

# AS BROADCAST

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

## "BLONDIE'S SON BUYS A LOT"

CBS STUDIO "C"  
MONDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 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

DITERS.....HANLEY STAFFORD  
ALEXANDER.....TOMMY COOK  
ALVIN.....DIX DAVIS  
ANNOUNCER.....KEN NILES  
CONDUCTOR.....BILLY ARTZT  
YANK..(Salute)...PAT MCGEEHAN  
G.W.HITCH HIKE...FRED SHIELDS

### SOUND EFFECTS:

DOOR  
PHONE  
RATTLE OF PAPER

"BLONDIE"

*early*

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1944

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

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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: The Camels are coming, by the million, by the ton, to  
our men all over the world --for Camel cigarettes are  
first with men in all the services, according to actual  
sales records. Both at home and overseas more people  
want Camels now -- more people want the cigarette that  
stays fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning, because  
Camels are packed to go around the world! Yes,  
freshness and more flavor are selling more and more  
Camel cigarettes now -- so remember, if your store was  
sold out today -- Camels are worth asking for again!

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

NILES: Camel cigarettes! Camel's standard of costlier tobaccos  
is the same for soldier, for civilian, anywhere in the  
world!

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MUSIC: (OPENING...HOLD FOR:)

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

MUSIC: (BLONDIE THEME... FADE TO OUT)

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NILES: Well, Dagwood's boss, Mr. Dithers, has apparently made some  
sort of a decision about something this morning. (MUSIC:  
OUT) He opens his office door and calls for Dagwood.

MUSIC: (TROMBONE..."BUMSTEAD")

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DITHERS: Bumstead!

MUSIC: (TROMBONE..."COME INTO MY OFFICE"...) 

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DITHERS: Come into my office!

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Gee, Mr. Dithers -- you're getting to sound more  
~~and~~ more like a trombone. *everyday -*

DITHERS: Never mind the compliments. Wriggle into my office, you worm.

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

DAGWOOD: What's the matter, J.C.? Have <sup>me</sup> ~~you~~ made another mistake. ~~you~~  
~~want to blame on me?~~

DITHERS: Bumstead, this is entirely your fault.

DAGWOOD: Ohh - I thought so.

DITHERS: You wrote a letter to Howard W. Quentin, but you spelled his last name Quentin, instead of Quentin. The letter came back and <sup>now</sup> the deal has fallen through now.

DAGWOOD: That's not my fault, J.C. You printed his name on a piece of paper for me and I spelled it the way you did. You always leave the tail off of a Q.

DITHERS: Who leaves the tail off a Q?

DAGWOOD: You do!

DITHERS: Oh, yes, so I do... Well, I guess it's just one of the eccentricities of my genius.

DAGWOOD: ~~Oh maybe you're just too lazy...~~ Without a tail, your Q's look like O's. Alexander does the same thing.

DITHERS: Okay, so we're both geniuses.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, either that or you're both childish.

DITHERS: <sup>Certainly</sup> Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Oh, excuse me.

DITHERS: The real reason I called you in here was that I wanted to tell you that the Dithers Company is getting rid of some of the miscellaneous pieces of property we own around town. Vacant lots, and so on.

DAGWOOD: Oh yeah - those golden opportunities that turned into lead.

DITHERS: ~~Well, some of those lots are wonderful if you want to raise~~ <sup>you mean the golden opportunity that's turned into goldenseal</sup>

DAGWOOD: <sup>Sneezes</sup> ~~rag-weed.~~ <sup>never mind that's my hayfever.</sup> (SNEEZES) I ~~can~~ <sup>am</sup> still remember last year's crop.

DAGWOOD: You're not going to sell that lot that Alexander and some of his friends have a clubhouse built on, are you?

DITHERS: Yes, that's down here, too. Now take this list I made out over to Meltzer and Jones, and tell them to auction the lots off.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: And meanwhile, tell all your friends that if they want some real estate that has tremendous possibilities, that will triple in value in the next year, and that will make them rich beyond their dreams -- ~~this isn't it!~~

Dagwood: *Yes!*  
Dithers: *This isn't it -*  
MUSIC:

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DAGWOOD: Yeah, that's right, Alexander.

BLONDIE: And if your father says it's so, you can be sure that it's at least a rumor.

ALEXANDER: Holy smoke - how could Mr. Dithers sell that vacant lot our clubhouse is on? Why he's practically evicting us!

