

"BLONDIE"

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

"BLONDIE'S SMALL BUSINESS MAN"

CBS-STUDIO "C"  
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 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

ALEXANDER.....	TOMMY COOK
DILLON.....	ERIFF BARNETT
MISS FRISBEE.....	ANNE O'NEAL
MAN.....	FRANK NELSON
ANNOUNCER.....	HARLOW WILCOX
CONDUCTOR.....	BILLY ARTZT
YANK.....(Salute).....	PAT MCGEEHAN
G.W. HITCH HIKE.....	FRED SHIELDS

SOUND EFFECTS

DISHES  
WATER FROM PAN TO SINK  
HOUSE DOOR  
TRAFFIC  
DOOR BELL

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 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: ~~Do you know we're making more than a billion Camels a week?~~  
Yes, We've pushed Camel's production to new peaks, ~~more than a billion a week,~~ <sup>YET</sup> and still there may be a time when your store may be temporarily sold out. If that happens, remember that we're sending literally tons of Camels overseas -- for Camels are first with men in all the services, according to actual sales records. If you hear, "No Camels today!" - try tomorrow! Remember, when you ~~do~~ get Camels they'll be fresh, cool smoking and slow burning, because Camels are packed to go around the world. Yes, and they'll have that famous Camel flavor, the result of matchless blending of costlier tobaccos! Camel's tobacco standard is the same for soldier, for civilian, anywhere in the world!

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

WILCOX: Camels! First in the service!

MUSIC: (OPENING THEME)

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

MUSIC: (BLONDIE THEME)

WILCOX: Well, there comes a time in everyone's life when he  
decides he's got to ask for and get a raise. That time  
has arrived in the life of Alexander Bumstead. This  
evening he's managed to get Blondie and Dagwood to sit  
down in the living room so he can spring the proposition  
on them....Let's listen.

BLONDIE: All right, Alexander -- we're ready.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. What is it you want to see us about?

ALEXANDER: (CLEARS HIS THROAT)

BLONDIE: Is it a sore throat?

ALEXANDER: No, I'm just warming up my tonsils...Well, what I'm going  
to ask you is a long story.

DAGWOOD: Uh -- couldn't you cut it down to digest size?

ALEXANDER: Well-1-1-1, yes.

DAGWOOD: Good. Just give us a short synopsis.

ALEXANDER: Okay, Pop. I want a raise in my allowance.

DAGWOOD: Who doesn't?

BLONDIE: Alexander, aren't you already getting twenty-five cents  
a week?

ALEXANDER: Oh, sure, Mom -- but my expenses are pretty heavy. And  
then there's the high cost of living.

BLONDIE: By that, I suppose you mean the high cost of hot fudge  
sundaes.

ALEXNADER: Yeah. I wish the government would put a ceiling on  
sundaes.

DAGWOOD: I wish the soda fountain would put nuts on them.

ALEXANDER: That's five cents extra... Anyway, my finances are in  
pretty crummy condition.

BLONDIE: Oh, I think you'll be able to stay out of bankruptcy.

ALEXANDER: Yeah, but I need a raise of fifteen cents or a dime at  
least. What are you going to give me?

BLONDIE: Our sympathy.

ALEXANDER: I'd rather have something that jingles in my pocket.

DAGWOOD: Okay -- then we'll give you some old house keys.

ALEXANDER: Gee, Pop, can't you be serious about this?

BLONDIE: Alexander, it seems to me that Alvin Fuddle only gets  
twenty cents a week allowance. Isn't that right?

ALEXNADER: Well, sure, but he doesn't have swell parents like I have.  
(PAUSE) He doesn't have swell parents like I have.

DAGWOOD: You better save that build up for your arithmetic teacher.  
If you want some extra money every week --

ALEXANDER: Gee, thanks, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Not so fast. If you want some extra money every week --

ALEXANDER: (EAGERLY) Yeah?

DAGWOOD: You can get yourself a job.

ALEXANDER: Gosh, what a let down.

