

1/30/42

Master

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, JANUARY 26, 1942

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)

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GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads. Well, after his successful fight at the Charity Bouts last week, Dagwood is back at his old job with the Dithers Company, and Cousin Edgar, who still lives with the Bumsteads, is working with Dagwood. But let's look in and see what Blondie's doing in the little house on Shady Lane Avenue. It's almost time for Dagwood to come home from work, and Alexander has just come in the back door...

(DOOR CLOSES)

ALEXANDER: Hello, Mom.

~~BLONDIE: Did you wipe your feet off, Alexander? I don't want you tracking any dirt kitchen floor.~~

~~ALEXANDER: I took my galoshes off outside.~~

~~BLONDIE: That's good.~~

(RATTLE OF POTS AND PANS)

ALEXANDER: Has pop come home yet?

BLONDIE: Not yet, dear. ^{Wipe your feet off, Alexander.} Why?

ALEXANDER: I wanted to talk to him about something.

BLONDIE: What is it?

ALEXANDER: ^{FINANCIAL MATTER?} It's a financial matter.

BLONDIE: Couldn't you talk to me about it?

ALEXANDER: I'd rather talk to Pop. He gives in easier.

BLONDIE: Now you look here, Alexander Bumstead -- you've been spending quite a bit of money lately. Where's it all been going?

ALEXANDER: I've been investing it.

BLONDIE: Investing it?

ALEXANDER: Sure. I might win a lot of money.

BLONDIE: Alexander, just what has been happening to all this money?

ALEXANDER: I've been putting it in those Mint O Money machines.

BLONDIE: What are they?

ALEXANDER: They're those machines you see on posts all around town. There are lots of them around the schools.

BLONDIE: Oh, I've seen those, ~~but I never knew what they were. I still don't, really. What are they for?~~

ALEXANDER: Well, you put a nickel in the slot, and pull a handle, and a package of mints come out. If they're wintergreen, you find a dime wrapped inside, if they're cloves, you find four dimes, if they're licorice mints, you get six dimes, and if they're spearmint, you get ten dimes. I always get peppermint.

BLONDIE: How many dimes?

ALEXANDER: No dimes at all.

BLONDIE: Why that's the same thing as gambling! Have you been gambling on those machines?

ALEXANDER: I don't know about gambling, Mom, but I've been buying a lot of those mints.

BLONDIE: Have you ever won?

ALEXANDER: Er -- no...Have a peppermint, Mom?

~~BLONDIE: Yes...Hmm...Mint O Money. I'll try one, how much have you lost, Alexander?~~

~~ALEXANDER: All my allowance for two weeks. I owe Alvin Fuddle twenty-five cents, too.~~

BLONDIE: ^{Thank you dear. The idea —}
^ Putting those machines where children can gamble on
them...Are you the only one who's playing these
machines?

ALEXANDER: Oh, no, Mom -- all the other kids are losing their
allowances, too. We're all broke.

BLONDIE: That's terrible...Ooooh! So are these mints.

ALEXANDER: They're not very good, are they?

~~BLONDIE: They're awful...they're just made of -- of stuff. Don't
you eat any more of these.~~

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Blooooooondie! Oh, Blooooooondie!

BLONDIE: There's your father now.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Hello, Blondie. (KISS) What are we having tonight?

BLONDIE: Trouble.

DAGWOOD: That's fine, honey -- I'm as hungry as -- hanh?

BLONDIE: Dagwood, do you know what's been happening to Alexander's
allowance for the last two weeks?

DAGWOOD: It's been disappearing very fast.

BLONDIE: He's been gambling with it.

DAGWOOD: Alexander -- you've been gambling?

ALEXANDER: That's what Mom says.

BLONDIE: He's been playing those candy mint machines you see
stuck up on posts all over town -- and particularly
near the schools. ^{DAGWOOD: I've seen them.}
^ And the mints are terrible.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- no one eats those. All that's important is the
money wrapped inside the packages of mints.

^{What?}
BLONDIE: Well, this makes me good and mad! Why doesn't the city
do something about it?

DAGWOOD: I don't know.

BLONDIE: Well, our son is not going to become a gambler if I have anything to say about it. There's a meeting of the Women's Club tonight and I'm going to bring this up! Believe me, Dagwood, whoever owns those candymint machines is going to run into a lot of trouble!