DAGWOOD: Well, he's going to sell it all right.

ALEXANDER: He can't do it! This is an outrage! We won't stand for it! ~~He can't get away with this!~~ I'll take ~~this~~ up with Washington!

BLONDIE: More like his father every day -- in spite of all I do.

DAGWOOD: Now, Alexander, don't wave your fist in front of my nose. Mr. Dithers made the decision.

BLONDIE: ~~Now, Alexander, don't get upset.~~ You and Alvin Fuddle can move your clubhouse into our backyard if you want to.

ALEXANDER: No, Mom - there's such a thing as being too close to home.

BLONDIE: Why, Alexander - is there anything wrong with your home life?

ALEXANDER: No, but there are times when a guy wants to be someplace where he can't hear his mother calling him.

DAGWOOD: Well, you can move your clubhouse into our backyard and stuff cotton in your ears.

ALEXANDER: That's no good, Pop. Mrs. Fuddle's voice carries further than the air raid siren..and even if we could move the clubhouse, we couldn't move the bomb shelter under it.

DAGWOOD: So that's what happened ~~last Fall~~ to my sack of cement!

BLONDIE: Well, Alexander -- you'll just have to face it. Mr. Dithers is going to sell that ~~the~~ property.

ALEXANDER: Hey, I just thought of something. Our clubhouse has been there two years. Maybe we've got squatter's rights.

BLONDIE: I'm afraid not, Alexander. There's just nothing you can do about this.

ALEXANDER: (SURPRISED) Nothing I can do about it?? Gee, Mom, you don't sound like a true Bumstead!

BLONDIE: Well, I wasn't a Bumstead until I married your father.

DAGWOOD: You're right, Alexander -- a true Bumstead never gives up.

BLONDIE: That's why I married your father. *He never gave up -*

ALEXANDER: Well, Pop, what do you suggest I do?

DAGWOOD: Well, in this case, I suggest you give up.

ALEXANDER: Not me! Tomorrow, Alvir and I are going to talk to Mr. Dithers!

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MUSIC:

*Dagwood:* Mr. Dithers ~~these~~ *these* are some people waiting outside.

DITHERS: Well, ~~Dagwood, who are these people~~ who want to talk to ~~me~~ <sup>you</sup> about one of the lots? <sup>Dithers</sup> Why don't they talk to Meltzer and Jones? Who are they?

DAGWOOD: Well, they're ~~just persons.~~ <sup>human beings -</sup>

DITHERS: ~~That's a fine description.~~ <sup>oh that explains it -</sup> Who are they? <sup>I thought they</sup>

DAGWOOD: Let's see. They're about so tall.... <sup>were meat balls</sup> <sup>or something -</sup>

DITHERS: <sup>no legs</sup> Midgets, eh?

DAGWOOD: No. They're just persons.

DITHERS: They way you talk, you'd think they were a couple of kids.

DAGWOODS: Yeah, you would, wouldn't you?

DITHERS: Well, show them in.

DAGWOOD: Right away, J.C.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Okay, men.

ALEXANDER AND

ALVIN: (IN UNISON) Good afternoon, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Hmmm - the Katzenjammer Kids... Bumstead, you gave me the impression that this was something very important.

DAGWOOD: Well, that's the impression they gave me... I'll be seeing you, Mr. Dithers. So long.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

DITHERS: Oh, fine!... Now, boys, I'm very busy, so let's get this over with quickly.

ALEXANDER: Okay, Mr. Dithers... (LOW) What did you say to do first, Alvin?

ALVIN: (LOW) Flatter him. Make him think he's a big shot.

ALEXANDER: (LOW) Oh, yeah.

DITHERS: What are you ~~thinking~~ <sup>mumbling</sup> about? Did you come in here to talk to me, or to go into a private ~~huddle~~ <sup>cuddle</sup> -

ALEXANDER: Mr. Dithers, we know you ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> very busy, but this won't take very long because we know you understand things. You're a genius.

DITHERS: Well -- uh -- ~~some~~ <sup>have said</sup> people ~~say~~ I'm a genius... and who am I to say they're wrong? After all, they're right.

ALVIN: (VERY PHONEY) Yes, sir, Mr. Dithers -- you're one of our town's leading citizens, a shining light in our community, ~~and~~ an industrial maggot.

DITHERS: The word is magnate. Industrial magnate, not maggot.

