

Go Broadcast 118
10/10/41

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1941

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

SCENES:

1. BUMPSTEAD HOME
2. DEPARTMENT STORE
3. BUMSTEAD HOME FOR COMMERCIAL
4. BUMSTEAD HOME
5. THE SAME
6. ON THE ROAD AND AT THE DENNIS PLACE
7. ON THE ROAD
8. THE WILSON PLACE
9. ARMY POST FOR COMMERCIAL
10. THE WILSON PLACE
11. THE EDGERTON PLACE
12. THE BUMSTEAD HOME

SOUND EFFECTS :

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES...PHONE RINGS...PICK UP PHONE...HANG UP PHONE
 ...RATTLE OF COINS...DOOR BELL BUZZES...CAR RUNNING...HONKING OF
 HORNS...CAR STOPS...CAR DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES...CARS STOPPING...KNOB
 TURNS AND DOOR FALLS TO FLOOR...FOOTSTEPS...HAMMERS AND AXES POUNDING
 L...RUMBLING OF TANKS, MACHINE GUNS, CANNON, ETC...RATTLE OF COINS IN
 BOX...CLINKING OF COINS...DOOR BELL RINGS.

THE CAST:

BLONDIE.....PENNY SINGLETON
 DAGWOOD.....ARTHUR LAKE
 ALEXANDER.....LEONE LE DOUX
 FIRST MAN.....JERRY MANN
 SECOND MAN....BENNY RUBIN

COMMERCIAL CAST:

ANNOUNCER.....BILL GOODWIN
 DI MAGGIO, VOICE..JACK MATHER
 HIGBE.....FRED SHIELDS
 HITCH HIKER.....BOB GARRED

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1941

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

GOODWIN: Ah -- Ah -- Ah -- Don't touch that dial -- Listen
to "Blondie"...presented by Camel...the cigarette of
costlier tobaccos.

MUSIC: (THEME)

GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads. There seems to be something of a problem in the Bumstead family today. It's one that rolls around regularly ¹⁰⁰ new clothes. Here are Blondie, Dagwood, and Alexander talking the situation over in the little white house on Shady Lane Avenue.

BLONDIE: Well, Alexander, your father and I have gone over the budget and we don't see how we can possibly get you a new suit right now.

DAGWOOD: That's right, Alexander. If we bought you a new suit, we'd have to eat rice the rest of the month.

ALEXANDER: I like rice. ^{BLONDIE! THERE YOU SEE!} Can I have the suit?

BLONDIE: No, dear. We've got a budget and we've got to stick to it. Once we start getting away from our budget, there's no telling where we'd end up.

DAGWOOD: Maybe in the poor house.

BLONDIE: Yes, if they'd let us in. After all -- four people and six dogs.

DAGWOOD: ^{SOMETHING ELSE TO WORRY ABOUT}
ALEXANDER: I'd still like the suit.

DAGWOOD: For the moment, it's out of the question.

ALEXANDER: ^{WELL MOMMY CAN'T I -}
BLONDIE: Yes, there are a lot of other things we'll have to get. Cookie needs some new clothes -- she's growing out of her old ones already.

ALEXANDER: Gosh -- girls are always getting new clothes. We boys always get the brush-off.

BLONDIE: Now that's not true, Alexander. For instance, ^{WELL} I'll have to have some warm Fall dresses, and shoes, and a new hat.

DAGWOOD: I need a new suit.

BLONDIE: And you need some ^{new} school books.

DAGWOOD: What do I need school books for?

BLONDIE: I was talking to Alexander. *WHY DON'T YOU LISTEN*

DAGWOOD: Oh...Well, I've got my eye on a wonderful tweed suit with lots of little specks of color in it. It's sort of a pepper and salt suit with paprika, mustard, blueberries, and spinach all mixed up in it.

BLONDIE: It sounds very tasty, ^{DEAR} but I'm afraid you'll have to wait just like Alexander.

ALEXANDER: I don't want to wait. *DAGWOOD! HOW BABY DUMPING* I think I'll go ~~and~~ buy my suit now.

DAGWOOD: Oh, you're going to just go out and buy a suit, huh?

ALEXANDER: Sure.

BLONDIE: It isn't quite that simple, Alexander. It takes money. That's what our difficulty is now.

ALEXANDER: I'll buy it myself then. I've got money. I'm rich.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) You're not that rich, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: (SINGS) Oh, yes I am.

BLONDIE: Oh, no you're not.

ALEXANDER: You'll see. I'm rich.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Mr. Rockefeller, you go right ahead and buy your own suit ~~then~~.

ALEXANDER: Thanks, Pop...I'll be back later.

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Poor Alexander -- he certainly wants a new suit ~~pretty~~ badly, doesn't he?

DAGWOOD: Yeah...Well, he can shake the daylights out of his penny bank, but he'll never get enough for a suit.

