

#134

As

Broadcast 1/17/42

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, JANUARY 19, 1942

4:30 - 5:00 PM, PST  
7:30 - 8:00 PM, PST

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

MUSIC: (THEME)

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GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue. Well, you'll remember that when Dagwood was demoted by Mr. Dithers to the position of hod carrier on one of the Dithers Company projects he got into a fight with his foreman, Red Hogan, and, through a fluke, came out victorious. With Hogan unable to represent the Dithers Company at the Charity Bouts, Dagwood has been chosen to take his place and fight Iron Jaw Morton of the Goliath Company .... Well, let's go down to the Bumstead collar where Blondie's Cousin Edgar is training Dagwood for the fight as the rest of the family look on....

(COME UP ON SOUND OF PUNCHING BAG)

DAGWOOD: (WINDED) Hey, Edgar, don't you think I've been punching this bag long enough?

EDGAR: What? Oh....I hadn't noticed. I guess you can stop now.

(SOUND: PUNCHING BAG SOUNDS STOP)

BLONDIE: How do you feel, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: I feel like that bag has been punching me.

BLONDIE: No wonder. Every once in a while it did.

ALEXANDER: Are you in pretty good condition, Pop?

EDGAR: He's in great condition, Alexander. Tomorrow night Dagwood is going to step through the ropes, the bell's going to ring, and wham, wham, wham! -- Iron Jaw Morton is going to be out cold!

ALEXANDER: Oh, boy -- is that right, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Er -- well -- uh -- it sounds a little optimistic.

BLONDIE: Edgar, are you sure Dagwood has any kind of a chance at all in this fight?

EDGAR: Why, of course, Blondie. He's got quite a punch, and his footwork is terrific...Here, Dagwood -- *COME ON!* show Blondie how you can skip rope.

DAGWOOD: Well, all right... <sup>Blondie: skip rope!</sup> This may seem a little childish, Blondie, but all prize-fighters skip rope. It strenghtens the leg muscles.

ALEXANDER: Go ahead, Pop -- let's see.

(SOUND: SKIPPING ROPE)

ALEXANDER: (OFF A BIT) Geo, Pop -- you're doing swell. You're almost as good as my girl, Annabelle Cooper.

EDGAR: Look how smooth and effortlessly he's doing it, Blondie. Iron Jaw Morton hasn't got a chance.

BLONDIE: Do you really think so?

EDGAR: To show you how confident I am, I borrowed five dollars from Dagwood to bet on the fight, We're splitting all I win.

BLONDIE: Well, I suppose that's quite encouraging.

EDGAR: Of course. I haven't seen Iron Jaw Morton, but after all, Blondie, Dagwood did knock out Red Hogan.

BLONDIE: Yes, I guess that's right.

EDGAR: And look at the way he can skip rope. He's great, he's sensational, he --

DAGWOOD: Hey -- look out!

(SOUND: TRIPS AND FALLS)

EDGAR: He needs more practice.

ALEXANDER: Gee, Pop -- what happened?

DAGWOOD: I got tangled up in the rope, I think.

ALEXANDER: Get up, Pop. Uh-one..uh-two..uh-four...uh-five...

DAGWOOD: I suppose I ought to wait for oh-nine, but I'm up.

EDGAR: Hey, look at the time. We've got to take Dagwood over to Dr. Bates for his physical check-up.

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: (COME UP) Okay...<sup>So long</sup>~~Goodbye~~, Doctor Bates.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES)

BLONDIE: (COME UP) Well, Dagwood, what did he say? ~~You were quite a while in his examining room.~~

EDGAR: Yeah -- what did he say, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: He said I was in fine health. I tried to interest him in my cough, but he didn't pay any attention.

BLONDIE: What cough, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: This one. (COUGHS)

BLONDIE: When did you get that?

DAGWOOD: I just thought it up before I went into his office.

EDGAR: Well, anyway, Dagwood, it looks as though you're a perfect physical specimen.

Edgar: Nothing  
to worry  
about now.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- that's what Doctor Bates said. (LAUGHS)  
Who knows -- maybe I'll beat the daylights out of  
Iron Jaw Morton. I'm pretty fast on my feet. I've  
got a pretty good punch.

BLONDIE: And you did knock out Red Hogan.

DAGWOOD: That's right -- I did.

