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1-20-42

"BLONDIE"

MASTER

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

MONDAY, JANUARY 12, 1942

N.Y.

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. Well, last week, Blondie's Cousin Edgar Slocum came to stay with the Bumsteads. Edgar, a smooth-talking loafer, got Dagwood to ask Mr. Dithers for a raise, and so irritated Mr. Dithers that he demoted Dagwood to the position of hod-carrier on one of the company construction jobs. Then Cousin Edgar talked Mr. Dithers into giving him Dagwood's job, and since Edgar knows nothing about the construction business, Dagwood now has two jobs on his hands -- working as a hod carrier during the day, and doing his old job for Edgar at night... Well, here's Dagwood just coming home from his first day of hard labor...

(DOOR OPENS SLOWLY...SLOW FOOTSTEPS...DOOR
CLOSES SLOWLY)

DAGWOOD: (VERY TIRED) Blooooooondie. Oh, Blooooooondie.

BLONDIE: (OFF) Is that you, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: I think so.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood, ^{oh my} ~~you~~ poor darling -- you look exhausted. Sit down and rest a moment.

DAGWOOD: I'll try to sit down. I'm not even sure my legs will bend any more. ^{I'll try} / Oooooohp! (A BIG SIGH) Ohhhhhh.

BLONDIE: Was it awfully hard, Dagwood? I mean, carrying all those bricks up and down ladders,

DAGWOOD: Blondie, I'm numb!

BLONDIE: You must be awfully tired.

DAGWOOD: I was awfully tired at noon. Blondie, I could hardly open my lunch box, and when I did get it open, it took all my reserve energy to lift the sandwich to my mouth.

BLONDIE: What are the men like you're working for?
DAGWOOD: They're all right -- except the foreman. He insists on calling me Dumbhead.
BLONDIE: Great sense of humor.
DAGWOOD: Yeah -- he kills himself laughing. I keep hoping the next time will be fatal.
BLONDIE: What's his name?
DAGWOOD: Red Hogan... Frankly, I don't think he's building the factory right. I haven't had time to check it over, but I think he's just putting it together fast without looking much at the blueprints.
BLONDIE: You don't get along very well with this Red Hogan?
DAGWOOD: No. Every time I load my hod up with bricks and get it on my shoulder, he comes along and puts a brick in each of my pockets and one down my shirt front...
We're not very friendly *BLONDIE, WELL THERE MUST BE A BETTER WAY TO CARRY BRICKS UP A LADDER.*
BLONDIE: Well, I'm going to have a talk with that Red Hogan man!
DAGWOOD: Now Blondie, it wouldn't do any good.
BLONDIE: I'd tell him a thing or two!
DAGWOOD: Now please, Blondie -- don't do that. Maybe he'll be all right tomorrow... What's Cousin Edgar been doing?
BLONDIE: Nothing much. He ~~went~~ *DROPPED HIMSELF* to the office about eleven today.
DAGWOOD: Got there just in time to go out for lunch, I suppose.
BLONDIE: I suppose so.
DAGWOOD: That burns me up!
BLONDIE: Of course, he is holding your job for you at the office.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I guess if Cousin Edgar didn't get my old job, Mr. Dithers would have gotten someone else for it. But it still burns me up! ~~He isn't doing anything!~~ ~~He's just loafing!~~ He's taking life ^{Too} easy here, and I'm knocking myself out just so he'll be comfortable! It's an injustice! It's not fair! It's not -- (SIGHS)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, what's the matter?

DAGWOOD: I'm winded.

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

EDGAR: (OFF) Hello, everyone! (COMING UP) Well, hello, Dagwood, old boy.

DAGWOOD: Hello.

EDGAR: (SIGHS) Well, I had a hard day today.

DAGWOOD: You had a hard day?!

EDGAR: I'm exhausted.

EDGAR: EXHAUSTED.

DAGWOOD: Don't come around here for ~~any~~ sympathy. / I've been carrying bricks all day.

EDGAR: That's nothing but manual labor. ^{Listen} / I've had to really do a lot of trick and fancy bluffing to keep Dithers from realizing I don't understand my job -- but I've succeeded.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, but you could do all that sitting down.

EDGAR: Oh, that reminds me, Dagwood. Here's something for you.

(RATTLE OF PAPER...)

BLONDIE: What's that, Edgar?

EDGAR: Some specifications and a couple of blueprints for Dagwood to check ^{UP} / over tonight. I promised Dithers I'd have it done for him the first thing in the morning...
IT'S ALL GREEK TO ME
Here you are, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke -- you want me to do all this?

EDGAR: Sure.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- how will you be able to get all that done and get much rest tonight?

