

As broadcast  
Master

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1942

4:30 - 5:00 P.M., PWT.  
7:30 - 8:00 P.M., PWT.

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WILCOX: Ah -- Ah -- Ah -- Don't touch that dial --  
Listen to "Blondie"...presented by Camel...the  
cigarette that's first in the service.

MUSIC: (THEME)

WILCOX:

Ask a Camel smoker why he smokes the cigarette he does. Whether he's just switched to Camels, or whether he's been smoking them for twenty years, I think you'll find the answer to be flavor, more flavor. It's a big reason why people say Camels have character -- why Camels wear well, hold up, pack after pack, don't get to tasting wishy-washy and flat. Test out a pack of Camels for yourself in your own T-Zone -- that's "T" for taste and "T" for throat. Your taste will tell you all about flavor, and your throat will provide the test on mildness. Yes, Camels are mild, because they're slow-burning and cool-smoking -- because they're expertly blended of costlier tobaccos. Get a pack of Camels tonight. Let your throat and your taste decide! You'll want to buy a carton tomorrow!

WILCOX: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue. Well, it looks as though Blondie, Dagwood, Alexander and Cookie are going to have an interesting day. They're going -- much against Dagwood's will -- to visit Blondie's Cousin Edgar at a nearby army camp. Right now they're out by the car in front of the house, ready to leave...

BLONDIE: Well, are we all ready and willing to go?

DAGWOOD: I'm ready, but I'm not willing.

ALEXANDER: I'm ready, Mom.

BLONDIE: That's fine, Alexander. How about you, Cookie -- are you ready?

COOKIE: Uh-hunh.

BLONDIE: You -- er -- haven't forgotten anything?

COOKIE: Hunh-uh.

DAGWOOD: Are you sure, Cookie?

COOKIE: Hunh-uh.

DAGWOOD: Hmmmm.

BLONDIE: Got enough money, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: I left it all in the house.

BLONDIE: What for?

DAGWOOD: I wanted to keep it as far away as possible from your Cousin Edgar.

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood -- we've got to be nice to Edgar. After all, he's in the army now.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, and General Marshall has my sympathy.

BLONDIE: Well, I think we'll have a good time. They have parachute troops and everything at the camp. <sup>Alexander: oh, boy.</sup> I think it'll be fun.

DAGWOOD: I'd have more fun staying home and hitting myself over the head with a hammer.

ALEXANDER: Let's go, Pop. I want to see some guns and tanks.

BLONDIE: What do you want to see, Cookie?

COOKIE: Sailors.

DAGWOOD: Cookie's certainly growing up!

BLONDIE: There won't be any sailors at the camp.

COOKIE: I don't want to go.

BLONDIE: Don't you want to see Cousin Edgar?

COOKIE: ~~None.~~

BLONDIE: (GASPS) Why, Cookie!

DAGWOOD: Smart girl.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, she got that from you!

COOKIE: (WAILS)

DAGWOOD: Well, we're off to our usual start!

(CAR ENGINE STARTS....CAR UP...)

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: The camp is quite an impressive place, isn't it?

DAGWOOD: Gee, I'll say. Those are swell looking barracks over there.

BLONDIE: And it's all so nice and neat and clean. It's wonderful!

ALEXANDER: I wonder if I could get in the army if I lied about my age.

BLONDIE: You better take up riveting, instead.

(BUGLE PLAYS "RECALL" OFF...)

DAGWOOD: That was a bugle, Cookie.

COOKIE: I want one.

BLONDIE: No, dear.

COOKIE: I want a boogie.

DAGWOOD: Cookie, wait till you're a little older and we'll buy you a tuba.

ALEXANDER: Say, Mom -- there's a sign showing the way to the canteen.

BLONDIE: Yes -- maybe Cousin Edgar's there.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, why don't you and Alexander and Cookie look in the Canteen, and I'll look in another place where he'll probably be. We'll meet you at the canteen.

BLONDIE: Where are you going to look?

DAGWOOD: Don't worry. If Cousin Edgar hasn't changed any, I know exactly the place to find him!