MUSIC: (CONTINUES UNDER:)

BLONDIE: (PROJECTING) And so I say ^{ladies} that if those machines stay, the temptation for our children to play them and gamble their allowances away will remain, too. There's only one thing to do -- that's make the city get rid of them. And if it's all right with the other members of the club, I'll be glad to go down to the City Hall as our representative and demand that Mayor Snipe explain why nothing has been done about this. I'll tell him that we don't want words -- we want action, and action right away!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (UP AND OUT)

GOODWIN: Well, well, it looks as though Blondie is determined to force those candy mint machines out of town. Do you suppose she realizes they're owned by racketeers? And I wonder what Mayor Snipe will have to say when Blondie talks to him tomorrow? Well, we'll see in just a moment! But right now let's join Blondie and Dagwood at home in the upstairs bedroom. From here it looks as though Blondie had a mouthful of pins -- and Dagwood -- well, he's draped from head to foot in some kind of flowered print.

BLONDIE: (THROUGH A MOUTHFUL OF PINS) Dagwood, will you hold still!

DAGWOOD: What was that, Blondie?

BLONDIE: (STILL THE PINS) I said -- (TAKES THE PINS OUT) There, you made me take the pins out of my mouth! I asked you to hold still! How can I design a nice pair of dinner pajamas unless you hold --

DAGWOOD: Blondie! I'll let you have your fun -- but I won't wear pajamas to dinner!

BLONDIE: I should say you won't! These are going to be for me!

DAGWOOD: Well, then why are you building them around me?

BLONDIE: Silly, I'm designing from a living model, the way Clare Potter, the famous American designer does. She cuts her patterns right out of the fabric itself.

DAGWOOD: Look out! You cut that pattern right out of my necktie!

BLONDIE: I think you're just too upset to be a good model right now, Dagwood. Maybe you'd better rest a while and smoke a Camel.

GOODWIN: Well, Blondie, at least you and Clare Potter agree on Camels. Clare Potter says --

POTTER VOICE: I never tire of smoking Camels. They give me what I want in a cigarette...real smoking mildness plus fine
~~TASTE~~
~~better.~~

GOODWIN: Yes, like Lilly Dache, Leslie Morris and so many other distinguished American designers, Clare Potter smokes Camels and offers them to her guests. She knows that Camel's flavor and mildness always make them welcome. Camels are cooler, too, because they're slower-burning, and there's extra smoking per cigarette per pack. The reason behind this Camel goodness is costlier tobaccos, blended in the matchless way that Camel has perfected over a period of many years. And, of course, there's less nicotine in the smoke...

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: Take the advice of discriminating women! Smoke Camels! You'll see for yourself that expert blending of costlier tobaccos makes a better cigarette!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: It's the next morning, and Blondie, still pretty indignant, has just been shown into the office of Mayor Snipe...

SNIPE: Ah, good morning, Mrs. Bumstead. Sit down -- sit down. What can I do for you?

BLONDIE: You can have the police smash up every one of those candy mint machines that are on posts all over town.

SNIPE: (CHOKES) What's that, Mrs. Bumstead?

BLONDIE: Those machines. I don't know who owns them, but seven, eight and nine year old children are throwing their money away on them.

SNIPE: You don't say! Why that's terrible. I'll have to look into this, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Look into it, hunh? In other words, you won't do anything about it.

SNIPE: Now Mrs. Bumstead, let me go on record as saying that I'm definitely against these machines. You CAN QUOTE ME --

BLONDIE: Go on record. Hmph! What right have they got to put those machines where they are, anyway? They're on posts all over town -- like mailboxes -- and there are lots of them near the schools.

SNIPE: Mrs. Bumstead, I'll be frank with you.

BLONDIE: I'll welcome the change.

SNIPE: I discouraged those machines when they first came to town. But whoever owns them found an old law where the city leased the right to a Jeremiah Cole to put up hitching posts anywhere in town, and put posters or

(CONTINUED)

SNIPE: signs on them for ninety-nine years. The operators
(Cont'd) of these machines now own that lease, and have
put their machines on these posts.

BLONDIE: But those posts aren't hitching posts.