BLONDIE: Well, I guess it won't hurt him to try. The experience'll be very good for him. He'll learn something about the value of money.

MUSIC...

MAN: Now then, what kind of a suit would you like, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: Just call me Mr. Bumstead.

MAN: Very well -- what kind of a suit would you like Mr. Bumstead?

ALEXANDER: Well, I want sort of a salt and pepper suit with mustard, paprika, blueberries and spinach.

MAN: Hmmmm -- I take it you want a tweed suit with a lot of specks of color mixed into it.

ALEXANDER: Yep -- that's what I want.

MAN: I presume you can pay for this.

ALEXANDER: Certainly.

MAN: Very well...Now let's see -- yes, here's exactly what you were asking for. How do you like it?

ALEXANDER: It's very nice. Has it got long pants?

MAN: Yes, a pair of long pants ~~and a pair of long pants on the back.~~

ALEXANDER: ~~That's grand. I'll take it now.~~

MAN: ~~Well, we'll take it off for you...~~Just slip this on for size, Mr. Bumstead.

ALEXANDER: *PULL MY COLLAR OUT.*
Okay...Do I get a free whistle with the suit?

MAN: No, but you get a jackknife.

ALEXANDER: I want a whistle, too.

MAN: We don't give whistles with our suits.

ALEXANDER: The clothing store down the street gives whistles.

MAN: All right -- we'll give you a whistle.

ALEXANDER: And a jackknife?

MAN: Mr. Bumstead, you drive a hard bargain.

ALEXANDER: Well, the suit looks pretty good. How much is it?

MAN: Ten dollars and ninety-five cents.

ALEXANDER: I'll take it.

MAN: Yes, sir!...Anything else?

ALEXANDER: I want a hat with a feather in it.

MAN: Something like -- well, like this, for instance?

ALEXANDER: Let's see...Yep, this is pretty snappy.

MAN: It's a wonderful combination, Mr. Bumstead. You look absolutely terrific!

ALEXANDER: I am a killer-diller.

MAN: You're sensational!

ALEXANDER: Okay, I'll take the hat, too.

MAN: Very well, Mr. Bumstead.

ALEXANDER: I guess I'll just wear this stuff home.

MAN: Just as you say, Mr. Bumstead. That'll be exactly twelve dollars and seventy cents.

ALEXANDER: Okay. Just take it out of ^{THIS} ~~the~~ twenty dollar bill.

MAN: Yes, sir, Mr. Bumstead. Yes, sir!

ALEXANDER: *JUST THROW IT AWAY!*

MUSIC... MAN: *YES SIR YES SIR!*

GOODWIN: Well, I wonder where Alexander got that twenty dollar bill? And what will Blondie and Dagwood say when they see him all dolled up in his new suit and hat?

BY THE WAY WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO WITH YOUR OLD SUIT?

(COMMERCIAL)

MUSIC...

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GOODWIN: Well, suppose we beat Alexander home, We find
Blondie and Dagwood still worried about the money
situation...

DAGWOOD: Of course there is a way to get that extra cash, Blondie.

BLONDIE: How, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Well, some of the boys downtown are offering bets on
the World Series. Now if I knew just one thing, I'd
have plenty of money.

BLONDIE: What's that?

DAGWOOD: Which team will win.

BLONDIE: That's easy. Which team has the best players?

DAGWOOD: Sure, that's right, which -- (TAKE) Blondie, they've
both got good players! Brooklyn has some wonderful
pitchers. Look at Kirby Higbe, He pitches just about
the fastest ball there is -- and he's won
twenty-two games this year!

BLONDIE: Oh, then Brooklyn will win, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: I don't know, Look at the guys Higbe's pitching to on
the Yankees. Joe DiMaggio is one of the best hitters
who ever lived. His batting average is over three
hundred and fifty, and he set a major league record this
year by getting hits in fifty-six games in a row!

BLONDIE: Well, then what will happen when a good pitcher like
Mister Higbe meets a good batter like Mister DiMaggio?

GOODWIN: Well, that's a question lots of people are asking
these days, Blondie! And I've got an idea that
Kirby Higbe and Joe DiMaggio have mighty different
opinions on the matter! But one point I know both Kirby
and Joe will agree on -- that's their preference for
Camels! Joe DiMaggio says --

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DIMAGGIO VOICE: Sure, I've been smokin' Camels for years! I like real flavor in a cigarette, and Camel's got extra flavor -- and extra mildness, too!

GOODWIN: And Kirby Higbe of the Dodgers says --

HIGBE VOICE:(FROM SOUTH CAROLINA) I come from tobacco country, mister! You bet I smoke Camels! They're slower-burnin' -- and that means they're cooler -- and give you extra smokin' per cigarette per pack!

