

As Broadcast
Master

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, OCTOBER 12, 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: Now when I was a little boy, my mother was always telling me to watch my "P's" and "Q's." I'm still not quite sure what the "P" and the "Q" stood for -- but I can tell you, if anybody asks you to watch your "T's" he's talking about cigarettes. In tobacco talk, "T" stands for taste and for throat -- your own personal proving ground for cigarettes. We call it the "T-Zone" and I wish you'd take Camels to your "T-Zone" for a real test. Sure, you've tried a Camel some time or other. But have you tried a Camel lately, since you've been smoking more? Makes a big difference. Let your taste tell you about Camel's full, rich flavor, and about the way that flavor holds up, pack after pack -- doesn't go flat. And talk about mildness! Your throat's the world's best judge of that! Smoke Camels for steady pleasure! You'll find they're slow-burning, cooler-smoking, richer-tasting, milder -- better -- because Camels are made of costlier tobaccos, expertly and matchlessly blended. 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, there's a tang in the crisp Autumn air these days, and the football fever is running high in the Bumstead's town. Unfortunately for Dagwood, his boss, Mr. Dithers, has had a little touch of it. That's why he's called Dagwood into his office this morning....

(DOOR CLOSSES)

DAGWOOD: Did you want to see me, J.C.?

DITHERS: No, I just wanted to talk to you... Sit down, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Thanks, J.C. I guess you want to talk over the plans for remodelling the Perry Machine Plant.

DITHERS: Guess again. Dagwood, did you read the paper this morning?

DAGWOOD: Well, sort of. I had to run for the bus this morning and the paper kept blowing out of my hands in sections.

DITHERS: Did you see this item here?

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

DAGWOOD: I don't know.

DITHERS: You don't know? Why don't you know?

DAGWOOD: Because you've got your thumb over it.

DITHERS: Oh, fiddle-diddle. There!

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah -- it's about that professional football team that's stranded in town.

DITHERS: Yes. It seems the manager of the team skipped out with all their money.

DAGWOOD: I suppose that's one way of making a living.

DITHERS: Hmm...Well, Bumstead -- doesn't this item mean anything to you?

DAGWOOD: Well, J.C. -- frankly, no.

DITHERS: Think in terms of the J.C. Dithers Construction Company.

DAGWOOD: Okay -- I'm thinking in terms of the J.C. Dithers Construction Company.

DITHERS: Now what does it mean to you?

DAGWOOD: Less than ever.

DITHERS: Oh, Bumstead! It's a good thing this company has a guiding genius like me at the head of it. I don't know what would happen otherwise.

DAGWOOD: Why don't you put me in charge and find out?

DITHERS: Because I've been through bankruptcy.

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh.

DITHERS: Listen, Dagwood -- I'll put this very simply so even you can understand it.

DAGWOOD: Thank you, J.C.

DITHERS: Now -- lots of people go to football games, don't they?

DAGWOOD: Uh -- granted.

DITHERS: They all pay money to get in, too, don't they?

DAGWOOD: Well, a few of them climb over the fence. Last Saturday afternoon I got a nasty rip in the seat of my --

DITHERS: Never mind!...Now last summer, our competitors, the Goliath Company had a baseball team. The Goliath Sluggers. They got a lot of publicity. Now then -- think what wonderful publicity the Dithers Company would get if we had a pro football team. The Dithers Company Demons.

DAGWOOD: You mean you'd buy this stranded team? Oh, now I get it,
J.C.!

DITHERS: Congratulations!

DAGWOOD: And I've got a great idea. ^{DITHERS: NO.} There are seven men in the
line, and seven letters in your name. We paint letters
on the seat of their pants and when they line up it'll
spell DITHERS.

DITHERS: We'll discuss details later...I think the idea will give
us some advertising and make some money at the same time.
Now I want you to run down to the hotel where the team
is staying and sign them up.

MUSIC:

(LOBBY SOUNDS)

SOCKER: That's right, Mr. Bumstead -- I'm Socker Frantz, the
captain of the team. What's your proposition, if any?

