

As broadcast
Master

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 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} ~~of~~
in the service.
~~costlier tobacco~~

MUSIC: (THEME)

WILCOX: You know, the Army doesn't take anybody's word about a new model tank. They send it to a proving ground, like Aberdeen, and test it out. It's the only way to be sure. You can do the same thing with cigarettes. Test out a pack of Camels in your T-Zone. -- "T" for throat and "T" for taste -- it's your own personal proving ground and for you it's the most reliable anywhere. Your taste will tell you about Camel's full, rich flavor -- the extra flavor that makes Camels hold up, pack after pack, keeps them from going wishy-washy and flat. Your throat will provide the test on mildness, too! Camels are mild, because they're slow-burning and cooler-smoking, the result of matchless blending of costlier tobaccos. Remember, you're the one who's doing your smoking! Get a pack of Camels tonight! Let your throat and your taste decide!

WILCOX: And now for our visit with the Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue. Well, it's a nice crisp Saturday morning, and Dagwood seems to be fizzing over with energy. It doesn't seem normal for Dagwood, but listen...

DAGWOOD: Oh, boy -- what a day! It makes me feel glad to be alive!

BLONDIE: Aren't you usually?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, but this is different, Blondie! That cool air makes me tingle all over! I'm full of pep! I could lick my weight in pandas!

BLONDIE: You can do that later, Dagwood, but right now I'd like to talk to you for a moment...Sit down, dear.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie. What is it you want to -- Yipe!

BLONDIE: What's the matter?

DAGWOOD: This cushion bit me!

BLONDIE: Let me see...Oh, Dagwood -- I'm sorry. I wondered where I left that darning needle...So careless of me.

DAGWOOD: I got stabbed!

BLONDIE: Well, thank you for finding it, dear...Now sit down again.

DAGWOOD: I prefer to stand.

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood, there are a couple of things that have got to be done to the house before it really gets cold and wet.
Dagwood: In second thought I think I'd better lie down for a little while.
Blondie: There's that leak in the roof you've been promising to fix tomorrow for the last two months.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah -- is that leak still there?

BLONDIE: Did you think it had gone away somewhere?...Why the rain has almost worn through that pan we put under it.

DAGWOOD: Gee, that's interesting.

BLONDIE: What'll happen to our plaster will be interesting, too -- especially if you happen to be standing under it when it falls...Another thing -- the furnace ought to be cleaned out and checked carefully.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, it should be, Blondie.

BLONDIE: I'm glad you agree with me. Now I've figured we can have everything done for fifteen dollars.

DAGWOOD: Fifteen dollars!!!

BLONDIE: Yes, dear -- that's cheap!

DAGWOOD: It's extravagant! Fifteen dollars is a fortune! I could do the whole thing for five dollars, myself! Blondie, we've got to economize. You don't seem to realize that!

BLONDIE: But, Dagwood, I am economizing.

DAGWOOD: That's what you always say, Blondie, but a woman never understands what economy means. I'll do both those jobs myself!

BLONDIE: But Dagwood, I've already --

DAGWOOD: Just leave this to me, Blondie!

(DOOR BELL RINGS...)

DAGWOOD: I'll see who it is.

(PAUSE...THEN DOOR OPENS)

NUGGLES: (MR. NUGGLES IS NOT FRENCH...HE JUST SAYS "BON JOUR")

Bon Jour, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Oh, hello, Mr. Nuggles...Blondie, it's Mr. Nuggles, the plumber.

BLONDIE: Hello, Mr. Nuggles.

NUGGLES: Bon Jour, Mrs. Bumstead.

(SOUND OF PUTTING TOOLS DOWN)

DAGWOOD: Blondie, have we sprung a leak?

BLONDIE: No, Dagwood, I asked Mr. Nuggles to come here and clean and check the furnace.

NUGGLES: My regular yearly check-up, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Hmmm -- how much do you charge for that?

NUGGLES: Five dollars.

~~DAGWOOD: What? Five whole dollars?~~

~~NUGGLES: I don't care how you pay me, Mr. Bumstead. If you want to, you can pay me in pennies out of your piggy bank... I'm open minded.~~

DAGWOOD: It's too much money!

