

As Broadcast

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

"BLONDIE STOPS THE PRESSES"

CBS-STUDIO "C"
MONDAY, OCTOBER 4, 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

J.C. DITHERS.....HANLEY STAFFORD
ALEXANDER.....TOMMY COOK
ALVIN.....DIX DAVIS
MAYOR SNIPE.....EARL ROSS
ANNOUNCER.....HARLOW WILCOX
CONDUCTOR.....BILLY ARTZT
COMMERCIAL (Salute).....PAT MCGEEHAN
G.W. HITCH HIKE.....FRED SHIELDS

SOUND EFFECTS:

HOUS

House Door
Water splashing (bathtub)
Breakfast dishes
Whizz whistle
footsteps downstairs
Rattle of paper
Key in lock
Murmur of voices (angry)

(REVISED)

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1943

4:30 - 5:00 PM. PWT
7:30 - 8:00 PM. PWT

WILCOX: Ah -- ah -- ah -- Don't touch that dial -- listen to
"Blondie" presented by Camels....

MUSIC: (BAND SINGS.....C-A-M-E-L-S)

WILCOX: Do you know a soldier overseas? It's still not too late
to send him a Christmas carton of Camels. The last
mailing date for overseas soldiers is October Fifteenth,
for men in the Navy, Marines and Coast Guard
overseas it's November First. Send cigarettes
because surveys show service men want them -- and
be sure they're Camels because actual sales
records show that Camels are first with men in all
the services. You can be sure that Camels will be
fresh when they reach him, no matter where he is!
Camels stay fresh, cool smoking and slow burning,
because they're packed to go around the world!
Tomorrow -- mail him a carton of mild, rich tasting
Camels. Mark it "Christmas Package", and
don't include matches!

CHORUS: C A M E L S!

WILCOX: Camels! If there's ever a time when your store is
temporarily out of Camels, ~~remember we're making more~~
~~Camels now than ever before~~ -- but Camels are first in
the service -- and the service comes first!

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MUSIC: (OPENING CURTAIN.....HOLD FOR.....)

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

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (BLONDIE THEME...DOWN UNDER FOR:....)

WILCOX: Well, it's been a hard day at the office for Dagwood,
so to sooth his shattered nerves when he came home, he
dove into a nice hot bath. He's in a tub full of
suds right now... Suds clear up to his ears.

(SPLASHING SOUNDS.....)

DAGWOOD: (LOUD...SINGS) Hi-hee, Pagliacci-i-i-i-! (SWITCHES)
I was sailing along-g-g-g-g, on moonlight bay. I forgot
thw wor-ords, ^{I got soap in my eyes.} ~~or what they say.~~ But I was sailing
along-g-g-g-g.....

(DOOR OPENS SUDDENLY....)

ALEXANDER:Hi-ya, Pop!

DAGWOOD: (STARTLED) Hey: Alexander!

ALEXANDER:What are you doing, Pop? Taking a bath?

DAGWOOD: No, I'm playing polo. ^{what are you doing here?}

ALEXANDER:Come on in, Alvin. It's all right. He's only taking a
bath.

ALVIN: Hello, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: What's the big idea? Can't you see I'm taking a bath!

ALVIN: Gee, Alexander, I should have brought over my toy
submarine.

DAGWOOD: The last time you left your submarine in the tub, and I got torpedoed!...Now ^{get out of here -} ~~go on~~. I want to take my bath alone.

ALEXANDER: Come on, Alvin. My Pop is very bashful.

DAGWOOD: I'm not bashful! I just don't like to take a bath in front of a stranger!

ALVIN: But Mr. Busmtead -- you know me.

DAGWOOD: I've known you ever since you were born, Alvin Fuddle, and you are still a stranger.....Now go on.

ALEXANDER: After you get through with your bath, we'd like to talk to you about something very important, Pop. ^{DAGWOOD: never mind.} We're going to start a newspaper.

DAGWOOD: A newspaper?

ALVIN: We'll give you the full details after you get clean.

DAGWOOD: Okay, okay! ^{I'll do any thing -} Just leave me alone now.

ALEXANDER: Okay, Pop....Come on, Alvin.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

DAGWOOD: Some day I'm going to fix that lock on the bathroom door.

(DOOR OPENS.....)