DAGWOOD: I don't know, Blondie.

EDGAR: Well, I'm going up and change into ^{some} more comfortable clothes... By the way, Dagwood...

DAGWOOD: Yeah?

EDGAR: See if you can't get that work done by eleven tonight.

BLONDIE: Why by eleven, Edgar?

EDGAR: Well, ^{so} ~~then~~ Dagwood can explain it to me when I get home from the movies...(FADING)

DAGWOOD: The movies? Blondie, did you hear that? He's going to the movies while I'm doing his work tonight. And tomorrow he'll get credit for what I've done! It isn't fair!

BLONDIE: I know, Dagwood -- it's awful.

DAGWOOD: There ought to be a law against relatives! Oh, Blondie -- why weren't you an orphan!

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: Well, Dagwood, I can't say that I blame you. Blondie's Cousin Edgar is not only making Dagwood do his work, but he's taking all the credit for it while Dagwood is carrying bricks as a hod carrier. Is there no justice? Well, we'll see how things turn out when we return to the Bumsteads in just a minute...but right now

--

(FADE IN CLOCK STRIKING RAPIDLY)

GOODWIN: Hmm -- what's that? Sounds like a clock that's going crazy!

DAGWOOD: Blondie!

(CLOCK STRIKES STOP)

BLONDIE: Yes, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: What time did the clock strike?

BLONDIE: It was either thirty-seven or thirty-eight, Dagwood. I lost count.

DAGWOOD: Oh, then it must be thirty -- Blondie! It couldn't do that! I just fixed it.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: All I did was unscrew the back and change some of the little wheels around -- but I got all the right ones back in!

BLONDIE: Oh, dear! Don't you know it isn't just what you put in a clock, but also how you do it!

GOODWIN: Sure thing, Blondie -- and that goes for cigarettes as well as clocks! Of course, smokers know that Camel is the cigarette of costlier tobaccos but it's the know-how the matchless Camel blending process that makes these choice tobaccos a superb cigarette. Yes, that's why Camels have a rich, extra flavor, and extra mildness that lets you enjoy it! It's the reason Camels are slower-burning, too -- and that means cooler smoking, and extra smoking per cigarette per pack -- more for your money! And there's less nicotine in the smoke!

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ECHO: 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!

GOODWIN: And the smoke's the thing! Get a pack of cool, slow-burning Camels tonight! You'll see what a difference expert blending of costlier tobaccos can make!

MUSIC...

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GOODWIN:

Well, it's the next morning -- rather early, too, since Dagwood is no longer a white-collar worker. Blondie awakened Dagwood about twenty minutes ago and went down to fix breakfast for him. It's been surprisingly quiet upstairs, so here's Blondie going up to see what the delay is. She has a pot of coffee in one hand and a cup and saucer in the other. She's just going into the bedroom...

DAGWOOD:

(SNORES GENTLY)

BLONDIE: Oh, my -- all his clothes on, ^{AND} ~~but~~ sound asleep. *IN BED*

DAGWOOD: (MORE LIGHT SNORES)

BLONDIE: Dagwood...

DAGWOOD: (MURMURS) It's an injustice -- it's not fair.

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- wake up, dear. You've gone right back to sleep again.

DAGWOOD: *Oh No! I WAS JUST RESTING MY EYES A LITTLE.*
(Hanh?...Oh, good morning, honey.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, you've got to wake up. You've just got time to catch your bus and get out to the Wilkins factory to start work.

DAGWOOD: *Oh yeah - work*
(~~See~~), I'm stiff in every joint. I can hardly move.

BLONDIE: Drink this coffee, dear.

DAGWOOD: Okay. (DRINKING COFFEE) Whooooo! This coffee is like hot lead! I'm scalded!

BLONDIE: Yes, but you're awake. Drink the rest of it, Dagwood. You've got to leave right away.

DAGWOOD: All right, Blondie. What's your Cousin Edgar doing?

BLONDIE: Dagwood, I wish you wouldn't keep referring to him as my Cousin Edgar *AND he's SLEEPING.*
~~all the time.~~

~~DAGWOOD: I've disowned my relation to him. As far as I'm concerned, I have no Cousin Edgar. What's he doing?~~

~~BLONDIE: Sleeping.~~

DAGWOOD: So he's sleeping, eh? I'll fix him!

BLONDIE: Dagwood, you haven't got time to fool around.

DAGWOOD: You go downstairs and open the door, Blondie. I'll be right down -- as soon as I have a few words with your Cousin Edgar.

BLONDIE: Well -- all right, but don't wake up the whole house...
(FADING)

DAGWOOD: I'll show him he can't loaf around here. He's going to have to get up when I do, and stay up.