BLONDIE: Dagwood, I've already asked Mr. Nuggles to come here and --

DAGWOOD: I don't care, Blondie -- it's an unnecessary expense.

Besides, there's nothing to the job...^{Nuggles: Nah!} Mr. Nuggles, you ought to do it as a friendly service.

NUGGLES: I don't want to be that friendly..I'm not a gas station.

DAGWOOD: Then there should be a small fee of -- say, a dollar.

NUGGLES: Are you kidding?

DAGWOOD: I never kid about money.

NUGGLES: Then I've just been insulted...I spent a long, long time learning this business and --

DAGWOOD: How long? Three weeks?

NUGGLES: Three weeks! Mr. Bumstead, when I started out I spent two years with a plumber doing nothing but watching and putting my thumb on leaks...Another two years as a helper just going back after tools...Three years as an apprentice spilling hot lead on myself!...Then two years as a plumber's assistant doing all the work while my boss sat in a lunch wagon eating chili!...The rest of my life I'd have to get up in the middle of the night to repair pipes broken by nincompoops who thought they knew more than I did! I've suffered, and I demand five bucks for the job!

DAGWOOD: A child could do it!

NUGGLES: Okay, Junior...Go to it!

DAGWOOD: Okay!

NUGGLES: But the next time you ask me to fix something around here, you're going to have to ask me on bended knee! Goodbye!

DAGWOOD: Goodbye!

NUGGLES: (PLEASANTLY) Au revoir, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: (SIGHS) Goodbye, Mr. Nuggles.

NUGGLES: (LEAVING) Poor woman.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: The idea! Five bucks for going downstairs and playing a few tunes on our hot water pipes. It's outrageous! He's A Robber!

BLONDIE: ^(DOOR OPENS) Nuggles: I heard you and I resent that. ^(DOOR CLOSES)
Are you going to do the job then, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Certainly!

BLONDIE: Fix the furnace and leak in the roof and everything for five dollars?

DAGWOOD: Well...You give me the fifteen dollars and I'll give you back the difference between that and what I spend.

BLONDIE: All right, Dagwood -- here's the fifteen dollars.

DAGWOOD: (PLEASED) Thanks, Blondie...Gee, Mr. Nuggles left his tools here. I ~~can use them.~~ ^{don't think he would mind if I'd use them.}

BLONDIE: ~~Fine, but get right to work.~~ ^{I don't know, Dagwood. Anyway, you get to work.} Remember, I'm expecting enough back from that fifteen dollars to buy me a new hat!

DAGWOOD: Blondie, that's not an economy!

BLONDIE: That's what I'm going to call it!...Now, get to work, dear!

MUSIC...

(POUNING ON PIPE IN BASEMENT...BASEMENT DOOR OPENS...)

(POUNING UP...DOOR CLOSES...POUNING DOWN...)

BLONDIE: Well, Alexander, how's it coming along down in the basement?

ALEXANDER: You know how Pop is.

BLONDIE: Is he getting a little reckless?

ALEXANDER: It's worse than that. He's talking to the water pipes.

BLONDIE: Are the pipes talking back to him?

ALEXANDER: Not yet!

BLONDIE: Well, that's encouraging... Let's open the cellar door and listen...

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: (OFF) So you won't come loose, eh? You're just going to stick there and dribble water, hanh? Well, that's what you think! No pipe can get away with that stuff with Dagwood Bumstead! I'll show you! Take this!

(WHAMMING AWAY AT PIPES, ...DOOR CLOSES...SOUND DOWN)

BLONDIE: Oh, that's bad.

ALEXANDER: That's why I came upstairs. I didn't want to be standing around where I could be blamed for everything.

BLONDIE: We'd better put a stop to this before your father turns the basement into a swimming pool!

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: (CALLS) Dagwood...

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Everything's all right, Blondie. Don't worry about a thing!

(FOOTSTEPS GOING DOWN STAIRS)

BLONDIE: What are you doing?

DAGWOOD: Just trying to get this pipe unscrewed so I can see whether it's clean or not.

BLONDIE: As soon as you finish that, maybe you can find out why my stove isn't working.

DAGWOOD: One thing at a time, Blondie.