ALVIN: Okay, have it your own way.

ALEXANDER: We were pretty sure that a man like you wouldn't want to sell that lot our clubhouse is on.

DITHERS: Well, boys, I'm afraid that I --

ALEXANDER: (QUICKLY) <sup>Especially</sup> ~~Particularly~~ since everyone thinks of you as being a kind, noble, fine, decent, upstanding, generous, soft-headed --

DITHERS: What's that?

ALEXANDER: I mean, soft-hearted.

DITHERS: <sup>I hope so</sup> Now look here, boys -- I'm going to sell that lot if anyone will buy it. I'd like to keep it and let you have your clubhouse on it, but business is business.

ALEXANDER: But gee, Mr. Dithers --!

DITHERS: I'm sorry, but business is business. If you want the lot, you can probably get it for a song.

ALEXANDER: Gee, thanks. ~~Here's a song then. Come on, Alvin.~~

ALEXANDER AND ALVIN: (SING) "Mairzy Doats and Dozy Doats and liddle lamzy divey  
A kiddley divey too, ~~wouldn't you? Yes!~~  
~~Mairzy Doats and Dozy Doats -- "~~

DITHERS: No, no! ~~Stop~~ <sup>on your kiddley's</sup> One chorus of that and I'll throw you both out of ~~the office!~~... Getting something for a song is just an expression.

ALEXANDER: Then you're still going to sell that lot?

DITHERS: Yes.

ALVIN: You'll regret it, Mr. Dithers.

ALEXANDER: We've got an influential friend in the White House.



DITHERS: Oh, is she back in this country, ~~again?~~

ALEXANDER: And furthermore, I'm a close personal friend of  
Mayor Snipe's son.

~~DITHERS: Mayor Snipe couldn't do anything about this.~~

~~ALEXANDER: He would if his son kept waking him up all night to get him,  
a glass of water.~~

DITHERS: My answer is still no.

ALVIN: Okay, Mr. Dithers -- we'll fix your wagon.

ALEXANDER: I take back all the nice things I said about you... ~~I'm~~  
~~going to tear up my notes, too.~~

DITHERS: ~~Yes, well, all right. Goodbye boys.~~ I'm sorry, but  
business is business. *Goodbye boys -*

~~ALVIN: You're not a genius, either, but I know what you are, and  
it begins with a "J" too.... Or is it a "G"?~~

~~DITHERS: You don't spell jerk with a "G".~~

~~ALVIN: You get the idea, anyway.~~

~~DITHERS: Goodbye, boys!~~

ALEXANDER: Gee, Mr. Dithers -- you're a big disappointment to me.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ALVIN: I was right the first time. He's an industrial maggot.

DITHERS: Goodbye!

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Well, how did you come out, boys?

ALEXANDER: On our necks... Alvin and I couldn't soften him up, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Gee, that's too bad.

ALVIN: I'd like to call him some of the things my father calls the  
hammer when he hits his thumb with it.

DAGWOOD: Ah-ah-ah-ah! None of that!... Well, I guess there's  
nothing else to do, hem?

ALEXANDER: I'm not giving up yet, Pop. Remember a true Bumstead never gives up -- anyway that's what you keep telling me.

DAGWOOD: Well, it looks pretty hopeless now.

ALEXANDER: Gosh, Pop -- sometimes I wonder if you're a true Bumstead...We're going home and talk to Mom. So long, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Well, so long, Alexander. So long, Alvin.

ALVIN: So long, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- goodbye.

NILES: (OFF) Hey, Dagwood! 10.40 10.25

DAGWOOD: Well, Ken Niles! Hi, boy. Looking for someone?

NILES: Yes, I'm looking for someone who's looking for a cigarette that won't go flat no matter how many he smokes, and when I find him I'll give him a Camel.

DAGWOOD: I'm looking for a Camel. Mr. Dithers and his secretary, Dimples, keep taking mine. Thank you in advance, Ken.

NILES: Here you are, Dagwood. Light?

DAGWOOD: Thanks...Ahhhh! Camels certainly have flavor.

NILES: Sure -- Camel cigarettes have more flavor because they're expertly blended of costlier tobaccos, and more flavor helps 'em hold up, pack after pack...What were Alexander and Alvin doing here?

DAGWOOD: Oh, Mr. Dithers is going to sell a vacant lot they've had a clubhouse on, and they were trying to talk him out of it. But I guess they didn't soften him up enough.