(BANG, BANG, BANG ON DOOR...AND DOOR OPENS
IMMEDIATELY)

EDGAR: (SNORES)

DAGWOOD: Hmmmmmm -- I'll put an end to this, (YELLS) Hey, Edgar -- wake up! Get up!

EDGAR: (SNORES BREAK -- MURMURS) Go away. *EDGAR: WELL PUT IT OUT AND*

DAGWOOD: *COME ON GET UP -- FIRE -- FIRE -- THE HOUSE IS ON FIRE*
Come on -- get up or I'll pull the covers off your bed *DON'T BOTHER ME.*
and let you freeze stiff!

EDGAR: Go away -- I'm sleepy.

DAGWOOD: Okay -- here go the covers then...There!

EDGAR: Hey! Hey, cut it out! Hand me back those covers! What! the idea, Dagwood?
I'M FREEZING.

DAGWOOD: You've got to get up around here when I do. You got me into this mess and I'm not going to suffer alone! I refuse to be the fall-guy around here!

EDGAR: Now just a minute, Dagwood -- If I don't get my sleep I'll be late to work today. Do you want Mr. Dithers to look for another man to take my place?

DAGWOOD: Well, no, but --

EDGAR: Another man who Mr. Dithers might like so well you'd never get your old job back?

DAGWOOD: Tooooooooh! No, I guess not.

EDGAR: Then hand me back those covers.

DAGWOOD: Well...Okay. Here you are....But be sure you're at work on time today. *WILL YOU PLEASE...*

EDGAR: I'll think it over...Now tiptoe quietly out of the room and don't slam the door.

DAGWOOD: Well, be sure you get to --
EDGAR: SH-h-h-h, I'm trying to sleep.
DAGWOOD: Oh, pardon me.

(DOOR CLOSSES QUIETLY...)

DAGWOOD: Doggone it, he's got me coming and going.
BLONDIE: (OFF) Dagwood -- hurry, dear!
DAGWOOD: I'm coming right down, honey.

(HURRYING DOWN THE STAIRS...)

BLONDIE: I've got your lunch box all packed, Dagwood...I made one of those sandwiches like you usually make.
DAGWOOD: ~~Thanks, honey.~~ ^{Gee} How did you get it in my lunch box.?
BLONDIE: Lengthwise...Now don't get into any trouble with that Mr. Red Hogan or whatever his name is.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: I'll try not to...~~Goodbye, honey.~~ *Look AT THE TIME -- Look OUT DAISY.*
BLONDIE: Goodbye, Dagwood.
DAGWOOD: *GOODBYE BLONDIE (KISS -- KISS)*
(WHIZZ!...)

BLONDIE: Dagwood...! Oh, dear -- he left his lunchbox and dashed off with my coffee pot instead, *AND WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE HE KISSED DAISY GOOD BYE.*

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON A FEW SOUNDS OF CONSTRUCTION...)

HAMMERING, ETC...)

HOGAN: (OFF A BIT) Hey, you! Hey, Dumbhead!
DAGWOOD: (TO HIMSELF) Hmmm -- I'll pretend I don't hear him.
HOGAN: Hey, Dumbhead!...Bumstead!
DAGWOOD: Yeah?
HOGAN: Why didn't you answer when I called you?

DAGWOOD: You didn't call me, Mr. Hogan. You were calling someone named Dumbhead. Maybe he's working over by the cement mixer, hunh?

HOGAN: Around here, you're Dumbhead. Why ~~aren't~~ ^{AIN'T} you carrying hod over on the other side of the building? What are you doing over here?

DAGWOOD: Well, you see, Mr. Hogan, I was just looking at the construction of this foundation. It's not being done right.

HOGAN: Oh, you don't like it, eh?

DAGWOOD: No.

HOGAN: (ROARS) Who're you not to like it?

DAGWOOD: Who do you have to be not to like it?

HOGAN: You have to be someone more important then me, wise-guy. I m building this factory my way, and I don't want any help from no hod-carriers.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, ~~this~~ ^{Now Mr Hogan} this foundation isn't reinforced the way it was supposed to be and -- hey! Let go of me!

HOGAN: (LOW -- IN VERY CLOSE) Listen to me, Junior.

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir.

HOGAN: You want to stay healthy, don't you?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I'd like to very much.

HOGAN: Well, listen -- I'm fighting as the Dithers Company representative in the Charity Bouts next week. ^{Why} I've lifted a man ten feet off the ground with my right uppercut.

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir.

HOGAN: Don't poke your nose in my business, or I'll try for a new record with you.