GOODWIN: Thanks, Kirby Higbe and Joe DiMaggio! One big reason why you both like Camels so much is this: Camels are made of costlier tobaccos -- and -- more important, they're blended expertly, matchlessly, as only Camel can blend. And of course there's less nicotine in the smoke -- twenty-eight percent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling cigarettes tested...less than any of them, according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself. Try a pack of mild, flavorful Camels tonight. You'll want to buy a carton tomorrow!

MUSIC:

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GOODWIN: It's about three quarters of an hour later, and here's Alexander -- wearing that snappy hat and the new suit -- just walking in the front door...

(DOOR CLOSES)

ALEXANDER: (CALLS) Oh, Mom -- oh, Pop!

BLONDIE: Right here, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Oh...How do you like my new clothes?

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) What new clothes? You haven't -- hey!

BLONDIE: Where'd you get that suit?
AND THAT HAT?
ALEXANDER: I bought ~~it~~ THEM.

BLONDIE: Alexander, how did you pay for them? Where did you get the money?

ALEXANDER: I told you I was rich, but you wouldn't believe me.

DAGWOOD: Blondie -- look at that suit he got. / It's exactly ^{BLONDIE: LOOK AT IT I CAN PRAC- TICALLY HEAR} what I wanted to get, and now he's beat me to it. Gosh, 'T I've been sabotaged by my own son! EVERY DAY --

BLONDIE: Just a moment, dear.

DAGWOOD: Oh -- all right.

BLONDIE: Alexander -- how much did that suit and hat cost?

ALEXANDER: How much?

BLONDIE: Yes, dear -- how much?

ALEXANDER: Twelve dollars and seventy cents.

BLONDIE: You paid for it?

ALEXANDER: Yep -- here's the receipt...And here's the change he gave me.

DAGWOOD: Look at all that money! Holy smoke -- Alexander's carrying more money around in his pocket than I am.

ALEXANDER: Yep, and I've got another twenty dollars in my ~~other~~ ^{SHOE} ~~purse~~ See -- here it is.

51454 0105

BLONDIE: Oh my goodness!...Alexander, you'd better give me this
money.
DAGWOOD: *COME ON GIVE IT TO ME*
ALEXANDER: Well, okay, Mom.
BLONDIE: Now -- where did you get it?
DAGWOOD: You -- er -- you didn't hold up a bank or anything,
did you?
ALEXANDER: Oh, no.
BLONDIE: It was your money, I hope.
ALEXANDER: Oh, sure.
DAGWOOD: But where did you get it?
ALEXANDER: It's a secret.

(KNOCK ON DOOR OFF)

~~BLONDIE: Dagwood -- will you answer the back door, please.~~
~~DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah, honey, I'll see who it is... (FADING)~~
~~ALEXANDER: Mom, you didn't tell me if you liked my suit.~~
~~BLONDIE: Oh, I think it looks fine on you, Alexander. It's
very becoming.~~
~~ALEXANDER: Do you think I look sensational?~~
~~BLONDIE: Yes -- yes, I'd say so...Alexander, where in the
world did you get that money. Now you've got to tell
me~~
~~ALEXANDER: I just got it, that's all. I didn't steal it, Mom.
I just sort of got it.~~
~~BLONDIE: That's not very much information.~~

ALEXANDER: ~~Well, the rest of it is a secret.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~(OFF A BIT) Blibbbbbbondie! (COMING UP) Blondie,
guess what just happened.~~

BLONDIE: ~~What, dear?~~

DAGWOOD: ~~The grocery boy just delivered a big turkey. He said
Alexander bought and paid for it half an hour ago.~~

ALEXANDER: ~~Yep -- I decided I wanted turkey for dinner tonight.~~

BLONDIE: ~~Alexander!~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Now look here, Alexander -- you've got to stop being
the big shot around this house. The idea -- showing
off with all that money!~~

ALEXANDER: I think I'll go out and impress Annabelle Cooper with
my new clothes. ~~Don't forget Mom -- Turkey for dinner.~~

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

BLONDIE: ^{W h h h} Dagwood -- what do you make of all this?

DAGWOOD: I don't get it.

BLONDIE: Neither do I...The idea of our son running around with
all that money. It's a good thing we took it from him.
I can't imagine where he got it.

DAGWOOD: You don't suppose he had something up on the Dodgers?

BLONDIE: No, I don't suppose so.

DAGWOOD: I didn't really think so.

BLONDIE: And I guess it's silly to think he might have made it
matching pennies.

DAGWOOD: Maybe he's been following a man with a hole in his
pocket.

BLONDIE: Or maybe he's been winning prizes in those bright sayings
of children contests.

DAGWOOD: Yeah--that's possible, too. Well, if he keeps up at this rate, we can retire and let him support us.

BLONDIE! OH DAGWOOD!
DAGWOOD! IS THAT BAD?
MUSIC....

(PHONE RINGS)

DAGWOOD: There's the phone, Blondie.

BLONDIE: I heard it. Do you want to answer it?

DAGWOOD: Not particularly. *WHY DON'T* You answer it.

