

"BLONDIE"

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

(REVISED)

**AS
BROADCAST**

"BLONDIE'S SON RUNS FOR OFFICE"

CBS STUDIO "C"
MONDAY, JANUARY 3, 1944

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

DITHERS.....	HANLEY STAFFORD
ALEXANDER.....	TOMMY COOK
ALVIN.....	DIX DAVIS
MISS FRISBEE.....	THE ORIGINAL
COP.....	RED E.
ANNOUNCER.....	KEN ZI
CONDUCTOR.....	BILLY AR. T
YANK....(Salute).....	PAT MCGEEHAN
G.W. HITCH HIKE.....	FRED SHIELDS

SOUND EFFECTS

DOOR
PHONE (DIAL)
WHIZZ WHISTLE
DOOR BELL
RUNNING FEET
CAR
CAR DOOR
CRASH OF STONES AND BOARDS
GAVEL
CASH REGISTER



(GEORGE WASHINGTON HITCH HIKE)

SHIELDS:

(ISOLATION BOOTH)

Mister pipe-smoker, do you want up to a dozen extra
pipefuls in every pocket package of tobacco you buy?
You get more tobacco and for just one dime, when you buy
a big blue two and a quarter ounce package of
George Washington Smoking Tobacco. Besides getting more
tobacco for your dime, George Washington gives you mind,
mellow, tasty smoking, right down through the last puff
at the bottom of the bowl. Plunk down your dime tomorrow
for George Washington Smoking Tobacco -- it's America's
biggest value in smoking pleasure!

THIS IS THE CO

BROADCASTING SYSTEM!



(REVISED)

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, JANUARY 3, 1944

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

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

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

NILES: They've got what it takes! That's Camel -- the cigarette
that's first with men in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and
Coast Guard, according to actual sales records! Both at home
and overseas, more people want Camel cigarettes -- so your
store may be sold out from time to time. But remember,
Camels are worth asking for again. You can always be sure
they'll have more flavor, the result of expert blending of
costlier tobaccos. Yes, Camel cigarettes keep their extra
flavor, too, and stay cool smoking and slow burning --
because they're packed to go around the world!

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

NILES: Camel cigarettes! Remember Camel's tobacco standard is the
same for soldier, for civilian, anywhere in the world!

MUSIC: (OPENING..HOLD FOR:)

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

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (BLONDIE THEME)

NILES: Well, it's breakfast time in the Bumstead home, and the
conversation seems to be about politics. Apparently there's
an election going on at Alexander's school and Alexander
is up for one of the offices...Let's listen...

DAGWOOD: What's the ~~position~~ ^{OFFICE} you're trying to get elected to?

ALEXANDER: Well, you know that this week is Boy's Week, and someone from
each school in town will be Mayor of the town for a day.
Alvin Fuddle and I and another kid have been nominated from
our school.

BLONDIE: I think you've got to have a platform, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: What kind of a platform do you think I ought to work out?

DAGWOOD: No, no, Blondie -- it's not important. A platform in
politics is just like a platform on a street car. It isn't
meant to stand on -- it's just there to get in on.

ALEXANDER: I think you got something there, Pop...Gee, maybe I'll have
a great future in politics.

BLONDIE: Well, Alexander, if you're smart and a good boy and work
hard, you might some day become president.

ALEXANDER: Gee, it would be fun to be president...I've always wanted
to travel...

BLONDIE: Well, Alexander, I can't help you much with your school election. You've just got to stand for the right things, and count on the voters to back you up.

DAGWOOD: And before the election pass out plenty of gumdrops.

BLONDIE: Dagwood! Are you suggesting that Alexander should try to buy votes?

DAGWOOD: No, not buy them. But he could certainly try to rent ~~them~~ ^{A FEW-}

~~ALEXANDER: Uh -- Pop, while we're on the subject, could you let me have a dollar?~~

~~DAGWOOD: A dollar?~~

~~ALEXANDER: For campaign funds.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Well, I suppose it's for a good cause.~~

~~ALEXANDER: Alvin and I have an understanding. If he is elected Mayor he will appoint me assistant mayor and vice-versa.~~

~~BLONDIE: That sounds like politics all right.~~

~~ALEXANDER: Yeah. Not bad, huh?~~

BLONDIE: ~~Well~~, Alexander, I hope you're not going to grow up to be a political boss. I wouldn't want to hear people refer to my son as Ballot Box Bumstead.

