

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, AUGUST 11, 1941

3:30 - 4:00 P.M. PST  
6:30 - 7:00 P.M. PST

SCENES

CAST

1. HOTEL LAVISH	PENNY SINGLETON.....BLONDIE
2. COMMERCIAL * BUMSTEAD HOME	ARTHUR LAKE.....DAGWOOD
3. OUTSIDE PENNYPACKER MANSION	LEONE LE DOUX.....ALEXANDER
4. BEDROOM OF PENNYPACKER MANSION	WALLY MAYER.....FROST
5. OUTSIDE PENNYPACKER MANSION	JERRY MANN.....MALCOLM
6. INSIDE PENNYPACKER MANSION	MEL BLANC.....JOE
7. THE SAME	LURENE TUTTLE.....EMILY
8. COMMERCIAL * ARMY CAMP	<u>COMMERCIAL CAST:</u>
9. BEDROOM AND CELLAR OF PENNYPACKER MANSION	BILL GOODWIN .....ANNOUNCER BOB GARRED.....HITCH HIKER BOB MOON.....JOE FRED SHIELDS.....BILL

SOUND EFFECTS:

ECHO VOICE

DESK BELL...BODY FALL...VASE CRASHES...FOOTSTEPS ON STAIRS...CAR...  
CAR STOPS...CAR DOOR...AUTO HORN...CRASH OF POTTERY...CLANKING OF  
CHAINS...DOOR...KNOCK ON DOOR...WHIZZ...HAMMERING...CLOCK STRIKING...  
FALLING DOWN STAIRS WITH TIN CANS, ETC...BUCKET OF WATER FALLS...  
SPLASHING...SCRAMBLING AND WINDOW SLAMS.

As Broadcast

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

MUSIC: (THEME)

GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads. You know, Blondie, Dagwood, Alexander, and their baby girl, Cookie, have been taking a vacation. Their first stop was the very ritzy Hotel Lavish, but they're leaving now. That fifty dollar a week suite of rooms they had turned out to their surprise to be fifty dollars a day! Well, here are the Bumsteads at the desk of the Hotel Lavish -- paying that bill, and protesting about it to the manager.

~~DAGWOOD: (COUNTING) Two hundred and forty-nine, two hundred and -- you know, this is an outrage!~~

~~BLONDIE: It certainly is!~~

~~ALEXANDER: I'll say it is!~~

~~MALCOLM: Keep counting, Mr. Bumstead -- keep counting!~~

DAGWOOD: Two hundred and fifty. Two fifty-one, two fifty -- who ever heard of fifty dollars a day for a couple of *LITTLE* *OLD* rooms? It's absolutely ridiculous! And what did we get for it? Practically nothing!

MALCOLM: Please keep counting, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Two hundred and fifty-two, two hundred and fifty-three.

~~MALCOLM: There you are.~~

~~BLONDIE: Now don't start looking those bills over. They're not counterfeit. The idea -- two hundred and fifty-three dollars!~~

~~DAGWOOD: Yeah, that's right.~~

~~MALCOLM: I'm sorry, we make our rates high to keep out the common herd. In your case, we failed.~~

~~DAGWOOD: You ought to be ashamed! You're practically a robber.~~

MALCOLM: ~~A robber? Mr. Bumstead -- If you please!~~

(~~DESK BELL RINGS VIOLENTLY~~)

MALCOLM: ~~Oh! How many leave that bell alone!~~

ALEXANDER: You charged us too much ~~money!~~ It's an outrage!

MALCOLM: Won't you please go? I just know I'm going to have one of my nervous headaches.

BLONDIE: It serves you right. We're certainly never coming here again.

DAGWOOD: And none of our friends are, either!!.

MALCOLM: That's the best offer I've had today.

DAGWOOD: Why -- I'll -- I'll --

BLONDIE: Come on, Dagwood -- our bags are outside by the door...  
Come on, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Just a second, Mom...This for you!!!

(DESK BELL RINGS VIOLENTLY)

MALCOLM: Ohhhh! My nerves! My mother told me there'd be days like this! Oh, dear -- such people -- really!..(FADING)

BLONDIE: It certainly will be a relief to get away from this atmosphere.

DAGWOOD: Me, too.

~~ALEXANDER: I want to go some place where I can forget. I've been jilted.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Don't worry about that little girl. There are lots here!~~

~~ALEXANDER: Yeah, I guess so. But Glorie and I were going to be married when I was thirty-one.~~

~~DAGWOOD: You mean twenty-one, don't you?~~

~~ALEXANDER: No, thirty-one. I believe in long engagements.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Tuboooh. Well -- let's go.~~

BLONDIE: ~~Dagwood where are you going to go?~~

DAGWOOD: ~~I don't know -- let's just go someplace, that's all.~~

DAGWOOD  
BLONDIE: Why/look -- there's old Mrs. Pennypacker. I want to say goodbye to her.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- me, too. She's not like the rest of the people around here. She's really nice.

EMILY: (COMING UP) Hello, Blondie. Hello, Mr. Bumstead -- and Alexander.

DAGWOOD: Hello, Mrs. Pennypacker...

BLONDIE: Why -- you've got your bag -- Are you leaving too, Mrs. Pennypacker?

EMILY: Oh, yes, I'm afraid so. I've come here every year at this time for quite a while. My old friends used to come here, too, but this year none of them came.

