

3/23/42

Master

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, MARCH 23, 1942

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

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

MUSIC: (THEME)

51454 0887

MUSIC: (SEGUE INTO FEW BARS OF CIRCUS MUSIC, HOLD BRIEFLY UNDER)

GOODWIN: ~~She's~~ ^{is} a wizard of the flying trapeze -- Antoinette Concello
-- only woman alive performing a triple somersault from a flying bar to a hand catch. And when aerial artist Antoinette Concello finishes her performance -- she wants a Camel! She's said --

CONCELLO VOICE: Why, yes, I always smoke Camels. I especially like their grand flavor -- and Camel's mildness lets me enjoy it!

GOODWIN: And the reason for Camel's mildness and flavor, yes, and for Camel's cooler, slower way of burning, is costlier tobaccos. Yes, choice tobaccos plus the Camel blending process, perfected over a long period of years to make these tobaccos a better 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: Get a pack of Camels today! You'll want to buy a carton tomorrow!

And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads. Well, last Saturday, Blondie and Dagwood returned from a trip to Sheridan City where Dagwood was sent by Mr. Dithers to close a business deal. It's Monday morning, and Dagwood is in Mr. Dithers' office to make his report and to present his expense account...

DAGWOOD: Here it is, J. C. -- my expense account.

DITHERS: Hmmmm -- the swindle sheet, eh?

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

DITHERS: Swindle sheet. That's what an expense account is often called. Don't you know why?

DAGWOOD: No, J. C., I don't believe I do. Why?

DITHERS: If you don't know, I'm a very fortunate man, and I wouldn't explain it to you for anything.

DAGWOOD: Thank you.

DITHERS: ^{Don't mention it.} Now, did you get a contract from Henry Bacon for that big garage he wanted built?

DAGWOOD: Er -- uh -- no, J. C., but if you'll let me explain --

DITHERS: Bumstead, I'm disappointed in you.

DAGWOOD: But wait, J. C. --

DITHERS: I sent you to do a job, and you failed. It cuts me to the quick, it destroys my faith in you, and it also does things to my bank balance. Well, I'll look at your expense account.

DAGWOOD: Right in front of you.

DITHERS: Yes, I see it -- you don't have to point.

DAGWOOD: Oh, sorry.

DITHERS: Hmmmm...Hotel -- transportation -- gas and oil -- meals -- one small garage, eight-fifty -- Bumstead, what is this? One small garage, eight-fifty? What kind of a garage could you get for eight dollars and fifty cents?

DAGWOOD: I can explain that, J. C.

DITHERS: You'll have to!...And -- great scott! Forty hamburgers! Two dollars.

DAGWOOD: That's correct, J. C. -- they were only a nickel apiece.

DITHERS: Bumstead, you couldn't have been that hungry!

DAGWOOD: Well, we used them for bait.

DITHERS: For bait? Bumstead -- I want to know the explanation for this shambles you call an expense account!

~~DAGWOOD: Okay, J. G., I'll be glad to explain.~~

~~DITHERS: Good... Just a minute till I gobble down a few aspirins, and I might go ahead.~~

DAGWOOD: Well, after you explained the situation to me last Thursday, I went home and told Blondie about it. I told her we were going to Sheridan City on a business trip and -- (FADING)

(PAUSE)

BLONDIE: (FADING IN) Oh, that sounds like fun, Dagwood.

~~DAGWOOD: Yep... all expenses paid, of course!~~

BLONDIE: ~~Well, who do you have to see there~~ -- what's it all about?

DAGWOOD: A man named Henry Bacon is going to have a big garage built, and of course the Dithers Company wants to do the job for him.

BLONDIE: I suppose the Goliath Construction Company will be after the contract, too.

DAGWOOD: We'll probably run into that Harry Sharp again.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear -- that means trouble... Are these the plans for the garage?

(RATTLE OF PAPERS)

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- do you like them?

BLONDIE: Well, they're a little hard to understand... What are you going to do about the roof?

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

BLONDIE: I mean, the garage has a fiat roof and it seems to me you ought to use it for something. ^{Dagwood: Such as what?} ^{Couldn't you turn?} it into a parking lot, or a roller skating rink, or a tennis court, or something?

DAGWOOD: Gee, Blondie, that's an idea.

BLONDIE: ^{I've another idea, too.} ~~And~~ why don't you build a little model garage -- so that Mr. Bacon could actually see just what the garage would look like. It would be a lot easier to understand than these plans.