DAGWOOD: ~~Wouldn't it be better to try on someone else -- maybe
a small child?~~

HOGAN: Now get back to work carrying them bricks up the ladder, *Go ON*
~~and don't forget to put a brick in each pocket and one~~ *NOW GET*
~~down your shirt front! ... Get going!~~ *GOIN'!*

MUSIC:

(CONSTRUCTION SOUNDS IN BACKGROUND)

(COME UP ON CAR...COMING TO A STOP...)

BLONDIE: Well, there's the Wilkins factory going up, Edgar.

EDGAR: Yeah...And hey -- there's Dagwood, over there --
piling bricks into that hod.

BLONDIE: Poor Dagwood. Well, at least he'll have a good lunch.

(HONKING HORN)

BLONDIE: Dagwood!...Yoo-hooooo! Dagwoooooood!

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Is that you, Blondie?

BLONDIE: (CALLS BACK) Yes, ^{DEAR} -- I brought your lunchbox out to
you.

DAGWOOD: (OFF) I'll be right over.

EDGAR: Hey -- what's that he's picking up? It looks like a
coffee pot.

BLONDIE: It is. He took it with him to work this morning
instead of his lunchbox.

EDGAR: What a guy!

BLONDIE: Now just a moment, ^{EDGAR} -- don't you dare say anything against
Dagwood! Right now he's supporting you, and don't you
forget it!

EDGAR: Supporting me? ^{BLONDIE: Yes} I'm keeping his job open for him at the
Dithers Company. He's fortunate to have me around.

BLONDIE: Well, if that's the way you feel about it --

EDGAR: Now wait, Blondie -- don't get me wrong. I admire Dagwood -- I admire him very much. It's just that sometimes he seems like such a jer--er--he ~~seems~~ ^{WELL} he's eccentric.

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Hello, honey!

BLONDIE: Hello, dear.

EDGAR: Hello, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Hmmm -- hello. ~~Here is the coffee pot.~~ Blondie. ^{Look AT THE}
^{YES DEAR -- YOU TOOK IT BY MISTAKE.} ~~COFFEE POT I FOUND --~~

BLONDIE: (And here's your lunchbox. ^{IT LOOKS LIKE OURS --}
^{DOES N'T IT,}

DAGWOOD: Thanks, honey.

BLONDIE: Well, how's everything going, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Oh, I'm having trouble with Red Hogan, the foreman, again.

BLONDIE: What about?

DAGWOOD: Well, I just happened to be looking over the construction of the foundation, and I noticed it wasn't being reinforced for the heavy machinery the Wilkins Company is going to install.

EDGAR: Say, that's bad, isn't it?

DAGWOOD: Yeah. I talked to Hogan about it, and he told me to mind my own business.

BLONDIE: Well, I hope you didn't pay any attention to him, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: I had to. He had his fingers around my neck.

EDGAR: ^{SAY DAGWOOD} Do the blueprints call for that reinforcement of the foundation?

DAGWOOD: Sure -- it's right down there in blue and white.

EDGAR: Hmmm -- that's very interesting.

DAGWOOD: Why if they put anything very heavy on that ground floor, it would go right through -- drop down a couple of feet.

HOGAN: (OFF) Hey, Dumbhead!

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke, Blondie -- there he is.

HOGAN: (OFF) Yeah -- I mean you! Get back to work or I'll dock your pay!

DAGWOOD: So long, Blondie -- give me my lunch box.

BLONDIE: Wait a minute, Dagwood -- you've got the coffee pot again

DAGWOOD: Hanh? Oh, yeah -- thanks. Goodbye, Blondie.

(WHIZZ!...)

HOGAN: (YELLS FROM OFF) Yeah, and I want some more speed like that around here.

BLONDIE: So that's that Hogan man, is it?...Just wait here for me, Edgar.

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

EDGAR: Hey, Blondie -- where are you going?

BLONDIE: I'm going to tell that Hogan man a few things. (TO HERSELF) No one's going to talk to Dagwood like that and get away with it while I'm around here. (UP) Just a minute, please, Mr. Hogan.

HOGAN: I'm busy, lady. What do you want?

BLONDIE: I'm Mrs. Bumstead, and I'd like to know why you're treating my husband the way you are.

HOGAN: Now look, Mrs. Bumstead, I'm running this job here and I don't want no help from the wives of my men.

BLONDIE: I'm not trying to help you. I'm just demanding that you explain your actions.

HOGAN: Well, you're wasting your time.

BLONDIE: You think just because you're bigger than everybody else and have a loud voice you can bully anybody you want to around here. Well, I'll tell you one person you can't bully, Mr. Hogan, and that's me!

HOGAN: Now look here --

BLONDIE: Don't you interrupt me!...My husband told me you've been making him put a brick in each coat pocket and one down his shirt front. Do you do that with all the other hod-carriers? Answer me -- do you?

