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"As Broadcast"
Notes

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, OCTOBER 5, 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:

You know, you can have a Melody in "F", to say nothing of a Symphony in "C", but I don't suppose you ever hear of a Symphony in "T". No, "T" is tobacco talk -- stands for two mighty important words in the cigarette language -- taste and throat. That's where you've got your own personal proving ground for cigarettes. We call it the T-Zone, and we'd like you to take Camels there for a real trial. How about flavor? Your taste is the world's best judge. And there's no test of mildness that can stand up to the judgement of your own throat. Thousands of smokers who are making the T-Zone test find that Camels suit them to a T. Smoke Camels for steady pleasure! They're slow-burning . cooler-smoking, richer-tasting, milder -- better -- because Camels are made of costlier tobaccos, blended expertly and matchlessly, as only Camel knows how to blend. Remember-- you're the one who's doing your smoking! Get a pack of Camels tonight! You'll want to buy a carton tomorrow!

WILCOX: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue. Well, this evening Blondie and Dagwood are at a stormy meeting in Mayor Snipe's office at the conclusion of a city-wide scrap drive. The drive wasn't much of a success, and the meeting isn't going very well, either....

(MURMUR OF VOICES) (GAVEL)

SNIPE: In spite of what Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead say, I maintain the scrap drive was a success. The quota that was set for us was ten times too high. We did very well, considering.

BLONDIE: Mayor Snipe, the fact is the drive was a failure.

DAGWOOD: (CUTTING IN, BUT STOPPING BEFORE BLONDIE FINISHES) I think the drive was --

SNIPE: I presume you were going to say the same thing, Mr. Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: No, I was going to say it was a flop.

SNIPE: Mr. Bumstead, I supervised the scrap drive myself, in person.

DAGWOOD: (EQUABLY) Well, that could be one reason.

(LAUGHTER FROM CAST, IF WE DON'T GET IT FROM THE AUDIENCE..) (GAVEL)

SNIPE: Please, please! ...(CLEARS HIS THROAT) Mr. Bumstead, I am convinced the drive collected all available scrap metal. The people were notified, the usual collection arrangements were made, and it all went off very smoothly.

BLONDIE: That was the trouble, Mayor Snipe. It went off too smoothly -- so smoothly that no one got very excited about it. You might just as well have been asking for all available garbage.

SNIPE: You think it should have been done differently?

BLONDIE: I certainly ^{do} did, and I said so at the time, but you were too busy giving out optimistic communiques to the papers.

DAGWOOD

~~THAT'S RIGHT MAYOR SNIPE.~~

~~SNIPE: (GOUGHS IN EMBARRASSMENT) Mrs. Bumstead, that quota was ridiculously high. It was impossible for us to meet it.~~

~~BLONDIE: I think it could have been met.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Nothing is impossible!~~

SNIPE: ~~Try flying around the room sometime.~~ (LAUGHS IN SELF-APPRECIATION) Perhaps Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead have extraordinary powers not bestowed upon us ordinary mortals, but I, for one, am willing to admit I was not able to pass a miracle.

BLONDIE: Then you should have appointed someone who could, and you can quote me on that!

(MILD APPLAUSE)

(GAVEL)

SNIPE: The meeting is adjourned!

MUSIC:

(SOUND OF BLONDIE RUNNING UPSTAIRS...)

BLONDIE: Dagwoooooood! Dagwooooooooooooooooooooood!

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: (SNORES)

BLONDIE: Dagwood! Wake up!

DAGWOOD: (MUMBLES)

BLONDIE: (SHAKING HIM) Dagwood! Wake up! (PAUSE) All right --
I'm going to pull the covers off you.

DAGWOOD: (WIDE AWAKE) No, don't, Blondie! I'm wide awake!

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- look what's in the morning paper.

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

BLONDIE: Mayor Snipe has announced that there'll be another
scrap drive soon, and guess who is going to be head of it?

DAGWOOD: I'll guess after I catch another forty winks.

BLONDIE: The Bumsteads!