~~DAGWOOD: You know, Blondie -- I think I'll do that.~~

~~BLONDIE: Now don't make it too big, Dagwood.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Not too big, huh?~~

~~BLONDIE: No, Dagwood -- make it nice and small. Then there'll be less to find fault with.~~

DAGWOOD: ^{That's a great idea.} ~~Okay, honey~~ -- I'll get right to work on it.

BLONDIE: All right, Dagwood -- and I'll start packing. The nights aren't so cold anymore. Do you think you'll want me to put in your pajamas with feet?

MUSIC:

DITHERS: (COME UP) All right, Bumstead -- that explains the small garage. But what about the forty hamburgers? And what about this item here -- rental of two clown suits?!!

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Oh, yeah -- the clown suits.

DITHERS: Well, don't just stand there and ~~laugh~~ ^{simper} about it. It's not funny to me!

DAGWOOD: But J. C., I had to get them.

~~DITHERS: Did you get a dunce cap with them?~~

DAGWOOD: ~~No, not that I remember.~~

DITHERS: ~~You got gypped!~~ Bumstead -- tell me the rest of this story. And talk fast!!

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah...Well, Blondie and I drove over to Sheridan City the next day. We had Edna come in to take care of Alexander and Cookie.

DITHERS: Is Edna on the expense account?

DAGWOOD: No...Gee, that's right. I forgot about her. I'll put her down right now.

DITHERS: Get your hands off this expense account!

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir. Well, we registered at the Sheridan City Hotel, and that evening we were in the lobby when...(FADING)
(PAUSE)

(COME UP ON LOBBY SOUNDS)

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- look who's coming over this way.

DAGWOOD: Harry Sharp of the Goliath Company. ~~(SOFT) Shall we pretend we don't see him?~~

BLONDIE: ~~(SOFT) It would be a little difficult -- we're both looking at him, and he's looking at us.~~

SHARP: (COMING UP) Well, well -- hello, Mr. Bumstead...
And ^{The lovely} Mrs. Bumstead -- how are you?

BLONDIE: Quite well, thank you.

DAGWOOD: Hello, Sharp.

SHARP: Well, this is a real pleasure. I haven't seen you for quite a while.

DAGWOOD: Well, goodbye Sharp.

SHARP: Aw, wait a minute. ~~This isn't right. It shouldn't go on this way. I mean, our fighting every time we meet. It really hurts me -- right here --~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Where?~~

SHARP: ~~No -- here, in my heart.~~ I hate to walk into a hotel lobby, see you, and know that you're thinking, "Here comes that double-crossing chiseler, Harry Sharp."

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) How did you know?

BLONDIE: Dagwood!

~~SHARP: I'd rather have you think, "Here comes Harry Sharp, my competition, but a good guy."~~

~~DAGWOOD: The trouble is, you've never been a good guy.~~

~~BLONDIE: Dagwood -- now stop --~~

SHARP: Mr. Bumstead, why can't we let bygones be bygones? I'll admit I've tried some pretty cheap tricks to squeeze you out of contracts, but you've usually won, so let's forget all that and shake hands.

DAGWOOD: That's fair enough, Sharp.

SHARP: Oh, that's swell! Call me Harry, will you?

DAGWOOD: Okay, Harry -- you can call me Dagwood.

SHARP: Thanks, Bumstead...Well, see you tomorrow at Mr. Bacon's office. And may the best man win.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) That's going to be me, Harry. I've got a little surprise in store for you.

BLONDIE: Now Dagwood, do you have to tell him about that.

~~DAGWOOD: He'll see it sooner or later, Blondie.~~

~~BLONDIE: Yes, but it would be better later than sooner.~~

SHARP: A surprise? What's that, Dagwood?

~~DAGWOOD: I might as well tell you.~~

BLONDIE: Oh, dear...

DAGWOOD: You see, instead of just bringing drawings and plans to show Mr. Bacon, I built a little model garage.

SHARP: A model, eh?

DAGWOOD: ~~You can't see how much better the Dithers
Company design is. It's a cinch the deal.~~

SHARP: Hmm -- it sounds as though you're one step ahead of
the Goliath Company, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Well, don't give up. You've still got a chance.

SHARP: Not much, I guess...Well, so long, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: So long, Harry.

SHARP: Goodbye, Mrs. Bumstead... (FADING)

BLONDIE: Goodbye.

DAGWOOD: You know, honey -- he's not really such a bad guy.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- you should never have told him about
your model.

DAGWOOD: That won't hurt anything.

BLONDIE: I hope not. It just made me uneasy seeing you standing
there shaking hands with Harry Sharp. Really, Dagwood --
you'd be much safer shaking hands with a live cobra!

