

3/6/42

Master

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, MARCH 2, 1942

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

GOODWIN: Ah -- Ah -- Ah -- Don't touch that dial -- Listen
to "Blondie"...presented by Camel...the cigarette
of costlier tobaccos.

MUSIC: (THEME)

51454 0793

"BLONDIE" -2-
3/2/42

GOODWIN: Look around! In the best hotels and supper clubs -- in Army barracks -- in the locker room of a defense plant -- you'll see Camels, America's favorite cigarette. Try a pack. Chances are, Camel will be your favorite, too. You'll enjoy Camel's extra flavor and mildness, the result of expert blending of costlier tobaccos. You'll find that Camel's slower burning will make your cigarette money go farther, too. And it's always reassuring to know that in the smoke of Camels there's twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling cigarettes tested -- less than any of them, according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself. Get a pack of Camels tonight. You'll want to buy a carton, tomorrow.

And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads. Well, what with tire rationing and no more automobiles coming off the production lines, Dagwood has been struck by the same idea that's hit a good many others -- taking turns with friends who are driving in to work in their cars. He's just stepped into Mr. Dithers' office to explain the idea to him....

(DOOR CLOSES)

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DITHERS: Sit down, Dagwood -- I'm glad you came in. There's something I want to talk over with you.

DAGWOOD: Is it good or bad?

DITHERS: What difference does that make?

DAGWOOD: If it's something good I can relax and enjoy it, and if it's something bad I can start thinking up excuses.

DITHERS: Never mind that. What I wanted to talk to you about was these estimates for building foundations. We can't build them as cheap as that.

DAGWOOD: Sure we can, J.C.

DITHERS: Oh, fiddle-diddle -- We can't buy gravel and sand at a price like this.

DAGWOOD: I checked on it, J.C. We can get it from the Eldridge Stone and Gravel Company.

DITHERS: Bumstead -- never mention the name of that company to me again!

DAGWOOD: Why not, J.C.?

DITHERS: One of the salesmen at that company insulted me once. It was one of the most humiliating experiences of my life. I'll never forget it as long as I live.

DAGWOOD: What happened, J.C.?

DITHERS: I forget.

DAGWOOD: It doesn't sound very humiliating to me.

DITHERS: Well, it was.

DAGWOOD: But we could save as much as six or seven per cent if we bought materials from the Eldridge Stone and Grave ---

DITHERS: Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Oh, you didn't want me to ever mention that name again.

DITHERS: Never! Just change those figures accordingly. We're not buying anything from the You-Know-Who-I-Mean Company.

DAGWOOD: Okay, J.C.

DITHERS: Now then, what was it you were going to ask me?

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah...J.C. -- you drive to the office every morning, don't you?

DITHERS: Yes -- you know that, ~~Dagwood.~~

DAGWOOD: Well, have you stopped to think what you're going to do when the tires on your car wear out?

DITHERS: Yes -- I'll hitch-hike.

DAGWOOD: Well, J.C., I was going to suggest that we get a little group together, and take turns driving into town. You get someone who works near the office, and I'll get someone, and instead of all four of us driving to work separately, we can all go in one car, and save on tires and gas.

DITHERS: That's a good idea, Dagwood. ^{Dagwood: IT WAS NOTHING, J.C.} We'll get four times the length of service out of our cars.

DAGWOOD: I'll start it, J.C., and pick you up tomorrow morning in my car.

~~DITHERS: Good...By the way, Dagwood, I think Gore went somewhere with Blondie today. What are they doing, do you know?~~

~~DAGWOOD: I'm not sure, J.C., but I think it's got something to do with the American Women's Voluntary Services. It's a funny thing, I think they're having their meeting in a garage.~~

MUSIC:

MAN: (COME UP) Now if the rim of the tire still seems to be stuck after you get the nuts off, give it a couple of hits from the inside...Like this.

(HITTING TIRE RIM WITH HAMMER)

BLONDIE: Don't you think this is interesting, Cora?

CORA: I certainly do, Blondie. I've always wanted to know how to change a tire. Many a time I've stood by the side of my car with a flat tire and waited for some Sir Galahad to stop and fix it. All the men who whizzed past me happened to be looking in the other direction at the time.