NILES: Ah, too bad. Now I'd know that the way to make J.C. smile is to give him a Camel cigarette. Yessir, I'd let him roll the smoke around in his T-Zone -- his taste and throat. That's the way to appreciate Camel cigarettes' rich extra flavor and smooth extra mildness!

DAGWOOD: I think you've got something there.

NILES: Sure -- and what's more Camel cigarettes stay fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world!..What are the kids going to do next? / 11.50  
/ 11.40

DAGWOOD: I haven't any idea, Ken. But once Alexander starts ~~going on~~ something, there's no telling where he'll end!

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: Now, Alexander and Alvin -- stop beating around the bush and tell me what it is you want.

ALEXANDER: Gee, Mom, we'd rather be more subtle about this.

ALVIN: Yeah, Mrs. Bumstead. We'd rather spring the proposition on you gently, instead of exploding it right in your face.

BLONDIE: I prefer the explosion. Go ahead.

ALEXANDER: Well, to make a long story short, we want you to help us buy that lot Mr. Dithers is selling.

BLONDIE: You want me to buy the lot?

ALEXANDER: In our name, of course.

BLONDIE: Well, you know a lot costs <sup>a lot of</sup> money.

ALEXANDER: I can contribute two dollars and forty-three cents.

BLONDIE: That's not very much.

ALEXANDER: It's my entire fortune.

BLONDIE: How about you, Alvin?

ALVIN: I can't contribute anything but my good name. My father just borrowed my last quarter. I'll never see that two bits again.

BLONDIE: Well, boys, I'm afraid we just won't be able to swing it with the two dollars and forty-three cents, Alvin's good name, and my grocery money.

ALEXANDER: But Mom, it's a chance of a lifetime. Who knows, we might strike oil ~~on the lot... boy, I can see that gusher coming in right now. We'd be worth millions! We could buy out the J.C. Dithers Company and fire Mr. Dithers!~~

BLONDIE: ~~Now just a minute, Alexander -- stop dreaming like that. You sound like your father. I doubt very much if you'd strike oil.~~

ALVIN: Okay, so we'd only strike gold. ~~We'd find nuggets the size of bowling balls!~~

ALEXANDER: Or maybe we'd strike radium!

BLONDIE: Now that's enough, Alexander! None of those things are the least bit likely.

ALEXANDER: We know, but we're desperate.

BLONDIE: I guess you really want that lot your clubhouse is on, don't you?

ALEXANDER: Gee -- sure we do, Mom.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear -- I suppose I shouldn't do this, but --

ALEXANDER: Oh, boy!

ALVIN: Ya-hoooo!

BLONDIE: ~~Now just a minute! Hold on a second! I haven't  
said anything yet!~~

ALEXANDER: ~~No, but you're weakening, aren't you?~~

BLONDIE: ~~Well -- yes -- I suppose I am. But I'm going to  
drive a hard bargain with you. Oh, I don't know  
why I'm doing this, but I guess I'm just soft-hearted.~~

ALVIN: ~~What's the bargain?~~

BLONDIE: ~~If I help you buy this lot you'll both have to  
mow our lawn twice a  
week all summer, and spade up our garden in the  
Spring.~~

ALVIN: Gosh, and I'm allergic to work.

BLONDIE: And Alexander, you're going to have to help me with the  
dishes every night except Saturday night for a whole  
year.

ALEXANDER: Whooooaaaa!

BLONDIE: And weed the garden all summer. And water the lawn.  
And help me dust the house Saturday morning.

ALEXANDER: Well, okay, Mom.

ALVIN: Maybe we'd do better at a finance company.

ALEXANDER: Nope -- we haven't got anything for them  
to take away.

BLONDIE: It's a very little lot, and I don't know how  
much it'll cost, but I'll put a bid on it with my  
grocery money, ~~and~~ if we get it --

ALEXANDER: Yeah?

BLONDIE: ~~Well~~; I don't know what we'll use in place of  
groceries...Now you ~~write down on a~~  
~~me~~ slip with the  
lot you want to bid on, and I'll do my best to get it  
for you tomorrow.

ALEXANDER: Gee, thanks, Mom! You'll never regret this.

BLONDIE: I hope not, but don't be surprised if the Bumstead family is a little hungry for about a month.

