

Walter

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, JUNE 15, 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)

WILCOX: Ask any American service man fighting on a foreign front what he wants most to get from home. Chances are he'll say, first -- a letter. And second -- American cigarettes. And of all cigarettes, he's likely to prefer Camels. We know because that's the kind the men buy themselves at their own stores. 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. That's something we can all remember these days, when we're all on the front line of the war of nerves. Take this tip from men under real pressure!

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. They're richer-tasting, and milder, because they're blended expertly from costlier tobaccos. And send a carton to that fellow in the service. He'll like 'em as much as you will!

WILCOX: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue. Well, it's a nice, quiet, warm Spring morning, and Blondie, Dagwood, and Alexander are out in the back yard. They've got quite a job on their hands. You see, Alexander has started a delivery service for the grocery stores and butcher shops, but his partner who pulls the cart happens to be a goat named Barney. This morning the Bumsteads are giving Barney a bath whether he likes it or not, and he doesn't...

(COME UP ON GOAT BLEATING)..SPLASHING OF WATER)

BLONDIE: Get some more soap and water on him, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: I'm trying to, Blondie, but look at that expression on his face. This goat would like to murder me.

Blondie: Well, keep the soap out of his eyes.
ALEXANDER: Come on now, Barney -- we're doing this for your own good.

(GOAT BAA'S)

ALEXANDER: After we're through, you'll smell beautiful. You won't recognize yourself.

(SLOSHING OF WATER)

BLONDIE: I'm contributing some of my eau de cologne after you finish.

ALEXANDER: Maybe we've got him clean enough now, Mom.

BLONDIE: Just a minute. (SNIFFS A COUPLE OF TIMES) No, I'm afraid he'll require a little more soap and water.

ALEXANDER: You're sure, huh?

BLONDIE: You don't want the city to pass an ordinance against that goat, do you, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: Nope. That would break up the Bumstead and Goat Delivery Service. And gee, I'm making a lot of money. Don't forget, I made three dollars and forty cents yesterday, and two dollars and eighty cents the day before.

BLONDIE: You'll have your War Stamp book filled up in no time, Alexander. But just the same, this goat has to be clean. That's final.

(WATER SPLASHING...AND WASHING SOUNDS)

(GOAT BLEATS)

DAGWOOD: Toooh. I never thought I'd be washing a goat, but I suppose if you raise a family that's one of the risks you take.

BLONDIE: Scrub hard now.

DAGWOOD: Okay...Gee, I'll be glad when we finish this job.

BLONDIE: So will I. We've got to get the screens up today.

DAGWOOD: Hanh? Screens?

BLONDIE: Now Dagwood, you promised to help me. I can't do it all by myself, you know.

DAGWOOD: But Blondie, I had other plans.

BLONDIE: For instance?

DAGWOOD: Well, uh -- I thought I might read the paper, and take a little nap, and ^{think about} ~~work on~~ one of my inventions...

BLONDIE: You thought you would...

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I thought so, but I've decided to change my mind and help you with the screens.

BLONDIE: That's sweet of you, dear.

DAGWOOD: I'm always willing to help.

ALEXANDER: Well, Mom -- Barney's all soaped up now. We've just got to rinse him off and I'll be ready to start making my noon delivery.

BLONDIE: You and your father get that bucket and sponge out of the tub and get the soap off Barney.

(GOAT BAA'S...)

(SPLASHING OF WATER...RATTLE OF BUCKET)

DITHERS: (CALLS FROM OFF) Dagwood. Oh, Dagwood, are you back there?

BLONDIE: Dagwood, it's Mr. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, here I am, J.C.

DITHERS: (STILL OFF A BIT) What are you doing?

DAGWOOD: Washing a goat.

DITHERS: (COMING UP) ~~washing a goat!~~? Bumstead, I asked you a civil question, and you --

(GOAT BLEATS)

DITHERS: ^{What's happened to your voice?}
^ Say, you are washing a goat!

ALEXANDER: He's my partner, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Partner?

BLONDIE: Alexander's built up quite a little delivery service. The only trouble is Barney. You see, he keeps him tied up here in the backyard, and when the wind is blowing the wrong direction...

DITHERS: I see what you mean.

