

"BLONDIE"

As broadcast

MONDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1942

CAMEL CIGARETTES

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

R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

CAST

BLONDIE.....Florence Lake ***** DAGWOOD.....Arthur Lake

DITERS.....Hanley Stafford
HOBO.....Wally Maher
WAITER.....Charlie Lung
HENDERSON.....Pinky Parker
ANNOUNCER.....Harlow Wilcox
CONDUCTOR.....Billy Artzt
COMMERCIAL (HULSE).....Fred Shields

SOUND EFFECTS:

Doors
Snapping String
Cardboard box
Footsteps
Restaurant sounds (Dishes)
Knock on Door
Scratch of match
Tearing paper
Street sounds
Crash of dishes

"BLONDIE"

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WILCOX: Ah -- Ah -- Ah -- Don't touch that dial --
Listen to "Blondie"...presented by Camel ^{Chorus: C-A-M-e-L-S} the
cigarette that's first in the service. --
~~CAMEL'S~~....

MUSIC: (THEME)

WILCOX: From father to son, the Camels are going overseas by the thousands of cartons -- because Dad knows that soldiers and Camels go together. Yes, thousands of fathers of today's fighting men started smoking Camels in ¹⁹'Seventeen and 'Eighteen -- and are still smoking them. We say year-in, year-out loyalty like that is the best proof you can find of Camels character. There's character in the full, rich Camel flavor, the extra flavor that helps Camels wear well, no matter how many you smoke. There's character in Camel's smooth extra mildness, too, the mildness that goes with slow burning and cool smoking. Give Camels your own T-Zone test -- "T" for taste, "T" for throat -- your personal proving ground for flavor and mildness. Then, for steady smoking you'll stick to Camels -- the cigarette that's expertly blended of costlier tobaccos. Get a pack of Camels tonight!

MUSIC:

WILCOX: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads of Shady Lane Avenue. Well, it's late in the afternoon and Blondie has just come home, carrying a large package under her arm. She's met by Dagwood....

DAGWOOD: What's in the package, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Well, it's a surprise.

DAGWOOD: Did you buy a new ^{HAT} ~~coat~~, or is it a pleasant surprise?

BLONDIE: Well, I'll tell you about it. You see, I've been --

DAGWOOD: Ouch!

BLONDIE: Keep your fingers off it!

DAGWOOD: I was just peeking.

BLONDIE: For quite a while I've been thinking that these days, more than ever, a woman ought to carry her weight around the house and really be helpful. Really do something.

DAGWOOD: Yeah.

BLONDIE: I don't really do much. All I do during the day is cook three meals, and wash the dishes, and dust the house and empty the ash-trays, and make the beds, and take care of Cookie, and scrub the floors, and do the laundry and the ironing, and darn your socks and sew buttons on your shirts, and vacuum the rugs and watch the furnace.

DAGWOOD: ~~Is that all?~~

BLONDIE: ~~Yes~~. The rest of the time I just loaf.

DAGWOOD: And also, you fool away a lot of time sleeping.

BLONDIE: Well, anyway, I thought I ought to get back to the days when people really made things for themselves.

DAGWOOD: What's in the box?

BLONDIE: Something I made for you.

DAGWOOD: Not another turtle neck sweater?

BLONDIE: No.

DAGWOOD: That last one almost choked the life out of me.

BLONDIE: Well, I'll open the box and show you. I've been working on this for a long time -- I had to take lessons and everything.

DAGWOOD: What's in the box?

BLONDIE: Just be patient.

(SNAPPING STRINGS...RATTLE OF CARDBOARD BOX)

BLONDIE: There you are, Dagwood. How do you like it?

DAGWOOD: It's wonderful, it's marvelous...What is it?

BLONDIE: A suit for you.

DAGWOOD: (GROANS) Oh, Blooooondie....

BLONDIE: I wove it all myself on a loom.

DAGWOOD: It looks it.

BLONDIE: Come on, now -- put it on.

DAGWOOD: No!

BLONDIE: (HURT) Dagwood...what's wrong with it?