SNIPE: Well, if you examine them, you'll find a ring on each
one. They could be used for hitching ~~posts~~.

~~BLONDIE: Who runs these machines?~~

~~SNIPE: I don't know, Mrs. Bumstead.~~

BLONDIE: ~~Some gang of racketeers,~~ I'll bet. Those aren't really
candy machines -- they're plain and simple gambling
devices... Now -- what do you plan to do about them?

SNIPE: ~~Oh, yes.~~ Well, Mrs. Bumstead, we haven't been able
to find out anything about the -- er -- gang that
handles the machines. Until we do, it would be rather
useless to go after the machines themselves.

BLONDIE: Well, Mayor Snipe, if the city won't do anything about
this, it looks as though I'll have to. I'm going to
find out where those machines come from, and who's
behind them. *And when I do, I'll let you know.*

MUSIC... (FADES...CONTINUES UNDER)

JERRY: (FILTER) Now look, Joe, I've just been tipped off that the Woman's Club is starting an investigation of our candy machines. You know what I told you to do if anything like this happened, so get to work -- right away!

MUSIC... (UP AND OUT)

(LIGHT TRAFFIC OFF)

ALEXANDER: Here's one of the machines right here, Mom.

BLONDIE: ~~Oh, yes.~~ ^{I'll Read what it says, Alexander.} "Mint O' Money -- the candy mints with valuable premiums. There may be a surprise waiting for you when you open your package of Mint O' Money."

ALEXANDER: There never is, Mom.

~~BLONDIE: Look at all the broken packages of mints that have been thrown into the street. Dagwood was right -- nobody eats the mints!~~

~~ALEXANDER: We kids do.~~

BLONDIE: ~~Well, don't do it any more. These mints couldn't have cost more than eight packages for a penny...~~ Well, I'm going to find out just how much chance a person has of winning on them.

ALEXANDER: Put your nickel in that slot, Mom -- then pull the handle.

BLONDIE: All right -- we'll see.

(NICKEL IN SLOT...PULL HANDLE...PLOP OF PACKAGE OF MINTS DROPPING OUT INTO RECEPTACLE...)

ALEXANDER: There are your mints -- right there, Mom. Gee -- they're licorice. You get six dimes. Open the package up.

BLONDIE: You mean I won?

ALEXANDER: Sure...Look. Right in this end... There they are!

(CLINK OF DIMES...)

BLONDIE: Goodness -- six dimes! But I thought you usually lost on these machines.

ALEXANDER: So did I, Mom, but it doesn't look like it now!

MUSIC...

BLONDIE: Well, Alexander -- we'll try this one.

(NICKEL IN SLOT...PULL HANDLE...PLOP OF MINTS
DROPPING)

ALEXANDER: Oh, boy! This time it's spearmint!

BLONDIE: What does that mean?

ALEXANDER: Ten dimes!

BLONDIE: I've won a dollar ?

ALEXANDER: Sure!...Put another nickel in.

BLONDIE: I don't understand this at all.

(ANOTHER NICKEL...PULL HANDLE...MINTS DROP OUT...)

ALEXANDER: Gee, Mom -- you did it again. Another package of spearmints! That's two dollars you've won!

BLONDIE: Oh, dear...! Isn't this awful!

MUSIC...

DAGWOOD: Who did you say wanted to see me, Edgar?

EDGAR: ~~A friend of mine.~~ A fellow I met down at the Pool Room -- er, a business friend. His name's Jerry Patterson.

DAGWOOD: Well, what does he want with me?

EDGAR: He's got some sort of a proposition. He told me there was practically no work to it and it pays pretty well. You need extra money, don't you?

DAGWOOD: Doesn't everybody?...Okay -- I'll talk to him.

EDGAR: Just a second.

(DOOR OPENS...)

EDGAR: Come on in, Jerry.

JERRY: Thank you, Edgar.

EDGAR: Jerry Patterson...Dagwood Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: ~~Put her right there, Mr. Patterson. Jerry:~~ How do you do.
(THEY EXCHANGE HOW DO YOU DO'S...)

EDGAR: I'll just leave you two alone here.

(DOOR CLOSES)

JERRY: (THE OILY TYPE) Mr. Bumstead, how would you like to make twenty-five dollars a week for just a few hours of your time?