~~DAGWOOD: Who're the Bumsteads? Is there somebody else with --
Blondie, you mean us?~~

~~BLONDIE: Uh-huh.~~

~~THAT NAME SOUNDS FAMILIAR.~~
DAGWOOD: ^ Tooooooooh.

BLONDIE: Listen. (READS) "Termining last week's scrap drive a
flop and a failure, Mayor Snipe announced last night
that a new drive would be launched soon, and appointed
Mr. and Mrs. Dagwood Bumstead of Shady Lane Avenue to
head it." Our pictures are in the paper. A rather
nice one of me.

DAGWOOD: How about my picture?

BLONDIE: Wellllll....

DAGWOOD: Oh. Is it that picture of me where my mouth's open?

BLONDE: Yes, dear.

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) They promised me they'd destroy that negative!

BLONDIE: Oh, it's kind of cute ... Listen to what else Mayor Snipe has to say, "I have assured Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead that our quota can be not only met, but exceeded --"

DAGWOOD: He said it was impossible just last night!

BLONDIE: " -- and I have promised them my whole-hearted and enthusiastic cooperation."

DAGWOOD: That hypocrite! He doesn't think we have a chance! He's just trying to make us look silly!

BLONDIE: He's done all right so far.

~~DAGWOOD: Gee, we're sort of on a spot, aren't we?~~

~~BLONDIE: Yes, dear -- that same old familiar spot. We seem to have a ninety-nine year lease on it... But I think we can get in that scrap!~~

~~DAGWOOD: So do I!~~

ALEXANDER: (COMING UP) Good morning, Mom -- good morning, Pop.

BLONDIE: Good morning, Alexander.

DAGWOOD: Good morning, son.

ALEXANDER: What's happened now?

BLONDIE: Look, Alexander -- your father and I have just been made head of the new scrap drive.

(RATTLE OF PAPER...)

ALEXANDER: (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: What's so funny?

ALEXANDER: Is that a picture of you, Pop?

DAGWOOD: Yes, that's a picture of me, ^{Pop} and there's nothing funny about it!

BLONDIE: We've got a big job to do, Alexander. We've got to get in more scrap than this town has ever seen before, and the Mayor's drive has already taken a lot of it.

ALEXANDER: But there's lots more left.

BLONDIE AND (IN UNISON) Where???
DAGWOOD:

ALEXANDER: Well, the kids in our club found piles of it, but the men who picked it up didn't pay any attention to us. They didn't believe us...Gee, we wanted to give them our bomb proof shelter.

~~DAGWOOD: Huh?~~

~~ALEXANDER: It's a big boiler in Jackie Wilson's backyard.~~

~~BLONDIE: How big is it?~~

~~ALEXANDER: Well, twenty kids can get inside it.~~

DAGWOOD: Look, Alexander --- you round up all your pals, and tell them to go out and locate all the scrap metal they can find. We'll see that it's picked up.

ALEXANDER: Okay, ~~but when's the new drive going to start?~~

~~DAGWOOD: We don't know yet, Alexander.~~

BLONDIE: But when, ^{THIS DRIVE GETS} it starts, it's going to be something!
Everyone's going to help--not just a few organizations, but everyone! That's the way it's got to be! I'm going to call up all the Women's clubs in town and get them to help.

ALEXANDER: I'll get my gang together.

DAGWOOD: And I'll go down and get J. C. to promise us the use of all the Dithers Company trucks. I'll make him my assistant.

BLONDIE: ~~Dagwood, first you'd better tell the papers that~~
Mr. Dithers is going to be your assistant. Then break
it to him gently.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie. And we'll get started building up our
~~organization right away!~~

MUSIC:

(KNOCK ON DOOR....)

DITHERS: (INSIDE) Come in!

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Good morning, J. C.

DITHERS: Oh, hello, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Have you heard the news?

DITHERS: No, I didn't have time to read the paper this morning.

DAGWOOD: Well, J. C., they're going to have another scrap drive
in town and you've been appointed assistant to the man
at the head of the drive.

DITHERS: (PLEASED) I have? Well, now they're beginning to show
a little sense -- getting men in who've had real
organizational experience.

DAGWOOD: Someone everyone has confidence in.

