKLE.....
DAISY.....Clarence Straight
ANNOUNCER.....Harlow Wilcox
CONDUCTOR.....Billy Artzt
GREGORY (COMM'L). Helen Andrews

SOUND EFFECTS:

Rooster
Chickens
Gavel
Cash Register
Doors
Window
Walking on concrete walk
Walking on wooden steps
Lion roar

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1942

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 Camel -- the
cigarette that's first in the service.

MUSIC: (THLME)

WILCOX: Back in Nineteen Eighteen, I don't think many doughboys would know what you meant if you used new-fangled terms like "fighter umbrella" or "tank destroyer" or "PT Boat"... but most of them would grin if you said, "Have a Camel!" For Camel, then, as now, was the soldiers' cigarette. Yes, and thousands of the veterans of ¹⁹'Seventeen and 'Eighteen are still smoking Camels -- the cigarette ^{we believe} ~~that~~ more people have smoked longer than any other. Year-in, year-out loyalty like that is based on good, solid character. Try a pack of Camels yourself, and you'll see what character in a cigarette means! It means flavor, the extra flavor that helps Camels to hold up, pack after pack, helps keep them from going flat, no matter how many you smoke. It means mildness, too, the smooth extra mildness that goes hand in hand with slow burning and cool smoking. Test Camels in your T-Zone -- "T" for taste and "T" for throat, your own personal proving ground for flavor and mildness. ^{we think} You'll agree that costlier tobaccos, expertly blended, make a better cigarette! Get a pack of Camels tonight! You'll want to buy a carton tomorrow!

MUSIC: (FADE FOR AND OUT)

WILCOX: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue. Well, it's early in the morning, and Blondie and Dagwood are still sleeping soundly. Suddenly there's a flapping of wings and a shadowy figure perches on their window sill, and as the first flush of dawn lights up the sky....

(ROOSTER CROWS)

BLONDIE: Oh!...Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: (SNORES)

BLONDIE: Dagwood! Wake up!...Dagwooooood.

DAGWOOD: Hahh?

BLONDIE: There's a rooster on our window sill.

DAGWOOD: Tell him to close the window and turn on the heat.

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- wake up!

(ROOSTER CROWS)

DAGWOOD: Hey!...Hey, Blondie -- look -- there's a rooster on our window sill.

BLONDIE: Hmmmm.

DAGWOOD: A real rooster. Isn't that funny -- I was just dreaming a Pathe newsreel...Hey -- where did that rooster come from?

BLONDIE: I don't know, but I wish he'd go back there.

(ROOSTER CROWS)

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) Quiet!

BLONDIE: Oh, dear -- he's just going to stay there and crow until we get up.

DAGWOOD: I'll fix him!...(YELLS) Go on! Beat it! Scram!

BLONDIE: Well, there he goes!

(Window opens OFF)

WOODLEY: (OFF A BIT) Hey, Dagwood -- leave that rooster alone!

BLONDIE: Who's that?

DAGWOOD: Herb Woodley is leaning out his bedroom window. (TO WOODLEY) Mind your own business, Woodley!

WOODLEY: I am -- that's my rooster!

DAGWOOD: What?!

WOODLEY: Sure. I'm keeping chickens now. I've got a whole flock of them.

DAGWOOD: What's the big idea, Woodley?

WOODLEY: I just like to produce my own food. Every time I want an egg, all I have to do is go out and squeeze a hen... Neat, eh?

DAGWOOD: Now listen, Woodley, I won't stand for a rooster crowing on my window sill every morning.

WOODLEY: You'll have to talk to the rooster.

DAGWOOD: I demand you get rid of that rooster, and the chickens, too!

WOODLEY: Oh, go back to sleep.

DAGWOOD: I can't!

WOODLEY: It'll do you good to get up early. The morning's the best part of the day.

DAGWOOD: I'm not kidding about this, Woodley. If you don't get rid of those chickens, I'll shoot every one of them!

WOODLEY: Go ahead, and I'll have you thrown in jail! (LAUGHS) Well, looks like it's going to be a wonderful day!