DAGWOOD: Is that possible?

JERRY: (LAUGHS) Oh, absolutely. You see, Mr. Bumstead, the office of my company happens to be in your town. I'm away quite a bit and I need someone who commands the respect and admiration of his fellow citizens -- as you do --

DAGWOOD: Well, thank you.

JERRY: -- to be president of the company.

DAGWOOD: President of the company? Me?

JERRY: Yes, that's right. Actually, of course, I'll own the company, but you would be president. That would mean you would have to drop in every now and then -- twice a week, say -- and, oh, just look around, straighten up the pencils on your desk and throw the second class mail in the waste-basket.

DAGWOOD: And I'd get twenty-five a week for that?

JERRY: Yes, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Gee -- what kind of a business is it?

JERRY: Well -- uh -- it's a corporation.

DAGWOOD: Oh, that's a nice business to be in. What's the name?

JERRY: The Acme Company.

DAGWOOD: Isn't it the Acme Something-in-particular Company?

JERRY: I don't follow you.

DAGWOOD: I mean, the Acme Plumbing Supplies Company, or the Acme Fumigating Company or something like that.

JERRY: No, just the Acme Company.

DAGWOOD: ^{The ACME COMPANY.} I see -- nice and short. Jerry: you're beginning to GET IT.

JERRY: ~~That's right.~~ ..what do you say, Mr. Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: Thank you -- I mean, I'd ~~like it very much.~~ ^{Think I could be interested.}

JERRY: That's fine, Mr. Bumstead. And let me say that it'll be a ^{RELIEF-} real pleasure to have you as president of the Acme Company.

DAGWOOD: Gee, this'll be quite a surprise to my wife.

JERRY: I'm sure it will be... ^{DAGWOOD: JUST WHAT did you say this COMPANY does?} Why don't you keep it a secret ^{FROM YOUR WIFE} until you get your first salary?

DAGWOOD: I think I will. She'll certainly be surprised when she finds out I'm president of the Acme Company.

JERRY: Yes.

MUSIC...

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Dagwooooood! Are you home?

ALEXANDER: Oh, Pop!

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DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Gee, Blondie -- where've you been?
BLONDIE: I've been out making notes on these candy mint machines that have the dimes wrapped up in them.

ALEXANDER: ~~Gee, we played a lot of them, Pop.~~

DAGWOOD: How did you come out?

BLONDIE: Just awful, Dagwood. ~~It was terrible!~~ I was ~~never~~ so embarrassed ~~in all my life!~~

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) You didn't get anything, hunh?

BLONDIE: No, Dagwood -- look at this!

(POURING OF COINS ON THE FLOOR...LOTS OF THEM...)

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke, Blondie!

BLONDIE: I won nineteen dollars and eighty cents.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, that's impossible.

BLONDIE: I know it.

ALEXANDER: That's real money, just the same...

BLONDIE: I just couldn't lose. Every machine I tried, all I had to do was put in a nickel, pull the handle, and hold out my hands for the dimes.

ALEXANDER: ~~That's right, Pop.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~What do you know about that.~~

ALEXANDER: ~~Mom put in a pretty good day's work.~~

DAGWOOD: Well, they must have fixed the machines then.

BLONDIE: Fixed them?

DAGWOOD: Sure. They probably heard ^{the woman's club was} ~~you were~~ on the war path, so they took out the old packages of mints and changed them for mints that had money in every package.

BLONDIE: So that's it!

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Boy, they certainly fooled you, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Well, if they think they're going to stop me with a trick like that, they're badly mistaken!

DAGWOOD: That's the Bumstead spirit, honey! Go right out and

BLONDIE: ~~I'm going to find the man at the head of this organization. and when I do, there's going to be trouble!~~
They ought to put men like that in jail.

Blondie: ...Dagwood, those machines are really against the law, aren't they?

DAGWOOD: ~~Oh, sure.~~ You bet they are. The courts would say they were gambling devices, and what's more, they're near schools and that's bad. They ought to put men like that under the jail.

BLONDIE: Hmmmm -- and if you destroy something that's illegal, there's nothing wrong about it, is there? I mean, you're performing a public service, aren't you?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I think so.

BLONDIE: Well, I believe I'll just start a little trouble tomorrow -- with an axe!