BLONDIE: Now Alexander, there's plenty of work around town. You  
could work Saturday mornings as a  
delivery boy or something. I see those "Boy Wanted" signs  
up in all the store windows. I even saw one the other  
day that looked good enough for your father -

DAGWOOD: That's right, Alexander -- there's quite a boy-power shortage.

BLONDIE: I'm sure you could make the extra money that way.

ALEXANDER: I'd rather you'd just add it onto my allowance.

BLONDIE: Young man -- a little work won't hurt you at all.

ALEXANDER: No, but work takes time.

DAGWOOD: How true, how true.

ALEXANDER: And you're only young once. (PAUSE VERY SADLY) You're only young once.

BLONDIE: Now Alexander, don't look so pitiful. Your mother is onto all those little tricks.

ALEXANDER: (DISAPPOINTED IT DIDN'T WORK) Yeah, I guess you are.

BLONDIE: You've tried all the dodges and pulled out all the stops, but we're still not going to increase your allowance. It's plenty for a boy ~~at~~ your age. If you want a little more money, you can work for it. You've got to learn that. It'll help prepare you for life.

ALEXANDER: But Mom - life's such a long way off....I don't get the money, huhh?

DAGWOOD: No, the motion is denied, and the meeting is adjourned! SCREAM -

ALEXANDER: Okay, Pop. But gosh - I'm going to be gray before any time!

MUSIC:

(SOUND: STORE DOOR CLOSES)

ALEXANDER: Oh, Mr. Dillon.  
DILLON: (GRUFFLY) <sup>yes, yes</sup> Well, well - what is it?

ALEXANDER: You've got a sign outside your store about wanting a boy to deliver groceries.

DILLON: (VERY POLITE NOW) Oh, yes - yes. The sign. Of course, ~~of course~~. And you've come to take the job, eh? It's a wonderful opportunity for you. <sup>SOXNY</sup> It'll give you a chance to learn the grocery business. A fine experience for any young boy!

ALEXANDER: How much is all that in money?

DILLON: (COUGHS) I'll give you a whole penny for every package you deliver.

ALEXANDER: <sup>YEAH</sup> And I suppose there'll be nothing but big packages filled with a lot of little packages.

DILLON: <sup>APPARENTLY YOU'VE</sup> Hmm. ~~Have you had any~~ previous business experience?

ALEXANDER: Well, Mr. Dillon, I'm nobody's sucker.

DILLON: You know, I can get plenty of other boys to take the job?

ALEXANDER: (SHORT, WISE LAUGH--THEN) Well so long, Mr. Dillon.

DILLON: Now wait a minute! Wait! Don't be so hasty.

ALEXANDER: Let go of me, Mr. Dillon. I don't think we can talk business.

DILLON: <sup>OF COURSE</sup> Of course, we can!

ALEXANDER: Swabber's Drug Store offered me ten cents for rush deliveries and five cents for take-your-time deliveries Little packages, too.

DILLON: (ANGRY) What's he trying to do? Ruin the delivery boy market?

ALEXANDER: No, he's just trying to get help, and he's going to get it. I guess you aren't.

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GREAT BIG

DILLON: I'll give you a <sup>GREAT BIG</sup>nickel a package then.

ALEXANDER: But all packages over fifteen pounds are a dime.

DILLON: (YELLS) What are you trying to do - put me out of business?

ALEXANDER: Goodbye, Mr. Dillon.'

DILLON: Come back here -- please....Now, be reasonable about it.

ALEXANDER: Well, the Acme Market agreed to that. Gosh, Mr. Dillon, it looks as though they're going to take all your business away from you, doesn't it?

DILLON: (QUIVERING) Oh-h-h-h, all right. All packages over fifteen pounds are a dime. You can use those scales right over there.

ALEXANDER: No, thanks -- we'll bring our own scales.

DILLON: What's wrong with my scales?

ALEXANDER: I don't know, but <sup>WE'RE SURE</sup> there's nothing wrong with our scales....We'll start tomorrow after school...

DILLON: <sup>WE!</sup> Who's we?

ALEXANDER: The High Octane Delivery <sup>SERVICE</sup> ~~Service~~....I'm going to have about fifteen other kids <sup>with</sup> ~~and~~ their bikes and wagons working for me.