BLONDIE: I've never had any trouble that way.

CORA: You're somewhat younger, Blondie.

BLONDIE: ^{oh, I didn't mean it that way.} Anyway, I'm glad the Motor Corps of the A.W.V.S. got a real garageman to teach us about cars. He seems to know what he's talking about.

(TIRE COMES OFF WITH A RATTLE)

MAN: Okay -- now the tire's off. All you do now is put the spare on, tighten the nuts up, let the jack down, and drive away. ~~Any questions?~~

~~BLONDIE: What's wrong with your car if it backfires a little while you're driving along, and then the engine stops.~~

MAN: ~~It could be lots of things, but we'll get to that later.~~
All I want to explain to you Motor Corps ladies now is how to take care of the simple things that happen to a car. You ought to know as much as your husbands do about it.

CORA: I know that much already. All Julius knows is what end the gasoline goes in.

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BLONDIE: Dagwood knows quite a bit about cars. He had ours all apart once when it wouldn't run. The engine was all over the garage.

CORA: What was wrong with the car?

BLONDIE: Out of gas.

MAN: Any more questions, ladies?

BLONDIE: I have a question.

MAN: Okay, Mrs. Bumstead -- what is it?

BLONDIE: I think I read something about how you could save your tires if you changed them around every so often. Is that right?

MAN: Yes. You put the left rear tire on the right front wheel, and the right rear tire on the left front wheel. And the left front tire on the left rear wheel, and the right front tire on the right rear wheel.

CORA: Hm. Sounds a little complicated.

BLONDIE: Cora -- why couldn't we do that with our cars? We could save the tires, and get practice changing them at the same time.

MAN: That's a very good suggestion, Mrs. Bumstead...~~You ladies can save a lot of wear on your tires by changing them around, and it'll be good practice.~~ But remember, don't forget to put the brakes on before you use the jacks...That's all for today. Come back tomorrow morning at the same time -- and you'd better get yourselves some overalls. ~~It's pretty greasy around here, and the more you learn about cars, the greasier you're going to get.~~ That's all.

(MURMUR OF VOICES)

BLONDIE: This is real fun, isn't it?

CORA: Yes, and won't it be a surprise to our husbands.

BLONDIE: Cora, why don't you come over to my house tomorrow morning early. We'll change the tires on ^{Dagwood's} ~~our~~ car -- ~~switch them around so we'll get more wear.~~

CORA: I'd love to. Then we can go from ^{your place} ~~there~~ over here for our next lesson.

BLONDIE: Won't Dagwood be surprised tomorrow morning when he sees what we're doing.

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON BREAKFAST SOUNDS)

DAGWOOD: Alexander, where's your mother? I haven't seen her since I got up this morning. She just left breakfast for me and a note saying she was out in the garage.

ALEXANDER: She's out in the garage, Pop.

DAGWOOD: That's what it says in the note. Maybe she's warming up the car for me. I've got to pick up Mr. Dithers this morning.

~~ALEXANDER: You're going to drive to work, huh?~~
^{Not going to run for the bus?}

~~DAGWOOD: Yeah.~~

~~ALEXANDER: Gosh, the mornings won't seem the same any more.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Hank? Why not?~~

~~ALEXANDER: I'm going to miss seeing you whizz out the front door.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Well, maybe I'll be whizzing out the back door to the garage now.~~

ALEXANDER: I'll tell the postman about this. Now you won't be bumping into him in the morning when he brings the mail.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, you can tell Mr. Beasley he's perfectly safe from now on. Well, I guess I'll have to go... Goodbye, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: See you tonight, Pop.

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSSES)

DAGWOOD: (HUMS TO HIMSELF A LITTLE)

(SOUND OF HAMMERING FROM INSIDE THE GARAGE)

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke -- listen to that hammering. Blondie's doing something to the car in there. (CALLS) Bloooooondie! Oh, Bloooooondie...

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: What's going on in here?

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) I've got a little surprise for you. Look at the car, Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! Where are the wheels? They're all off the car!