ALEXANDER: Don't worry, Mom...Say, Pop -- how do I go about working this gumdrop racket.

DAGWOOD: Well, it's very simple. You pass out a gumdrop and say, "My name's Alexander Bumstead. I hope I'll have your support in the coming election."

BLONDIE: Well, that doesn't sound so bad.

ALEXANDER: Then I'll say, "I'll bet you another gumdrop you don't vote for me." They'll say, "You lose," ^{I AM GOING TO VOTE FOR YOU.} ~~take another gumdrop, they win the gumdrop and I win the election - and I'll win by a landslide...Gosh, this is a cluch.~~

BLONDIE: Alexander Bumstead, I forbid you to do that! If I hear that you've pulled a stunt like that, I'm going to send you to bed early for a whole month. ~~I mean business, too!~~

~~DAGWOOD: And I'll warm the seat of your pants, even if you are the Mayor.~~

ALEXANDER: I was just kidding, Mom, no kidding.)

BLONDIE: Well, just remember those New Year's resolutions you made.

ALEXANDER: But Mom, if I followed all those resolutions you and Pop made for me, I'd be such a good little boy you couldn't stand me.

DAGWOOD: There's very little chance of that.

ALEXANDER: Well, I'll do my best--at least until after the elections.

...Gosh, it's quite a responsibility when you're running for office.

BLONDIE: Your father runs for his office every morning.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke--look at the time. I've got to dash.

BLONDIE: See what I mean?...You've got to hurry, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD? Get the door open for me, Blondie.

BLONDIE: All right, Dagwood.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: The door's open. Hurry dear, or you'll cool the whole house off.

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Okay--here I come!

(SOUND: DAGWOOD COMES RUNNING UP)

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP FAST) Where's my hat and coat?

BLONDIE: Right here.

DAGWOOD: Thanks...See you tonight, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Goodbye, dear!

DAGWOOD: Goodbye!

(SOUND: WHIZZ...WHISTLE...DOOR SLAMS)

MUSIC:

(SOUND: DOOR BELL RINGS)

ALEXANDER: Oh, gee, Mom--I forgot to tell you.

BLONDIE: What ~~is that?~~

ALEXANDER: That's probably Miss Frisbee at the door.

DAGWOOD: Your school teacher?

ALEXANDER: Yeah. She wanted me to tell you she might drop in for a moment tonight....I'll go upstairs so you can speak freely.

BLONDIE: What does she want to talk to us about?

ALEXANDER: (FADING A LITTLE) Same old stuff, I suppose. Alexander's school work....I'll see you later.

DAGWOOD: If we don't see you first.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

FRISBEE: Good evening, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Good evening, Miss Frisbee...Come in.

FRISBEE: Thank you.

DAGWOOD: Yes, come in and toast your tootsies.

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: You remember Mr. Bumstead, don't you?

FRISBEE: (WITH A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF DISTASTE) Yes, how could I forget him.

DAGWOOD: How do you doodle-do...It's nice to see you again, Miss Frisky.

FRISBEE: Mr. Bumstead, I wish you'd remember that I am not Miss Frisky either by name or nature...So in the future... kindly lay off!

DAGWOOD: Oh, excuse me, Miss Frisky -- I mean, Frisbee.

FRISBEE: We may have a few frisky teachers, but I am not one of them -- unfortunately.

BLONDIE: What did you want to see us about, Miss Frisbee?

FRISBEE: (FIRMLY) Alexander's -- school work.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear.

DAGWOOD: What's wrong this time?

FRISBEE: That's just it, Mr. Bumstead. There's nothing wrong, so I can't help but assume that there is dirty work afoot.Alexander has been acting very strangely.

BLONDIE: Very strangely? What do you mean?

FRISBEE: Like a little gentleman...That is not a normal attitude for a healthy child.

DAGWOOD: You are so right!

BLONDIE: Well, this is the first time you've ever come to tell us that Alexander has been behaving himself.