EDGAR: Well, let's get back home. You've got more training  
to do, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Okay....Come on, Blondie.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...)

DAGWOOD: We'll just --- oooooops!

(SOUND: SLIGHT COLLISION OF BODIES...)

MORTON: (BIG AND TOUGH) Well, chum, what's the idea of  
bumping into me?

DAGWOOD: Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know you were on the other  
side of the door and --

MORTON: Looking for trouble, eh? Shoving people around, huh?

DAGWOOD: Well, I was just --

MORTON: I oughta teach you a lesoon. I oughta bounce you  
around this waiting room a little.

DAGWOOD: Just a minute. Whose going to bounce who around where?

MORTON: <sup>Blondie:</sup> Don't worry, <sup>Now, now, Dagwood,</sup> I won't <sup>hurt him,</sup> ~~touch you~~. I'm saving my  
strength for the Charity Bouts tomorrow night.

DAGWOOD: Oh....are you fighting the Charity Bouts?

MORTON: Yeah -- I'm supposed to mop up a <sup>TURKEY</sup> ~~guy~~ named Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Well, I wish you all the luck in the -----who?

MORTON: A guy named Bumstead. My name is Iron Jaw Morton.

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DAGWOOD: Taaaaaaaaah!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: So that's Iron Jaw Morton. He doesn't sound like a nice man to meet in the middle of the ring. What do you suppose Dagwood will do now? Do you suppose he'll find some way to get out of this fight??? Well, we'll see in just a moment...But right now let's pick up Blondie and Dagwood on their way home from the Doctor's office....

(SOUND: DRONE OF A SQUADRON OF PLANES, HIGH OVERHEAD)

DAGWOOD: (HE'S A LITTLE BIT SCARED) Blondie! Blondie, look! It's a squadron of bombers!

BLONDIE: (PROUDLY) Certainly is!

DAGWOOD: Maybe we ought to run! *And hide.*

BLONDIE: Not for those, Dagwood! Those aren't enemy planes! They're B-Twenty-fours -- Liberators!

DAGWOOD: But, gee, Blondie, you can hardly see 'em from here! How can you tell?

BLONDIE: Because they're four-motored, high-winged, and double-ruddered! See I've studied the silhouette charts, so I can be a plane spotter!

GOODWIN: Good for you, Blondie! And I might add that those heavy bombers are just about the toughest customers in any man's air force...And, chances are, when the men in those planes hop out at the airfield, they're going to say --

VOICE: Boy! Now for a Camel!

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! Easy to see why! It's the good Camel extra flavor and smooth extra mildness. Yes, and the way Camels are slower-burning, giving extra smoking per cigarette per pack -- and cooler smoking too! The main reason behind all this Camel goodness is costlier tobaccos -- blended expertly and matchlessly with the famous Camel know-how. Less nicotine in the smoke, too!

EMCO: 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.

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

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: ~~But right now, let's pick up Blondie and Dagwood on their way home from the doctor's office.~~

Well, it's about a half an hour ~~later~~. <sup>AFTER THE VISIT TO DR. BATES'</sup> And here is our <sup>OF FICE</sup> perfect physical specimen, Dagwood Bumstead, shivering in bed.....

BLONDIE: Dagwood, you were perfectly all right an hour ago. The doctor said you were in wonderful health.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, I'm not a well man. It came over me very suddenly.

BLONDIE: When you opened the door and saw Iron Jaw Morton?

DAGWOOD: Yes.....No!

BLONDIE: Then exactly what is wrong with you, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Exactly?

BLONDIE: Yes.

DAGWOOD: Well, to be specific about it, I'm a very sick man.

BLONDIE: You have sort of a weak feeling in your stomach.

DAGWOOD: That's it.

BLONDIE: Your legs are wobbly.

DAGWOOD: Like two limp stalks of asparagus.

BLONDIE: I know just what's causing all the trouble.

DAGWOOD: What?

BLONDIE: It's still Iron Jaw Morton.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, are you insinuating that I'm afraid of him?

BLONDIE: Yes.

DAGWOOD: <sup>Yes?</sup> Maybe I am. Gee, Cousin Edgar told me he was a little guy about one hundred and forty five pounds and anemic.

BLONDIE: Cousin Edgar certainly causes a lot of trouble around here.

DAGWOOD: That Edgar is a parasite -- he's just a phoney with a long line of salestalk--and, what's more, he's eating us out of house and home.