MUSIC:

~~DITHERS: Blondie was right, Dagwood. You know you can't trust
Sharp!~~

~~DAGWOOD: He seemed very pleasant.~~

DITHERS: Well, go on -- how did Sharp flim-flam you out of the
model garage?

DAGWOOD: Well, we met him the next morning after breakfast, and --
how did you know he flim-flammed me?

DITHERS: I saw it coming.

DAGWOOD: Oh...Well, we were standing in the lobby, talking to ~~him~~ ^{her} when Blondie said she was going to make a phone call...(FADING)

(PAUSE)

DAGWOOD: Who're you going to call, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Oh, I thought I'd call home and ask Edna if Cookie and Alexander are all right. She takes pretty good care of them, but I always worry a little.

DAGWOOD: I'll go along with you. ~~Maybe Cookie'll say something to me over the phone. (FADING) I'll be back in a minute, Harry.~~

~~SHARP: All right, Dagwood. I'll wait here until you come back. We can split a cab over to Mr. Bacon's office.~~

DAGWOOD: Sure...Oh -- I forgot my box with the garage model.

SHARP: Leave it there on the floor -- I'll watch it for you. No use carrying it over to the phone booths and back again.

DAGWOOD: Gee thanks, Harry -- I'll be right back...(FADING)

SHARP: Righto, Dagwood..Hmm -- so the model garage is in that box, eh? (CHUCKLES) Well, well, well -- something'll have to be done about that right now. (RAISES VOICE) Oh, officer.

COP: Yeah?

SHARP: I guess this is sort of silly -- maybe I shouldn't even mention it -- but do you see that box over there on the floor?

COP: Yeah -- what about it?

SHARP: I was a little suspicious of it, so I leaned over and listened, and it ticks.

COP: It ticks? You mean it ticks like a -- like a --

SHARP: Like a time bomb.

COP: Holy smoke!
might be dangerous.

SHARP: ~~You can't take any chances these days. You never know what might happen.~~

COP: You're right. Well -- (DEEP BREATH) -- I guess I've got my duty to do. (DEEP BREATH) Yeah -- it's my duty.

SHARP: You're a brave man, officer.

COP: ^{THANKS.}
^ Well, here goes. (YELLS) Clear the lobby! Everyone clear the lobby! There's a bomb in here! Clear the lobby! Get out! Everyone get out! ^{Follow me.}
^ There's a bomb in here!

(MURMUR OF EXCITEMENT)

MUSIC:

DITHERS: (COME UP) Oh, Bumstead -- how could you have been so stupid?

DAGWOOD: Oh, it was nothing!

~~DITHERS: In -- what was Blondie doing all this time?~~

~~DAGWOOD: Well, she comes into this right now.~~

DITHERS: ^{What About}
~~All righty but don't forget~~ the hamburgers and the clown suits. I demand an explanation of those ridiculous items ~~on this expense account.~~

DAGWOOD: I'm getting to that.

DITHERS: Get to it a little faster!

DAGWOOD: Well, Harry Sharp told us what happened when we got back. He said it was an accident, and Blondie said it sounded like the exact opposite of an accident. Anyhow, Sharp and I left for Mr. Bacon's office in a cab.

DITHERS: Oh, Bumstead -- I could make a fortune selling your name to sucker lists.

DAGWOOD: I'll split with you.

DITHERS: Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Toooh.

DITHERS: Well, go on.

DAGWOOD: Yeah...Well, a little later Blondie came out of the hotel and got into a cab. She was riding along, and...(FADING)
(PAUSE)

(COME UP ON CAR...LIGHT TRAFFIC OFF)

DRIVER: I guess you're going shopping, eh, lady?

BLONDIE: No, I'm not -- what makes you think so?

DRIVER: That hat box you have on your lap. Besides, you look like the type that likes to buy hats.

BLONDIE: Well, I do like hats.

DRIVER: Screwy looking hats, I'll bet.

BLONDIE: That depends.

DRIVER: My wife, Norma, is always buying hats. She loves them. And the wackier they are, the better she likes them.

BLONDIE: I don't suppose you like them, though.

DRIVER: Oh, sure. I'm a little wacky myself, ^{Blondie: oh?} but I go in for fancy neckties. ^{Blondie: oh!} Get a load of this orange one -- it's got sort of a fried egg design.

BLONDIE: Very snappy.

DRIVER: That's what I thought.