DAGWOOD: (CLEARS HIS THROAT) I'd like to sign up the team to
play for the J.C. Dithers Construction Company.

SOCKER: A local outfit, eh?

DAGWOOD: Yeah. By the way, where's the rest of the team?

SOCKER: The girl at the cigar counter went out for lunch and
they followed her.

DAGWOOD: Oh.

SOCKER: You want to buy the whole team, right?

DAGWOOD: All twenty-eight players.

SOCKER: What are you willing to pay us?

DAGWOOD: Er -- what are you willing to play for?

SOCKER: All right, Mr. Bumstead. I'll make our price too high and you make yours too low and we'll get together somewhere in the middle.

DAGWOOD: That seems fair.

SOCKER: First, you'll have to take care of our hotel bill here.

DAGWOOD: Okay, we'll do that.

SOCKER: And then, I'd say we'd want about -- hmm, get a load of that nice looking blonde over there.

DAGWOOD: Say, she's all right, isn't ---- hey, that's my wife.
(CALLS) Blondie! Oh, Blondie!

BLONDIE: (OFF) Why Dagwood....(COMING UP) Dagwood, what are you doing here?

DAGWOOD: Er -- just buying a football team, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Oh, I see. You're just buying a -- what was that again, dear?

DAGWOOD: Oh, Blondie, this is Socker Frantz, the captain of the football team that was stranded here.

SOCKER: How do you do, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: How do you do....Dagwood, I hope you won't get mixed up with a football team. You're just asking for trouble if you do.

SOCKER: Now it's not that bad, Mrs. Bumstead. You ^{JUST} don't understand football.

BLONDIE: You ^{JUST} don't understand my husband.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

BLONDIE: Well, I guess I'm interrupting you...

DAGWOOD: No, don't go, Blondie. Stick around while we work out the details. I'm going to buy the team for the Dithers Company

BLONDIE: Well, it sounds very interesting. I'd like to see just how you go about buying a football team.

DAGWOOD: Okay...Now, then, Socker.

SOCKER: Yes, Mr. Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: Shall we agree on a price?

SOCKER: Why not?

DAGWOOD: Okay.

SOCKER: Right.

BLONDIE: (AFTER A PAUSE) How are you agreeing on the price -- by mental telepathy?

SOCKER: I'm waiting for Mr. Bumstead to make us an offer.

DAGWOOD: I'm waiting for Socker to quote me a price.

BLONDIE: I see -- it's sort of an endurance contest.

SOCKER: I'm ready to do business.

DAGWOOD: So am I.

BLONDIE: Well, I'm not going to just stand here. Why don't you work out something like this: Make a contract for one game with an option for the season. If things don't work out right, the team will have enough money to leave town and go somewhere else. If everything does work out all right, then you can keep right on.

SOCKER: Swell. I can sell that idea to the other fellas.

DAGWOOD: It's okay with me, too.

BLONDIE: Are you ^{two}stalled again?

DAGWOOD: No, we can go on from here.

SOCKER: Mrs. Bumstead, why didn't the Dithers Company send you over instead of Mr. Bumstead?

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Oh, I only work for the Dithers Company in -- well, in sort of an advisory capacity.... Dagwood, I'd really better be running along now. It's time for Cookie's lunch, and Alexander will be coming home from school for his lunch, too. Goodbye, Mr. Frantz.

SOCKER: Goodbye, I hope I'll see you again.

BLONDIE: Thank you... Now, Dagwood...when you write out that contract, be careful what you put into it.

DAGWOOD: This time there won't be any fine print... Don't worry, Blondie. I'll take care of everything.

BLONDIE: That's what I'm afraid of.

MUSIC:

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Bloooooondie! Oh, Bloooooondie!

BLONDIE: (OFF) Is that you, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: (CALLS BACK) No.

(CRASH OF DISH OFF)

DAGWOOD: Blondie -- what happened?

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Dagwood, don't ever do that again. You startled me.

DAGWOOD: I'm sorry, honey.

