

"BLONDIE"

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

As Broadcast

"BLONDIE BUYS A LOT"

CBS-STUDIO "C"
MONDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1943

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

Written by John L. Greene

Directed by: Don Bernard

CAST

BLONDIE.....PENNY SINGLETON

DAGWOOD.....ARTHUR LAKE

FUDDLE.....HARRY LANG
HOOLIGAN.....MEL BLANC
MAN.....HARRY LANG
ANNOUNCER.....HARLOW WILCOX
CONDUCTOR.....BILLY ARTZT
YANK...(Salute).....PAT MCGEEHAN
G.W. HITCH HIKE.....FRED SHIELDS

SOUND EFFECTS:

THUNDER
LIGHTNING
EXPLOSIONS
BATTLE SOUNDS
DOOR
FACTORY
FACTORY WHISTLE
TRUCK
KLAXON
POUNING POST IN GROUND
CRUNCHING OF WOOD
SCRIBBLING AND SIGNATURE

"BLONDIE"

(REVISED)

MONDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1943

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

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

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

WILCOX: Last call for Christmas! Last call for Christmas presents
if you know a soldier overseas! 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 a carton of cigarettes - the size and weight is just
right - fits in with the mailing regulations. And, of course,
be sure they're Camels, the cigarette that's first with men in
all the services, according to actual sales records.
Wherever he is, whatever the climate, your Camels will be
fresh when they reach him. Yes, they'll stay fresh, cool
smoking and slow burning, because they're packed to go
around the world. Tomorrow - mail him a carton of Camels..
- 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 have pushed Camel's production to
new peaks -- but Camels are first in the service - and the
service comes first!

51454 2145

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)

WILCOX: Well, it looks as though things are going to start popping
in the Bumstead home.. It's one o'clock in the afternoon,
and Dagwood is stamping up the walk looking pretty mad
about something. If we could listen to what's going on
in his mind, it would sound something like this --

(THUNDER AND LIGHTNING SOUNDS...EXPLOSIONS...BATTLE
SOUNDS)

WILCOX: In a word, Dagwood, is furious. He pounds up the front
steps, but slips on a toy jeep that just happens to
be there --

DAGWOOD: Whoooooaaaaa!!.

(FALL DOWN THE STEPS)

DAGWOOD: (A WAIL OF ANGUISH) I'm so mad I could cry!!

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: (OFF) Now, Dagwood -- you're too old to be sitting on
the sidewalk, playing with Alexander's toys!

DAGWOOD: (VIBRATING WITH SUPPRESSED EMOTION) Oh, give me strength..!

BLONDIE: Come on in the house.

DAGWOOD: Don't worry, I'm coming in *the house*

BLONDIE: (ON) Oh! What's the matter, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: I have something to talk over with you, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Oh -oh

DAGWOOD: You're not kidding!

(DOOR CLOSSES)

DAGWOOD: Now' . . . (DEEP BREATH...THEN CUTS LOOSE) Blondie, I got a notice this morning from the city tax collector that we owed some money on a lot I never even heard of!

BLONDIE: Oh, dear....

DAGWOOD: I knew you didn't own a lot on the other side of town, so I went down and told the tax collector off. I called him a swinder, a crook, and a bum!

BLONDIE: ~~Oh~~, Dagwood -- what happened?

DAGWOOD: He proved to me that you did own a lot, and then he threw me out of his office. I had no idea a tax collector could be so muscular. (MAD AGAIN) Now what I want to know, Mrs. Bumstead, is do you or don't you own a lot?!

BLONDIE: Yes - I do, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Oh, Bloooooondie!

BLONDIE: I've had the lot for over a year, but I was afraid to tell you about it

DAGWOOD: Who did you buy the lot from?

BLONDIE: Uh-well--uh-- you see --

DAGWOOD: That doesn't answer my question!

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, Cousin Edgar sold it to me. He wanted me to loan him some money, and I didn't want to, so instead of loaning him the money, I bought the lot from him.

DAGWOOD: How much?

BLONDIE: Fifty dollars?

DAGWOOD: Yeow,w,w-w-w!...Where did Cousin Edgar get the lot?