BLONDIE: Yes, Dagwood. You see, if the tires are switched around, you will get more wear out of them.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, but Blondie -- I was going to drive Mr. Dithers to work this morning! In this car, too!

BLONDIE: But Dagwood -- why didn't you tell me?

DAGWOOD: I didn't think I'd have to. I had no idea you'd take the tires off the car. You shouldn't fool around with the car, Blondie. ^{Blondie: I'm not fooling.} You don't know anything about it. Now Mr. Dithers will give me Hail Columbia.

CORA: No he won't.

DAGWOOD: (STARTLED) Oh!..Gee, you startled me, Mrs. Dithers.
Where did you come from?

CORA: I've been working on the right front wheel...if
Mr. Dithers says anything unkind to you about not having
the car, tell him it's my fault, and he can take the
subject up with me -- if he cares to.

DAGWOOD: Oh, well, I'd better go in and call Mr. Dithers. Maybe
I can find someone else who's driving to town.

Blondie: Be CAREFUL STEPPING over the wheels, dear.

Dagwood: THANKS, Blondie. (CRASH) I ALMOST TRIPPED.

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: Hello, J.C.?

DITHERS: (FILTER) What's happened to you, Bumstead? Why aren't
you here?

DAGWOOD: There'll be a slight delay, J.C.

DITHERS: That's just dandy! I should have known that you'd do
some silly thing to tangle this whole thing up. What's
the trouble?

DAGWOOD: There aren't any wheels on my car..

DITHERS: Why. not? Who's responsible for that?

DAGWOOD: Your wife.

DITHERS: I don't care if --- who did you say?

DAGWOOD: Your wife and my wife took the tires off. They're going
to switch them around to save wear on them. Mrs. Dithers
said that if you said anything unkind to me, you could
take the subject up with her.

DITHERS: Oh...Oh, I see...She said that, did she?

DAGWOOD: Yes.

DITHERS: Well, I guess we mustn't be too hard on the girls.

DAGWOOD: No.

DITHERS: They're just trying to be helpful, in their own, inefficient way.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, that's right.

DITHERS: But just the same, I want to know how I'm going to get to the office this morning. What are you going to do about it, ~~Dagwood?~~ Must I sit here in my house all morning while time whizzes past me? Cora has her car, and mine's in the repair shop.

DAGWOOD: Well, J.C., I thought I'd get someone else around here who's driving downtown to join up with us.

ALEXANDER: (COMING UP) I'm going to school now, Pop. So long.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Goodbye, Pop.

(FOOTSTEPS)

DAGWOOD: (FADING) Hello, J.C...Sorry I interrupted. I was just thinking that I could get someone around here who drives to work to take us.

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

ALEXANDER: Gee, here comes Mr. Beasley! Now.

BEASLEY: Hello, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Hello, Mr. Beasley.

BEASLEY: I have some mail here for your father. Is it safe to leave it now?

ALEXANDER: Yep.

BEASLEY: He's gone, eh?

ALEXANDER: Nope, but he told me to tell you that from now on he was driving to work, and he wouldn't be whizzing out the front door any more.

BEASLEY: It seems too good to be true.

ALEXANDER: Gee, Mr. Beasley, you certainly look happy now.

BEASLEY: Why shouldn't I be happy. I haven't got anything to worry about any more.

(DOOR OPENS...AND SLAMS...OFF)

ALEXANDER: Look out, Mr. Beasley!

(WHIZZ...COLLISION OF BODIES)

ALEXANDER: Oh-oh! Poor Mr. Beasley.

DAGWOOD: (GROANS A LITTLE) Gee...Oh, hello, Mr. Beasley. I thought it felt like you.

BEASLEY: I should have known this was all a dream. Golly, look at my letters -- scattered all over.

ALEXANDER: I'll help pick them up, Mr. Beasley.

DAGWOOD: I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Beasley.

BEASLEY: I know, Mr. Bumstead. You keep on apologizing, but I keep on getting bruised.

DAGWOOD: Mr. Beasley, do you know anyone who drives downtown every day. Someone who works near the office of the Dithers Company?

BEASLEY: Yes, I do.