ALEXANDER: Are you really going to take that pipe off, Pop?

DAGWOOD: Yes, I'm really going to take this pipe off, Pop!
What's wrong with it?

ALEXANDER: The water will pour out all over the basement.

DAGWOOD: I've turned the water off...Any more questions?

BLONDIE: No, go right ahead, Dagwood. We'll watch.

DAGWOOD: Just don't anybody help me.

(BANGING ON PIPE)

DAGWOOD: There. It's loose now, and I can unscrew it at the joint.

(RATTLING OF WRENCH)

ALEXANDER: Some water's dripping from the joint.

DAGWOOD: Naturally. There's bound to be a few drops left in the pipe...Ah -- it's coming off!

(CLANK OF PIPE ON FLOOR...SUDDEN SPURTING OF WATER)

DAGWOOD: Hey! Hey! That's not possible!

BLONDIE: Dagwood, stop that water! Put the pipe back on!

DAGWOOD: (COUGHING) I can't! The pressure's too strong!
BLONDIE: Then turn the water off!
DAGWOOD: I did turn it off!
BLONDIE: Then what is this stuff that's flooding the basement!
DAGWOOD: These pipes have double-crossed me!
BLONDIE: Never mind! I'll turn it off myself! I'll do it!
DAGWOOD: Be careful, Blondie! You'll get wet!
BLONDIE: It's better than drowning...Here's where you turn it off.
Get out of the way now...Oh, dear -- I'm getting soaked!

(WATER SLOWS DOWN AND STOPS)

ALEXANDER: Good for you, Mom! You stopped it!
DAGWOOD: Gee, Blondie -- was that where the water turned off?
BLONDIE: I don't know, but when I turned this, the water
certainly stopped.
DAGWOOD: Yeah. I wonder what this valve I turned off is for then?
BLONDIE: That's probably what's wrong with my stove.
ALEXANDER: That's the gas, Pop.
DAGWOOD: I wonder how they got twisted around.
ALEXANDER: IT'S MARKED GAS.
BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood -- will you call Mr. Nuggies now?
DAGWOOD: Never! When a Bumstead starts something, he always
finishes it!

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON SHAKING FURNACE)

ALEXANDER: Don't shake the furnace so hard, Pop. The grates'll all fall down.

DAGWOOD: I appreciate the suggestions, Alexander, but just let me handle this.

ALEXANDER: okay, Pop. You know best, I suppose.

DAGWOOD: Go see what your mother's doing and help her. She needs you more than I do.

ALEXANDER: Maybe so. I'll see you later, Pop... (FADING)

DAGWOOD: okay... (HUMS TO HIMSELF) I guess I'd better take a look inside and see if everything's all right.

(FURNACE DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Hmm -- it's dark in there. I'll drop a match in, and then poke my head through the door.

(SCRATCH OF MATCH...)

DAGWOOD: It's sort of a tight fit, but... (SLIGHT ECHO CHAMBER EFFECT)
AHH -- I'm in. Well, it's nice and clean. The grates are warped a little, but not bad... Oh-oh, there goes the match out. Well, I saw all I wanted to --

(CLANG AS HEAD HITS METAL OF DOOR)

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh! I guess I've got to turn my head sideways.

(CLANG AGAIN...)

DAGWOOD: YIPE! It's painful, too... Holy smoke, I guess I can't get my head out! I am stuck. (COUGHS) Gosh -- dust.

(STARTS TO SNEEZE) Here it comes! (SNEEZES)

(CLANG)

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) Blooooooondie! Oh, Blooooooondie! Blooooooondie! Blooooooondie!... (FADES UNTIL YOU CAN JUST BARELY HEAR HIM BUT CAN'T HEAR WHAT HE'S YELLING)

BLONDIE: Alexander, did you hear your father calling me just then?

ALEXANDER: Nope. I hear something, but it didn't sound like Pop.

BLONDIE: Hmmm.

ALEXANDER: He didn't want me to help him downstairs, so I don't suppose he wants you either.

BLONDIE: Well, it was probably just my imagination.

~~ALEXANDER: or maybe it was that man with the horse and wagon who goes around selling oiden.~~

(DOOR BELL RINGS)

ALEXANDER: I'll get it, Mom.