MUSIC...

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

BLONDIE: Well, there's one of the machines.

ALEXANDER: What are you going to do, Mom?

BLONDIE: I'm going to chop it up a little bit, then we're going to drive away, circle around back again, and see who comes to investigate the damage.

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

Blondie:
ALEXANDER: Come on, get out. Gee, Mom, when you get started on something, you don't fool around, do you?

BLONDIE: Not when it's something like this. The idea! Cheating youngsters out of their money, giving them those cheap mints. ~~I asked Mr. Swabber at the drug store what was in these mints and he said just sort of a paste with some flavoring. When you want mints, Alexander, you get good ones at a regular candy counter. Now this~~
^{Now I'll fix}
-- this machine.

ALEXANDER: Here's the axe, Mom.

BLONDIE: Thank you... Hold my purse a moment, please.

ALEXANDER: Okay.

BLONDIE: Now stand back out of the way.

ALEXANDER: Okay -- let her go, Mom.

Blondie: Now, Alexander, please stand back out of the way, dear.
(CRASH...CRASH...CRASH OF GLASS AND AXE ON METAL)

BLONDIE: There!

ALEXANDER: Gee, you certainly wrecked it, Mom.

BLONDIE: Well -- I think that will bring us a few results!
oh, dear, I got a run in my stocking.

MUSIC...

(COME UP ON CAR)

BLONDIE: Alexander, you're sure that's the man -- in the car right ahead of us.

ALEXANDER: Oh, sure, Mom. While he was looking at what you did to the machine, I walked by very nonse1 -- nonsol --

BLONDIE: (SUPPLIES) Nonchalantly.

ALEXANDER: That's it. The man was saying ~~some things I couldn't repeat in front of you, and then he said~~ something about going to the office and telling the chief about this.

BLONDIE: Oh dear. Well, I started this and I'm going to go through with it.

ALEXANDER: The car's stopping up ahead of us, Mom.

BLONDIE: I guess we'd better stop, too.

(SOUND: CAR COMES TO A STOP)

ALEXANDER: ~~Are we going to arrest that man?~~

~~BLONDIE: Oh, no, Alexander. We're going to see what office he goes into. That'll be their headquarters. They have to have some kind of an office.~~

ALEXANDER: Gee, this is just like a detective story.

BLONDIE: Yes, only more dangerous...Well, there he goes into the building. Now Alexander, after I find out what office he's in, I'm going over to see Mayor Snipe and get the police department to finish the job.

ALEXANDER: Oh, boy!

BLONDIE: Now I want you to do something for me.

ALEXANDER: Okay, Mom.

BLONDIE: You get out of the car, and watch the door of that building. Keep an eye out for that man, so when I come back with the police, you can tell us whether he's inside or not.

MUSIC:

SNIPE: Ah, yes, Mrs. Bumstead -- how are you today? Has anything -- er -- anything disturbing happened?

BLONDIE: Well, Mr. Mayor, I've found out where the office of that organization that runs these mint machines is. Now I'd like to know if the men that run it are liable to arrest, or whether I'll have to talk to the Parent-Teachers Association and the School Board before I get some action.

SNYPE: Harumph! Well, Mrs. Bumstead, I've checked into that, and we can arrest them. It comes under Article Seven, Section Five of the city --

BLONDIE: Just as long as it comes under something...Can you and some policemen come along with me to the office of this organization?

SNYPE: Er -- uh -- you don't mean the hideout, do you?

BLONDIE: It's just the business office.

SNYPE: That's fine. We'll get the police right now...
You're sure it's just the business office.

BLONDIE: Yes, I'm quite sure. It's called the Acme Company.

MUSIC:

ALEXANDER: Oh, boy -- if his car isn't locked, I can look around in the back and maybe find some clues or something.

(SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS SOFTLY...)

ALEXANDER: Gee, it's not locked. I can sneak right in.

(SOUND: CAR DOOR CLOSES)

ALEXANDER: Now let's see what's in the back here...A blanket...
I wonder what that is underneath it....