MUSIC:

GUARD: Halt!

DAGWOOD: Er--uh--I'm looking for a relative of mine. Is this the guardhouse?

GUARD: Yes. Who're you looking for?

DAGWOOD: Private Edgar Slocum.

GUARD: He's here!

DAGWOOD: I knew it!

GUARD: Wait a minute...He's not here today. I must have just said that from force of habit.

DAGWOOD: I guess you know him pretty well, hanh?

GUARD: Everybody knows <sup>him.</sup> ^ The camp voted for the soldier most likely to be shot at sunrise...He won by a landslide.

DAGWOOD: (HOPEFULLY) Have they shot him yet?

GUARD: (SADLY) No.

DAGWOOD: Say - if he's not here, where is he?

GUARD: I think that's Slocum who's been doing that digging way over there. Yeah, and that's the Sergeant who's just walking up to him.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah. Thanks very much -- I'll go over there now.

(PAUSE)  
SERGEANT: Well, Slocum, how are you coming?  
EDGAR: ~~(FADING IN)~~ Well, Sergeant, I dug the hole the way you told me to. It's exactly three feet wide, seven feet long, and five feet deep with nice smooth sides.

SERGEANT: That's lovely. It's a beautiful job, Slocum.

EDGAR: It was hard work. I've been digging since the first thing this morning.

SERGEANT: Splendid. It's just gorgeous.

EDGAR: ~~Now~~ what <sup>are you going</sup> ~~do you want me~~ to do with it?

SERGEANT: Well, first stand on the edge of the hole.

EDGAR: Like this?

SERGEANT: Uh-hunh. Now bend over.

EDGAR: Yes, sir?

SERGEANT: (ROARS) Now spit out that gum, fill up the hole, and don't ever ~~let me catch you~~ chewing ~~gum~~ gum on duty again!!

EDGAR: Yes, sir.

SERGEANT: Incidentally, Slocum, you're making your first parachute jump today.

EDGAR: (WEAKLY) I am?

SERGEANT: Yes. There's going to be a little field problem. A paratroop attack on the <sup>AIR</sup> field.

EDGAR: Sergeant, I'm not feeling so well today. (COUGHS)

SERGEANT: (PHONEY SOLICITUDE) Aw, that's a shame.

EDGAR: Yeah -- I'm afraid I'll have to beg off.

SERGEANT: That's too bad.

EDGAR: I'm a little upset.

SERGEANT: Well, I'll have the colonel bring you some bicarbonate of soda.

EDGAR: I'd appreciate it, Sarge.

SERGEANT: (YELLS) Don't call me Sarge!...Now look here,  
~~Private~~ Slocum--!

EDGAR: Yes, sir!

SERGEANT: You've either been sick or in the guardhouse each time our group made a jump, but this time you're not going to get out of it!

EDGAR: But Sarge -- I mean, Sergeant--!

SERGEANT: Our group isn't jumping, but I told Corporal Smith of the second group to pick you up here in ten minutes. He'll bring your equipment, and you'd better make that jump!.....Now start filling that hole in,

*Edgar:* Slocum, get to work --- (FADING)  
*Yes, sir*  
(SHOVELING SOUNDS)

EDGAR: Holy smoke, ten minutes. I got to get out of that somehow.

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Is that you, Edgar?

EDGAR: Huhh?...Why, Cousin Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Hello, Edgar.

EDGAR: Boy, am I glad to see you! (PAUSE) ~~Yes, sir -- it~~  
*To see you!*  
~~sure it swell to see you!~~

DAGWOOD: (WON'T RETURN THE COMPLIMENT) Hello, Edgar...what've you been doing there?

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EDGAR: Oh -- er-- just digging a fox hole.

DAGWOOD: Where's the fox?

EDGAR: Heh-heh. Is Blondie with you?

DAGWOOD: Yeah. She and Alexander and Cookie are over at the canteen, waiting for us.

EDGAR: Well -- uh -- I'm afraid I can't--(STOPS) Oh, that's fine, but you'll have to do me a little favor, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: I'm sorry, Edgar, but I haven't got a cent on me.  
(LAUGHS)

EDGAR: No, I didn't mean that. I'm dying to see Blondie and those two wonderful kids of yours. Ah--they're swell.

