

As

Broadcast

Maule

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, OCTOBER 19, 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 ^{THAT'S FIRST IN THE SERVICE.} ~~of Camel tobacco.~~

MUSIC: (THEME)

WILCOX:

You know, I was trying to put my finger on the real reason why Camel is the favorite with men in the service. They are the favorite you know, according to sales records in stores where the men buy their cigarettes. I think it must be Camel character -- and a lot of that comes from extra flavor. If you haven't tried a Camel recently, get a pack tomorrow, and I think you'll see what I mean. Try 'em out on your T-Zone -- that's "T" for taste and "T" for throat, your own proving ground for cigarettes. Camels have more flavor, always have had. You'll find extra flavor makes Camels hold up, pack after pack, keeps them from going wish^y-washy and flat. And as for mildness, just ask your throat -- you won't find a better judge anywhere. Camels are slow-burning, cooler-smoking, milder -- because they're expertly blended of costlier tobaccos. Get a pack of Camels tonight! You'll want to buy a carton tomorrow!

WILCOX:
(Cont'd.)

And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue. You know, last week, Mr. Dithers sent Dagwood out to buy a pro football team of twenty-eight players that had been stranded in town, but he backed out and left Dagwood holding the bag -- or rather, the football team. Blondie managed to sell half the team to Mr. Dithers' business rival, Mr. Berger of the Goliath Construction Company and Dagwood then sold the other half to Mr. Dithers. The two rivals promptly challenged each other to a game. The trouble is that Blondie had to promise Mr. Berger that if his team played Mr. Dithers' it wouldn't lose or tie the game, and Dagwood promised the same thing to Mr. Dithers. Either way the game turns out, The Bumsteads lose. Well, the big game is just a few days away, and this morning Blondie and Dagwood are worrying about their problem over the breakfast table...

(BREAKFAST SOUNDS...)

BLONDIE: ~~Eat your breakfast, Dagwood -- don't!~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Hahh? Don't what?~~

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

BLONDIE: Don't sit there, reading the paper, and putting spoonful after spoonful of sugar into your coffee.

DAGWOOD: Oh, I didn't notice. Did I put much in?

BLONDIE: Practically all of sugar coupon number eight.

DAGWOOD: ~~Poooooh!...I can't help it, Blondie~~ ^{I CAN'T.} -- I'm nervous about the football game.

BLONDIE: I know, Dagwood -- I am, too. Both teams can't win.

DAGWOOD: The sports editor of the paper says Mr. Dithers' team is going to win.

BLONDIE: Let's see.

(RATTLE OF PAPER...)

DAGWOOD: Here...he has this column.

BLONDIE: Hmm. "Ever willing to crawl out on a limb and saw myself off, I gaily predict that the Dithers Demons will hand the Goliath Company Goliaths a first class shellacking this coming Saturday." What makes him think the Goliath team will lose?

DAGWOOD: It's in the next paragraph.

BLONDIE: Oh, yes. "Pete Mincer, star Goliath Tackle, has a trick ankle, and the entire Goliath backfield has fallen in love with the same red head and aren't speaking to each other." ...Oh, my!

DAGWOOD: It'll be all right with me if the Dithers Company wins.

BLONDIE: It won't with me. I can't break my promise to Mr. Berger.

~~DAGWOOD: But you'd rather break your promise to Mr. Berger of the Goliath Company than have me break mine with Mr. Dithers. wouldn't you?~~

BLONDIE: No.

DAGWOOD: Oh, Blondie -- that's not like you.

BLONDIE: I know, Dagwood, but since one of us is bound to break his promise I thought it might as well be you.. I guess it doesn't make much difference, though. This man says the Dithers Demons are going to win.

DAGWOOD: ~~Yeah, but you see,~~ yesterday he said the Goliath's would win.

BLONDIE: He did? Oh, good!

DAGWOOD: One day he predicts one team will win, and the next day it's the other.

BLONDIE: ~~Not~~ impartial, eh?

DAGWOOD: Yeah. Then after the game is over, he writes his column and says, "I told you so."

BLONDIE: Then this doesn't mean anything.

DAGWOOD: No, but it's encouraging.

(PHONE RINGS...)

BLONDIE: I'll get it, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Finish your coffee.