DAGWOOD: ~~The orange and green stripe in it is about an inch too wide.~~
IT'S TOO FUNNY AND IT NEEDS A SHAVE.

BLONDIE: I think it would look nice,

DAGWOOD: Never.

BLONDIE: (STARTS TO CRY)

DAGWOOD: Blondie...!

BLONDIE: Don't speak to me!

DAGWOOD: What's the matter?

BLONDIE: (WAILS) You don't love me any more!

DAGWOOD: But Blondie, I do! I have a lot of affection for you.

BLONDIE: (STOPS CRYING) Then put the suit on.

DAGWOOD: That's carrying my affection too far.

BLONDIE: ~~But it's a victory suit.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~A victory suit?~~

BLONDIE: ~~Yes.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Then I surrender, dear.~~

BLONDIE: ~~(STARTS TO CRY AGAIN)~~

DAGWOOD: ~~What's the matter now?~~

BLONDIE: ~~You're not patriotic!~~

DAGWOOD: ~~I am, too!~~

BLONDIE: ~~Then put the suit on!~~

DAGWOOD: Oh, all right, Blondie -- I'll put the coat on, anyway.

BLONDIE: That's better. I think it'll look very good on you.

DAGWOOD: It would look better on a hundred pounds of potatoes.

BLONDIE: That'll do, Dagwood...There you are. How does it feel?

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke.

BLONDIE: How does it feel? (PAUSE) Dagwood, stop scratching.

DAGWOOD: The suit scratched me first...Wow!

BLONDIE: It looks fine...Don't you like the material? It's a
heather mixture.

DAGWOOD: You put a little too much excelsior in it.

BLONDIE: ^{Dagwood,} Well, all our extra money ^{is going} ~~has to go~~ into war bonds this
year, so you'll have to wear it instead of a new suit.

DAGWOOD: Couldn't I give it away? It would make a wonderful
present.

BLONDIE: For whom?

DAGWOOD: Hitler.

BLONDIE: ~~(STARTS TO CRY)~~

DAGWOOD: Blondie...Please, Blondie...You know I can't stand to hear you cry...Oh, all right -- I'll wear the suit to the office tomorrow.

MUSIC:

DITHERS: (LAUGHING) Oh, Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

DITHERS: (ROCKING WITH LAUGHTER) Have you seen yourself in the mirror this morning?

DAGWOOD: I was afraid to look.

DITHERS: What is that you're wearing? Are you going to a masquerade party?

DAGWOOD: It's a new suit.

DITHERS: A suit? Is that what it is? (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: Blondie made the whole thing -- she even wove the material.

DITHERS: What did she weave it out of -- an old doormat?

DAGWOOD: I don't think so. It doesn't say "Welcome" on it anywhere.

DITHERS: It fits you like a shower curtain.

DAGWOOD: (WEAK LAUGH)

DITHERS: I was feeling depressed this morning, but you've brightened things up. (THEN SERIOUSLY) I've got a job for you, Dagwood. You know how bad the manpower situation has been getting around here.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, J.C.

DITHERS: When I got that subcontracting job in Sheridan City, I told Henderson that I'd have plenty of men to do the work. Well, Henderson's coming over today, and if I don't have the men, we'll lose the contract ~~and be fined as well~~. You've got to go out and hire fifty men. I don't know where you'll find them, but you've got to get them.

DAGWOOD: Okay, J.C. I'll start right now.

DITHERS: Wait a minute. You're not going out as a representative of the Dithers Company wearing that double breasted burlap ^{SACK} ~~suit~~.

DAGWOOD: But J.C. -- I've got to wear it. Blondie won't let me take it off.

DITHERS: Well, I won't let you wear it.

DAGWOOD: Then what am I going to do? ^{Dithers: I don't know. Dagwood: So I} Run around the streets in my shorts?

DITHERS: Oh, fiddle-diddle! Now go on home and take that suit off! You look horrible in it!

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir. I'm going.

