

Walter

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, JUNE 1, 1942

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

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

MUSIC: (THEME)

"BLONDIE"
6/1/42

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WILCOX:

Thousands of miles from our shores, in locations that are military secrets, American mechanics are working in assembly plants. They've been carefully chosen for the exacting job of putting together tanks, planes, trucks -- war materials of all kinds, from the parts sent from our factories. These men know that it's not just what you put in a tank or an airplane that's important -- but also how you do it. 'Course that's something we've been saying about Camels for a long time. Everywhere you go smokers know that Camel is the cigarette of costlier tobaccos -- but it's taken more than that to make Camel America's favorite. It's the way those choice tobaccos are blended that makes the difference -- the matchless blending that Camel has perfected over a long period of years. This expert blending stands behind Camel's rich, extra flavor and the smooth extra mildness that lets you enjoy that flavor. And this skillful blending gives Camel its cool, slow way of burning, too. Get a pack of Camels tonight. You'll want to buy a carton tomorrow.

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WILCOX: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue. Well, there's a major crisis approaching in the family -- but they don't know it yet. They're driving their car into the driveway in front of the garage.

(CAR IN LOW GEAR...)

Everything seems to be all right so far. The car comes to a stop.

(CAR STOPS)

So far, so good. But then -- the sound that every motorist fears, particularly these days...

(BLOWOUT AND HISS OF ESCAPING AIR...)

(CAR DOORS OPEN)

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- what was that?
DAGWOOD: I hope I'm shot, that's all.
ALEXANDER: It's a blow-out. Gee, Pop -- look at that rear tire.
DAGWOOD: Tooooh!
BLONDIE: Oh, dear -- it certainly is flat, isn't it?
DAGWOOD: Particularly on the bottom.
ALEXANDER: Oh-oh...How's our spare tire, Pop?
DAGWOOD: Well, we've got one, anyway, but it's sort of bald.
ALEXANDER: Bald?
DAGWOOD: The treads are all worn off.
BLONDIE: And we can't get any more tires now...How long do you suppose the spare will last?
DAGWOOD: Who knows? Maybe two thousand miles, and maybe as far as from here to the grocery store.....Well, this settles it!
ALEXANDER: What do you mean, Pop?
DAGWOOD: I've been challenged!

ALEXANDER: Hanh?

DAGWOOD: I've been challenged as an inventor! I'm going to have to invent a substitute for tires! And I think for me it's going to be a cinch.

BLONDIE: But what's the substitute tire going to be made out of?

DAGWOOD: That's all I've got to figure out.

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON HAMMERING OFF -- DOWN IN THE CELLAR)

~~ALEXANDER: Mom, he's been working down there for over an hour. Do you suppose we could go down and see what's happening?~~

~~BLONDIE: I guess so, Alexander. I'm interested myself. Let's go down.~~

(CELLAR DOOR OPENS)

(HAMMERING A LITTLE LOUDER)

BLONDIE: (CALLS) Dagwood...

(HAMMERING STOPS)

DAGWOOD: (OFF A BIT) Did you call me, honey?

BLONDIE: Yes. Can we come down and see what you're doing?

DAGWOOD: (OFF A BIT) Sure.

(FOOTSTEPS ON STAIRS)

ALEXANDER: Have you got the problem solved yet, Pop?

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Well, not yet, but I'm very hopeful.

BLONDIE: Why, Dagwood -- you're making a wooden ^{TIRE} wheel.

DAGWOOD: That's right, Blondie. Wooden wheels were good enough for our great, great, great grandfathers, and they're going to have to be good enough for us.

BLONDIE: I suppose it'll be a little bumpy.
DAGWOOD: Well, Blondie, anything that runs is going to be valuable.

BLONDIE: I know. Already the grocery stores are only delivering once a day.

ALEXANDER: Gosh, I'll bet I could start a ^{delivery} business, and make my fortune.

DAGWOOD: How would you deliver packages?

ALEXANDER: I've got some ideas, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Oh, you have, eh?

ALEXANDER: Sure. I think I'll start finding out what the stores think of my idea right now. So long, pop.

(GOING UP THE STEPS)

DAGWOOD: Good luck, Alexander.

BLONDIE: I wonder what's he's up to, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: I don't know, Blondie.

BLONDIE: I suppose we'll find out, sooner or later.

DAGWOOD: Yeah.....Well, I'll have this ~~temporary~~ wooden tire fixed up in a little bit and we can go out and try it.

MUSIC:..

DAGWOOD: There -- the wooden tire on. Now I'll just take the jack out from under the car.