DAGWOOD: Okay.

(PICK UP PHONE...)

BLONDIE: Hello?

BERGER: (FILTER) Mrs. Bumstead?

BLONDIE: Yes.

BERGER: This is Mr. Berger of the Goliath Construction Company.

BLONDIE: (NERVOUS) Uh -- oh, yes -- hello, Mr. Berger. I was just thinking about you.

BERGER: Mrs. Bumstead, you haven't forgotten about that clause we wrote into the contract when I bought the team from you -- the one that says I won't lose the game with the Dithers team?

BLONDIE: Oh, no -- I haven't forgotten it for a minute.

BERGER: ^{I don't want to worry you, but}
^ You realize that your signature on the contract makes you legally responsible, don't you?

BLONDIE: Legally responsible?

BERGER: Yes. You know -- policemen, lawyers, witness stand, jail. ~~In one word -- legally responsible.~~

BLONDIE: Oh, yes -- I guess I know what you mean.

BERGER: Well, I don't want to alarm you unnecessarily, Mrs. Bumstead --

BLONDIE: Oh, no.

BERGER: And I don't want you to fret or worry about this.

~~BLONDIE: Of course not.~~

BERGER: ^{Well,}
~~But~~ I just thought I'd call up and tell you in a nice, pleasant way that if my team does lose the game with the Dithers team, I'm going to sue you for breach of contract, fraud, conspiracy, and probably several other things.

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BLONDIE: But you don't want to worry me.

BERGER: No, no -- certainly not. Well, that's all,
Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: It's enough. MR. Berger.

BERGER: (TOO PLEASANTLY) Goodbye...

BLONDIE: Goodbye.

(HANGS UP:..)

DAGWOOD: What did he want, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Oh, it was just a social call. He said that if the
Goliath Team lost, he'd sue me.

DAGWOOD: ~~But if MR. DITHERS' TEAM loses, MR. DITHERS will sue me.
Why he can't do that to you, Blondie!~~

BLONDIE: ~~(WEAK LAUGH) I know, but what if he does anyway?..~~

~~I've got it. We've got to put everything that is in my name, in~~

~~your name.~~ The house, the car, that spare tire...

DAGWOOD: Yeah. Then if ~~either of us gets sued -~~ he sues you he can't -- holy smoke!

Look at the time! I'll be late to the office!

BLONDIE: You've got to dash, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Get the door open for me!

BLONDIE: Hurry, Dagwood. The door's open.

(DOOR POPENS...)

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Okay -- I'm coming!

(DAGWOOD RUSHING UP...)

DAGWOOD: Goodbye, honey!

BLONDIE: Goodbye, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) Timbeeeeeer!
(WHIZ...)

MUSIC:

(FOOTSTEPS ON WOODEN FLOOR...)

DAGWOOD: (HUMMING TO HIMSELF)

(DOOR BURSTS OPEN...)

DITHERS: Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Toooh! You scared me, J.C.

DITHERS: Come into my office.

DAGWOOD: Yessir!

(DOOR SLAMS...)

DAGWOOD: Anything wrong, J.C.?

DITHERS: Anything wrong. (NASTY LAUGH)

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS)

DITHERS: Stop that silly giggle, Bumstead! Look at this pile of bills that came in the afternoon mail!

DAGWOOD: Well, everybody gets bills, J.C.

DITHERS: These are bills from those ^{blasted} ~~blinky-blank-blank~~ football players!

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah -- your team. The Dithers Demons.

DITHERS: Yes, my team, and I'd be willing to pay someone to take them off my hands!

DAGWOOD: Make me an offer.

DITHERS: Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: ^{WHAT HAPPENED?}
~~Oh, sorry, J.C.~~

DITHERS: Look at this bill for food from the hotel.

DAGWOOD: Wow!

DITHERS: Fourteen men can't eat that much meat and still have time to practice football!

DAGWOOD: Er -- you've got it wrong, J.C. They couldn't eat that much meat if they didn't build up big appetites at football practice.

DITHERS: And look here -- bills for liniment, footballs, adhesive tape. And here's another -- twenty five dollars for ten yards of scrimmage line.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Ten yards of scrimmage line? That's funny.