BLONDIE: Well, how did you make out with that football team?

DAGWOOD: That's what I wanted to tell you, so I dropped in on my way back to the office. (PROUDLY) Blondie, you're looking at the owner of twenty-eight football players. Two and a half tons of muscle.

BLONDIE: But you're not the owner of the team, are you?

CUT - Show

DAGWOOD: Well, yeah, until I can turn over the contracts to Mr. Dithers. You see, I signed them up in my name.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, you get right back to that office and turn those contracts over to Mr. Dithers ^{before he changes his mind.} ~~as fast as you can.~~

DAGWOOD: Well, okay, Blondie, ^{he wouldn't - holy smoke! get the door open!} ~~but I thought~~ --

~~BLONDIE: Don't think --- just run. I'll open the door for you.~~

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Now, hurry, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie. Goodbye.

(WHIZZ)

(DOOR SLAMS)

Got 2nd Show

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: Well, J. C. -- I signed them up!

DITHERS: That's fine, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: I told them we'd take care of their hotel bill and expenses.

DITHERS: Uh-huh. How much is that?

DAGWOOD: I didn't look at it, but I've got it here. Socker Frantz, the captain handed me the hotel bill after they signed the contracts. Here you are, J. C.

DITHERS: All right.

(RIP ENVELOPE OPEN)

DITHERS: It looks as though we put one over on Berger at the Goliath Company, doesn't it? He'll be wild when he hears the Dithers Company has a football team this Fall---(COUGHS AND CHOKES) Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: What's the matter, J. C.?

DITHERS: Bumstead! Look at this hotel bill!

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DAGWOOD: Hanh!

DITHERS: Why it's over seven hundred dollars!

DAGWOOD: Seven hundr---(GULPS) -- my, my! They must have been hungry.

~~DITHERS: Apparently they don't eat anything but two dollar steaks for dinner...and lunch, too... Why they even eat steaks for breakfast!~~

~~DAGWOOD: They must be in wonderful condition.~~

DITHERS: I won't pay this!

DAGWOOD: But, J. C. --

DITHERS: All I wanted was a football team! Eleven men!

DAGWOOD: Only eleven? ^{DITHERS: only eleven!} I signed up twenty-eight players. _{DAGWOOD: eh, ne.}

DITHERS: Bumstead -- you nincompoop! [^] How could you do that to me? I told you to buy me a football team, and you bought me more than enough for two teams! What are the other seventeen players supposed to be -- mascots? Waterboys? A cheering section?

DAGWOOD: They're substitutes.

DITHERS: Bumstead, you know my rule. The J. C. Dithers Construction Company will accept no substitutes! ...How much did you sign them up for?

DAGWOOD: Only a hundred and twenty-five apiece.

DITHERS: Taaaaaaah! What do you mean, only? You can talk that way! It's a hundred and a quarter of my money and not a hundred and a --- (STOPS) Dagwood, how did you sign them up in my name -- without my signature?

DAGWOOD: Er -- kuh -- well, you see, J. C., I signed them up in my name --

DITHERS: (PLEASED) Ahhhhhh!

DAGWOOD: But now I'll turn the contracts over to you.

DITHERS: No, don't bother, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

DITHERS: You can keep the contracts and the football team.

DAGWOOD: But, J. C. -- I don't want them.

DITHERS: That's strange -- neither do I.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Very funny.....Now you just sign here, J. C.

DITHERS: No, thank you, Dagwood. They're all yours.

DAGWOOD: You can't do this to me!

DITHERS: Want to bet?

DAGWOOD: But what am I going to do?

DITHERS: I don't know, but I'll be interested to see.

DAGWOOD: (HOARSELY) J. C., you wouldn't leave me in the lurch,
would you? ^{DITHERS: wouldn't I?} You wouldn't make me responsible for all
these contracts, ^{When you know I'm not responsible.} would you?

DITHERS: Well, Dagwood, I'm going to be big-hearted.

DAGWOOD: (SIGHS) ^{THAT TAKES A load OFF my mind.} Gee, thanks, J. C.