DAGWOOD: I CAN'T BLAME THEM

BLONDIE: Oh, that's too bad.

EMILY: Yes, it would have been rather lonely if I hadn't met you Bumsteads..Where are you going now?

ALEXANDER: We haven't decided, Mrs. Pennypacker.

DAGWOOD: No, we're just going to go somewhere, that's all.

EMILY: Well, why don't you come and stay with me. I have a great big house with plenty of room, and I live in it all alone. It's on a lake, too.

DAGWOOD: OH BOY - WADING!

BLONDIE: Well, I don't know -- we wouldn't want to put you to any trouble.

DAGWOOD: IT WOULDN'T BE ANY TROUBLE

EMILY: — Oh, it wouldn't be a bit of trouble for me, and I'd like to have company.

DAGWOOD: WHAT DO YOU SAY BLONDIE?  
~~It sounds swell to me, Mrs. Pennypacker.~~

EMILY: ~~The house is a little old, but it's nice and quiet  
and peaceful.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~That suits us.~~

EMILY: ~~Of course, it's not much like the Hotel LeVish.~~

BLONDIE: ~~That's all the better.~~

EMILY: Then you'll <sup>WILL</sup> accept, won't you?

BLONDIE: If you're sure it won't be too much trouble -- we'd  
be delighted.

EMILY: Oh -- that's wonderful.

DAGWOOD: Well, come on, everybody -- what are we waiting for?

MUSIC:

~~GOODWIN: So Blondie and Dagwood expect to have a nice quiet  
and peaceful vacation at old Mrs. Pennyacker's. Well,  
I'm afraid they're in for a lot more excitement than  
they had at the Hotel LeVish. We'll see what's in store  
for them in just a moment.~~

(COMMERCIAL)

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: So Blondie and Dagwood expect to have a nice, quiet and peaceful vacation at old Mrs. Pannypacker's. Well, I'm afraid they're in for a lot more excitement than they had at the Hotel Lavish. But then, excitement comes as matter of course to a swashbuckling chap like Dagwood. You remember the day, about a week ago Tuesday, when he threw caution to the winds, and stepped out all alone on the -- oops!

SOUND: (SUDDEN THUD AS OF A BODY FALLING, FOLLOWED BY CRASH OF SHATTERED VASE)

DAGWOOD: (GROANS)

BLONDIE: (CALLING, OFF) Dagwood? What's the matter? What happened

DAGWOOD: (ON MIKE...WEAKLY, BUT TRYING TO PROJECT) Nothing, Blondie. Everything's fine.

ALEXANDER: You broke a vase, Daddy.

DAGWOOD: Quiet, Alexander. It was just a little accident because the rope wasn't stretched tight enough.

ALEXANDER: The man at the circus did it way up in the air.

DAGWOOD: Well, he didn't have to stretch a clothes line from the bannister to the hall radiator, <sup>EITHER</sup> Now, I'm all ready to walk the tight rope again. Hand me Mother's umbrella ~~again~~. *BABY DUMPLING*

ALEXANDER: It's kind of busted.

DAGWOOD: There! Up we go! I will now do the death-defying -- oops! Steady now! -- the death-defying walk through space -- Whoa!

ALEXANDER: Look out, Daddy!

SOUND: (ANOTHER CRASH, LOUDER THIS TIME, FOLLOWED BY SEVERAL CRASHES OF BRIC-A-BRAC)

DAGWOOD: (GROANS)

SOUND: (HURRIED FOOTSTEPS RUNNING DOWN STAIRS)

BLONDIE: (FADING IN) Dagwood Bumstead! What on earth are you doing?

ALEXANDER: It's all right, Mommy. Daddy's practicing to be a tight-rope-walker.

DAGWOOD: Gee, Blondie, it looked so easy the way Hubert Castle did it at the circus. (GROANS)

BLONDIE: Now just sit down quietly and relax. I'll go get you a Camel.

GOODWIN: Well, Dagwood, at least the finish of your act was the same as Hubert Castle's. For when Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey's wizard of the bounding wire finishes his sensational act, he says --

VOICE: Whew! Now for a Camel!  
(CASTLE)

GOODWIN: Yes, Hubert Castle has the most sensational wire act in the world. He does a complete somersault from a horizontal bar to a bounding wire. Believe me, after a performance like that Camel's extra flavor, extra mildness, and extra coolness are mighty welcome. Hubert Castle says...

VOICE: There just isn't any other cigarette like a Camel, to me.  
(CASTLE) That wonderful fragrance, that swell flavor...boy! And they're really mild.



GOODWIN: Thanks, Hubert Castle! And like your wizardry on the wire, Camel's mildness and flavor are the result of years of experience and careful and skillful preparation. The result is a cooler, slower-burning cigarette. Yes, slower-burning so that you get more smoking per pack. And don't forget -- there's less nicotine in the smoke.

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

GOODWIN: And the smoke's the thing! Get a pack of slow... slow-burning Camels today -- and you'll want to buy a carton tomorrow!

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: Now back to the Bumsteads -- as we join them, they are just driving up to the door of the beautiful old mansion where Mrs. Pennypacker lives.

(CAR SLOWING DOWN)

EMILY: Drive right up to the house, Dagwood. You can stop right under the porte cochere.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Mrs. Pennypacker.