BLONDIE: Well, he is helping you train for the fight tomorrow, isn't he?

DAGWOOD: <sup>Yes, I guess so, but</sup> Gee, Blondie, you saw how big Iron Jaw Morton is. He must weigh at least two hundred and twenty-five pounds! And did you see the size of his hands, gee, if he took a swing at me, the breeze would be enough to knock me ~~down~~. <sup>out of the ring.</sup>

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BLONDIE: You're perfectly right, Dagwood. I'd hate to see you get into the ring with that man.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, you're wonderful.

BLONDIE: You'll just have to stay in bed and pretend that you're very sick.

DAGWOOD: As long as there's a chance of my fighting Iron Jaw, I'll be very sick and I won't be pretending.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR...)

BLONDIE: Come in.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

EDGAR: Hey, Dagwood -- what are you doing in bed?  
~~to be training.~~

This is the AFTERNOON  
You were supposed  
~~to run~~ TO RUN  
20 miles.

DAGWOOD: I've been  
I'm sick.

EDGAR: Now don't give me that stuff. There's nothing wrong with you -- the doctor just gave you a physical checkup and said you were okay. Come on -- get up, Dagwood.

BLONDIE: Just a minute, Edgar -- Dagwood said he was sick.

EDGAR: I heard him.

BLONDIE: When Dagwood says he's sick, he is sick.

EDGAR: Aw, Dagwood -- pull yourself together. You've got to get out of bed and get to work. You've got to win that fight tomorrow -- I promised Mr. Dithers you would -- my reputation depends on it.

Dagwood: I'll try. (coughs)

DAGWOOD: Yeah, and you're the one who told me that Iron Jaw Morton was a little ~~gay~~ <sup>SQUIRT.</sup>

EDGAR: Now wait a minute, Dagwood -- I'll tell you why I didn't come home with you. I talked to Doctor Bates after he got through giving Iron Jaw a check up, and he told me confidentially that Iron Jaw wasn't in such good condition.

DAGWOOD: Well, this is confidential, too -- I'm not going to fight tomorrow night.

*Blondie:*  
EDGAR: *Dagwood! You'll wake up the baby.*  
You're going to let the Dithers Company down, are you?

DAGWOOD: You heard what I said, I'm not going to fight.

EDGAR: We'll see about that. I'd advise you to hop out of bed and start punching that bag in the cellar. See you later.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: What do you suppose he meant by that? What do you suppose he's up to now?

MUSIC:

DITHERS: Blondie, can ~~we~~<sup>I</sup> go in the bedroom and see Dagwood? I'm worried about him.

BLONDIE: Er -- well, I'd better go in first and tell him you're here.

DITHERS: ~~Wait~~<sup>I'll</sup> wait outside the door then.

BLONDIE: Thank you.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES...)

DAGWOOD: (CHERRILY) Hello honey,

BLONDIE: Sh-h-h-h!

DAGWOOD: Hanh?  
BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers is right outside. ~~He wants to see you.~~  
DAGWOOD: What's he want?  
BLONDIE: He wants to see you....Now get back into bed, and  
for heaven's sake --- look sick.  
DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie....I'll get right into bed.  
BLONDIE: Dagwood -- take your shoes off first.  
DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah.

(SOUND: SHOES DROP)

BLONDIE: Hold still now and I'll sprinkle some water on your  
face.  
DAGWOOD: What's that for?  
BLONDIE: Perspiration...Remember, you're sick.  
DAGWOOD: I'll try to...Okay -- I'm ready now. Let him in.  
BLONDIE: All right.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS...)

BLONDIE: You can come in now...He's awake. I'll just leave  
you here.  
DITHERS: Oh, thank you, Blondie.  
BLONDIE: Don't stay too long, MR. DITHERS.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES...)

DAGWOOD: (WEAK) Hello, J. C.  
DITHERS: Hello, Dag~~wood~~. Hey, you don't look so good.  
DAGWOOD: I don't feel so good.  
DITHERS: What's the matter with you, Dagwood?  
DAGWOOD: Er -- I'<sup>ve been</sup> sick.  
DITHERS: Yes, but what is it?  
DAGWOOD: Probably something I ate.

DITHERS: Dagwood, you don't really think it'll keep you away from fighting ~~for the Dithers Company~~ in the Charity Bouts, do you?