DAGWOOD: I still haven't any money.

EDGAR: No. You see, I've got to fill this hole up here, but I can't leave my post AND I WANT TO SEE BLONDIE, SO if you'd just slip into these dungarees I've got on over my uniform I could go ~~and clean up~~.

DAGWOOD: No, I don't think so, Edgar.

EDGAR: ~~It isn't hard work and I'd appreciate it,~~ <sup>oh,</sup> Cousin Dagwood....Here -- I've got 'em off now. Just step into them and I'll zip you up.

DAGWOOD: Well--all right.

EDGAR (SIGHS) Ah, you're a great guy, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Sometimes I wish I were more of a heel.  
(SOUND OF ZIPPER...)

EDGAR: There you are! You look just like me...Yes, sir!

DAGWOOD: ~~What's good about that?~~ <sup>That does it</sup> Edgar, I've changed my mind.

EDGAR: No, no, no, no! I'll be right back.



DAGWOOD: How long will it take you?  
EDGAR: Er--about fifteen minutes...That's not too long!  
DAGWOOD: A lot can happen in fifteen minutes.  
EDGAR: You're telling me!  
DAGWOOD: Hanh?  
EDGAR: Just one more thing. If anyone happens to drop by here...tell them you're me-- Private Edgar Slocum.  
DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Okay...Gee, this'll be sort of fun.  
EDGAR: It'll be exciting, too...just shovel the dirt in. *That's it.*  
(SHOVELING SOUNDS)

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON FOOTSTEPS ON WALK...)

SERGEANT: (OFF A BIT) Oh, Colonel Williams, sir.  
COLONEL: Yes, Sergeant?  
SERGEANT: Everything's all ready for the paratroop attack on the airfield, sir.  
COLONEL: Fine. Have the bugler sound general assembly in five minutes.  
SERGEANT: Yes, sir.  
COLONEL: I'm going into the canteen to get a package of cigarettes. You can pick me up in front with the staff car. I want to watch the attack from the hill.  
SERGEANT: (FADING) Yes, sir.

(FOOTSTEP)

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES.. )

ALEXANDER: (OFF A BIT) Here comes a soldier, Mom.

BLONDIE: Alexander--don't point.

ALEXANDER: (CLOSER) He's a mess sergeant.

BLONDIE: I don't think so.

ALEXANDER: I can tell by the silver chicken on his shoulder.

COLONEL: (CHOKES)

ALEXANDER: Aren't you a mess sergeant?

COLONEL: No, young man--I'm a colonel.

ALEXANDER: Oh--a Colonel...Well, just the same, you looked important.

BLONDIE: You'll have to excuse him, Colonel..Alexander, that's not a chicken on the Colonel's shoulder. That's an eagle.

COOKIE: I want it.

BLONDIE: No, Cookie.

COLONEL: Hello, there, little girl.

COOKIE: Hello.

COLONEL: Do you like soldiers?

COOKIE: No. Sailors.

BLONDIE: (WEAK LAUGH)

COLONEL: Well, that's life.

BLONDIE: Uh-Colonel, maybe you can tell me where all the soldiers are. I'm looking for a cousin of mine and I thought he'd be here in the canteen, but the place seems deserted.

COLONEL: Well, we're standing by for a field problem today. There's going to be a paratroop attack on the airfield...Say, your little daughter seems to like me. She's tugging at my coat.

ALEXANDER: She doesn't like you. She's just pulling your buttons off.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear..Give that button to me, Cookie.

COOKIE: I want it.

BLONDIE: I'm awfully sorry, Colonel. If you'll take your coat off, I'll sew it back on again.

COLONEL: Well, thank you, but no. Just give me the button, and--

ALEXANDER: Hey, Mom! There's Cousin Edgar - walking along outside!

BLONDIE: Oh, yes! Colonel--would you watch the children for just a moment?

COLONEL: But Madam -- uh --

BLONDIE: I'll be right back.