BLONDIE: Well, he told me he inherited it from his Uncle,
Salahiel
Saleratus Slocum.

DAGWOOD: I don't believe it ~~+~~ *I don't believe it!*

BLONDIE: He also told me that a man gave him the lot because he
saved the life of the man's little son.

DAGWOOD: I don't believe ~~it~~ *that either*....Now how did he really get it?

BLONDIE: Well, I found out later that he had brought it from
someone else for eighteen dollars.

DAGWOOD: That I believe!

BLONDIE: Well, I couldn't help it, Dagwood. Cousin Edgar needed
the money and he looked so sad and pitiful and he kept
telling me how wonderful our children were, and how
I didn't look a day older than sixteen, and the next
thing I knew, I owned a lot.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, you knew that your Cousin Edgar was a swindler!

BLONDIE: I know, Dagwood, but he said such nice things while he
was swindling me.

DAGWOOD: Blondie how could you do a thing like this without
consulting me? I'm a business man. I know all about real
estate.

BLONDIE: Like the time you bought that lot that was completely
under water?

DAGWOOD: Oh--that.

BLONDIE: Or the time you bought that lot on top of a mountain,
and the only way you could get to it was to be dropped
by parachute?

DAGWOOD: Well, thats how I learned about real estate. And that lot
on top of the mountain might be all right some day *you can't tell-*

BLONDIE: We'll have to wait for helicopters.

DAGWOOD: Yeah-okay. But do you know what the size of your lot is?

BLONDIE: Well, not exactly, Dagwood. When I bought it I just signed a lot of papers and gave him the fifty dollars. I thought we might build a house on it some day.

DAGWOOD: Hah.

BLONDIE: Well, how big is it?

DAGWOOD: It's a hundred and fifty feet long.

BLONDIE: Oh, that's wonderful!

DAGWOOD: And four feet wide.

BLONDIE: Oh, that's won -- oh!

DAGWOOD: Why that lot isn't even wide enough for a double bed!

BLONDIE: I guess I should have read those papers.

DAGWOOD: ~~Of course you might be able to~~ ^{The only one you might} ~~sell~~ ^{that} the lot ^{is} to the Thin Man

BLONDIE: (STARTS TO CRY) Oh, Dagwooooood!

DAGWOOD: ^{STOP THAT} Now/don't cry about it, Blondie.

BLONDIE: (CRYING) I can't help it!

DAGWOOD: Don't, Blondie! How can I be mad at you if you're crying? You're making me feel like an awful heel.

BLONDIE: That's why I'm crying....(SOBS) I thought I owned a big lot and all it is is a little sliver.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- it's just something the real estate people left on the side of their plate....It's lot fifty-four in Section S, ^{BLONDIE} A..Have you ever seen it?

BLONDIE: No.

DAGWOOD: Neither have I. We might as well go over and see it and both have a good cry.

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: Do my eyes still look red, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: No, they're all right now.

BLONDIE: Then we can go outside and get in the car.

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Oh, there's Fuddle raking up his leaves. *BLONDIE: oh dear* ..Hi, Fuddle!

FUDDLE: (OFF) Hello, Deggy, old boy! Hello, Blondie, old g---hello, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Hello, Mr. Fuddle.

FUDDLE: Where are you going?

DAGWOOD: (PUTTING IT ON) Oh, we're just going to look over a little piece of property that ~~Blondie owns~~. *we own -- See YOU LATER, FUD - -*

BLONDIE: Mr. Fuddle, would you be interested in buying ^{Lovely} a lot?

FUDDLE: No, thank you, Blondie. I'd rather lose my money some other way.....You don't happen to be talking about lot fifty-four in Section S.

DAGWOOD: Did you say Section F?

FUDDLE: No, not F as in Fathead, but S as in Sucker.

DAGWOOD: That's the lot!

FUDDLE: Hello, Sucker.

DAGWOOD: It's Blondie's lot.

FUDDLE: Hello, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Now, just a minute, Mr. Fuddle -- how did you know it was that lot?

FUDDLE: Oh, that's the lot I sold your Cousin Edgar for eighteen dollars.

DAGWOOD: I should have known you were responsible for all this, Fuddle! How much did you pay for it?