BLONDIE: Oh, all right, Dagwood. I just hope it isn't the police or something. You know--Alexander and all that money.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I know. That's why I want you to answer it. You're very good at talking to unreasonable people.

(PICK UP PHONE)

BLONDIE: Hello?....Oh, yes, Mr. Hoot. (OFF) It's Mr. Hoot at the bank. (ON) Yes, Mr. Hoot. What?....Oh--Oh, yes, that's all right. Er--yes--we--ah--knew about it, in a way....But thank you for calling us about it, just the same....All right--goodbye.

(HANGS UP)

DAGWOOD: What did he want?

BLONDIE: Dagwood, Alexander has discovered gold!

DAGWOOD: Well, that's very nice, but---~~but that's~~

BLONDIE: *GET UP DAGWOOD* Discovered gold. *DAGWOOD! HE'S WHAT?* Mr. Hoot said he was in the bank a

little bit ago and turned in two twenty dollar gold pieces.

DAGWOOD: Gold pieces! Holy smoke!....That's where he got the money to buy that suit and hat.

BLONDIE: No, these were two more gold pieces. The bank has cashed eighty dollars worth of twenty dollar gold pieces for Alexander today. They were beginning to wonder.

DAGWOOD: ^{THEY'RE BEGINNING TO} I'm beginning to wonder, too!

BLONDIE: So am I!

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES)

ALEXANDER: (OFF A BIT) I'm home again.

BLONDIE: Alexander Bumstead--where did you get those twenty dollar gold pieces?

ALEXANDER: I found them....Aw, gee--who told you about them?

DAGWOOD: ^{NEVER MIND} The bank called us....Where did you find them?

ALEXANDER: That's a secret.

BLONDIE: (GRIMLY) I think you'd better tell us, dear.

ALEXANDER: ^{WELL} I found them near the old Wilson house on the river road. ~~I've got a book.~~

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah--that old tumble down, abandoned house

(RATTLE OF COINS)

ALEXANDER: ^{LOOK} And there's more where I got these.

DAGWOOD: My gosh--they're gold pieces all right. Real gold pieces.

BLONDIE: ^{COME ON} Alexander--Dagwood--we'd better go right out the river road to the old Wilson house and get the rest of these gold pieces. I'll put on my hat and---for goodness sakes!

DAGWOOD: What's the matter, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Look out the window, Dagwood. There's a man hiding behind that tree across the street.

DAGWOOD: Hey, that's right, there is....And what are those people doing parked in that car in front of our house?

BLONDIE: I don't know.

DAGWOOD: Oh--Oh. I know what's happened. They've found out about Alexander and the gold pieces.

BLONDIE: Oh dear--they're waiting to follow Alexander when he walks out of the house.

ALEXANDER: Gee, Mom--we won't be able to get the rest of that money.

DAGWOOD: No--we're surrounded. Alexander's started a gold rush.

(DOOR BELL BUZZES)

BLONDIE: Dagwood--one of them has come up to the door.

ALEXANDER: Don't tell him the secret, Mom.

DAGWOOD: He probably knows it already, Alexander

BLONDIE: Well, we'll see about this.

(DOOR OPENS)

MAN: Thank you, folks, thanks a million. I certainly appreciate everything you've done for me.

BLONDIE: What do you mean, thanks for everything we've done for you? We've never seen you before.

MAN: ~~Why~~ I meant ~~thanks for saving all my gold for me.~~ I'm so glad it was found by ^{SUCH} fine, trustworthy, honest people like you, and not by that bunch outside hiding behind ~~the~~ trees. THANKS FOR SAVING MY GOLD FOR ME

~~BLONDIE: Didn't I see you hiding behind one of these trees~~
~~yourself?~~

~~MAN: Nope--I was hiding behind that bush.~~

DAGWOOD: Besides, what do you mean, your gold?

MAN: It's mine all right. I hid it twenty years ago. Thought it might come in handy someday. Now then, if you'll just turn those gold pieces over to me, I'll thank you very much and be on my way....Just pour them into my hat.

BLONDIE: Now wait a minute--

MAN: What's the matter--don't you believe me?

BLONDIE: No.

DAGWOOD: Neither do I.

ALEXANDER: Neither do I.

MAN: I'M surprised that you folks don't recognize me as an honest man. ~~Just look into my eyes. How do they look to you?~~

~~DAGWOOD: Like an honest man's.~~

BLONDIE: Just a minute--I'll settle this whole thing....You say that you hid this gold twenty years ago. Is that right?

MAN: Yes, indeed. That's perfectly correct.

BLONDIE: Where did you hide it?

BLONDIE - SO AM I

MAN: I'm glad you asked that question, I've been thinking that there could be a possibility that you found someone's else's gold. You tell me where you found the gold, and I'll tell you if it's mine. What could be fairer than that?

DAGWOOD: - DAGWOOD IF YOU GO DOWN -

BLONDIE: Almost anything could be fairer than that....Where did you hide it twenty years ago?