(DOOR OPENS)

NUGGLES: Bon jour, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Bon jour, Mr. Nuggles... It's Mr. Nuggles, Mom.

(DOOR CLOSES)

NUGGLES: Did I leave my tools here, Mrs. Bumstead?

BLONDIE: Er -- yes, you did.

NUGGLES: May I have them now?

BLONDIE: Uh -- I think Mr. Bumstead took them.

NUGGLES: Why that -- that --

BLONDIE: Now, Mr. Nuggles -- please don't do anything you'll be sorry for later.

NUGGLES: Nothing I could do to Mr. Bumstead would ever make me sorry!

BLONDIE: I'm sure he's taking good care of your tools.

NUGGLES: I hope so... for his sake.

ALEXANDER: Pop's down in the cellar, Mr. Nuggles.

NUGGLES: Thank you, Alexander... Don't fret, Mrs. Bumstead, I have control of myself again. I'll go down and get my tools and leave.

(CELLAR DOOR OPENS... ~~CLOSES~~... FOOTSTEPS ON CELLAR STAIRS)

DAGWOOD: (OFF... PATHETICALLY) Is that you, honey?

NUGGLES No, honey....It's Mr. Nuggles.

DAGWOOD Mr. Nuggles!

(CLANG....)

DAGWOOD Yipe!

NUGGLES Come on, Mr. Bumstead--the least you can do is be courteous. Take your head out of the furnace and tell me where my tools are.

DAGWOOD I can't--I'm stuck.

NUGGLES Stuck? (STARTS TO LAUGH UPRJAIOUSLY) So you are, so you are!

DAGWOOD Hey, help me get my head out. It's very uncomfortable bent over like this.

NUGGLES (NASTY CHUCKLE) Ahh--what I couldn't do to you with a blow-torch!

DAGWOOD Tooooh! Come on, Mr. Nuggles--help me off with this furnace....Please?.....Pretty please?

NUGGLES (DIRTY LAUGH) Hahh-hanh!

DAGWOOD Mr. Nuggles, you wouldn't leave me like this.

NUGGLES Frankly, I'd like to weld your head in there permanently..But I think I'll just take my tools and go, and tell your family you're not to be disturbed.

DAGWOOD You wouldn't do that!

NUGGLES What'll you bet?...Well, goodbye, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD No, no! Don't go! Please! You've got to get me out. I'd starve to death with my head inside here.

NUGGLES Don't worry. We may be able to slip you a sandwich-- every week or two.

DAGWOOD Can't you get me out, Mr. Nuggles?

NUGGLES of course I can, but I don't know whether this is a job for a plumber or not. There are rules about what kind of jobs we can do, you know.

DAGWOOD Who can get me out then?

NUGGLES I don't know. It might take months to decide....Maybe years.

DAGWOOD But what am I going to do in the meantime?

NUGGLES Well, when Christmas comes around, maybe Santa Claus will slide down the chimney into the furnace and the two of you can play a few hands of gin rummy.

DAGWOOD ^{stop clowning.}
^ Mr. Nuggles--please get me out. I apologize for everything I said.

NUGGLES on bended knee?

DAGWOOD Yes.

NUGGLES Well, bend ^{E.M.} ~~your knees then!~~

DAGWOOD If I do, my head will hit the top of the furnace door.

NUGGLES Who cares?.....Bend your knees!

DAGWOOD okay

(CLANG....)

DAGWOOD Yow!

NUGGLES Fine! Now there'll be a charge of ten dollars. Five dollars for checking over the pipes and the furnace, and five dollars for getting you out.

DAGWOOD Five bucks for getting me out?

NUGGLES Yes. That's my usual charge for removing rubbish from a furnace. Okay?

DAGWOOD (PITIFULLY) Sold.

NUGGLES I'll just collect that ten dollars in advance. Which pocket?

DAGWOOD The right one.

NUGGLES Thank you...Uh-huh. There we are! And now I'll just lift this bar that slid down on your neck, and--
(LIFTING OF METAL BAR.....IT RATTLES.....)

DAGWOOD I'm free!....Holy smoke--did I pay you five bucks just to lift that bar up?