DITHERS: And I suggest you ^{SNEAK} ~~go~~ home by the back alleys. And for heaven's sake stop scratching. You're making me itch, too!

MUSIC:

(SOUND OF STEALTHY FOOTSTEPS)

DAGWOOD: (TO HIMSELF) Now if I can just get out the door before Blondie hears me and --

BLONDIE: (OFF) Dagwoood! Is that you?

DAGWOOD: Whoaaaa!

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Dagwood -- what are you doing here? Why aren't you at the office?

DAGWOOD: Well -- (LAUGHS) -- I just came home for a moment to --

BLONDIE: Dagwood, what happened to that suit?

DAGWOOD: Er -- what suit?

BLONDIE: The suit I made for you. The one you had on this morning.

DAGWOOD: Oh, that suit.

BLONDIE: Yes.

DAGWOOD: It's upstairs. I just changed into this. Mr. Dithers made me...Well, goodbye, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Dagwoood!

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

BLONDIE: You go right upstairs and change again.

DAGWOOD: But Mr. Dithers said he'd fire me if I ever wore it to the office again.

BLONDIE: Well, he can't scare me that way.

DAGWOOD: He can scare me...Goodbye, Blondie.

BLONDIE: There's nothing wrong with that suit, Dagwood, and you're going to wear it.

DAGWOOD: But Blondie, I look like a tramp. ~~I had an awful time on the way home. Little boys threw rocks at me.~~

BLONDIE: ~~I don't believe it.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Then feel these lumps on my head...This big one here was a piece of coal.~~

BLONDIE: ~~Well, you know how children are.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~And~~ an old lady gave me a quarter for a meal.

BLONDIE: Oh! What did you do?

DAGWOOD: I thanked her.

BLONDIE: ~~She was probably just a little touched.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~I'll say she was touched, she had tears in her eyes....~~

~~She called me you poor unfortunate man... Well, goodbye,
Blondie.~~

BLONDIE: (SOFTLY) Dagwood...

DAGWOOD: Yeah?

BLONDIE: I worked so hard making that suit for you....

DAGWOOD: Now, Blondie, don't start playing on my sympathies.

BLONDIE: I sat there in front of that loom, working away on the material, and thinking how proud you'd be of me.

DAGWOOD: (SHE'S MAKING HIM FEEL LIKE A HEEL) Oh, Blondie....

BLONDIE: But I knew it would be worth it. That you'd be happy to think that your wife enjoyed slaving for you so you could wear a suit she made with her own little hands. I didn't mind giving up all my free time when I thought how pleased you'd be and --

DAGWOOD: (WAILS) Blondie, don't say any more. I'll wear it...
What am I saying?

BLONDIE: (CHEERILY) All right, dear -- run upstairs and change again.

DAGWOOD: Today I'm supposed to hire fifty men, but ^{if I wear this suit} tomorrow I'll _↑ have to look for a job for myself.

MUSIC:

Pardon the intrusion, chum.
~~Say, chum....~~

HOBO:

DAGWOOD: Hahh?

HOBO: I'm dying for a cup of coffee. Could youse spare me a nickel for a demitasse?

DAGWOOD: (LOOKING AT HOBO'S SUIT) Hey!

HOBO: What's the matter?

DAGWOOD: You've got a suit sort of like mine.

HOBO: Yeah, I have indeed. Me old mother made it for me... She never did like me.

DAGWOOD: In my case it's unintentional. My wife made it for me because she likes me.

HOBO: These women. They kill you with kindness...But we digress, chum. Let's get back to that nickel I offered to take from you.

DAGWOOD: Say -- uh -- look. I've got to have lunch, but I'm too embarrassed to go into a restaurant alone looking like this. If you'd go in with me, I wouldn't mind so much.

HOBO: Is this a formal invitation to have luncheon with youse?

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- how about it? We can go right across the street to the Plandome.

HOBO: *It would be gorgeous to accompany ya, buster.*
~~I'd be delighted, bud.~~

MUSIC:

(FAINT RESTAURANT SOUNDS)

DAGWOOD: Well, did you enjoy your lunch? *Harold?*

HOBO: Very tasty, chum.