DAGWOOD: Gee, that's swell. Who is it?

BEASLEY: I really shouldn't tell you after the way you bumped into me. ~~It doesn't seem fair. You knock me down, and then ask me to help you.~~

DAGWOOD: Aw, come on, Mr. Beasley. It was just an accident.

BEASLEY: (SIGHS) ^{Well} ~~Ad lib.~~ Mr. Bumstead. There's a Mr. Taylor who drives downtown every morning. A very nice man, too. Walks out of his house very slowly.

DAGWOOD: Gee, thanks, Mr. Beasley. Where does he live?

BEASLEY: Wait till I get behind you...There. He lives at Three Fourteen Elm Street and works for --

DAGWOOD: Thanks, Mr. Beasley. Goodbye!

(WHIZZZZZ!)

ALEXANDER: Gee, Pop didn't even wait to hear the rest of what you were going to say.

BEASLEY: Oh, I was just going to tell him that Mr. Taylor works for the Eldridge Stone and Gravel Company, but I don't suppose it's important. Ad lib.

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: That's where you're wrong, Mr. Beasley, because that Mr. Taylor happens to be the man that Mr. Dithers had the terrific argument with several years ago. I'm afraid Dagwood's in for trouble if he introduces the two of them again. We'll see what happens in just a moment, but right now let's hop back a few hours and join Blondie and Dagwood at home. Yep, there's Dagwood working at his drawing board and that looks like Blondie peeking over his shoulder.

DAGWOOD: (SUDDEN JUMP) Gee! You scared me, Blondie. I guess I'm just jumpy, working on military secrets like this.

BLONDIE: Is that a secret, Dagwood? It looks like just an ordinary freight boat to me.

DAGWOOD: Does, doesn't it? Do you know that's the patented Bumstead unsinkable ship?

BLONDIE: Really, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Even a torpedo won't sink it. See, throughout the whole ship, in between the deck beams and the ribs and everywhere, I've got thousands of hollow wooden boxes, all watertight. So just blowing a hole in it won't sink it at all! It's a genuine military secret!

GOODWIN: Sorry to let you down, Dagwood, but somebody thought up your military secret more than twenty-five years ago. The famous "unsinkable freighter," Lucia, fitted up with six thousand wooden boxes, was sunk by a German submarine in October of Nineteen Eighteen. But here's a military secret of Nineteen Seventeen and Eighteen that caught on a lot better -- it's the service man's preference for Camels. Here are the facts ---

ECHO: 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!

GOODWIN: Yes, and there are good reasons for it, too! Listen!

VOICE: Say, nobody smokes more cigarettes than an Army man, Mister! And when we find a cigarette that's extra mild and tastes good all the time -- we stick to it! Give me Camels every time!

GOODWIN: Yes, and Camels will save you money! Slower burning means extra smoking per cigarette per pack, and it means cooler smoking, too. You know Camels are made from costlier tobaccos, and even more important, they're blended in the years-old Camel tradition of fine tobacco blending. And, of course, there's less nicotine in the smoke!

ECHO: Twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling cigarettes tested -- less than any of them, according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself.

GOODWIN: Remember to send a carton of Camels to that fellow in the service! Your dealer tends to wrapping and mailing! Get Camels yourself -- and send on a carton!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, while Dagwood's talking to Mr. Taylor, Blondie and Cora Dithers are just walking into the garage where the Women's Motor Corps classes are held...

BLONDIE: I don't see any of the other girls in the garage, Cora. I guess we're a little early.

CORA: It looks like it. Well, we got the overalls anyway. Now we can mess around underneath the cars without getting our good clothes filthy.

~~BLONDIE: I think they're kind of good looking, too.~~

~~CORA: Yes, I suppose so. I wonder if it would be a good idea to put ruffles on the sleeves.~~

MAN: (COMING UP) Hey, where are you guys going?

CORA: What's that?

BLONDIE: Were you talking to us?

MAN: Oh!...Oh, I didn't recognize you, Mrs. Dithers and Mrs. Bumstead. I see you've both got your overalls.

BLONDIE: Oh, yes.

CORA: What are we going to take up today?