(WINDOW CLOSES OFF)

DAGWOOD: Now listen here, Woodley...tooh. He slammed his window down.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, I think it's sort of a good idea to keep chickens.

DAGWOOD: Okay, we'll get some chickens too!

BLONDIE: Where are we going to get them?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) From Woodley.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear....

(ROOSTER CROWS)

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) ~~Pick them up! Pick them up!~~ Quiet!

MUSIC:

(CLUCK, CLUCK OF CHICKEN)

DAGWOOD: Come on, chicky, chicky, chicky...Keep on walking and eat some more of this.

(CHICKEN)

DAGWOOD: Come on -- right over here by the closet. Don't be afraid of me. I won't hurt you -- until I get hungry... Step a little closer, please...One...two...three!
I got you!

(SQUAWKS FROM CHICKEN)

DAGWOOD: Now -- into the closet with the rest of them!

(DOOR OPENS QUICKLY...AND SLAMS)

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Oh, boy -- every one of them!

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Dagwood...

DAGWOOD: Hey, Blondie -- I got all of ~~them!~~ *Woodley's chickens.*

BLONDIE: Where are they?

DAGWOOD: In this empty closet. (LAUGHS) It just took a little personality and two boxes of breakfast food.

BLONDIE: ~~Oh, dear.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Now don't you say anything, Blondie. It's all Woodley's~~
fault.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, where did that chicken come from that's on the
kitchen table?

DAGWOOD: Oh, that chicken. Well, you see, Blondie, seeing all
these chickens made me hungry. I kept visualizing them
roasted.

BLONDIE: You didn't kill one of Herb's chickens, did you?

DAGWOOD: Well, I considered it, but I didn't know how to go about
it. So I bought one at the meat market and picked it
myself.

BLONDIE: What did you do with the feathers?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: Come on now.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) I wrapped the feathers up in a newspaper, tied
a string around it, and left it on Woodley's doorstep!...
He'll find it when he gets the mail.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood! Is this going to be ~~the beginning of~~ another
one of those feuds between you and Herb Woodley?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, and this time it's not going to end until Woodley
surrenders!

MUSIC:

(DOOR CLOSING OFF)

WOODLEY: Any mail, Harriet?

HARRIET: No, just some bills, Herbert, and this package for you.

WOODLEY: Okay. I'll open up the package and you can throw the bills away.

HARRIET: I wonder what's in the package?

WOODLEY: Well, we'll see.

(SNAP OF STRING...RATTLE OF PAPER)

WOODLEY: Look out! Holy smoke! Feathers!

HARRIET: (LAUGHS) Gee, all over the floor.
yeah — and my blue suit.

WOODLEY: This is some of Bumstead's work!...Wait a minute!

Where did he get these feathers?

HARRIET: Don't ask me, Herbert -- how should I know?

WOODLEY: It was only a rhetorical question. I didn't expect an answer.

HARRIET: Then what did you ask me for?

WOODLEY: I didn't ask you.

HARRIET: Yes, you did. You said, where did he get these feathers and --

WOODLEY: Harriet -- please! Don't you see -- Bumstead has killed one of my chickens. That's where he got these feathers!

HARRIET: He wouldn't have to kill the chicken. Maybe he just gave it a haircut.

WOODLEY: Please, Harriet -- don't think so much...Taah! Look out in back. There isn't one of my chickens around! They're all gone! Bumstead's kidnapped them!

HARRIET: Now Herbert -- maybe your chickens just flew south for the winter.

WOODLEY: That's not possible! They can't fly that far!

HARRIET: Then maybe some ducks came alone and towed them.

WOODLEY: Harriet, please!

HARRIET: (SINGS IT) It could happen.

WOODLEY: I'm going to settle this up with Bumstead right now!

HARRIET: Now don't lose your temper, Herbert.

WOODLEY: I'm going to tear him to shreds!

HARRIET: Do it calmly then.

WOODLEY: I'll do it any way I please!

HARRIET: All right, just as long as you don't lose your temper.

WOODLEY: I'll be right back!