DITHERS: ~~Yes, I'm going to be big-hearted.~~ I'm going to give you
the afternoon off so you can go home and figure a way to
get yourself out of this jam.

DAGWOOD: Toooooooh!

MUSIC:

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: (PATHETICALLY) Blooondie! Oh, Blooondie.

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Dagwood -- you look white as a sheet.

DAGWOOD: I'm trembling like a leaf. Blondie, I still own that
football team. Mr. Dithers wouldn't take over the
contracts.

BLONDIE: Why, the idea!

DAGWOOD: It's terrible.

BLONDIE: I'm going to call Mr. Dithers right up and give him a piece of my mind! He hasn't any right to do this to you, and I'm not going to let him get away with it!

DAGWOOD: Blondie, there's no need in my getting fired, too. We're going to need every cent we can get.

BLONDIE: But he told you to buy a football team for him, didn't he?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, but he refuses to pay their hotel bill.

BLONDIE: A measly little hotel bill.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- seven hundred dollars.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood! ...How much is this going to cost us?

DAGWOOD: Four thousand, two hundred dollars. Gee, Blondie, unless ^{we find} someone ^{who wants to buy a used football team} ~~passes a miracle~~, we're going to be in debt the rest of our lives.

BLONDIE: If we live that long.

MUSIC:

WILCOX: Poor Dagwood. It looks as though he's stepped into a major disaster this time. Do you suppose Blondie will be able to get him out of it? I'd say the chances were pretty slim, but we'll see in just a moment.....

Say, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Yes, Mr. Wilcox!

WILCOX: Suppose you've got a flock of L-four A grasshoppers on your hands -- you're following me?

DAGWOOD: Oh, sure!

WILCOX: And the Army wants you to do something quick! What's your first step?

DAGWOOD: Well, uh, I'd start a slow grass fire and start beating the bushes, and uh --

WILCOX: Maybe it'd be better to call in the grasshopper girls, Dagwood. See, the L-four ~~is~~ grasshopper is a light liaison plane, sort of a flying eep.

DAGWOOD: It is, huh?

WILCOX: Yes, They're built mostly by girl aircraft workers at the Piper Plant and ferried to Army fields by girl pilots... "grasshopper girls" they call 'em....girls like Betty Weaver who once helped build 'em, now fly 'em. And when Betty Weaver hops out of a flying "grasshopper" she likes to light up a Camel. She's said -- QUOTE --

WEAVER VOICE: I've been smoking more lately, and, of course, I stick to Camels. The flavor's so full and rich, and they're so mild -- so easy on my throat.

WILCOX: UNQUOTE. Yes, on the production lines and on the front lines -- where men and women are smoking more -- you'll find Camels. Actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens show that with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard, Camel is the favorite. If you're smoking more these days, try Camels! You'll like the extra rich flavor because it wears well --- doesn't go
(CONTINUED)

WILCOX:
(Cont'd)

flat. You'll like Camel's mildness, too, and the way they're cooler-smoking and slow-burning. That's because Camels are made of costlier tobaccos, blended as only Camel knows how to blend. 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 about a half hour later, and Blondie and Dagwood are still pondering their problem when

(DOOR BELL RINGS)

BLONDIE: I'll see who's at the door, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Okay, I'll keep on thinking.

BLONDIE: You might ^{think up another idea RATHER THAN THAT} ~~as well give up the idea~~ of hiring the team out as furniture movers. The contract says they're just to play football.

DAGWOOD: I don't suppose we could call it football practice.

BLONDIE: I don't suppose so.

DAGWOOD: I didn't really think so.

(DOOR OPENS)

SOCKER: Hello, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Well -- uh -- hello, Socker.

SOCKER: Mrs. Bumstead -- this is the rest of the team.

BLONDIE: Uh -- hello, team.

(ADMIRING WHISTLES...AD LIBS "OH BOY"! "IS THAT OUR NEW BOSS?"....ETCETERA...)

DAGWOOD: Hey, what's going on here?