DILLON: But you're not going to deliver anything yourself?

ALEXANDER: Only the special jobs. ~~The rest of the time~~ (CLEARS HIS THROAT) ~~the rest of the time~~ I'm going to spend collecting the money and doing the executive work...like Mr. DITHERS You know-loafing...

DILLON: (A LITTLE AWED) <sup>Well,</sup> I'll say you're nobody's sucker.  
ALEXANDER: You are so right!

MUSIC:

(SOUND: RATTLE OF DISHES..POURING WATER FROM PAN  
INTO SINK)

BLONDIE: There we are, Dagwood -the dishes are all done. Now that wasn't so hard, was it?  
DAGWOOD: No, but it was wet.....Where's Alexander?  
BLONDIE: I think he's in the living room...You know, he's been very quiet the last few days. And he doesn't come home until almost dinner time.  
DAGWOOD: I imagine he's trying to find some way to make some extra money.  
BLONDIE: I suppose you're right, dear.  
DAGWOOD: After school, he's probably goes out and sticks up a couple of banks, <sup>Bl. Dagwood!</sup> (LAUGHS) Bad Bumstead, the Bank Robber.  
BLONDIE: Dagwood! Don't say those things. <sup>The poor child's</sup> ~~He's~~ probably earned a dime or so raking leaves somewhere. Come on, dear let's not talk here in the kitchen.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ALEXANDER: (OFF) All through with the dishes, Pop?  
DAGWOOD: <sup>DAGWOOD: Would you like your Pop</sup> Yeah...How're you coming with your schoolwork? <sup>Do you</sup> ~~want me~~ to help you with some of those problems?  
ALEXANDER: No, thanks, Pop.  
DAGWOOD: I better help you anyway.



ALEXANDER: (~~OFF~~) ~~All through with the dishes, Pop?~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Yeah...How're you coming with your schoolwork? Do you want me to help you with some of those problems?~~

ALEXANDER: No, thanks, Pop.

DAGWOOD: I better help you anyway.

ALEXANDER: (VERY FIRMLY) No thanks, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

BLONDIE: Dagwood, Alexander told me that the teacher always knows when you help him with his problems.

DAGWOOD: How can she tell?

BLONDIE: Because they're always wrong.

DAGWOOD: A fine thing....Oh, Blondie--before I forget it. I've just got a ten dollar bill with me, and they won't change it on the bus tomorrow. Have you got change for a ten?

BLONDIE: Change for a ten? I should say not.

DAGWOOD: Oh.

ALEXANDER: I'll change it for you, Pop.

DAGWOOD: That's fine because ~~I was afraid I'd~~ -----what?

ALEXANDER: How do you want it, Pop? Two fives, or a five and a five ones?

BLONDIE: Goodness gracious! You haven't got that much money, Alexander!

ALEXANDER: (SHORT LAUGH)

BLONDIE: ~~or~~ Have you?

ALEXANDER: Look! This green stuff isn't spinach.

DAGWOOD: E-gad! Where'd you get all that money?

ALEXANDER: Well, in my spare time I've been robbing <sup>a few</sup> banks.

DAGWOOD: Whooooaaa! I knew it!

BLONDIE: Alexander Bumstead! Where did you get that money, and I don't want a funny answer from you!

ALEXANDER: Well, I've just become a small business man. I'm the president of the High Octane Delivery Service. I've got sixteen kids working for me.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke -- he's a capitalist!.....Imagine that!

BLONDIE: Sixteen boys working for you!

ALEXANDER: That's right, Mom and I could use some more, too.....  
Say, Pop- <sup>Would you</sup> ~~if you'd~~ like to earn some extra spending money, I can fix it up for you.

DAGWOOD: You mean, I'd work for you?

ALEXANDER: Sure. Of course, you'd have to start at the bottom.

DAGWOOD: Now look here, Alexander -- just remember that you're my son, and if anyone's going to lord it over anyone else, I'm going to lord it over you and not you over me! Is that clear?

ALEXANDER: Yes, sir.

DAGWOOD: That's more like it.

ALEXANDER: But in case you change your mind, I'll hold the job open for you. Don't forget ~~though~~ good pay, rpaid advancement, a chance to learn the business, and healthy, outdoor work.