MAN: Oh, minor accidents, I guess. ^{CORA: Good.} The way I figure it, that's pretty important. Just because a car gets bumped up a little doesn't mean it's out of commission, and I want to teach you ladies how to get a car started again.

BLONDIE: It sounds like you're teaching a very sensible course.

MAN: That reminds me, Mrs. Dithers -- your husband has his car here in the shop. Here it is over here. (CHUCKLES) Mr. Dithers said he thought the spark plugs needed regrinding.

CORA: Did they?

MAN: There's no such thing as regrinding the spark plugs,
Mrs. Dithers.

BLONDIE: That shows how much those men know about their cars.
And they tell us not to touch them.

CORA: What is wrong with the car?

MAN: Look. I'll lift the hood up.

(SOUND OF LIFTING UP THE HOOD)

CORA:

My, it's ~~dark~~ in there.

MAN:

Here's what's wrong. One loose wire.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Just one wire.

CORA: (LAUGHS) And he claims he's a mechanical genius.

MAN: Why you could fix this yourself. Any child could.

BLONDIE: Cora, why don't we fix it?

CORA: Yes -- why don't we?

MAN:

Okay, ladies -- just slip the end of this wire ^{end} ~~under~~

^{CORA: How'd you find that?}
this binding post and tighten the little nut down on it.

BLONDIE: Why there's nothing to it.

CORA: It's all done already. Well, well -- wait till I see
Dithers!

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON CAR)

DAGWOOD: This is certainly swell of you, Mr. Taylor -- cooperating
like this on such short notice.

TAYLOR: Not at all, Mr. Bumstead. I think it's a good idea --
we've all got to pitch in and help each other.

DAGWOOD: That's right...Oh, here's where we stop -- right here --
the house with the big chimney.

TAYLOR: All right, Mr. Bumstead.

(CAR COMING TO A STOP)

DAGWOOD: I think J.C. will be waiting for us. Just honk a couple of times for him.

TAYLOR: All right.

(HONK, HONK)

TAYLOR: By the way, J.C. who?

DAGWOOD: J.C. Dithers.

TAYLOR: Oh-oh.

DAGWOOD: What's the matter?

TAYLOR: He and I had a little argument several years ago.

DAGWOOD: That's nothing -- I have arguments with him every week.

TAYLOR: Well, this was quite a disagreement. You see, I'm with the Eldridge Stone and Gravel Company, and --

DAGWOOD: Oh, it's that argument.

TAYLOR: You've heard of it, too, eh? Maybe we'd better drive off before he comes out.

DAGWOOD: Wait. It's too late now. Here he comes.

TAYLOR: He'd better not start anything with me again.

DAGWOOD: Toooooh!..Er -- uh -- just hop into the back, J.C.

DITHERS: Okay, Dagwood.

(CAR DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES, ..CAR STARTS UP)

DITHERS: Well, to whom are we indebted for getting us to the office this morning?

DAGWOOD: Er -- uh -- Mr. Taylor, Mr. Dithers.

TAYLOR: How do you do, Mr. Dithers. I didn't get the name. ^{DAGWOOD: (mumbles)}

DITHERS: I'm very glad to know you, Mr. Taylor. ^{TAYLOR: TAYLOR.} It's a real pleasure to find someone congenial to drive to work with. You know, we might make this into a pretty interesting little club.

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TAYLOR: You think so, uh...Dithers?

DITHERS: Oh, let's not call each other by last names.

DAGWOOD: No, let's not do that.

DITHERS: What's your first name?

TAYLOR: Robert. Everyone calls me Bob.

DITHERS: Robert Taylor, eh? Any relation to the movie star?

TAYLOR: No -- no. I have two maiden aunts who've been frantically tracing the family tree looking for him, but they haven't found him on it yet. ~~They're still~~ ~~looking.~~

~~DAGWOOD: What if they do find him?~~

~~TAYLOR: In that case, they plan to sell their house and go out~~

~~to Hollywood to visit him.~~ What's your first name,

Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: Er -- uh -- it's Julius. It's sort of a family secret so just call me J.C.

DAGWOOD: Just call me Dagwood.