DAGWOOD: Well, we better be going. I've got to get to work....
Er -- waiter?....Hmmm -- he's pretending he doesn't
see me.

HOBO: Allow me to try my French...Hey, garkon!

WAITER: (UP FAST) Oui, Monsieur. *Is there anything more your heart desires*

HOBO: Donnay him la check, *s'il vous plait.*

WAITER: *MAIS OUI,*
Here you are, sir.

DAGWOOD: Thank you...I'll just -- holy smoke!

HOBO: What's the trouble, chum?

DAGWOOD: When I changed back into this suit, I forgot my money.

(LAUGHS) I guess you'll have to trust me for it.

WAITER: *TRUST YOU?*
(NASTY LAUGH)

DAGWOOD: I guess not.

WAITER: How much *money* have you got?

DAGWOOD: Just this quarter an old lady gave me.

You can apply that on the check and --

WAITER: Thank you -- that'll be my tip.

HOBO: *Looks like he's got us.*
Well, garkon, what's the sentence?

WAITER: You're going to wash dishes, and you --

DAGWOOD: But waiter --

WAITER: And you -- you're going to be a bus boy -- and wash
Dagwood! But --
dishes, too! *or I'll call the cops!*

DAGWOOD: Oui, oui, Monsieur.

MUSIC:

(STREET SOUNDS IN BACKGROUND)

DITHERS: Yes, Mr. Henderson, we'll have lunch right here at the Plandome, very nice place to eat.

HENDERSON: Mr. Dithers, I'm not at all satisfied that you can get men to do the job we subcontracted to you.

DITHERS: (LAUGHS) Don't worry about it, Mr. Henderson.

(DOOR OPENS)

DITHERS: Go right in, Mr. Henderson.

HENDERSON: Thank you...You don't have the men now, do you?

DITHERS: Well-1-1-1-1, no.

HENDERSON: Do you know where you can get fifty men?

DITHERS: Well-1-1-1-1-1, no.

HENDERSON: I see.

WAITER: (COMING UP) A table for two?

DITHERS: Yes, ^{Pierre} ~~waiter~~.

WAITER: Right here, sir.

DITHERS: Thank you.

WAITER: I'll have the bus boy clean it off in just a minute.

DITHERS: Good...Now don't worry, Mr. Henderson. I've got my most trusted assistant out getting men right now.

HENDERSON: That's good.

WAITER: (OFF) Bus boy -- clean this table up right away.

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Oui, oui, sir.

DITHERS: Yes, sir -- I can always count on Bumstead to deliver the goods. He's typical of the men who work for the Dithers Company. He's -- good grief!

DAGWOOD: (PATHETICALLY) Hello, Mr. Dithers.

!

DITHERS: Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Whoaaaaaa!

(CRASH OF DISHES)

MUSIC:

(APPLAUSE)

WILCOX: Well, it looks as though Mr. Dithers' "most trusted assistant" has managed to get himself, Mr. Dithers, and the Dithers Company directly behind the eight-ball. We'll see if Dagwood manages to squeeze out from behind it in just a moment....Say, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Yes, Mr. Wilcox!

WILCOX: If a fellow named Huise remarked to you that he was "riding downhill" tomorrow, would you want him to take you along?

DAGWOOD: How far does he go?

WILCOX: Oh, three or four miles.

DAGWOOD: Sure, that's a nice ride!

WILCOX: 'Course, it would only take thirty seconds or so. See, with Red Huise, the famous test pilot, "riding downhill" means a power dive, straight down from five miles up. He's done it with plenty of new fighter planes -- and he did it with the Navy's amazing new dive bomber, too. And whether it's planes or cigarettes, Red Huise likes to try things out for himself. He's said -- QUOTE --

HULSE VOICE: I picked Camels after I'd smoked them long enough to know they were the one brand that suited me best on all counts. They're really easy on my throat and they give me the full, rich taste I like.