ALEXANDER: Oh, Pop.....

DAGWOOD: What now?

ALEXANDER: Don't forget to wash behind your ears!'

(DOOR CLOSSES)

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: Well, ^{boys} now we'll listen to your idea about starting a newspaper

DAGWOOD: Yeah--what's it all about?

ALEXANDER: That's all. Alvin and I traded around until we got a little printing press and we're practically ready to start.

ALVIN: There's just one more thing we need.

BLONDIE: What's that, Alvin?

ALVIN: Money.....Lots of it.

BLONDIE: You've come to the wrong place. We certainly don't have lots of money....What do you need all this money for?

ALVIN: For our salaries.

BLONDIE: Hmm--it sounds as though this newspaper is going to show a profit before it even gets started.

ALEXANDER: That's the idea, Mom.....We need someone to back the paper. You know--someone to be an angel.

BLONDIE: Oh, yes--I've heard the expression.

DAGWOOD: I think it means the same thing as ^asucker.

ALVIN: You catch on, Mr. Bumstead.

ALEXANDER: You better let me do the talking, Alvin...You see, Mom' and Pop, we've got to buy paper and pay the editors and reporters and the typesetters and the delivery boys.

DAGWOOD: Who ~~re they?~~ ^{are all those people?}

ALEXANDER: They're us.

DAGWOOD: Sounds like you boys have figured out a neat little swindle.

ALVIN: Yeah, we like it, Mr. Bumstead.

ALEXANDER: We want you to put in some dough and become a silent partner.

DAGWOOD: What's the silent partner do?

ALEXANDER: Well, he puts in the dough and doesn't say anything.
DAGWOOD: Is that all?
BLONDIE: That's enoughWhat do you think about it, Dagwood?
You're the head of the house.
DAGWOOD: Yeah, but that's just an honorary title. It doesn't
really mean anything...What do you think, honey?
BLONDIE: *Well -*
ALEXANDER: It would be very educational, Mom.
BLONDIE: Well, how much money do you need?
ALVIN: ~~Well, Mrs. Bumstead -~~ About five bucks.
BLONDIE: That's a little too educational.
ALVIN: Suppose we compromise for fifty cents.
BLONDIE: All right. Give Alexander the money, Dagwood.
DAGWOOD: Hanh?....Well, okay.
ALEXANDER: We'll make you the publisher, Pop.
DAGWOOD: No, no--you don't need to do that.
ALEXANDER: We've got to have a publisher.
DAGWOOD: Well, okay, but what for?
ALVIN: Well, Mr. Bumstead, just in case someone sues us for
libel!

MUSIC!

ALEXANDER: *(off)* Oh, Mom-m-m-m! I'm home for lunch!
BLONDIE: Well, how did school go this morning?
ALEXANDER: Okay, but ~~all~~ those problems Pop helped me with last
night were ^{all} wrong.
BLONDIE: Oh, that's too bad, Alexander, but you should have done
them yourself.

ALEXANDER: I couldn't. Pop insisted on helping, and if he keeps on insisting all year, I'm going to flunk out.

BLONDIE: I'll speak to him about it. I'll ask him not to be so helpful.

ALEXANDER: Say, Mom--Alvin Fuddle and I were talking about our newspaper. We'd like to print one of your recipes in it.

BLONDIE: (PLEASED) Well--uh--that's very nice of you.

ALEXANDER: The one for pineapple upside down cake...^{But before}
can sample it you give us the recipe, you'd better ~~try it out again~~ ^{bake one so we}
can sample it and make sure it works.

BLONDIE: Oh, I see...Well, it works, all right.

ALEXANDER: If I were you I'd try it out anyway.

BLONDIE: We'll see....What are you calling your ^{news} paper?

ALEXANDER: The Tattletale.

BLONDIE: It sounds interesting. ~~It almost~~ ^{almost} Sounds too interesting.

ALEXANDER: We're hoping that our first edition gets ~~confiscated~~ ^{confiscated}.

Then we can print it secretly and charge twice as much,

BLONDIE: The Tattletale sounds like it's going to be full of gossip.

ALEXANDER: ^{yes} It does, doesn't it?

BLONDIE: Well, is it going to be?

ALEXANDER: I wouldn't be surprised. We kids hear a lot of things, you know.

