

4/3/42

Muster

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, MARCH 30, 1942

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

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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)

"BLONDIE" 1-A  
3/30/42

(FOLLOWING MUSIC)

GOODWIN: Wherever the fighting men of America go, and whether they serve by land, by sea, or in the air -- Camels go with them...the service man's favorite cigarette. We're proud to make that statement -- and to be able to back it up with facts --

ECHO: Actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Canteens, and Ship's Service Stores show that with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard, Camel is the favorite.

GOODWIN: And service men are in a good position to know cigarettes. They're quick to recognize that Camels have extra flavor and extra mildness -- to discover that Camel's slower burning gives them extra smoking per cigarette per pack -- and cooler smoking in the bargain. They've learned -- as you will learn when you try Camels -- that matchless, expert blending of costlier tobaccos does make a better cigarette. Send that fellow in the service a carton of Camels! He'll like them! And get Camels for yourself! You'll like 'em, too!

GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads. Well, looks as it's going to be a big day in the little house on Shady Lane Avenue -- for Alexander, anyway, because Blondie and Dagwood are throwing a little birthday party for him and his friends this afternoon. The Bumsteads are out in the kitchen where Blondie has just put a cake in the oven.....

(OVEN DOOR CLOSING)

BLONDIE: There we are!...Dagwood, remind me to take the cake out in an hour -- just in case I forget.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie.

ALEXANDER: And just in case you forget and Pop forgets, too, I'll remind you.

BLONDIE: All right, Alexander...Now where's that list of guests you've invited?

ALEXANDER: Right here, Mom.

BLONDIE: Thank you...Let's see. Annabelle Cooper...

ALEXANDER: She's my girl friend.

DAGWOOD: I see you've got her right at the head of the list.

~~ALEXANDER: Of course, Pop...Oh, Mom -- will you be sure that Annabelle gets an extra big piece of cake?~~

~~BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Why certainly, Alexander.~~

~~DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) That'll put you in solid with her, huh?~~

~~ALEXANDER: You catch on, Pop.~~

BLONDIE: Well, let's see who else. Alvin Fuddle, Jackie Wilson, and Tiger Maloney. Is that all?

ALEXANDER: Yep, that's all, Mom.

BLONDIE: Why didn't you invite little Kenny Fish?

ALEXANDER: He's always trying to beat my time with Annabelle Cooper. I don't want any competition at my party.

*Blondie:*  
DAGWOOD:

That seems like a good answer.

~~BLONDIE: Well, what about Franky Odell? You should have asked him, Alexander.~~

~~ALEXANDER: He has too big an appetite. If he were here there wouldn't be enough ice cream and cake to go around.~~

~~BLONDIE: That seems to take care of Franky Odell.~~

DAGWOOD: I thought you'd probably invite that other little girl -- the one you call <sup>Joycey</sup> ~~Dee Dee~~.

ALEXANDER: Well, you see, Pop, if I invited her, then Annabelle wouldn't come. Annabelle's jealous of her.

BLONDIE: Oh, I see.

ALEXANDER: <sup>Joycey's</sup> ~~Dee Dee's~~ the glamour girl of the second grade.

DAGWOOD: It's all sort of complicated, eh?

ALEXANDER: Yep. You know how women are, don't you, Pop?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I know how women are.

BLONDIE: I don't -- how are they?

DAGWOOD: Er -- well, let's not go into that now, Blondie. It's just one of those things between we men... ~~let's get back to Alexander's party, huh?~~

~~ALEXANDER: I thought about inviting Jimmy Gregg, and Tom Taylor, and Bobby Prentiss, but Jimmy and Tom always gang up on Alvin when they see him, and Bobby and Tiger are always fighting.~~

~~BLONDIE: Oh, dear.~~

~~ALEXANDER: Besides, Jimmy hit Jackie Wilson with a snowball with a piece of coal in it and Jackie's been trying to get even.~~

BLONDIE: ~~All right, Alexander -- I guess you know best. It just seems like four guests aren't very many for a party.~~

ALEXANDER: Well, I think I'll go over to Alvin Fuddle's now and see what kind of a present he's going to bring me.

BLONDIE: Alexander, that's not a nice thing to do.

ALEXANDER: He came over here to see what I was bringing him when he had a party.

BLONDIE: It still isn't very polite.

ALEXANDER: Okay, I'll just go over and stand around. Maybe he'll tell me even if I don't ask.

BLONDIE: Oh dear.  
Alexander: Oh, by the way, P.P. Please don't call me Baby Dumpling in front  
(DOOR CLOSSES) OF my guests.

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood -- I guess we're very fortunate. Alexander might have invited a lot of boys and girls and we would have had a riot on our hands.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- it's really nice there aren't so many.

BLONDIE: What about this magician you hired to entertain them?

DAGWOOD: Well, he's sort of an amateur professional. He's been trying to make a job appear for several months but hasn't had much success. We got him just in time -- he was going to eat his rabbits.

BLONDIE: Oh, the poor man.

DAGWOOD: He calls himself Martin the Mysterious. He says he does all kinds of tricks.