MUSIC:

*yes Dag*  
DITHERS: I'm sorry I couldn't get to that auction this afternoon. I like to see suckers throw their money away. *(Laughs)*

(PHONE RINGS)

DITHERS: Excuse me, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: You're excused. *Dithers: Thank you - Dag: you're welcome*

DITHERS: *Don't mention it*  
Oh, Bumstead... *what's going on here!*

(PICK UP PHONE)

*hello*  
DITHERS: J.C. Dithers Construction Company, *Is that you right* office of the president, vice-president, and secretary-treasurer, they're all me, speaking. ...Oh, hello, Blondie... Just a minute... For you, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Thank you, ~~kind sir~~....Hello, Blondie... What?... Gee, is that right?... That's swell...It's cheap, too... Thanks for telling me, Blondie....Okay -- goodbye.

(HANGS UP)

DITHERS: What happened?

DAGWOOD: Blondie just bought that lot for Alexander and Alvin. She got it for twenty-five dollars,

DITHERS: (LAUGHS) That's wonderful! I ~~got~~ *originally bought* it for ~~only~~ twenty dollars in back taxes.

DAGWOOD: You mean you made a profit on those *little* kids, ~~buying it?~~

DITHERS: Well, business is business...That was Lot Q, wasn't it?  
DAGWOOD: Blondie said it was Lot O.  
DITHERS: I didn't put any Lot O up for sale.  
DAGWOOD: Sure you did. It's right here on the paper you gave me.  
See? I guess you just forgot to put the tail on the  
Q again.  
DITHERS: I guess you're right.  
DAGWOOD: And Alexander always forgets to put the tail on a Q, too.  
I guess when he wrote out the slip for Blondie, he made it  
look like an O, just like you did.  
DITHERS: I wonder what Lot O is then..Where's that map of our lots?  
DAGWOOD: Right here.

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

DITHERS: Let's see...Here's Lot O, and it's -- good grief!  
Oh, no! It can't be true! No, no, no, ~~no, not~~  
DAGWOOD: What's the matter, Mr. Dithers?  
DITHERS: For twenty-five dollars, those kids just bought the  
J.C. Dithers Construction Company!

MUSIC:

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~~(DOOR CLOSING)~~

ALEXANDER: Oh, Mom!  
ALVIN: Oh, Mrs. Bumstead!  
ALEXANDER: Oh, Bloooooondie!  
BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Good heavens, what's all the excitement about?

ALEXANDER: ~~Holy smoke, Mom -- we wanted you to buy Lot Q and you~~  
~~bought Lot O.~~

BLONDIE: ~~Well, you put down Lot O and that's what I got for you.~~

ALEXANDER: Well, we were just looking on a map of the lots, and  
we found out that ~~we now own~~ <sup>bought</sup> the ~~lot~~ <sup>Property</sup> the Dithers Company  
is on.

BLONDIE: What? You own the Dithers Company? (STARTS TO LAUGH)  
Oh, that's the funniest thing I ever heard of. (REALLY  
LAUGHING) (HARD) Oh, someone must have made an awful  
mistake.

ALVIN: Unfortunate, isn't it?

ALEXANDER: We told you you wouldn't regret it. I guess we own a  
pretty good hunk of property! Now we're solid citizens!

BLONDIE: Well, what are you going to do about this?

ALVIN: As soon as the money starts coming in, I'm going to  
give my father an allowance..

ALEXANDER: I can't wait to see Mr. Dithers....Boy, are we going  
to put the slug on him!

(DOOR OPENS OFF...AND CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Blooondie!

DITHERS: (OFF) Where are those kids?

BLONDIE: We're in the living room.

ALEXANDER: Hey, Mom -- don't let on that we know ~~we've~~ <sup>which lot we bought</sup> bought ~~the~~  
~~lot the Dithers Company is on.~~

ALVIN: We want to watch him squirm, the worm.

BLONDIE: Well, all right. I guess Mr. Dithers deserves it.



DAGWOOD: Hello, Alexander -- hello, Alvin -- say, did you know  
that the lot you bought --

DITHERS: Bumstead! (JUICILY) Hello, <sup>sons - Alec - Alvey</sup> ~~Alexander. Hello,~~  
~~Alvin.~~

ALEXANDER &  
ALVIN: (UNFRIENDLY) Hi.

DITHERS: I'm sure you boys aren't still mad at me because  
of what I said the other day.