BLONDIE: ~~What did your wife say about it?~~

DRIVER: ~~Nothing. She doesn't say anything about my ties,
and I don't say anything about her hats. We've been
married twelve years.~~

BLONDIE: Come to think about it, you might be interested to see what I've got in this hatbox. If you'll stop for just a moment, I'll show you. I'd like to see if you like it.

DRIVER: Okay, lady.

(CAR COMING TO A STOP)

DRIVER: ~~You know, I'm always interested to see what ladies
carry in their handbags. There ought to be five times
as much junk in a hatbox.~~

BLONDIE: Well, just take a look at this.

DRIVER: Well, what do you know? It looks like a toy garage.

BLONDIE: It's a model of a garage my husband is trying to sell.
~~He's with the Bithers Construction Company.~~

DRIVER: Say, it's really something, isn't it?

BLONDIE: And the roof comes off so you can look inside ~~the~~
~~garage~~. See -- here are the ramps the cars drive up
for repairs and so forth. ^{Drivee; that's indegenous, Aint it?} Do you like it?

DRIVER: Yeah...You know, this is quite a coincidence. My boss --
the guy who runs our taxicab fleet -- is interested in
a garage. I'll have to mention this to him.

BLONDIE: My husband would be glad to talk to him, but right now I've
got to get to the address I gave you. If we don't hurry,
I'm going to be late.

MUSIC:

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SHARP: (COME UP) And here's the Goliath Company's plan for the second floor. It'll work like a charm, Mr. Bacon.

BACON: Hmmmm -- it looks fine, Mr. Sharp.

SHARP: Well, naturally, -- it's a Goliath Company design.

DAGWOOD: Just take a look at the Dithers Company plans, Mr. Bacon.

BACON: I've looked at them.

DAGWOOD: You only glanced at them, Mr. Bacon. TAKE A NICE LONG LOOK.

BACON: Mr. Bumstead, please stop shoving those plans in my lap. I'm looking at Mr. Sharp's plans now.

DAGWOOD: I wish I had my model of this garage here. It would have explained everything.

~~BACON:~~ ^{SHARP:} You don't have it, though.

BACON: Mr. Sharp -- I like the Goliath Company plans, and I'm going to let your company build the garage!

SHARP: Thank you, Mr. Bacon!

BACON: Sorry, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Oh, that's all right. Congratulations, I suppose.

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, poor Dagwood. It looks as though he's going to take another beating from Harry Sharp and lose the contract for that garage. By the way, Dagwood, don't you think a garage is a risky investment these days?

DAGWOOD: Huh? Oh, well, that depends on how you look at it, Mr. Goodwin.

GOODWIN: I mean, if they're not making any cars.

DAGWOOD: But they are! They're making thousands of cars! I see new ones all the time! Real little ones -- all painted brown.

GOODWIN: You mean the army reconnaissance cars.

DAGWOOD: Come to think of it, there usually are soldiers riding in -- what did you call 'em?

GOODWIN: Reconnaissance cars. Jeeps to you, Dagwood, and jeeps to the men in the army. And believe me those midget scout cars are good -- tough and scrappy as a bull pup! Ask Don Kenower, test driver who gives jeeps their first runs when they come off the production lines. He'll tell you a rough-country excursion on a jeep is like a ride on a buckin' bronco and a dive bomber put together. And he'll tell you that there's nothing like a Camel when he hops out. He's said:

KENOWER VOICE: You bet I smoke Camels! I want plenty of mildness in my cigarette -- and I like rich, extra flavor to go along with it!

GOODWIN: And lots of service men agree! 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. Yes, service men and defense workers alike go for the cigarette of costlier tobaccos, the cigarette that's blended expertly and matchlessly, as Camel knows how to blend. 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 remember! That fellow in the service wants Camels! Send him a carton! Your dealer will wrap and mail it. Get Camels for yourself -- and send on a carton!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, back to the office of the J. C. Dithers Company where Dagwood is still explaining his expense account to Mr. Dithers...

DITHERS: So Sharp tricked you out of your model garage and that's how you lost out, eh? But you still haven't explained all these screwball items here -- the clown suit, the forty hamburgers --

DAGWOOD: Well, there's lots more to the story.

DITHERS: The next time, I wish you'd put your expense account in book form...Well, what happened next?

DAGWOOD: Well, just after Mr. Bacon said he'd give the contract to Harry Sharp, Blondie walked in with the model garage in her hatbox. (LAUGHS) Boy, was Sharp surprised! He couldn't believe his eyes...(FADING)
(PAUSE)

SHARP: But I thought that model was in the box the cop took away with him?

BLONDIE: That's what I wanted you to think, Mr. Sharp.