DITHERS: It's not funny to me. That stuff must be expensive -- it's two and a half dollars a yard!

DAGWOOD: But J.C. -- you don't get it. A scrimmage line is sort of an imaginary line drawn between two football teams. You don't buy it.

DITHERS: What do you mean, you don't buy it? I've just bought ten yards of it and -- Bumstead, do you mean I've been swindled?

DAGWOOD: Only twenty-five dollars worth.

DITHERS: I won't stand for it! I'll go down and tell those amateur con men a thing or two.

DAGWOOD: Can I watch?...They're pretty big fellows, J.C.

DITHERS: I don't care if they -- say, they are, aren't they? ~~You take care of this, Bumstead.~~

DAGWOOD: No thanks, J.C. Goodbye.

DITHERS: Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: J.C. -- you don't want to upset them on the week of the big game. It would be very bad psychology.

DITHERS: ~~Hummm -- I suppose you're right.~~..Well, I guess boys will be boys.

DAGWOOD: No doubt.

DITHERS: But you got me into this, Bumstead. And you promised that our team wouldn't lose or tie the game with Goliath.

DAGWOOD: Er -- yeah, but --

DITHERS: It's in the contract. And Dagwood -- if by any quirk of fate we don't win that game, I'll fire you permanently from the J. C. Dithers Company and sue you for every cent you've got in the world! *if I have to raise your salary to do it.*

DAGWOOD: Toooooh!

MUSIC:

~~DAGWOOD: And Blondie -- he not only said he'd fire me, but he'd sue me for every cent I've got in the world!~~

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- and we just got everything transferred to your name.

DAGWOOD: I know, but one of us is going to be sued, that's certain.

BLONDIE: Is there any other way a football game can end up, outside of one team or the other winning, or a tie?

DAGWOOD: No -- that's all.

BLONDIE: I guess there's no way out.

DAGWOOD: We're licked.

BLONDIE: Wait -- I know. We'll put everything we own in Alexander's name.

~~DAGWOOD: That's right -- we can do that.~~

BLONDIE: ~~That'll keep them from collecting anything from us. Now~~
~~all we have to worry about is which one of us is going~~
~~to jail.~~

MUSIC:

(DOOR OPENS...)

DAGWOOD: Bloooooondie! Oh, Bloooooondie!

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- I'm glad you're home.

DAGWOOD: I'm glad to be home. I've been nervous all day at the office. Everytime Mr. Dithers got another bill from the football team, he called up Mr. Berger and tossed him into a bet to cover the bill. He knows he can't lose.

BLONDIE: And Mr. Berger knows he can't lose, either.

DAGWOOD: Gee, Blondie, we've never been behind such a big eight-ball. *one OR THE OTHER OF Them IS going TO sue US.*

BLONDIE: Incidentally, Dagwood -- we should never have told Alexander that we put the house and everything in his name!

DAGWOOD: Why not?

BLONDIE: This afternoon, Alexander lost our house in a marble game.

DAGWOOD: Toooooh! We're homeless!

BLONDIE: I bought the house back from Alvin Fuddle, but it cost me a quarter and a big piece of chocolate cake.

DAGWOOD: The house is worth it.

BLONDIE: Well, we can't have our son roaming around, squandering the family fortune. We'd better put everything in Cookie's name.

DAGWOOD: I guess she's young enough to be reliable.

BLONDIE: Well, so far she hasn't learned to say, "It's a bet!"... By the way, Dagwood, tomorrow I'm going out to the football field and find out from the Dithers Demons how they think the game's going to turn out.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, I've tried that, and they won't tell you a thing.

BLONDIE: I'll find out, if I have to flirt with the entire team.

DAGWOOD: Oh, Bloooooooooondie!

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON SOUND OF KICKING FOOTBALL, AD LIB A FEW SHOUTS OFF, ETC...)

BLONDIE: Uh -- do you mind if I sit down on this bench with you?

BOZO: Oh, no, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: The team looks pretty good to me. What do you think their chances are Mr. -- Mr. -- Mr. --

BOZO:: I'm Bozo Joplin. I'm a guard, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: A guard? That's nice. What do you guard?

BOZO: I don't know. They never told me...I'm sort of heavy and I'm just supposed to fall down on as many players on the other team as I can.