DITHERS: Yes, that's it. And I'll show them how to do a real job
on scrap collection....I -- uh -- I suppose it's quite
an honor, eh, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir, J. C.

DITHERS: Incidentally, who appointed me?

DAGWOOD: Who appointed you?

DITHERS: Yes -- who's my immediate superior?

DAGWOOD: (CLEARS HIS THROAT) I am.

DITHERS: ~~Acacacacacash!~~
Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Er -- something you ate, J. C.?

DITHERS: Bumstead, how did they happen to pick you? Did they close their eyes and run a finger down the names in the phone book?

DAGWOOD: No. Mayor Snipe appointed Blondie and me because he thought we'd make an awful flop of the drive. ^{DITHERS: THAT SOUNDS LOGICAL} His drive didn't work out very well.

DITHERS: Ahahah! We'll have to show up that old windbag. If you ask me, he put on his drive pretty half-heartedly. No pep! No zip! No zing!

DAGWOOD: And very little scrap.

DITHERS: Come on, 'Dagwood -- let's put our heads together on this. We'll put on a drive that'll be the talk of the country.!

MUSIC:

SNIPE: Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead, and Mr. Dithers -- these suggestions you've made are -- well, they're out of the question.

BLONDIE: We think they're excellent suggestions.

DAGWOOD: And in spite of that, they'd work!

SNIPE: IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

DITHERS: Don't be such an old fuddy-duddy!

SNIPE: Mr. Dithers, as Mayor of this town, I object to being called an old fuddy-duddy!

DITHERS: Well, as a resident of this town, I object to having an old fuddy-duddy as a Mayor!

SNIPE: I accept your apology.

DITHERS: THANK YOU!

~~DAGWOOD: There's nothing wrong with my idea for a scrap pile
jackpot. We'll give a prize to the person who brings
in the most scrap.~~

~~SNIPPE: And where is the money coming from for the prize?
Can't be done!~~

BLONDIE: Mayor Snipe, you are for winning the war, aren't you?

SNIPPE: Certainly I am!

DITHERS: Then stop tying everything up with red tape and saying
this can't be done and that can't be done. We want
that holiday for scrap collecting, and we're going to
get it!

SNIPPE: Now -- now -- just a minute. There's no more scrap
left -- I told you that before.

BLONDIE: Oh, yes there is, Mayor Snipe. And the first piece of
scrap we're going to collect is that iron hitching post
in front of your house! It'll be a lot more useful
turned into hand grenades!

MUSIC:

~~ALEXANDER: (FINISHING A LONG LIST) And there's an old radiator
in the alley in back of Mrs. Whittelsey's house, and some
iron pipes against a barn further down the alley, and
a lot of broken manhole covers up against a fence in
back of the gas company, and there's a bunch of stuff
in the freight yards.~~

BLONDIE: Well, . that is quite a list!

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke -- and that's just what you found yourself?

ALEXANDER: Yep -- the other kids aren't through hunting yet.

DITHERS: Of course, what we really need to start the drive off right is one nice big item like an old locomotive.

BLONDIE: And if we could find several locomotives, the drive would be over the quota.

ALEXANDER: Old Betsy is pretty heavy.

DAGWOOD: Old Betsy? That old cannon in front of the library?

ALEXANDER: Uh-huh.

DITHERS: Oh, we couldn't take that, Alexander. There's a lot of history around that old cannon. You know, it was used to defend this town when it was just a trading post in the middle of the Indian country.

BLONDIE: The whole town would be up in arms if Old Betsy went into the scrap drive. We couldn't possibly -- wait a minute! We want the whole town to be up in arms.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, that's right!

DITHERS: Do you suppose we could -- er -- kidnap Old Betsy?

ALEXANDER: Oh, boy!

~~DAGWOOD:~~ ^{Blondie!} And we can send the city a ransom note for a hundred times her weight in scrap metal!

ALEXANDER: Oh, boy!

DAGWOOD: Gee, Blondie, this is going to raise an awful howl. It would be safer to steal the city jail.

ALEXANDER: Who's going to sign the ransom note?

BLONDIE: Oh, yes....