DAGWOOD: Good for you, Blondie...Here, Mr. Bacon -- take a look at this.

BACON: Well, this does give me a better picture of your plans for the garage, Mr. Bumstead...(EXAMINING IT)...Yes... I like it...Let's see what the ground floor arrangement is...Oh, yes...Ought to work out very well. I like these ramps, too.

DAGWOOD: (OVER ABOVE) Blondie, what was in the box that the cop ~~took away?~~ thought was a bomb?

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Two telephone books, and an ashtray. Oh, and I put a note in it, too. I just wrote, "The joke's on you, ^{HARRY} ~~Mr.~~ Sharp."

DAGWOOD: Too bad he didn't get it.

SHARP: Mr. Bacon, let's get back to the Goliath Company plans.

BACON: Not so fast now. This interests me.

~~BLONDIE: Take a look at the roof, Mr. Bacon. It can be a lot of things. A parking lot, or a roller skating rink, or tennis courts.~~

~~DAGWOOD: It would be an additional source of income that would pay all the taxes.~~

SHARP: Mr. Bacon, you said you liked the Goliath plans.

BACON: Well, now I can't decide, Mr. Sharp. I tell you what -- all of you come out to my country place tonight. I'm having a little party. I'll give you my decision sometime tonight.

SHARP: Well, that's awfully nice of you, Mr. Bacon.

BACON: By the way, it's a costume party. You can rent one somewhere, I imagine.

DAGWOOD: In costume, eh? Well, we'll be there, Mr. Bacon, wearing something funny.

~~SHARP: Your own suit will be all right, I imagine. HA H!
BLONDIE: And we'll bring along a pen so you can sign the contract for the Ditchers Company garage.~~

MUSIC:

DITHERS: Tell me, Bumstead, how did you happen to decide on clown suits for your costumes?

DAGWOOD: Well, when we got back to the hotel, there was a note from Mr. Bacon suggesting we rent clown suits so he could recognize us without any trouble. You should have seen my clown suit.

DITHERS: I'm glad I didn't. It would seem like gilding the lily.

DAGWOOD: Hahh?

DITHERS: Just go on, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah...Uh -- let me see.: We got out to Mr. Bacon's country place -- Blondie still had the garage model in her hat-box -- and the man at the gate wouldn't let us in.

DITHERS: Why not?

DAGWOOD: He said he had orders not to let anyone in wearing a clown suit. A couple of minutes later another man in a clown suit got out ^{OF A CAB} and they wouldn't let him in, either. So there were three of us -- this Mr. McKee, and Blondie and me standing outside Mr. Bacon's country place...

(FADING)

(PAUSE)

MCKEE: This is the silliest thing I ever heard of. Won't let us in because we're wearing clown suits.

DAGWOOD: It doesn't make any sense.

BLONDIE: Well, it does to me. Dagwood, this is Harry Sharp's work. He must have left the message for us to wear clown suits and given Mr. Bacon's name to the telephone girl. Then when he got here he phoned down to the gatekeeper and told him Mr. Bacon didn't want any one wearing clown suits to get in.

DAGWOOD: That chiseler! Why did I ever trust him! Wait'll I get my hands on him! I'll tear him limb from limb! I'll run him through a meat grinder! I'll plow him under!

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood -- calm down, dear. Don't get excited.

DAGWOOD: It's an outrage!

MCKEE: Well, something's certainly wrong in this setup. I'm supposed to see Mr. Bacon on a business matter tonight.

DAGWOOD: So're we.

MCKEE: How're we going to get in? ~~We can't call him -- he's got an unlisted phone number and I don't know it.~~

~~DAGWOOD: It's no use arguing any more with that man at the gate.~~

BLONDIE: Of course, we could sneak in. ~~We have a right to be there.~~

MCKEE: ^{no} Bacon has a couple of big dogs that roam around the grounds at night to keep burglars out.

BLONDIE: Dogs? I have an idea. Why don't we buy some hamburgers -- lots of them. Then if the dogs come when we're sneaking in, we can sprinkle the hamburgers around to distract their attention.

DAGWOOD: Hey, that ought to work, Blondie.

MCKEE: Sure. Let's hop into my cab, go get plenty of hamburgers and come back here!

MUSIC:

~~(SOUND OF DOGS BARKING... OFF A BIT... FAST FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL)~~

BLONDIE: (A LITTLE OUT OF BREATH) Well, we made it to the house, Mr. McKee.