DAGWOOD: Er -- I'm afraid it will, J.C.

DITHERS: Sort of run-down physically, eh?

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- I guess so.

DITHERS: Hmmm <sup>IN THAT CASE</sup> ~~^~~ maybe I shouldn't give you your old job back after all.

DAGWOOD: Why not, J.C?

DITHERS: You're in bad condition, Dagwood. Maybe I ought to keep you on as a hod carrier for three or four more months -- until you recover your health. Yes, I think that would be a good idea.

DAGWOOD: But J. C. I'm not that sick.

DITHERS: Of course in a way I hate to send you back there -- The boys ~~will be pretty mad~~ <sup>ARE APT TO BE IRKED.</sup> / DAGWOOD: IRKED? There might be trouble.

DAGWOOD: Er -- trouble?

DITHERS: Yes -- you see, they've all bet on you to win.

DAGWOOD: You mean they have that much confidence in me?

DITHERS: Well, the odds are good, too. <sup>20 TO ONE AGAINST YOU.</sup> ~~They're not~~

DAGWOOD: The book-makers don't seem quite so confident.

DITHERS: You know how it is, Dagwood. If you didn't show up for the fight, the boys might start dropping bricks on you while you were climbing up a ladder or some something. They're very <sup>whimsical.</sup> ~~needing~~.

DAGWOOD: Drop bricks on me. Gee, they might hurt me.

DITHERS: That would be their idea. Roughly.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke.

DITHERS: ~~He's not feeling very good, Dagwood?~~ I guess it's BACK TO CARRYING THE HOD. <sup>the hod AND THE BRICKS AND THE LADDER. UP</sup>

DAGWOOD: <sup>AND DOWN. UP AND DOWN. THE BOYS WORKING ON YOU FROM THE TOP AND HOGAN AT</sup> You know, it's very peculiar, J. C., but I'm feeling <sup>the bottom.</sup>  
a lot better. WHAT A TARGET!

DITHERS: Ready to get in there and rip Iron Jaw Morton  
to pieces, eh? Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Yeah.

DITHERS: See if you can get up now, ~~Dagwood~~ Try your legs  
a little.

DAGWOOD: Okay. Gee, I can get around fine. My legs are  
all right.

DITHERS: That's fine, Dagwood! The boys will be very happy  
to hear you're all right.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS..)

BLONDIE: I'm afraid you'll have to leave now. Dagwood's  
not feeling very -- Dagwood! What are you doing up?

DAGWOOD: Er -- I just recovered, honey.

DITHERS: He seems a great deal better, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Well, he's out of bed, but he looks a lot paler than  
he did before you went in.

DAGWOOD: <sup>Still</sup>  
I feel pale.

BLONDIE: <sup>^</sup>  
I suppose you're going to fight tomorrow night at  
the Charity Bouts after all.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, Blondie, I guess so.

BLONDIE: (SIGHS) Oh, dear.

DITHERS: Well, Blondie -- I'd better be running along. I  
know Dagwood will have some training to do.

BLONDIE: He certainly will.

DITHERS: Goodbye....(FADING)

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES..)

DAGWOOD: It looks like I've got to go through with it,  
Blondie.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood, we've got to do something, or it'll  
just be a public massacre.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, but what're we going to do?

BLONDIE: I don't know, but from now on I'm going to help  
train you for this fight!

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: But <sup>WAIT A MINUTE</sup> Blondie -- why are you tying my hands behind  
my back?

BLONDIE: You'll see.

DAGWOOD: And what's the floor mop got to do with training  
me for the fight?

BLONDIE: It's part of the Blondie Bumstead system for training  
prize fighters. It may be a little strenuous, but  
I think it'll help..Now you stand right where you  
are, and don't move your feet.

DAGWOOD: Then what happens?

BLONDIE: Then I start poking at you with the end of the mop,  
and you've got to duck, or else.

DAGWOOD: Hey, wait a minute -- which end are you going to  
poke at me with?

BLONDIE: ~~That~~<sup>The</sup> shaggy end...It'll teach you to duck, and you're going to have to learn to duck if you're expecting to come out of that ring standing up...All right -- here we go! Duck!

DAGWOOD: Hey! Hey, Blondie!