HOGAN: It doesn't make any diff--

BLONDIE: Oh, yes it does! It makes a great deal of difference to me.

HOGAN: Okay, so what? That's your problem. I'm busy now. Just run along, will you, please?

BLONDIE: All right, Mr. Hogan. But just remember, you're not so high and mighty that you can't be cut down to size, and I think I'm just the person to do that...Goodbye!

HOGAN: It's been nice chatting with you. (YELLS--FADING) All you men get back to work up there. What are you smiling at? Get back to work or I'll fire the whole bunch of you.

(CAR DOOR SLAMS)

EDGAR: I didn't hear much of that, Blondie, but it sounded like you really told him off.

BLONDIE: Well, I --

(CAR STARTS...)

EDGAR: Oh, you can drop me off somewhere near the office. It's about time for lunch.

EDGAR,

BLONDIE: All right. I've got a few things to attend to myself.
~~That Mr. Hogan is going to be sorry he started anything~~
~~with a Bumstead! I'll show THAT MR HOGAN, DAGWOOD~~
~~BUMSTEAD CAN LOOK OUT FOR HIMSELF.~~

MUSIC:

(DOOR CLOSES.)

DITHERS: Well, sit down, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Thank you, Mr. Dithers, but I'd rather stand, I'm mad!

DITHERS: Now, Blondie -- before you start -- don't ask me to take
Dagwood off that hod-carrying job. It's not going to
hurt him a bit, and he's been a little bit frisky around
here lately.

BLONDIE: That's not what I came to see you about, Mr. Dithers.
I want you to do something about that Red Hogan who's
the foreman on the Wilkins factory job.

DITHERS: Hey -- just a minute, Blondie..!

BLONDIE: Well, wait till I tell you a few things about him. In
the first place, he's been making life miserable for
Dagwood. He's been making Dagwood put a brick in each
of his pockets and one down his shirt front every time *Le*
carries that hod or whatever it is...Now, Mr. Dithers,
you know that's not fair.

DITHERS: Well, now, Blondie -- that's just one of those things
(CHUCKLES) A little joke -- just a prank.

BLONDIE: I don't suppose it would bother you.

DITHERS: Of course not. I'd just laugh it off and go about my
work.

BLONDIE: All right, Mr. Dithers.

(CLUNK, CLUNK, CLUNK OF THREE BRICKS ON DITHER'S

DESK...)

DITHERS: What did you bring those bricks in here for?

BLONDIE: Just put one of them in each of your coat pockets and one down your shirt front...Go ahead. I want to see you laugh it off and go about your work.

DITHERS: Er -- uh -- well, Blondie, you can't ask me to fire Red Hogan just because of a thing like this. Besides, he's representing the Dithers Company in the Charity Bouts next week.

BLONDIE: Those boxing matches?

DITHERS: Yes. I'm expecting Hogan to knock out Iron Jaw Morton of the Goliath Construction Company. Anyway, Hogan's a good man.

BLONDIE: He wasn't very polite to me, and besides, he's building the Wilkins factory all wrong.

DITHERS: Who says so?

BLONDIE: Dagwood does.

DITHERS: Oh, I'm sure Dagwood must be mistaken.

BLONDIE: Dagwood may be mistaken about a lot of things, but he's always right about buildings. He knows.

DITHERS: Oh now Blondie --

(KNOCK ON DOOR...)

DITHERS: Come in.

(DOOR OPENS)

EDGAR: (EXCITEDLY) Mr. Dithers, I've just discovered that the foundation of the Wilkins factory -- (STOPS) Oh, hello Blondie.

BLONDIE: YOU discovered!

DITHERS: Did you just find this out, Slocum?

EDGAR: Why -- uh --

BLONDIE: He just had lunch...Dagwood's the one who found out about the foundations being built wrong, and the credit's not going to go to anyone else.

EDGAR: Blondie, you do me an injustice. I wouldn't have thought of taking the credit.

BLONDIE: Then what was that about "I've just discovered"?

DITHERS: Hold everything now. If there's something wrong with that factory, I want to check into it. Suppose we go out there right now.

BLONDIE: That's more like it, Mr. Dithers.

MUSIC:

(CONSTRUCTION SOUNDS OFF)

DITHERS: Well, Blondie, I've looked the foundation over rather roughly, but I don't see anything wrong with it at all.

EDGAR: As I said before, it was Dagwood's idea.

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, I'm sure Dagwood's right about this. Why don't you let him show you what's wrong?

DITHERS: After all, Blondie, I know a little something about the construction business. *EDGAR: how true, Dithers.* It's only my living. *YOU KNOW.*

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood said that if something heavy was on that floor, the foundation wouldn't hold it, and it would break right through.