ALEXANDER: We're all through now, Mom. Shall I spray him with that stuff of yours?

BLONDIE: Yes, and it's eau de cologne. Not too much now.

(SPRAYING SOUNDS)

DAGWOOD: What did you want, J.C.?

DITHERS: Well, Dagwood, I hate to bother you, but I've got a little work I'd like to have you get out for me.

DAGWOOD: Okay, J.C. I didn't have much to do, anyway.

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- you're not forgetting those screens, are you?

DAGWOOD: Oh, the screens. Well, Blondie -- business before pleasure, you know.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood...

DITHERS: Dagwood can do the screens later, Blondie. They're easy enough to put up -- they only take a few minutes.

BLONDIE: They only take a few minutes?

DITHERS: Any child could do it, and Dagwood has to go over these plans for me. It's government work, Blondie.

BLONDIE: All right, Dagwood -- you get right to work on the plans for Mr. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: Thanks, Blondie.

ALEXANDER: Barney and I are all ready to leave, Mom.

(GOAT BLEATS)

BLONDIE: All right, Alexander. You and Barney be careful crossing the streets.

ALEXANDER: Okay.

BLONDIE: Now then, Mr. Dithers, you just said that putting up the screens was child's play and that it only took a few minutes to do it, --

DITHERS: ~~That's right.~~
^{Why, certainly.}

BLONDIE: You wouldn't mind helping me, would you, Mr. Dithers...
Would you?

DITHERS: Er -- well -- uh -- no, of course not, Blondie, but --

BLONDIE: That's fine.

DITHERS: Trapped!

BLONDIE: All right, Dagwood -- you get started on that work, and Mr. Dithers and I will put up the screens... It was awfully sweet of you to offer to help, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Oh, don't mention it!

MUSIC.....

(WINDOW GOES UP)

DITHERS: All right now, Blondie, I'll sit on the window sill and hang the screen on the hooks outside.

BLONDIE: Be careful now...Our second floor windows are pretty high.

DITHERS: Oh, don't worry about me. I used to be quite an athlete in my days.

BLONDIE: But don't get reckless, Mr. Dithers. Remember -- this isn't your day, anymore.

DITHERS: We'll see about that...Okay, hand me the screen.

(RATTLE OF SCREEN)

BLONDIE: Here you are, Mr. Dithers...Now be careful you don't --

DITHERS: Oh, fiddle-diddle! You don't have to tell me how to do this, Blondie. It's a simple job and I'm a man of at least average intelligence, I hope.

BLONDIE: I hope so, too.

DITHERS: Now then. I just hook on the outside of the window frame and -- and -- hey.

BLONDIE: ~~What?~~

DITHERS: I'm losing my balance...Look out! Help! Hey!

(RATTLE OF SCREEN ON OUTSIDE OF HOUSE)

BLONDIE: I've got your feet, Mr. Dithers!

DITHERS: (FADING AS HE FALLS AWAY FROM WINDOW) He11111111p!

BLONDIE: Are you all right, Mr. Dithers? I've got hold of your feet!

DITHERS: Blondie, hold on! Get Dagwood to help me up! I'm hanging out this window by my knees and it's a long way down.

BLONDIE: (CALLS) Dagwooooooooood! Oh, Dagwooooooooood!

DAGWOOD: (OFF) I'm downstairs, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- come up here!

DAGWOOD: (OFF) I'm working on this stuff for Mr. Dithers, honey.

DITHERS: Tell that idiot to get up here!

BLONDIE: Dagwood is not an idiot, Mr. Dithers, and I don't like to hear you speak that way about him.

DITHERS: All right, he's a genius! He's the smartest man in the world, but get him up here quick!

BLONDIE: Dagwood! Come up here! Mr. Dithers is hanging out the window!

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) Putting up the screens, eh? Yeah, I knew he was going to help you, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Dagwooooooooood!

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Aw, Blondie -- you come down here. I'm busy.

DITHERS: Tooooooh! Blondie, I can't hang here much longer.

BLONDIE: I can't hold onto your feet much longer, either.

DITHERS: Dumstead, come up here! ^{Dagwood: Now?}

DITHERS: I think I'm getting apoplexy.