WILCOX: UNQUOTE -- Yes, and with men in all the services, Camel is the favorite, according to actual sales records in stores where they buy their cigarettes. Try a pack of Camels and you'll see why. Camels have more flavor, and it's extra flavor that helps them to hold up, wear well pack after pack, no matter how many you smoke. Camels are mild, too -- extra mild, because they're slow burning and cool smoking, the result of expert, matchless blending of costlier tobaccos. Get a pack of Camels tonight! Send a carton to that fellow in the service!

CHORUS: 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 ^{RADIO} 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: And now Act Two of "Blondie."
It's a fraction of a second later at the Piandome Restaurant. Dagwood, in a bus boy's uniform, has just come up to the table where Mr. Henderson and Mr. Dithers are sitting, and Mr. Dithers has just said --

DITHERS: Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Whoaaaa!

(CRASH OF DISHES)

HENDERSON: Mr. Dithers -- this can't be your Mr. Bumstead.

DITHERS: No, of course he isn't.

DAGWOOD: (SINGS IT) Oh, yes I am.

DITHERS: No you're not!...His face just looked familiar.

DAGWOOD: It ought to -- you see it every day...J.C., if you'll loan me two dollars --

DITHERS: I've never seen you before in my life!

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers -- what a fib!

DITHERS: I tell you I don't know you!

DAGWOOD: Gee, you must have gotten amnesia. I'll call a doctor.

DITHERS: No!

HENDERSON: Mr. Dithers, what is all this?

DITHERS: It's just a case of mistaken identity.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. Mr. Dithers has just mistaken me for someone he doesn't know.

DITHERS: (HOARSELY) Now look here, bus boy.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

DITHERS: I don't know you, and I've never seen you before.

DAGWOOD: Mr. Dithers, put that knife down.

DITHERS: You just happen to look like Dagwood Bumstead, my trusted assistant.

DAGWOOD: Thank you.

DITHERS: But I know you're not him.

DAGWOOD: You stay right here, Mr. Dithers, and I'll get that doctor....Will you watch him, Mr. Henderson?

HENDERSON: Why, yes, I -- just a minute, Mr. Dithers -- how does this man happen to know my name?

DITHERS: Er -- uh -- maybe he's psychic.

WAITER: (COMING UP) Haven't you cleaned this table off yet, bus boy?

DAGWOOD: Well, you see, I --

WAITER: Never mind. Get out in the kitchen and get after the dishes.

DAGWOOD: Oui, oui, sir.

WAITER: I'm sorry he bothered you, Mr. Dithers -- I'll see that he's discharged.

DITHERS: Don't just discharge him -- shoot him.

HENDERSON: Mr. Dithers, was that your Mr. Bumstead?

DITHERS: (LONG SIGH) Yes.

HENDERSON: Your most trusted assistant is a bus boy on the side. Don't you pay him enough?

DITHERS: Mr. Henderson, I --

HENDERSON: What do you do on the side -- peddle Christmas cards?

DITHERS: Now, Mr. Henderson, I'm sure there's an explanation for this, and --

HENDERSON: I wouldn't be interested in hearing it.

DITHERS: Oh, but you would!

HENDERSON: I don't think I'll ^{even} bother to have lunch. I'm going over and talk to Mr. Berger of the Goliath Company.

DITHERS: No, no -- you wouldn't do that, Mr. Henderson...Or would you?

HENDERSON: If you can't supply those fifty men by tonight, I'm turning that subcontract over to Goliath.

DITHERS: Please, Mr. Henderson. This was all a joke!

HENDERSON: Then let's see you laugh.

DITHERS: (TRIES A PITIFUL LAUGH)

HENDERSON: Heh -- heh....Goodbye, Mr. Dithers...(FADING)

DITHERS: (QUIVERING) Wait till I get my hands on Bumstead. I wonder if a jury would convict me of murder.

MUSIC:

(RATTLE OF DISHES)

WAITER: Well, are you finished?

DAGWOOD: That's the last dish.

HOBO: Yeah, we're all through now, garkon.

WAITER: All right -- scram, bums. And go out the back door.