DITHERS: Where do you work, Bob?

DAGWOOD: Have you noticed what a nice day it is, J.C.?

DITHERS: Yes -- fine day. Just a touch of spring in the air... I'm head of the Dithers Company -- construction business, you know.

DAGWOOD: Little buds are shooting out on the branches of the tree. Yes, sir -- it certainly is a nice day, isn't it?

DITHERS: I've already agreed with you about the weather, Dagwood...Where do you work, Bob? I hope you won't have to go too far out of your way.

TAYLOR: No -- I work at the Eldridge Stone and Gravel Company.

DITHERS: Oh, yes, the Eldridge -- say! Are you the Taylor who came into my office several years ago!

TAYLOR: That's right.

DITHERS: Bumstead! What's the idea of luring me into a car with this man?

DAGWOOD: But J.C., I didn't know that --

TAYLOR: Now look here, Dithers. You've owed me an apology for that meeting we've had, and if --

DITHERS: An apology!? I've owed you an apology!!

TAYLOR: Yes, you owed me an apology! You threw me out of your office!

DITHERS: I've never regretted it, either! You deserved it! You insulted me!

DAGWOOD: Couldn't we settle this out of court?

TAYLOR: I insulted you?!

DAGWOOD: I guess we couldn't.

DITHERS: Yes, you did!

TAYLOR: Why you crack-brained idiot, you started the whole thing!

DITHERS: Stop this car! Let me out! I won't ride another foot in the same car with you!

TAYLOR: I'm not going to stop this car! I'm going to work, and no nincompoop is going to make me late!

DAGWOOD: Hey! Would you mind looking where you're driving, Mr. Taylor -- I mean, Bob.

DITHERS: Who are you calling a nincompoop?

TAYLOR: I'm calling you one if you're going to act this way about something that happened three years ago!

DAGWOOD: Hey! Look out! We're going over the curb! Hey!
(BUMP)

DITHERS: Look out! Look out, you idiot!
(BRAKES...SLIGHT CRASH...TINKLE OF GLASS...)

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON PHONE RINGING)

MAN: (COME UP) So in a minor accident, the usual damage is a smashed fender that presses against the tire so you can't turn the wheel, and a broken spring plate or two.
(FADING) Excuse me while I answer the phone.

BLONDIE: You know, I never realized how much I didn't know about a car, but I'm learning.

CORA: So am I. Those men.

BLONDIE: They never give us credit for understanding anything more complicated than an egg-beater.

MAN: (COMING UP) Well, ladies -- I'll have to interrupt the class for a little while. There's been a minor accident on the corner near Swabber's Drug Store. I'm going to take two of you along with me, and the rest of you can practice changing tires on this car here...Let's see -- Mrs. Bumstead...and Mrs. Dithers -- would you like to go?

CORA: It suits me fine.

BLONDIE: Well, Cora, we're almost mechanics.

CORA: Yes, we're -- what do they call them? -- we're greasemonkeys!

MUSIC:

MAN: (COME UP) And no one was hurt, Mr. Taylor?

TAYLOR: Now -- we just went over the curb and coasted into that tree. I backed the car onto the street again. We were jarred a little -- that's all. My two passengers are in the drug store, and I think I might as well join them until the car's ready to drive again.

MAN: All right, Mr. Taylor -- It'll be about a half an hour.

TAYLOR: That's fine.

MAN: I'll have to go back to the garage for a moment to get a new lens for your headlight, but in the meantime my two -- uh -- mechanics will look the car over and check it for any other damage.

BLONDIE: We'll take care of everything.

CORA: I think we'd better see what kind of condition the springs are in, don't you?

TAYLOR: They're mechanics?

MAN: Oh, yes -- yes. Sort of apprentice mechanics.

TAYLOR: I think I'll go into the drug store and recover.

BLONDIE: Now let's see -- we'll need to jack up the right front wheel. The tire must have blown out when he went over the curb...(FADING)

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES,..DRUG STORE SOUNDS)

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Is the car all right.

TAYLOR: The garage man said it'll be fixed in a half an hour.