BLONDIE: Whose idea was it to make your newspaper a scandal sheet?

ALEXANDER: Well, Alvin's the circulation manager, and he said that we could ~~make a profit~~ ^{get rich} if we could make three different people want to buy up the entire edition.

BLONDIE: Oh-oh. And how do you feel about that?

ALEXANDER: I think he's got something there.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) It sounds pretty interesting, Alexander. I guess all your little friends will be anxious to see the first edition.

ALEXANDER: Yeah. They'll want to see what we've written about their parents.

BLONDIE: Their parents???

ALEXANDER: Oh, sure--all the gossip is going to be about the grownups.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear!

ALEXANDER: Say, Mom!

BLONDIE: Yes?

ALEXANDER: Can kids my age be thrown in jail by Mayor Snipe?

BLONDIE: Well-l-l-l, no, I don't think so.

ALEXANDER: That's good!

BLONDIE: Why?

ALEXANDER: We're thinking of ^{demanding} ~~writing a story suggesting~~ that the people kick Mayor Snipe out of office!

Blondie: oh dear

MUSIC:

(BREAKFAST DISHES)

BLONDIE: Come on, Dagwood--finish your coffee. It's almost time for you to make that dash for the office.

DAGWOOD: (GULPING COFFEE) Okay, Blondie.....Where's Alexander this morning?

BLONDIE: Well, the Tattletale went to press last night, and he and Alvin went out early this morning to sell their paper\$

DAGWOOD: A fine thing! I'm the publisher and they tell me nothing!

BLONDIE: Come on, dear--hurry up. I'll open the door.

DAGWOOD: (FADING A LITTLE) Have you got a copy of the ~~paper~~ *tattletale* here?

BLONDIE: They took them all with them.

(THE DOOR OPENS.....)

BLONDIE: The door's open, dear.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie! Here's I come! (COMING UP FAST) Where's my hat? Where's my hat?

BLONDIE: Right here!....Goodbye, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye, Blondie. I got to run!

ALEXANDER: (ON) Hold it, Pop!

DAGWOOD: Whooooooooaaa! I almost trampled you, *Alexander*. Did you sell any of your newspapers?

ALEXANDER: I'll say we did! The whole edition I even sold a copy to Mr. Dithers. *DAGWOOD: you did?* Gee, how he hated to let go of that nickel.

BLONDIE: You'll have to put in something about Mr. Dithers sometime.

ALEXANDER: We've got something in about him this time. And wait'll he reads it. (WHISTLES)

DAGWOOD: Hey, that doesn't sound so good. What did you say about him"? Let me see a copy.

ALEXANDER: We haven't got a copy left, but it said, Where was "What contractor whose initials are J.C. Last ~~The~~ Thursday night and how much did he lose? Answer tomorrow."

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DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! When Mr. Dithers sees that he'll blow ^{a fuse} ~~him~~
~~top.~~

ALEXANDER: Junior Potter's one of our reporters and whenever there's a poker game on, he sneaks down to the foot of the stairs and listens. Boy, he's heard plenty!

BLONDIE: Dagwooooood! I thought you and Mr. Dithers went over to Sheridan City on business last Thursday night.

DAGWOOD: I better be getting to the office, ^{the} ~~back~~ at ~~that~~ time.

BLONDIE: Were you playing poker?

DAGWOOD: I better be getting to the office....Well, goodbye, Blondie!

BLONDIE: Dagwooooooooood!

DAGWOOD: Goodbye!

(WHIZZ...WHISTLE...DOOR SLAMS)

ALEXANDER: Well, Mom--I've got my school books now. Hold the door open for me!

BLONDIE: All right, Alexander....So it was a poker game.

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Alexander, put me down for a regular subscription to *The* Tattletale.

ALEXANDER: Okay, Mom. Tell your friends about it, *too*.

BLONDIE: Goodbye, dear.

ALEXANDER: Goodbye!

(WHIZZ...WHISTLE...DOOR SLAMS)

BLONDIE: My--he's certainly following in his father's footsteps --and almost as fast!

MUSIC:

DITHERS: (OFF) Bustead! Come into my office!

DAGWOOD: Okay, Mr. Dithers. (LOW) Gee, I hope he hasn't read his copy of the Tattletale yet.