DAGWOOD: That did it! You **take** your school books and go upstairs to your room and study! *young man*

ALEXANDER: Okay, Pop.

DAGWOOD: And stop looking at me as though I was one of your employees.

ALEXANDER: Yeah, but *Pop -*

DAGWOOD: Nevermind! Hit those books!

ALEXANDER: (FADING) That's the way it is when you try to do someone a favor.

BLONDIE: Well, I'm sort of proud of Alexander, aren't you?  
DAGWOOD: Yeah, I'm very proud of Alexander. This shows that he's got a good head on his shoulders. And plenty of business sense. He's got the old Bumstead spirit! (THEN MAD) But I resent his running around the house with more money than I've got!

MUSIC:

(SOUND: TRAFFIC SOUNDS....FADE)

WILCOX: (COMING UP) Say, Dagwood, your son Alexander is president of the High Octane Delivery Service, isn't he?  
DAGWOOD: Yeah, that's right, <sup>Harlow</sup> He's also vice-president and treasurer, too.  
WILCOX: Good. I'd like to have him deliver this package to a friend of mine this evening. It's a present.  
DAGWOOD: Hmmm - looks like a carton of cigarettes.  
WILCOX: Oh, Dagwood, don't say that! These aren't just cigarettes - they're Camels! The cigarette that's expertly blended of costlier tobaccos!  
DAGWOOD: I should have guessed.  
WILCOX: Let me illustrate. Now right about here in the carton would be the first pack that good old Harry would smoke. His first pack of Camels! (WITH GREAT ENJOYMENT) Mmmmmmm-mmmmmm! And here would be the second! (WITH EVEN GREATER ECSTASY) Mmmmmmm-mmmmmm! You see, your second pack of Camels tastes even better than your first because Camels have more flavor, helps 'em hold up, keep from going flat, no matter how many you smoke!  
DAGWOOD: Let's open up that second pack now, and we'll each have --  
WILCOX: Ah-ah-ah-ah! These are for someone else!

DAGWOOD: But Harlow, my T-Zone longs for a Camel.

WILCOX: I'm glad you mentioned the T-Zone. If you hadn't I would have brought it up myself. Yes, sir, "T" for taste and throat, where Camels really tell the story of their extra flavor and mildness!

DAGWOOD: ~~You are so right!~~ HOW TRUE - HOW TRUE

WILCOX: And I might add that Camels are cool smoking and slow burning -- and they stay that way! Camels stay fresh because they're packed to go around the world!

DAGWOOD: <sup>YOU ARE SO</sup> I'm sure of that, but I'd rather have Alexander deliver ~~these Camels the normal way... incidentally, Wilcox, there is a charge of ten cents for delivery.~~

WILCOX: ~~Why, where... Here you are, Dagwood.~~

DAGWOOD: Thanks...

WILCOX: ~~So long... (FADING) I've got to catch a bus.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Gee, this is quite a business Alexander has. He charges a dime, and probably makes at least a nickel profit, and -- hey, Wilcox! Come back here! This isn't a dime! It's one of those new pennies!~~

MUSIC:

(SOUND: DOOR BELL RINGS)

DAGWOOD: Well, someone's at the door. <sup>we'd better put on our OVERCOATS.</sup> ~~Who do you suppose that is?~~

BLONDIE: <sup>OUR OVERCOATS, WHY? DAGWOOD! If it's someone we don't like we can tell them we ARE JUST GOING OUT.</sup> ~~Oh, I forgot to tell you. That's probably Miss Frisbee,~~ <sup>I FORGOT TO TELL YOU</sup> the principal of Alexander's school. <sup>SHE SAID SHE WANTED</sup> ~~to talk to us about something.~~ <sup>COME OVER AND</sup>

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Oh, hello, Miss Frisbee.

FRISBEE: How -- do you do.

BLONDIE: Come right in...

(SOUND: 'DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: You remember my husband, don't you?

FRISBEE: Indeed I do. Last year we had quite a long chat about  
Alexander's school work.