FUDDLE: Seven bucks...Boy, did I get robbed!....What did you pay for it?

DAGWOOD: Well, Blondie paid --

BLONDIE: (QUICK) Dagwood, don't you dare tell him!

DAGWOOD: She paid a certain amount of money.

FUDDLE: If you paid anything over seventy-five cents, you've been swindled.

DAGWOOD: What's the lot like, Fuddle?

FUDDLE: It's like nothing you've ever seen before. It overlooks the city dump.

BLONDIE: I guess that wouldn't be much of a view.

FUDDLE: Well, you could sit on your property with a pair of field glasses and read the labels on old tomato cans.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear....

FUDDLE: And Dagwood could go there on Saturday afternoons and have a great time slugging rats.

BLONDIE: What's the view in the other direction?

FUDDLE: There isn't any. You're right smack up against a factory.

BLONDIE: (CLOSE TO TEARS AGAIN) Oh, Dagwood....

DAGWOOD: Now just control yourself, honey. It may turn out to be all right.

FUDDLE: What an optimist! Owning that lot is the closest thing to owning no property at all. (LAUGHS) You'll hate it! You'll go nuts trying to get rid of it! No one will take it even for a gift!

DAGWOOD: All right, Fuddle, all right. Just lay off...How do we get to the lot, anyway?

FUDDLE: Oh that's easy on account of the factory. You go out to the end of Whittlesey Street until you hear the noise of the factory. You keep going toward the noise, and when it gets so loud you can't stand it anymore, ^{That's YOUR LOT -} ~~you're there.~~

DAGWOOD: What if the factory isn't running at the moment.
FUDDLE: In that case, just follow the smell of the city dump.
You can't miss it.
BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- it doesn't sound as though my property is
good for anything.
FUDDLE: Well, you might breed mosquitos on it.
BLONDIE: (STARTS TO CRY AGAIN)
DAGWOOD: Now see what you did, Fuddle! Get back to raking up your
leaves and burning them!
FUDDLE: Oh, I'm not going to burn the leaves. I'm just going to ge
them in a pile over here and let the wind blow them onto
your lawn.
DAGWOOD: All right, Fuddle -- take off your coat and we'll settle
this right now!
BLONDIE: ~~Oh~~, Dagwood....
DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie -- I'll settle with him later. We'll go and
see what that lot really does look like.

MUSIC:

(SOUND: COME UP ON THE DAMNDEST, LOUDEST FACTORY
SOUNDS YOU HAVE...IT'S AN AWFUL RACKET...HOLD THE
SOUNDS UP)

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) Well, here's the lot, Blondie!
BLONDIE: (YELLS) I can't hear you!

(SOUND: NOW THEN WE HEAR A QUITTING WHISTLE...THE
SOUND OF THE FACTORY STOPS ALMOST IMMEDIATELY)

DAGWOOD: *I said HERE IS - ...*
^ That must have been the quitting whistle. They're probably
changing shifts. *The silence is deafening.*

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- this is awful...Just where is my lot?

DAGWOOD: It's this alley the trucks have been running up and down.

BLONDIE: Look at that big chimney, too. It's right next to my lot, and if it ever fell down I wouldn't have any lot left.

^{Just}
~~And~~ look at the soot coming down from it!...Oh, just wait till I get my hands on Cousin Edgar!

DAGWOOD: Well, the view's a little better looking towards the city dump.

BLONDIE: Yes, it's interesting, but it isn't very inspiring.

(SOUND: SOUND OF TRUCK COMING UP OFF)

DAGWOOD: Look out -- here comes a truck.

BLONDIE: They haven't any right to run over my property!

DAGWOOD: Blondie, don't argue with the truck. It's heavier than you.

(SOUND: TRUCK UP...NASTY SOUNDING HORN...THE GUY LAYS ON IT...)

BLONDIE: (YELLS) Don't you dare honk at me like that!

MAN: (YELLS) Get out of the way, will you!

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) Look out, Blondie!

(SOUND: TRUCK ROARS PAST VERY CLOSE...)

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke -- that was a close one!