SOCKER: Well, Mr. Bumstead, we got kicked out of the hotel, so we thought we'd come here. It's time for our nap.

BLONDIE: Well -- uh -- just come right in and -- make yourselves at home.

SOCKER: Come on, boys!

(TRAMPING OF LOTS OF HEAVY FEET)

BLONDIE: Wait! Wait a minute! If you're going to live with us, the least you can do is take off your football shoes!

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: Hello?....Schwartz' grocery?....Oh, hello, Mr. Schwartz. I've got my order for you... How much...is your hamburger?

Well, you better send over forty pounds...no, forty. And sixty pounds of potatoes, seventy-five ears of corn, two bushels of string beans, and thirty quarts of milk... No, Mr. Schwartz, I'm perfectly sane. Just send everything right over... Goodbye.

DAGWOOD: How much is all that going to cost?

BLONDIE: I don't know, but it'll be a good deal cheaper than the hotel.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, we've got to do something. They're worse than relatives. They'll eat us out of house and home -- and they can do it in less than a week!

BLONDIE: I know, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Listen to them taking their naps. I'll open the door.

(DOOR OPENS)

(LOTS OF SNORES)

(DOOR CLOSSES)

DAGWOOD: It's an outrage! I think they're planning to sleep here tonight.

BLONDIE: ~~At least we won't be bothered with burglars.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~I'd rather have the burglars. At least they're nice, respectable criminals. These football players are going to turn our little home into a flophouse.~~

BLONDIE: Dagwood, why did you say Mr. Dithers wanted a football team in the first place?

DAGWOOD: Well, he thought it would be good advertising, and you remember how mad he was all last summer because the Goliath Company had a baseball team.

BLONDIE: Yes, he was furious. I wonder if we couldn't sell the team to Mr. Berger of the Goliath Company.

DAGWOOD: Oh, no. He wouldn't trust me.

BLONDIE: Well, I'm not giving up that easily. I'm going to try. If we can't get rid of these football players, the Bumsteads are going to have to take a trip.

DAGWOOD: A trip?

BLONDIE: Yes. Over the hill to the poorhouse.

MUSIC:

BERGER: Now then, Mrs. Bumstead -- to what am I indebted for the honor of this visit?

BLONDIE: Mr. Berger, I'm going to put my cards on the table --

BERGER: Are you using that as a figure of speech or do you want to play gin rummy?

BLONDIE: A figure of speech. I'm here to sell you a football team.

BERGER: Let's go back to the gin rummy.

BLONDIE: (SMILES) Mr. Berger, your baseball team was very successful this summer, wasn't it?

BERGER: That's putting it mildly. They made money, they brought me a lot of publicity, they won the county World Series, and what's more I had the added satisfaction of knowing that each time we won, J. C. Dithers was that much closer to a nervous breakdown.

BLONDIE: That's why I thought you'd be interested in a football team.

BERGER: Hm -- I never thought of that... But just a minute --
Mr. Bumstead works for the Dithers Company. He owns this
team, or is Dithers trying to pull a fast one on me?

BLONDIE: Mr. Bumstead is the sole owner.

BERGER: But why haven't you tried to sell the team to Dithers?

BLONDIE: (SMILES) Well, Mr. Berger, you know how Mr. Dithers is --
very cautious.

BERGER: Like an old lady.

BLONDIE: He hasn't got your sporting blood.

BERGER: Of course not.

BLONDIE: He hasn't the genius for managing a team that you have.

BERGER: Well, of course, we all can't be geniuses. ^{Blondie: How true.} But I did
do a beautiful job of managing that team, if I do say so
myself.

BLONDIE: Now, don't be so modest about it, Mr. Berger.

BERGER: (CHUCKLES) Oh, well.....

BLONDIE: Are you interested?

BERGER: I'll think it over.

BLONDIE: Good. And meanwhile I'm going to talk to Mr. Dithers about
this. He may have changed his ideas a little. And he'd
probably enjoy seeing you turn green when his team has
the whole town cheering for the Dithers Company.

BERGER: Hm.....