~~BLONDIE: I imagine when you fall down on them, they don't get up right away.~~

~~BOZO: Yeah -- that's cause I'm sorta heavy.~~

BLONDIE: Why aren't you practicing with the rest of the team now?

BOZO: I'm a substitute.

BLONDIE: That's too bad.

BOZO: Yeah -- ^{ORDINARILY I JUST} ~~nothing to do but~~ sit on the bench all during a game, and after the game I pick out the splinters... I ^{you know} ~~something~~ always wanted to be a fullback and make touchdowns.

BLONDIE: But they won't let you?

BOZO: No. I've been frustrated. It makes you feel awful. It makes you feel -- well ^{Blondie:} -- frustrated? ^{Bozo: yeh. FRUSTRATED.}

BLONDIE: Well, you can't tell. You might get a chance in the game this Saturday.

BOZO: Gee, do you think so? Boy, I'd do anything to make a touchdown.

BLONDIE: Well, who knows -- maybe I'll be able to help you... By the way, how do you think the game will turn out?

BOZO: Oh, I don't know -- it ought to be pretty even.

BLONDIE: What makes you think that?

BOZO: Oh, I don't know.

BLONDIE: Er -- any special reason, Bozo?

BOZO: Gosh...Well, this is confidential.

BLONDIE: Yes?

BOZO: Well, the boys figured since we used to be one team, and since the fellas on the team that loses won't look so good, we'd get together and make the game exciting -- but a tie.

BLONDIE: A tie? Oh, then they'd both sue us!....Ohhhhhh!

BOZO: Mrs. Bumstead?! (YELLS) Hey fellas -- Mrs. Bumstead has just hit the daisies! She's fainted!

MUSIC:

(DOOR OPENS...)

DITHERS: Good morning, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Well, good morning, Mr. Dithers. I'm surprised to see you today. I thought you'd be over at the stadium, getting everything ready for the big game.

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Hello, J. C.

DITHERS: Hello, Dagwood. I just dropped over because -- well -- Dagwood, are you positive we're going to win the game today?

DAGWOOD: Er -- well -- uh -- I'm just as positive as you are.

DITHERS: That's good because I -- wait a minute! I'm not positive! That's why I came over here.

BLONDIE: If Dagwood promised you he'd win, you shouldn't worry about it....Much.

DITHERS: I can't help it. This game has been driving me mad. I've got nerves that jingle, jangle, jingle...

(PHONE RINGS...)

DITHERS: Listen -- you can even hear them!

BLONDIE: That was the phone.

DITHERS: Oh.

(PICK UP PHONE...)

BLONDIE: Hello?...Yes...Yes, he's here...Just a minute. (OFF)
It's for you, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Thank you...I told the office to call me here if anything important happened. (ON) Hello?...Yes...What? What happened?....Oh, no!...Oh-h-h-h-h-h!

(THUD...)

BLONDIE: He's fainted!

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! I wonder what it was...Hello? This is Dagwood Bumstead. Mr. Dithers just fainted. What did you tell him?...What? The football team has...Oh-hhhhhh!

(THUD)

BLONDIE: ~~Oh, goodness!~~ Dagwood!...Dagwood -- what happened!... Well I'm not going to faint. I'll hang up the phone!

(HANGS UP PHONE...)

I'm glad I decided to wash the windows this morning. This bucket of water is going to be just what I need.

(SOUND OF PICKING UP BUCKET...)

BLONDIE: Well -- here goes.

(SPLASH OF WATER...)

DAGWOOD: (COUGHING) Help! I'm drowning! Man overboard!

(SPLASH...)

DITHERS: Ooooooh! Help! I can't swim! Throw me a life preserver!

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- Mr. Dithers -- what did they tell you over the phone!

DAGWOOD AND DITHERS: Our whole football team has the measles!

MUSIC:

WILCOX: Well, it never rains but it pours, and always right on the heads of the Bumsteads. We'll see how all this, and the game between the Dithers and Goliath football teams turn out in just a moment. Say, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Yes, Mr. Wilcox!

WILCOX: Suppose you were a big important, three or four-star commanding general --

DAGWOOD: Oh, boy!

WILCOX: What kind of a special private command car would you like for chasing around behind the front lines?