DAGWOOD: I forgot about that...How about you, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: No, thank you. I don't think I'd look very becoming in tar and feathers...How about you, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: ~~I'd rather not be hidden out of town on a rail. It's always sounded very uncomfortable.~~ ^{YOU'RE HEAD OF THIS DRIVE. YES, BUT YOU'RE MY EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT.}

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DIT AERES: TANNARD!

BLONDIE: I know the name to sign to the ransom note for Old Betsy, but the first thing we've got to do is to steal the cannon!

MUSIC:

(DOOR BURSTS OPEN....)

MAN: Hey, Mayor Snipe! Old Betsy's been stolen!

SNIPE: What? Why, that's impossible!

MAN: Yeah. I don't know how anyone's going to get rid of a hot cannon, but she's gone!

SNIPE: Why, the vandals! Old Betsy's an historic part of the glorious past of our town! What do the police say?

MAN: They say they're baffled.

SNIPE: This is an outrage!

MUSIC:

(SOUND OF PRESSES ROLLING....)

EDITOR: (SHOUTS) Hey, Joe! Stop the presses! Stop the presses!

(PRESSES SLOWING DOWN...)

EDITOR: Gee, I've always wanted to rush down here and yell, "Stop the presses!" just like this. *STOP THE PRESSES!*

(THE PRESSES STOP)

EDITOR: Joe, we' just got a ransom note for Old Betsy. Listen to this: "Old Betsy fought for this town many years ago, and if you want her to be returned, you will have to fight for her now. I am holding her for a ransom of one hundred times her weight in scrap metal. Do not call the police -- call the scrap drive Committee at Elm four three two. Signed -- Uncle Sam!"

MUSIC: (UP TO THEME)

WILCOX: Well, it looks as though Blondie and Dagwood have really started something. We'll see how it turns out in just a moment....
Say Dagwood....

DAGWOOD: Yes, Mr. Wilcox!

WILCOX: Just get this picture. It's a warm, sunny day in Southern California and you're sitting in a nice air-conditioned room wearing a simply-cut two-piece suit of horsehide --

DAGWOOD: Uh -- did you say horsehide?

WILCOX: Yes -- lined with fleece about an inch thick. And on your head is an air-tight aluminum helmet with a glass window. How do you feel?

DAGWOOD: I'm roasting!

WILCOX: Maybe I forgot to mention that the air-conditioning is set for about a hundred and four degrees below zero. See, the room is the famous cold chamber at the Douglas Aircraft plant, where bomber controls are tested for conditions fliers find seven and eight miles up. Altitude engineer Tom Floyd spends a lot of time in there -- and when he comes out, he likes to light up a Camel. Like a lot of us who are in high gear these days, Tom Floyd finds he's smoking more. He's said, QUOTE --

FLOYD VOICE: I've been smoking a lot more lately than I ever have before....and Camels are standard equipment with me! They've got a swell, rich, flavor, and the mildness that counts!

WILCOX:

(unquote) yes, on America's front lines, it's Camel!
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. If you're
smoking more these days, too, try Camels! You'll like
the way the full, rich flavor wears well, doesn't tire
your taste. You'll find they're mild, and cooler-smoking,
too, because Camels are slow-burning. It's the result
of costlier tobaccos, matchlessly blended in the
years-old Camel tradition of fine tobacco blending. Let
your throat and your taste decide! Get a pack of Camels
tonight! Send a carton to that fellow in the service!

MUSIC:

WILCOX: Well, it's the next day, and Mrs. Harrison T. Weatherby, the President of the City Historical Society, is calling on Blondie and Dagwood in their position as heads of the scrap drive.

WEATHERBY: Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead, I am here representing the City Historical Society, the Rotary, Lions, and Kiwanis clubs, ^{DAGWOOD:} ~~the Chamber of Commerce, the Elks, Odd Fellows, Mooses,~~ ^{THAT'S} ~~the American Legion, The Spanish American War Veterans,~~ ^{VERY} ~~and -- well, about a dozen other organizations.~~ ^{NICE.}

DAGWOOD: I'm surprised they all didn't send representatives.

WEATHERBY: They're out collecting scrap.

BLONDIE: That's fine!