FRISBEE: *what*
...No, no, I ^{DON'T} mean

DAGWOOD: We promise you it won't happen again, that...

FRISBEE: Yes, something is wrong. ^{ALEXANDER} He hasn't been sparring with his little playmates...he hasn't been heaving erasers in class.....and he hasn't ^{EVER} been chasing the little girls.

BLONDIE: Well, I'm glad to hear that.

FRISBEE: Maybe you are, Mrs. Bumstead, but to me these are all signs of impending doom... Why, just today Alexander was passing out gumdrops as though he'd gone hog wild.

BLONDIE: Oh, that. Well, I think that has something to do with the election you're holding.

FRISBEE: Oh, yes...yes, of course. Why didn't I think of that. And all this time I've been thinking that any minute, the school would bust wide open!

DAGWOOD: Such language! What would the school board say?

FRISBEE: Er -- that is, burst wide open.

DAGWOOD: That's better.

FRISBEE: I hope you'll keep my little grammatical mistake strictly under your derby...Well, I'll be running along now. I'm greatly relieved.

BLONDIE: It was nice of you to ^{GUM DROP} drop in, Miss Frisbee.

(DOOR OPENS)

FRISBEE: Goodbye, Mrs. Bumstead. Goodbye, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye, Miss Frisky.

FRISBEE: Oh, no!

(DOOR CLOSES)

ALEXANDER: (OFF) Hey mom -- is she gone?

DAGWOOD: Yeah. You can come down now. ^{ALEXANDER} The coast is clear.

ALEXANDER: (COMING UP) Did she give me a ^{CLEAR} bill of health?

BLONDIE: Yes, it was even too good.... She seemed to think you were getting ready to dynamite the school.

ALEXANDER: Oh, no, Mom, that's silly. Where would I get that much dynamite?

BLONDIE: Well, you get back upstairs and get to work on your studies.

ALEXANDER: Okay...Say, Mom, where was I born?

BLONDIE: In the hospital here.

ALEXANDER: Gee, that's too bad.

BLONDIE: What's the matter?

ALEXANDER: Gosh, if I had only been born in a log cabin, I could get elected to anything.

MUSIC:

(CAR COMES TO A STOP...CAR DOORS OPEN)

DITHERS: Well, Bumstead, here's the house. I thought we ought to look it over and see how Boleslavski's coming along with the job.

(CAR DOORS CLOSE)

DAGWOOD: He told me that he was two days ahead of schedule on it, Mr. Dithers....It's about half finished.

(CRASH OF STONES AND BOARDS OFF...NOT TOO LOUD)

DITHERS: ^{IT'S ALL FINISHED NOW -}
^ What in the world was that?

DAGWOOD: Termites.

DITHERS: ^{WITH HEAVY BOOTS ON -}
^ They might at least have the decency to wait until we get the owner moved in...Oh, I see now. A couple of kids are playing around inside. I'm going to have that cop give them a summons. (CALLS) Hey, officer! Officer -- will you come here a minute!

DAGWOOD: Aw, Mr. Dithers -- just tell them to leave.

DITHERS: Bumstead! Keep out of this... I've got No-Trespassing signs up all over the place.

DAGWOOD: Didn't you used to play in houses that were being built when you were a kid?

DITHERS: Sure, and I got chased by the cops, too. I wouldn't want these kids to miss that thrill for anything. (DIRTY LAUGH)

COP: (COMING UP) Oh, hello, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Hello, ^{OFFICER} Flannagan. There's a couple of kids playing around in this house the Dithers Company is building. I want you to give them a summons. ~~Then they won't do it again.~~ ^{THATLL TEACH EM A LESSON}

COP: Ah, they're just enjoying themselves, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: What's that got to do with it? When a crook sticks up a grocery store, he's enjoying himself, too... Do your duty, Flannagan.

COP: Do me duty, eh? Okay, okay... (CALLS) Hey, you kids! Are you in there?

ALEXANDER: (OFF..CALLS) They just left.

DAGWOOD: Hey, that sounded like Alexander.

COP: Come on now -- out you come.