DITHERS: I'll be glad to pay my share of the bill.

TAYLOR: That won't be necessary. I'm insured.

DAGWOOD: Oh, Mr. Taylor, I took the liberty of ordering a cherry coke for you.

TAYLOR: Thanks...

DAGWOOD: The car'll be ready in a half an hour, eh?

TAYLOR: Yes. The garage man's a pretty good worker and he's got two women mechanics with him.

DITHERS: Women mechanics?

TAYLOR: Yes.

DAGWOOD: ^{TO COIN A PHRASE} I always say the woman's place is in the home.

DITHERS: Politics and mechanics are two things women ought to stay out of. When you go out to look at your car again it'll probably have pink ruffles on the fenders.

DAGWOOD: The fender that hit the tree has a few ruffles in it now.

DITHERS: ^{oh, dear.} You know, Taylor, I'm sorry about this. It was partly my fault.

TAYLOR: No, it was mine, too, Dithers.

DITHERS: I insist -- it was all my fault.

TAYLOR: Not at all. I ---

DAGWOOD: ^{WAIT A MINUTE FELLOWS.} Oh, Mr. Swabber -- three more cokes here. Make them doubles.

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: You know, Cora, there's a lot of stuff underneath a car.

CORA: Uh-huh -- most of it greasy. I found a broken spring.

BLONDIE: How wonderful! It's a little cramped under here, isn't it?

CORA: Yes, but interesting.

THE MEN: (LAUGHING OFF)

BLONDIE: I see some feet coming over here. Must be the men who were in the car.

DAGWOOD: (OFF) That's very funny, J.C.

DITHERS: (CLOSER) I heard it yesterday at lunch.

CORA: That's my husband.

BLONDIE: It sounded like Dagwood, too.

CORA: Don't let them know we're under here. Change your voice if they talk to us.

BLONDIE: I'll try...We better hammer a little bit.

DITHERS: (UP) Anyone under there?

CORA: Yep.

(LITTLE HAMMERING)

DITHERS: Well, this is something new -- women mechanics. It's amazing. My wife knows from nothing about cars.

DAGWOOD: Well, Blondie tries to be helpful, but you know -- it always ends up with everything in a worse mess than when she started.

CORA: (SOTTO) Listen to them,

BLONDIE: (SOTTO) I heard every word -- distinctly. (UP) What do your wives do?

DITHERS: (LAUGHS) They just sit around the house, go shopping, and that's about all.

DAGWOOD: They're the fragile type.

DITHERS: Can you imagine Blondie or Cora under a car, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: It would be a scream. (LAUGHS)

DITHERS: (LAUGHS) I'd eat my shirt if they ever voluntarily got under a car to fix it.

DAGWOOD: So would I! A whole shirt, from the shirttail right up to the collar.

CORA: (SOTTO) Blondie, I think we've got them.

DITHERS: It would be the silliest thing in the world. I'd die laughing.

CORA: All right, Julius -- drop dead.

DITHERS: (LAUGHS) (THEN KILLS IT) Who said that?

(A LITTLE RATTLING AND SCRAPING AS THEY CRAWL OUT)

DAGWOOD: Gee, for a moment I thought that sounded like Mrs. Dithers...Oh, here they come. Can we help you up?

BLONDIE: No thank you, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: B-b-b-b-loooooondie!!!

BLONDIE: The fragile type, eh?

CORA: So I know from nothing, as you expressed it, about cars?

DITHERS: Cora!!!

BLONDIE: What was that you said, Dagwood -- you know, about my trying to be helpful, but I always end up with things in a worse mess?

DAGWOOD: Well, you see, Blondie, what I really meant was -- I mean -- I was trying to -- that is, it wasn't exactly that, it was -- well -- er --

BLONDIE: That's what I thought.

DAGWOOD: Oh -- er -- this is Mrs. Dithers, and Mrs. Bumstead, Mr. Taylor.

TAYLOR: How do you do?

(AD LIB "HOW DO YOU DO'S")

TAYLOR: I was driving them to work this morning when we had this accident. We're taking turns with our cars.