ALEXANDER: We're not sure. We're still mad.

ALVIN: Mr. Dithers, we don't like your personality.

DITHERS: I'll be glad to change it, boys. Just any style you say.

BLONDIE: Uh -- Mr. Dithers and Dagwood -- I'm surprised you're not at the office.

DAGWOOD: Well, Blondie, that lot the boys bought --

DITHERS: Bumstead, I want nothing out of you but breathing, and very little of that.

DAGWOOD: Pardon me for living.

DITHERS: I wish I could, but it's inexcusable...Boys, you bought that lot your clubhouse is on, but if you'll tear up the deed you got today, I'll give you the lot. Now what do you think of that?

ALEXANDER: What do you think, Alvin?

ALVIN: Phooey...And you, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: Ditto...Mr. Dithers, our answer is phooey.

BLONDIE: (SLYLY) I guess the boys are so proud of buying that lot, that just couldn't think of accepting it as a gift... or something.

DITHERS: Boys, I'll buy the lot back from you for fifty dollars.

DAGWOOD: Oh, don't be a piker, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Keep out of this...A hundred dollars.

ALEXANDER: Is that all the Dithers Company is worth?

DITHERS: What?...Oh -- then you know about it, eh?

ALEXANDER: Yep. We bought the Dithers Company and we're going to keep it.

ALVIN: Of course, we may change the name after we fire you.

DITHERS: Fire me? But it's my company!

ALEXANDER: Not any more it isn't! The deed says we own the property and all buildings and stuff on it.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Oh, boy -- this is really funny!

DITHERS: You should laugh -- you're out of a job!

BLONDIE: Oh, the boys can fix that, can't you, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: Pop, consider yourself one of the officers of the Bumstead Construction Company, formerly the J.C. Dithers Construction Company.

~~DITHERS: Good grief!~~

DAGWOOD: Thanks, boys. You're going to make me the president, eh?

ALEXANDER: Er -- just vice-president. I'll be the president.

~~DAGWOOD: Oh.~~

~~ALVIN: Second vice-president, Mr. Bumstead. Don't forget me.~~

~~BLONDIE: I'm in it, too, Dagwood, as the boys' adviser. You'd better be third vice president.~~

~~DITHERS: Now he's practically back where he started from. Well,~~

*Dithers:* oh, enough of this foolishness. I want that property back. It was just a mistake. You certainly don't think you can keep it, do you?

DAGWOOD: I think they can.

DITHERS: Nobody asked you!

BLONDIE: I think they can keep it, too.

ALEXANDER: We know we can keep it.

DITHERS: Surely you're not serious about this.

ALEXANDER: Oh, yes we are, and in the words of J.C. Dithers himself --

ALEXANDER &  
ALVIN: (IN UNISON) Business is business!

DITHERS: But boys -- what am I going to do?

ALVIN: We'll be glad to give you a job, sweeping up at night.

BLONDIE: Now Alvin and Alexander -- that's not fair to Mr. Dithers. He's worked a long time building the Dithers Company up. It's been a hard job -- it hasn't been easy at all. You can't offer him a job sweeping the place out.

DITHERS: (WITH FEELING) Thank you, Blondie.

ALVIN: What do you think he should be, Mrs. Bumstead?

BLONDIE: Well, I don't want to influence you, but I think you should make Mr. Dithers an office boy!

DITHERS: Taaaah!

DAGWOOD: Oh, boy -- now I'll be able to go to the door and yell, "Dithers! Come into my office!"

DITHERS: Just one moment, please! I just happened to think of something!

ALEXANDER: Oh-oh. ~~I don't know what this is, but I don't like the sound of it.~~

ALVIN: ~~Neither do I.~~

DITHERS: So you want to own the Dithers Company, eh? (LAUGHS)  
Well, that's fine. But you don't own the company financially. You just own the lot and the building and there's a tax payment of nine hundred and seventy-three dollars and fourteen cents due tomorrow.

ALEXANDER: Nine hundred and seventy-three dollars and fourteen cents.  
Wow!

ALVIN: Holy smoke! Mr. Bumstead...

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

ALVIN: Suppose we divide up the payment of those taxes. Alexander and I will pay everything on the right hand side of the decimal point and you pay everything on the left.

DAGWOOD: No, thank you.

BLONDIE: Goodness I never thought about the taxes.