DAGWOOD: Well, let's see. I'd want something about twenty-five feet long, mounting five or six three-inch guns, with a built-in swivel chair and a --

WILCOX: Wait a minute, Dagwood! Maybe you'd like to know what kind of car a few real generals are riding around some real battle-fields!

DAGWOOD: You'd better make that thirty-feet long, with --

WILCOX: Fact is, they're churning over the shell-holes in little quarter-ton American jeeps, the toughest baby battle buggies in the whole world. You can ask Don Kenower about that -- he's the test driver who plays buckin' bronco with the new ones that roll off the production line. And when Don Kenower hops off a jeep, he likes to light a up a Camel. He's said, QUOTE --

KENOWER VOICE: I've been smoking Camels for twenty years! They're extra mild, easy on my throat. And that full round flavor is really special!

WILCOX:

UNQUOTE. Yes, and men on the front lines go for Camels, too! 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. Try Camels yourself for steady pleasure! You'll find that Camel's full, rich flavor stands up, pack after pack doesn't go wish^ywashy and flat. Camels are mild and cooler-smoking, too, because they're slow-burning. The reason is costlier tobaccos, blended expertly and matchlessly, in the years-old Camel tradition of quality tobacco blending. Let your throat and your taste decide! Get a pack of Camels tonight! And remember! The Army Post Office says to mail overseas Christmas presents during October. Send that fellow his Christmas carton of Camels -- tomorrow!

MUSIC:.....

WILCOX: Well, it's a few minutes later. Blondie has just made a few hurried telephone calls, and is just hanging up...

(HANG UP PHONE...)

BLONDIE: Well, Mr. Dithers, I just talked to Socker Frantz, the captain of your team. They're all perfectly healthy.

DITHERS: They are? No little red spots?

BLONDIE: No little spots of any color. .

DAGWOOD: There's nothing wrong with them, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Nothing except possibly a few hangnails...Do you feel better, now, Mr. Dithers?

DAGWOOD: He's a lot better, Blondie. Look at his temperature. It's gone back up to sixty-eight.

DITHERS: I'll bet Berger of the Goliath Company is back of this. He's trying a war of nerves on me! I'll fix him up! Let me at that phone!

MUSIC:

(PHONE RINGS...PICK UP PHONE...)

BERGER: Hello?...Yes, this is Mr. Berger...Yes -- they're on my football team -- the Goliath Company Goliaths. They'll be playing this afternoon at the stadium -- what? (YELLS) They can't do this to me! I'll sue!!

(HANGS UP...)

BERGER: (YELLS) Miss Kronkheit!...Miss Kronkheit!..Get me
~~Washington~~ ^{The mayor} on the phone! Let me talk to ~~the War~~ ^{my lawyer}
~~Department!~~ ^{Six} ~~Three~~ of my best players have just been
drafted!

MUSIC: (INTO TRIO OF SOME MARCH -- "SEMPER FIDELIS" --
"WASHINGTON POST"...THEN CUT ABRUPTLY...)

VOICE: (OVER P.A. SYSTEM -- THIS IS A SOUND TRUCK) Don't
forget the big game at the stadium this afternoon
between the Dithers Company Demons and Goliath Company
Goliaths. It'll be a smashing, slashing, bang-up game
full of thrill, chills and action! Treat your family
to a game they'll never forget! The kick off is at
two-thirty! A few seats are still available at the box
office.

MUSIC: (BAND MUSIC CUTS BACK IN AGAIN AND FADES...)

(COME UP ON CROWD...)

DITHERS: Ahhhh -- look at that crowd! The stadium's jammed!
BLONDIE: I guess the whole town's turned out for the game.
DAGWOOD: It's going to start pretty soon now...Hey, J. C. -- here
comes Mr. Berger.
DITHERS: Fine! Watch me tease a little bet out of him.
DAGWOOD: Oh, I wouldn't do that, J.C.
BLONDIE: No, neither would I, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: How can I lose? It's in the contract that I won't lose and it won't be a tie.

DAGWOOD: Yes, but it's also in Mr. Ber --

BLONDIE: Dagwoooooood!

DAGWOOD: Hanh? Oh -- oh, yeah.

BERGER (COMING UP) Well, well -- hello, Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead.

(BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD AD LIB HELLOS...)

BERGER: Hello, Dithers.

DITHERS: Hello, Berger.

BLONDIE: Uh -- nice day for the game, isn't it?

DITHERS: Well, Berger, I suppose you think you're going to win today.

BERGER: (LAUGHS) Of course I am. We'll push those weak-minded cream-puffs of yours all over the field.

DITHERS: Hanh-hanh! Would you like to back up all your hot air with a little cash?

BLONDIE: It's a nice day for the game, isn't it?

BERGER: Certainly.

DITHERS: Suppose we say a five hundred dollar war bond.

BERGER: Is that all? Suppose we make it a thousand dollar bond.

BLONDIE: It's a nice day for the game, isn't it?

DAGWOOD: I think it's a nice day for the game. What do you think, J. C.?

DITHERS: If you feel that way, what about a two thousand dollar bond?

BERGER: It's a bet!

(BOTH OF THEM SAY, IN UNISON, "AHHHHH!"...)

BERGER: Well, Mrs. Bumstead, it's a nice day for the game, isn't it?

BLONDIE: Yes, wasn't it?

(WHISTLE BLOWS...)

DAGWOOD: Hey -- here comes the kick off!

(THUD OF FOOTBALL OFF...)

(CHEERS...FADE...)

VOICE:

(OF RADIO ANNOUNCER -- VERY FAST) ^{This is Tom Hooked with a play by} It's a beautiful ^{crip tied.} play des-
kick and the ball goes sailing down, down, down the
field where it's caught on the seven yard line by --
who's number seventeen, Joe? Thanks. Where it's
caught by Ace McCarthy of the Goliaths. He's coming up
fast past the fifteen, the twenty -- what beautiful
interference! -- the twenty-five and he's hit by
Pete Mincer, the left tackle of the Demons, but wait --
there's a lateral pass -- a lateral to Jimmy Wonderly
clear across the field! Wonderly's got it -- he's in
the clear -- he's going like a bat out of -- boy, is
he making time! Three Demon tacklers have missed him,
and he's down to the Demon twenty-five yard line with
only the safety man between him and a touchdown! Who's
that safety man, Joe? Number forty three? Never mind--
he missed him!

Folks, Wonderly's over for a touchdown for the
Goliaths and the score is six to zero for the Goliaths
on that ninety three yard run!

(CHEERS UP...DOWN FOR...)

DITHERS: Bumstead, how dare you allow the Goliaths to score like
that!

DAGWOOD: I couldn't help it, J. C.

DITHERS: You know what '11 happen to you if the Goliaths win!
DAGWOOD: Tooooooh! Yessir.
DITHERS: All right -- don't let them make another touchdown!
DAGWOOD: But, J. C. --
DITHERS: You heard me! See that that doesn't happen again.
DAGWOOD: Yessir.
DITHERS: If anything goes wrong, I'll not only fire you and sue
you, but ~~first I'll ball you in the~~
^{I'll have you Reclassified!}

MUSIC:

VOICE: (FILTER)...And then the Demonds dusted the mothballs off
the Statue of Liberty play and ran the ball up to the
Goliath three. Gallagher took it over from there. The
Demons failed to kick the extra point and the score
is still twelve to thirteen in favor of the Goliaths...
All right, I think there's time for one more play before
the half. Goliaths ball on the Demons twenty-three,
second and seven. Out of the huddle, up to the line,
a single wing to the right.

(CHEERS OFF...)

The ball is snapped to Ace McCarthy and he's starting
around right end -- wait a minute -- he jumps high in the
air and tosses the ball over the line to Wonderly.

Wonderly grabs it in the middle of the Demon secondary
and he's off! Socker Frantz hits him, but he gets away!
He's down! No, he's up again! He shakes off another
tackler! He's down to the fifteen the ten, and three
men hit him on the four yard line, but he's still going!
(CONTINUED)

VOICE: He's still going and he carries them over for
(Cont'd.) another Goliath touchdown!

(CHEERS...)

VOICE: The Goliaths are leading, nineteen to twelve.

(GUN GOES OFF...)

VOICE: And there's the gun for the end of the half! Folks,
it looks like a walk-away for the Goliath Company
Goliaths!