(DOOR OPENS...AND SLAMS...WALKING ON CEMENT WALK)

WOODLEY: (QUIVERING) Ohhhh, wait till I get my hands on Bumstead. He can't do this to me and get away with it. Not one of my chickens left!

(WALKING UP WOODEN STEPS...POUNDING ON DOOR)

WOODLEY: I'll take him and --

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Hello, Herb, old boy!..Come in.

(DOOR CLOSES)

WOODLEY: (TREMBLING WITH RAGE) Bumstead, where are my chickens?

DAGWOOD: Uh -- chickens? What chickens?

WOODLEY: You know the chickens I'm talking about!

DAGWOOD: Oh, those chickens.

WOODLEY: What happened to them?

DAGWOOD: Don't ask me -- ask the chickens.

WOODLEY: I don't suppose you know anything about that package of feathers I got, either.

DAGWOOD: I don't suppose so. (LAUGHS)

WOODLEY: If you don't mind, I'll just look around here.

DAGWOOD: Go right ahead, Herb. I'll help you.

WOODLEY: Never mind. I'll find out what happened to them!

DAGWOOD: Perhaps they followed a strange rooster down the street.

WOODLEY: Perhaps they followed a jerk into his house.

DAGWOOD: Who are you calling a jerk?!

WOODLEY: Aha! So they are here!

DAGWOOD: I didn't say anything.

(DAISY BARKS OFF)

DAGWOOD: Come here, Daisy.

(DAISY BARKS OFF AGAIN)

WOODLEY: Ah! I wonder if Daisy could be on the scent.

DAGWOOD: No, she's afraid of chickens.

WOODLEY: She seems to be barking at something inside that closet.

DAGWOOD: (WEAK LAUGH) Probably a mouse.

WOODLEY: We'll see.

(COME UP ON DAISY WHINING AND SCRATCHING AT DOOR)

DAGWOOD: Don't open that door!

WOODLEY: Oh, no?

(DOOR OPENS...CHICKENS RUSH OUT SQUAWKING LIKE MAD)

(DAISY BARKS)

WOODLEY: Look out! Get off me! Cut it out!

DAGWOOD: Hey, get away from me!

WOODLEY: I knew it, Bumstead! ^{my chickens! Two, Four, Five, seven, eleven} And there's one of them missing!

DAGWOOD: There is?

WOODLEY: Yes -- you've got your choice. Either give me three dollars for it or I'll have you arrested as a chicken thief!

DAGWOOD: Woodley, you wouldn't do that!

WOODLEY: I'd love it!..As a matter of fact, maybe I'd better --

DAGWOOD: No, no -- here's the three dollars.

WOODLEY: Thank you, Dagwood, old boy. (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: Now get those chickens out of here!

(DOOR OPENS)

WOODLEY: Okay...Come on, chickens -- scram!

(CLUCKING, ETC...AS THEY GO OUT)

WOODLEY: And the next time, Dagwood -- my price is ten dollars a chicken! Laugh that off, Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS)

WOODLEY: You're not very convincing. Goodbye!

(DOOR SLAMS)

DAGWOOD: I wonder what happened to that extra chicken? All right, Daisy, you can come out from under the chair.

(DAISY BARKS)

Dagwood!
BLONDIE: (COMING UP) *Yes, you can be brave now.* Dagwood, what was all that racket in here?

DAGWOOD: Woodley found his chickens. Daisy helped him.

(DAISY WHINES)

DAGWOOD: (TO DAISY) You sissy!

BLONDIE: Well, anyway, I'm glad that's over.

DAGWOOD: Oh, no! It's not over yet! I'm going down and see Mayor Snipe about this! I'll fix Woodley! Where's my hat?

(CHICKEN SQUAWKS)

DAGWOOD: There was still one left in the closet.

BLONDIE: Your hat's up there on the closet shelf.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah. Well, I'm going now!

BLONDIE: Dagwood, don't jam your hat on your head that way. You'll ruin the -- Dagwood, what's that dripping out from under your hat?