DITHERS: Just lately I haven't been able to think of anything  
but taxes...Well, boys what is your decision?

DAGWOOD: ~~I guess he's got you, Alexander.~~

ALEXANDER: ~~A Bumstead never gives up.~~ Come on Alvin, let's  
have a conference.

DAGWOOD: ~~I'll come along and advise you.~~ *Yes, Alvin, come along, let's have a conference.*

ALEXANDER: Pop, ~~do me a favor and~~ stay right where you are. *you'd better* ~~this is a~~  
*board meeting -*

DAGWOOD: Oh, excuse me.

ALEXANDER: Mr. Dithers, we'll give you our decision in five  
minutes.

MUSIC:

DITHERS: Well, Alexander and Alvin, have you reached a decision?  
(LAUGH)

BLONDIE: I know they can't pay the taxes.

DAGWOOD: If they know where to get over nine hundred dollars, I  
hope they'll tell me.

ALEXANDER: Well, Mr. Dithers, you're right -- we ~~can't~~ *can not* pay the  
taxes.

ALVIN: And I guess we can't keep the property.

DITHERS: (CHUCKLING) Oh, how too, too ~~bad~~ *necessitating*, boys. I'm so  
sorry.

ALEXANDER: So we've decided to sell everything to your business  
rivals the Goliath Construction Company!

DITHERS: Taaaaah!

ALEXANDER: Well. Alvin let's call the Goliath people and get  
an offer.

DITHERS: No, no boys. Please. Don't do this to me. I need  
my property!

ALEXANDER: You'll have to sing for it!

DITHERS: ~~sing for us?~~ Okay. (SINGS) Mairzy doats and dozy doats  
and liddle lamzy divey. A kiddley divey, too, <sup>and I</sup> wouldn't  
you? Yes!

ALVIN: That's enough! Stop! Gee, I don't even like him when  
he sings.

DITHERS: ~~Do I get my property now, please? I sang for it.~~

ALEXANDER: ~~Well, as you explained to us in your office, that's just  
an expression. It doesn't mean anything.~~

DITHERS: Oh, please, please, boys! Please give me a break! I'm  
pleading with you -- I'm begging you.

DAGWOOD: ~~Don't you think he ought to get~~ *In a minute they're going to have Mr. Dithers*  
*Down on his knees?*

DITHERS: Oh, Bumstead!

ALVIN: Down on your knees! *Dithers: Oh Bumstead!*

*Alex: Down on your prayer-bones -- (Sound: Boom! Boom!)*  
DITHERS: Yes, your Highness.

ALVIN: That cuts him down to a little more like our size.

ALEXANDER: I'll say, Alvin...

BLONDIE: Now Alexander and Alvin -- I think we've carried this  
a little too far.

ALEXANDER: Gee, Mom, I don't think we've gone far enough.

DAGWOOD: Neither do I.

DITHERS: I'll get you <sup>for this</sup> ~~later~~, Bumstead, you bum-head --

BLONDIE: ~~Well, I do.~~ This was all a mistake. Alexander, if you  
and Mr. Dithers had both put the tails on your Q's they  
wouldn't have looked like O's, and this wouldn't have  
happened.

ALEXANDER: ~~And~~ <sup>But</sup> we would have missed all this fun. ~~Don't get up yet,~~  
~~Mr. Dithers.~~

ALVIN: ~~Get back down on your prayer-bones!~~

DITHERS: ~~Anything you say, sir.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Gee, Mr. Dithers, it's a pleasant change to see you full of humility. I wish you'd stay that way.~~

DITHERS: ~~If I did I'd have housemaid's knee... Go on, Blondie.~~

BLONDIE: ~~Oh, yes... Well, Alexander and Alvin, it just isn't fair to keep Mr. Dithers' property.~~ *It just isn't fair*  
On the other hand, if someone else had bought the property, Mr. Dithers would have a hard time getting back without paying a lot of money.

ALEXANDER: Don't forget, Mom -- business is business.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, I wanted to be ~~third~~ vice-president of the Bumstead Construction Company.

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- do you think that would be fair?

DAGWOOD: I suppose not, doggone it.

DITHERS: Boys, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you Lot Q for nothing and pay the taxes on it every year. And after the war I'll build you a swell clubhouse anywhere you want it.

ALEXANDER: Go on, Mr. Dithers, go on.

DITHERS: And I'll give you each three shares of stock in the J.C. Dithers Construction Company.