MAN: Well, it's ~~uh~~ out in the country. *WHERE DID I HIDE IT?*

51454 0111

ALEXANDER: ~~That's right.~~

BLONDIE: ~~Now wait a minute, Alexander... Out in the country,
but in which direction?~~

MAN: ~~Well, it's in the ~~direction~~ direction.~~

ALEXANDER: ~~That's not fair! You pointed around in a circle,
and pointed in every direction.~~

BACWOOD: ~~Yeah, you'll have to be a little more specific. You
point out the direction and only use one finger.~~

MAN: Of course twenty years is a long time ago. I'm a
little hazy. It's my gold, ^{BUT} ~~and~~ I'll be reasonable--
I'll take half of it and you can have the rest.

BLONDIE: No, thank you.

MAN: All right -- I'll take a quarter of it.

DAGWOOD: Nothing doing,

MAN: Not interested, eh?

BLONDIE: Definitely not.

MAN: How about loaning me a dollar? The rest of the
those people out there have cars to follow you to where
the gold's hidden, but I haven't. For a dollar I could
rent a bike.

BLONDIE: No, and goodbye.

MAN: *MAN: HOW ABOUT A QUARTER FOR SOME ROLLER SKATES?*
BLONDIE: *NO*
MAN: Well, you can't blame me for trying, can you? I'll be
seeing you.

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, we've got to do something about this. ~~More~~
~~and more people are hearing about Alexander's discovery.~~
By tomorrow everyone in town who hasn't anything else to
do will be parked outside our house, waiting.

ALEXANDER: They'll start looking in ~~any~~ ^{ALL THE} old house outside of
town, too.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, and someone's sure to try the old Wilson place
BLONDIE: *SH SH!*
~~where you dug the money up.~~

ALEXANDER: Gee, Pop -- we'd better go now. Maybe we
can sort of throw them off the trail.

BLONDIE: Yes -- first we can visit all the abandoned houses on
the outskirts of town, and maybe that'll keep them
busy while we go to the right place. ~~Ellingwood~~
and we can start right out in the car.

MUSIC...

(COME UP ON CAR)

ALEXANDER: They're still behind us, Pop. A whole line of cars.

DAGWOOD: I think we've thrown six or seven off the track.

BLONDIE: Well, there are still fourteen cars, five boys on bicycles, and one Good Humor man.

(LOTS OF HONKING BEHIND...A NUMBER OF CARS)

DAGWOOD: What's all that about?

BLONDIE: I can't tell for sure, but it looks as though one of the cars got a flat tire. It's starting a traffic jam.

ALEXANDER: Gosh, it looks like a parade.

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- there's the old Dennis place up ahead of us. There hasn't been anyone living there for years. Why don't we just stop, and go in, and pretend it's the right place. Maybe that'll get rid of a few more of them.

DAGWOOD: ^{JA-}That's a good idea.

(CAR COMING TO A STOP)

DAGWOOD: ^{BABY DUMPLIN'} How did you happen to find those coins in the old Wilson house, ~~anyway, Alexander.~~

ALEXANDER: It was ~~very~~ easy. Someone once told me there was buried treasure there, so yesterday I hiked out there and dug around, and there it was.

DAGWOOD: Do you remember who told you about the buried treasure?

ALEXANDER: ~~Must~~ sure, Pop, ~~but I think it was~~ you.

DAGWOOD: How did I know that?

BLONDIE: I guess you must have been making up a story to tell Alexander.

DAGWOOD: Holy Smoke! I wonder if I'm psychic or something. *COME ON*
LET'S GET OUT
(CAR DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSE)

ALEXANDER: Here come the rest of the people.
(OTHER CARS COMING UP AND STOPPING)

BLONDIE: Let's go right in quick.

DAGWOOD: Okay -- I'll open the door. *LOOK OUT!*
(KNOB TURNS, AND DOOR FALLS DOWN ON FLOOR)

DAGWOOD: Hmm -- the door was a little loose on its hinges.

ALEXANDER: Gee, this is an old place, too. Maybe there's buried treasure here.

DAGWOOD: *YOU THINK SO*
~~Yeah -- who knows.~~ We might as well look here while we're at it. Let's see -- *WHERE WOULD BE A GOOD PLACE to start.*
~~where would be a good place to start.~~

BLONDIE: Oh, goodness -- here they come.

(MURMUR OF VOICES...FOOTSTEPS COMING IN)

MAN: Oh, hello, there, Mr. and Mrs. Dumstead -- I managed to hitch-hike a ride. I told you I'd be seeing you... (UP) Now let's be sensible about this, folks. I'll take the fireplace, you *TO MY LEFT* can look under the floor in the living room, you *PEOPLE TO MY RIGHT* can take the upstairs bedroom, you can look in the walls for secret panels -- you've got a good chance, too -- and you people who just came in *YOU* can try the attic... *THOUGH* Be careful when you swing your axes. It's pretty crowded in here.