DAGWOOD: <sup>How have you been?</sup>  
~~Hello~~, Miss Frisky.

FRISBEE: Friz-z-z-zbee, if if you please.....Now then,

Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead, I'm not going to stand on ceremony

DAGWOOD: Oh, do your feet hurt?

BLONDIE: <sup>Won't you</sup>  
Sit down, Miss Frisbee.

FRISBEE: Thank you...I'm going to come right to the point. I want  
to talk to you about Alexander's school <sup>work,</sup> and -- oh,  
incidently, Mr. Bumstead, you've been doing some of  
Alexander's arithmetic problems, haven't you?

DAGWOOD: Well, occasionally I help him a little.

FRISBEE: In the future, will you kindly lay off?

DAGWOOD: Well, if you say so, but I've just been trying to be  
helpful.

FRISBEE: If you continue to help Alexander, he won't get out of  
grade school until he's past thirty....But to get back  
to why I came here. For the last week, Alexander has  
been disrupting my classes.

BLONDIE: Oh, Miss Frisbee, you don't mean it!

FRISBEE: Indeed I do.

BLONDIE: You mean, he's been throwing paper wads again.

DAGWOOD: <sup>OR</sup> Oh has he been putting live mice in your desk?

FRISBEE: <sup>Oh</sup> No, but please don't suggest that to him.

believe he has some sort of a business, hasn't he?

BLONDIE: Yes, he's president of the High Octane Delivery Service.

He and the boys <sup>WHO</sup> work for him deliver packages and groceries for the stores.

FRISBEE: (SNIDELY) Oh, do they indeed?

BLONDIE: Indeed they do.

DAGWOOD: Yes, they deed indood...I mean, they dood indee....I mean, that's right!

FRISBEE: Perhaps this delivery service explains why yesterday afternoon the entire male population of my class ~~played~~ <sup>- TOOK A POWDER -</sup> ~~hokey~~.

BLONDIE: Oh, my goodness!

FRISBEE: Two of the little girls in my class were <sup>ALSO</sup> missing, ~~too~~. The truant officer said he caught a glimpse of them pulling a red wagon loaded with packages up Franklin Street and sucking lollipops.

DAGWOOD: They must have been paid in advance.

BLONDIE: But Miss Frisbee, you don't think that Alexander encouraged them to - uh - miss their classes and - (PAUSE) - maybe he did.

FRISBEE: I am not going to say that he actually talked them into leaving school early to work for him. All I know, Mrs. Bumstead, is that he was showing his schoolmates a roll of bills big enough to choke a hippopotamus.

DAGWOOD: In a case like that, words are unnecessary.

FRISBEE: You are so right!... And furthermore, I happened to notice that he had more money than my entire weekly salary. You can imagine my embarrassment.

DAGWOOD: Well, Blondie, I guess we've got to do something about this.

FRISBEE: Indeed you do, indeed you do.

DAGWOOD: Yes, indeed -- I can't say it.

FRISBEE: (SNIFFS) <sup>AND THAT'S NOT ALL... ALEXANDER</sup> Why, ~~he even showed me the money~~ and offered me a job. ~~████████████████████~~

DAGWOOD: Did you take it?

FRISBEE: Mr. Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Oh, sorry.

FRISBEE: I told him I'd think it over ... The reason I came to talk to you, you see, is because I can't prove that he's luring his schoolmates away from classes to work for him, even though I'm quite sure he is. I will have to leave the matter in your hands.

BLONDIE: Well, we'll talk to him about it tonight. He's studying with Alvin Fuddle next door right now.

FRISBEE: Studying his lessons or the delivery business - as if I couldn't guess. <sup>I MIGHT ADD</sup> ~~I need not say~~ that Alexander's grades have taken a dive.

(DOOR OPENS)

ALEXANDER: (COMING RIGHT UP) Hello, Mom. Hello, Pop. Hello - oh - oh!

FRISBEE: Well, good evening, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: I just dropped in to say hello. Good bye now.

BLONDIE: Alexander! Come right back here.

ALEXANDER: I'll be back later.

BLONDIE: Alexander Bumstead!

ALEXANDER: Yes'm.