DAGWOOD: Thank you...Gee, I'll never break an egg yolk on my

plate again...I'm sorry about getting you into this, ^{HAROLD.}
HOBO: That's all right, ^{DAGGY} ~~damn~~. I didn't mind, ^{AS A MATTER OF FACT,} and I enjoyed the intellectual chit-chat.

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Well, now I've got to -- holy smoke! There's my boss, Mr. Dithers.

HOBO: The guy coming down the alley?

DAGWOOD: Yeah. Taking his coat off and rolling up his sleeves.

HOBO: He looks slightly perturbed...I wonder what's on his mind.

DAGWOOD: Manslaughter...(GULPS) Hello, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: (JUICILY) Hello, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye.

DITHERS: Oh, don't go. I thought we might spar around a little bit.

DAGWOOD: No, thank you.

DITHERS: You're a little younger than I am, so I thought it would make up the difference if I used these brass knuckles.

DAGWOOD: Now, Mr. Dithers, let me explain --

DITHERS: Tell me later...Is there any particular direction you'd like to fall?

DAGWOOD: The ground seems a little softer over here.

DITHERS: Good. I'm going to enjoy every moment of this. I'm going to tear you into shreds. When I get through, you're going to look like a new breakfast food.

HOBO: (MENACING) One moment, Junior!...Don't get rough with my pal!

DITHERS: Hey, let go of me! What's the idea?

HOBO: I'm just naturally pugnacious...If you're looking for trouble, I'd be delighted to supply it.

DITHERS: Dagwood, call ^{OFF} this ^{GORILLA!} ~~guy-off!~~

DAGWOOD: I'll think it over.

HOBO: What do you say, Dagwood -- shall I make with the lacerations and contusions?

DAGWOOD: No, let him go.

HOBO: Okay

DITHERS: Bumstead, I accept your resignation.

DAGWOOD: But J.C. -- I haven't resigned!

DITHERS: You will. I'm going to the office right now and dictate your letter of resignation...Come in and sign it in the morning.

DAGWOOD: Tooooh.

HOBO: Well, such is life. Come on, Dagwood -- I'll convoy you home.

MUSIC:

(RATTLE OF COFFEE CUP)

HOBO: Mrs. Bumstead, that was delicious java. — *de - licious.*

BLONDIE: Thank you. I'm glad you liked it.

DAGWOOD: Well, anyway, Blondie -- it all happened because of this suit. I had to work in the restaurant, I lost my job, and I still itch.

BLONDIE: Are you sure Mr. Dithers really fired you?

DAGWOOD: Yeah....Wouldn't you say so? *MAROLD?*

HOBO: But ~~definitely~~ ^{INSCRUTABLY}...Well, I won't bother you no longer. I better be on my way to the meeting.

BLONDIE: What meeting is that?

HOBO: We call it the Sigma Kappa Phi Alpha Beta. That stands for The Society for the Cultural and Financial Advancement of Bums...~~The initiation fee is a can of beans.~~

DAGWOOD: Where's this meeting being held?

HOBO: Down by the tracks at the hobo camp. There's a bunch of us that want to do war work, we're willing to work hard but we haven't been able to get ~~anywhere~~ ^{now here's}. Everyone says it's too complicated hiring us.

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BLONDIE: I don't see why it should be.

HOBO: Oh, no home addresses, no letters of recommendation,
no experience, and no Social Security cards.

DAGWOOD: Gee. What are you going to do at the meeting?

HOBO: ~~We're going to write a letter to Eleanor.~~
I've written a letter - "DEAR MR. ANTHONY: My problem is -

BLONDIE: ~~Uh --~~ Dagwood.
Oh, wait a minute.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, Blondie.

BLONDIE: (PROMPTING HIM) Can't you think of something ~~to do~~ for
those men? *To do?*

DAGWOOD: Let me see....

BLONDIE: Dagwood, stop scratching and think.

DAGWOOD: (VAGUELY) Yeah...(HUMS) Something for them to do.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, what did Mr. Dithers want you to do today?