DITHERS: Sit down, Dagwood. (CHUCKLES) Have you seen this newspaper the kids are putting out?

DAGWOOD: *newspaper* No, I haven't see it yet.

DITHERS: Alexander sold me a copy this morning. I'm just looking at it now.

DAGWOOD: Well, put it away and let's get down to business.

DITHERS: *yes sir* Bustead.

DAGWOOD: Oh, excuse me.

DITHERS: To whom do you think you're talking?

DAGWOOD: To you *no*..I mean, to you. (LAUGH)

DITHERS: Well, relax for a minute. Sit down and rest your *brain*.. This looks like a great little paper.

DAGWOOD: But it's just kid stuff, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: I like kid stuff....Listen to this!" "Local Items. The Willoughbys have a new baby boy which will be named after their wealthy uncle. They hope he will leave all his money to the baby." (LAUGHS) At last--an honest newspaper!

DAGWOOD: It sounds like they're overdoing it *a little bit* -

DITHERS: Here are some others: "Be sure to get the next edition of the Tattletale. Sensational stuff about Mayor Snipe."....I'll bet Snipe is trembling in his shoes.

DAGWOOD: He's got nothing on me.

DITHERS: (LAUGHS) "Mrs. Pengally's daughter has a diamond engagement ring, but the Tuesday Bridge Club has decided it isn't a real diamond. Mrs. Pengally wasn't there".....I'll bet she wasn't there!

DAGWOOD: You're not kidding.

DITHERS: Oh, listen to this. It says, "Last week Dagwood Bumstead took a bath." (ROCKS WITH LAUGHTER)

DAGWOOD: What's that?? That's an outrage!

DITHERS: Oh, so you didn't take a bath!

DAGWOOD: Certainly I did!

DITHERS: ^{you could fool me}
^ Oh, this is a great little paper. When

Dagwood Bumstead takes a bath, that's news!

DAGWOOD: I see nothing funny about it.

DITHERS: And here's another. "Where was what contractor whose initials are J.C.D."-----what is this??

DAGWOOD: Read the rest of it. It sounds very funny.

DITHERS: "Where was what contractor whose initials are J.C.D. last Thursday night and how much did he lose? Answer tomorrow." Good grief! How dare they print a thing like that!

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS)

DITHERS: ^{oh that laugh} Bumstead! What's so funny? *I'm always afraid you'll lay an egg -*

DAGWOOD: Aren't you sorry you didn't take a bath last week? You, get off easier.

DITHERS: Who publishes this paper? I want to know his name.

DAGWOOD: The Publisher? Oh, I wouldn't bother about it, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: It's here somewhere....Ah--here we are. "Published by Dagwood Bumstead." Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Now, Mr. Dithers, I can explain this. I'm just the honorary publisher. The editors tell me nothing!

DITHERS: If Cora reads this ~~she can guess that I went to a poker game instead of~~ ^{she'll know I didn't go} to Sheridan City. ~~if she can't guess, in the next edition, they'll tell her!~~

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers; was that the time you —

DITHERS: No! That was another time —

DITHERS:
(Cont'd)

Everything was going along fine until this ^{mock-RAKING} ~~blankety~~
~~blank-blank-newspaper~~ ^{little RAG} came out! Now I'm a bum again!
....We're going to have a talk with those editors as
soon as they get home from school!

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: I'm sorry, Dagwood and Mr. Dithers, but you can't go
upstairs and see them now.

DITHERS: Well, why not?

BLONDIE: They're in conference.

DAGWOOD: In conference?

DITHERS: Who do they think they are?

BLONDIE: The editors ^{? The editors}...They left word with me not to be
disturbed.

DAGWOOD: It's a fine state of affairs when I can't ^{go up and} see my own son!

BLONDIE: You'll see him, all right--as soon as he's ready to
see you.

(DOOR OPENS WAY OFF.....)

ALEXANDER: (OFF) We'll take care of it for you, Mr. Wilcox.

ALVIN: (OFF) Just leave everything to us.

WILCOX: (OFF--LAUGHING) Thank you, gentlemen--thank you.

(COMES DOWN STAIRS.....)

WILCOX: (LAUGHS THROUGHOUT THIS) Well, hello, Dagwood--hello,
Mr. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: Hello, Harlow.