COLONEL: But Madam---!

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSSES...)

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS...)

BLONDIE: (CALLS) Edgar!....Edgar!....Edgar, stop! It's Blondie!

EDGAR: (OFF) Oh...Oh, hello, Blondie. (EMBARRASSED) Well, it's good to see you. How are you?

BLONDIE: Fine! But you're looking a little pale, Edgar.

EDGAR: I ~~haven't been well.~~ <sup>just had a narrow escape.</sup>

BLONDIE: Where's Dagwood? I thought he'd be with you.

EDGAR: Uh---Dagwood?

BLONDIE: Yes,---Dagwood.

EDGAR: Oh. Why, I haven't seen him, Blondie. (PAUSE)  
Really. (PAUSE) Don't look at me like that, Blondie.  
(PAUSE) Okay, I saw him.

BLONDIE: What happened to him?

EDGAR: Well, you see, Blondie, he put on my dungarees and I left him to take my place for a moment so I could clean up and come here to see you and Alexander and Cookie. How are those two wonderful kids of yours?

BLONDIE: Fine...Edgar, you weren't coming to the Canteen at all. You were going the other way.

EDGAR: Yeah...I have to see the Colonel about something vitally important.

BLONDIE: He's in the Canteen.

EDGAR: He is?...Well, well.

BLONDIE: Shall we go back and see him?

EDGAR: No, I wouldn't want to bother him. *He might be eating.*

BLONDIE: Now just where is Dagwood, Edgar? Let's got him right now.

(BUGLE OFF--BLOWS ASSEMBLY...REPEATS IT UNDER BELOW...)

BLONDIE: What's that?

EDGAR: Holy smoke---the maneuvers!

BLONDIE: And you left Dagwood in your place. What will happen to him?

EDGAR: Well, nothing much, really.

BLONDIE: Edgar, you tell me the truth!..What will he have to do?

EDGAR: Er--just make a parachute jump.

BLONDIE: Oh, well, I suppose it won't hurt him if-----a parachute jump!! (PAUSE) Ohhhhhhhhhh!

EDGAR: Holy smoke---she's fainted!

MUSIC...

(TRUCK COMES UP AND STOPS...)

CORPORAL: Hey, you!

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

CORPORAL: Are you Private Slocum?

DAGWOOD: Er--uh--yeah.

CORPORAL: Hop on the truck then.

DAGWOOD: Er--okay...Where are you going?

(TRUCK STARTS UP...AND FADES DOWN..)

CORPORAL: Don't you know? To the airfield.

DAGWOOD: That sounds swell.

CORPORAL: Nice day for a ride, isn't it?

DAGWOOD: Yeah--makes you feel glad you're alive...Look at those big fluffy clouds. I'd like to be whizzing through the air the way they are.

CORPORAL: You will be.

DAGWOOD: What's going on at the airfield?

CORPORAL: Our parachute troops are jumping.

DAGWOOD: Oh, boy! I've always wanted to see a parachute jump!

CORPORAL: What do you mean "see" it. You're going to be in it!  
....Here's your parachute!

DAGWOOD: Yipe!

MUSIC: (UP)

(APPLAUSE)

11/16/42

WILCOX: Well, it looks as though it won't be long before Dagwood will be floating through the air with the greatest of ease, thanks to Blondie's Cousin Edgar. We'll see what happens in just a moment....

WILCOX: Oh, say, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Yes, Mr. Wilcox!

WILCOX: You know, the other day one of our customers was rolling along a smooth stretch of road at about sixty or seventy miles an hour, and --

DAGWOOD: Sixty or seventy? What about his tires?

WILCOX: Never uses 'em. He was rolling along, and --

DAGWOOD: Never uses tires? I suppose he doesn't need gas, either.

WILCOX: Never touches it. Maybe I forgot to mention that the fellow's name is Frank Dooley, the veteran New York Central engineer, who rolls the fast freights, full of tanks, and planes, and guns, down to the ships in the harbor. I just brought it up because Frank's one of the many thousands who has been smoking Camels for years and years. He's said, QUOTE --

DOOLEY VOICE: I've been smoking Camels more than fifteen years. They don't tire my taste or wear out their welcome! And Camels are miles ahead in mildness!