(SOUND OF JACK)

(LOUD SPLINTERING OF WOOD)

DAGWOOD: ~~Woooooh!~~ Well, I guess the wooden tire is out.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, maybe you could take the old tire and stuff it with ^{Dagwood: What?} well, stuff it with stuff. Then you wouldn't have to worry about it blowing out.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. I wonder what I could use?
BLONDIE: How about kapok?
DAGWOOD: Fine! Or maybe I could get some horsehair stuffing from old automobile seats and use that. How does that sound?
BLONDIE: I don't know, Dagwood, but I guess you've got to try everything.
DAGWOOD: Who knows -- pine needles might even be good, ~~and~~
Blondie: Well, they certainly smell nice.
BLONDIE: ^{in the meantime} In any case, I guess you'd better put the spare on.
DAGWOOD: Yeah. And the next step is to visit the city dump. I've had my eyes on four old iron manhole covers for quite a while.

MUSIC....

(CAR COMES TO A STOP)

DAGWOOD: Gee, Blondie -- there are gates up in front of the dump.
BLONDIE: I see...Maybe this man will explain.
MAN: (COMING UP) That's twenty-five cents, Mister.
DAGWOOD: Hahh?
BLONDIE: Twenty-five cents? What for?
MAN: I'm charging admission to the dump these days.
DAGWOOD: Admission? That's an outrage.
MAN: That's what they all say, but they pay me the twenty-five cents just the same. I've got a pretty good audience today, too.
Blondie: Audience?
MAN: Look for yourself.

BLONDIE: My, there are a lot of people poking around in the dump, aren't there?

~~DAGWOOD: Yeah,~~

~~BLONDIE: Look, Dagwood -- there's Mr. Fuddie, Down there by that old carriage.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah, that is Fuddie. Trying to pull that tire away from another man.~~

BLONDIE: Are they all looking for tires?

MAN: Oh, no. All sorts of different stuff --

Things they're sorry they threw away last year. ^{Dagwood: Come} _{as, Blondie.}
That's twenty-five cents, Mister.

BLONDIE: Now just a minute -- this is the city dump, isn't it?

MAN: Sure.

BLONDIE: Then how is it you're collecting admission to it?

MAN: I got here first and put up the gate...If you haven't got a quarter, I can change anything up to a ten dollar bill.

BLONDIE: No, thanks. Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute.

DAGWOOD: We'll make a deal with you. Let us in and we won't tell the other people in here that you practically robbed them.

MAN: Brother, you're striking at the very roots of my existence, but okay.

BLONDIE: That's more like it.

DAGWOOD: By the way, you haven't seen anything of four old man hole covers, have you?

MAN: Uncle Sam beat you to them a month ago.

DAGWOOD: They're gone, eh?
MAN: For all I know, they're on their way to Tokyo.
DAGWOOD: Well, what could be fairer than that?
MAN: Okay, you can drive in now, and if anyone asks you whether you paid, tell them you got in on a press ticket.
DAGWOOD: Thanks.

(CAR STARTS UP AND DRIVES ALONG A LITTLE BIT)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, it looks as though the dump has been pretty well combed over for old tires.
DAGWOOD: Gee, I can remember when there used to be lots of them.
BLONDIE: ~~You damn~~ Dagwood -- look at that old carriage or buggy or whatever it is down there.
Stop the car a minute.

(CAR COMES TO A STOP)

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah -- I see the one you mean.
BLONDIE: It looks sort of lonesome, doesn't it? ^{Dagwood: Lonesome?} You know what I mean -- the age of the automobile came along and pushed it right out of the picture.
DAGWOOD: Yeah -- it's kind of romantic. They didn't have to worry about tires or gasoline in those days. They just hitched the old buggy up and -- hey, Blondie! Maybe we can do something with that old carriage!
BLONDIE: Such as?
DAGWOOD: Well, let's hook it onto the back of the car and take it home. If we can't do anything with it, we can always bring it back here.

(BACKFIRE OFF.....)

DAGWOOD: Dooooooh! It happened!

BLONDIE: (SIGHS) No, it was just a car backfiring, but for a moment my heart jumped right up into my throat.

DAGWOOD: Mine, too, and it's still there. (SWALLOWS) I'm all right now. Come on -- let's get that carriage while the getting is good.

MUSIC...

~~ALEXANDER: Gee, whiz!~~

BLONDIE: What's the matter, Alexander?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, what's wrong?

ALEXANDER: Well, gosh, when we moved into this house, you made me throw away all the swell junk I had collected, and then you went out and brought home a lot of junk yourself. That isn't fair!