WEATHERBY: They have asked me to tell you that we want you, as heads of the drive, to do everything to make this scrap collection a success, and to pledge their cooperation. We are determined to get Old Betsy back from whomever the thief is who stole her.

BLONDIE: Er -- the ransom note was signed, "Uncle Sam."

WEATHERBY: I am convinced that is an alias!

BLONDIE: It must be.

WEATHERBY: You know, I can't imagine who would do such a scurrillious, low, mean, and reprehensible stunt.

DAGWOOD: Neither can I.

WEATHERBY: Undoubtedly the work of someone with a warped mentality...

DAGWOOD: ~~LET'S NOT GET PERSONAL.~~
~~But I do hope they are taking good care of that sweet old cannon.~~

BLONDIE: Oh, they are -- (ADDS HASTILY) -- I'm sure.

WEATHERBY: Well, I certainly hope we get Old Betsy back ~~from these~~ ~~these fascists who stole her.~~ Personally, I'm going to work like a fiend!

MUSIC: (THEN SORT OF A FANFARE...)

(COME UP ON CRASHING OF SCRAP ON SCRAP PILE...)

BLONDIE: Well, the pile is getting pretty high.

DAGWOOD: Yep. We've got everyone working, too.

DITHERS: I don't know whether we'll meet the quota or not, but Old Betsy's going to be ransomed back.

BLONDIE: It's good to see what the town can do if it tries.

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

DAGWOOD: What is it, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: How about that statue in the park on the West Side of town.

DITHERS: Oh, I know the one he means. It's ⁱⁿ ~~on~~ Hillside Manors -- that development that never developedWho's it a statue of?

~~DAGWOOD:~~
ALEXANDER: Maybe it's Mr. Hillside.

~~DAGWOOD: We'll talk to the Mayor.~~

DITHERS: *ON DADA, LET'S GO AND TALK TO THE MAYOR.*

MUSIC:

SNIPE: That statue? Why you can't throw that statue on the heap. One of the great figures in the growth of our little town, a man whose memory should be cherished, whose kindly deeds and fine works have lived after him all these years.

DITHERS: Okay, but who is he?

SNIPE: Why everybody knows that -- uh -- er -- it's on the tip of my tongue -- let me see....Come to think about it, I haven't the faintest idea who that's a statue of.

DAGWOOD: Well, we'd better take him down right now. No one ever goes out there now, and besides, one of his ears has already rusted off.

SNIPE: I'll give you my decision in a day or so.

DITHERS: Okay, Mayor Snipe. And in the meantime, we'll pull the statue down and throw it on the scrap heap.

MUSIC:

WEATHERBY: Well, Mrs. Bumstead, that's everything in my house!

BLONDIE: That's fine. It'll help fill up our truck.

(RATTLE OF JUNK....)

WEATHERBY: I wonder if there's anything else I forgot.

BLONDIE: Well, you know, Mrs. Weatherby, I've always thought your home would look so much more attractive if you took down this iron fence around it.

WEATHERBY: Oh?

BLONDIE: It -- well, it sort of cuts off the view from the house as well as from the street, and your home is really lovely. I'd never realized because the fence was in the way.

WEATHERBY: Hmmmm -- maybe it ought to go down. Yes -- it does cut off the view.

BLONDIE: (CALLS) All right, boys -- we'll take the fence with us, too!

MAN: Okay, Mrs. Bumstead!

~~WEATHERBY: After you finish with my fence, why don't I get into the truck with you and we'll go over to Sylvia Horner's house. Maybe we can talk her out of her fence, too, and it's just got gobs of iron in it!~~

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON CRASHING OF JUNK AGAIN....)

DAGWOOD: Oh, J. C. -- how close are we to that quota?

DITHERS: All we need now is one medium sized boiler factory and we're in.

DAGWOOD: But where are we going to get ^{ONE MEDIUM SIZED} boiler factory?

DITHERS AND (IN UNISON) Hey!
DAGWOOD:

DITHERS: Dagwood, are you 'thinking of the same thing I am?

DAGWOOD: I'm afraid so.

DITHERS: The building hasn't been used for twenty years.

DAGWOOD: It's full of rusty old machinery.