DAGWOOD: He wanted me to hire fifty men, but the manpower situation
around here is pretty bad and -- hey! Hey! Holy smoke!

BLONDIE: (SIGHS) At last!

DAGWOOD: How many men are going to be at your meeting?

HOBO: Oh, about fifty-five or sixty!

DAGWOOD: I'll take them! I'll hire them all!

HOBO: Gee, that's great, Dagwood -- or should I call you
Mr. Bunstead, now?

DAGWOOD: Just get the men and tell them to report to the Dithers
Company right away...I've got to rush down to the
office right away. Blondie, get the door open!

BLONDIE: All right, dear. And when you see Mr. Dithers, tell him
he's got to make you a vice president or something or
he doesn't get those men.

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: The door's open. Hurry, Dagwood!
DAGWOOD: (COMING UP FAST) Okay, Blondie...Goodbye!
BLONDIE: Goodbye!

(WHIZZ!)

MUSIC:

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

DITHERS: (INSIDE) Come in!

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Hello, J.C.!

DITHERS: You're just in time to sign this resignation I dictated.

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

DITHERS: Sign right here.

DAGWOOD: What's it say?

DITHERS: It says, "Dear Mr. Dithers: Because I am a complete nincompoop and a disgrace to the fair name of the J.C. Dithers Construction Company -- the finest construction company in the state ^{Prices to fit every budget.} -- and because I feel that paying me for my so-called services is virtually throwing money away, I hereby tender my resignation."

DAGWOOD: It's a long sentence, isn't it?

DITHERS: (CONTINUES) "I consider myself highly honored to have been allowed to work for a genius like you...I also apologize for being such a jerk...^{obediently} Very ~~truly~~ yours, Dagwood Bumstead." Well?

DAGWOOD: Isn't it a little stilted?

DITHERS: Oh, fiddle-diddle! Sign here!

DAGWOOD: Okay, J.C.!

(SCRATCH OF PEN)

DITHERS: Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: What?

DITHERS: You're resigning! Don't look so happy about it!

DAGWOOD: Oh, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings...Here's my resignation -- all signed.

DITHERS: Thank you...You'll probably get another job, Dagwood -- in ten or twelve years.

DAGWOOD: Well, I'm going right over and try the Goliath Company now.

DITHERS: That's fine. Goodbye.

DAGWOOD: You know how bad the manpower situation is, and I thought they might need the fifty men I hired today.

DITHERS: You hired fifty men!

DAGWOOD: Fifty or fifty-five. Goodbye, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: (POURING OUT THE CHARM) Oh, you're not leaving, are you? Sit down, Dagwood, old pal.

DAGWOOD: No -- I must run along now.

DITHERS: Sit down!

DAGWOOD: Ouch -- not so hard.

DITHERS: Oh, I'm sorry. Have a ^{CAMEL?} ~~cigarette~~?

DAGWOOD: Thank you.

DITHERS: How about a light?

DAGWOOD: Yes. It'll smoke better that way. *Dithers: You're so Right.*

(SCRATCH OF MATCH)

DITHERS: Just relax -- be comfortable -- put your feet on my desk ^{I'll help you.} -- can I get you a glass of water -- anything at all? ^{SNOR--ER}

DAGWOOD: Would you mind scratching my back?

DITHERS: Not at all. Right here?

DAGWOOD: Down a little further, please. Ahhhh -- that's it.

DITHERS: How's that?

DAGWOOD: Fine. Keep it up indefinitely.

DITHERS: Yes, sir.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

DITHERS: Come in.

(DOOR OPENS)

DITHERS: Oh, hello, Mr. Henderson. Mr. Henderson, this is Dagwood Bumstead, my friend and trusted assistant.

DAGWOOD: How do you do, Mr. Henderson.

HENDERSON: How do you do. Weren't you the bus boy at the restaurant today?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) That was me!..Oh, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Yes?

DAGWOOD: Keep scratching.

DITHERS: Oh, excuse me...Well, Mr. Henderson, I told you Dagwood wouldn't fail me. He got the men, all right.