NUGGLES Mr. Bumstead, you were delighted to pay it.

DAGWOOD I've been robbed!

NUGGLES Mr. Bumstead, if you don't get out of here and let me do my work, I'll shove your head back in that furnace, and start a fire in it! ^{And furthermore, I'll tell your wife you got your silly head stuck in there.}

DAGWOOD I was just leaving.
(FOOTSTEPS ON STAIRS.....)
(CELLAR DOOR OPENS...CLOSES...)

BLONDIE What happened to Mr. Nuggles?

ALEXANDER Is he still in the cellar, Pop?

DAGWOOD Er--I decided to let him do the job, after all.

BLONDIE But you were going to do that and fix the roof--all for five dollars.

DAGWOOD Er-yeah, but I didn't want to hurt Mr. Nuggle's feelings, I've still got five--I mean, ten dollars left.

ALEXANDER Tell him about the cake, Mom.

BLONDIE Oh, yes, Alexander....You owe me a dollar and a half, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD H anh?

BLONDIE Well, seventy-five cents for the cake that was ruined in the oven when you turned off the gas instead of the water, and seventy-five cents for having my dress that was ruined by the water cleaned.

DAGWOOD ~~But Blondie--~~

ALEXANDER ~~Fork it over, Pop;~~

DAGWOOD My own wife--a bandit!

BLONDIE Thank you, Dagwood--and don't forget, you've got to save
enough to buy me a new hat!

DAGWOOD Toooooooooh!

(MUSIC...)

(APPLAUSE...)

WILCOX Well, poor Dagwood. He's got three dollars and a half
left to fix the roof and get a hat for Blondie. One of
the two is bound to suffer, and Dagwood's suffering
already. ~~We'll return to Dagwood's problem in just a
moment...~~

(COMMERCIAL)

WILCOX: We'll return to that ... in just a moment. Ah, say, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Yes, Mr. Wilcox.

WILCOX: What would you say if I told you that one of the best ways to sink a ship is to miss it altogether?

DAGWOOD: Ha, ha! Even Alexander would know that's wrong!

WILCOX: Well, I'm not so sure. More than twenty years ago the famous General Billy Mitchell found that a heavily-armored ship might be sunk by dropping bombs in the water alongside. The sudden under-water pressure cracks the seams of the vessel and sinks her. Bombing like that calls for heavy bombs and lots of them. Jerry Lorigan, steel forger, is one of the men who turn out the big five hundred pounders. And when Jerry's shift is over, he likes to light up a Camel. He's said, QUOTE --

LORIGAN VOICE: There's nothing like a Camel for steady pleasure! No matter how often I smoke 'em, they never tire my taste or wear out their welcome. And Camels go easy on my throat!

WILCOX: UNQUOTE. Yes, and on the front lines, it's 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 You'll like the full, rich flavor -- for it's extra flavor that makes Camels hold up, pack after pack, keeps them from going wishy-washy and flat. Camels are slow-burning, cooler-smoking, and milder, too, because they're expertly blended of costlier tobaccos. Let your throat and your taste decide! Get a pack of Camels tonight -- and while you're about it, send a carton to that fellow in the service!

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MUSIC:

(MUSIC....)

WILCOX Well, it's early the same afternoon, and Dagwood has dropped over to get his ladder back from his neighbor, Herb Woodley....

WOODLEY Hi-ya, Dagwood--what's on your mind? IF ANY, ha-ha.

DAGWOOD Well, Herb, I've got to fix a leak in my roof, and I came over to get my ladder.

WOODLEY Pardon me, Dagwood--did you say your ladder?

DAGWOOD Yeah--this one right here. Remember--you borrowed it from me last Spring so you could peek into that robin's nest.

WOODLEY Yes, but you borrowed it from me last Winter so you could shovel the snow off your roof. ~~I remember very well-- you almost shoveled yourself off the roof.... Too bad you didn't succeed.~~

DAGWOOD But last Fall you got it from me to get those wasp nests down. You remember that. ~~After they got through stinging lumps on you, your face looked like it had three noses.~~

WOODLEY I remember, but look--here are my initials carved on the ladder.

(RATTLE OF LADDER...)