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: Oh, Blondie, this is awful!

BLONDIE: I know.

DAGWOOD: Maybe I'd better go home, pack my bags, and get a job
on a tanker.

DITHERS: (COMING UP) Well, Bumstead....?

DAGWOOD: Oh, hello, J. C. Exciting game, isn't it?

DITHERS: Very. I feel ten years older, and if the second half
goes like the first, I'm going to ride home in an
ambulance.

BLONDIE: (SUDDENLY) Oh!

DAGWOOD: What's the matter, Blondie?

BLONDIE: What? Oh -- oh, nothing. I just thought of something.

DITHERS: Come on, Dagwood -- we've got to give those players a
good pep talk! They've got to win!

MUSIC:

DITHERS: (PROJECTING) And now fellas, I want you to go out there and fight! I want you to fight for the good old J. C. Dithers Construction Company, the finest construction company in this part of the state! I want to see you rip the Goliath line to shreds! I want you to smack them down so hard when you tackle them that I'll be able to hear at least three distinct echoes!...Open the door, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Okay, J. C.!

(DOOR OPENS...COME UP ON DISTANT CHEERS..)

DITHERS: Listen! The crowd's waiting for you! Now tear out the door and show them you're rarin' to go! Charge out on that field!

(SLOW SHUFFLING FOOTSTEPS...OR PRISONERS' MARCHING FEET EFFECT...)

DITHERS: (LOW) A fine bunch you sold me, Bumstead. I've seen more fighting spirit in a checker team.

DAGWOOD: I've never seen a checker team.

DITHERS: Oh, fiddle-diddle! Bumstead, we're ruined!

DAGWOOD: We're ruined?

DITHERS: Yes -- the team is going to ruin me, and I'm going to ruin you!

MUSIC:.

(SOUND OF PLAYERS MUMBLING...FOOTSTEPS...)

BLONDIE: Oh, uh -- Bozo?

BOZO: Oh, hello, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: You remember you told me a couple of days ago that the two teams had gotten together and decided to make the game interesting, but a tie?

BOZO: Sh-h-h-h!

BLONDIE: (LOWER) And you remember you told me you'd always wanted to make a touchdown?

BOZO: I'd do anything to make a touchdown, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: All right -- I think you will make one this afternoon.

BOZO: Gosh, Mrs. Bumstead!

BLONDIE: Now listen -- I've got an idea. When the score's tied...
(BUZZ-BUZZ OF WHISPERING)

BOZO: (INTERJECTS) Yeah...Uh-huh...(STARTS TO LAUGH) Sure!...
Sure...I can do it! ...Oh, boy, Mrs. Bumstead -- you're a genius!

MUSIC:

VOICE: What an amazing third quarter that was, folks! The Dithers Demons came back to score two touchdowns, while the Goliaths pushed over one of their own, and the Demons are now leading twenty-six to twenty-five. Demons ball on their own twenty-five, second and nine. Punt formation -- ball is snapped back to Socker Frantz -- He fakes a kick -- but it's a pass! A long pass sailing down the field to Slippery Wilson, but it's intercepted by Pete Mincer! And he's heading for the Demon goal line!

(CHEERS UP...)

DITHERS: (YELLS) Come on -- get that man! Knock him down!
Kill him!

BLONDIE: He got away from him!

DAGWOOD: He's going for a touchdown! I can't look!

DITHERS: Bumstead! Do something!

DAGWOOD: What's happening?

DITHERS: Can't you see?

DAGWOOD: I've got my eyes closed!

BLONDIE: There he goes over! It's a touchdown!

DITHERS: Tssssssssssss!

MUSIC: . . . FADES FOR

VOICE: And the kick for the extra point is -- good! That makes it Goliaths Thirty-two -- Demons Twenty-six.

MUSIC:....UP THEN FADES FOR

VOICE: Socker Frantz has it! He caught that pass in the Goliath end zone and the score now stands tied at thirty-two to thirty-two!

MUSIC:.....UP TO FINISH

DITHERS: Holy smoke -- there's just ten seconds left to play, and they've got the ball!

DAGWOOD: They haven't beat you, J.C. The score's still tied at thirty-two to thirty-two.

DITHERS: It's in the contract that I wouldn't lose or tie the game! Don't go away, Dagwood -- I want to see you after the gun goes off.