DAGWOOD: Oh, Blondie -- that hen laid an egg in it.

~~BLONDIE: Oh, geeey!~~

~~DAGWOOD: This is the last straw. I'm going to see Mayor Snipe
about this!~~

MUSIC:

SNIPE: And now Mr. Bumstead, what can I do for you?

DAGWOOD: Mayor Snipe, do you know my next door neighbor,
Mr. Woodley?

SNIPE: Oh, yes -- fine man, Mr. Woodley. I know him well.

DAGWOOD: It doesn't sound like it...Mayor Snipe, he's raising
chickens in his back yard.

SNIPE: Where did you expect him to raise them -- in his living
room?

DAGWOOD: That's not the point. Isn't it against the law to raise
chickens in town?

SNIPE: No. There's a law against raising checks, but not chicks.
(LAUGHS) That's rather clever, isn't it?

DAGWOOD: Heh-heh...Isn't there some sort of a zoning law or
something?

SNIPE: You're thinking of parcel post.

DAGWOOD: No, I'm not! I'm sure there's a law against keeping farm
animals in town.

SNIPE: You are?

DAGWOOD: Yes!

SNIPE: Good for you. And now if there's nothing else,
Mr. Bumstead....

DAGWOOD: I'm not through! Can't you make Woodiey get rid of those chickens?

SNIPE: No, Mr. Bumstead. It would be unconstitutional, illegal, and besides, he promised me one of them.

DAGWOOD: Mayor Snipe -- this is an outrage! I'm a taxpayer! I won't stand for this.

SNIPE: Then you have three choices.

DAGWOOD: What are they?

SNIPE: You can like it, or lump it, or move out of town!

DAGWOOD: Tooooh!

MUSIC:

WILCOX: Well, so far, it looks as though Dagwood will have a rooster crowing on his window sill every morning. But Dagwood doesn't give up that easily. We'll see what happens in just a minute, Oh, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Yes, Mr. Wilcox!

WILCOX: You know anything about auto and plane instruments?

DAGWOOD: Oh, sure! They used to call me Dashboard Bumstead!

WILCOX: They did?

DAGWOOD: I'm the inventor of the Dagwoodometer.

WILCOX: The Dagwoodometer?

DAGWOOD: It automatically goes on when a woman driver comes in sight, and a sign lights up that says -- "give her half the road!"

WILCOX: You ought to give her half, anyway!

DAGWOOD: I know -- but the Dagwoodometer tells you which half!

WILCOX: Well, maybe you ought to join Rosemary Gregory over at the Sperry plant. She helps make gyroscopes, those little spinny^{ing} gadgets that form the heart of so many ship and aircraft instruments. Like thousands and thousands of other women in defense, Rosemary Gregory smokes Cameis. She's said, QUOTE --

GREGORY VOICE: Cameis have been my steady smoke for more than two years. They're always smooth, cool, easy on my throat. And Cameis never wear out their welcome!

WILCOX: UNQUOTE: Yes, and Camel's the favorite with men in all the services, too, according to actual sales records in stores where they buy their cigarettes. Try Camels yourself and you'll see why! Camels have more flavor, and it's that full rich extra flavor that helps Camels hold up, pack after pack, no matter how many you smoke. And if you think you have to sacrifice mildness for flavor, try Camels, and listen to what your own throat says about Camel's smooth, extra mildness -- the mildness that comes from slow burning and cool smoking. For yourself, for that fellow in the service, get a carton of Camels! -- the cigarette that's expertly blended of costlier tobaccos!

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

WILCOX: Camels!

Before we continue with the second act of "Blondie," let us remind you that Camel presents four great shows each week. Thursdays, it's Abbott and Costello. Fridays -- the Camel Caravan. Saturdays -- Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks," and Mondays it's "Blondie."

MUSIC:

WILCOX: And now act two of "Blondie". It's an hour later, and apparently Dagwood has figured out a counter-irritant for Woodley's chickens. Blondie is staring out the kitchen window into the back yard as Dagwood comes in...

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwoodooooood...

DAGWOOD: What's the matter, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Where did those pigs come from?