MCKEE: Yes -- and here's a door that isn't locked.
(DOOR OPENS)

(BARKING OF DOGS)

(DOOR SLAMS,,,DOGS OUT,,,)

MCKEE: Whew! Good thing we found this side door unlocked,

DAGWOOD: Yeah, we just made it. I hope the dogs didn't mind the onions in their hamburgers.

BLONDIE: Now we'd better find Mr. Bacon. Suppose we split up and look for him. Dagwood, you go that way, and Mr. McKee and I'll go this way. One of us is sure to find him.

DAGWOOD: Okay...See you later.

(MURMUR OF PEOPLE OFF)

DAGWOOD: Hmm...Maybe he's in this room.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: No, there's no one in -- oh, pardon me! ^{SHARP: Hello, DAG!} Oh, it's you!

SHARP: ^{CONGRATULATIONS, old PAL.} Hello, Dagwood -- ~~have you played the aviation game yet?~~

DAGWOOD: Listen to me, Sharp -- I'm going to -- ^{CONGRATULATIONS - WHAT FOR?} ~~aviation game?~~

SHARP: For putting over the deal. Boy, this is your night! SAY, I've got A GREAT STUNT FOR YOU, DAGWOOD. IT WILL MAKE YOU THE LIFE OF THE PARTY. IT'S CALLED THE AVIATION GAME -- EVER PLAY IT?

SHARP: On winning the contract. Haven't you talked to Bacon about it, yet?

DAGWOOD: No! Gee -- you mean he's going to let the Dithers Company build the garage for him?

SHARP: Yes, I'm sorry to say that's right. So congratulations, old man -- put her there.

DAGWOOD: Well, gee -- thanks, Harry.

SHARP: Say Dagwood -- have you played the aviation game yet?

~~DAGWOOD: Huh?~~

SHARP: Oh, it's a sort of a stunt to test your coordination, and your balance, and so forth. I understand they give the test to the fellows who want to get into the air force.

DAGWOOD: What's it like?

SHARP: Well, I'll show you. We can use this cut glass punch bowl.

DAGWOOD: Hey, be careful -- it's full of punch.

SHARP: Oh, that's all right -- I won't spill any. Now you pick up that other chair over there, and I'll stand on this one with the punch bowl.

DAGWOOD: This looks a little dangerous...It's an air force test, huh?

SHARP: So they tell me...Now I take this punch bowl, and press it up to the ceiling. ~~See -- the top of it is right against the ceiling.~~...Now you lift the chair up you have right there, and press it against the bottom of the punch bowl so it holds it up against the ceiling.

DAGWOOD: Just a second...The chair's a little heavy. There it is.

SHARP: Now I can let go, you see, and you're holding that cut glass bowl up against the ceiling with the chair.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. Is this the test?

SHARP: The test is for you to figure out how to get that punch bowl down off the ceiling without smashing it and spilling the punch all over.

DAGWOOD: That's impossible. Both my hands are busy holding the chair up against the punch bowl so it won't fall,

SHARP: Yeah. ^{See WHAT I MEAN?} Well, so long, Dagwood. I've got to go and get Bacon to sign with the Goliath Company.

DAGWOOD: Hey, you can't leave me here like this.

SHARP: Oh, no? Watch me.

DAGWOOD: Wait'll I get my hands on you!...Hey-y! I almost dropped it! Help! Toooh! My gosh, I'm trapped! Somebody help me! Hel-1-1p!

MUSIC:

(MURMUR OF CROWD OFF)

MCKEE: Well, Mrs. Bumstead -- I don't see Mr. Bacon anywhere.

BLONDIE: Neither do I. Of course, we might not recognize him in a costume....I don't see Dagwood anywhere, either. I wonder where he is.

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Bloondie! ~~My Bloondie!~~

BLONDIE: That's a quick answer.

MCKEE: Look, there seems to be a crowd gathering in that room --

BLONDIE: Oh, dear -- something must have happened to Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Blooondie!

BLONDIE: It sounds like it's still happening...

MCKEE: Say, there's Mr. Bacon going over there -- dressed as General Custer.

BLONDIE: And there's Harry Sharp with him. Oh, this doesn't look good at all...Excuse me a moment, will you, Mr. McKee.

(MURMUR OF CROWD UP A LITTLE)

BACON: (COMING UP) Mr. Bumstead -- what are you doing in there with that chair and that punch bowl?

DAGWOOD: (OFF A BIT) Oh, hello, Mr. Bacon. You see, I was just -- hey! Look out!...Ohhh -- it almost fell!

SHARP: Mr. Bumstead is a little eccentric, Mr. Bacon.

BACON: Apparently!