BLONDIE: (MAD) Oh...Oh...Oh! They can't do that to me! I won't stand for it! They can't chase me off my own property!

DAGWOOD: ^{BUT}
^ They did it! ~~Look at us standing in this pile of old tin cans.~~

BLONDIE: Well, I won't stand for this! I'm going in and see the president of this factory!

~~(SOUND: TWO TOOTS FROM THE WHISTLE...AND THE FACTORY STARTS BANGING AWAY AGAIN...)~~

MUSIC:

~~(SOUND: FACTORY SOUNDS DOWN -- THEY'RE OFF A WAYS...)~~

DAGWOOD: The secretary said for us to go right through this door.

BLONDIE: All right, Dagwood.

Hooligan: ah

~~(SOUND: DOOR OPENS, AND CLOSSES...SHUTTING OUT FACTORY SOUNDS...)~~

HOOLIGAN: Are you Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead?

BLONDIE: Yes, and we --

HOOLIGAN: I'm Mr. Hooligan. Don't laugh...don't smile either, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Oh, excuse me.

AS PRESIDENT OF THIS FACTORY

HOOLIGAN: ^ I can give you exactly one minute and twenty seconds of my VALUABLE time.

BLONDIE: That won't be enough. Mr. Hooligan, I happen to own --

HOOLIGAN: Yes, I know, I know. That lot next to my factory.

BLONDIE: Yes, and when your trucks go by, they squeeze me right off my property.

HOOLIGAN: Amusing, isn't it? (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: What's funny about it? We almost got run over by one of your trucks.

HOOLIGAN: Well, I suggest that in the future you avoid such unpleasant possibilities by staying off your property.

BLONDIE: Are you telling me to stay off my property?

HOOLIGAN: Precisely...You may not know it, Mrs. Bumstead, but when you bought that property you signed ^{little} a paper allowing us free passage of our trucks. We made a little deal with the former owner, Edgar Slocum.

BLONDIE: Oh...(THEN) But when your trucks are passing over my property, there's nothing else left ^{FOR ME} to stand on.

HOOLIGAN: As I said before, Amusing, isn't it?

DAGWOOD: I'll handle this, Blondie! Come on, Hooligan -- put up your dukes and fight like a man! Come on - just make a pass at me.

HOOLIGAN: Mr. Bumstead, if you so much as touch me, I'll sue you down to your last suit of underwear.

DAGWOOD: I take it all back.

BLONDIE: Mr. Hooligan, I'm willing to sell you the property for exactly what I paid for it.

HOOLIGAN: Are you?

BLONDIE: Yes.

HOOLIGAN: Well, I'm not willing to buy it. I'm very happy with things the way they are.

BLONDIE: But what can I do with the property?

HOOLIGAN: You can pay taxes on it...Now your time is up. Good day.

BLONDIE: Mr. Hooligan, if you think you can talk like this to us and get away with it, you're very much mistaken. I may have signed papers and all that, but you can't tell me you can practically occupy my property without my permission! If you're not going to be nice about this, we'll show you we can play the same game with you, won't we, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: You're doggone right we will!

HOOLIGAN: You will what?

DAGWOOD: We'll -- we'll -- well, we'll do what my wife said, that's what we'll do!

BLONDIE: We're going out your door now, Mr. Hooligan, but we'll be back, and when we do you'll be very sorry you've treated us the way you have!...Come on, Dagwood! Let's go to the court house and talk to the judge! Goodbye, Mr. Hooligan!

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- goodbye! *HAPPY-*

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...AND SLAMS..)

(SOUND: TEMPLE BLOCK, RATTLE OF COAT HANGERS...)

DAGWOOD: Hey! We walked into a ^{*clothes*} closet instead!

(SOUND: THEN BANG ON DOOR)

DAGWOOD: Let us out of here!

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

HOOLIGAN: (LAUGHS AT THEIR DISCOMFITURE) *WALKED INTO A CLOSET*

BLONDIE: (MAD) Well! Goodbye again!

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: Well, thank you just the same, Judge Schweitzer, Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: See, Blondie -- I told you the judge couldn't do anything about it.

BLONDIE: Well, it never hurts to ask. After this I'm going to be more careful what I sign.