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Hanh?

BLONDIE: Dagwood Bumstead, if you don't come up here this minute I'll never cook another meal for you!

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Holy smoke! ^{I'll be right up.}
~~I'm coming!~~

(FOOTSTEPS RUSHING UP STEPS...)

(WHIZZ!)

DAGWOOD: Did you want something, honey?

BLONDIE: I certainly did.

DITHERS: Bumstead, help me back in! Quick! Hurry!

DAGWOOD: Okay, J.C. -- ~~give me your hand and~~ -- say, I found a mistake in our specifications for the foundation. Instead of quoting them --

DITHERS: Bumstead! Get me back in the house first, and I'll talk to you about that later!

DAGWOOD: Oh -- oh, yeah...Here -- just give me your hand. That's it. (GRUNTS) Upsa-daisy now. That's it!

BLONDIE: There you are, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: (WEAKLY) Oh...Oh...what an experience.

DAGWOOD: J.C., you're trembling.

DITHERS: Of course I'm trembling! I feel like trembling!

DAGWOOD: Oh -- about that mistake in the plans --

DITHERS: Dagwood, don't bother me about that now. I've just been snatched from the brink of death. I'm in no mood to talk about business matters.

(DOOR CLOSES OFF)

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

BLONDIE: (CALLS) Upstairs, Alexander. (ON) Somebody's just got to help me with those screens. I'm not going to have squadrons of flies zooming around the house all summer, and Dagwood chasing them over the furniture like a madman.

DAGWOOD: But I've got to get this work done, Blondie.

DITHERS: I'm still trembling like a leaf. Look at my hands shaking. If you slipped a banjo under them they'd play Dixie.

ALEXANDER: (COMING UP) Mom...

BLONDIE: Alexander, what's the matter? Have you been crying?

ALEXANDER: Gee, whiz, Mom -- some big kids are trying to run me out of business and I got into a fight with them. Gee, Barney and I were lucky to get back.

BLONDIE: You'd better take this up with your father.

DAGWOOD: Some big kids, eh?

ALEXANDER: They're starting their own delivery service and they're trying to muscle in on me.

DAGWOOD: They are, eh? Well, they won't trouble you any more. I'll get to the root of this trouble! I'll call on their fathers -- one at a time.

ALEXANDER: John Freeny is the worst one. He's the one who started all the trouble.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah -- I think I've seen Mr. Freeny. He's a little man.

ALEXANDER: That's right, Pop -- you could lick him.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear...More trouble.

DAGWOOD: I'm going to see Mr. Freeny right now!

DITHERS: Wait a minute! What about this work you've got to do for me?

DAGWOOD: This won't take me long, J.C. A Bumstead's honor is at stake!

MUSIC: (MARCHING MUSIC...VERY MARTIAL)

(KNOCKING ON DOOR...KNOCKING ON DOOR AGAIN...
DOOR OPENS)

FREENY: (LITTLE GUY) Yes?

DAGWOOD: Are you the father of John Freeny?

FREENY: Yes. What's he done now?

DAGWOOD: I'M Dagwood Bumstead, and your son has threatened to beat my son up if he doesn't stop a delivery service he's started.

FREENY: Tsk, Tsk, Tsk. That boy of mine.

DAGWOOD: Well, how about it?

FREENY: What can I do?

DAGWOOD: You can make him stop it! I don't want to have to get ~~th~~rough about this, Mr. Freeny, but I'm warning you, I don't want to hear of your son bothering my boy again!

FREENY: But I can't do anything about John. He's a wild boy, Mr. Bumstead. If I spoke to him about this, he'd chase me right out of the house.

DAGWOOD: A fine thing! What kind of a way is that to bring up a son? You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

FREENY: I'm doing the best I can. I'm even taking up jiu-jitsu so I'll be able to handle him.

DAGWOOD: You are, eh? Jiu-jitsu.

FREENY: After I learn a little more I'll be able to grab him by the elbow and press on his funny-bone -- like this.

DAGWOOD: (HOWLS AND YELPS IN PAIN) Oh...oh...oh...Stop!
Cut it out! Help! Oh...

FREENY: Then if that doesn't work, I'll get him by the wrist with one hand -- like this -- and by the arm with the other hand -- like this -- and throw him over my shoulder!