(DOOR CLOSES)

ALEXANDER: Hello, Miss Frisbee.

FRISBEE: Alexander, your parents and I have been discussing you.

ALEXANDER: Is that right? You've been saying nice things about me, I hope.

FRISBEE: That's only a hope... Well, I'll leave you to settle this matter. Good night.

(AD LIB GOODNIGHTS..)

(DOOR OPENS)

ALEXANDER: Oh, Miss Frisbee - did you make up your mind about you know what?

FRISBEE: Yes. I've decided not to become a delivery man.

ALEXANDER: I'm sorry to hear that.

FRISBEE: My salary is so small - I have to look in the seams of my pay envelope to find it... But I've decided my job is a little more permanent than one with the High Octane Delivery Service. Good night.

(DOOR CLOSES ..)

ALEXANDER: Well, that's that. And so - to bed.

BLONDIE: Just one moment, young man.

ALEXANDER: Who? Me?

BLONDIE: Yes, you.

ALEXANDER: Oh. I.

DAGWOOD: Sit down, Alexander. We have a few things to talk over with you about your school work.

ALEXANDER: Oh...Well, Pop - and Mom -I'm glad you brought this up. I'm thinking of quitting school.



BLONDIE: You're what????

DAGWOOD: Quitting school? What for?

ALEXANDER: There's no future in it....It's a waste of time.

BLONDIE: (MAD) Just what do you mean by that, Alexander Bumstead?

ALEXANDER: Well, look at me. I've got a business now. I haven't got time for school.

DAGWOOD: Oh, you can't be bothered, eh?

ALEXANDER: That's the idea, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Well, we'll solve that problem for you right away. You're going to keep right on going to school until you get through college/ <sup>EVEN IF IT TAKES YOU AS LONG AS IT DID ME -</sup>

BLONDIE: Yes, and that's final, Alexander. There'll be no more talk about quitting school.

ALEXANDER: How old will I be when I get out of college?

BLONDIE: That depends on how many subjects you flunk and have to take over again. Since you're pretty smart, I guess you'll be about twenty-one or twenty-two when you get out.

ALEXANDER: Twenty-two?? I'll be an old man!

DAGWOOD: An old man at twenty-two? Then I suppose I'm ready for the old folks home.

ALEXANDER: Oh, no, Pop?

DAGWOOD: That's better.

ALEXANDER: Not for a couple more years.

DAGWOOD: That's enough! Alexander, since you got this business, you've been growing too big for your britches.

BLONDIE: And what's more---you're been encouraging some of the other children to play hockey and work for you, haven't you?

ALEXANDER: Oh, no, Mom -- not at all.

BLONDIE: Alexander -- I want the truth!

ALEXANDER: We'll -- 1-1-1 the truth, -- hanh?

BLONDIE: Yes. The whole truth.

ALEXANDER: We'll ~~in that case of course~~, I told the kids that jobs would be waiting for them if they happened to get out early. (AS THOUGH IT WERE A SURPRISE) And then, sure enough, they all happened to get out early!

BLONDIE: Much to your surprise, I suppose.

ALEXANDER: I was flabbergasted.

DAGWOOD: Oh, stop using bigger words than your parents do!..... And further more, Miss Frisbee says your grades haven't been very good lately.

BLONDIE: And at this point in your life, young man -- your grades are more important than your cash value. Did you actually get any studying done over Alvin Fuddle's? (QUICKLY) Before you answer, I can see that you didn't. You march right upstairs and get your lessons done... Go on. ~~Right~~ Upstairs with you.

ALEXANDER: (FADING) Okay, but what about my delivery service?

DAGWOOD: We'll decide about that later!

ALEXANDER: (OFF) Goodnight.  
(AD LIBS GOODNIGHTS)

DAGWOOD: ~~REMEMBER~~ ~~You know~~, Blondie, when Alexander was little and we called him Baby Dumping.

BLONDIE: Yes?

DAGWOOD: Well, when I used to change him, I couldn't believe he could possibly make life any more complicated than it was then. Boy, was I ever wrong!

BLONDIE: Cookie's growing up, too, you know.

DAGWOOD: But she's quieter than Alexander.