DAGWOOD Look over here--my initials...But hey--I never saw this painted on here. ^{PROPERTY OF} ~~Stolen from~~ Harry Cook."

WOODLEY ^{never heard of him.} Oh, now I remember. I borrowed it from him two years ago and he moved away while I was on vacation....I wonder who [^] ~~he~~ ^{FORTUNATELY} borrowed it from.

DAGWOOD I'm sure he wouldn't mind if I borrowed it.

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WOODLEY: Okay, Dagwood, but I want to use it this afternoon, too.
I've got some work to do on my roof.

DAGWOOD: It won't take long

(PHONE RINGS WAY OFF)

WOODLEY: There's my phone ringing 'in my house. Take what you
want, Dagwood, but don't cut your initials in anything....
(FADING)

DAGWOOD: Thanks, Herb.

ALEXANDER: (COMING UP) Say, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Yeah?

ALEXANDER: Mom said not to forget that if you're going to put some shingles on the roof, you're going to need shingles.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah.

ALEXANDER: Mr. Woodley has some shingles here.

DAGWOOD: So he has! We'll borrow some from him. You take the shingles, Alexander, and I'll take the ladder. And while you're at it, fill your pockets with those roofing nails!

MUSIC:

(SOUND OF TAKING SHINGLE OFF ROOF)

DAGWOOD: Ah. A new shingle here will fix this up fine.

ALEXANDER: Hello, Pop!

DAGWOOD: (STARTLED) Whoooo!

(SOUND OF FEET RATTLING DOWN ABOUT FOUR
ROWS OF SHINGLES)

DAGWOOD: Alexander!

ALEXANDER: What's the trouble, Pop?

DAGWOOD: You startled me. I almost slipped off this roof!

ALEXANDER: Gee, you ought to be more careful.

DAGWOOD: I thought you were holding the ladder.

ALEXANDER: I was.

DAGWOOD: You go right back down, Alexander. It's dangerous up here.

ALEXANDER: Okay, but what are you going to use to put the shingles on with?

DAGWOOD: Nails. Did you think I was going to glue them on?

ALEXANDER: I wasn't sure, Pop, because I've got all the nails in my pocket.

DAGWOOD: You've got all the -- oh, yeah -- that's right.

ALEXANDER: Well, I better be going back down.

DAGWOOD: Wait a minute -- I need some of those nails.

ALEXANDER: Can I stay up here then?

DAGWOOD: Yes, but be careful.

BLONDIE: (IN THE ATTIC UNDER THE ROOF) Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Where are you, Blondie?

BLONDIE: I'm in the attic, ^{Right under you.} Can you hear me?

ALEXANDER: We can hear you, Mom.

BLONDIE: There's an insurance man ^{DOWNSTAIRS} ~~here~~ to see you, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Did you tell him I couldn't see him?

BLONDIE: Yes, but he said he could see you.

DAGWOOD: Toooooooh.

BLONDIE: He said he'd be right up. Now don't buy any more insurance. I'll be right here in the attic, listening.

MAN: (OFF) Good afternoon, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Hello.

(CLIMBING UP ROOF)

MAN: Mr. Bumstead, my name's Emerson, ^{Dagwood: glad to know you. won't you have a seat on the chimney?} I represent the Acme Mutual Fidelity Insurance Company -- you're looking pale. ^{A SEAT ON THE chimney?}

DAGWOOD: I don't feel pale.

MAN: Mr. Bumstead, have you stopped to think what would happen if you slid off this roof?

DAGWOOD: Yeah. I'd have to climb all the way back up again.

MAN: You'd be badly hurt -- there'd be hospital and doctor bills, your income would stop. Now if you have an accident insurance policy, ^{And slide OFF the ROOF} it's different. ^{New sign here, please}

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DAGWOOD: ~~Don't tell me the policy would break my fall.~~
I don't think I have a pen with me.

MAN: ~~No, but you wouldn't have anything to worry about.~~

ALEXANDER: Do you have accident insurance?

MAN: Why of course.

ALEXANDER: Then let's see you slide off the roof.

MAN: Heh-heh...Mr. Bumstead, when you're up here, in constant peril, what does your conscience say about insurance?

BLONDIE: (INSIDE) Don't buy any.