DAGWOOD: I bought them.

BLONDIE: Oh, no!

DAGWOOD: Sure. If Woodley can raise eggs with his chickens, we can raise ham.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear -- three of them?

DAGWOOD: Yeah. I figured they'll make about a thousand sandwiches... And of course there'll be pork chops, pickled pigs feet, an and barbecued spareribs. Oh, boy!

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood, must we keep pigs?

DAGWOOD: They won't be much trouble, Blondie. (LAUGHS) Look at them. They're just minding their own business and rooting up Woodley's lawn.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, you're carrying this feud a little too far.

DAGWOOD: Don't look at me -- Woodley started it with those chickens. I can carry this just as far as he can if I have to end up by renting an elephant.

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood, please. You frighten me when you get that wild look in your eyes.

DAGWOOD: I've only begun to fight. And when a Bumstead -- hey, look! Woodley's chasing our pigs!

BLONDIE: Your pigs. I don't want any part of them.

DAGWOOD: He's chasing them with a club! He can't do that! I'll --

BLONDIE: Wait! Now they're chasing him!

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Oh, boy! Maybe they'll trample him a little!

BLONDIE: He can't get away from them! He's running this way!

DAGWOOD: I knew those were good pigs! They're fighting back like true Bumsteads!

BLONDIE: Dagwood, don't you dare include those pigs in our little family!

DAGWOOD: Hey! Hey! Here he comes for our back door!

BLONDIE: I'll let him in!

DAGWOOD: Let me handle this, Blondie, I'll get the door.

(WOODLEY BANGS UP AGAINST THE DOOR...RATTLE KNOB)

WOODLEY: Dagwood -- Blondie -- let me in!

DAGWOOD: Who's there?...Anyone we know?

WOODLEY: It's me -- Herb Woodley!

DAGWOOD: Never heard of you.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, let him in!

WOODLEY: They're after me! Let me in quick!

DAGWOOD: I'll think it over!

BLONDIE: Dagwood Bumstead -- you let him in!

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie.

(OPENS DOOR)

WOODLEY: (OUT OF BREATH) Oh, gee, thanks!

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: (CASUALLY) Well, Herb -- what's new?

WOODLEY: Do you own those wild boars?

DAGWOOD: Yeah. I thought if you were going to have chickens, I might as well have pigs.

WOODLEY: They almost murdered me.

DAGWOOD: Well, give them time...

WOODLEY: Blondie, are you going to stand for this? Turning your back yard into a pigsty?

BLONDIE: Well, Herb, if I can stand the chickens, I can stand the pigs.

WOODLEY: You know there's a law against this.

DAGWOOD: Mayor Snipe doesn't think so.

WOODLEY: That's all he knows.

~~BLONDIE: Oh, here comes Harriet.~~

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Hello, Harriet.

HARRIET: Hello, Blondie...who belongs to those cute pigs?

WOODLEY: What's cute about them?

HARRIET: Their tails.

WOODLEY: Didn't they chase you when you were outside?

HARRIET: Of course, not, silly.

WOODLEY: Oh, don't call me silly! ...Those animals are dangerous.

HARRIET: Why, Herbert, I think they're sweet.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, so do I. I'm becoming very attached to them.

WOODLEY: Every man to his own taste.

DAGWOOD: Hahh?

WOODLEY: Bumstead, are you going to get rid of those animals?

DAGWOOD: What for?

WOODLEY: Okay, that settles it.

BLONDIE: Now just a minute, you two. That isn't going to settle anything.

HARRIET: I don't think so, either.

BLONDIE: Dagwood will give up his pigs if you'll get rid of your chickens, Herb.

DAGWOOD: Sure.

WOODLEY: And admit that I've been licked?

DAGWOOD: Sure.

WOODLEY: Nothing doing! I'm not going to take this lying down!

DAGWOOD: Well, neither am I!

WOODLEY: That's what you think, Bumstead! I'm going to go down and see Mayor Snipe about this!

DAGWOOD: So am I! I'm going right now!...(FADING TO OFF)

WOODLEY: Good! How're you going down there?