DITHERS: Wilcox, what are you doing here?

IMPORTANT

WILCOX:

~~Big~~ business! I've just ~~placed an ad for Camels in the~~ ^{given an interview on CAMEL CIGARETTES}

for the next issue of the Tattletale. (LAUGHS) You know -- the facts about that wonderful combination of flavor and mildness. Full rich flavor -- extra flavor -- that helps Camels hold up, pack after pack, no matter how many you smoke. And mildness...ah...that mildness (LAUGHS, BREAKS UP)

DAGWOOD: But what's so funny?

WILCOX:

(STILL LAUGHING) And then I asked them to put a special box on the front page inviting everybody to try Camels in their T-Zone..."T" for taste and throat -- everyone's own personal proving ground for cigarettes. That's where Camels really tell the story of their goodness -- in that all-important T-Zone. The story of their matchless blend of costlier tobaccos, so cool and slow burning from the first puff to the last. (LAUGHS) And Camels stay fresh, too, because they're packed to go around the world. (LAUGHS)

BLONDIE:

You said all that last week. Now...what's...so funny?

WILCOX:

(LAUGHING) Oh, Blondie -- wait till you hear what they've got on Mr. Dithers!

DITHERS:

Good grief!

WILCOX:

So long, folks.

(DOOR OPENS... AND CLOSSES...)

DITHERS:

Blondie, we're going up ^{and see those editors} ~~there~~ right now!

BLONDIE:

Just a minute...(CALLS) Alexander -- do you want to see Mr. Dithers now?

"BLONDIE" -13-A-
10/4/43 (REVISED)

ALEXANDER: (OFF - TO ALVIN) Hey, Alvin -- do we want to see a m.
Dithers now?

ALVIN: (OFF) Let him cool off a while.

DITHERS: (YELLS) I won't cool off! I demand to see you
immediately.

DAGWOOD: ~~So do I!~~ And so does your Pop!

ALEXANDER: (AFTER A PAUSE) Okay -- send them up, Mom... We'll
see them.

BLONDIE: You can go up now.

DITHERS: (EXAGGERATEDLY POLITE) Thank you so much!...Come on Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Yeah--okay, J.C. (GO UP STAIRS)

DITHERS: I knew you weren't head of the house, but you're not even vice president.

DAGWOOD: Yeah--sometimes I get reduced right down to assistant office boy.

ALEXANDER: Uh--step right in, Mr. Dithers,

DITHERS: (SNAPS) Step in nothing! I'll stamp in!

ALEXANDER: Hi-ya, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Alexander, has anyone come around to horsewhip the editors yet?

ALEXANDER: Oh, sure.

ALVIN: But Mrs. Bumstead took the whip away from him.

ALEXANDER: (LAUGHS) Yep. Nobody pulls any fast ones over on ^{my} Mom.

DITHERS: Not even your ^{POP -} father.

ALEXANDER: You are so right!

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

ALVIN: Sit down on Alexander's bed, Mr. Dithers and Mr. Bumstead.

DITHERS: I prefer to stand....This won't take much time. I just want to tell you kids that the next edition of the Tattletale will not appear.

ALEXANDER: Gee, where'd you hear that silly stuff?

DITHERS: I didn't hear it. I just said ^{it} ~~so~~ myself!

ALEXANDER: Say, Pop--is that an order from Mr. Dithers?

DAGWOOD: Well-uh--yeah, I guess it is.

ALEXANDER: I guess I'd better do what you do when Mr. Dithers tells you not to do something.

DAGWOOD: I suppose so.

ALEXANDER: ^{Just} Agree with him and then go ahead and do it anyway.

DITHERS: Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: No, no, Mr. Dithers--you were talking to Alexander.

DITHERS: His name is Bumstead, ^{too} isn't it?

ALVIN: Mr. Dithers, we can't stop printing the Tattletale just because you tell us to.

DITHERS: If you don't, I'll sue you and the paper for libel...
Uh---Libel's when you say something about a person that isn't true.

ALVIN: Yeah, we know--~~we've been to school, too.~~ *we're educated*

ALEXANDER: Mr. Dithers, you did go to a poker game, didn't you?

DITHERS: Well-l-l-l-l-, yes.