BLONDIE: Why this is a perfectly beautiful place. All the trees and the lawn!

ALEXANDER: Boy, this is swell!

~~EMILY: Well, I have quite a bit of property here. It goes right down to the lake.~~

(CAR STOPS)

DAGWOOD: IS THAT THE DINING ROOM?  
EMILY: Well, here we are, and I must say it's nice to be back again.

(CARS DOORS OPEN)

BLONDIE: It looks as though it's been very well taken care of while you were away.

EMILY: Oh, yes. Mr. Frost looks after that for me. He's been very friendly and kind, and he's helped me out several times. He takes a lot of interest in the place.

BLONDIE: He must.

EMILY: As a matter of fact, he's been trying to get me to sell it. But I told him I wouldn't think of selling.

BLONDIE: I don't blame you.

DAGWOOD: Well, let's get our things inside...I'll take these bags, and --

(AUTO HORN OF...CAR COMING UP)

EMILY: Oh, that looks like Mr. Frost now. I rather thought he'd be along.

FROST: (CALLS OUT FROM OFF) Welcome back, Mrs. Pennypacker.

(CARS COMES TO A STOP)

EMILY: Hello, Mr. Frost...I want you to meet some friends of mine. Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead, and their son, Alexander.

FROST: How do you do?

(BUMSTEADS AD LIB ACKNOWLEDGEMENT)

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

EMILY: Well, I don't suppose anything new has happened while I've been away, has there?

FROST: (HESITANTLY) Well, yes, Mrs. Pennypacker, I don't want to frighten you, but I think you should know.

MRS PENNYPACKER: OH?

EMILY: Goodness gracious, Mr. Frost -- it sounds like a mystery.

FROST: Yes, it is. To come right out with it, some people told me that they've seen blue lights flickering in the windows while you were away.

BLUE LIGHTS?

BLONDIE: That sounds like ghosts.

ALEXANDER: Ghosts? Oh, boy, are there ghosts around here, too?

EMILY: (LAUGHS) Well, someone has certainly been seeing things.

DAWWOOD: MAYBE WE'D BETTER BE RUNNING ALONG —  
FROST: Naturally, I didn't believe what I heard -- until I saw it myself.

EMILY: You saw -- these things? The blue lights?

FROST: Of course I don't want to alarm you, but I saw the blue light, then something white at the window -- that window right up there -- and while I watched it

DAWWOOD: WELL, YOU'RE DOING IT

DAWWOOD: THAT WINDOW RIGHT THERE?

floated right down and disappeared across the lawn. It was -- well -- it was rather unnerving. (SHIVERS) It gave me an uncanny feeling.

DAGWOOD: You don't believe in ghosts, do you, Mr. Frost?

FROST: No -- No, I never have....

BLONDIE: You mean you do now?

FROST: Well, I don't know how else to explain it. There are so many things we don't understand in this world -- and, well, after <sup>THE WEIRD THINGS</sup> what I saw, I'm willing to believe anything. ~~I'm not afraid.~~

EMILY: Well, I hope this won't worry you Bumsteads too much.

DAGWOOD: Oh, no, Mrs. Pennypacker -- it won't bother us a bit. I think.

BLONDIE: Of course not. We don't believe in ghosts at all.

DAGWOOD: No, we don't believe in ghosts hardly at all.

ALEXANDER: I'd like to meet a ghost.

FROST: Mrs. Pennypacker, don't you think you'd feel more comfortable somewhere else until this -- well, this thing, whatever it is, leaves?

EMILY: Nonsense -- I'm sure I'd feel safer in my own house than anywhere else. And I've got the Bumsteads for company.

DAGWOOD: (UNENTHUSIASTIC) Yeah -- that's right.

~~FROST: Well, I just wanted to tell you about it. I only hope nothing happens.~~

~~DAGWOOD: So do I.~~

~~BLONDIE: We're not afraid. If ghosts are made of this flimsy stuff they are supposed to be made of, I don't see how they can hurt us.~~

FROST: Well, I feel that I've done my duty in warning you,  
Mrs. Pennypacker.

(CAR DOOR CLOSES)

FROST: I'll come around tomorrow. Perhaps nothing at all will  
happen tonight. Goodbye.

EMILY: Goodbye, Mr. Frost, and thank you.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye. *MR FROST AND THANK YOU*

(CAR STARTS UP...FADES)

EMILY: Goodness gracious -- I've never seen Mr. Frost like  
this. I hope he's mistaken.

BLONDIE: Oh, he must be. After all, there isn't any such thing  
as a ghost.

EMILY: I suppose not.

DAGWOOD: Hey -- Mrs. Pennypacker -- look out! Get out of the  
way -- quick!

(CRASH OF POTTERY ON PAVEMENT)

BLONDIE: Oh, for heaven's sake!

ALEXANDER: Gosh, it's a flower pot, and it almost crowned

Mrs. Pennypacker!

*BLONDIE! ALEXANDER! SUCH LANGUAGE!*

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- it was blown right off that window above us.  
I just happened to be looking up and saw it start to  
fall.

BLONDIE: Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Hunh?

BLONDIE: Did you say it was blown off the window?

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- that's right. I was just looking up and --

BLONDIE: But Dagwood -- there isn't a breath of air moving.  
It couldn't have blown off.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke!