WILCOX: UNQUOTE. Yes, and with men 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 for steady pleasure. You'll find they hold up, pack after pack -- won't go flat, no matter how many you smoke -- because Camels have more flavor. And you'll like the way Camel combines extra mildness that goes with slow burning and cool smoking. One reason is  
(CONTINUED)

WILCOX:  
(Cont'd)

that Camels are made of costlier tobaccos, blended expertly and matchlessly, in the years-old Camel tradition of quality tobacco blending. Remember, you're the one who's doing your smoking! Let your throat and your taste decide! Get a pack of Camels tonight! Send a carton to that fellow in the service!

MUSIC: C-A-M-E-L-S. *Wilcox: Camels!*  
Before we continue with the second act of "Blondie",

let us remind you that Camel presents four great shows each week. Thursdays it's Abbott and Costello. Fridays -- the Camel Caravan. Saturdays -- Bob Hawk in "Thanks to the Yanks"; and Mondays it's "Blondie!"

MUSIC:

WILCOX: Well, it's a minute later, and back in the Canteen, the Colonel has his hands full with Alexander and Cookie...

COLONEL: No, Cookie--leave that button on my coat alone.

COOKIE: I want it.

COLONEL: You can't have it.

ALEXANDER: You better give her the button, Colonel or she'll cry. *AGAIN.*

COLONEL: Oh, no.

COOKIE: (STARTS TO CRY)

COLONEL: Oh, for heaven's sakes here -- take the button (CRYING STOPS) Young man, what's happened to your mother?

ALEXANDER: I don't know. I don't see her outside. She's gone.

COLONEL: Not permanently, I hope...

(DOOR OPENS....)



SERGEANT: (COMING UP) The command car is outside, sir.

COLONEL: Thank you, Sergeant.

COOKIE: Sailor?

COLONEL: No, he's not a sailor...Sergeant, what do you suggest I do with these two civilians?

SERGEANT: Where's their mother?

COLONEL: I wish I knew. She asked me to watch them for a moment, and I can't very well just leave them here.

ALEXANDER: Take us along with you.

COLONEL: (SIGHS) Oh, all right -- I suppose there'll be room in the car, won't there, Sergeant?

SERGEANT: I guess so, sir, but two kids can make anything seem crowded...Hey, little girl, let go of that button.

COLONEL: Sergeant, you're in charge of these children. <sup>SERGEANT: let go of</sup> That's a <sup>THAT</sup> button. <sup>^</sup>  
command.

SERGEANT: Yes, sir...Ten years a Sergeant in the army and I've been turned into a nursemaid! Come on, you kids. Squads Right!

(PAUSE)

(DOOR OPENS...)

BLONDIE: (CALLS) Alexander! Cookie! Colonel!

EDGAR: Aren't they here, Blondie?

BLONDIE: No one's here.

EDGAR: I never have trusted that Colonel.

BLONDIE: He must have taken them with him. We've got to find him.

EDGAR: We?

BLONDIE: Yes, we. You've got to tell him what happened. We've got to keep Dagwood from being pushed out of one of those planes. He might be killed.

EDGAR: Now don't worry, Blondie. I hear it's perfectly safe.  
BLONDIE: Then why did you let Dagwood go in your place?  
EDGAR: Well, I don't believe everything I hear,  
BLONDIE: Come on -- we've got to find the Colonel right away.  
EDGAR: No, Blondie -- you go by yourself. I couldn't go with you.  
BLONDIE: Why not?  
EDGAR: Blondie, you wouldn't want to see me shot at sunrise,  
would you? (PAUSE) Would you?  
BLONDIE: I'm trying to decide.

(CAR OFF...)

EDGAR: Why don't you flag this jeep coming along. He'll take  
you to the Colonel...Meanwhile, I'll be running along.  
BLONDIE: Where are you going?  
EDGAR: I'm going over and check in at the guardhouse. Goodbye,  
Blondie...(FADING)

(CAR COMING UP...)