ALEXANDER: (CLOSER) You want us to come out with our hands up? It's all right, Alvin -- it's my Pop and Mr. Dithers and Officer Flannagan.

ALVIN: (COMING UP) I still say we should have made a strategic retreat down the alley.

COP: Hello, boys.

ALEXANDER: Hi, Pop. Hello, Mr. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: Hello, Alexander.

DITHERS: Hello, Alexander.

ALVIN: Hello, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Hello, Alvin.

ALVIN: (SOURLY) Hello, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, hello, Alvin....Mr. Dithers, since it's Alexander and Alvin, I guess you don't want them to be --

DITHERS: I certainly do! I can't let personal feelings interfere with business....Do your duty, Flannagan.

ALEXANDER: Aw, Mr. Dithers!

ALVIN: Nevermind, Alexander. (MUTTERS SOMETHING)

DITHERS: Who's a sourpuss?....Do your duty, Flannagan.

COP: Do me duty, eh? Okay...okay!... Here's a summons for you boys. You appear before Mayor Snipe two days from today. It's written down in writing here...Sorry, boys, but I'm only doing me duty, blast it!

DITHERS-
ALEXANDER: ^{What you said}
That's all right, Mr. Flannagan.

ALVIN: You wait, Mr. Dithers -- some day we'll fix your wagon.

DITHERS: Now they're threatening me!...~~Well, everything looks to be all right with the construction work. Let's get back to the car, Bumstead.~~

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers, if you wouldn't prefer charges against --

DITHERS: No!

DAGWOOD: I've done all I can, Alexander. Mr. Dithers insists on being a heel.

DITHERS: Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: ^{(30) A NICE ONE}
^ But they haven't done anything really wrong. It's not as bad as parking by that fire hydrant the way you have.

DITHERS: Quiet!....Well, goodbye, Flannagan.

COP: Well, well, well, well! Parked by a fire hydrant, eh?

DITHERS: Oh, it's nothing, Flannagan. The car's only been there for a moment ^{AND THERE'S NO FIRE -}
^ Just forget about it. You know me.

COP: Ah-ah-ah. I can't let me personal feelings interfere with business.

DITHERS: Wait a minute. Bumstead was driving!...Weren't you, Dagwood?
Weren't you -- or else.

DAGWOOD: No, I wasn't. ^{AND I'VE NEVER SEEN THIS MAN BEFORE IN MY LIFE} ~~Mr. Dithers in entirely guilty.~~

DITHERS: (WAILS - NOT SHOUTS) Oh, Bumstead!

ALEXANDER: AND ALVIN: (IN UNISON) Do your duty, Flannagan.

COP: Do me duty, eh?...With pleasure, boys! Come along Dithers.

DITHERS: TaaaH!

MUSIC:

(DOOR BELL RINGS)

BLONDIE: That can't be Dagwood. He won't be home for a little while yet.

(DOOR OPENS)

NILES: Hello, Mrs. Bumstead. I'm Ken Niles, your new Camel man. ~~Do~~
you mind if I call you Blondie, ~~Blondie?~~

BLONDIE: Just once is enough. Oh, hello -

(DOOR CLOSSES)

NILES: ~~All right, and you can call me Mr. Niles.~~ ^{HAVE} (LAUGHS) Well, I've
got interesting news for you. They've been having these
elections at the schools ^{YOU KNOW} and --

BLONDIE: (EXCITED) Yes? Yes?

NILES: Oh, by the way, do you know anyone who hasn't had her second
pack of Camel cigarettes? You see, the second pack of
Camels tastes even better than the first. That's because
Camel cigarettes have more flavor, the result of expert
blending of costlier tobaccos.

KEN

BLONDIE: Oh, I agree with you, Mr. Niles, and whenever I have a bridge party I always make sure there are plenty of Camel cigarettes for everyone.....But about that election at the school

NILES: Yes. Did you know that Alexander was one of the candidates to be Mayor for a day?

BLONDIE: Why, Mr. Niles, of course I knew that.

NILES: But do you also know --

BLONDIE: Yes?