EMILY: Why I can't understand it -- unless -- unless --

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- unless. Gee, I wonder what's going to happen  
tonight??? I WONDER?

MUSIC: (MYSTERIOSO)

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- are you asleep?

DAGWOOD: I haven't even considered it.

BLONDIE: I thought I heard something.

DAGWOOD: You did?

BLONDIE: Yes.

DAGWOOD: I hope it was something alive.

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- you don't believe in ghosts, do you?

DAGWOOD: Er -- no, honey, but I could be convinced awfully fast.

(CLANKING OF CHAIRS OFF...CONTINUES INTERMITTENTLY)

BLONDIE: Listen. *CHAINS*.

DAGWOOD: I've just been convinced.

BLONDIE: ~~It sounds like chains rattling.~~ That's what ghosts  
are supposed to do, isn't it -- rattle chains. Isn't  
it, Dagwood?...Dagwood, take your head out from  
underneath that pillow.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, there are some things I'd rather not hear,  
and a ghost rattling chains is one of them.

BLONDIE: I don't believe in ghosts, and I don't believe there's anybody out ~~there~~ in the hall.

(CHAINS RATTLE... THEN STOP)

DAGWOOD: Don't tell me those chains are just rattling around by themselves... There's just one thing we need now --

(KNOCK ON THE DOOR)

DAGWOOD: Tooooh! That's it!

BLONDIE: Come in.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- come in, whatever you are.

(DOOR OPENS)

ALEXANDER: Have you been hearing funny noises?

DAGWOOD: Oh, <sup>HELLO</sup> ~~hello~~, Alexander.

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Yes, <sup>DEAR</sup> we've been hearing noises, but it's nothing to be alarmed about.

ALEXANDER: It's just a ghost, huh?

BLONDIE: There's no such thing as a ghost, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Is that right, Pop?

DAGWOOD: Er -- well, if your mother says there aren't any ghosts, I guess she's right. <sup>THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A GHOST</sup> Hey -- that reminds me of a story. Did you hear about the <sup>FELLOW</sup> ~~man~~ who said to the <sup>GHOST</sup> ~~other man~~, "How much would you charge to haunt a house" -- and the <sup>GHOST</sup> ~~other man~~ said, "How many rooms?" (LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: Yes -- I've heard it.

JOE: (WAY OFF...GIVES A GHOULISH LAUGH)

DAGWOOD: He hasn't heard it. Hey -- who was that!!

ALEXANDER: Just one of those things we don't believe in.

DAGWOOD: Tooooh.

JOE: (WAY OFF...GIVES ANOTHER GHOULISH LAUGH)

ALEXANDER: Gosh, he's got a sense of humor, hasn't he?

DAGWOOD: H -- Holy smoke.

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

DAGWOOD: Who -- who is it?

EMILY: (OUTSIDE) It's me -- Mrs. Pennypacker.

BLONDIE: Oh, come <sup>ON</sup> in, Mrs. Pennypacker.

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: I don't suppose that was you, laughing out there? MRS. PENNY  
PACKER?

EMILY: Have you been hearing those awful sounds?

BLONDIE: Yes, we've heard them.

EMILY: Mr. Frost was right. That wasn't human laughter.

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh.

BLONDIE: Well -- perhaps --

EMILY: It terrified me, but I suppose you young people weren't  
frightened at all.

DAGWOOD: (SHAKING) Oh, no, we weren't frightened at all. I'm  
just naturally nervous, that's all.

EMILY: Oh -- I'm so glad you're here -- and I have a man in the  
house.

DAGWOOD: A man? Who? Oh -- me!

ALEXANDER: And me. We don't believe in ghosts, Mrs. Pennypacker.

MUSIC: (GHOSTLY VIOLIN WAY OFF PLAYS SOMETHING MOURNFUL IN  
MINOR KEY)

EMILY: Oh, listen to that! Oh, dear... ~~it's just a child's play.~~

DAGWOOD: It does sound sort of ghostly, doesn't it? I never  
knew they played violins.



EMILY: I know Mr. Frost was right. We should have stayed somewhere else tonight.

BLONDIE: Now, Mrs. Pennypacker. There's probably some reasonable explanation for all this.

DAGWOOD: Yes, that's right. There must be a reasonable explanation <sup>FOR</sup> <sub>ALL THIS</sub>

BLONDIE: Dagwood, why don't you go and see what the explanation is

DAGWOOD: Me? Walk out there in the dark with that creepy sounding violin?

EMILY: Oh -- would you, Mr. Bumstead?

ALEXANDER: Go ahead, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Well, I don't know.

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood...Go ahead and take a look.

DAGWOOD: Just a little look, huh?

EMILY: Yes, just a little look, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Okay -- I'll look. (RECEDING) Quiet, everybody.

(DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS FAST)

DAGWOOD: I didn't see a thing!

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood -- go out in the hall and look around.

DAGWOOD: Right now?

ALEXANDER: Gee, Pop, are you scared?

DAGWOOD: Er -- well, I'll <sup>GO HAVE A BIG</sup> look around then.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: I'll be right back...(FADING)

BLONDIE: All right, dear.

EMILY: Oh, Blondie -- Of course, I don't believe in these things, but I can just feel my heart pounding away, and -- oh, I don't know. I certainly won't be able to get to sleep again.