MAN: Good heavens! What was that? I heard a voice!

DAGWOOD: Er -- that was my conscience.

MAN: Your conscience! I can't believe it. One of you is a ventriloquist.

ALEXANDER: That's Pop's conscience, all right. Pop does whatever that voice says, don't you, Pop?

DAGWOOD: ~~Always.~~
Yeah.

MAN: Hold your mouth open wide. ~~You, too, young man...Now we won't hear from your conscience!~~
Dagwood: Like this?

BLONDIE: (INSIDE) No more insurance! That's final!

DAGWOOD: There -- are you satisfied?

MAN: (BREATHING HEAVILY) It's incredible!

DAGWOOD: I don't believe it, either.

MAN: I'm shaking like a leaf. ~~Do you mind if I sit up on the widgepole until my fingers stop vibrating?~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Not at all.~~ You've changed your mind about selling me any more insurance, haven't you?

MAN: Oh, yes -- a man's conscience must be his guide.

DAGWOOD: I agree with you.

BLONDIE: (INSIDE) Then get back to work on the roof. You'll never get that job done.

MAN: *There it is again.*
DAGWOOD: Right away!

music. (HAMMERING....THEN BOARD FADE...)
(PAUSE....)
(DOOR OPENS...)

WOODLEY: Hello, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Oh, hello, Herb.

WOODLEY: Is Dagwood here?

BLONDIE: No, he's up on the roof doing some shingling.

WOODLEY: Uh-hunh. Do you happen to know where he got the shingles?

BLONDIE: No, he just came back with them when he got the ladder.

WOODLEY: Aha -- my shingles! I was going to fix my roof with them, and he took them!

(FOOTSTEPS DOWN PORCH STEPS)

BLONDIE: Oh, dear...We'll get you some more shingles, Herb.

WOODLEY: You practically can't get shingles in town! You have to either have a priority rating or be related to someone in a lumber company.

BLONDIE: How did you get them?

WOODLEY: I went in to price two-by-fours and smuggled them out under my topcoat.

(SOUND OF HAMMERING OFF)

WOODLEY: Listen to him. Every time he drives a nail into one of those shingles, it's like he was driving it into my heart!...Who's that up on the roof with Dagwood? *SITTING ON THE chimney.*

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BLONDIE: An insurance man.

WOODLEY: What's he doing there?

BLONDIE: Trying to sell insurance.

WOODLEY: Oh -- Well, I'm going up the ladder and talk to Dagwood.

BLONDIE: Don't do anything rash on the roof.

(GOING UP LADDER)

WOODLEY: Blondie, I need those shingles. My roof leaks water like a colander...Hey, Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Is that you, Herb?

WOODLEY: Did you take my shingles?

DAGWOOD: (CLOSER) Hello, Herb.

ALEXANDER: Hello, Mr. Woodley.

WOODLEY: Answer my question.

DAGWOOD: Well, we just borrowed a few of them.

WOODLEY: Well, I've come to take them back.

ALEXANDER: They've all been put in the roof, Mr. Woodley.

WOODLEY: Oh, that's all right. I'll get them out again.

MAN: Pardon me, are you Mr. Woodley?

WOODLEY: Yes, but I don't want any insurance.

MAN: Well, it never hurts to ask.

WOODLEY: Here's one of my shingles!

DAGWOOD: Wait! Don't touch it! Leave it alone!

(STARTS TO RIP IT OUT)

WOODLEY: This belongs to me!

DAGWOOD: Woodley, I'm warning you!

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Just a minute now.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, Woodley's trying to rip all the shingles off our roof.

WOODLEY: They're mine!

BLONDIE: I hope you're both gentlemen enough not to fight in the presence of a lady.

WOODLEY: That's not fair, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Well -- I guess I'll go down and -- Dagwood -- the ladder's gone.

DAGWOOD: What?

WOODLEY: My ladder!

ALEXANDER: There he goes!

BLONDIE: Yes, there he is. There's a man carrying it away!

WOODLEY: Holy Smoke -- it's Harry Cook, the man I borrowed it from two years ago! (CALLS) Hey, Harry! Harry!

DAGWOOD: Hey, Harry!...Look -- he's stopping! He sees us! He's waving at us!