NILES: That Camel cigarettes' extra flavor is what helps them hold up, keep from going flat no matter how many you smoke? Well, as I was saying, they held the election at Alexander's school. Of course he's younger than some of the other boys in the grades ahead of him, and -- WELL --

BLONDIE: Well, what? What? Come on, Mr. Niles!

NILES: Before I forget it, Blondie, I'd like to ask you to have your friends try Camel cigarettes in their T-Zones. That's "T" for taste and throat -- everybody's own personal proving ground for Camel's rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness.

BLONDIE: Oh, Mr. Niles, you're teasing me.

NILES: Yes, and Camel cigarettes stay fresh, too!

BLONDIE: I'm burning with curiosity!

NILES: But Camels stay slow burning and cool smoking, because they're packed to go around the world!

BLONDIE: Now, please, Mr. Niles -- ~~pretty~~ please....

NILES: Well, they held the election ~~and~~ --

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

NILES: (WITH THE USUAL EMPHASIS) And here comes the Mayor now!

ALEXANDER: Step aside, folks, I'm feeling my oats!

BLONDIE: Oh, Alexander -- congratulations!
(DOOR CLOSES)

ALEXANDER: Thanks, Mom!

NILES: Congratulations on your splendid victory!...How did your opponents take it?

ALEXANDER: Well, Alvin Fuddle is going to be assistant mayor.

NILES: Oh, I see. He was just running to split the opposition vote.

ALEXANDER: Correct.

BLONDIE: But how did the other little boy feel about it?

ALEXANDER: He's ^{CLAIMING FRAUD} ~~demanding a recount~~ in the second and third grades.. Well, I take office tomorrow, Mom, and you're supposed to go down with me and sort of keep an eye on Alvin and me.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) All right, Alexander -- I'll be glad to.

ALEXANDER: Incidentally, one of the cases that comes before me tomorrow will be a parking violation by Mr. J.C. Dithers.

NILES: That's going to be brutal!

ALEXANDER: You are so right!I'm going upstairs now and practice saying "Ten dollars and ten days in jail!"

MUSIC:

(MURMUR OF VOICES)

BLONDIE: All right, now, Alexander and Alvin. I think you can start hearing the cases. Officer Flannagan here will help you.

COP: Just go ahead, boys, and deal out justice to 'em.

ALEXANDER: Hey, Alvin.

ALVIN: Yeah, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: I'll let you hammer with the gavel on the first case.

ALVIN: Okay, but I especially want to do the hammering when Mr. Dithers comes up.....on his head.

BLONDIE: You'd better start now...There's your father over there, too.

ALVIN: What's your Pop in for?

ALEXANDER: I don't know...Who's the first case, ^{OFFICER} ~~MR.~~ Flannagan?

COP: Mr. J. C. Dithers.

ALEXANDER: Oh, boy!

(SOUND: GAVEL)

ALVIN: Drag him in, officer!

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) I'm here in the place of Mr. Dithers, ~~BABY DUMPLING~~
I MEAN Alexander.

COP: YES- A little more respect there, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: I'm appearing for Mr. Dithers, Your Honor.

ALEXANDER: Well, Mr. Bumstead, why isn't Mr. Dithers here in person?

DAGWOOD: Er--uh--he's not feeling well.

ALVIN: He'll feel worse when we get through with him.

DAGWOOD: Well, he couldn't be here, so I'll stand trial for him.

ALVIN: Oh, that's just dandy, Mr. Bumstead. Of course, you'll be willing to take the rap and pay the fine, I suppose?

DAGWOOD: Oh, that--well--I think you'd better call Mr. Dithers on the phone.

ALEXANDER: Call the next case, and get Mr. Dithers on the phone. PLEASE

COP: Okay, Your Honor.

(SOUND: PICK UP PHONE...DIALS)

ALEXANDER: You can sit down and watch the fun, Pop.

DAGWOOD: ^{IS THE FUN GOING TO POP - EXCUSE ME -}
/ Yes, Mayor Bumstead.

ALEXANDER: How'm I doing, Mom?

BLONDIE: Just beautifully, Alexander. But you mustn't be too hard on Mr. Dithers. ^{JUST} ~~You~~ remember he gave you that ack-ack gun for Christmas.