ALEXANDER: And you lost eight dollars and forty-five cents because you kept trying to draw to an inside straight....(ADDS)
Whatever that is.

ALVIN: And you told Mrs. Dithers that you were going to Sheridan City that night on business, ~~didn't~~ ^{didn't} you?

DITHERS: Wel-l-l-l-, yes.

ALVIN: Boy, what a fibber you are!

DITHERS: Oh, stop trying to intimidate me!

ALVIN: You see, Mr. Dithers, we didn't say anything about you that wasn't true.

~~ALEXANDER: Ne--we wouldn't lie about you, Mr. Dithers.~~

~~ALVIN: Oh, no--that would be naughty.~~

DAGWOOD: Yeah, but just a second, Alvin and Alexander. I don't think you ought to print things like that. No one's really interested in them.

DAGWOOD: It's a good thing they don't know about you and that little pin up girl -
DITHERS: ah Bumstead -

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ALEXANDER: We sold out the ^{entire} edition, Pop.

ALVIN: And the next edition is going to be even ^{bigger and} better.

DAGWOOD: Oh, no, not that.

ALEXANDER: We're going to expose Mayor Snipe.

ALVIN: And the police department.

DAGWOOD: Hey, now wait a minute. You'll cave in our whole city government. You can't print that paper, Alexander!

ALEXANDER: Pop, you promised not to interfere. Besides, the Tattletale is a fearless newspaper.

ALVIN: And if you try to force us out, we'll write an editorial about freedom of the press.

ALEXANDER: Yeah, that always gets them.

ALVIN: Our motto is! All the news till you're fit to be tied.

DITHERS: But boys, how about me? Suppose you just forget about me, and I'll take an ad in the Tattletale.

ALVIN: That would be swell, Mr. Dithers!

DITHERS: Fine, Alvin....Okay, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: Sure, we'll be glad to have your ad. ^{Dithers: That's a relief} But it won't keep your name out of the paper.

DITHERS: I cancel the ad.

ALVIN: Well, Mr. Dithers, I'm afraid we can't give you any more of our time.

DITHERS: Huhn???

ALEXANDER: If you have any more complaints, just write us a letter.

DAGWOOD: And they'll file it in the waste ^{paper} basket.

ALVIN: (INSINUATINGLY) Oh, by the way, Mr. Dithers--in the Saturday issue of the Tattletale that comes out tomorrow morning, we're going to tell where you were two weeks ago Monday.

DITHERS: Oh, no! Boys! Please!

ALEXANDER: Well, don't forget to get your copy tomorrow,
Mr. Dithers.

ALVIN: If you want to buy up all the copies in your
neighborhood that's all right with us...Goodbye.

DITHERS: Yeah--goodbye

(DOOR CLOSES.....)

DITHERS: Oh, Dagwood--this is awful.

DAGWOOD: They've got ^{little} reporters everywhere.

DITHERS: Tonight. I'm going to look under my bed.

DAGWOOD: Uh, J.C. -- where were you two weeks ago Monday?

DITHERS: That's the awful thing--I can't remember, but it must
be embarrassing.

DAGWOOD: Well, by tomorrow you'll know.

DITHERS: Yes, but so will the rest of the town including my
wife!

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: Gee, this is the first morning Mr. Dithers has been so
late to the office. I wonder ^(DOOR) if -- oh, here he is.

DITHERS: (COMING UP) Hello, Dagwood....Well, I managed to buy
up forty copies of the Tattletale this morning.
That'll squelch ~~the~~ ^{that} story about me.

DAGWOOD: You must have got up pretty early. When I left this
morning, they were going into third home edition.

DITHERS: Oh, no!

DAGWOOD: Yeah, and they were thinking of running off a four star sports final.

DITHERS: Good grief! They can print them faster than I can buy them.

DAGWOOD: Well, what does it say about you?

DITHERS: I haven't looked yet. I was too busy buying papers. That Alvin Fuddle tried to raise the price to a dime a copy for me.,

DAGWOOD: No kidding?

DITHERS: Yeah. He got it, too. *Black Market* Well, let's see what it says.

DAGWOOD: Hey, what's this about Mayor Snipe?