~~DAGWOOD: Particularly if one of your relatives asks you to sign it.~~

~~BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood, I've got some nice relatives on my side of the family.~~

~~DAGWOOD: (SURPRISED) Is that so? I guess I haven't met them yet.~~

~~BLONDIE: Dagwood Bumstead! How about your relatives?~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Well, let's not mention them.~~

BLONDIE: ~~No, they're unmentionable.~~

WILCOX: (OFF A BIT) Hello, Blondie - hello, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Oh - oh. It's Harlow Wilcox. Maybe I can sell the lot to him Hi, Harlow, old boy.

BLONDIE: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

DAGWOOD: Harlow, old ^{PAISY-WALSY} pal, would you be interested in buying a nice piece of property?

WILCOX: Well, that depends. Is it a big lot that I could sort of stretch out on?

DAGWOOD: That depends on which way you're lying.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, it isn't really fair to try to sell it to Mr. Wilcox. If he laid down on that lot with his feet to the factory, his head would overlap the city dump.

WILCOX: ^{well} Frankly, I don't think I'd be interested. I'd rather buy something I know is good, and will stay good - like Camels. You see, I know Camels stay fresh, stay cool smoking and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world.

DAGWOOD: But getting back to that lot, Harlow --

WILCOX: No, Dagwood. You see your lot has disadvantages. It might get washed away by a heavy rain. What would you have? A mud flat!

DAGWOOD: Huh?

WILCOX: Flat! Flat! And if you want a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many you smoke, get Camels. They have more flavor, the result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos. That extra flavor helps Camels hold up, pack after pack.

DAGWOOD: Look, Harlow, this lot is in a ^{VERY} nice zone - a
residential zone --

WILCOX: Yes, but I'd rather talk about the T-Zone, that's T
for taste and throat, everyone's own proving ground for
Camels rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness ..
By the way, Dagwood, you don't happen to own lot
fifty-four in Section S, do you?

BLONDIE: That's it, Mr. Wilcox.

WILCOX: It sounded like it. Well, there's nothing you can do
about selling that lot, but wait for another
sucker to come along.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- I was hoping you would fit the description.

WILCOX: No, thanks. I've all ready owned that lot. I sold
it to Mr. Fuddle for seven dollars.

BLONDIE: Oh, goodness! How much did you buy it for?

WILCOX: Three dollars. Did I ever get taken! ... See you later,
folks.

(AD LIB GOODBYES.....)

DAGWOOD: ^{So long}
~~Well~~, anyway, Blondie, the price on that lot seems to
be going up.

BLONDIE: ~~Dagwood~~, I think I paid just about the ceiling price...
But maybe I can bluff that Mr. Hooligan. I'm going
to go back there and put up a big post with a "No
Trespassing" sign on it.

MUSIC:

(SOUND OF POUNDING POST INTO GROUND)

BLONDIE: Do you think the post is in deep enough now, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: No, Blondie, you better give it a couple more hits.

BLONDIE: All right.

(COUPLE MORE HITS)

DAGWOOD: That's fine now.

HOOLIGAN: (COMING UP) Hey, what's going on here?

BLONDIE: We're putting up a "Keep Off This Means You" sign, *M.R. HOOLIGAN*
and it does mean you!

DAGWOOD: You're standing on our property now, Mr. Hooligan.
Beat it!

HOOLIGAN: (CHUCKLES) Trying to bluff me, eh?

BLONDIE: Bluff you nothing! I've just come from having a little talk with Judge Schweitzer, and -- uh -- and you're going to be very surprised when you hear what his decision was!

DAGWOOD: I'll say you will! He said you couldn't drive another truck over our property here!

BLONDIE: And you'd better tell your truck drivers before you get into trouble!

HOOLIGAN: I was afraid you might go to see Judge Schweitzer.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Yeah, you can't put anything over on us Bumsteads!

HOOLIGAN: So I called up Judge Schewitzer and he told me I was perfectly within my rights.

BLONDIE: (CAUGHT) Oh -- you -- called up -- Judge Schweitzer?

HOOLIGAN: Yes, Mrs. Bumstead. You're being very annoying about this strip of land that's a hundred and fifty feet by four feet, and if you bother me any more I'll have my men shovel your whole lot right into the city dump.