BLONDIE: Don't move and just keep ducking!...Duck!...Look out! Here comes another!...Watch out!...Dagwood -- keep your eyes open!

DAGWOOD: Blondie, this is dangerous! Wait a minute!

BLONDIE: No, sir -- you just keep ducking!...Come on -- duck! ...Lock out! Duck! That's it! You're learning, Dagwood!!

MUSIC:

EDGAR: Blondie, I made arrangements for this kid to come over and spar around a little with Dagwood. You know -- actual experience -- that's what Dagwood needs.

BLONDIE: I should say he does...~~That~~<sup>This</sup> young man ~~enough~~ is going to box with Dagwood, is he?

Edgar: ~~Edgar:~~ slim: That's right, isn't it slim? / Edgar: Yeah -- that's right. / Confidentially, I understand he's not much of a fighter, / but it'll give Dagwood a little confidence if he can push him around.

BLONDIE: Dagwood certainly needs confidence...Is that what you've been doing -- making these arrangements?

EDGAR: Er -- well, I talked to a newspaper sports writer a little.  
He's going to write a story...but let's get on with this.  
(RAISES HIS VOICE) All right, Dagwood -- got the  
gloves on?

DAGWOOD: Yep --- I'm all ready.

EDGAR: Okay. Suppose you and Slim touch gloves and start  
sparring around. Slim says you can hit him as hard as  
you want to, eh, Slim?

Slim: Yeah, THAT'S RIGHT.  
DAGWOOD: Okay, Edgar.

BLONDIE: Go to it now, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie!

(SOUND: SOUND OF SCUFFLING FEET AROUND)

(SOUND: FEW LIGHT TAPS OF GLOVES)

EDGAR: Keep your left up, Dagwood! Circle around him a little.  
Remember what I told you.

BLONDIE: Don't forget to duck, Dagwood!

EDGAR: Let's have a little action now...Lay into him, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: DON'T WORRY, Slim - I WON'T HURT YOU.  
(SOUND: SOUND OF LIGHT TAPS)

Slim: Be  
CAREFUL,  
MR. BUMSTEAD!

EDGAR: Let him have it, Dagwood.

(SOUND: SOUND OF GOOD SOLID SOCK...)

DAGWOOD: (GROANS)

(SOUND: BODY FALLS)

BLONDIE: Oh, good heavens!

EDGAR: Holy Pete! Slim knocked Dagwood out cold! He's listening  
to the birdies!

(SOUND: BIRD SOUNDS...TWITTERING...)

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: Oh, Edgar,  
He's coming to now.



DAGWOOD: (MURMURS) Who put out the lights?

EDGAR: A fine thing! I get a pushover to come here and spar with Dagwood, and one tap and Dagwood goes down for the count!

DAGWOOD: Where am I?

BLONDIE: You're back in bed again, Dagwood.

EDGAR: Dagwood, what happened to you?

DAGWOOD: He hit me.

EDGAR: I gathered that. Then what happened?

DAGWOOD: I just sort of floated away.

EDGAR: Flat on your back.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, I don't suppose we could just move out of town for a few weeks.

BLONDIE: I don't suppose so.

DAGWOOD: I didn't really think so...Edgar, did you bet that five dollars you borrowed from me?

EDGAR: Yeah, I did.

DAGWOOD: Tooooh!

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)

ALEXANDER: Hey Pop!

DAGWOOD: Oh, Hello, Alexander!

ALEXANDER: Look at the paper, Pop. Your picture is in it.

BLONDIE: His picture's in the paper?

ALEXANDER: I'll say! And there's a lot about Pop underneath it.  
Look -- right here -- in the sports section.

(SOUND: RATTLE OF PAPER)

DAGWOOD: Gee, that's me, all right.

BLONDIE: Let me see it.

(SOUND: RATTLE OF PAPER)

BLONDIE: Oh, my.

DAGWOOD: What's it say under the picture?

BLONDIE: It says, "Dagwood Bumstead representing the Dithers  
Company who promises a speedy knockout in the Charity  
Bouts tomorrow night."

DAGWOOD: <sup>WAIT A MINUTE.</sup>  
Does that mean I promised to knock Iron Jaw Morton out  
or I promised he'd knock me out?

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- listen to the rest of this.

DAGWOOD: Hahh?