DITHERS: Oh-oh. It says, "The Tattletale has evidence that Mayor Snipe ~~has used city paving stones to make a walk victory garden - in his back yard.~~ *forced city employees to harvest his* Taxpayers--revolt!"

DAGWOOD: Whooooaaaa! That means trouble!

DITHERS: Listen to this: "The police missed a burglar the other day because they went ahead and finished their pinochle game. We demand an investigation."

DAGWOOD: The next thing they'll be suggesting we impeach the governor.

DITHERS: Look at the way they spelled pinochle. (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS--STOPS) How do you spell pinochle?

DITHERS: Why, P-E-N--uh--P-E-N-^{*a muck*}A--what's the difference?

DAGWOOD: There's something ^{*here*} about you.'

DITHERS: Oh, this is it. "Where was J.C. Dithers, the contractor, two weeks ago last Monday. ^{*see*} Answer on page four, " *must have been when I was measuring those bathing beauties -*
(RATTLE OF PAPER.....)

DAGWOOD: Here's the answer. "He was having dinner with Mrs. Dithers and Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead."

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DITHERS: (SLOWLY) That's right--I was.
DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) And you thought that --
DITHERS: Nevermind what I thought! I've been swindled!"

MUSIC:

(POUNDING ON DOOR.....)

BLONDIE: Oh, dear--the phone's been ringing or there's been someone pounding at the door all morning.

(MORE POUNDING.....)

BLONDIE: That's enough of that!

(DOOR OPENS)

SNIFE: Mrs. Bumstead, I demand to see.....

(MURMUR OF VOICES)

BLONDIE: Now just a munute--you can't all come in here! You can come in, Mayor Snipe.

SNIFE: Thank you.

DAGWOOD: Hey, Blondie--can I come in, too?

BLONDIE: No, you can't come---oh, it's you, Dagwood. Yes, come in.

DAGWOOD: Thank you.

(DOOR CLOSES....KEY TURNS IN LOCK...)

BLONDIE: Now then, Mayor Snipe.....?

SNIFE: Mrs. Bumstead, never in all my years of public service-- years in which I have given my best to the community, ever striving to make our fair city a model of good government, years in which I worked unfliningly and untiringly for the common cause--

BLONDIE: Come on, Mayor Snipe--get to the verb.

SNIPE: *oh yes, never* -- Have I been exposed to such a low, mean, dastardly attack! .. Where are the editors?

BLONDIE: *under the bed* They're hiding.

SNIPE: I'd like to give them a good hiding myself.

DAGWOOD: You'd have to do it over the bodies of two dead Bumsteads.

BLONDIE: That's right, Dagwood.

SNIPE: But did you see this ^{NEWS} ~~in that~~ paper? *I quote* "The Tattletale has evidence that Mayor Snipe uses city employees to ^{harvest} ~~work in~~ his Victory Garden. Taxpayers - revolt!" How dare they publish a thing like that? How da-a-a-a-are they?

BLONDIE: Probably because they saw the city employees with their own eyes -- just as I did.

DAGWOOD: I stopped and took a look at them myself on the way home, and I'm in favor of revolting.

SNIPE: You are revolting.

BLONDIE: Mayor Snipe, I think you'd just better forget about the whole thing and send those city employees back to your office.

SNIPE: But Mrs. Bumstead -- never in all my years of public service- years in which I have given my best to the community, ^{exac ver} ~~eeever~~ striving --

BLONDIE: Yes, we know, Mayor Snipe.

DAGWOOD: We hear that ^{balancey} every time there's an election, but you're still guilty. How about the time I saw you out dynamiting fish?

SNIPE: (COUGHS) Well - uh - I will say no more about this childish prank. But when you talk to those two editors -- (CHANGING TO PLEADING TONE) ask them to lay off me, will you please?

BLONDIE: Goodbye, Mayor Snipe.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, goodbye Snipe.

SNIPE: Oh--yes,---goodbye.

(DOOR OPENS.....)

(MURMUR OF VOICES.....)

BLONDIE: And you might tell those other people out there ~~and~~ who want to see the editors, ^{the} chief of police, the truant officer, the board of education, and the principal of the school that they'd better go home and mend their ways.

SNIPE: I'll do my best.

(DOOR CLOSES.....)

BLONDIE: Oh, dear--what a morning it's been. Well, let's go upstairs and see Stop the Presses Bumstead and Front Page Fuddle.