DITHERS: Tons of it.

DAGWOOD: Er -- I wonder if the factory belongs to anyone.

DITHERS: Well, you can't tell. Possibly not.

DAGWOOD: And on the other hand, possibly it does.

DITHERS: Well, I guess we'd better not.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I guess not.

DITHERS: We could certainly use that scrap.

DAGWOOD: It's quite a temptation,

DITHERS: Certainly is.

DAGWOOD: We'll flip for it.

(SOUND OF COINS...)

DAGWOOD: Heads we do, and tails we don't.

DITHERS: Okay.

(SLAP OF COIN ON HAND...)

DITHERS: What is it?

DAGWOOD: Er -- it's tails we don't wait.

DITHERS: Fine! Let's get going.

MUSIC:

(CREAK OF SQUEAKY DOOR...)

DITHERS: (ECHO CHAMBER) Well, there's the scrap we want. Piles of it!

DAGWOOD: Everything's covered with dust. I'll bet there hasn't been anyone in here for fifteen years -- except owls.

ALEXANDER: Hello, Pop!

DAGWOOD: (SCARED) Yipe!

DITHERS: Taaaaaah!

ALEXANDER: Hello, Mr. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: Alexander, what are you doing here?

ALEXANDER: Oh, just looking around, Pop. You know...

DITHERS: Er -- Alexander, does anyone own this place you know of?

ALEXANDER: No, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: There you are, Dagwood. I knew no one owned it. *Your own son CONFIRMS IT.*

DAGWOOD: It says, "Runcible Boiler and Stove Works," on the outside.

DITHERS: Well, Runcible is probably dead by now.

DAGWOOD: Maybe he left it to someone.

DITHERS: In any case I think we could claim squatters rights.

DAGWOOD: (BRIGHTENS) Yeah, I guess we could -- whatever they are.

ALEXANDER: Gee, for a while, Pop, I was afraid you were losing your nerve.

DAGWOOD: I'm just afraid if we take this stuff, someone will chop my head off.

DITHERS: *Well, we've all got to make little sacrifices*
~~Don't worry about that, Dagwood.~~

~~DAGWOOD: No, a little thing like that.~~

ALEXANDER: What do you say, Pop?

DAGWOOD: Okay. It's for a good cause, but I've got an awful feeling that it's unconstitutional.

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON CLANKING OF CHAINS AS IN A CHAIN HOIST)

DITHERS: (CALLS) Let it down easy onto that truck, boys. (ON)
Well, Dagwood -- that's the last piece of machinery in the place.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. There's nothing left inside this old factory but air.

DITHERS: Well, that just makes more room for the owls.

DAGWOOD: Say, J. C., don't you think that piece of machinery is going to be a little heavy for that truck?

DITHERS: No, no.

DAGWOOD: But that's that old truck of ours that's always breaking down. We've already spent a fortune in repair bills on it and --

DITHERS: (CALLS) ^{Oh, fiddle-diddle!} Loweraaway, boys!

MAN: Okay, Mr. Dithers!

(CHAIN RUNS FAST....HEAVY BUMP OF MACHINERY ON TRUCK....THEN SPLINTERING AND CRASHING AS THE WHOLE TRUCK COLLAPSES....SPIN PLATE ON AFTERBEAT)

DAGWOOD: Uh -- what were you saying, ^{ABOUT THAT TRUCK} J. C.?

DITHERS: Oh, fiddle-diddle!

DAGWOOD: Okay, boys! Get another truck and we'll put ~~the whole~~ ^{THAT JUNK} mess on the scrap pile, ^{DITHERS!} truck and all!

MUSIC:

(CLATTER OF SCRAP...)

DAGWOOD: Oh, boy! Look at that pile!

DITHERS: Dagwood, I think we've done it!

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Oh, there you are. I've been looking all over for you.

DAGWOOD: We've been busy. Look what we've added to the pile. It must be fifty feet high.

BLONDIE: Well, there's a man who's looking for Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Fine -- I'll be glad to see him. Who is he?

BLONDIE: His name is Runcible.