SHARP: He's a typical representative of a fly-by-night construction company.

BACON: Bumstead, what are you doing? Put that chair down!

DAGWOOD: But I can't, Mr. Bacon!

BACON: I won't have this ridiculous nonsense going on in my house! Put that chair down!

DAGWOOD: But Mr. Bacon -- !

BACON: Put it down, I tell you!

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh!..Yes, sir!

(CRASH OF BOWL ON FLOOR...WATER SPLASHING)

BACON: Taaaaah! Look what you've done, you idiot! You've soaked me! I'm drowning!

DAGWOOD: But you told me to do it, Mr. Bacon!

BACON: Look at that bowl -- smashed to pieces! Look at that rug -- it's ruined. And look at me -- I'm drenched!

DAGWOOD: ^{Look AT me.}
^ I'm sorry, ~~Mr. Bacon.~~

SHARP: Here, Mr. Bacon -- take my handkerchief.

BACON: Thank you, Mr. Sharp.

SHARP: That was a stupid thing for Bumstead to do. Imagine what it would be like if you let him supervise the construction of that garage.

BACON: I can assure you, the Dithers Company will not build that garage.

~~SHARP: A very wise decision, Mr. Bacon.~~

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- what happened?

DAGWOOD: It was all Harry Sharp's fault, Blondie...Mr. Bacon, you've got to let me explain.

BACON: I'm not interested in explanations. I'm giving the contract for the garage to Mr. Sharp.

SHARP: Thank you, Mr. Bacon -- you won't regret it.

DAGWOOD: But, Mr. Bacon -- !

BACON: I don't want to hear any more from you, Bumstead. At least Mr. Sharp is a sane, normal sort of person. ~~He doesn't go around doing parlor tricks or playing practical jokes in other people's homes! Mr. Sharp, at least, is a human being!~~

COP: (COMING UP) Just a moment, please. Which one of you is Mr. Sharp?

BACON: He is.

COP: Oh, so it's you, eh?

SHARP: Now wait a minute, officer.

COP: Well, well -- the man who told me there was a bomb in that box. I carried that box out of the hotel lobby at the risk of my life, and when we finally opened it up there was just two telephone books, an ash tray, and a note saying, "The joke's on you." And it was signed Harry Sharp.

SHARP: Hey -- let go of me. I'm innocent.

BACON: Just a moment there. Who are you and what are you doing here? I don't remember any of my guests ^{AT THIS MASQUERADE PARTY} being dressed as a policeman.

COP: Listen, Errol Flynn -- I'm not only just dressed like a policeman -- I am a policeman. And I'm arresting this man for starting a riot in the Sheridan City Hotel this morning!..Come on, you!

SHARP: Get your hands off me! I can explain!

COP: Resisting an officer, eh?

SHARP: Ouch! I'll go! I'll go! (FADING) But I'm innocent! I haven't done a thing! I was framed! I'm innocent...

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) That serves him right!

BACON: A riot in the hotel. Sharp started that?

DAGWOOD: Now I guess you'll be interested in the Dithers Company garage again, Mr. Bacon.

BACON: No, I won't be! You've caused enough trouble around here Get out! I don't want to see you again!

BLONDIE: Just a minute, Mr. Bacon. You do want to get the best garage, don't you?

BACON: I am not going to get the Dithers garage, I can tell you that. Not after what's happened here tonight.

BLONDIE: I'd like to know what that has to do with the plans Mr. Bumstead submitted. They're the same plans you liked in your office. The model is the same. ~~It hasn't changed either.~~ You've got to judge by the merits of one design over another and not by what happened here tonight.

BACON: I'll judge this any way I like, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Well, Mr. Bacon, if that's the way you want to pick your contractors, the Dithers Company doesn't want your business! Does it, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: No, it doesn't...What am I saying?

BACON: Now see here, Mrs. Bumstead -- !

BLONDIE: You go right ahead and give the contract to the Goliath Company.

DAGWOOD: But Blondie --

BLONDIE: ~~You can talk over the details with Mr. Sharp during visiting hours at the city jail.~~ If this is the way you do business, I think it's very fortunate the Dithers Company didn't get the contract from you. We don't want it. We wouldn't take it. Come on, Dagwood -- we're leaving! We're -- (GASP)

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON EATING SOUNDS...RATTLE OF DISHES,
ETC.)

BLONDIE: Well, Mr. McKee -- did you have enough to eat?

MCKEE: Plenty, thank you. Confidentially, I'd rather eat in a lunch wagon than at Bacon's house, after the way he acted.