BLONDIE: <sup>WELL, I'M</sup> I'm a little nervous myself.

ALEXANDER: Gosh, am I the only one who's not scared?

DAGWOOD: Well, Alexander, I don't think your father's really scared.

ALEXANDER: ~~Gee, he does a swell job of pretending to be, doesn't~~  
~~he?~~ POP'S A SWELL ACTOR ISN'T HE?

BLONDIE: Yes -- yes, he ~~does~~ IS.

DAGWOOD: (OFF...YELLS) Bloooooondie! Bloooooondie!!!

EMILY: Oh, my goodness -- that's Mr. Bumstead!

(WHIZZ)

(DOOR SLAMS)

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- what's the matter?

DAGWOOD: Blondie! I saw it! I saw it!

ALEXANDER: (NOT MUCH IMPRESSED) You saw what, Pop?

DAGWOOD: An awful face -- sort of greenish yellow, and sort of glowing and terrible with long teeth. Oh -- oh -- gee -- ~~I got away from him.~~

~~Blondie!~~ Oh, for heaven's sake.

ALEXANDER: (LAUGHS) Look at Pop's hair. It's standing straight up in the air. ~~That's funny, Pop!~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Well, my hair isn't doing that for weeks...~~ <sup>NEVER MIND THE DETAILS</sup> Has it turned white, yet?

ALEXANDER: ~~No.~~

BLONDIE: You saw the ghost?

DAGWOOD: Yes -- yes, I saw it all right.

EMILY: Oh, then it's really true.

DAGWOOD: / <sup>MRS. PENNY PACKER</sup>  
I'm afraid it is.

EMILY: Oh, dear -- I'm afraid to go back to my room. <sup>ALONE</sup>

DAGWOOD: <sup>Mr. Bumstead, will you walk down the hall with me!</sup>  
~~DOWN THE HALL WITH YOU?~~ <sup>BLONDIE!</sup> YES <sup>DAGWOOD</sup>  
DAGWOOD: I guess we'd be safe if we all stay in here together <sup>WALK DOWN</sup>  
until morning. <sup>MRS. PENNY PACKER!</sup> <sup>WELL</sup> <sup>THE HALL</sup>  
~~we'll~~ <sup>LET'S</sup> just ~~have to~~ <sup>ALL</sup> stay in here and <sup>WITH HER</sup>  
shiver the rest of the night.

JOE: (FROM OFF, THE GHOULISH LAUGHTER)

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, it's certainly a lovely day.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, Blondie, it sure is.

BLONDIE: I didn't see how it could be nice after what happened  
last night.

DAGWOOD: Me, neither. Even at breakfast I was half-afraid my  
bacon and eggs would rise right up in the air and float  
away before my eyes, <sup>BEFORE I COULD EAT THEM</sup> It's a very uncomfortable feeling.

BLONDIE: The only ones who didn't seem to mind it were Cookie and  
Alexander... Poor Mrs. Pennypacker -- it was awful for her

(DOOR SLAMS OFF)

ALEXANDER: (CALLS FROM OFF) Oh, Mom!

BLONDIE: ~~Oh, she's in the room now.~~

DAGWOOD: <sup>HELLO</sup>  
Alexander, where's Mrs. Pennypacker?

ALEXANDER: (COMING UP) She's around on the other side of the house,  
talking to Mr. Frost.

~~BLONDIE: Now, Alexander.~~

ALEXANDER: She's telling him about the ghosts, I guess she doesn't feel so well today.

DAGWOOD: I'm in pretty bad shape myself. I'd like nothing better than to see our own little home,

BLONDIE: Well, I feel the same way, ~~but~~ Dagwood, <sup>BUT</sup> we can't just go away and leave Mrs. Pennypacker in all this trouble.

DAGWOOD: CAN'T WE?

BLONDIE: NO, The poor old lady -- it was bad enough with us in the house. How would it be if the same thing happened and she were alone?

DAGWOOD: That's right, Blondie -- we've got to stick by her.

ALEXANDER: That's what I say.

BLONDIE: Well, what are we going to do? I haven't the slightest idea what you do about a ghost, ..if it is a ghost,

DAGWOOD: Well, neither have I. You know, all the doors in the house were still locked this morning. And all the downstairs windows, too. I looked.

ALEXANDER: So did I, (FADING) I'm going to look around some more.

DAGWOOD: ~~I guess we'll just have to rig up some kind of a ghost trap,~~  
WE'LL JUST

BLONDIE: Yes, <sup>GHOST TRAP</sup> and let's make sure it also catches people in case our ghost turns out to be human, ..Oh, here comes Mrs. Pennypacker and Mr. Frost ~~around the side of the house,~~  
house,

FROST: (OFF A BIT) Well, that's why I think it might be wise to sell the place. It is awfully big and -- oh, hello, Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead,

(THEY AD LIB GREETINGS)

EMILY: Blondie, Mr. Frost thinks he knows someone who would buy my place right away, and I think I may sell. It's very little money, but after last night...

BLONDIE: Well, you can't tell. The ghost may not come back, Mrs. Pennypacker.

EMILY: Well, in any case I wouldn't rest easily.

FROST: Of course not. Mrs. Bumstead may be right -- the ghost or whatever it is may not return, but who can tell?

DAGWOOD: Not me!