(GRUNTS)

(CRASH AS DAGWOOD HITS THE PORCH)

FREENY: ~~Like that.~~

DAGWOOD: (GROANS) ^{what happened?} Stop! Cut it out! (GROANS) Every bone in my body is broken.

FREENY: And then while he's down, I'd press on ^{AN} exposed nerve by his neck. This one right here.

DAGWOOD: (YELPS)

FREENY: And there's another one I read about too. Let me see if I can find it.

DAGWOOD: No! Please don't bother. Never mind!
(THEN YELLS)

FREENY: Yes -- that must be it...Oh -- uh -- may I help you up?

DAGWOOD: Thanks...You haven't got a spare crutch around here, have you?

FREENY: I don't think so...I hope I haven't hurt you.

DAGWOOD: No, I've just been screaming for the fun of it. I guess I'd better be running along.

FREENY: I'll speak to my son, Mr. Bumstead. But I don't think it will do any good.

DAGWOOD: That's very kind of you.

FREENY: Goodbye, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. Goodbye.

(DOOR CLOSES)

MUSIC

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood -- what did he say?

ALEXANDER: Yeah, Pop -- is it okay for me to go out and make my deliveries now?

DAGWOOD: (CLEARS HIS THROAT) Well, I talked to Mr. Freeny and he said he'd speak to his son.

ALEXANDER: Pop, is it safe for me to make my deliveries now?

DAGWOOD: Er -- well, Alexander, I'm not so sure. You see, Mr. Freeny hasn't had a chance to talk to his son yet, so maybe I'd better make the deliveries.

DITHERS: Bumstead! You've got to do this work for me!

ALEXANDER: Gee, Mr. Dithers, if I don't make these deliveries, I'll lose all my business. I was almost ready to incorporate.

DITHERS: I can't help that.

ALEXANDER: Aw gee -- that's not fair.

BLONDIE: I don't think it is, either.

DITHERS: Well, there's nothing else to do.

BLONDIE: I suppose not, unless you make Alexander's deliveries, for him!

DITHERS: Me!! That's ridiculous.

BLONDIE: No more ridiculous than expecting Dagwood to do a lot of work on his day off.

DAGWOOD: (WEAKLY) Yeah.

BLONDIE: The goat's right outside waiting, Mr. Dithers. You'll probably have a nice ride.

DITHERS: Oh -- all right.

ALEXANDER: Be careful of those two kids.

DITHERS: I'll handle them. Hmm -- a fine state of affairs the world is in when the president of the J.C. Dithers Company has to deliver cold-cuts in a goat cart!

MUSIC

WILCOX: Well, there seem to be never-ending complications in the life of the Bumsteads. I wonder how this day will turn out for them, and for Mr. Dithers, too. Will anything get done? We'll see in a moment.....but right now let's see what Dagwood's doing with his head behind that evening paper.

DAGWOOD: Gosh, I think it's wonderful, Blondie.

BLONDIE: What is, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Every month something happens. March, St. Patrick's Day, April, April Fool's Day, May, Mother's Day --

BLONDIE: And Decoration Day.

DAGWOOD: Uh-huh. May, Mother's Day -- and June --

BLONDIE: Nothing happens in June, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: ~~Nothing~~ ^{The 4th of July -- oh, no, that's in July.}

DAGWOOD: Hmmmm. Let's see. Next Sunday is -- what's the date, Blondie?

BLONDIE: The twenty-first, I think. Why, isn't that just about the beginning of summer?

WILCOX: Won't do you any good to hint around, Dagwood. Blondie and Alexander found out a long time ago that next Sunday's Father's Day and I have sort of an idea they're going to surprise you with -- you whisper it to me, Blondie!

BLONDIE: A carton of Camels!

WILCOX: Why, sure, sure! You couldn't think of a better present for any father next Sunday than a carton of Camels! It'll give him days of real smoking pleasure, enjoying Camel's rich, extra flavor and the smooth, extra mildness that lets you enjoy that flavor. And he'll have two hundred chances to enjoy Camel's cool, slow way of burning. I'll tell you the reason why Camels are so

(CONTINUED)

WILCOX:
(Cont'd)

good, too. It's expert, matchless blending of costlier tobaccos, yes, choice tobaccos put together as only Camel knows how to do! The idea is to give Dad a carton of Camels on Sunday. He'll like 'em!