DITHERS: Looks all right to me. Oh, here comes Red Hogan.

BLONDIE: Hmmmmmm!

HOGAN: What seems to be the trouble, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: Oh, I don't think it's anything...You've met Mrs. Bumstead, haven't you?

BLONDIE: We've met.

DITHERS: This is Edgar Slocum.

ELGAR: How do you do.

HOGAN: Glad to know you.

DITHERS: Now Hogan, Mr. Bumstead has a few ideas about --

HOGAN: That guy has too many ideas -- Mr. Dithers they've been carryin' hod and brick the same way for hundreds of years -- but it ain't good enough for Bumstead. He's got to ^{GO AND} invent a new way,

BLONDIE: Oh dear.

DITHERS: This isn't about carrying hod -- he seems to think there's something wrong with the foundation -- that the floor won't hold any weight.

HOGAN: He's disrupting me whole organization. He's crazy!

BLONDIE: You watch what you're saying, Mr. Hogan.

HOGAN: Mr. Dithers, there's nothing wrong with that foundation. I superintended the whole thing myself.

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, I dare you to drive that truck over there onto that floor. The one loaded with bricks. I dare you.

HOGAN: Why do a silly thing like that, Mr. Dithers? You know ~~that~~ ^{The} foundation's okay.

BLONDIE: You wouldn't like to see him try it, would you, Mr. Hogan?

HOGAN: I just think it's silly, that's all.

DITHERS: Well, I don't think it's necessary, either.

HOGAN: You're right, Sir.

DITHERS: What's your opinion, Slocum?

EDGAR: Well, Mr. Dithers, you've been in the construction business a long time, and I'd be inclined to agree with you.

BLONDIE: Edgar...!

EDGAR: But -- on the other hand, ^{of course ---} Dagwood could be right.

HOGAN: You trust my judgment, don't you, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: Well, yes...

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, I'll make a bargain with you. If you drive that truck onto the floor and it doesn't go through, then Dagwood will give you back that contract that says you can't fire him.

DITHERS: And if the truck does go through?

BLONDIE: He gets his old job back, and at that five dollar a week raise you demoted him for asking for.

DITHERS: Well, what could be fairer than that? ^{BLONDIE: NOTHING} All right, Blondie, I'll get in that truck and drive it in onto the floor. It's a fair test. The heavy machinery the Wilkins people are going to install will weigh about as much as ~~the~~ ^{that} truck. We'll see what happens, but I'm pretty sure I know... (FADING)

BLONDIE: Well, Mr Hogan, I guess you won't -- what happened to Mr. Hogan?

EDGAR: He just walked away.

BLONDIE: I hope he's worried.

EDGAR: Listen, I'm the one to be worried. If Dagwood loses his job, what's going to become of me?

(TRUCK STARTS UP OFF)

BLONDIE: Well, here comes the truck, and I hope there's a slight accident.

(TRUCK COMING UP SLOWLY)

EDGAR: He's going to drive right through the big doors.

BLONDIE: Keep your fingers crossed, Edgar.

EDGAR: Here comes.

(SOUND OF TRUCK GOING OVER LOW CURB...FIRST WITH FRONT WHEELS, THEN THE REAR...A JOLTING SOUND)

EDGAR: He's driven in onto the floor.

BLONDIE: Come on, something -- happen!

(TRUCK MOTOR SHUTS OFF)

(TRUCK DOOR OPENS)

EDGAR: Nothing's happened.

BLONDIE: But it's got to happen!

DITHERS: (COMING UP) Well, Blondie -- there it is. You can see
for yourself. *BLONDIE: I DON'T WANT TO LOOK.* There's the truck -- right in the
middle of the floor. It's holding up nicely...What have
you got to say to that?

BLONDIE: Oh-h-h-, dear! Poor Dagwood. I've double-crossed him!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, Blondie, it looks as though you counted a little
too much on Dagwood that time. And now it's going to
cost him that contract it took so much trouble to
squeeze out of Mr. Dithers. And I wonder what Red Hogan's
up to? Where's he disappeared to?...Well, we'll see what
happens in just a moment...But first, listen!

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SOUND: TWO OR THREE SHOTS FROM CANNON

GOODWIN: Those are guns from the world's hardest-hitting land battleships. It's M-1, fifty-seven ton heavy tank -- said by experts to show a five hundred per cent improvement in gunnery over tanks of all hostile powers. It's another step ahead by our Army, rapidly becoming the best equipped in the world. But some things in the Army haven't changed. Around the Post Exchanges you can still hear --

VOICE: Pack o' Camels, please.