DAGWOOD: Toooooooooooooh!

BLONDIE: (LOW) Don't worry, Dagwood. Keep your eye on Bozo Joplin, that big 'guard.

DAGWOOD: I've lost interest, Blondie.

BLONDIE: There's othe play, Dagwood!

(CHEERS...)

DITHERS: It's a fumble! Grab that ball!

(CHEERS...QUICK FADE...)

VOICE: (FILTER...EXCITED) A fumble, but I can't see who's got it! Wait!--Jimmy Wonderly came out of that pile with the ball, and he's heading for the Demon's goal! There's no one near him and -- hey! Hey! There's another player running in the opposite direction for the Goliath goal! It's Bozo Joplin -- the Demon's guard, and he's got a football, too! There are two men running for touchdowns in opposite directions and each one has a football! Am I crazy or is this really happening! There goes Wonderly over the Demon goal for a touchdown -- and Bozo Joplin has just crossed the Goliath goal for another touchdown! ^{Now he's stopped to TAKE A Few bows} Two touchdowns on the same play! Two footballs on the field! There's something fishy here, folks -- something fishy! After that fumble I couldn't tell you which football is the right one or how that extra ball got into the game! The officials are in the middle of the field! They're arguing with each other! Now they're slugging it out! Fights are breaking out all over the stadium! Here come the police onto the field! Holy Pete -- what a football game! It's bound to be a disputed decision, and I'm going to send the whole thing to Ripley! I don't believe it, but maybe Ripley will!

MUSIC:.....

DAGWOOD: Well, Blondie -- you certainly saved us, but what happened? Did you get Bozo Joplin to pull in his stomach and sneak an extra football into the game?

BLONDIE: Well, that's possible, dear.

DAGWOOD: Could be, huh?

BLONDIE: I'm not saying. I'm just glad it all came out all right. Neither Mr. Dithers or Mr. Berger can complain. The game wasn't a tie, and someone won the game, because one of the footballs was the right one and whoever had it made a winning touchdown. Mr. Dithers can think he won and Mr. Berger can believe he won.

DAGWOOD: Who really did win, Blondie?

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) I'd say the Bumsteads won.

(PHONE RINGS...)

(PICK UP PHONE...)

BLONDIE: Hello?...Yes...What?...They did...Yes...I'm glad you told us...Thank you, Mr. Dithers. Goodbye.

(HANGS UP)

DAGWOOD: What did Mr. Dithers have to say?

BLONDIE: He had some bad news for the Axis, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: What's that?

BLONDIE: Both the football teams have just enlisted in the Marines!

MUSIC:.....

WILCOX: Next week Alexander writes an innocent little composition for his teacher that makes Blondie and Dagwood appear to be the world's worst parents. Don't forget to listen next week -- same time -- when Blondie meets the principal. You know, Blondie, I remember a time when people used to call Camel the "Man's Cigarette". Why do you suppose that was?

BLONDIE: Oh, that was back in the days when so many women thought they ought to smoke an insipid "woman's cigarette." Now women are turning to Camels because they have more flavor, more character, don't get to tasting flat. Camels are extra mild, too!

WILCOX: Get a pack of Camels tonight!
Dagwood was played by Arthur Lake. Blondie is being played by Florence Lake during Penny Singleton's absence. Miss Singleton 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 tries her hand at being a good secretary. You'll find the comic strip entertaining every day in the week. Remember, Camel bring you three great radio programs each week. Monday night, of course, it's "Blondie"; Thursday night Abbott and Costello; and Friday night the Camel Caravan with Lanny Ross, Herb Shriner, Xavier Cugat and "Our Show". Be sure to check your local newspaper for times and station.

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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 Camel Caravans will give performances in sixteen different Army and Navy Training Stations this coming week, including Daniel Field, Georgia, Fort McArthur, California, and 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)

ANNCR:

Now some fellows may think it's not possible to get a two and a quarter ounce package of really good pipe tobacco for ten cents. Well, they've never tried George Washington, in the big blue two and a quarter ounce package. Costs just one dime. It's mild mellow, and tasty, too, right down through the last puff at the bottom of the bowl. Get a package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco tomorrow. It's America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!