(SOUND OF HAMMERS AND AXES)

DAGWOOD: How about us? Where do we look?

MAN: Oh yes -- you look in the barn, Sometimes things are buried under the floorboards in ~~the~~ barn? Excuse me, now -- I have a hunch there might be something under the fireplace.

WOMAN:

SMODLEY!

(BANGING AND HAMMERING UP)

BLONDIE: Come on, Dagwood -- let's get out of here.

DAGWOOD: Aren't we even going to look out in the barn?

BLONDIE: No, dear. You're forgetting that we know where the real treasure is. Come along, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD:

WE CERTAINLY FOOL'D THEM

MAN:

(OFF) Hey -- there go the Dumsteads. Come on,

everybody.

WOMAN:

SMODLEY COME ON -

(VOICES UP)

SMODLEY - WAIT FOR ME.

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON CAR)

BLONDIE: It's no good, Dagwood -- they're still following us.

DAGWOOD: Hey, Blondie -- one of the cars behind us is pulling out to go around.

MAN: (OFF) Hey -- Dumsteads!!

ALEXANDER: Hey, Pop -- he's shouting to us.

MAN: (OFF) Say, folks -- stop your car a minute. Stop the car. ^{WE JUST} Want to have a talk with you.

DAGWOOD: Shall we stop?

BLONDIE: I guess we might as well see what he wants.

(CAR COMES TO A STOP)

DAGWOOD: Gee, this is an awful situation. All those gold pieces waiting for us at the old Wilson place, and we don't dare try to get them with this mob following us.

BLONDIE: We're going to have to do something about it.

MAN: (COMING UP) Hello, folks, it's me again.

BLONDIE: So we see.

MAN: I'm speaking for the rest of us. We thought we could work out a sensible solution to this problem.

BLONDIE: I'm sure we could. You people just stay here, and we'll drive away.

MAN: That's not what we were thinking about. *AT ALL*

DAGWOOD: What do you call a sensible solution?

BLONDIE: I know. He wants an arrangement where we lead them to the gold, point it out, and then drive away.

MAN: Yeah -- something like that.

~~ALEXANDER: Well, we're not going to tell you.~~

~~BLONDIE: I should say not. After all, our son found the gold.~~

~~MAN: Yeah, I know. I'd feel the same way if I were you.~~

~~BLONDIE: Then why don't you leave us alone?~~

~~MAN: Because I'm not you.~~

~~DAGWOOD: That seems like a reasonable answer.~~

BLONDIE: Well, you people can follow us as long as you want to. We'll take you to every old abandoned house we know of, but we won't lead you to the right place. Just remember that -- we won't lead you to the right one.

MAN: Okay, folks. Then it's a fight to the finish. So long, and bad luck to you!... (FADING)

DAGWOOD: Well, what do we do now?

BLONDIE: Just start driving, Dagwood -- I've ~~got~~ an idea.

MUSIC...

(CAR COMES TO A STOP)

DAGWOOD: Blondie -- we really shouldn't stop here. This is the old Wilson place. You told them we wouldn't lead them to it, but that's where we are now.

BLONDIE: I know, Dagwood. But I'm going to tell them the truth, and I'll bet you by now they won't believe it.

ALEXANDER: Is this the old Wilson place?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, this is it, and here come the rest of the cars...

Gosh, Blondie, suppose it doesn't work?

BLONDIE: WELL -
(HONKING...CARS STOPPING...ETC.)

MAN: (COMING UP) Hello, folks. ~~Well,~~ is this the place?

BLONDIE: Yes, this is it, all right.

MAN: Hmmm -- you wouldn't fool me, would you?

BLONDIE: No, this is definitely the place where our son discovered the gold.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, that's the truth. (LAUGHS) It's the truth, all right.

MAN: Well, maybe it is the truth.

DAGWOOD: Hunh?

MAN: Maybe you're figuring that if you told the truth, I'd figure you were lying, and we wouldn't bother to look here.

BLONDIE: Why -- why -- er -- that's silly, isn't it, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Heh -- heh -- yeah, that's silly.

~~BLONDIE: How do you know that we didn't figure that you'd figure we'd figure that, so we figured if we lied to you you'd figure it was the truth?~~

MAN:

~~Yeah, but on the other hand, I figure you could have figured I'd figure you'd figured that I'd figure you figured that, so you figured you'd tell the truth and I'd figure you'd figured that I'd figure it was a lie.~~

BLONDIE:

~~Of course, I might have figured you'd figure -- oh, what's the use.~~ This is the right place, but if you want to, you can go look at the old Edgerton house on this same road. Now -- take your pick. Where do you want to go?

MUSIC...

GOODWIN:

Well, are the people who are following the Bumsteads to find out where Alexander discovered the gold going to look or not? Blondie's told them the truth, but she's counting on their not believing her. There's a lot of money hanging in the balance. We'll see how Blondie's psychology works out in just a moment.