MUSIC

WILCOX:

It's a little later. Mr. Dithers made all but one of Alexander's deliveries and is on his way to that, riding in the goat cart. Just ahead of him are the two boys that Alexander warned him about. Apparently one of them has spotted Mr. Dithers.....

JOHNNY:

Hey, Pete. Here comes that Bumstead kid's delivery cart -- goat and everything.

PETE:

Yeah. I guess that must be his old man in it.

JOHNNY:

Thought he'd put one over on us, I guess.

PETE:

Shall we give him the works?

JOHNNY:

Yeah -- it's been a monotonous day so far.

PETE:

Yeah -- I've been bored, too.

(SOUND OF CART COMING UP)

(GOAT BLEATS)

DITHERS: (COMING UP) Oh, come on, goat! Get moving! Get moving, you animated bock beer sign!

JOHNNY: (SOTTO) Shall I catch him with my lasso?

(CART COMES TO A STOP...GOAT BLEATS)

DITHERS: Hey, you're blocking the sidewalk. Step aside.

PETE: You know, I've never seen anything like this. One goat pulling another goat in a cart.

DITHERS: Now wait a minute, little boys --

JOHNNY: Hey, the goat can talk!

PETE: ~~Wait a minute~~ -- it isn't a goat. It's a man.

JOHNNY: Which one?

DITHERS: Listen, you two comedians, get out of my way before I hop out of this cart and knock your heads together.

PETE: Lasso him, Johnny.

DITHERS: Hey, now wait a minute!

PETE: Put the rope around him.

JOHNNY: I got him!

DITHERS: Hey! Hey -- get that rope off me! What're you trying to do?

PETE: We're trying to tie you up. You want to help?

DITHERS: (STRAINING) Get this off me! Untie me or I'll have your fathers paddie you down to the bone!

JOHNNY: My old man's afraid of me.

PETE: Mine, too.. There he is, Johnny. Tied up nice and tight.

JOHNNY: Let's see you get out of that, Houdini.

DITHERS: Aw, come on now, boys. Untie me.

PETE: He's getting nicer to us.

DITHERS: Say, fellas, I'm not Mr. Bumstead. I'm J. C. Dithers of the J. C. Dithers Construction Company.

JOHNNY: You don't say. Well, so long, Mr. Dithers. Come on,
goat! Scram!

PETE: Beat it! Go on! Get moving!

(GOAT BLEATS...CART STARTS MOVING)

DITHERS: Hey! Wait! Don't scare that goat! He'll run away with
me! Hey! Hee11111pp! He1111pp!

MUSIC:

(PHONE RINGS...PICK UP PHONE)

BLONDIE: Hello? ...What? No, this isn't the B. and G. Delivery
Service, this is the residence of -- oh, yes it is the
B. and G. Delivery Service. Just a minute, please.

(CALLS) Alexander! Alexander! Telephone!

ALEXANDER: (OFF) I'm coming, Mom.

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Hey, not so loud. I'm trying to get this work done
for Mr. Dithers. Gee, I've had nothing but interruptions.

BLONDIE: I'm sorry, Dagwood, but you promised me you'd help me
get the screens up, and we've only done three windows
so far.

ALEXANDER: (COMING UP) Who's calling, Mom?

BLONDIE: It's a lady who wants to talk to the B. and G. Delivery
Service.

ALEXANDER: Okay -- thanks, Mom.

BLONDIE: You're welcome.

ALEXANDER: (ON PHONE) B. and G. Delivery Service, Bumstead speaking.
Yes, Mrs. Schwartz... Well, gee, it should have been
delivered by now... Gosh, I'll check into that,
Mrs. Schwartz... Yes, Ma'am. Goodbye.

(HANGS UP)

BLONDIE: Was that Mrs. Schwartz at the grocery store?

ALEXANDER: Yeah. She said Mrs. McButter just called up and said she hadn't got her order yet.

BLONDIE: What do you suppose has happened to Mr. Dithers?