(SOUND: RATTLING SOUND)

ALEXANDER: Holy smoke -- it's a gun. ~~Gee whiz! I'll bet~~
~~Men would be surprised if she knew what I~~ -- gosh,
here comes the man out of the building. If I try to
get out now, he'll catch me. I better lie right
down on the floor of the car -- and pull the blanket
over me and --

(SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSSES)

(SOUND: RATTLE OF KEYS)

(SOUND: STARTER...CAR ENGINE...CAR STARTS UP)

MUSIC:

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

BLONDIE: It's right down at the end of the hall. That door
where it says the Acme Company.

SNIPE: Oh, officers -- I presume you'd rather lead the way.

OFFICER: Yeah -- we'll go ahead.

SNIPE: (CLEARS HIS THROAT) I'll be right behind you...

Well, Mrs. Bumstead, I hope you're right about this.

BLONDIE: I'm sure I am...But I can't understand what
happened to Alexander. He was supposed to watch the
door. ~~I guess he just walked away for a moment.~~

~~SNIPE: Undoubtedly.~~

OFFICER: Sh-h-h-h -- listen. I think there's someone inside.

DAGWOOD: (INSIDE -- HUMMING TO HIMSELF)

SNIPE: I hear someone humming.

Blondie: Well, you go right in there and arrest 'em.

BLONDIE: ~~Good! Just open that door, and you'll find one of the important members of the gang. I knew we'd catch one of the crooks. I want you to arrest the man you find in there.~~

OFFICER: ~~Okay~~ ^{Now}, Mrs. Bumstead...Step back a little.

(SOUND: OPEN DOOR SUDDENLY)

BLONDIE: There's the man we want for -- ohhhhhhh!

DAGWOOD: (PLEASANTLY) Hello, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Gee, honey, you certainly look surprised. What's the matter?...Oh, hello, Mayor Snipe. Hello, officers.

SNIPE: Well, well, well! This is very interesting.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, isn't it?

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- what are you doing here?

DAGWOOD: Working.

SNIPE: Indeed, Mr. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Mayor Snipe, I guess Dagwood was working on the same thing I was and found this place just as I did..
Dagwood, did Alexander tell you to come here?

DAGWOOD: Oh, no...I've got a little surprise for you, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Not another one!

DAGWOOD: Well, it's just that I'm president of the Acme Company.

SNIPE: Well, Mrs. Bumstead, -- what do you say to that.

BLONDIE: I don't believe it.

DAGWOOD: Oh, but I can prove it, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Must you?

DAGWOOD: Sure -- look in this box. Here's my first week's pay, slightly in advance. Twenty-five dollars -- and it's all in dimes!

Snipe: That does it.
(SOUND: POURING OF COINS)

OFFICER: Well, Mrs. Bumstead, I guess you're under arrest.
DAGWOOD: Huh?

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, how is Dagwood going to get out of this one? It looks pretty bad for him -- and bad for Blondie, too. And what's happened to Alexander all this time? Has he been discovered hiding in the back of the car driven by one of the members of the candy mint machine gang? Well, we'll see....in just a moment... -- but first: Listen!

(SOUND: P.T. BOAT)

GOODWIN: That's a P.T. Boat, a speed-boat loaded with torpedoes and machine guns, and designed for slashing, mile-a-minute raids on enemy warships. Yes, it's a new weapon for the navy, and already winning its spurs. But one thing that isn't new in the navy is the mens' preference for Camels. 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: Mister, we like to make our cigarette money go a long way! Camels are slower-burning, and that means we get extra smoking per cigarette per pack!

GOODWIN: Right, and it's cooler smoking too! And don't forget that Camels have extra flavor, and the smooth extra mildness that lets you enjoy it! That's because Camels are made of costlier tobaccos, blended with the famous Camel know-how, to make choice tobaccos 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 don't forget to send a carton of Camels to the men you know in uniform! Your dealer has a special wrapping and mailing service to save you trouble. Get Camels -- tonight!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, it's about five minutes later in the office of the Acme Company. Blondie has been trying to explain that the Acme Company owns the gambling machines, Dagwood has been trying to explain how he got the job as its president, Mayor Snipe has been trying to say a few well-chosen words, and the two policemen have been trying to arrest Dagwood. Things are just quieting down a little....

DAGWOOD: And so here I am, Blondie. I wanted to surprise you.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, don't think you didn't....Well, Mayor Snipe, I guess there must have been a mistake.