BLONDIE: And he's going right on! Oh, Dagwood -- we're all stranded up here -- and the poor insurance man --

WOODLEY: Say -- where is the insurance man?

DAGWOOD: He was sitting on that chimney a minute ago.

MAN: (MUFFLED) Help -- get me out of here --

BLONDIE: Oh, my goodness -- he's fallen ^{down} ~~into~~ the chimney.

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: What are you doing, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: I'm just trying to see how I came out on all this.

BLONDIE: It didn't cost you five dollars to fix the roof, did it?

DAGWOOD: No, but --

BLONDIE: And Mr. Nuggles was only five dollars, so that leaves five dollars for my new hat, doesn't it?...Doesn't it?

DAGWOOD: I guess I better say yes.

BLONDIE: You can keep whatever's left...But I'd like the five dollars now.

DAGWOOD: What this country needs is a woman Secretary of the Treasury.

BLONDIE: Thank you, dear.

DAGWOOD: Now let's see...ten dollars -- er, five dollars -- to Mr. Nuggles, three and a quarter to Herb Woodley for fifty cents worth of shingles and a dime's worth of nails -- that pirate!

BLONDIE: And five dollars for those tickets to the Fireman's Ball we had to buy before the firemen would get us off the roof, and that poor man out of the chimney.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, and they call themselves public servants. ~~That was blackmail!~~ Cleaning your dress, those cakes, five dollars for the hat -- holy smoke! Ten dollars and fifty cents of my own money gone! I've been held up again! Blondie, we've got to economize around here. I keep trying to impress it on you, but you never seem to realize.

BLONDIE: But I do, Dagwood, only it's so expensive when you economize. We can't afford any more economics.

DAGWOOD: Okay -- I give up. I'll never understand women.

BLONDIE: I hope not, dear....Dagwood,

DAGWOOD: Yeah?

BLONDIE: I've got a very important question to ask you.

DAGWOOD: Important question, eh?

BLONDIE: I want your judgment on it.

DAGWOOD: Ah, that's more like it. When you run into a problem, you come to me, and I'll give you a real opinion. It's better than trying to figure it out by yourself...What is it, dear?

BLONDIE: Do you think I should buy a green hat or a blue hat?

DAGWOOD: Oh, Blooooooondie!

MUSIC:

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: Well, next week the Bumsteads are in for plenty of excitement. A fire, a jewel robbery, a broken romance and -- well, I could go on, but instead let me remind you to listen in for the fun next week at this same time when "Blondie Goes to the Firemen's Ball".

Say, Blondie, have you noticed that a good many women are changing from so-called "women's cigarettes" to Camels

BLONDIE: Yes, Mr. Wilcox, women are learning that men aren't the only ones who want good rich flavor in a cigarette. More flavor means that Camels wear well, don't get to tasting flat. And Camels are so wonderfully mild, too!

WILCOX: That's right, Blondie! Get a pack of Camels tonight, folks!

Dagwood was played by Arthur Lake and Blondie by Florence Lake. Musical interludes are composed and conducted by William Artzt. Be sure to follow "Blondie", America's leading comic strip, in your local newspaper. Tomorrow Dagwood almost gets into a jam with the law. You'll find the comic strip entertaining every day in the week. Remember, Camel brings you four great radio shows each week. Monday night, of course, it's Blondie; Thursday night Abbott and Costello; Friday night the Camel Caravan, with Lanny Ross, Herb Shriner, Xavier Cugat and "Our Town"; and on Saturday night don't miss Bob Hawk with the great new quiz show "Thanks to the Yanks." Be sure to check your local newspaper for times and station.

MUSIC: (UP AND OUT)

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

WILCOX: Here's the latest news about the Camel Caravans -- those great traveling shows that are entertaining the men in camps.

The Camel Caravans -- who have to date entertained more than two million men in the service will give performances in twelve camps during the next week.

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

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

ANNCR:

Mister pipe-smoker, if you can't judge just by the size and the heft of a big blue package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco -- then look at the government revenue stamp on top! It says two and a quarter ounces. Yes, sir, and that great big package of mild, mellow, tasty tobacco costs so little. Get a package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco tomorrow! It's America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!