BLONDIE: It's only natural, -- Mr. Dithers would like a little
revenge... Well, thank you very much, anyway, Mr. Berger...

BERGER: Wait, don't go, Mrs. Bumstead. How many players have you
got under contract?

BLONDIE: Twenty-eight.

BERGER: I'll take half -- if we can agree on price.

BLONDIE: Two hundred apiece then.

BERGER: A hundred and a quarter.

BLONDIE: I'd better talk to Mr. Dithers. He might want the whole team.

BERGER: Wait -- maybe we can compromise.

BLONDIE: All right. A hundred and fifty, and you pay the hotel bills of your players.

BERGER: Fair enough, Mrs. Bumstead -- but there are a few things I I'll want in that contract.

BLONDIE: Mr. Berger, I can practically guarantee that it'll be all right with me.

MUSIC:

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: (CALLS) Dagwood! Oh, Dagwood!

SOCKER: Oh, hello, Mrs. Bumstead. I'm glad you're back.

BLONDIE: Why?

SOCKER: Well, Mr. Bumstead and the boys were out in the backyard, and Mr. Bumstead was showing us a football play --

BLONDIE: Oh, no!

SOCKER: They're a little huskier than he is, and --

BLONDIE: Did you send for an ambulance?

SOCKER: It's not that bad.

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Blooooooondie!

SOCKER: I guess he's just come to!

(DOOR SLAMS OFF)

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Blondie, they tried to kill me!

BLONDIE: Are you all right now?

DAGWOOD: I'm just barely alive.

SOCKER: Now, Mr. Bumstead, you were just showing us a play, and you can blame the boys for glomming you.

DAGWOOD: ^{you get the signals all wrong.} I feel like I've been run through a potato ricer! One of them hit me high, one of them hit me low, and the rest of the team stomped on me. ^{Blondie: Oh, Dagwood!} (BRIGHTLY) But, boy, what a team!

BLONDIE: Will you excuse us, Socker. I've got something very important to tell Mr. Bumstead.

SOCKER: Oh, sure. I'll go out in the back and run the boys through a little signal drill... (FADING) (DOOR BREAK)

DAGWOOD: ^{That's the third door he's broken today.} What happened, Blondie?

BLONDIE: I sold Mr. Berger half of the football team. Now it's up to you to sell the other half to Mr. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: But I'm not sure he wants a football team.

BLONDIE: Mr. Berger wasn't sure, either, but he bought one. And when Mr. Dithers hears the Goliath Company will have a team, he'll have to buy a team in self-defense. Remind him what happened to his blood pressure last summer when he watched the Goliath baseball team! Tell him he'll save on doctor bills! Tell him anything, but sell those players. And hurry up, Dagwood -- if you waste any more time we'll be into the hockey season!

MUSIC:

DITHERS: Bumstead, I thought I gave you the afternoon off.

DAGWOOD: Well, J. C., I wanted to talk to you about that football team.

DITHERS: You're wasting your time. I decided against it very definitely. Who'd want to buy a football team?

DAGWOOD: Half the team's already been sold to Mr. Berger.
DITHERS: Well, he's a bigger fool than I -- to Berger!
DAGWOOD: Yeah.
DITHERS: Of the Goliath Company?
DAGWOOD: The very same.
DITHERS: Bumstead, you traitor! How could you do a thing like this to me?
DAGWOOD: But, J. C. --
DITHERS: Whose idea was it in the first place? Mine! And you stole my idea and turned it over to our competitors! That's treason! How dare you sell half of my football team!
DAGWOOD: Hanh?
DITHERS: Bumstead, you've betrayed a sacred trust!
DAGWOOD: But you didn't want the team!
DITHERS: I was only joking. Uh, Dagwood -- are there any good players left, or did you sell the best ones to Berger?
DAGWOOD: Oh, I saved some for you, J. C. Socker Frantz of Midwestern, and Slippery Wilson from Hatfield Tech, and Bozo Joplin from Georgia A. and M., and a lot of others.
DITHERS: Do you think they could beat Berger's team?
DAGWOOD: They wouldn't lose to them!
DITHERS: Aha!
DAGWOOD: You want to buy the rest of the team now, J. C.?
DITHERS: Certainly! Lot's see now -- it was a hundred and a quarter a player, wasn't it!
DAGWOOD: That's right.