DAGWOOD: Now look here, Mr. Hooligan --

HOOLIGAN: And you along with it, Mr. Bumstead.

(TRUCK COMING UP...HONKS HORN...)

HOOLIGAN: (CALLS) Don't pay any attention to that sign, Joe.
Run right over it!

MAN: Okay, Boss.

(TRUCK DRIVES SLOWLY AHEAD)

DAGWOOD: Hey! Don't!

(CRACKING OF POST AND CRUNCHING OF WOOD...)

(TRUCK GOES ON AND FADES...)

HOOLIGAN: Well, that was a waste of time, wasn't it, Mrs. Bumstead?

... Good day! (FADES)

BLONDIE: Oh, that man makes me so mad I could ^{TEAR HIM LIMB FROM JOINT -} ~~bite his head off!~~

DAGWOOD: It would do him a world of good.

BLONDIE: Practically chasing me off my property! His trucks run over my lot, and his big tall chimney sticks out onto my land at least two feet at the bottom where it's big, and his factory is usually making a lot of noise, ~~and -- oh, Dagwood!~~

DAGWOOD: Wait a minute -- here comes Mr. Hooligan back again.

HOOLIGAN: (COMING UP) Oh, Mrs. Bumstead -- you bought the lot from Edgar Slocum for fifty dollars, didn't you?

BLONDIE: Yes.

HOOLIGAN: My time's valuable -- I can't be running out here every minute -- so I'll give you twenty-five dollars for this lot.

DAGWOOD: ^{oh} Take it, Blondie. That's about thirty dollars more than it's worth.

BLONDIE: No, I won't sell it for less than I paid for it.

HOOLIGAN: Mrs. Bumstead, you're a very stupid woman!

DAGWOOD: That did it! Okay, Hooligan!

(CRACK, OF FIST..)

HOOLIGAN: Oh, you want a fight, eh? Well, I'll --

(CRACK, CRACK OF FIST)

HOOLIGAN: Yeow-w-w-w! My eye!

DAGWOOD: Call my wife stupid, will you? Here's one for the other eye!

(CRACK)

HOOLIGAN: You'll pay for this, you fool!

BLONDIE: You can't talk to my husband likt that!

HOOLIGAN: (YELLS) Awoooooooooooo! Don't kick me again.

DAGWOOD: Now beat it, ^{HAPPY}/Hooligan!

HOOLIGAN: I'm going to sue you for assault and battery! I'll take every last cent away from you! He111111p!

He111111p! (FADING)

DAGWOOD: *That'll teach him something --*

BLONDIE: Thank you, Dagwood -- you were wonderful!

DAGWOOD: It was a pleasure! I enjoyed it immensely!

BLONDIE: So did I.

DAGWOOD: Let's do it again sometime.

HOOLIGAN: (OFF) There he is, men! Go get him.

BLONDIE: Oh -- oh, Dagwood! Here comes Mr. Hooligan's truck drivers! Run for your life.

(SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: Here, Dagwood -- sign this, too.

DAGWOOD: Okay.

(SCRIBBLING SIGNATURE)

BLONDIE: There!

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- now everything I own is in your name ^{BLONDIE} except my last suit of underwear. I think the law allows me to keep a pair of shorts.

BLONDIE: Mr. Hooligan can sue and sue, but the only thing he can do is have you thrown in jail.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Yeah, that's a good one on hi----hanh?

BLONDIE: You know, ^{DAGWOOD} you did sort o' beat him up -- my hero.

DAGWOOD: Oh, it was nothing... And you ^{KINDA} helped, ^{YOURSELF A LITTLE BIT} You kicked him.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear! He can sue me, too!