FROST: Yes -- These weird, strange, unnatural happenings are beyond our understanding. That haunting violin -- that wild laughter -- well, I know it would almost drive me out of my mind.

EMILY: Yes -- yes -- I'm afraid that might happen to me. I think I'd better take that offer, small as it is.

BLONDIE: Why don't you wait one more night, Mrs. Pennypacker. We'll *ALL* be with you.

DAGWOOD: ~~Don't you think we ought to discuss this?~~ *BLONDIE, HADN'T WE BETTER DISCUSS THIS?*

~~BLONDIE: Dagwood!~~

EMILY: I don't know...

FROST: The offer might be withdrawn...

BLONDIE: Well, if it's a bonifide offer it can wait another day.

~~DAGWOOD: It might not...~~

~~BLONDIE: Dagwood!~~

EMILY: Well, Mr. Frost, I think I'll wait and see. The Bumsteads will be with me.

FROST: Just as you say. I only hope nothing unfortunate happens again tonight. But I'm afraid something might -- I'm afraid for you, Mrs. Pennypacker.

MUSIC: (COME UP ON HAMMERING...IT STOPS)

BLONDIE: All finished, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Yep -- there's another ghost trap.

EMILY: Oh, dear, Mr. Bumstead -- I do hope nothing happens again tonight. ~~If it's really a -- you know -- these traps you've fixed up won't do any good.~~

DAGWOOD: Don't you worry, Mrs. Pennypacker. We're going to find out tonight just how solid this ghost is. ~~We've got flashlights and everything.~~

BLONDIE: I wonder where Alexander is? He hasn't been around for almost an hour.

EMILY: (LAUGHS) You know, he's trying to help too. He told me he was making a ghost trap of his own.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) He is, hunh? Good for him.

BLONDIE: HE'S GETTING TO BE JUST LIKE HIS DADDY.  
EMILY: It's getting dark already, isn't it?

DAGWOOD: Yeah <sup>BACK TO WORK</sup> -- now, hand me that bucket of water, Blondie... I'll stand on this chair and put it over the door.

EMILY: What's that for?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) <sup>THIS IS</sup> When the ghost opens the door, the water falls on him.

EMILY: Oh, I see.

BLONDIE: The ghost <sup>CATCHES</sup> ~~gets a bucket~~ and we'll know where he's hiding because we'll hear him sneezing.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, that's just exactly what -- hunh? Now, Blondie -- stop making fun of this bucket of water idea.

BLONDIE: Well, it's more of a practical joke, than a ghost trap.

DAGWOOD: Now let's see -- I've got that string stretched across the stairs with the tin cans on each end. That'll trip him. ~~Well, I guess I've got enough ropes and deadfalls and traps around to catch the average ghost.~~

ALEXANDER: (COMING UP) Well, I'm all through with my ghost trap.  
DAGWOOD: Oh, hello, Alexander. You fixed one up, hunh?  
ALEXANDER: Yep -- it's a dandy, too.  
EMILY: Well, I hope everything comes out all right. I'm still a little upset and worried from last night.  
BLONDIE: Now don't you worry about anything, Mrs. Pennypacker.  
ALEXANDER: No, we'll protect you.  
EMILY: Well, that's -- that's very comforting, Alexander.  
ALEXANDER: Thank you, Mrs. Pennypacker.  
BLONDIE: What do we do now, Dagwood?  
DAGWOOD: Well, I guess there's nothing else to do. All we have to do is go upstairs and wait for the ghost.  
(LAUGHS) Hey, what am I laughing at?

MUSIC: (MYSTERIOSO)

BLONDIE: Well, Mrs. Pennypacker, nothing's happened yet.  
DAGWOOD: I guess we've got the ghost scared off.  
ALEXANDER: Yes -- he's afraid of us.  
EMILY: What time is it, Blondie?  
BLONDIE: Let me see -- it's almost midnight.  
DAGWOOD: Er -- midnight?  
BLONDIE: Yes -- that's right.  
DAGWOOD: Come to think of it, we shouldn't have expected the ghost until midnight. They never show up until then.  
~~ALEXANDER: It's impolite to come before midnight, hunh, Mom?~~  
~~BLONDIE: Something like that.~~

EMILY: Oh, dear -- I was beginning to hope that it was all right.

DAGWOOD: Er -- does it seem awfully warm in here to you, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Well -- er -- yes, just a bit.

(CLOCK STARTS STRIKING TWELVE)

BLONDIE: Oh -- midnight.

DAGWOOD: Er -- yeah -- midnight.

ALEXANDER: Wooooooo!

DAGWOOD: Don't do that, Alexander!

EMILY: Well, I've got my smelling salts out. I hope I don't have to use them.

BLONDIE: Nothing's happened yet.

DAGWOOD: My flesh has been creeping a little.

ALEXANDER: I guess the ghost's late.

DAGWOOD: Yeah...Blondie, does it seem awfully chilly in here to you?

BLONDIE: Well, yes -- a bit.

DAGWOOD: Me, too...The clock's stopped striking.

JOE: (OFF...THE MANIACAL LAUGHTER)

DAGWOOD: — <sup>DON'T DO THAT ALEXANDER</sup> Gosh -- it's here again. It doesn't sound like he stepped into any of the traps.

EMILY: ~~Well, I guess it's no use. We just have to sell the house. I certainly can't stand this. I just couldn't.~~

BLONDIE: Dagwood, we've got to do something. We can't let any spook chase us out of here.