DAGWOOD: I'm driving!

WOODLEY: Okay! I'll ride along with you! ...(FADING TO OFF)

DAGWOOD: It'll cost you a dime, Woodley!

WOODLEY: Okay, you cheapskate!

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

HARRIET: Aren't men wonderful?

BLONDIE: Well, they're men.

HARRIET: Yes, and they're always doing something funny. Oh, Herbert keeps me in stitches all the time. He's always telling me how dumb I am. Isn't that a scream?.. Gee, I wonder what they'll do next, Blondie?

BLONDIE: I wish I knew. We've got to stop them somehow.

(SOUND OF LIGHT TAPPING AT DOOR..)

BLONDIE: Oh -- someone at the door.

(DOOR OPENS)

TWINKLE: (DICK RYAN) Good afternoon.

BLONDIE: Uh -- hello.

(DOOR CLOSES)

TWINKLE: (VERY QUIET, VERY SLOW, VERY MILD) You're Mrs. Bumstead, aren't you.... And you're Mrs. Woodley.

THEY BOTH SAY: "YES"

TWINKLE: I'm Mr. Twinkle. My wife and I live right behind you.

BLONDIE: Oh, yes -- I knew someone had moved in there. That's a nice house.

TWINKLE: ^{yes-} We like it...Mrs. Bumstead, I wonder if -- oh, dear, I've still got my apron on.

BLONDIE: I forget to take mine off sometimes, too.

TWINKLE: What I wanted to ask you was, could I borrow two eggs from you?

BLONDIE: Why, yes, of course, Mr. Twinkle.

HARRIET: I have some, too.

TWINKLE: I'm making an angel food cake.

BLONDIE: Oh, are you really?

TWINKLE: Yes. Beulah adores my angel food cake.

HARRIET: Oh, ^{is} Beulah ¹ your wife?

TWINKLE: Yes. She was named after that town in Ohio. Astabula.

BLONDIE: I see.

TWINKLE: Quaint, isn't it?

BLONDIE: Oh, here are the two eggs.

TWINKLE: Thank you so much. You know, I always like to have a surprise for Beulah when she comes home ^{tired} from work.

HARRIET: Oh, do you do the cooking?

TWINKLE: Oh, yes, indeedy. (LITTLE LAUGH) I didn't know a thing about it when we were first married. But I soon learned.

BLONDIE: We all do.

TWINKLE: (REMINISCING) Yes. Oh, dear -- when I think of my first biscuits.. ! Of course, I was nervous ~~then~~ ^{that morning}...but they're nice and fluffy now.

BLONDIE: I still have trouble ^{with mine} now and then.

TWINKLE: Well, maybe we can trade recipes.

BLONDIE: Oh, that would be nice.

HARRIET: Yes, Blondie, maybe Mrs. Twinkle ^{'s wife} would like to go to a club meeting with us sometime.

BLONDIE: Yes, she might like to join it.

TWINKLE: Oh, no, I'm afraid not. Beulah hasn't been much interested in clubs. Not after she found ^{out} she couldn't get into the Elks... Well, I'd better be running along now. I've got to change the hem on Beulah's overalls... Thank you for the eggs.

BLONDIE: Not at all, Mr. Twinkle.

(DOOR OPENS...)

TWINKLE: Goodbye.

BLONDIE: Goodbye.

HARRIET: Goodbye.

(DOOR CLOSES...)

HARRIET: Mr. Twinkle's a nice little man, isn't he?

BLONDIE: Not much like those two hurricanes who just tore out of here. Harriet, we've just got to do something about ^{our husbands} ~~them~~ before they turn our homes into a zoo.

MUSIC:...

DAGWOOD: And that blankety-blank rooster gets up at the crack of dawn and screams right outside my window!

WOODLEY: (RIGHT ON TOP OF HIM) Those pigs rooting around in my lawn and destroying all my new grass! I tell you Mayor -- It's got to stop!

SNIPE: (ON TOP OF THEM) Yes, yes -- just a minute, boys -- please!
please!