BLONDIE: Well, your father is still trying to find something ~~to take the place of tires for the car.~~

ALEXANDER: Those carriage wheels won't work on our car.

DAGWOOD: We know that.

BLONDIE: Never mind. Tell us what you've been doing, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: (LAUGHS) I'll bet you'd like to know.

BLONDIE: Of course we would. Is it a secret?

ALEXANDER: Well, sort of. (CONFIDENTIALLY) I'm in the middle of a big business deal.

BLONDIE: High finance, eh?

ALEXANDER: Yep. If I put it over, my friends are going to call me Get-Rich-Quick Bumstead.

Blondie: Where have I heard that before?

DAGWOOD: I hope you're not buying stock in anything, I've tried that and it never seemed to work.

ALEXANDER: Nope -- I've been making arrangements with Mr. Schultz, the butcher, and Mr. Swabber at the drug store, and three grocery stores.

DAGWOOD: That sounds interesting,

BLONDIE: ^{ARRANGEMENTS? WHAT KIND?} Yes, what's it all about?

ALEXANDER: I'm thinking of starting a delivery service, but I wanted to find out if I'd have any customers before I started ~~it~~ my delivery service.

BLONDIE: That seems like a very sensible way of going about it.

ALEXANDER: If the deals go through, I'm going to call it the B. & G. Delivery Service.

^{Dagwood:}
~~BLONDIE:~~ What does the B. & G. stand for?

ALEXANDER: I'll explain that later...^{Dagwood: Yeah, but -} How're you coming with your tire problem, Pop?

DAGWOOD: Oh, just fair. ^{I THOUGHT OF STUFFING IT WITH HAIR FROM A MATTRESS BUT I REJECTED THAT.} I'm going to stuff an old tire with ~~stuffing from a hair mattress and see if it'll work.~~

ALEXANDER: Do you think it will?

DAGWOOD: I have my doubts, but a Bumstead never stops trying. Somehow I'm going to lick this problem.

MUSIC....

(RATTLE OF TAKING JACK OUT FROM UNDER CAR)

DAGWOOD: Well, Blondie, there it is. It looks a little flat, but not too much.

BLONDIE: Do you suppose you can drive anywhere on that tire?

DAGWOOD: I don't know, honey. Let's get in and see.

BLONDIE: You get in, and I'll watch, Dagwood.
DAGWOOD: Okay...If anything goes wrong, you let me know.
BLONDIE: I will, don't worry.
(CAR DOOR SLAMS..)
BLONDIE: Start out slowly, dear.
(STARTER GRINDS, ENGINE STARTS)
DAGWOOD: Here goes, Blondie.
(CAR STARTS VERY SLOWLY)
DAGWOOD: How's it working?
BLONDIE: All right, so far.
DAGWOOD: Oh, boy -- that's great!
BLONDIE: Wait, Dagwood! Stop the car! The tire's coming off!
(TIRE FLAPPING...CAR STOPS)
BLONDIE: It's no good, Dagwood -- it doesn't work.
(CAR DOOR OPENS)
DAGWOOD: ~~Well, I was afraid maybe it wouldn't. Gosh...~~
BLONDIE: Well, don't feel badly, dear. After all, there are hundreds of scientists trying to solve this same problem, and they haven't had much success, either, so afar.
DAGWOOD: Yeah. Of course, if this was winter time, I could put a ski on one of the front wheels, ^{Borh.} but -- this -- isn't -- wintertime.
BLONDIE: You know, I can't think of anything else to try (LAUGHS) unless you pour concrete into the tire.
DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Yeah, I haven't tried that, but -- hey! Maybe it would work.
BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood, I was just joking. I wasn't serious.

DAGWOOD: We've got to try it, Blondie.
BLONDIE: A concrete tire. I'm sorry I suggested it. It's so silly, I ALWAYS open my mouth at the wrong time.
DAGWOOD: Yeah, but electricity seemed silly until Ben Franklin fooled around with that kite, and the airplane seemed ridiculous until the Wright brothers started flying around. ~~It sounds silly, but the concrete tire might work,~~ Blondie. Who knows, the name of Bumstead may go down in history with the other great inventors of the world!
Blondie: Oh, dear.

MUSIC:

(CAR MOTOR RUNNING)

BLONDIE: All right, Dagwood -- start it slowly now.
DAGWOOD: Okay.....Gee, I feel like the Wright Brothers at Kitty Hawk. ^{Blondie: Who's she?} I wonder if I should say something for posterity.
BLONDIE: Wait'll we find out whether ~~this~~ ^{the concrete tire's} a success, Dagwood.
DAGWOOD: Yeah, that might be wise at that. Okay -- here goes.