ALEXANDER: I don't know. Gee...

DITHERS: (OUTSIDE) Bllooondie! Dagwoood! Somebody help me!

BLONDIE: That's Mr. Dithers now.

ALEXANDER: It sounds like something's happened.

DAGWOOD: (OFF) What happened to J.C.?

BLONDIE: I don't know, but it sounds like he's out in the back yard.

ALEXANDER: ~~Gee, I certainly thought I could trust Mr. Dithers. I guess if you want a thing done well, you gotta do it yourself.~~

BLONDIE: ~~I've been trying to tell you that for a long time, and I'm glad you're beginning to understand it.~~

(SCREEN OPENS...AND CLOSSES...GOAT BLEATS)

ALEXANDER: What's the matter, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: (COMING UP) Somebody untie me and get me out of this infernal cart!

BLONDIE: Oh, my goodness!

ALEXANDER: Mr. Dithers, didn't you make that delivery to Mrs. McButter?

DITHERS: How could I -- bound hand and foot?

ALEXANDER: Gee, you're ruining the reputation of the B. and G. Delivery Service.

DITHERS: That's gratitude, for you!

BLONDIE: What happened, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: Ten kids jumped on me! They surrounded me and tied me up!

BLONDIE: Goodness -- ten of them!?

DITHERS: I don't know -- maybe there were more.

BLONDIE: What were their names?

DITHERS: Johnny and Pete, and believe me, reform school would be too good for them.

BLONDIE: Oh, there were only two of them after all. There you are, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Thank you, Blondie..

ALEXANDER: They're the boys I warned you about, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Why didn't you tell me they were deadend kids?

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Hello, J. C. Say, you got quite a sunburn while you were out delivering. Look how red your face is.

DITHERS: That's not sunburn -- that's the first blush of apoplexy.

BLONDIE: Those two boys got Mr. Dithers and trussed him up.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Gee, J. C. -- I'll bet you were fit to be tied.

DITHERS: Oh, stop it!

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Get it, J. C. -- fit to be tied.

DITHERS: Yes, I got it, and I don't want it. Bumstead, have you finished that work, yet?

DAGWOOD: Er -- well -- no, not quite, J. C..

DITHERS: What have you been doing while I've been out risking my life?

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, it's my fault. One of the screens got stuck, and Dagwood had to help us with it.

DITHERS: Those screens again.

BLONDIE: They may not seem important to you, Mr. Dithers, but ~~they~~ they're important to a housewife.

DITHERS: AN ASSISTANT WOULD BE IMPORTANT TO ME.

ALEXANDER: Mom, what about my delivery? Gee, if those two guys are hanging around waiting for me...

BLONDIE: I'll make your delivery for you, Alexander...

DAGWOOD: But in the future you'll have to work out some sort of
convoy system.

ALEXANDER: Thanks, Mom.

BLONDIE: That's all right. And Mr. Dithers -- please see what you
and Alexander can do about those screens.

Dithers: I wish I was dead.
DAGWOOD: But don't call to me for help if anything happens or I'll
never get this work done.

ALEXANDER: You better take Barney, Mom. It's a big load.

BLONDIE: I'm not going to ride in that goat cart, but I'll let him
pull the load... Now children, please try to get something
done while I'm away.

ALEXANDER: I hope you don't meet those two guys.

BLONDIE: I hope I do!

MUSIC...

JOHNNY: Hey, here comes that goat again, but it's a woman with it
this time.

PETE: What'll we do?

JOHNNY: I don't know.

PETE: She's got her eyes on us.

(CART COMING UP)

(GOAT BLEATS)

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Are you the two boys who tied up Mr. Dithers?

JOHNNY: What if we are?

BLONDIE: Apparently you've both got a lot more energy than is
good for you. In the first place, I'm surprised at you
trying to run Alexander out of business -- he's so much
smaller than either of you.

PETE: We had to have something to do.

BLONDIE: Well, you seem to have found something to do when you t...
tied up Mr. Dithers. Anyway, I've got a job for you.
Would you be interested in making fifty cents apiece?

JOHNNY: Is it hard work?

BLONDIE: I don't think it would be for you.

PETE: Sure we're interested.