BLONDIE: (CALLS) Oh, Jeep!...Oh, Mr. Jeep!

(CAR COMES TO A STOP...)

SOLDIER: Ah, a lady in distress.  
BLONDIE: Could you please take me to the Colonel right away? It's  
a matter of life and death.  
SOLDIER: Well, there's a rule against picking up civilians, but  
it doesn't say anything about blondes...Hop right in, and  
hold tight.  
BLONDIE: Thank you. Will it be bumpy?  
SOLDIER: No. Only from time to time when the wheels touch the  
ground...Are you ready?  
BLONDIE: Yes.

SOLDIER: Take a deep breath. It'll be the last one you'll catch till we get there.

(JEEP SNARLS OFF...)

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON PLANE IDLING OFF...FADE OUT...)

CORPORAL: Now I'll go over it all again, briefly, men. Our general objective is the airfield and the defenses on its outer ring. The specific objective is the headquarters building on the field. We'll keep attacking until we gain our objectives. Now let's get into the plane.

(MURMURING OF VOICES...THEN OUT...)

DAGWOOD: Er -- Corporal...

CORPORAL: What is it, Slocum?

DAGWOOD: Look, I'm not really Edgar Slocum. I just took his place for a minute.

CORPORAL: Oh, yeah? Your sergeant told me you'd probably try a half a dozen different stunts to get out of this jump, but you're going to make it just the same.

DAGWOOD: But I'm a civilian! Think of my morale!

CORPORAL: Come on -- get into the plane, Slocum.

DAGWOOD: But look -- I've got a suit on under this outfit. And look at the pants -- no cuffs.

CORPORAL: I'm not falling for any tricks, Slocum.

DAGWOOD: I'm not Slocum. My name's Dagwood Bumstead.

CORPORAL: Boy, a phoney name if I ever heard one.

DAGWOOD: I couldn't be a soldier. I'll prove it to you! Here -- feel how flabby my muscles are.

CORPORAL: Are you going to get into the plane or shall I throw you in?

DAGWOOD: I was just going.

(PLANE MOTORS UP...)

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON JEEP BOUNCING OVER ROAD AND COMING TO A STOP...)

SOLDIER: Well, here we are. There's the Colonel's command car right over there.

BLONDIE: (DEEP BREATH) Thank you.

SOLDIER: What did you think of the ride?

BLONDIE: It must be a wonderful way to reduce.

SOLDIER: Yeah -- a jeep gives you quite a massage...Goodbye.

BLONDIE: Goodbye, and thanks again.

(JEEP UP AND FADES...)

ALEXANDER: (OFF) Hey, Mom! Mom! Here we are!

BLONDIE: Alexander! Cookie! What happened to you?

ALEXANDER: We went with the Colonel.

BLONDIE: Are you all right?

ALEXANDER: We're having fun. But the Colonel, isn't...We've been trying to help him, but he didn't appreciate it.

BLONDIE: Where is he? I've got to see him right away.

ALEXANDER: To sew that button back on his coat?...Cookie got three more of them.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear...Where is he, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: There he is.

BLONDIE: Colonel!....Oh, Colonel! I was afraid I wouldn't find you.

COLONEL: (COMING UP) So was I.

BLONDIE: Colonel, my husband is in one of those parachutists planes.  
You've got to get him down.

COLONEL: Oh, he'll come down. ~~They said so.~~

BLONDIE: But he's a civilian. He just took a paratrooper's place  
for a moment and they took him by mistake. You've got to  
stop the planes!

(COME UP ON PLANES....)

COLONEL: Look!

BLONDIE: Oh -- they've already taken off.

COLONEL: I'm afraid it's too late now.

BLONDIE: Ohhhhhh, poor Dagwoooooood!

(PLANES UP....)

MUSIC:

(FADE TO INTERIOR OF PLANE....MOTORS DOWN....)

DAGWOOD: Now I lay me down to sleep. I pray --

CORPORAL: Slocum!

DAGWOOD: He isn't here....Now I lay me down to sleep.