(CAR STARTS SLOWLY)

(CRUNCHING OF GRAVEL)

BLONDIE: That's enough, Dagwood! Stop! That's enough!

(CAR STOPS)

DAGWOOD: What happened?
BLONDIE: ~~From the looks of things,~~ your concrete tire has been crushed into gravel.
DAGWOOD: Toooooooh!

(ENGINE OFF)

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: I guess that's no good, either.

BLONDIE: I guess not.

ALEXANDER: (COMING UP) How'd it work, Pop?

DAGWOOD: ~~It didn't.~~ Never mind. Never mind.

ALEXANDER: That's too bad. (CLEARS HIS THROAT) I just thought I'd tell you that my big business deal is going through all right. I'm going to be president of the B. & G. Delivery Service.

BLONDIE: Well, congratulations, Alexander -- that's fine!

~~ALEXANDER: Of course, it'll take a couple of weeks before I'm really wealthy.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Just a couple of weeks.~~ By the way, what does that B. & G. stand for?

ALEXANDER: Er -- well, Pop, that's a secret right now. I'll let you and Mom in on it sometime tomorrow.

BLONDIE: We're pretty curious, but I guess we can wait.

~~ALEXANDER: It didn't work, stuffing the tires with the insides of that old mattress, did it?~~

DAGWOOD: Nope...I wonder if I could do something with that old carriage.

BLONDIE: It wouldn't run without a horse.

DAGWOOD: No, I suppose not. And horses cost money, too. There doesn't seem to be anything that's free.

BLONDIE: Except the air.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, just the air....Hey!

ALEXANDER: Oh-oh -- Pop's got an idea!

DAGWOOD: Oh, boy! I've got it! I know how we can have
transportation that won't cost us a cent!
Yipppee!

BLONDIE: Oh, dear -- what are you going to do, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Blondie, our problems are at an end! I'm going to
fix that carriage up and put a sail on it! I'm
going to invent the Bumstead Sailmobile!

MUSIC...

WILCOX: Hmnnnnnn -- a carriage with a sail on it.
Who knows, Dagwood -- maybe you've got something there. Well, we'll see how this latest brain wave comes out in just a moment....Say, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Yes, Mr. Wilcox.

WILCOX: I hear you're pretty good at imitations.

DAGWOOD: Oh, it's nothing -- I can imitate anything!
Uh -- who, me?

WILCOX: I thought maybe you could show us how one of those medium tanks sounds when it's rolling away ... from the factory, out toward the ships in the harbor.

DAGWOOD: Well, I can try. (VOCAL SOUND EFFECTS, AS OF SNARLING TANK)

WILCOX: That's very good, Dagwood. But did you ever stop to think it might sound like this?
(TRAIN EFFECTS, INCLUDING A WHISTLE)

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Oh, anybody knows that's a train!
(FADE OUT UNDER)

WILCOX: Sure thing -- and that's how the tanks leave our great tank arsenals -- on hundreds and hundreds of flatcars -- roaring by fast freight to the loading piers. Day and night the trains are rolling and at hundreds of locomotive throatties sit some of America's most important defense workers. They're men with sharp eyes, trained hands, and steady nerves. One of them is Frank Doolley, veteran New York Central engineer. Back in nineteen eighteen he helped bring soldiers to the transports -- today he's rolling in the fast freights loaded with munitions. Frank's
(CONTINUED)

WILCOX:
(Cont'd)

one of the many faithful year-in, year-out Camel smokers. He's said -- QUOTE --

DOOLEY
VOICE:

You bet Camel's my cigarette -- has been for fifteen years. Mildness counts for a lot with men and Camels are extra mild. Plenty of swell flavor, too.

WILCOX:

UNQUOTE. You'll hear comments like that again and again from some other fellows who need steady nerves in their business,,too... the men in the service.

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, And these days, when we're all under war-time strain, and probably smoking more than ever, remember this --

ECHO:

Important to steady smokers! The smoke of slow-burning Camels contains less nicotine than that of the four other largest-selling brands tested -- less than any of them, according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself.

WILCOX:

Get a pack of Camels tonight! You'll find they're milder, better-tasting -- the result of matchless blending of costlier tobaccos. And remember to send a carton of Camels to that fellow in the service. He'll like 'em as much as you will!

MUSIC.....

WILCOX: Well, it's the next morning, and Dagwood is out in the back yard with his tool chest, busily changing the old carriage into a Bumstead Saimobile. He's hammering away when his new next door neighbor walks up...

(HAMMERING)

LEWIS: Hello, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Oh, hello, Mr. Lewis.