HENDERSON: I think I saw them outside -- good, husky bunch, too. I might just as well tell you that the Goliath people couldn't guarantee workers at all.

DAGWOOD: Well, they may do the job after all, Mr. Henderson. I'm thinking of taking the men I hired over there.

DITHERS: Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Ah-ah-ah-ah!

DITHERS: ~~I mean~~ -- (MILD PROTEST) -- ^{Bumstead} ~~but Dagwood....!~~

DAGWOOD: That's better...You see, Mr. Henderson, I just resigned. ^{From}

HENDERSON: Well, then I'll give the job to Goliath.

<sup>The J.C. Dithers
Co.</sup>

DAGWOOD: That's my resignation right there.

DITHERS: (ATTEMPTS A LAUGH) Oh, that.

(TEARING OF PAPER)

DAGWOOD: Gee, you tore it up.

DITHERS: (BEAMING) That's right, Dagwood, old man. I tore it up.

DAGWOOD: Well, I'll write you another one in the morning.

~~DITHERS: Ohhh!~~

DAGWOOD: The Goliath people might offer to make me an officer in the company.

DITHERS: Oh, all right, Dagwood -- I'll make you ^{2nd ASSISTANT to the 3rd} vice-president.

DAGWOOD: I accept.

DITHERS: JUNIOR grade. DAGWOOD: Better yet.

HENDERSON: Well, I guess the job is still yours, Mr. Dithers.

I'm glad we got this settled.

DITHERS: Yes -- so am I. We'll start work day after tomorrow.

HENDERSON: Fine. Goodbye...Goodbye, Mr. Bumstead.

(AD LIB GOODBYES)

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Well, J.C. -- I guess ^{I'm} ~~we're~~ ^{FOR YOU} working together again.

DITHERS: ^{So you ARE, Bumstead,} Yes. Now you can start scratching my back!

MUSIC:

~~BLONDIE: You know, Dagwood -- that suit I made for you sort of brought you good luck. A vice-president and everything.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Yeah, Blondie -- but it's very itchy. I spend all my time scratching.~~

~~BLONDIE: Well, it won't scratch you any more.~~

DAGWOOD: Did you burn it, I hope?

BLONDIE: No, but I got you these to wear under it. Nice long
red woollen ones.

DAGWOOD: (WAILS) Oh, Bllooondie!

MUSIC:

WILCOX: Next week Dagwood finds himself in an awful spot when he happens to witness a collision between cars owned by his boss, Mr. Dithers, and Mr. Dither's business rival, Mr. Berger. Don't forget to listen in for the fun next week at this same time when "Blondie Goes To Court".

Will all the young women in our audience please listen to an important message that the government has asked Blondie to give?

BLONDIE: Thank you, Mr. Wilcox -- and it is important if we hope to care for our men wounded in battle and for the sick on our home front. There is a serious need for nurses. The Army and Navy are calling for three thousand each month and our hospitals may become dangerously understaffed. We need thousands of student nurses to enter the mid-year classes this January and February. Every student nurse will immediately help to free trained nurses for overseas because she will start work in a hospital right away. Women who are unable to afford tuition may apply for scholarships.

WILCOX: All women between eighteen and thirty-five, citizens graduated from high school, and in good health are wanted. Write to Student Nurses, Box Eighty-Eight, New York City.

BLONDIE: I'll repeat that. Student Nurses, Box Eighty-Eight, New York City. Please write today!

WILCOX: 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. To men in U.S. uniforms everywhere goes a salute from Camel -- and to Camp Claiborne, Louisiana and fifteen other training centers of our armed forces during the following week go the three travelling units of the Camel Caravan giving free shows for the men. To all of you, we send our greetings and hope that you enjoy the show. 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: Say, Mister Pipe-Smoker, if you're looking for a big man-sized helping of tobacco, ask the man to hoist a big blue package of George Washington across the counter. Yes, it's a two and a quarter ounce package of mild, mellow, tasty tobacco, and it costs only ten cents! Just a dime. Get George Washington tomorrow! It's America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!