(GAVEL...)

SNIPE: QUIET! (THEY QUIET DOWN) Quiet, or I'll hold you both in
in contempt of me...Now then -- what do you want,
specifically, Mr. Woodley?

WOODLEY: I want Bumstead arrested.

DAGWOOD: I want Woodley arrested and put in a cool, dry place.

SNIPE: Now let's see -- disturbing the peace, property damage,
maintaining a nuisance, and malicious mischief.

DAGWOOD: That's Dandy, Mayor Snipe...What does it add up to?

SNIPE: About sixty days.

DAGWOOD: ~~Woodley~~ ^{you} will look ~~warden~~ ^{NIFTY} in stripes, ~~Woodley~~

SNIPE: I'm talking about you.

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh!

WOODLEY: (LAUGHS) Throw him in and forget him.

SNIPE: You'll prefer charges, Mr. Woodley?

WOODLEY: I'd be delighted.

SNIPE: Fine. And I think we can manage to give you sixty days,
tot.

WOODLEY: What for?

SNIPE: For the same thing...You'll prefer charges, won't you,
Mr. Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, but I'd also prefer not to go to jail.

WOODLEY: I'm not interested in a cell, either.

DAGWOOD: I understand they're drafty.

WOODLEY: I won't prefer charges against you ^{Daqqy} if you don't prefer them
against me.

DAGWOOD: Okay, *Hennie*

SNIPE: Well -- well that's fine boys -- everythings all fixed up.

DAGWOOD: Now will you get rid of those chickens?

WOODLEY: Certainly not!

DAGWOOD: Then I'll buy more pigs!

WOODLEY: Okay, I'll put in sheep!

Dagwood: Then I'll put in cows.

DAGWOOD: Okay, and I'll buy a herd of goats! *Let's see you top that!*

Dagwood: Then I'll put in a herd of SKUNKS.

(GAVEL...)

SNIPE: I'll top it! You're both fined a dollar for contempt of court!

(CASH REGISTER...)

SNIPE: Pay here!

MUSIC...

(DOOR CLOSES...)

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) BIoOOOOOondie! Oh, BIoOOOOOondie!

WOODLEY: *Where's* ~~Oh~~, Harriet! *Do you have to come in here?*

DAGWOOD: ~~Gee, they're not here.~~ *I have to find my wife, don't I?*

WOODLEY: *I wonder where they are?*

DAGWOOD: Do you suppose they've left us?

(PHONE RINGS...)

DAGWOOD: Just a second.

(PICK UP PHONE...)

DAGWOOD: Hello?...Yeah, Mr. Woodley's here. Just a minute...It's for you, Woodley.

WOODLEY: Who is it?

DAGWOOD: I don't know.

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WOODLEY: In the future ask who's calling...Hello?...Oh, yes,
Mr. Flanders...What?...But, Mr. Flanders...But
Mr. Flanders!...Yes, but...Yes, but...Just a minute.

DAGWOOD: Is ^{it} that ~~old man~~ ^{old Guy} Flanders who lives next door to you?

WOODLEY: Yeah. Holy smoke -- he's going to sue me if I keep the
chickens. He'd do it too!

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Fine! I'll testify against you.

WOODLEY: Well, he wants to talk to you, too.

DAGWOOD: Okay...Hello?, Mr. Flanders, May I be your first witness
against Woodley?...Hanh?...But, Mr. Flanders!...Yes, but,
...But...But these are nice pigs!...Yes, but --
(STOPS) Gee, he hung up on me.

(HANGS UP...)

WOODLEY: (LAUGHS) He threatened to sue you, too, eh, Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: No. He said he'd have me tarred and feathered.

WOODLEY: Good! I'll furnish the feathers!

DAGWOOD: You'll be in jail! It'll be worth it to me.

WOODLEY: Wait a minute, Dagwood -- we're in a jam.

DAGWOOD: Well, you started it!

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

DAGWOOD: Blondie!

WOODLEY: Harriet!

BLONDIE: Have you settled it yet?

DAGWOOD: No!