CORPORAL: Cut it out, will you? You're making the rest of us nervous.

DAGWOOD: That makes it unanimous.

CORPORAL: Well, open your eyes and get up off your knees.

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir.

CORPORAL: We're going to make the jump in a few minutes.

DAGWOOD: What a spot for an insurance salesman.

CORPORAL: Now look, Slocum -- remember that the red parachute is the thirty-seven millimeter gun and the blue chute is the eighty-one millimeter mortar. If you come down near either of them, for gosh sakes, open them up, put the gun together together, and start firing.

DAGWOOD: In all directions?

CORPORAL: No! At the airfield defenses.

DAGWOOD: Will there be signs in front of them?

CORPORAL: Ohhhhhhhh!

DAGWOOD: I guess not, hanh?

CORPORAL: Look, Just open up the supply chutes. That's all. And don't be afraid. All the ammunition is blank -- and the mortar shells are just smoke bombs. You drop them into the muzzle, you know, and they come out by themselves.

DAGWOOD: Thanks.

CORPORAL: (LOUD) All right, men -- hook on to the static line.

(MURMUR OF VOICES....)

CORPORAL: Here -- I'll do it for you, Slocum.

DAGWOOD: What's this for?

CORPORAL: It opens your chute when you jump out the door.

DAGWOOD: It opens my chute when I jump -- out -- the -- door.  
I feel awful!

CORPORAL: . You'll be third to jump, Slocum.

DAGWOOD: one, two, three, and I'm out.

CORPORAL: (LOUD) All right, men. On your feet.

(MURMURING....)

CORPORAL: Now let's go down and give it to them. Don't forget our battlecry! Just yell "Geronimo"! It'll make you feel better too....Open the door.

(DOOR OPENS....)

(WIND SOUNDS....)

CORPORAL: Easy now....easy....All right! Jump! One!

FIRST (YELLS) Geronimooooooooo!

VOICE:  
CORPORAL: Two!

SECOND (YELLS) Geronimooooooooo!

VOICE:  
CORPORAL: Three!

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) Bloooooooooooooooooondie! (FADE)

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON PLANES FADING OFF....)

COLONEL: There they come down!

BLONDIE: Oh! All the parachutes opened!

COLONEL: (DISGUSTED) Ahhhhh! Look at that! A breeze has come up!  
It's blowing them away from the airfield!

SERGEANT: They're trying to slip their chutes over toward the field,  
but I don't think they're going to make it.

COLONEL: Look! One of them has grabbed hold of the green supply  
chute on his way down! That's got hand-grenades.

SERGEANT: The crazy fool! He'll be hurt! He ought to know better!

BLONDIE: Oh, dear.

SERGEANT: What's the matter, Mrs. Bumstead?

BLONDIE: If he doesn't know better, that's Dagwood.

COLONEL: I doubt it, Mrs. Bumstead....Look, Sergeant -- the green chute is heavier, and its keeping him from drifting so much. He'll be the only one to make the airfield. Find out who he is later, Sergeant.

SERGEANT: Yes, sir.

COLONEL: He's either smart as a whip or complete nincompoop

BLONDIE: I'm afraid it's still Dagwood.

COLONEL: Look at him! He's landing right on top of the airfield headquarters building. He's on the roof!

BLONDIE: Oh! He made it!

COLONEL: Let's get into the car and drive down to the field.

(MACHINE GUNS OPEN UP OFF....)

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: Gee, there are hand grenades in this green parachute I grabbed.

(RATTLE OF HEAVY METAL GRENADES....)

DAGWOOD: Oh, boy -- I'm <sup>SAFE</sup> on this roof <sup>ANYWAY</sup> and I'd better go into action. Let's see -- you pull out this pin like this, and then what do you do? It seems to me something is supposed to happen ....Oops -- it slipped.

(SOUND OF GRENADE ROLLING DOWN ROOF....)

DAGWOOD: There it goes down the roof!

(EXPLOSION....)

DAGWOOD: Boy! Did I do that all by myself? Look at that smoke! I think I'll try a couple more!