BLONDIE: Well, I want someone to put up the screens on my
house. Of course, if that sounds like too hard a job for
you, you can go back to pestering little children.

JOHNNY: It doesn't sound so hard.

BLONDIE: Well, maybe it would be.

PETE: It ought to be a cinch... Do we get paid in advance?

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) I should say not. I want to see that ^{it's} ~~the work~~
done first. Now, do you think you can do it?

JOHNNY: We'll take the job.

BLONDIE: All right. I guess you know I'm Mrs. Bumstead, but do
you know where our house is on Shady Lane Avenue.

PETE: I know.

BLONDIE: Good, The screen's are out in back. Now run along and
get the job done, and I'll be back to pay you in just a
little bit. Go on -- hurry up. Skat. And be sure you
get the right screens on the right windows!

MUSIC...

DAGWOOD: (HUMS) Four and seven are eleven, and three are fourteen
and nine is twenty-three, and eight is thirty-one --
I think -- yeah -- and four is thirty-five, and --

COOKIE: (STARTS TO CRY OFF A BIT)

DAGWOOD: Gee, there's Cookie crying. I wonder what's wrong with her. I'll have to see.

(SCRAPING OF CHAIR)

DAGWOOD: I never get any peace around here except when I'm asleep. There's always something happening.

DITHERS: (OFF A BIT) Dagwood, are you through?

DAGWOOD: No, not yet.

DITHERS: Then get back and finish it up.

DAGWOOD: Can't you hear Cookie crying? Listen to her. I couldn't finish up with that going on.

DITHERS: How do you stop her from crying?

DAGWOOD: Oh, I just go in and make funny faces and she starts to laugh.

DITHERS: Are the funny faces necessary?

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

(DOOR OPENS)

COOKIE: (HER CRYING IS UP A LITTLE LOUDER)

ALEXANDER: Hello, Cookie, what's the matter?

DITHERS: Hello, Cookie. Aren't you glad to see us?

COOKIE: (FRESH BURST OF CRYING)

DITHERS: Apparently not.

DAGWOOD: Cookie -- look at Daddy. (MAKES A FEW GROTESQUE SOUNDS INDICATING HE'S MAKING FACES AS WELL)

COOKIE: (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: See, what did I tell you! I can always make her laugh.

DITHERS: There must be something wrong with her. That face you made would have frightened any normal child to death.

COOKIE: Da-da.

DAGWOOD: See? She knows who I am, all right... Cookie, this is Mr. Dithers.

COOKIE: Poo-poo.

DITHERS: Hmmm. Well, all right, Dagwood -- you've got her happy now, so get back to work and finish that up.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, Goodbye, Cookie. Bye-bye.. See how she waves.

(DOOR OPENS)

ALEXANDER: (COMING UP) Hey, Pop...Pop!

DAGWOOD: Hanh? What is it, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: Who do you think's in our house right now?

DAGWOOD: Who?

ALEXANDER: Those two kids who tied up Mr. Dithers. ^{Dithers: oh, yeah.} I heard them fooling around outside, opening and closing windows and then they came right into the house. I hid so they wouldn't see me.

DITHERS: What a nerve! Where are they now?

ALEXANDER: Upstairs, Mr. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: Well, J. C. I think it's up to us to teach them a lesson.

DITHERS: Yes, I suggest we apply the palm of the hand to the seat of their knowledge, and hard!

ALEXANDER: Hey, Pop -- I think they're coming downstairs now.

DAGWOOD: Aha!

JOHNNY: (OFF) Hey, wait a minute -- we can explain everything.

PETE: Yeah, you see..

DITHERS: You take the one on the right and I'll get the one on the left!

DAGWOOD: Right, J.C.!

PETE: Hey, wait a minute!

JOHNNY: We can explain!

(SOUND OF SCUFFLING)

DAGWOOD: I'll teach you to get fresh with a Bumstead!

DITHERS: When I get through with you you're going to think your hide has been on a bass drum.

KIDS: (AD LIB: "HEY, LET ME ALONE"... "LEGGO OF ME"... "CUT IT OUT")

ALEXANDER: ~~Come on, Pop -- Mr. Dithers has got Johnny.~~

DAGWOOD: I've got the other one all right... And now ready, J.C.?