ALVIN: Did you say five shares apiece?

DITHERS: ~~Yes~~, <sup>no</sup> five shares apiece.

ALEXANDER: Did you say ten shares apiece?

BLONDIE: That'll do, Alexander!

ALEXANDER: Aw, Mom. We might as well milk him for all we can get.

DAGWOOD: I think so, too. Did you say twenty-five shares of stock apiece, including me?



BLONDIE: Dagwood Bumstead! I think the boys have made a good enough bargain as it is...What do you think, Boys?

ALEXANDER: It's okay with me, Mom...How about you, Alvin?

ALVIN: I don't know -- I like to see him kneeling there.

DITHERS: Come on, boys -- please -- ~~before my knees get stiff.~~ *the water on my knee leaks.*

ALVIN: Okay, it's a deal!

DITHERS: Oh, thank you, <sup>Boys</sup> thank you, boys. ~~I'll take care of everything right away!~~

DAGWOOD: Congratulations, Alexander. Congratulations, Alvin.

ALEXANDER: Thanks, Pop. It was a tough fight, but we won.

DAGWOOD: That's right. And a true Bumstead never gives up!

~~ALEX:~~ *You can get up now Mr. Dithers - (Scream - Squeak)*

DITHERS: ~~Oh, my knees.~~ *Hear that, rigor mortis*

BLONDIE: Well, Mr. Dithers, your knees will be all right but in the future, see that you mind your P's and Q's, and particularly your Q's!

26.02 25.51

MUSIC:

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(APPLAUSE)

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

MUSIC: (VERY QUICK...FANFARE)

MC GEEHAN: Tonight we salute Lieutenant Wau Kau Kong, of Honolulu, a fighter pilot of Chinese descent in the American Air Force in England. Flying a Mustang fighter, he saw a Focke-Wulfe attacking American bombers at twenty-seven thousand feet. The German pilot sighting the Mustang, went into a screaming dive. For nearly two miles, almost straight down, the Chinese-American pilot followed, finally blowing him to pieces at about seventeen thousand feet. In your honor, Lieutenant Wau Kau Kong, the makers of Camels are sending to our soldiers overseas three hundred thousand Camel cigarettes!

26.50

26.48

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

(APPLAUSE)

NILES: Each of the four Camel radio 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.

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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.

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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.

27.36

27.36

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

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BLONDIE: Alexander!

ALEXANDER: (FADING IN) Yes, mom.

BLONDIE: I want you to run down to the grocery store and pick up a package.

ALEXANDER: Do you think a stockholder in the J.C. Dithers Company ought to carry packages?

BLONDIE: He ought to, if he wants any dinner.

ALEXANDER: Okay, mom. *You talked me into it.*

BLONDIE: Here, you'll need these ration stamps -- sixteen points for the lamb chops. Give him these two stamps.

ALEXANDER: Sixteen? These are two one-point stamps!

BLONDIE: Since yesterday, Alexander, each red stamp and each blue stamp is worth ten points, so those two one-point stamps are worth twenty altogether. The grocer will give you four red tokens in change. You see, it's very easy!

NILES: Yes, folks, there's a new simplified rationing plan in effect now! Your dealer has a poster in his store explaining it completely!

2 8 3 0      2 8 3 1

(GEORGE WASHINGTON HITCH HIKE)

SHIELDS: (ISOLATION BOOTH)

Up to a dozen extra pipefuls -- yessir, you get up to a dozen extra pipefuls in every dime's worth of tobacco when you get George Washington Smoking Tobacco! Ten cents buys a great big blue two-and-a-quarter-ounce package of George Washington -- and every bit of it is mild, mellow, and tasty, right down through the last puff at the bottom of the bowl! If you want up to a dozen extra pipefuls, get a big, big package of George Washington tomorrow! It's America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!

This is CBS...the COLUMBIA....BROADCASTING SYSTEM!

29.34      29.32

NILES: Blondie is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood by Arthur Lake. The musical score is composed and conducted by William Artzt.

28.43

28.44

NILES: And remember, Camel cigarettes are first in the service! Camels stay fresh, cool smoking, and slow burning, because they're packed to go around the world!

28.51

28.54

NILES: This is Ken Niles saying good night for Camel Cigarettes -- First in the Service.

(APPLAUSE)

28.56

28.58

MUSIC: (THEME AND APPLAUSE)