BLONDIE: That's when you have to watch them. When you can hear your children, they're all right. When you can't hear them, the chances are they're up to some mischief.

DAGWOOD: How true, how true...Well, I suppose by the time we're in our sixties we'll have nothing to worry about except ourselves.

BLONDIE: Believe me, Dagwood, I'm looking forward to that.

(SOUND: DOOR BELL RINGS)

BLONDIE: Now who could that be?

DAGWOOD: That could be anyone.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

MAN: Mr. Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: Yes?

MAN: I am Roger W. Crookshank.

DAGWOOD: Is that all you came to tell me?

MAN: No. May I come in?

DAGWOOD: Please do.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

MAN: This is Mrs. Bumstead, I presume.

BLONDIE: How do you do, Mr. Crookshank.

MAN: <sup>POORLY, VERY POORLY</sup>  
^ Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead, I'm a patient man. I've always lived a quiet life, obeyed the laws, paid my taxes, and kept my front sidewalk clean. But if your son, Alexander, doesn't keep away from my son, Nicholas, I am going to do something that will get me from twenty years to life in the state penitentiary!

BLONDIE: Oh, my goodness--what's happened?

MAN: For the last three nights, thanks to Alexander, Nicholas has been howling at the top of his lungs with a stomach ache. I have had no sleep, my wife has had no sleep, and our neighbors have had no sleep. I've just found out that in the last three days, Nicholas has eaten eighty-seven lollipops... ASSORTED

FLAVORS - Alexander gave them to him for working for him.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! The grocer pays Alexander in cash, and he pays his employees in lollipops!....What a business man!

MAN: In addition, Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead, Nicholas' grades in school have dropped from A to Z, and his department from excellent to awful.

BLONDIE: Oh, I'm awfully sorry about that, Mr. Crookshank. Did you tell your son not to work for Alexander any more?

MAN: Yes, but <sup>UNFORTUNATELY</sup> he doesn't pay as much attention to me as <sup>to</sup> the lollipops. Now as I told you, I'm a quiet man, but if you don't make your son stop employing my son for lollipops, I'm going to sleep during the day and spend my nights outside your house yelling---(AND HE YELLS) Down with the Bumsteads! Throw 'em out of town!

Ride 'em out on a rail! Get rid of the Bumsteads!

BLONDIE: Please! Mr. Crookshank! You'll wake up our little daughter!

DAGWOOD: Hey! Cut <sup>that kinda stuff</sup> ~~it~~ out!

MAN: If I'm not going to get any sleep, neither are you! Goodnight!

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Oh, dear -- it looks as though Alexander has really started something again.

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS)

DAGWOOD: There's the phone.

BLONDIE: I'll get it.

(SOUND: PICK UP PHONE)

DAGWOOD: Oh, The Mayor

BLONDIE: Hello?.....Oh, hello, Mayor Snipe....Yes....Yes....

DAGWOOD: What's he want?

BLONDIE: (OFF PHONE) I don't know yet. He's going into his standard <sup>OPENING</sup> speech. You know -- Never in all my years of service in this fair city, yee-e-ears in which I have devoted myself untiringly, and so forth ~~and so~~ ~~on~~. (ON PHONE) Get to the point, Mayor Snipe..... Oh....Oh, yee.....I see.....All right, thank you, Mayor Snipe. Goodbye.

(SOUND: HANGS UP)

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, parents are complaining to Mayor Snipe about the lollipops, about Alexander running a sweat shop delivery service, and he also said something about the child labor laws.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR)

DAGWOOD: Someone at the door...I'll see who it is.

BLONDIE: Well, I guess we know what they want, ~~who~~ whoever it is.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DILLON: Good evening, Mr. Bumstead....And Mrs. Bumstead,

DAGWOOD: Hello, Mr. Dillon.

BLONDIE: Good evening, Mr. Dillon.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Well, Mr. Dillon are you DELIVERING YOUR OWN GROCERIES NOW?

No, I JUST WONDERED.

DILLON:

Is Alexander here?

DAGWOOD:

I knew it.

BLONDIE:

No, he's upstairs.