(GOING UP STAIRS)

DAGWOOD: Yeah, Blondie. If they keep this sort of stuff up, we're all going to be ridden out of town on a rail.

BLONDIE: I imagine that's very uncomfortable....I guess they're in Alexander's room.

(DOOR OPENS.....)

BLONDIE: Alexander? Alvin?

DAGWOOD: Come on out from under the bed...We want to have a little talk with you about your newspaper work.

ALEXANDER: Uh--we'd rather not discuss it.

ALVIN: Has everyone gone ~~yet?~~ I've been praying —

DAGWOOD: Well, they're leaving.

ALEXANDER: Gee, I didn't know that editors lived such a dog's life.

BLONDIE: Now young men--about that newspaper....

ALVIN: Oh, we're giving that up, Mrs. Bumstead.

ALEXANDER: We decided it would give us hardening of the arteries.

ALVIN: And nervous breakdowns.

ALEXANDER: And we wouldn't want anything to interfere with our school work.

DAGWOOD: Oh, of course not.

ALEXANDER: Yeah, we're going to give up the newspaper business and take up something quiet and restful--like ^{inventing high} ~~football or~~ ^{explosives} ~~hockey!~~

Blondie: Oh!!

MUSIC: (TAG CURTAIN)

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: Tonight again we send out thanks to the Yanks of the Week. Americans who have distinguished themselves for heroism in the battle area.

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

MCGEEHAN: (ISOLATION BOOTH)

To Lieutenant Ken.A.Walsh of Brooklyn, Marine pilot just designated as "the leading ace in the South Pacific". Twenty ~~line~~^{TINY} "Rising Sun" flags - signifying twenty victories -- are painted on the planes he flies. To tell the individual stories of this record number of victories would take a whole radio program itself -- or a series of them. In your honor, Lieutenant Walsh, the makers of Camels are sending to our men overseas -- fighting on land, on sea, and in the skies -- three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes.

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: On each of the four camel shows we'll salute another Yank of the Week, and on each of them send three hundred thousand Camels to our men overseas.... a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week.

WILCOX: Camels thank the Yanks in this country with the traveling Camel Caravans, which since nineteen forty-one have given over two thousand free shows and free Camels to audiences of more than three million service men .

WILCOX: Also, Folks, listen to each of the CAMEL radio shows. This week CAMEL brings you four shows instead of three! On Thursday night -- Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante over another network.

Friday night -- CAMEL brings you an entirely new and completely different comedy show also with Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore, over most of these same CBS stations.... Don't miss it!

Saturday night -- Bob Hawk in the Comedy Quiz, "Thanks To The Yanks", will be back in his old time...

Saturday night. (Consult your local newspaper for time and correct CBS station.)

And, of course, next Monday, don't forget to listen to "BLONDIE", America's famous comic strip family.

MUSIC: (BLONDIE THEME...FADE FOR:)

WILCOX:

Next week the Bumsteads find themselves the owner of a piece of real estate that is 150 feet and only four feet wide. For further hilarious details don't forget to listen in next week at this same time when "BLONDIE STOPS THE PRESSES"

WILCOX: Blondie is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood by Arthur Lake. The musical score is composed and conducted by William Artzt. Be sure to follow "Blondie", America's leading comic strip, in your local newspaper.

WILCOX: And remember -- send your Christmas carton of Camels now to that fellow overseas. No matter where he is, Camels will be fresh when they reach him -- because Camels are packed to go around the world!

WILCOX: This is Harlow Wilcox saying goodnight for Camel Cigarettes -- first in the Service!

MUSIC: (THEME AND APPLAUSE)

(BOARD FADE AND OUT)

(GEORGE WASHINGTON HITCH-HIKE)

SHIELDS: (ISOLATION BOOTH)

Mister pipe smoker, look at the number of ounces on the blue revenue stamp on your package of tobacco. I think you'll find that George Washington Tobacco will give you up to a half ounce more tobacco -- a dozen extra pipefuls. Yessir, and you pay only ten cents for the big blue two and a quarter ounce package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco!

It's mild, mellow, and sweet smoking, too, right down through the last puff at the bottom of the bowl.

Get a big package of George Washington tomorrow!

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

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.