DITHERS: Right!

(SOUND OF PADDLING)

(KIDS ARE HOLLERING TO BEAT HELL)

~~ALEXANDER: Give it to them, Pop -- they deserve it! That's the stuff! Maybe it'll teach them a lesson!~~

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: What's going on in here? Dagwood -- Mr. Dithers! What are you doing?

DITHERS: These are the kids who tied me up, Blondie!

DAGWOOD: We're taking up their education where it's been neglected.

ALEXANDER: We caught them sneaking around in the house, Mom.

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- stop that this minute! I told them to come here! They put up the screens for me. They did a good fast job, too.

(THE PADDLING HAS STOPPED)

BLONDIE: Well, boys -- I'm awfully sorry that this happened, although I'm sure you deserve it.

JOHNNY: Why don't they pick on someone their own size.

PETE: The big bullies.

BLONDIE: ~~Johnny~~ -- why didn't you pick on someone your own size instead of Alexander?

JOHNNY: That's different.

BLONDIE: Well here's fifty cents for you, and fifty cents for you.

DITHERS: Well, what do you say?

JOHNNY: It wasn't worth it... Come on, Pete.

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

BLONDIE: (BRIGHTLY) Well, I got my screens up -- I looked before I came in. Did you get through, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: No, not quite, Blondie.

DITHERS: Come on, Dagwood -- get it done for me -- and hurry, will you, please?

BLONDIE: ^{BUT} ~~Yes~~, Dagwood, ~~because~~ I've got another job for you.

DAGWOOD: Another job? What?

BLONDIE: Well, I guess the goat's done quite a lot of running so far today, and it's been hot out in the sun, so -- well,

DAGWOOD: Dagwood, I'm afraid you'll have to give him another bath! I've got to finish this work for Mr. Dithers. Dithers! That's right. ~~Teoooooooh! Oh, Blooooondie!...~~

BLONDIE: ~~I'm sure Mr. Dithers would be glad to help.~~

Dithers! Oh, no!

MUSIC...

WILCOX: There's plenty of excitement for the Bumsteads next week. They're trying to decide where to spend their vacation so they visualize in their minds how it would be at the seashore, dude ranch or a camp trip or at the mountains. Don't forget to listen in next week, you'll be as startled as the Bumsteads are when "Blondie Plans A Vacation." Now, don't forget, Blondie!

BLONDIE: Forget what, Mr. Wilcox?

WILCOX: Sunday, June twenty-first.

BLONDIE: Don't you worry! Alexander and I are getting Dagwood a carton of Camels for Father's Day. I've got it on the shopping list for tomorrow!

WILCOX: Remember, folks, for Father's Day next Sunday -- get Dad a carton of Camels!

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 that Alexander is way ahead of him on ideas. 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 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: The Camel Caravans -- those four great traveling shows that have already played to over one million men in our training camps throughout the country are still piling up attendance records.

During the coming week the Southern Camel Caravan will stop at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, The Pacific Coast Caravan plays Fort Worden, Washington, The Eastern Caravan is down in Georgia and will include Fort Oglethorpe and the Mid-West Camel Caravan will be at Fort Jackson, South Carolina.

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)

ANNOUNCER: Say, does your Dad smoke a pipe? You couldn't give him a better present this Sunday on Father's Day than a big pound can of George Washington Smoking Tobacco. It'll give him weeks and weeks of mild, mellow tasty smoking -- and you'll be surprised to find out how little it costs. Get a pound can of George Washington for Dad on Father's Day. It's America's biggest value in smoking tobacco.

"BLONDIE"
6/15/42

VOICE: (ECHO) Rubber for trucks and tanks and planes and gun mounts -- rubber for gas masks and rubber for landing boats.

ANNCR: Those are the President's own words -- and all of us know that the need for rubber is critical -- even dangerous. You can help. We must all help. Search your closets, attic, garage, your cellar, barn, stock room. Turn in anything you think is rubber...tires, raincoats, garden hose, rubber shoes -- anything you will not have to replace with a new article. Take it to your filling station or garage tomorrow. You'll be paid a cent a pound for it.

VOICE: Remember -- if you think it's rubber, turn it in.