BLONDIE: Then Harriet and I are leaving you two.

HARRIET: That's right, Herbert.

DAGWOOD: But Blondie -- where would you go?

BLONDIE: Have you ever heard of the WAACS or the WAVES?

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh.

WOODLEY: ~~They wouldn't take you.~~

HARRIET: ~~Then we'll become USO hostesses.~~

BLONDIE: Either those animals go, or we ~~go~~ join the armed forces.

WOODLEY: Well, Dagwood, what do you say?

DAGWOOD: I don't know.

BLONDIE: Don't you dare take so long making a choice!

DAGWOOD: The animals go! But Herb said it first.

Woodley: No, I didn't. Dagwood: Yes, you did.

WOODLEY: Okay!

BLONDIE: That's good, because we've already sold them back again.

HARRIET: We didn't lose any money, either. The butcher was glad to get them.

DAGWOOD: What did you threaten us for, then?

BLONDIE: We didn't think it would hurt to throw a little scare into you. Now you and Herb shake hands.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Herb.

WOODLEY: Okay, Dagwood...You know, those chickens were beginning to get on my nerves, too.

DAGWOOD: I was beginning to feel the same way about my ~~pies~~. *little pot pies*

WOODLEY: We never would have gotten any sleep.

DAGWOOD: I'll say not.

BLONDIE: Well, it'll all be peace and quiet around here now.

HARRIET: Until the next time.

(TAP, TAP, TAP ON BACK DOOR...)

DAGWOOD: Who's that at the back door?

BLONDIE: It sounds like Mr. Twinkle...Let's see, You know, he's the man who moved in the house in back of us.

(DOOR OPENS...)

TWINKLE: Hello, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Hello, Mr. Twinkle...This is Mr. Bumstead...and
Mr. Woodley.

(THEY AD LIB HOW DO YOU DO"S...)

TWINKLE: Charmed.

DAGWOOD: What can we do for you, Mr. Twinkle.

TWINKLE: Do you happen to have ^{25 or} thirty pounds of hamburger you
could spare?

BLONDIE: Thirty pounds!

DAGWOOD: Are you giving a formal dinner party?

TWINKLE: Oh, dear no.

(LIONS ROAR FROM OFF...)

BLONDIE: Good gracious! What was that?

It's one of my wife's hobbies - she raises lions.
TWINKLE: I'm boarding two lions for the circus.

(THEY ALL GROAN...)

MUSIC:

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: You'd never think that a new suit would cause a minor calamity in the Bumstead family, but that's exactly what happens. Don't forget to listen in next week at this same time. There's plenty of fun in store for you when "Blondie Solves a Manpower Problem."

Blondie, what do you think a woman looks for most in a cigarette?

BLONDIE: I believe nowadays they're looking for more flavor, just like men, Mr. Wilcox! That's why they're switching to Camels. With Camels they can get extra flavor and mildness along with it!

WILCOX: Thanks, Blondie! Get a pack of Camels tonight, folks! You'll like 'em!

Dagwood was played by Arthur Lake and Blondie by Florence Lake. Musical interludes are composed and conducted by William Artzt. Be sure to follow "Blondie," America's leading comic strip, in your local newspaper. Camels send greetings to the men of the Walnut Ridge Army Air Force in Arkansas. This week their base is one of the seventeen Army and Navy Training Centers to be visited by the traveling Camel Caravans. Good luck, men -- and we hope you enjoy the show.

This is Harlow Wilcox, reminding you to listen to Abbott and Costello this Thursday night, and saying good night for Camel Cigarettes. First in the service!

ANNCR: Say, Mister Pipe Smoker, I can tell you how mild, mellow, and tasty George Washington Smoking Tobacco is, but that's something you'll find out first time you smoke a pipeful. I can tell you how big that blue package is, too, but the best way to get the real facts on how much you're getting is to look on the blue revenue stamp on top. Says two and a quarter ounces! Compare that with the brand you're smoking now! And compare George Washington's price, too -- just one dime -- ten cents. Get a big blue package tomorrow! It's America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!