DAGWOOD: Well, Blondie, it looks as though we failed...'

BLONDIE: There's one consolation. Harry Sharp will have to push that contract out to Mr. Bacon from behind bars....It was nice of you to come along with us, Mr. McKee.

MCKEE: Well, I did have some business to talk to Bacon about, and I wanted to see some other people I figured would be at the party. One of my drivers told me today about a woman who showed him a model garage she was taking to Bacon.

BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD: (IN UNISON) A model garage!?

MCKEE: You see, I own the taxi company here, and I wanted to build a new garage. I bought the property from Bacon and since he has a lot of contacts with construction people he offered to handle it for me.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Well, Mr. McKee, let me introduce you to Mr. Dagwood Bumstead, representing the J.C. Dithers Construction Company!

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) That's me, Mr. McKee...and let me introduce my trusted assistant, Mrs. Dagwood Bumstead, the custodian of the model garage.

BLONDIE: Here it is -- right here in my hat box.

(RATTLE OF BOX ON TABLE)

MCKEE: Say. You're the people I've been looking for.

BLONDIE: Yes, and we've been looking for you.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Well, Mr. McKee, what size dotted line do you prefer to sign on?

MUSIC:

DITHERS: Dagwood -- do you mean you actually landed the contract for the garage?

DAGWOOD: That's right, J.C.

DITHERS: ~~Congratulations! You did a swell job.~~ I'm proud of you.
And Blondie, too!...Let's see the contract.

DAGWOOD: Er -- would you like to okay the expense account first,
J. C.? ~~Now you know about everything -- the clown suits,
the hamburgers, replacing the cut-glass bowl -- and
Blondie saved you some money on that by getting one at a
sale.~~

DITHERS: All right -- I'll okay the expense account. There we are.
"Okay -- JCD."

DAGWOOD: Thank you, J. C. D.

DITHERS: By the way -- I didn't notice this last item here. It's
just marked with initials. T.A.S. What does T.A.S.
stand for?

DAGWOOD: Er -- that stands for Things and Stuff. ^{DITHERS: Things and STUFF?} Sort of
miscellaneous. ^{You know, odds and ends.}

DITHERS: Eighteen dollars and ninety-five cents for ^{odds and ends} ~~miscellaneous~~,
eh?

DAGWOOD: Er -- yeah, J.C.

DITHERS: Well, I've okayed it so it doesn't really matter, but I'd
like to see just what eighteen ninety-five worth of
miscellaneous was.

DAGWOOD: You'll see it, J.C. Blondie's going to wear it on Easter
Sunday.

DITHERS: Taaaaaaaaaah!

MUSIC:

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GOODWIN: Now, before we say good night, will you say something to the women in our audience, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Yes, Mr. Goodwin. It's just this. So many women of good taste like Camels -- for instance, the famous American designers, Clare Potter, Leslie Morris, and Lilly Dache -- to name just a few. You'll like Camel's flavor and mildness yourself -- and so will your guests. Get a pack tonight, won't you?

GOODWIN: Next week there'll be plenty of excitement in the Bumstead home. Alexander is having a birthday party and among the guests are a pair of white mice, a magician and an angry rabbit. Don't forget to listen in for the fun next Monday night when "Blondie Gives A Birthday Party."

Commercial

"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.

Be sure to follow "Blondie," America's leading comic strip, in your local newspaper. Tomorrow Dagwood has a run-in with a shampoo. You'll find the comic strip entertaining every day of the week.

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: "THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING")

GOODWIN: Here's the latest news on the three Camel Caravans which are now entertaining the boys in camps. The Grand Ole Opry Unit is in Panama entertaining the boys stationed in the Panama Canal Zone. This is the first unit to arrive there since hostilities began. The Eastern Unit will play at camps throughout Maine, New Hampshire and Connecticut this week and head back for New York State to give a performance on Saturday night at West Point, New York. The Mid-West unit is down in the Sunny South this week and will spend three days at Camp Forrest, Tennessee, before going to Georgia to entertain the boys there. 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)

"BLONDIE"
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ANNOUNCER:

Say, pipe-smokers, how'd you like to get ^A two and a
quarter ounce ^{PACKAGE} of mild, mellow, tasty smoking tobacco
for only ten cents? Ask for George Washington -- it
comes in a big blue package -- and it costs only one
dime. Then load up your pipe and get set for real
enjoyment, right down to the last puff at the bottom
of the bowl. Remember -- George Washington Smoking
Tobacco is America's biggest dime's worth of smoking
pleasure. Get George Washington tonight!

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