LEWIS: Tell me, what kind of a death trap is this you're constructing?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Oh, just a little invention of mine. It's going to be the Bumstead Saimobile.

LEWIS: Just doing it for a gag, eh?

DAGWOOD: No, I'm serious about it. Just think -- no tires, no gas, no license, nothing to worry about. I just hoist the sail and away it goes.

LEWIS: And what it'll crash into, nobody knows.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?...Oh, nothing like that'll happen. I've got a steering wheel on it.

LEWIS: Who's going to drive it?

DAGWOOD: I am.

LEWIS: Hmmmmmm.

DAGWOOD: What's wrong with that?

LEWIS: Nothing, if you've got plenty of insurance.

DAGWOOD: You think it's dangerous, hunh?

LEWIS: Oh, no more dangerous than playing patty-cake with Gargantua...Mr. Bumstead, you haven't even got a brake on this.

DAGWOOD: ~~Oh, that's all right. Look,~~ I knew there was something I'd forgotten. maybe I could throw out AN ANCHOR. I GUESS NOT.

~~(RATTLE OF HEAVY PILE OF METAL)~~

~~DAGWOOD: See, I've got an anchor. I'll just throw this out when I want to stop.~~

LEWIS: Let's see you lift it.

DAGWOOD: Okay. Watch. (GRUNTING) Gee, it's heavy...One -- two -- three! Gee, it won't budge.

LEWIS: I see. You'll just throw it out when you want to stop.

DAGWOOD: ~~This might be dangerous after all.~~ What do you think I ought to do about it?

LEWIS: I'd just touch a match to the whole thing.

DAGWOOD: Hmm -- you're not very enthusiastic, are you?

LEWIS: No, not very.

DAGWOOD: I think it'll work. I'm going to fool around with it some more.

~~LEWIS: I think nitroglycerine will work, but I wouldn't want to fool around with it.~~

DAGWOOD: You're too much of a pessimist, Mr. Lewis.

LEWIS: Maybe so, but I'll bet I live longer than you do.

DAGWOOD: We'll see about that.

LEWIS: Soon, I imagine...Well, I just thought I'd drop over and cheer you up a little bit. Goodbye.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- goodbye. (TO HIMSELF) Hmmm -- nice fellow. I'll show him. I'll show everybody. The Bumstead Sailmobile is going to be a success!

(HAMMERING)

Dagwood: *Yeah!*

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: There you are, Blondie -- what do you think of it?

BLONDIE: (SMILES) Well, I don't know, Dagwood. It looks like it ought to be a lot of fun.

DAGWOOD: That's what I think...That Mr. Lewis from next door was over looking at it a couple of hours ago. Gee, what a sourpuss!

BLONDIE: What did he say about it?

DAGWOOD: He wasn't very encouraging, but I've fixed it up a little since then. I put a brake on it -- just in case.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, is that my clothes pole sticking up out of the carriage?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, Blondie -- I had to use something for a mast. You've got an extra one anyway. And that sail is made out of an old awning I found down in the cellar.

BLONDIE: Green and orange stripes. Hmm -- pretty snappy.

ALEXANDER: (OFF) Oh, Pop! Oh, Mom!

~~BLONDIE: Well, he looks excited.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Probably has something to do with that big business deal of his.~~

BLONDIE: ~~Oh, yes -- the B and G Delivery Service, whatever that is.~~

ALEXANDER: (COMING UP) ~~Well,~~ I'm all through until ^{my} ~~the~~ afternoon delivery.

DAGWOOD: You've really got a job, hunh?

ALEXANDER: I sure have, Pop. I made a dollar thirty-five this morning.

BLONDIE: A dollar thirty-five! Why -- why that's wonderful!

ALEXANDER: That's just the beginning, Mom. Wait'll the dough really begins to roll in.

BLONDIE: My! Now are you going to tell us about the B and G Delivery Service?

ALEXANDER: Well, I'll tell you part of it. The B. stands for Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: What's the G. stand for?

ALEXANDER: Er -- uh -- well, you'll find out later, Pop...Boy, you've got it all finished, hunh?

DAGWOOD: Yep! The Bumstead Sailmobile.

ALEXANDER: Gosh, it looks terrific!

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- that's what I thought. Would you all like to go for a ride?

ALEXANDER: You bet!

BLONDIE: I'd like to, too, but I'm going to put on my slacks before we start out! There's no telling what'll happen.

DAGWOOD: Okay! The Bumstead Sailmobile is ready any time you're ready!

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: All right, Blondie -- you sit right over here.

BLONDIE: Thank you.

DAGWOOD: Alexander, you sit next to your mother.