BLONDIE: (READS) "I'll have Iron Jaw Morton wobbly and hanging  
onto the ropes before the end of the fifth round,"  
Dagwood Bumstead, the Dithers Company representative in  
the Charity Bouts laughingly promised today.

DAGWOOD: Laughingly!...Hey, I didn't promise anybody anything!

BLONDIE: Wait. <sup>DAGWOOD</sup> there's more. (READS) Bumstead, supremely  
confident of a quick, easy knockout, had nothing but  
scorn for his opponent representing the Goliath Company,  
who outweighs him seventy pounds. "I'll toy with him  
for the first minute," Bumstead declared, "Then I'll  
start taking him apart."

DAGWOOD: Where's that phone! I never said anything like that!  
How did this get into the papers? Why I'd like to --

BLONDIE: What do you know about this, Edgar?

EDGAR: What?

BLONDIE: You heard me.

EDGAR: Oh, that.

BLONDIE: Yes, that! Did you give this interview to a newspaper reporter?

EDGAR: Why -- er -- well, you see, Blondie --

ALEXANDER: Boy, that's a swell story. Read ~~me~~<sup>me</sup> some more of it.

EDGAR: You ~~know~~<sup>see</sup> Dagwood -- I thought Alexander would like to have this clipping to save -- so he could show his friends.

ALEXANDER: Oh, boy -- I sure do!

EDGAR: You see? Look how proud he is of you, Dagwood!

ALEXANDER: Read some more, Mom.

BLONDIE: "My advice to Iron Jaw Morton," Bumstead concluded, "Is not to show up for the fight. You can count on my being there, itching for action, but if Morton is silly enough to step into the ring with me, I can promise him his next words will be, 'Hello, Doctor'."

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke

ALEXANDER: You're afraid Iron Jaw won't show up at the fight, hunh, Pop?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, or Vice Versa.  
BLONDIE: Alexander, will you leave the room for a moment?

ALEXANDER: Okay, Mom.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Gee, if I couldn't knock out that little guy I boxed with, what chance have I got with Iron Jaw Morton? And now I can't get out of the fight! I'd never be able to lift my head up again! I'd be disgraced if I didn't show up!

EDGAR: Now, Dagwood -- take it easy!

DAGWOOD: Yes, and you're the one who got me into this? Well, I'm going to get a little practice for the fight working out on you! Come on -- put 'em up, Edgar! Put your dukes up!!

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- please! ...Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

BLONDIE: There's only one thing that'll save you now. You've got to practice running backwards.

DAGWOOD: Running backwards?

BLONDIE: Yes. You've got to be able to keep out of Iron Jaw Morton's way for five rounds, or -- or -- else.

~~DAGWOOD: I know what you mean.~~

~~BLONDIE: Yes. Come on -- you've got to start practicing running backwards. Tomorrow night you'll have to do it in the ring. ON STAGE.~~

MUSIC:

(SOUND: COME UP ON BOOS OF CROWD...OR RHYTHMIC HANDCLAPPING OR FEET STAMPING...FADE DOWN UNDER.)

VOICE: (FILTER) Well, folks, in case you've fallen asleep you're listening to a broadcast of the Charity Bouts, and that noise you hear is the crowd expressing its disapproval of the fight now on between Dagwood Bumstead, representing the Dithers Company, and Iron Jaw Morton of the Goliath Company. It's the second round and exactly nothing has happened. Morton has been trying  
(CONTINUED)

VOICE:  
(Cont'd)

to catch Bumstead, but Bumstead keeps dancing away out of reach. I'm here at the ringside, leaning on the microphone, and wondering if you wouldn't rather hear some recorded music. Bumstead is still back-peddling, and Iron Jaw Morton seems to be tiring a little from chasing him around. Not a blow has been landed yet, and the only injuries to either man occurred when Bumstead fell off the stool in his corner before the fight started. Did I say "fight"? I've seen more action in a chess game.

(SOUND: OF FIGHT GONG)

VOICE: Well, that was the bell ending the second round, and I hope it didn't wake any of you up.

(SOUND: COM' UP ON BOOING AND WHISTLING...FADE  
DOWN FOR)

ALEXANDER: Oh, Mom! Mom!

BLONDIE: Alexander -- what are you doing down here? I thought I told you to wait in the dressing room until after the fight.

ALEXANDER: Well, gee, Mom. I was standing around outside and I heard two men talking.