SNIPE: Mistake? Mistake? Mr. Bumstead is president of the Acme Company, isn't he?

BLONDIE: Well, I guess so, but --

SNIPE: And you say the Acme Company does own these machines that are taking the nickels from school children.

BLONDIE: Yes, but -- you know DAGWOOD'S INNOCENT.

SNIPE: I would say that Mr. Bumstead will have to be held under any circumstances as -- (CLEARS HIS THROAT) -- participis criminis, that is to say, an accomplice.

~~BLONDIE: Now Mayor Snipe, you know as well as I do that Dagwood is perfectly innocent of this whole thing.~~

~~SNIPE: The law must decide that, Mrs. Bumstead.~~

~~BLONDIE: What do you think, officer?~~

~~OFFICER: That's up to Mayor Snipe, Mrs. Bumstead.~~

BLONDIE: Very well, Mayor Snipe, you can throw Dagwood in jail.

DAGWOOD: But Blondie, how can you say that?

BLONDIE: Just a moment, Dagwood....You can throw Dagwood in jail, Mayor Snipe, ^{SNIPE: THANK YOU} but in the meantime I am going to tell the Woman's Club that you knew about this Candy Mint machine racket but took things easy. ~~That sounds like dereliction of duty to me.~~ I wouldn't be surprised if the Woman's Club started a movement to impeach you or something.

SNIPE: (COUGHS) Mr. Bumstead, perhaps I am being a little harsh.

DAGWOOD: Yes, and perhaps you're a little scared of being impeached.

SNIFE: And perhaps I'm a little scared of -- no, no, no, no, no! I don't want to be hasty about this. There are some mitigating circumstances and --

ALEXANDER: (CALLS FROM OFF) Oh, Mom! Mom!

BLONDIE: Oh -- that's Alexander. (CALLS) In here, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: (COMING UP) Gee, Mom -- you got to come quick! I found out where their hideout is.

BLONDIE: Alexander, where have you been?

ALEXANDER: I hid in the back of that car we were following, and the man got in and drove away, and then he stopped and picked another man up, and guess who it was?

BLONDIE: I haven't any idea.

ALEXANDER: Cousin Edgar.

BLONDIE: Cousin Edgar!

DAGWOOD: See, Blondie -- I told you he was the one who got me into this. He introduced me to that Jerry Patterson -- the man who made me president of this company.

BLONDIE: Well, now, Mayor Snipe, are you willing to get a few more policemen and really round up these crooks? Do you want to do a good job of it?

SNIFE: Yes indeed, Mrs. Bumstead. We'll get some more men and go to that hideout right away!

BLONDIE: Well, at last we're going to have some action.

MUSIC:

JERRY: Now look, Slocum, I had you come out here to tell you you'd better get Mrs. Bumstead to lay off my machines.

EDGAR: (SCARED) ~~histon, when you asked me to recommend somebody I'll do the best I can, Jerry. I can't promise anything. I'm only a cousin, you know. A second cousin at that. Count me out - I -~~
For that job I didn't know it was going to be like this, I don't want to get mixed up in any thing crooked. You'd better

JERRY: You'd rather not ask her, eh?

EDGAR: Well, I'd rather not, Jerry.

JERRY: I see...Well, well.

EDGAR: Now wait. Don't look at me that way.

JERRY: You know what I ought to do to you, Slocum?

EDGAR: Wait a minute -- think this over, Jerry. Please think it over. Don't get yourself upset and do something you'd be sorry for. Think of my wife and kids.

JERRY: You haven't any.

EDGAR: But I might get married and have lots of kids -- lots of them. You wouldn't want to do anything to hurt them, would you? Of course you wouldn't. You've got a heart, Jerry.

JERRY: Stop calling me Jerry. You hardly know me.

EDGAR: Yes, Mr. Patterson....I tell you, I'll talk to Blondie. I'll try to explain. I'll do my best. Honest I will.

(SOUND: DOOR CRASHES OPEN....)

OFFICER: All right -- put your hands up! You're under arrest.

JERRY: Hey --- what the --- ?

OFFICER: Don't make a move, Patterson! It won't do you any good! We're rounding your men up in back, too.

JERRY: Okay --- I won't make a fuss.