(PHONE RINGS)

(PICK UP PHONE)

DITHERS: Hello?....Oh, hello, Blondie. Yes, he's here. Just a minute.

DAGWOOD: Thanks, J. C.....Hello, Blondie.

BLONDIE: (FILTER) Hello, dear. Is Mr. Dithers going to buy the other players?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I think so, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Be sure you get him to pay a hundred and fifty dollars a player, and to agree to take care of the hotel bills for his half of the team.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie.

BLONDIE: That's all I wanted to tell you....Goodbye.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye, honey.

(HANGS UP)

DITHERS: Now let's figure this out. Fourteen players at a hundred and a quarter apiece is --

DAGWOOD: Er -- the price is a hundred and fifty apiece, J. C.

DITHERS: A hundred and fifty?! You just said a hundred and a quarter.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. I was only joking.

DITHERS: But you only paid a hundred and twenty-five for each man.

DAGWOOD: I've got to make a profit somewhere. It's only fair.

DITHERS: I won't stand for it! First you stole my idea -- now you try to rob me! Bumstead -- you bandit! You pirate!
I'll give you a hundred and a quarter -- no more. Take it or leave it!

DAGWOOD: But, Mr. Dithers -- holy smoke --

DITHERS: Take it or leave it!

(PHONE RINGS)

(PICK UP PHONE)

DITHERS: Yes?....Just a minute, Blondie...For you again.

DAGWOOD: Hello, Blondie.

BLONDIE: (FILTER) Dagwood, were you weakening?

DAGWOOD: Er -- well, a little.

BLONDIE: Don't you dare take less than a hundred and fifty.

DAGWOOD: But, Blondie --

BLONDIE: Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Okay, dear....Goodbye.

BLONDIE: Goodbye.

(HANGS UP)

DITHERS: Well, Bumstead -- are you going to take it or leave it?

DAGWOOD: I'll leave it.

DITHERS: (AFTER A PAUSE) Okay, then we can compromise at a hundred and thirty-five.

DAGWOOD: My price is a hundred and seventy-five.

DITHERS: Bumstead! You're going up, not coming down!

DAGWOOD: I'm coming right down. Now I'll compromise at a hundred and fifty and you pay the hotel bills of your players.

DITHERS: ~~All right, but~~ only on one condition. You've got to write into that contract a guarantee that if my team plays the Goliath team, I won't lose the game. Or tie it, either.

DAGWOOD: It's a deal!

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: Well, Blondie, I certainly put that one over! didn't we?

BLONDIE: Uh -- what's that, dear?

DAGWOOD: Er -- I said -- er -- ~~We certainly put that one over,~~
didn't we?

BLONDIE: We certainly did.

(PHONE RINGS.....)

BLONDIE: I'll get it.

DAGWOOD: Okay.

(PHONE OFF HOOK.....)

BLONDIE: (OFF A BIT) Hello?.....Oh, hello, Mr. Dithers.....What?
Well, wait till I tell Dagwood. (TO DAGWOOD) Dagwood,
Mr. Dithers has challenged Mr. Berger to a football game
between the two teams.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke.

BLONDIE: What did you say, Mr. Dithers. Oh, my -- isn't that a
lot of money?.....He did....Oh.....Oh.....Oh.....Yes --
er -- that's fine. Goodbye.

(HANGS UP.....)

BLONDIE: Dagwood;

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

BLONDIE: Did you promise Mr. Dithers anything?

DAGWOOD: Er -- well, I had to guarantee him that if his team
played the Goliath team, he wouldn't lose the game.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- Mr. Dithers has bet a thousand dollar war
bond with Mr. Berger on the game.

DAGWOOD: Oh, my gosh. I was a raid of that. J. C. knows he can't
lose. If he loses the game, he gets his money back.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, how could you do a thing like that?