BLONDIE: You can tell me about that later, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: But Mom, one of them said that if Iron Jaw Morton didn't catch Pop by the end of the third round, he was going to turn out all the lights so his friends could climb into the ring and beat Pop up.

BLONDIE: What? They're going to turn out the lights, then climb into the ring while everything's dark?

ALEXANDER: And beat Pop up. They said they had a lot of money bet.

BLONDIE: Oh, goodness! I wonder what we can do about that?

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, Blondie, I don't know how you're going to stop it. From the looks of things, Iron Jaw Morton's friends are going to get Dagwood no matter what happens. What do you suppose will happen when those lights go out? If Iron Jaw and his friends gang up on Dagwood, there won't be much left of him. What can Blondie do about this?...Well, we'll see in a moment when we return to the fight. But right now I'd like to take you to an even more dangerous kind of fight. How's about tuning in on the thoughts of one contestant? He's a mean Buckin' Horse, and he's just about to come roarin' out on the rodeo FANBARK!

ANGEL: (WHINNY, OPENS SPEECH AND OUT. RESTLESS STAMPING OF HORSE'S HOOFS THROUGHOUT SPEECH. MALE VOICE) Pardon me, mister. The term is saddle-bronc, and the last guy who climbed on my top deck busted both legs, one arm, and several ribs. Next victim is a cowboy named Fritz Truan. Just lead the poor guy to me, brother! (WHINNY)

GOODWIN: A few minutes later, Fritz Truan climbed aboard for one of the most daring rides in rodeo history and won the title of all-round champion cowboy! Believe me, after that session, Fritz Truan was mighty glad to take it easy with a Camel. Fritz said --

TRUAN: Sure, Camel's my cigarette -- has been for years!  
Guess that's because I like plenty of flavor -- and  
Camel's extra mildness to go along with it!

GOODWIN: Thanks, Fritz Truan! And don't forget that Camels  
are slower-burning. That means cooler smoking, and  
extra smoking per cigarette per pack -- more for your  
money! What's the reason? It's Camel's costlier  
tobaccos -- and the expert Camel blending that makes  
these choice tobaccos into a superb cigarette. Less  
nicotine in the smoke, too!

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 mild, flavorful  
Camels tonight! You'll want to buy a carton tomorrow!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, back to the Charity Bouts. It's the end of the third round, and Dagwood still hasn't been caught by Iron Jaw Morton.. Let's listen in to ~~the announcement~~ <sup>Bob GARRED.</sup>

VOICE: (FILTER) Well, folks, the fourth round is coming up, and if you've got anything to do, why don't you do it instead of listening to this fight? Iron Jaw still hasn't caught Bumstead so nothing has happened. The only excitement has been a couple of fights in the crowd -- people demanding their money back. Mrs. Bumstead is over in her husband's corner now -- whispering something to him -- and Bumstead's second, Edgar Slocum, is fanning himself with a program.

(SOUND: BUZZER)

There's the warning signal. Iron Jaw Morton seems to be amused over something as his seconds crawl out of the ring. He may be amused, but I'm just sleepy.

(SOUND: OF FIGHT GONG)

VOICE: Well, they come out of their corners -- Bumstead is dancing around, waving to his wife, and Morton is advancing on him, but can't get close enough to Bumstead to get in a blow. That description ought to cover the rest of the round. It isn't likely that -- hey! The lights went out! Hey, folks -- wake up! Something's happening here in the ring! I can't see who's doing it, but someone's trading punches in there. Can you hear them? As soon as the lights went out the fighting really started in that ring. Someone's taking an awful shellacking!

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Blloooooooondie!

51454 0632



VOICE: That sounded like Bumstead...Folks, I wish I could tell you what's happening but until the lights go on, I can't see a thing. A main fuse must have blown out and -- wait! There go the lights again! They're on! And hey! Iron Jaw Morton is lying on the canvas, flat on his face, and Bumstead is still dancing around the ring! The referee stops him, and raises his hand in victory! Bumstead is the winner, folks! Dagwood Bumstead of the Dithers Construction Company!

(SOUND: CHEERS OF CROWD)

MUSIC:

(SOUND: BUZZ OF VOICES)

VOICE: Hey can I get in to see Bumstead?

EDGAR: Sorry -- you'll have to wait till ~~he's~~ <sup>The champ gets</sup> dressed.