BUT FIRST LETS LOOK IT UP ON
SOME ARMY MANUEVERS

SOUND: RUMBLING OF TANKS, ROAR OF MOTORS, FIRING OF MACHINE
GUNS...OCCASIONAL SHOT FROM SEVENTY-FIVE AND
THIRTY-SEVEN MM. CANNONS...FADE UNDER:

GOODWIN: Listen! There they go! That's the newest thing the Army's got! It's a tank destroyer battalion, designed to wreck enemy tank columns. Up front are light tanks, and close behind are swamp buggies, the latest Army truck, fitted with an armor piercing thirty-seven millimeter gun. Alongside the swamp buggies are new half-tracks, half tank and half truck, toting "seventy-fives" and "thirty-sevens." And roaring along in between are scrappy little half-ton jeeps, bristling with cannon and heavy machine guns! Watch out, tanks, here come the tank destroyers!

SOUND: BRING UP FULL, FADE UNDER:

GOODWIN: Yep, every day brings new ideas and new weapons to Uncle Sam's Army, getting bigger and tougher every day! But one thing hasn't changed -- from more than twenty years ago! That's the Army's frank preference for Camels. Look in at an Army Post Exchange and you'll hear --

VOICE: Pack o' Camels, please!

GOODWIN: Matter of fact, we looked up the records in Canteens and Post Exchanges. Actual sales records show that with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and in the Coast Guard, Camel is the favorite! Why is it that young America on the march prefers Camels? ^{WELL} A great many say they like the flavor -- the extra rich flavor that comes from Camel's matchless blend of costlier

(CONTINUED)

GOODWIN:
(Cont'd)

tobaccos. Most of them say they like a mild cigarette -- and they know Camels are extra mild -- and cooler, too! And you hear this comment mighty often --

VOICE:

Mister, we want to make our cigarette money go far. Camels are slower-burning. That means more smoking in every cigarette!

GOODWIN:

Right! And don't forget -- there's less nicotine in the smoke -- twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling cigarettes tested...less than any of them, according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself. Best way to prove these facts for yourself is to try Camels! Get a pack tomorrow -- you'll like 'em!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: It's a second or two later. Blondie has suggested that the people following them look around another old house -- the Edgerton place -- instead of the old abandoned Wilson place where they are now, and where Alexander has told them the gold is hidden...

BLONDIE: Well, where do you want to go?

MAN: Hmmn -- on second thought, maybe you're trying to cover up, and this Edgerton place is where the gold is hidden.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- why don't you try there.

BLONDIE: Yes -- run along and don't bother us any more.

MAN: Okay -- that's where we'll go then... (CALLS) All right, folks. I'm pretty sure the gold is at the Edgerton

WOMAN:

place. Let's go.
SMEDLEY WHERE ARE YOU? SMEDLEY: COMING
(CARS START UP...HONKING...THEY'RE PASSING BY... MOTHER

BLONDIE: Well, that worked fine, didn't it?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) You certainly threw them off the track, Blondie. Look at them go!

BLONDIE: ^{Just} ~~Wait~~, as soon as they all leave we'll go in here at the old Wilson house and get the rest of the gold.

ALEXANDER: Is this really the Wilson place, Mom?

BLONDIE: ^{'T} ~~Yes~~ certainly, ^{'S} Alexander.

DAGWOOD: Sure, this is the Wilson place.

ALEXANDER: Gosh, this isn't where I found the gold.

DAGWOOD: Oh, that's all right. We got rid of all the people and -- hunh?

BLONDIE: Alexander -- you told us the Wilson place.

ALEXANDER: I thought the Wilson place was the old house that had the broken windmill in front of it.

BLONDIE: Oh, no -- that's the Edgerton place.

ALEXANDER: Gosh -- then that's where the rest of the gold pieces are.

BLONDIE: Oh, for heaven's sakes! That's where ^{you} ~~we~~ sent all those people! ^{WHY DID YOU DO THAT DAGWOOD?} ~~we~~ sent them to the right place after all!

DAGWOOD: Tooooh! Come on -- we'd better get started after them right away!

MUSIC...

(COME UP ON HAMMERING AND BANGING...THE PEOPLE ARE WORKING ON THE HOUSE...)

BLONDIE: Oh, dear -- they're all over the place.

ALEXANDER: But they're not looking where the gold is.

DAGWOOD: That's good. ^{NOW} Where is it?

~~ALEXANDER: Right by the old windmill.~~

~~BLONDIE: Then let's go right over there and get it.~~

ALEXANDER: ~~Okay, Mom~~ -- it ~~was~~ buried in a tin box underneath the windmill.

DAGWOOD: Well, at least we're going to -- oh -- oh, here he comes, Blondie. That man again.