DAGWOOD AND (PRACTICALLY TOGETHER) Runcible!
DITHERS:

DITHERS: Great suffering humanity! Well, I'm very busy now ---
I better be going -- goodbye!

BLONDIE: Here he comes now.

DITHERS: Bumstead -- Let go of my coat!

DAGWOOD: Never!

RUNCIBLE: (COMING UP) Oh, Mrs. Bumstead -- have you seen
Mr. Dithers?

BLONDIE: Why this is --

DITHERS: I saw Dithers just a minute ago. He went that way!

Blondie: Bumstead was with him.

BLONDIE: Why, Mr. Dithers!

DITHERS: Taaaaah!

RUNCIBLE: Oh, you're Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Yes, and this is Mr. Bumstead. He's the man you want to
talk to....Talk to him, Dagwood.

~~DAGWOOD: ^{Hallo} I'd really rather not. Go ahead, J.C.~~

~~DITHERS: SRA?~~

RUNCIBLE: I'd like to talk to you about my factory, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Oh, yes -- your factory.

RUNCIBLE: That is, if it can still be called a factory.

DAGWOOD: It's more like an auditorium.

RUNCIBLE: Now then -- which one of you --

DITHERS: It was Bumstead! He's head of the scrap drive!

DAGWOOD: But you egged me on!

RUNCIBLE: Now just a minute, please ---

BLONDIE: Dagwood, what is all this?

*I'm only his
FIRST REGIONAL
EXECUTIVE
VICE-ASSISTANT*

RUNCIBLE: Mrs. Bumstead, are you sure this is Mr. Dithers?

BLONDIE: Yes, but he is acting very strangely. So is my husband.

DITHERS: Mr. Runcible, we couldn't help it. We're both temporarily off our trolleys,...Aren't we Dagwood
(FLIPS HIS FINGER ACROSS HIS LIPS MAKING THE BLUB, BLUB,
BLUB BLUB SOUND)

DAGWOOD: Yes, we're a little wacky today. (DOES THE SAME)

RUNCIBLE: I'll have to see the Goliath Company, I guess.

DITHERS: The Goliath Company? What for?

RUNCIBLE: I want some responsible company to take the machinery out of my factory and tear the place down.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke...

RUNCIBLE: The factory's no good now, and tearing it down will reduce my taxes.

DITHERS: The Dithers Company will do the job!

RUNCIBLE: I said "Responsible Company". I gather you're the head of the Dithers Company, and if, as you say, you are temporarily off your trolley --

DAGWOOD: He's just recovered....I'm feeling better, too.

DITHERS: I'll tell you what, Mr. Runcible. You walk around her for about a half an hour, then drive out and look at your factory. We'll have all the old machinery out of there by then and onto the scrap pile.

RUNCIBLE: Why -- why that's impossible!

DAGWOOD: Oh, no it isn't. When the Dithers Company agrees to do a job, you can consider it practically finished.

RUNCIBLE: Well, that's fair enough, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: The scrap drive has sort of gotten us.

RUNCIBLE: That's quite a pile you have there. Where does it all
come from?

DAGWOOD: ^{Oh} Er -- all sorts of places. You'd be surprised.
Down AT THE DITHERS! Bumstead!

RUNCIBLE: Very well, then -- thank you....(FADING)

DITHERS: Not at all.

BLONDIE: Now just what was all that nonsense?

DAGWOOD: Blondie, we just got through taking all the old
machinery out of Mr. Runcible's factory -- without asking.

BLONDIE: Oh ...oh, I feel weak. I think I'd better sit down.

DAGWOOD: Move over.

DITHERS: Make room for me, too.

MUSIC: (INTO HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN TONIGHT. STOPS. THEN
FANFARE....)

SNIPE: (P.A.) Ladies and gentlemen -- fellow scrap collectors!

(CHEERS)

SNIPE: Thank you...thank you. It is now my pleasure to present
Mrs. Dagwood Bumstead, who, with Mr. Bumstead, was
appointed by me to head this scrap drive. Mrs. Bumstead

(APPLAUSE)

BLONDIE: I'm too tired to say very much -- and I know you're all
too tired to do much listening. If you're not, you
should be.