ALVIN: ~~Mrs. Bumstead,~~ He didn't give me anything for Christmas. ~~and~~ Besides, we can't let personal feelings interfere with business.

COP: Here's Mr. Dithers on the phone, Your Honor.

ALVIN: I'll take it, Alexander....Hello?

DITHERS: (FILTER) Hello? Mayor Snipe?

ALVIN: No, this is Assistant-Mayor Fuddle, Mr. Dithers. Hop over and make it snappy!

DITHERS: Now look here, Alvin...

ALVIN: ~~You better~~ ⁽get moving or I'll have the cops pull you in.

DITHERS: Uh--yes, Your Assistant-Honor.

(SOUND: HANGS UP)

COP: The next case is Miss Henrietta Frisbee....Step right up here, Miss Frisbee.

FRISBEE: Very well, officer. I'm sorry I'm late. I just got here.

ALVIN & ALEXANDER (IN UNISON) Good morning, Miss Frisbee.

FRISBEE: Good morning, class....Oh, excuse me....Oh, my!

ALEXANDER: What's the charge, ^{OFFICER} ~~Mr.~~ Flannagan?

FLANNAGAN: Driving the wrong way down a one way street.

ALVIN: That's bad.

ALEXANDER: Yep, that's bad.

~~FRISBEE: Er--uh--you see, I just wasn't thinking at the time.~~

~~ALEXANDER: That's a bad habit to get into....I believe you're a school-teacher, aren't you, Miss Frisbee.~~

~~FRISBEE: Well, uh, Your Honor, there shouldn't be any doubt in your mind about that.~~

~~ALVIN: (MENACINGLY) How do you feel about Schoolteachers, Alexander'~~

~~ALEXANDER: Well-l-l-l....~~

~~BLONDIE: Alexander....~~

~~ALEXANDER: Yeah, Mom?~~

BLONDIE (LOW) Now, Alexander--and Alvin--I don't want to influence you, but just remember that schoolteachers have a hard job, and get a lot of criticism, ~~and very little pay for the work they do. And yet, I'm sure they like most of the children they teach.~~ And furthermore, you may be Mayors today, but tomorrow you'll just be pupils again.

ALEXANDER: Yeah....Well, Miss Frisbee, we've thought this over....

FRISBEE: Yes?

ALVIN: And considered very carefully all the evidence and stuff.

FRISBEE: oh,
Don't

ALEXANDER: And we've decided to let you off with a warning
let it happen again!

FRISBEE: Thank you very much, Your Honor.

ALEXANDER: That's okay. Just remember me in Geography....Gavel,
please.

(SOUND: GAVEL)

ALVIN: Next case.

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Uh--excuse me, Your Honor.

ALEXANDER: Yeah, Pop?

DAGWOOD: ^{LOOK ALEXANDER} When Mr. Dithers comes up, I hope you'll take it sort of
easy on him. You know, he's just sort of stubborn, and uh--

ALEXANDER: (PHONEY ASTONISHMENT) Pop, I hope you're not trying to
influence our judgement!

ALVIN: Yes, Mr. Bumstead. That's a criminal offense. You could
be tossed in the clink--and I'm just the judge that can
do it, too.

DAGWOOD: Now listen, you Alvin Fuddle--for two pins I'd take you
over my knee and--

ALVIN: (GAVEL) Here, here, here.

DAGWOOD: ^{Oh, MY FINGER} I'm sorry, Your Honor. But, oh boy, tomorrow you won't
be judge. See you tomorrow, Alvin.

BLONDIE: Now Dagwood, don't tamper with the dignity of the court.

ALVIN: Next case!

COP: Next case is Alexander Bumstead and Alvin Fuddle.

ALEXANDER: Oh-oh...You're first, Alvin.

ALVIN: Okay...You see, Your Honor, I was just playing with my
friend in this house that was being built, not hurting
anything or causing any trouble...And then Mr. Dithers
came along and had Officer Flannagan give us a summons
or something.

ALEXANDER: Well, that seems perfectly harmless.

ALVIN: Yeah!

(SOUND: GAVEL)

ALEXANDER: Case dismissed.