DAGWOOD: We better put ~~it~~ ^{THE PROPERTY AND STUFF} all ^{OR MAYBE A LITTLE IN} in Alexander's name ^(DAGWOOD) ^{DAISY'S NAME} ^{Oh, I guess not.}

~~Alexander's name:~~

BLONDIE: He's out playing football somewhere...I still don't think that Mr. Hooligan has any right to use my lot for his trucks and build part of that tall chimney -- tall chimney -- Dagwood, I wonder if --

DAGWOOD: ~~Never mind~~, I'll go out and get Alexander ^{RIGHT NOW -}

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: I'll show that guy Hooligan ~~how to~~ --

HOOLIGAN: (VERY CLOSE) ^{You'll show that guy Hooligan WHAT?} ~~How to what?~~

DAGWOOD: (STARTLED) ^{Hello MR. HOOLIGAN} Whooooaaaaa! ^{OTHER FELLOWS} Hey, who are these ~~guys~~ with you?

HOOLIGAN: ^{MY ENTIRE LEGAL STAFF...THREE PROCESS SERVERS... AND FOUR OF MY NASTIEST TRUCK DRIVERS...} Joe, you and the boys wait outside. I'll call you if I need you.

MAN: Okay, boss.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

WE WERE JUST TALKING ABOUT YOU

DAGWOOD: Come right in, Mr. Hooligan, ^{WE WERE JUST TALKING ABOUT YOU} We've just decided to give you the lot if you won't bother about suing ^{US} ~~me~~. (LAUGHS)
That's fair, isn't it?

HOOLIGAN: No.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, we're not going to give him that lot.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yes we are, Blondie. Don't you remember - remember remember? ~~please~~ ;

BLONDIE: No, I don't remember. We're not going to give him that lot no matter what happens.

DAGWOOD: Oh, Blondie -- you wouldn't want to see me in jail. It would be awful. I might have a long number that I wouldn't be able to remember...and a bank robber for a roommate, ~~and~~....

HOOLIGAN: I'd love to see you in the jug...

BLONDIE: Don't worry, Dagwood -- Mr. Hooligan isn't going to sue you. At least, I don't think he is.

HOOLIGAN: (SINGS IT) Oh, yes I am.... Unless you want to settle out of court right now for a thousand dollars.

BLONDIE: Mr. Hooligan, I'm going to sell you my lot for a thousand dollars.

HOOLIGAN: (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: Blondie, are you all right?

BLONDIE: Of course I am, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Are you sure you haven't stripped your gears?

BLONDIE: Quite sure... Mr. Hooligan, that chimney of yours must be seventy-five feet tall, isn't it?

HOOLIGAN: It's eighty-five feet tall.

BLONDIE: Well, that's just lovely, because you're going to have to shave off two feet of it all the way up to the top?

HOOLIGAN: What?

BLONDIE: I happened to notice that that chimney overlaps my property by at least two feet. Tomorrow I'm going to get a court order that will make you take off every bit of that chimney that's on my property!

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Oh, Blondie -- you're wonderful.

BLONDIE: I certainly am.

HOOLIGAN: Now, Mrs. Bumstead -- you wouldn't do that! That's taking an unfair advantage of me.

BLONDIE: You are so right.

HOOLIGAN: But I couldn't take two feet off the chimney!

BLONDIE: You'll have to anyway! I'm going to be tough about this, Mr. Hooligan, and you can just sit down and try to be charming.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, and let us insult you for a change.

HOOLIGAN: Mr. Bumstead, I'd be delighted to call the lawsuit off right away.

DAGWOOD: ~~Oh~~, Blondie, it's amazing how friendly people get when you're holding an axe over their head... They soften right up.

BLONDIE: I'm also going to sell this lot of mine. But I can't decide whether to sell it for a hundred....

HOOLIGAN: Sold!

BLONDIE: Or two hundred.

HOLLIGAN: Sold.

BLONDIE: Or five hundred.

HOOLIGAN: Sold!

DAGWOOD: Or ten thousand?

HOOLIGAN: ^{Sol-1-1 - - - Please} Mr. Bumstead -- have mercy!

DAGWOOD: (DIRTY LAUGH) Oh, boy!

BLONDIE: Come to think about it, Mr. Hooligan, maybe I ought to make you tear that chimney down just as a lesson to you to be more polite to people and have a little more respect for their rights.

HOOLIGAN: No, no, Mrs. Bumstead -- please don't do that. I'm sorry - I apologize.

DAGWOOD: If you're going to apologize, you might as well do it right. Down on your knees!