VOICE: I'd like to have Bumstead explain that last round to the radio audience.

EDGAR: Sorry -- not now, Buddy.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES..CUT CROWD SOUNDS)

EDGAR:  
BLONDIE: All we get to do now is match him with Louis.  
Are you all right, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Sure, I feel fine.

DITHERS: I knew you could do it, Dagwood, old boy! The Dithers Company is proud of you!

ALEXANDER: I'm proud of you, too, Pop. I knew you could do it!

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) You did, hunh?

ALEXANDER: I sure did!

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) I didn't.

DITHERS: How did you do it, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Well, you see, when the lights went out --

EDGAR: I'll tell you how he did it, J. C. You see, I've been training Dagwood to take things easy in the first few rounds -- take advantage of his footwork -- tire Morton out chasing him. Then, when he's got Morton worn down, he steps in with a punch I taught him, and wham! -- the fights over...Come over here and I'll show you how it happened.

DITHERS: Fine! You did a swell job, Slocum.

EDGAR: It was nothing J. C. You see, you can trust me with almost any responsibility...(FADING)

DAGWOOD: Listen to him -- taking all the credit. You're the one who deserves the credit, Blondie. You're the one who told me they were going to turn the lights out.

BLONDIE: Well, Alexander told me that.

ALEXANDER: Yep -- I heard 'em talking, Pop.

BLONDIE: And Alexander told me about it, and then I told you to knock out that Morton person as soon as the lights went out, and to keep away from his friends who jumped into the ring.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, but Blondie -- I didn't knock him out. <sup>Blondie! What!</sup> When the lights went out I stepped outside the ropes. Iron Jaw Morton's friends crawled into the ring and knocked him out by mistake.

EDGAR: (COMING UP) Well, thank you, Mr. Dithers -- that's very kind of you, I'm sure.

DITHERS: Not at all, Slocum -- glad to do it. Well, Dagwood -- you're going to have a new co-worker.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

EDGAR: That's right, Dagwood -- Mr. Dithers has offered me a position working with you at the Dithers Company, and I've accepted. So I suppose I'll be staying on with you for quite a while.

BLONDIE: Well --

DITHERS: I'll be running along now -- Cora's waiting for me outside. Good work, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Thanks, J. C.

DITHERS: Goodnight...Goodnight, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Goodnight.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND...CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Well, anyway, Dagwood <sup>you're all right and that's the main thing.</sup> -- we made some money. Don't forget that five dollars <sup>DAGWOOD:</sup> Edgar bet on the fight. <sup>Blondie:</sup> He said he'd give you half.

DAGWOOD: That's right. At twenty to one, that means I've got fifty dollars coming to me...Right, Edgar?

EDGAR: Well, not exactly, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: What do you mean? Didn't you make the bet?

EDGAR: Yes, but -- well, Dagwood, I made a little miscalculation I bet on Iron Jaw Morton.

DAGWOOD: }  
BLONDIE: } Toooooooooooooooooh!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, here's a little tip on next week's show. It all starts when Blondie discovers that Alexander and other school children have been gambling away their weekly allowances. You can imagine how Blondie likes that. She starts out to get rid of Racketeers and when the shooting is all over and the smoke has cleared away -- well, I can't tell you any more than that, you'll just have to listen in next Monday night to see what happens when "Blondie Tackles the Mob."

"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")

"BLONDIE"  
1/19/42

-27-A

GOODWIN: Yes, sir, the Camels are coming -- and in army language that means that once again the Camel Caravan is rolling around from one army camp to another giving free shows for the men. Tonight the Camel Caravan will be at Turner Field, Albany, Georgia, tomorrow night at Parris Island Marine Base, South Carolina, Wednesday at Charleston Navy Post, South Carolina, and Thursday they move on to North Carolina to perform at the New River Marine Base. Best wishes, Camel Caravan, may your audiences have a grand time. This is Bill Goodwin speaking for the makers of Camel Cigarettes.

51454 0637

ANNOUNCER: You know, pipe-smokers, one way to make a dime look bigger is to change it into nickels. A better way is to plunk it down and get a big blue two and a quarter ounce package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco. George Washington's mild, mellow, and tasty, right down to the last puff at the bottom of the bowl. Get a pack of George Washington tomorrow! It's America's Biggest Value in smoking pleasure! This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.