ALVIN: You're next, Alexander. I'll ~~take over~~ ^{TRY YOUR CASE -}

ALEXANDER: Well, you see, Your Honor-- I WAS JUST PLAYING IN THAT HOUSE

ALVIN: ~~DEED!~~ THAT SEEMS PERFECTLY HARMLESS -

(GAVEL)

~~ALVIN!~~ ^{CASE DISMISSED -}
ALEXANDER: Well, Mom--how's that for speedy justice?

BLONDIE: It's speedy, all right.

ALVIN: Mayor Snipe would have taken a half an hour and given us
a very dull lecture to boot.

(DOOR CLOSES OFF)

COP: Oh, Your Honor--Mr. Dithers has just arrived.

ALEXANDER: Fine--bring him up here.

ALVIN: Here's where the city makes some money.

COP: Next case, Mr. J. C. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: (SOFT) Alexander, remember what I said.

(GAVEL)

ALEXANDER: Step up here, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: (TRYING TO BE JOVIAL) Well, good morning, Your Honors!

ALEXANDER: (SHORT LAUGH) Hah!

ALVIN: (WITH FIENDISH DELIGHT) Good morning, Mr. Dithers!

DITHERS: (SHUDDERS**THEN BRIGHTLY) I'm sorry I was delayed. I've
brought both of you a candy bar. It's pre-war stuff.

ALEXANDER: Oh, thanks, Mr. Dithers...(INNOCENTLY) Uh--and because of
this you want us to treat you a little easier, huh?

DITHERS: Yes, that's the idea, boys.

(GAVEL)

ALEXANDER: That'll be a five dollar fine for bribery!

DITHERS: Taaah!

(GAVEL)

ALVIN: Order in the court!....That's five dollars apiece. You tried to bribe me, too!

ALEXANDER: Officer Flannagan, will you keep track of these fines? There'll probably be more.

COP: Always glad to do me duty, Your Honor...Total, ten bucks!

DITHERS: This is ridiculous! (SOUND: CASH REGISTER)

ALVIN: You haven't seen anything yet! We're just getting warmed up.

ALEXANDER: Mr. Dithers, Mr. Bumstead told me you weren't feeling well today.

DITHERS: I'm not!

ALEXANDER: You look okay to me!

ALVIN: He's never looked okay to me.

DITHERS: Well, I'm a sick man! If you don't believe me, look at my tongue. ~~A-a-a-a-a-h!....There.~~

ALVIN: ~~What a mouth--looks like our vacuum cleaner bag.~~

BLONDIE: Alexander, you'd better get on with the case.

ALEXANDER: ~~Okay, Mom....~~Mr. Dithers, you're charged with parking by a fire hydrant. Guilty or not guilty?

DITHERS: Well-l-l-l.

DAGWOOD: I'll plead your case, Mr. Dithers. As the boy said to his grandfather who was making out his will--just leave everything to me! (LAUGHS)

DITHERS: ^{How CAN I WIN -} Well, go ahead. Just tell them I didn't know that fire hydrant was there.

DAGWOOD: That's right, Your Honor, ~~and besides he said it wouldn't~~ ^{HE SAID HE'D PARK SO CLOSE} ~~be able to see the fire hydrant -~~ ^{YOU WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO SEE THE FIRE HYDRANT -} ~~he'd to park in front of it for just a few minutes.~~

DITHERS: Oh Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: And I said Officer Flannagan might give you a ticket, but Mr. Dithers said, don't worry--Flannagan's a nice cop even if he is a little jerky.

COP: **Jerky?**

DITHERS: No, No. Flannagan, I said perky...Didn't I, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: It didn't sound like that to me.

DITHERS: Oh, no!

COP: See here Mr. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: Wait a minute! Mr. Dithers just meant you'd be reasonable about it, and wouldn't be fussy when you found out his driver's license had expired.

DITHERS: Taaaaa!

DAGWOOD: Well, anyway, I didn't tell them your brakes were out of order....Mr. Dithers, let go of my throat!
HELP!

(SOUND: GAVEL)

ALVIN: Quiet! Cut it out, Mr. Dithers, or we'll hold you in ~~contempt~~ ^{CONTEMPT} of court.

DITHERS: **I DARE YOU**
(SOUND. GAVEL)

ALEXANDER: That did it! Ten dollars!