ALEXANDER: Okay, Pop...Look -- here comes Mr. Lewis.

DAGWOOD: Don't pay any attention to anything he says. He's an alarmist.

LEWIS: (COMING UP) Well, well -- going for a cruise?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, just for a little ride.

LEWIS: I can't understand it.

BLONDIE: Can't understand what, Mr. Lewis?

LEWIS: Why you all look so happy.

ALEXANDER: Why shouldn't we? It's a nice day, and we're going to have a lot of fun.

LEWIS: That depends on what you call fun.

BLONDIE: Do you think something's going to happen?

LEWIS: Well, I wouldn't want to alarm you, Mrs. Bumstead, but I think it'll be a catastrophe.

BLONDIE: Oh....

DAGWOOD: Now there's nothing to worry about, Blondie... Goodbye, Mr. Lewis.

LEWIS: If I had known about this sooner, I would have sold tickets to it...Which way are you going?

DAGWOOD: Oh -- we don't care -- which ever way the wind blows us.... Goodbye, now.

ALEXANDER: Hoist the sail, Pop, and let's get started!

DAGWOOD: Okay, mate!

LEWIS: Well, happy sailing to you!

DAGWOOD: Gee, thanks.

LEWIS: I hope I'll see you again.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear -- we're getting a nice send-off.

DAGWOOD: Here goes the sail up!

(PULLEY RATTLES...FLAPPING OF CANVAS)

Dagwood: We're off. *Lewis:* Better you can say that again.
BLONDIE: Dagwood, why don't we move?

DAGWOOD: I don't know. It can't be a failure now! It's
got to work!

Lewis: THAT'S ONE MAN'S OPINION.
ALEXANDER: We haven't budged, but there's plenty of wind.

DAGWOOD: Oh, I see -- I've got the brake on. *Blondie:* my husband had the
Here we go! *broken.*

(SOUND OF RATTLING OF CARRIAGE WHEELS

ON PAVEMENT)

DAGWOOD: Yippeee! Ship ahoy! We're off!

(WHEELS UP)

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON WHEELS AGAIN, QUITE FAST)

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- Dagwood, can't you slow it down a little?

DAGWOOD: It won't slow down, Blondie! It goes just as fast
as the wind and the wind's blowing pretty hard!

ALEXANDER: Ship ahoy! Gee this is fun, Pop!

BLONDIE: Dagwood, there's a stop-street up ahead of us. We've
got to come to a full stop before we start again.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I know. I've been trying to slow it down,
but the brake's no good. Look how it's smoking!

BLONDIE: Oh, goodness! Aren't we going to stop at this
street?

DAGWOOD: It doesn't look like it!...Hey, here comes a car!
We've got to beat it across!

(SCREECH OF TIRES OFF...HONKING OF HORN)

ALEXANDER: We made it! Ship ahoy!

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- I'm getting frightened!

DAGWOOD: Blondie, so am I!

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON WHEELS AGAIN)

ALEXANDER: Hey, Pop -- there's a red light ahead of us!

BLONDIE: We've got to stop for it, Dagwood! It's a busy
intersection!

DAGWOOD: I'm pulling on the brake, Blondie!

(CRACK OF WOOD)

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke!...Here, ^{TAKE} ~~hold~~ this!
Blondie: What'll I do with it? Dagwood: Throw it overboard.
BLONDIE: What is it?

DAGWOOD: It's the brake! It just broke off!

ALEXANDER: Gee, look at all those cars going across!

BLONDIE: Dagwood, take the sail down!

DAGWOOD: I've been trying to get it down, but the pulley's
jammed! It won't come down at all!

ALEXANDER: The light's still red, Pop!

BLONDIE: What are we going to do!

DAGWOOD: Just close your eyes, cross your fingers, and pray
for the best! Here we go across the street!
Look out -- clear the track! Help! Help!

(SCREECHES OF BRAKES...SEVERAL CARS,..POLICE
WHISTLE)

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON WHEELS AGAIN)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, there's a police car behind us!

DAGWOOD: Never mind that, Blondie -- look what's ahead of us!

BLONDIE: Oh! A dead-end street!

ALEXANDER: Can't you get the sail down, Pop?

DAGWOOD: No! That's what I've been yanking on this rope for!

ALEXANDER: I've got a knife! Shall I cut the sail!

BLONDIE: Yes, yes, Alexander! Do anything!

ALEXANDER: Okay!