(LAUGHTER)

BLONDIE: Anyway, here's what you want to know. First, Old Betsy
has been ransomed, ~~and I've just been told she's been~~
BUT INSTEAD OF RETURNING HER
~~returned to her rightful place in front of the city hall!~~
LIBRARY
BY PUBLIC DEMAND WE ARE THROWING HER ON
THE SCRAP PILE TOO.
(CHEERS)

BLONDIE: Second, we met our quota and went over the top by forty-seven tons! It looks as though we did it!

(CHEERS)

MUSIC:

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Oh, what a day.

ALEXANDER: I'm tired.

DAGWOOD: I was tired before I got up this morning.

ALEXANDER: Hey, Pop -- look. There's a telegram that was slipped under the door.

BLONDIE: Let's look at it.

(RIP OPEN ENVELOPE...UNFOLDING IT...)

DAGWOOD: Who's it for?

BLONDIE: It's addressed to the head of the scrap drive.

ALEXANDER: What's it say?

BLONDIE: Just a minute. (READING TO HERSELF)Oh, der....
Oh, my.....Oh, good heavens!

DAGWOOD: Who's it from?

BLONDIE: It's from the regional director of salvage drives. The quota we just got through meeting was all wrong.

DAGWOOD: We didn't get enough? I think I'll shoot myself.

BLONDIE: ^{DAGWOOD} No. You know, ^{THE} ~~there's~~ a city in the next state with the same name as our town, and it's ten times as big. We were sent their scrap quota by mistake.

DAGWOOD: Holy Pete! We collected ten times as much as they expected us to.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) It's really sort of funny.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Yeah. I'll bet we collected more scrap than any town of its size in the country.

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood -- it proves that nothing is impossible -- at least, not in this country!

MUSIC:

"BLONDIE" 26-A
10/5/42

ANNCR: Here's a tip about next week's show and about what happens when Dagwood and Blondie find themselves the unwilling owners of a professional football team. Don't forget to listen in next week at this same time and enjoy the fun when Blondie buys a football team.

WILCOX: You know, Blondie, we keep hearing that more and more women in defense plants are smoking Camels. Any particular reason for that?

BLONDIE: Why, probably for the same reason I smoke Camels, Mr. Wilcox -- because they taste so good -- and because they're so wonderfully mild. I'd advise any woman to try Camels -- and let her throat and her taste decide!

WILCOX: Blondie was played by Alice White 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, Blondie deals with a new type of house wrecker. You'll find the comic strip entertaining every day in the week. Remember, Camels present three great radio programs each week.

Monday night, of course it's our own Blondie. Friday night it's the Camel Caravan with Lenny Ross, ~~Connie~~ ~~Boswell~~, Herb Shriner, Xavier Cugat and "Our Town."

And here's a great piece of news for all you radio listeners -- this Thursday, on another network, Camels bring you Abbott and Costello, those madmen of radio, with a great new airshow, motion picture guest stars, Connie Haynes and Leith Stevens' orchestra. This week's guest will be Veronica Lake. Don't forget friends -- Thursday evening -- another network. Consult your local newspaper for time and station.

MUSIC: (UP AND OUT)

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

WILCOX: And now for the latest news about the Camel Caravans -- those great traveling shows that are entertaining the men in camps.

Twenty-two Army camps, Naval Training Stations and Air Corps bases will see performances of the four camel caravans this coming week. Included on the schedule are Cochran Field, Georgia, the Naval Training Station in San Diego, Fort Macon, North Carolina, and Camp Bowie, Texas.

Best wishes, Camel Caravan. May your audiences have a grand time. This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the makers of Camel Cigarettes.

MUSIC: (ORCHESTRA UP BRIEFLY)

ANNOUNCER: Say, Mister Pipe-Smoker, you know how you can get a full day's really fine smokin' for just ~~about one cent?~~ ^{A FEW CENTS}
Get a big blue two and a quarter ounce package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco -- costs only one dime, ten cents, holds more'n fifty pipefuls.
George Washington's mild, mellow, and tasty, too, right down through the last puff at the bottom of the bowl. Plunk down a dime for a big blue package tomorrow!
It's America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!