DITHERS: I TAKE IT BACK -

COP: Total--twenty bucks! (CASH REGISTER)

ALVIN: Would you like to double dare us?

DAGWOOD: Aw, Your Honors--take it easy on Mr. Dithers.

ALEXANDER: Well--ahem!--in the words of Mr. Dithers himself, I can't let personal feelings interfere with business.

DITHERS: Oh, when will I learn to keep my big mouth shut?

ALVIN: Aren't you learning now?

ALEXANDER: Mr. Dithers, are you guilty or not guilty? If you plead not guilty you can have a jury trial with four witnesses against you and really take a shellacking.

DITHERS: This is terrible....All right, I plead guilty. What's the fine?

ALVIN: We're getting to that....Oh, Officer Flannagan?

COP: Always ready to do me duty, Your Honors.

ALVIN: What's the longest time we can keep him in jail for this?

DITHERS: (YELLS) In jail!....Oh, no, no, no, no, no!

(GAVEL)

COP: Ten days, unless you want to make something out of those contempt of court charges.

ALEXANDER: Well, that's an idea!

DITHERS: Oh, no, boys--I mean, Your Honors--I'll even go so far as to say, "Your Majesties". I'll never do it again. I promise. Please! Pretty please!

ALVIN: With sugar on it?

DITHERS: Yes! That, too!

ALEXANDER: Well, I don't know....

BLONDIE: Alexander ~~Bumstead!~~ You can carry this too far, you know.

DAGWOOD: Just be careful, Alexander.

DITHERS: Have mercy on me, gentlemen.

ALEXANDER: Okay....We'll fine you ten bucks for parking by the hydrant.

COP: Total--thirty ~~smackers!~~ ^{SMACKERS)} (ASH-CASH-CASH)

DITHERS: You've cleaned me out!

ALEXANDER: But we'll suspend sentence on everything but the parking violation, and release you in the custody of

Dagwood Bumstead.

DITHERS: Oh, thank you--thank you.

BLONDIE: That's very fair, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Thanks, Mom.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, it's almost too fair. ^{I UNDERSTAND THE JAIL HERE} ~~I wouldn't have suspended~~
~~sentence on that bribery--~~ ^{HAS VERY COMFORTABLE COTS -}

DITHERS: Bumstead! ^{QUIT HELPING ME -} Keep out of this!

(GAVEL)

ALEXANDER: And now, court is adjourned so that Our Honors can have a chocolate soda! ^{(GAVEL....BUMP...BUMP..BUMP-} Gee, if you can have this much fun as Mayor, it must be sensational to be governor of the state.

BLONDIE: Well, Alexander, soon you can run for that office, too.

ALEXANDER: Gee, can I Mom -- when?

BLONDIE: Sooner than you think, Alexander-- Sometime around 1974.

(LAUGHS)

(ALL LAUGH)

MUSIC: (TAG CURTAIN)

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: And now our Thanks to the Yanks of the Week!

MUSIC: (VERY QUICK FANFARE)

MCGREHAN: Tonight we salute Lieutenant Herman R. Brukardt of Menominee Michigan, a doctor with the Navy Medical Corps who landed on Tarawa in the midst of the fighting and set up a surgical station in a pill box. Though under continual fire, and though Japanese soldiers actually broke into the pill box while he was treating our wounded, he and three Navy medical corpsmen continued operating for thirty-six hours without sleep, saving the lives of ninety-six out of a hundred wounded men. We salute you and your medical corpsmen, Lieutenant Herman Brukardt, and in your honor the makers of Camels are sending to our Navy men in the Pacific three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: Each of the four Camel shows honors a Yank of the Week, sends three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes overseas... a total of more than a million Camels sent free each week.

NILES: In this country the traveling Camel Caravans have thanked audiences of more than three and a half million Yanks with free shows and free Camels.

NILES: Camel Radio broadcasts go out to the United States four times a week are shortwaved to our men overseas and to South America. Listen Thursday to Abbott and Costello; Friday to Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante; Saturday to Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks". And of course next Monday and every Monday, be sure to listen to "Blondie", at this same time and over these same CBS stations.

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