(RIPPING OF CLOTH...WHEELS SLOW DOWN A
LITTLE)

DAGWOOD: That didn't slow us up much! We've got to jump!
BLONDIE: I'll go first!
DAGWOOD: Hurry up! We're going to smash into that tree!
BLONDIE: Goodbye, Dagwood! Goodbyeeeee...(FADING)
ALEXANDER: Go ahead, Pop!
DAGWOOD: Hey, don't push me! He11111111p!
ALEXANDER: Sandinooooooooo! (THIS SEEMS TO BE WHAT OUR PARACHUTISTS
YELL AS THEY JUMP)

(CRASH, BANG, SMASH OF CARRIAGE AGAINST TREE)

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON GAVEL)

JUDGE: Are these the people who were riding in that
contraption, Sergeant Dobson?
DOBSON: That's right, Your Honor. There was a youngster with them!
BLONDIE: That's our son, Alexander.
DOBSON: ...That was their son, Your Honor. ^{Judge: Yes she said that.} I let him go home --
he said he had some business to transact.
JUDGE: Yes, yes -- well, what's the charge?
DOBSON: They're charged with going through a stop-street, going
through a red light, and smashing into a dead-end street
sign. All violations of the motor vehicle ordinances.
JUDGE: I see.
DOBSON: Shall I try to work in reckless driving somewhere?
JUDGE: I think you have enough against them now...Mr. Bumstead --
did you see the stop-street sign?
DAGWOOD: Well, yes, but --
JUDGE: And did you see the red light?

DAGWOOD: Well, yes, but --

JUDGE: And did you see the dead-end street sign?

DAGWOOD: I think I'd better plead guilty.

BLONDIE: Just a minute, Dagwood...Officer, did you say these were violations of the motor vehicle ordinances?

DOBSON: Yeah, I said so.

BLONDIE: But we weren't driving a motor vehicle.

JUDGE: What's that?

DAGWOOD: That's right, Your Honor -- it wasn't a motor driven vehicle.

JUDGE: Well, Sergeant Dobson -- what were they driving? Was it a motor vehicle or wasn't it? Come, come, Sergeant -- speak up. What was it?

DOBSON: Er -- well, Your Honor, I guess it wasn't a motor vehicle.

JUDGE: Then why did you charge them that way? You're clogging the wheels of justice. Make your charge again. What is it? Be specific.

DOBSON: It looked like a carriage. Your Honor, so I'll charge them with the same thing, but under the regulations governing the operation of horse drawn vehicles.

BLONDIE: Your Honor, it was a carriage, all right, but it certainly wasn't a horse-drawn vehicle. There wasn't any animal pulling it at all...You didn't see a horse, did you, Sergeant?

DOBSON: Well, no...But that carriage was moving -- and fast! Something was making it go.

JUDGE: Look here, Sergeant, is this some sort of a practical joke?

DOBSON: No, honest it isn't, Your Honor. I don't know how the thing was running. All I know is that it whizzed past me and it was the darndest looking contraption I ever saw.

DAGWOOD: But it worked though.

JUDGE: I'd like to get down to the bottom of this. What was the motive power for this vehicle?

BLONDIE: The wind, Your Honor. We had a carriage with a sail on it.

DOBSON: A sail, humh? Maybe I could call it a boat. Yeah, I'll call it a boat. *Was a boat.*

BLONDIE: If you call it a boat, don't forget that a sailboat has the right of way over all motor driven vehicles -- I think.

JUDGE: That's right, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Thank you, Your Honor.

JUDGE: Not at all...Well, Sergeant Dobson?

DOBSON: If it isn't an automobile, a horse-drawn vehicle, or a boat, do you suppose I could call it an airplane?

BLONDIE: We weren't flying, Your Honor.

DAGWOOD: No -- not quite.

DOBSON: You might have been trying to fly.

JUDGE: Sergeant Dobson, what kind of an arrest is this?

DOBSON: Your Honor, I know they did something illegal!

BLONDIE: But what was it?

DOBSON: I don't know, but just the same --

JUDGE: I'm very busy here, Sergeant -- I haven't the time to work out puzzles for you, and as far as I know there is no law governing the driving of contraptions. I'm throwing the whole thing out of court! Case dismissed!

DOBSON: There ought to be a law!

BLONDIE: Thank you, Your Honor!...Goodbye, Sergeant.

MUSIC:...

DAGWOOD: Well, Blondie, we're right where we started. The Bumstead Substitute Tire was a flop, and the Bumstead Sailmobile wasn't practical.

(DOOR SLAMS OFF...)

BLONDIE: ~~That must be Alexander, coming back from his afternoon B. and G. Deliveries.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~I wonder what the B. and G. stands for.~~

ALEXANDER: (COMING UP) Hello, Mom -- hello, Pop. I made two dollars and twenty-five cents more this afternoon. I'm getting rich.