(TWO MORE GRENADES GO ROLLING DOWN....)

(TWO MORE EXPLOSIONS....)



DAGWOOD: This is better than the Fourth of July! I'm going to set them all off and get down from this roof! (COUGHS)  
That smoke is terrific!

(EXPLOSIONS....)

DAGWOOD: (COUGHING)

EDGAR: (OFF) Hey, Dagwood....Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Who's that?

EDGAR: (COMING UP) It's me -- Edgar. Holy Pete -- look what you've done!

DAGWOOD: It's been fun.

EDGAR: What a mess!....Well, I'll take the blame for this. Quick -- get out of that outfit of mine. Here -- I'll help you.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, but I thought I did all right.

EDGAR: Oh, brother!....Well, I'll get you out of this jam. Just tell them you came over to watch. Be dumb about the whole thing -- be yourself.

DAGWOOD: Hahh?

EDGAR: There we are! You're in civilian clothes, and I'm back in my outfit -- thanks to zippers.

DAGWOOD: But I thought we were supposed to attack this --

EDGAR: Just leave everything to me, Dagwood!

(CAR APPROACHING....)

EDGAR: The smoke's blowing away and here comes the Colonel's car. Well, I've got to face this like a man.

(CAR COMES UP ON STOPS....)

ALEXANDER: Hey, Pop!

BLONDIE: Dagwoood! Are you all right?

ALEXANDER: We were worried, Pop.

COLONEL: I told you I didn't think your husband made the jump,  
Mrs. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: ~~Edgar made this mess here. (LAUGHS) (LOW) Watch what  
the Colonel does to him.~~

EDGAR: Private Slocum reporting, sir. The objective has been  
destroyed!

DAGWOOD: And how!

COLONEL: Private Slocum, let me congratulate you on a fine piece of  
work!

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

EDGAR: Thank you, sir!

COLONEL: That took real nerve --

DAGWOOD: I'll say!

COLONEL: Cool headed daring --

DAGWOOD: You said it!

COLONEL: And plenty of skill! Private Slocum, I'm proud of you.

DAGWOOD: I'm not.

BLONDIE: Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: But, Blondie, I --

BLONDIE: (SHUTTING HIM UP) Yes, yes, I know, dear, but wait.

EDGAR: Thank you, sir. I was only doing my duty.

COLONEL: You won't go unrewarded, Private.

EDGAR: Oh, that's very nice of you, sir.

COLONEL: Not at all. We need men like you and although we don't  
usually do this, I'm going to see that you get an  
opportunity to make parachute jumps every day in the week!

EDGAR: Ohhhhhhh!

(SOUND BODY FALLS....)

COLONEL: Good heavens -- what happened to him!

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) I think he's just fainted for the duration!

MUSIC:

(APPLAUSE....)

WILCOX: Well, next week Dagwood makes the mistake of rescuing a hat for a pretty burnette and from then on, things start happening. Don't forget to listen in next week at this same time for "Blondie Versus A Brunette."

WILCOX: Blonde, I hear that a lot of women in war plants are smoking Camels in their time off. What's the reason for that?

BLONDIE: Well, women in war plants and out are finding that Camels have more flavor, Mr. Wilcox -- don't get to tasting flat after the first few puffs.

WILCOX: Good point, Blondie! Try a pack of Camels tonight, folks. You'll like 'em!

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.

MUSIC: (UP AND OUT)

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

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WILCOX: Here's the latest news about the Camel Caravans, those great traveling shows entertaining men in camps. Thirty-two performances of the Camel Caravan units will be given to men in training stations throughout the country during the coming week. This is Harlow Wilcox, reminding you to listen to Abbott and Costello this Thursday night, and saying good night for Camel Cigarettes. First in the Service.

ANNCR: Mister Pipe-Smoker, you don't need a scale to tell that you're getting more for your money with George Washington Smoking Tobacco! Just look at the blue government stamp on top of the big blue package. Says two and a quarter ounces. Compare that with your present brand. And remember all that mild, mellow, tasty George Washington smoking Tobacco costs so little. Get a big blue package of George Washington tomorrow! It's America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!