EMILY: <sup>THAT AWFUL NOISE</sup>  
JOE: (THE LAUGHTER AGAIN)

MUSIC:



GOODWIN: Well, it looks as though the ghost has won all the rounds so far. And none of Dagwood's ghost traps seem to be working and poor Mrs. Pennypacker is so frightened she's ready to sell her home for very little. Well, what are the Bumsteads going to do now? Will they go downstairs and chase the ghost -- or will they stay right where they are and tremble? We'll return to them in just a moment.

(COMMERCIAL)

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: You know, yesterday, like all Sunday's was visitors' day in the Army camps throughout the nation. Listen!

BILL: Glad to see the Army treatin' my kid brother right. You look like a million bucks, Joe.

JOE:  
(ABOUT 25) You too, Bill. Maybe I ought to sic the recruitin' sergeant on you.

BILL: Too late. They told me thirty-six-year-old bones are too old for this man's army. Oh...I stopped by Dad's on the way out. He was rummagin' around in his old kit and fished these out. They're the field glasses he used in France.

JOE: Gee, that's swell!

BILL: Reminded me of something Mom used to send to camp for Dad. So I picked these up for you. Unwrap 'em.

JOE: HMMMMM. Just about the size of a carton of Camels! Am I right?

GOODWIN: Right you are, Joe! And like the boys of seventeen and eighteen, young America on the March in nineteen forty-one says --

JOE: Make mine a Camel!

GOODWIN: Yes, in our democratic Army -- a true cross-section of America -- Camel is the favorite. Listen to this! -- Actual sales records from Post Exchanges and Canteens show that with men in the Army, in the Navy, in the Coast Guard, and in the Marine Corps, Camel, the cigarette of costlier tobaccos, is the favorite! The boys really go for Camel's extra flavor and extra mildness.

JOE: And don't forget, mister, we make just twenty-one bucks a month. Camel's slower burning gives us more smoking for our money!

GOODWIN: Right you are, Joe -- and always remember this: the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling brands tested -- less than any of them, according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself. Take a tip from the boys in camp! Try Camels today!

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: It's a fraction of a second later. The Bumsteads, and Mrs. Pennypacker are still in the upstairs bedroom, wondering what they should do while the ghostly laughter floats up to them from below...

JOE: (MAKES WITH THE GHOULISH LAUGHTER...OFF)

EMILY: Oh, that frightens me. I don't care what or who's doing that. I don't like it.

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- we've just got to go out and get to the bottom of this.

DAGWOOD: The first thing in the morning, hunh?

ALEXANDER: I'm going to see what the ghost looks like right now.

(DOOR OPENS)

ALEXANDER: Hey, ghost! Where are you?

JOE: (WAY OFF, ECHO) Beware! Bewwaaaaare!

~~ALEXANDER: You'll have to speak a little clearer. I can't understand anything you say.~~

~~BLONDIE: Dagwood, come on!~~

~~DAGWOOD: Yeah -- if Alexander isn't afraid, I guess I'm not, either.~~

~~EMILY: Well, I'm going with you. I wouldn't stay here for anything.~~

(GHOULY LAUGHTER STARTS UP AGAIN)

~~BLONDIE: There's that mysterious voice again.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Why couldn't he play something cheerful, like the "Hub-Bub" song, instead of this creepy stuff...~~ Do you see anyone, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: Nope -- it's just dark down there, that's all.

DAGWOOD: Well -- I guess we've got to go downstairs and fight it out, whether we want to or not. ~~Are you all with me?~~

~~BLONDIE: I'm right behind you, Dagwood.~~

ALEXANDER: I'll lead the way ~~down the steps, Pop.~~

BLONDIE: No you won't, Alexander!!

DAGWOOD: ~~LET HIM - NO I'LL GO FIRST~~  
~~It would be very nice, but I guess I'd better do it.~~

Well, this is just like pulling off a strip of adhesive plaster -- ~~shall we run down the stairs fast and get it all over with, or go down slowly?~~

~~BLONDIE: Let's get it all over with.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Okay -- we'll run right down. Come on.~~

(STAIRS...RATTLE OF TIN CANS)

DAGWOOD: Oooooops! Help! I'm caught in my own trap! Grab me, someone! Help!

(HE FALLS DOWN THE STAIRS RATHER ELABORATELY...

TIN CANS GOING ALONG WITH HIM...THERE'S A MOMENT OF SILENCE...THEN:)

JOE: (FROM WAY OFF, THE GHASTLY LAUGH)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, are you hurt?

~~ALEXANDER: Come on, Mom -- come on, Mrs. Alexander. Let's see how Pop is.~~

DAGWOOD: (OFF A BIT) Toooooh!..I'm bruised all over.

EMILY: My goodness, Dagwood -- you stepped right into that

trap you set for the ghost at the head of the stairs.

~~BLONDIE: I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN~~  
DAGWOOD: I know -- the string wound right around my ankles  
~~WONDERFUL TRAP ISN'T IT?~~  
and tripped me...Well, let's find the ghost.

ALEXANDER: Hey, ghost! Where are you?

JOE: (WAY OFF) I'm in another world...another world...

ALEXANDER: Gosh, that's a silly answer.

EMILY: Oh, he said he was in another world.