BLONDIE: My goodness, Alexander -- that's wonderful! You made it from the B. & G. Delivery Service?

ALEXANDER: Yep!

DAGWOOD: ~~That's three dollars and sixty cents today, huh?~~ Boy, you're certainly -- (STOPS AND SNIFFS) What's that I smell?

BLONDIE: Oh, my -- I can smell it, too!

ALEXANDER: Er -- uh -- are you pretty proud of me, Mom? Making so much money in just one day?

BLONDIE: Yes, dear, I most certainly am...I wonder what that smell is coming from.

ALEXANDER: You think the B. and G. Delivery Service is okay, huh?

DAGWOOD: Sure we do...Alexander, haven't you noticed that there's sort of a -- well, sort of a tang in the air?

ALEXANDER: Not particularly, Pop.

BLONDIE: Just a moment -- we didn't notice it until you came in, Alexander? Where have you been?

ALEXANDER: Just making deliveries for the stores.

BLONDIE: Alexander Bumstead -- can you explain this -- this -- awful smell?

ALEXANDER: Er -- uh -- well, yes, I guess I can, Mom. Just come outside the back door.

~~DAGWOOD: Shall I open some windows around here first, Blondie?~~

BLONDIE: ~~We'll air the room out later...~~Lead the way, Alexander.
I'm curious to know about this.

~~DAGWOOD: So am I.~~

ALEXANDER: You promise you won't make me give up my business.

BLONDIE: Of course we won't make you give up your delivery service. We just want to know about that awful smell you brought in with you.

(DOOR OPENS...)

ALEXANDER: There it is. ^{Blondie! oh, goodness!} There's my delivery cart, and there's my partner.

(GOAT BAAAAAAS...)

BLONDIE: Oh! It's a goat! A live goat!

DAGWOOD: Whew! It would smell better dead!

ALEXANDER: He's my transportation. It's the Bumstead and Goat Delivery Service, and remember, you promised I wouldn't have to give it up.

BLONDIE: ~~Oh, dear, another new member for the Bumstead family, and better get in with him!~~
~~another gray hair for me.~~
Alexander, you take that goat and put him in the bathtub - and you

MUSIC...

WILCOX: How would you feel if you received some presents and then found out that they were stolen property. And how would you like to go shopping with a person you knew would steal everything in sight off the counters. Well, that's the situation that faces the Bumsteads next week and they find themselves in one new difficulty after another. Be sure not to miss the fun next week when "Blondie gets caught in a crime wave".

Blondie, can you give me a reason why a woman should change over to Camels?

BLONDIE: Why, yes, Mr. Wilcox! For the same reason a woman would change a cake recipe -- if she found another one that tasted better! Camels have wonderful extra flavor -- and extra mildness that lets you enjoy that flavor! Whether you buy cigarettes for yourself or for your guests -- get a carton of Camels -- tomorrow!

WILCOX: "Blondie" is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood is Arthur Lake. Musical interludes are composed and conducted by William Artzt. Be sure to follow "Blondie America's leading comic strip, in your local newspaper Tomorrow Dagwood discovers a new way to a woman's heart. You'll find the comic strip entertaining every day in the week. And remember, Camel brings you four great radio shows each week. Monday night, of course, it's our own "Blondie," Tuesday, it's Xavier Cugat, Thursday night it's the Al Pearce Show and Friday night

(CONTINUED)

WILCOX:
(Cont'd)

it's the 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 station.

MUSIC: (UP AND OUT)

MUSIC: (TRUMPET: "THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING")

WILCOX: This week we are very proud to announce that to date over one million men in training camps all over the country have attended performances of the Camel Caravans. Yes sir -- over one million. That's quite a record. And as the caravans continue to roll along -- the makers of Camel Cigarettes salute all the members of Uncle Sam's armed forces, both here and abroad. This week the southern Camel Caravan is at Fort Knox, Kentucky. The Pacific Caravan visits Mather Field, California. The Eastern Caravan arrives at Pensacola Naval Air Station, Florida, and the mid-west Camel Caravan entertains the boys at camp Stewart, Georgia.

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

This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the makers of Camel Cigarettes.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

ANNCR: Say, pipe-smokers, there's a reason why George Washington Smoking Tobacco is winning so many new friends. Men are mighty pleased when they find out the big, blue two and a quarter ounce package costs only ten cents. George Washington's mild, mellow, and tasty, too, right down to the last puff at the bottom of the bowl. Plunk down a dime for a big blue package of George Washington tomorrow! You'll agree it's America's biggest value in smoking tobacco!