MAN: (COMING UP) Well, well, folks -- I see you've decided to come along with us. It looks as though I guessed right, doesn't it?

BLONDIE: It certainly does, ^{WELL} Has anyone found the gold yet?

MAN: Not yet. I've divided the house up among the people, and now I'm trying to figure ^{OUT} where I ought to look... I've been thinking about the old windmill.

BLONDIE: That's as good as anyplace else.

DAGWOOD: Or is it?

ALEXANDER: Sure, that's a good place to look.

MAN: Trying to talk me into it, aren't you? Okay, you can look there.

BLONDIE: Why should we waste our time -- we know where it is.

MAN: How about the corners of the building?

BLONDIE: Oh, no! It wouldn't be there.

ALEXANDER: No, it's not there.

MAN (LAUGHS) Well, well -- I think I'll just look there to make sure. Thanks for the tip... (FADING)

ALEXANDER: Come on, Mom and Pop -- let's get the tin box with the gold pieces quick.

DAGWOOD: Where is it?

ALEXANDER: Right over here -- in this hole.

BLONDIE: My goodness -- get it Dagwood, and let's go!

(RATTLE OF COINS IN TIN BOX...)

DAGWOOD: Oh, boy! We're wealthy!
EVEN IF I FOUND IT I WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT - GOLD!

MAN: (OFF) Hey, everybody! Look at the Bumsteads!

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh! Let's go!

WOMAN: *JMADLEY!*
COMING MOTHER.

MUSIC...

(CLINKING OF COINS...)

BLONDIE: Well, I've counted two hundred and seventy dollars in gold pieces, and a lot of change in old pennies and nickles and dimes.

ALEXANDER: Gee, two hundred and seventy dollars!

DAGWOOD: We're almost rich! Now I can get that suit I wanted to get.

BLONDIE: Just a moment, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Huh?

BLONDIE: This money isn't ours. It belongs to whoever put it in the old windmill.

DAGWOOD: But, Blondie -- that house hasn't been occupied for years. We can't find out who that money belongs to.

BLONDIE: Well -- we can try, of course, ~~it may not be~~ *IF IT ISN'T* claimed *IN*

DAGWOOD: Then I can get my new suit, huh?

FIVE OR SIX YEARS

BLONDIE: No. Then this money is going toward Alexander's college education.

DAGWOOD: College? But that's a long way off, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Not at all. In a few years he'll be out of grade school and into high school, then he'll graduate and go to college.

DAGWOOD: ~~Go, you make ten years from now seem like tomorrow.~~
~~BIG ENOUGH SO THAT YOU CAN CUT HIS~~
~~SUITS DOWN FOR ME~~
BUT I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT BY THAT.

ALEXANDER: Yep -- I'll be in college pretty soon, Pop.

(DOOR BELL RINGS...)

BLONDIE: I'll see who it is, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Okay. I'll hide the money back of the davenport.

ALEXANDER: Gosh -- this has been quite a day, hasn't it, Pop?

DAGWOOD: It certainly has.

(DOOR OPENS...)

MAN: Hello folks, it's me again. Thanks for everything you've done for me. I really appreciate it.

BLONDIE: Now I hope you're not going to try that same stunt on us again. I mean, saving your money for you.

MAN: Oh, no -- certainly not. I just wanted to thank you for telling me about looking in the corners of that old building. ^{DAGWOOD! CORNERS!} I dug up fifty dollars in gold pieces at each corner...Good-bye.

(DOOR CLOSES...)

BLONDIE Doooooooh!

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: Well, folks, the Bumsteads finally managed to get their share of the gold in spite of all the competition. And now, Blondie and Dagwood are going to help raise some more money -- this time for charity. So be sure to be listening next week at this same time to see how much they raise when "Blondie ~~Swaps~~" *RUINS A SWAP SHOP*

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

GOODWIN: "Blondie" is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood is Arthur Lake.

This is Bill Goodwin speaking for the makers of Camel Cigarettes.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP AND OUT)

HORN: ("THE CAMELS ARE COMING"...LIKE AUTO HORN, AS DONE PREVIOUSLY)

ANNOUNCER: Yes, sir, the Camels are coming! The Camel Caravan, "Grand Ole Opry" Army Camp Unit, is rolling westward. Tonight and tomorrow, cars, trailer and portable stage -- stop at Chanute Field, Illinois, to give a free open-air show for the men. Wednesday, the traveling entertainers move on to Scott Field, Illinois, and Thursday, to Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis. Best wishes, Camel Caravan! We hope the Army men in your audiences have a swell time!

ANNOUNCER:

You know, pipe-smokers, more and more of you are getting wise to George Washington Smoking Tobacco -- finding out it's the nations' biggest smoking value? A hefty blue two and a quarter ounce package for only ten cents. It's mild, mellow, and tasty, too, from the time you light up, right down to the bottom of the bowl. Buy George Washington tomorrow -- you'll say it's a dime well spent!

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.