HOOLIGAN: Yes, sir. (SOUND - - - BOOM... BOOM)

DAGWOOD: Boy, how I'm loving this!

HOOLIGAN: (SOULFULLY) I'm so sorry.

DAGWOOD: And ^{NOW ARE YOU} ~~you're~~ going to be a good boy?

HOOLIGAN: Yes, sir. Will you ^{PLEASE} accept my ^{MOST} humble apology?

DAGWOOD: We'll think it over.

BLONDIE: And in the meantime, Mr. Hooligan -- I'm going to lease my lot to you for -- (TIMIDLY) -- for five hundred dollars a year?

HOOLIGAN: Sold! Sold! I'll come around first thing tomorrow with my lawyer and a check.

BLONDIE: We'll supply the lawyer. You just bring a check.

HOOLIGAN: Fine! Fine! Sold! Sold!....Good day!

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

HOOLIGAN: Now don't change your mind! I'll see you tomorrow. Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

"BLONDIE"
10/11/43

-25-

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke, Blondie!

BLONDIE: Wasn't that wonderful?? I'm going to sit right down and write a letter to Cousin Edgar. Maybe he's got some more lots he'd like to sell me!

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)

VOICE: To twenty-five-year-old Sergeant Donald D. Partridge of Peoria, Illinois .. and his fellow crew members of the Flying Fortress Briny Marlin. On a recent raid the Marlin was attacked by a swarm of Messerschmitts over La Palice, France. With over six-hundred bullet holes in the fuselage and fifteen direct hits by cannon shell, the Fortress still got home, because - as the dispatch relates - Sergeant Partridge, with one leg grievously wounded, steadied himself on his other leg and kept blasting away at the Nazi attackers. So in your honor, Sergeant Partridge, and your fellow crew members, the makers of Camels are sending three-hundred-thousand Camel Cigarettes to our soldiers overseas.

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 in the last two years 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!

MCGHEEHAN: THURSDAY NIGHT

WILCOX: Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante over another network.

MCGHEEHAN: FRIDAY NIGHT

WILCOX: 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!

MCGHEEHAN: SATURDAY NIGHT

WILCOX: Bob Hawk in the Comedy quiz, "Thanks to the Yanks," will be back in his old time .. Saturday night.

MCGHEEHAN: MONDAY NIGHT

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

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

WILCOX: And now Blondie has an important message for every woman and particularly those who are twenty-years old, and those between forty-five and fifty.

BLONDIE: Thank you, Mr. Wilcox. It is important to all of you. The Women's Army ~~Army~~ Corps is in serious need of recruits. The rate of enlistment must be tripled in order to fill the specialized Army jobs now open to WACS. Girls of twenty and women between forty-five and fifty may now join. Of course you want Victory, of course you want to speed back that man overseas. But remember, there are advantages for you in joining the WAC. Where else can you clear from fifty to a hundred and thirty-eight dollars a month, with all expenses paid, including not only food, clothing, and shelter, but also free hospitalization, medical and dental care? Every woman who joins the WAC has equal chance of becoming an officer, regardless of education.

WILCOX: You may join the Women's Army Corps if you are twenty to fifty, have no children under fourteen years of age, are an American citizen with two years of high school or business school training. War workers should not apply. Go to your local WAC recruiting office! Speed them back! Join the WAC!

WILCOX: Next week the Bumsteads complicate Mr. Dither's otherwise peaceful life when they turn press agent. For some startling and amusing highlights in all their lives don't forget to listen in next week at this same time when BLONDIE TURNS PRESS AGENT.

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: Remember, you have only four more days to mail your Christmas carton of Camels to that soldier overseas! Send him Camels for Christmas - they stay fresh because they're 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)

Here's something every careful tobacco purchaser should remember: On every package of smoking tobacco you buy, there's a blue revenue stamp showing the number of ounces. Look at the stamp on a big blue package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco. It says two and a quarter ounces - yessir, and that two and a quarter ounce package of mild, mellow, tasty George Washington costs just one dime, ten cents. Get a great big package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco tomorrow! It's America's biggest value in smoking pleasure.

This is the COLUMBIA .. BROADCASTING SYSTEM.