GOODWIN: Yes! Actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens show that with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard, Camel is the favorite! Why's that?

VOICE: The way I look at it, mister, flavor's the most important thing about a cigarette. Camel's got extra flavor, and plenty of mildness, too, so a fellow can enjoy it!

GOODWIN: Right! And Camels are slower-burning, for cooler smoking and extra smoking per cigarette per pack. The best reason for Camel's goodness is costlier tobaccos, blended as Camel has learned how to blend after many years of experience. And of course, there's less nicotine in the smoke!

ECHC: 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!

GOODWIN: Get a pack of mild, flavorful Camels today! You'll want to buy a carton tomorrow!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: It's a few seconds later, in another part of the factory the Dithers Company is constructing. Red Hogan, the foreman, is walking up to Dagwood who's just about ready to take a load of bricks up the ladder to the second floor...

(SOUND: COME UP ON HAMMERING OFF)

HOGAN: Hey, Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Oh, hello.

HOGAN: You've been sticking your nose into my business again, haven't you?

DAGWOOD: No. You called on me.

HOGAN: You're the one who said this foundation wasn't built right.

DAGWOOD: Well, it isn't, ^{MR HOGAN} but we won't argue about that.

HOGAN: And you got Dithers to come out here to look at it, didn't you?

DAGWOOD: No.

HOGAN: Well, your wife did, then. It's the same thing.

(SOUND: HAMMERING STOPS OFF)

DAGWOOD: Well, ^{OKAY} I'm glad Mr. Dithers is here. Now maybe the foundation will be fixed.

HOGAN: I'm going to fix you first. (YELLS) The rest of you men get back to work. Never mind what's going on down here!

(SOUND: HAMMERING STARTS AGAIN)

HOGAN: Remember what I told you I'd do if you started anything around this job?

DAGWOOD: Er -- vaguely.

HOGAN: I wasn't kidding. I'm going to take a little workout on you.

DAGWOOD: Now don't be hasty.

HOGAN: When I get through with you, you're going to look like a pile of old laundry.

DAGWOOD: Now wait a minute -- let me explain.

HOGAN: Put 'em up and fight.

DAGWOOD: Toooh!

HOGAN: I'm going to give you the old one-two right in the breadbasket. Try and get away from this!

(SOUND: SOCK OF FIST...ANOTHER SOCK...)

HOGAN: Oh! My hands! (GROANS) What have you got in your stomach? A brick?

DAGWOOD: Yeah. (LAUGHS) *HOGAN! I'll murder you for that-- You AND THAT* Oh, you want to fight, hunh? Okay -- *Nosey COUSIN OF YOURS* try this one ^{ON} /for size! *DAG: oh -- INSULTING MY RELATIVES huh?!*

(SOUND: SOCK...ANOTHER SOCK...)

HOGAN: Ouch! I'll show you you can't get away with -- taaaah!

DAGWOOD: I've got a brick in my ^{hip} ~~side~~ pocket, too! I'll *Teach You To Kick Me Around.*

HOGAN: Oh! My knuckles! I must have broken them!

DAGWOOD: I'll teach you to kick me around!

(SOUND: SOCK...SOCK, SOCK...WHAMO!...)

HOGAN: (GROANS)

(SOUND: FALLS WITH A CLATTER AMONG SOME BOARDS)

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke, ^{WHAT HAVE I DONE?} -- the champion of the Dithers Company, and I knocked him out!

EDGAR: (COMING UP) Hey, Dagwood! Did you do that to Hogan?

DAGWOOD: Yeah. (AIRILY) He got tough, so I got tough, and -- uh -- just knocked him out.

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EDGAR: A big guy like him...You must have some punch.
DAGWOOD: I gave him my -- uh -- I gave him my mystery punch.
EDGAR: Mystery punch, eh? ^{SAY THAT MUST PACK} ~~What~~ a wallop ~~it must pack...~~

Boy, is he out cold!

BLONDIE: (OFF) Dagwoood!

DAGWOOD: I'm over here Blondie!

DITHERS: (OFF A BIT) Hello, Dagwood. How ~~do~~ ^{ARE} you ~~like~~ ^{GETTING ALONG WITH} your ~~job~~
job? (CHUCKLES)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, I've got some bad news for -- Dagwood, what happened?

DAGWOOD: Er -- well, Hogan got tough with me, and I got tired of his fooling around so I let him have a couple of right hooks, a left jab, and then I polished him off with my mystery punch.

DITHERS: Good grief, Dagwood. You knocked out Hogan?

DAGWOOD: That's right, J. C.

EDGAR: I saw him do it.

DITHERS: And Hogan was going to represent the Dithers Company at the Charity Bouts next week.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, I've got some bad news for you.