DAGWOOD: He wouldn't buy the players otherwise. Blondie, I was
desperate! I had to do it!

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BLONDIE: But you couldn't promise him a thing like that. How do you know how the game will turn out?

DAGWOOD: I don't. Gee, Blondie, I'm awful sorry.

BLONDIE: You should be. You've put us in a awful spot.

DAGWOOD: Well, it could be worse.

BLONDIE: No, it couldn't, Dagwood. ^{Dagwood: Why couldn't it?} Because I had to promise the same identical thing to Mr. Berger!

DAGWOOD: Oh, no!

BLONDIE: Yes, it's in his contract, too. No matter who wins the football game, the Bumsteads lose!

DAGWOOD: Oh, Blondie!

MUSIC:.....

WILCOX: Well, next week is the big game between the Dithers Company Demons and the Goliath Company Goliaths, and Blondie and Dagwood have promised both of them they'd win. Don't forget to listen in to the big football game next week at this time and see how the Bumsteads keep their promise when "Blondie Makes a Touchdown."

BLONDIE: Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Yes, Blondie!

BLONDIE: I wish I had a million dollars right now to give away.

DAGWOOD: Gosh, why a whole million, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Every time I look in the paper I want to give money some place else. You see pictures of poor Russian women and children and you want to give it to them, then you turn a page and you want to give it to the Chinese.

DAGWOOD: What about the Poles -- and -- and the Greeks, too!

BLONDIE: And the Dutch -- and British War Relief -- to say nothing of our own U.S.C., and war prisoners, and hospitals, and -- goodness, Dagwood, even if I had a million dollars I wouldn't know where to give it!

WILCOX: Well, a lot of people are in the same fix, Blondie. They honestly want to help all they can but they don't know where to begin. That's why hundreds of cities and towns all over the United States are putting all these really worthy causes into central Community War Chests giving the money where it is needed hmost. You don't have to give a million, either. Whatever you can afford will help. When your locality conducts its Community War Chest drive give as much as you can. It won't be wasted.

(CONTINUED)

WILCOX:
(Cont'd)

Arthur Lake is Dagwood and Blondie was played by Florence Lake. Miss Lake is substituting for Penny Singleton, who will be back with us soon. 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 is given another reason why men like to sleep in the mornings. You'll find the comic strip entertaining every day in the week. Remember, Camels bring you three great radio programs each week. Monday night, of course, it's "Blondie"; Thursday night, a new show with Abbott and Costello; and Friday night the Camel Caravan, with Lanny Ross, Herb Shriner, Xavier Cugat, and "Our Town." Be sure to check your local newspaper for times 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. The four Camel Caravans will give performances at twenty-one army camps during the following week.

Included on their schedules are Fort McPherson, Georgia, Camp Callan, California, Morris Field, South Carolina, and Camp Wolters, Texas.

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, when it comes to how much tobacco you get in a package, ask Uncle Sam! Read the number of ounces on the U.S. blue revenue stamp. The one on the top of the big blue George Washington Smoking Tobacco package says two and a quarter ounces! Yes, sir, and all that mild, mellow, tasty tobacco costs just one dime, ten cents. Get a package of George Washington tomorrow! It's America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!

"BLONDIE"
10/12/42

2nd
Show

ANNCR:

And now we wish to make a brief announcement in behalf of the Army Air Force. You have said to yourselves many times, "This is a War for all I have, all I believe in, whenever my country needs me I will go." Well, if you are a skilled mechanic, if you can handle tools, that time is now. If you have mechanical or technical experience the United States Army Air Forces need you urgently and immediately. If you are between eighteen and fifty years of age and have some mechanical or technical ability, even though you may have some physical defect, and want to do your part to help to keep them flying, here is your chance. Talk it over with your nearest Army Recruiting station. Find out how to enlist in the Branch of the service where your skill can hit the enemy hardest. Recruiting offices are located on the West Coast in Seattle, San Francisco, and Los Angeles.

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