ALEXANDER: He sounds more like he's in the next room.

DAGWOOD: ~~Gee, that close?~~

BLONDIE: ~~Well, Dagwood, what are we going to do?~~

DAGWOOD: ~~I guess we'd better go in the next room. (WORKING UP COURAGE) I'm not really afraid of a ghost, am I?~~

BLONDIE: ~~Of course not.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~There isn't really any such thing as a ghost!~~

ALEXANDER: ~~That's right, Pop!~~

DAGWOOD: ~~So there's nothing to be afraid of!~~ *NOW I AM MAD!* I'll show that ghost he can't fool Dagwood Bumstead! I'll find him and tear him into little shreds of gauze! I'm going to open this door and walk right in!

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- wait --

DAGWOOD: Don't try to stop me now!

(DOOR OPENS)

(BUCKET OF WATER FALLS ON DAGWOOD)

BLONDIE: Oh, goodness!

DAGWOOD: Help! I'm drowning!..Holy smoke -- what was that?

BLONDIE: ~~The~~ <sup>YOUR</sup> bucket of water.

ALEXANDER: ~~You stepped into another of your traps,~~ *YOU DID IT AGAIN* Pop!

JOE: (SUDDEN STARTLED YELL FROM OFF)

EMILY: Oh -- did you hear that!

JOE: (OFF) Help! Help! Come quick! Help me!

ALEXANDER: Oh, boy -- I know what that is! The ghost has fallen into my trap! Come on -- it's down in the cellar!

(STAIRS)

(QUICK MUSIC SWEEP DOWN TO CELLAR)

(COME UP ON LIGHT SPLASHING)

JOE: (IN A CISTERN...ECHO) Get me out of this cistern.  
I can't swim! I'm sinking!

ALEXANDER: Hold onto the sides and you won't sink.

BLONDIE: Goodness -- there's the ghost, Mrs. Pennypacker.

EMILY: Well, he certainly looks very human to me.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- if he was a ghost, he could float right up.

I'll drop this clothesline down there and get him out.

~~BLONDIE: Just a minute -- what were you doing, haunting this house? What was the idea?~~

~~JOE: I'll tell you all about it when you get me out of here.~~

BLONDIE: All right...Don't <sup>GET</sup> too near the edge, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: I won't...Here's the rope, you. Grab hold of it.

JOE: Thanks.

EMILY: The idea -- a grown man playing a ghost, frightening us nearly to death...You ought to be ashamed!

JOE: Hold tight -- I'm coming up.

DAGWOOD: (GRUNTS) Okay...Come on,

(SPLASHING)

JOE: All right -- I've got the edge of the cistern now...  
Okay -- I'm up.

BLONDIE: What was the idea of all this! ~~We were supposed to be~~

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- what was <sup>THE BIG</sup> idea?

~~JOE: It wasn't my idea, Dad. (SNEEZES) Gosh, it's cold down there.~~

~~BLONDIE: Well, whose idea was it?~~

~~JOE: Frost's.~~

~~EMILY: Mr. Frost?~~

EMILY: ~~I wish you'd explain~~ --

JOE: Sorry, lady, but I haven't got time to <sup>GIVE AN</sup> explain. ~~J.P.M.~~  
One side!

DAGWOOD: Hey! Come back here!

(SCRAMBLING...WINDOW SLAMS)

DAGWOOD: Hey! Come back here, you!..Gee, he got away. Right out  
that cellar window. <sup>OH WELL</sup> There's no use trying to catch him  
outside. ~~It's too dark.~~

BLONDIE: Oh, gee!

ALEXANDER: Gosh -- and I had him caught, too. I thought the ghost  
was sneaking in and out of the cellar window, so I  
took the top off the cistern and put paper over it so  
he'd fall in. And gee, he did, but he got away.

DAGWOOD: Well -- let's look on the bright side -- maybe he'll  
catch pneumonia.

EMILY: Well, thank you, anyway, Alexander. At least we know  
that the ghost was human.

BLONDIE: And if we lock that window, I don't think he'll bother  
us any more tonight.

DAGWOOD: Now you won't have to sell your house, Mrs. Pennypacker.

EMILY: No, thanks to you Bumsteads.

DAGWOOD: Oh -- it was nothing.

EMILY: But I wonder why that man was playing a ghost in my  
house.

DAGWOOD: Hm. That was a very good ghost trap, Alexander. I see  
what happened now. <sup>LOOK</sup> The ghost was trying to get out of  
the cellar -- he walked over here toward the cellar  
window, and -- hey! Look out! Help!!!

(SOUND OF SPLASH)



BLONDIE: Oh, <sup>my</sup> goodness -- Dagwood fell ~~right down~~ into the  
cistern, too.

ALEXANDER: (BORED) Here's the clothesline, Mom.

DAGWOOD: (OFF...ECHO) Bloooondie!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, folks, the ghost, whoever he was, almost frightened everyone out of Mrs. Pennypacker's house but the Bumsteads out-witted him. I wonder who was responsible for trying to scare them all away. Maybe we'll find out more about this next week. Be sure to be listening Monday at the same time when "Blondie Lifts a Mortgage."

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

GOODWIN: "Blondie" is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood is Arthur Lake.

Our "Blondie" orchestra is directed by Bill Artzt who also creates the special musical effects.

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

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