EDGAR: And keep your hands up, Patterson...Don't worry about a thing, officer --- if he makes a wrong move I'll knock him cold. I was just about to do it anyway when you broke in.

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) Edgar!

DAGWOOD: There he is.

EDGAR: Hello, Dagwood --- hello, Blondie....Gee, you spoiled the whole thing. I was just about to give Patterson the works. I had an idea he was a crook, so I decided to come out here and bust the whole racket wide-open all by myself. I had Patterson just about ready to confess everything when the police came in.

PATTERSON: Why, you yellow, cheap, good for nothing ---

EDGAR: Don't try anything, Patterson. I'm not afraid of you! Hold on to him, OFFICER.

OFFICER: I'll frisk him and see if he's carrying anything.

EDGAR: Yeah, you better do that, officer...Where are the reporters? I want to tell them the story of this.

OFFICER: They didn't come.

EDGAR: Oh.

~~BLONDIE: Edgar, would you like to explain how you got out here?~~

~~EDGAR: Sure, Blondie. You see, I followed Patterson's car because I was pretty sure that an~~

~~BLONDIE: Edgar -- when you rode out here, Alexander was hiding
in the back seat of the car. He told me all about it~~

~~EDGAR: He was, huh... I see... Well, you see, Blondie --~~

SNIPE: (COMING IN) Well, did you get him, boys?

OFFICER: Yep -- we got him, Mayor Snipe.

SNIPE: Ah, this is going to be another shining page on my
record of good city government.

EDGAR: I'll tell you how I got them, Mayor Snipe. You see,

Blondie: I had a hunch something crooked was going on.
BLONDIE: You had a hunch! EDGAR: BUT, Blondie, I -- Blondie: oh, NEVER
Come on, Dagwood -- let's go. mind.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- I think so too.

EDGAR: (FADING) I came out here and told Patterson that
if he didn't give himself up, I'd personally take him
to the police station... (Sound: Door closes)

DAGWOOD: Well, it looks as though that's the end of those
machines in this town.

BLONDIE: Yes, I guess so.

DAGWOOD: I don't suppose you'll get any credit for this.

BLONDIE: I don't suppose so.

DAGWOOD: I didn't really think so... Not with Cousin Edgar
around. And you're the one who got it started.

BLONDIE: Well, it was exciting. Now anyway, the children
won't be throwing their money away on those machines

DAGWOOD: I wonder what they will do with their nickels.

BLONDIE: Well, I've got a good suggestion. It's something
that each time they invest a nickel they'll be sure
to win.

DAGWOOD: I know what you're talking about, Blondie.

Defense Stamps.

Blondie: That's right, ^{Dagwood}~~Blondie~~ -- there's one thing they
can't lose on.

MUSIC.....

GOODWIN: Well, Blondie has done such a good job cleaning up those gambling machines that next week the women's club appoints Blondie chairman of its Civic Reform Committee. You can imagine how Mayor Snipe likes the idea of the women's club investigating his way of running the city government and his honor, The mayor, is not ~~about~~ ^{Above} a little legal skulduggery. Well, the first thing Blondie knows, she has been arrested for -- But I'm getting ahead of myself. Listen in next week and see how the Bumsteads get out of the trap Mayor Snipe sets for them when "Blondie enforces the law."

"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)

"BLONDIE"
1/26/42

-29-A-

ORCHESTRA: (TRUMPET "CAMPBELLS ARE COMING")

GOODWIN: Yes, sir, the Camels are coming -- and in ~~the~~ ^{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 Prairie State Naval Training Ship, New York City, tomorrow night at Brooklyn Navy Yard, Brooklyn, New York. Wednesday at Fort Tilden, Long Island, New York., Thursday at Fort Hamilton, Brooklyn, New York., Friday at Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island, New York., And Saturday they move on to the Raritan Arsenal, Metuechen, New Jersey.

Best wishes, Camel Caravan. May your audiences have a grand time.

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

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

ANNOUNCER: You know, pipe-smokers, the blue government stamp always tells you how much weight you get in a tobacco package. The one on the top of a big blue package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco says two and a quarter ounces! Costs just ten cents, too. And wait'11 you taste it -- mild mellow and fragrant, right down to the bottom of the bowl! Get George Washington tomorrow! It's America's biggest value in smoking pleasure.