DAGWOOD: Has ~~Alexander~~ run away from home to join the Navy?

BLONDIE: No, but he'd like to...This is different. You see, ^{He's JUST LIKE EVERY REAL AMERICAN -- ANXIOUS TO DO HIS PART.}
I told Mr. Dithers that --

(SOUND: THERE IS QUITE A CRASH OFF)

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke -- what was that?

BLONDIE: It sounded like our bad news turning into good news.

MUSIC: (QUICK BRIDGE)

BLONDIE: Well, Mr. Dithers -- ~~there it is~~. Now who was right about the foundation? That truck went right through the floor.

DITHERS: Hmm...Well, Slocum, since Dagwood will be back again at -- work.

EDGAR: Mr. Dithers -- what a break it is ^{For you THAT} / I'm working for you.

DITHERS: What's that again now?

DAGWOOD: I heard him, but I don't get it.

EDGAR: You want someone to represent the Dithers Company at the Charity Bouts. Who better could you ask for than the man who knocked out Hogan -- Dagwood Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

DITHERS: Say -- ^{You Got something there} ~~you're right~~, Slocum!

EDGAR: I've had some experience handling fighters. I'll train ^{SAY FELLAS -- WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE DAGWOOD FIGHT IRON JAW MORTON FOR THE HONOR OF THE DITHERS COMPANY? (YOLLS)} Dagwood for the fight. I'll train him so he can't lose!

DITHER: That's fine, Slocum! Go to it!

EDGAR: (SIGHS) Thanks. ^(MEN: hurrah for DAGWOOD the new CHAMP!)

BLONDIE: What about Dagwood's job, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: He gets it back -- ^{of course} ~~right~~ after he stretches Iron Jaw Morton out cold on the canvas...Until then, Dagwood, ^{BLONDIE + DAG & HAH?} you'd better continue as a hod carrier. It'll toughen you up.

DAGWOOD: Toooh!

DITHERS: And about this foundation -- work something out for me, will you?

DAGWOOD: Oh, sure, Mr. Dithers. I haven't got anything else to do except carry bricks, get in training for this fight, and sleep. I'm just fooling away the rest of my life.

DITHERS: Well, I think I'll take a look at this foundation
again...Remember, ^{Now} Dagwood -- the Dithers Company is
counting on you and your mystery punch...(FADING)

DAGWOOD: (WEAK LAUGH) Oh, sure, J. C.

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- what is all this about a mystery punch?

DAGWOOD: (SORROWFULLY) Blondie, to tell you the truth, it's a
mystery to me, too.

BLONDIE: (A SIGH -- SINGS IT) Oh, dear...!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN:

Well, Dagwood seems doomed to lose to Iron Jaw Morton in the charity bouts next week. Not only has Dagwood had very little boxing experience, but Iron Jaw Morton outweighs him at least seven or eight pounds and to add a note of despair, I can tell you frankly that Cousin Edgar knows next to nothing about training Dagwood for the struggle. That leaves things pretty much up to Blondie. What do you suppose she can do about this situation. Will she be able to save Dagwood? Well, to find out, you'll have to tune in to the excitement next week when "Blondie Enters The Ring." "Blondie" is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood is Arthur Lake.

Our "Blondie" orchestra is directed by William Artzt who also creates the special musical effects.

And remember, Camel brings you four great radio shows each week. Monday night, of course, it's our own "Blondie," Tuesday night it's "Xavier Cugat," Thursday night it's the "Al Pearce Show" and Friday night it's the new quiz show, "How'm I Doin'," with Bob Hawk and Vaughn Monroe and his orchestra.

Be sure to check your local newspaper for times and stations.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP AND OUT)

ORCHESTRA: (TRUMPET "CAMPBELLS ARE COMING")



GOODWIN:

Yes sir, the Camels are coming in army language that means that once again the Camel Caravan is rolling around from one army camp to another giving free open air shows for the men. Tonight and tomorrow night, the Camel Caravan will be at the Naval Training Station in Jacksonville, Florida, Wednesday night at the Miami Naval Air Station, and Thursday at the Air Base in Orlando, Florida. Next Monday we move on to Albany, Georgia to perform there at Turner Field. Best wishes Camel Caravan, may all audiences have a grand time. This is Bill Goodwin speaking for the makers of Camel Cigarettes.



1/12/42

ANNOUNCER: Say, pipe-smokers, you'll have more respect for a thin little dime when you take in for a pack of George Washington Smoking Tobacco. Messir, just ten cents buys a big blue two and one-half ounce package, heaping full of mild, mellow tobacco. After you smoke the first pipe-load right down to the bottom of the bowl, you'll say George Washington's America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

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