DILLON:

In that case, please tell him that the local merchants held a mass meeting tonight to protest.

DAGWOOD:

Protest against what?

DILLON:

This afternoon, Alexander threatned to <sup>JACK UP</sup>~~raise~~ his delivery prices twenty-five percent! It's outrageous!

BLONDIE:

Raise his prices? What for?

DILLON:

I don't know, but I think it had something to do with the Little Steel formula.....Just tell him that the merchants are all chipping in together and are going to buy horses and wagons to make their own delivery service! We are <sup>with the HIGH OCTANE DELIVERY SERVICE</sup> cancelling our contracts as of tonight!

BLONDIE:

That saves us a problem, Mr. Dillon. Thank you.

DAGWOOD:

Yeah, thank you, Mr. Dillon.

DILLON:

Not at all.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DILLON:

And, We further agreed that for one month, absolutely no deliveries from our stores will be made to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Dagwood Bumstead of Shady Lane Avenue! Either Alexander or you will have to carry your own groceries -- for free! Goodnight!

(SOUND: DOOR SLAMS)

DAGWOOD:

Tooh! We're cooked!

BLONDIE:

(CALLS) Alexan-n-n-nder!

DAGWOOD:

(CALLS) Alexan-n-n-nder!

MUSIC:

(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 Commander James S. Freeman, of Jasper, Alabama, and the entire crew of the freighter Alchiba, which was carrying supplies to our Pacific bases. Torpedoed by a Japanese submarine in the Solomon Islands, she was beached successfully. Her crew spent nine days and nights fighting the fire and salvaging cargo. Then, when the ship was refloated, she was torpedoed again, her engine room hit, and her power knocked out. However, the crew turned to once more and repaired her well enough to get her back to the West Coast port. We salute you and your crew, Commander James Freeman, and in your honor the makers of Camels are sending to merchant seamen on the high seas 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.

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WILCOX: For more than two years Camels have thanked the Yanks in this country with the traveling Camel Caravans, which have given over two thousand free shows and free Camels to audiences of more than three million service men.

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WILCOX: Also, folks, listen to each of the four Camel Radio shows - each week!

MCGEEHAN: Thursday night!....

WILCOX: Thursday, November fourth, ~~is the return to the air of~~ <sup>back on the air again, those</sup> two colorful buffoons, BUD ABBOTT and LOU COSTELLO -- ~~those whirlwind comedians, Abbott and Costello --~~

Don't miss their show Thursday night over another network.

MCGEEHAN: Friday night!.....

WILCOX: Laugh with Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore every Friday, over these same CBS stations.

MCGEEHAN: Saturday night!

WILCOX: Bob Hawk in the comedy quiz, "Thanks to the Yanks," also on Columbia.

MCGEEHAN: Monday night!

WILCOX: And of course, be sure to listen to "Blondie" America's famous comic strip family, each Monday night at this same time and over these same CBS stations.

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



WILCOX: Next week Blondie and Mrs. Dithers decide their husbands aren't paying enough attention to them, so they go to bed, pretend to be sick and let Dagwood and Mr. Dithers wait on them. For further details of the trouble two men have keeping house don't forget to listen in next Monday night at this same time when "BLONDIE TAKES IT EASY".

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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.

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WILCOX: Remember, if you want a fresh cigarette, get the one that's first in the service! Get Camels! They stay fresh because they're packed to go around the world!

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WILCOX: This is Harlow Wilcox saying goodnight for Camel Cigarettes  
-- First in the Service!  
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (THEME AND APPLAUSE)

(GEORGE WASHINGTON HITCH HIKE)

SHIELDS: (ISOLATION BOOTH) Mister Pipe Smoker, can you tell without looking how many ounces of tobacco you're getting in the pocket size package of your brand? ~~The number~~ <sup>LOOK AT</sup> ~~the~~ the blue revenue stamp on top. Compare it with the big blue two and a quarter ounce package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco! Yes sir, it's a two and a quarter ounce package, and it costs just one dime. George Washington is mild, mellow, and fragrant, too, down through the last puff at the bottom of the bowl! Get a great big package of George Washington tomorrow! It's America's biggest value in smoking pleasure! This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.