BLONDIE: I'm not sure our husbands will be ^{in condition} ~~able~~ to go to work tomorrow, Mr. Taylor. ~~They both will have an acute case of indigestion.~~

DAGWOOD: ^{Why not} ~~Indigestion?~~

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BLONDIE: ~~Yes~~, you're going to eat that shirt -- buttons and all.

DAGWOOD: Toooooh!

CORA: And you too, Julius!

DITHERS: Taaaaaah!

~~BLONDIE: Unless we can agree on some suitable substitute.~~

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON HAMMERING)

BLONDIE: ^{Dagwood!} Be sure you get those nuts on good and tight. We don't want the wheels falling off.

DAGWOOD: We're doing the best we know how, Blondie.

DITHERS: Why should we have to change these tires around?

CORA: All right -- we'll get out those shirts, then, and make you eat them. Of course they might be fattening -- they've got lots of starch in them.

DITHERS: We'll just continue putting the tires on.

DAGWOOD: Anyway, we're going to make a good profit on those foundations, J.C. Now that we're getting the materials from the Eldridge people.

CORA: Keep going, Julius. No loafing on the job.

BLONDIE: Come on now, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Simon Legree...Are you going to drive tomorrow, J.C.?

DITHERS: The car's in the garage.

CORA: Oh, it'll be ready, Julius. Blondie and I fixed it today.

DITHERS: If you fixed that car, I'll eat my shir -- wait a minute -- I take that back.

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DAGWOOD: How could you two ~~demands~~ ^{Fix The CAR} J.C. told me it needed the spark plugs reground.

DITHERS: That's a long job.

BLONDIE: It was a long job.

CORA: About an eight dollar job.

BLONDIE: But instead of paying us, we're going to let you take us out to dinner tonight...Now hurry up, boys -- Cora and I would have had this job done hours ago!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: And before we say good night, let me remind you to try Camels. The first one you light will tell you better than I can about extra flavor and mildness. You'll see for yourself that skillful blending of choice tobaccos does make a difference in the taste. And you'll discover how Camel's slower burning saves you money. Get a pack of Camels tonight! You'll want to buy a carton tomorrow!

GOODWIN: What would you do if your dog suddenly started talking to you? I mean talking the English language and carrying on an intelligent conversation. Well, that's the startling situation that confronts Blondie and Dagwood when their dog, Daisy, starts to talk. I don't know what I'd do about it and maybe you don't know what you'd do, either, but just in case it happens to you, be sure to listen in next week and see how the Bumsteads handle the problem when "Blondie Discovers a Talking Dog."

Blondie is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood is Aruthur Lake. Our Blondie orchestra is directed by William Artzt, who also creates the special musical effects.

And remember, Camel brings you four great radio shows each week. Monday night, of course, it's our own "Blondie", Tuesday night it's Xavier Cugat, Thursday night it's the Al Pearce show and Friday night it's the new quiz show, "How'm I doin'", with Bob Hawk and Vaughn Monroe and his orchestra.

Be sure to check your local newspaper for times and stations.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP AND OUT)

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

3/2/42

GOODWIN: The Camels are coming -- it's the two Camel Caravans, rolling around from one Army camp to another, giving free shows for the men. Tonight the Eastern Unit will be at Fort Getty, Rhode Island, tomorrow night at Fort Kearny, Rhode Island, Wednesday at Fort Terry, Thursday at Fort Mitchie, Friday at Fort Wright and Saturday at the Navy Submarine Base, all in Connecticut. Tonight, tomorrow night and Wednesday the Mid-West unit will be at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, Thursday and Friday at Chanute Field, Illinois, and Saturday they move on to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri. Best wishes, Camel Caravan. May your audiences have a grand time.

This is Bill Goodwin speaking for the makers of Camel Cigarettes.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

ANNCR:

Say, pipe-smokers, first time you try George Washington Smoking Tobacco, remember the price. Remember that you can get a big two and a quarter ounce package for only ten cents. And think about the way George Washington is mild, mellow, and tasty down to the last puff at the bottom of the bowl. And then -- you'll be doubly glad that big blue package costs just one dime. Get George Washington tonight! It's America's biggest value in smoking pleasure!