BLONDIE: Well, all children <sup>love</sup> like magic tricks. <sup>I do, too.</sup> I just hope Martin the Mysterious also knows how to handle children.

DAGWOOD: I asked him about that, and he said that children were simplicity itself to him.

BLONDIE: Well, that's good.

DAGWOOD: You know, it's really a good thing there are only four other children coming. It'll be nice and quiet and peaceful.

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: Well, Alexander -- here comes one of your guests up the front walk.

ALEXANDER: Oh, yeah -- it's Jackie Wilson.

BLONDIE: Now remember -- you've got to let him in like a little gentleman.

ALEXANDER: But he's not a little gentleman.

BLONDIE: I was talking about you. Take his coat and show him into the living room. Your father will entertain him till the rest arrive.

ALEXANDER: Okay.

(DOOR BELL)

(DOOR OPENS)

ALEXANDER: Hello, Jackie -- come on in.

JACKIE: Happy birthday, Alexander -- hi-ya, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Hello, Jackie.

(DOOR CLOSES)

ALEXANDER: Let me take your hat and coat, Jackie.

JACKIE: Naw, that's all right. Just throw it on the floor somewhere.

BLONDIE: Alexander'll hang it up for you, Jackie.

JACKIE: Gee -- the party's formal, hunh?

ALEXANDER: Er -- what have you got in that candy box, Jackie?

JACKIE: It's a present for you, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Gosh, I wonder what it is.  
JACKIE: Ah, you know what it is, Alexander -- it's what you asked for.  
BLONDIE: Alexander -- you told Jackie what you wanted him to bring?  
JACKIE: Sure he did, Mrs. Bumstead. That's the only way you can be sure of getting what you want.  
BLONDIE: I see...May I take a little peek inside the box?  
ALEXANDER: Er -- well, I better show what it is, Mom.  
JACKIE: Yeah -- Alexander better show you, Mrs. Bumstead.  
ALEXANDER: There's you are, Mom -- look!  
BLONDIE: Ooooooh! A pair of white mice!

MUSIC:

(DOOR OPENS)

ALEXANDER: Gee -- hello, Annabelle. Come on in.  
ANNABELLE: Happy birthday, Alexander. Hello, Mrs. Bumstead.

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: How are you, Annabelle?  
ANNABELLE: Just lovely, thank you...And you?  
BLONDIE: I'm fine.  
ANNABELLE: I brought you a box of candy, Alexander.  
BLONDIE: For a moment I was afraid it was more white mice.  
ALEXANDER: Oh, thanks, Annabelle. You really didn't have to bring anything.  
ANNABELLE: I hope you'll like it. It's my favorite kind. Don't forget to pass it around, either!

MUSIC:

(DOOR CLOSES)

ALEXANDER: Mom, this is Tiger Malone.

**TIGER:** How do you do, Mrs. Bumstead?

BLONDIE: How do you do, Tiger.

TIGER: Lovely weather we're having, isn't it? I guess Spring is almost here...Oh, here's a birthday present for you, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Oh, it's a book.

TIGER: Yeah, but I think you'll like it. There's this crazy scientist who captures two kids who are looking for buried treasure, and they don't find out he's really a spy until they stowaway in his airplane and he jumps out because he thinks the plane is going to crash in the middle of the ocean.

ALEXANDER: Oh, boy, Tiger -- that sounds swell!

BLONDIE: I'm interested myself. How do they get out of it?

TIGER: I wouldn't want to spoil the story for you, Mrs. Bumstead. I got the book two days ago so I could read it myself.

ALEXANDER: The rest are in the living room, Tiger.

TIGER: Thank you. I'll go in...(FADING)

BLONDIE: My, he certainly has nice manners. Why do you call him Tiger?

ALEXANDER: Well, his mother taught him to be polite, but his father taught him to fight like a tiger.

BLONDIE: I know just how his mother feels.

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: Well, Alexander -- just about all of them are here.



ALEXANDER: Yep -- and here comes Alvin Fuddle now.

DAGWOOD: That's good. Then we can start playing some games.

(DOOR OPENS)

ALVIN: Hi, Alexander -- can I come in?

ALEXANDER: Hello, Alvin. Sure.

(DOOR CLOSES)

ALVIN: Hello, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Hmrrr -- hello, Alvin.

ALVIN: Here's those marbles you wanted me to bring for a present.

Dagwood: *Yes, THANKS. Alvin: NOT FOR YOU -- FOR ALEXANDER.*  
(RATTLE OF MARBLES IN SACK)

ALEXANDER: Thanks, Alvin... Gee, I thought you'd be the first one here. What took you so long?

ALVIN: I was out winning the marbles.

DAGWOOD: You take right after your father, don't you, Alvin?... Well, let's all go into the living room and start the games.

ALEXANDER: Okay, Pop.

ALVIN: Games? What kind of games?

DAGWOOD: Lots of different kinds. What did you think you should play -- postoffice?

ALVIN: Is Annabelle Cooper in there?

DAGWOOD: Sure.

ALVIN: That's for me!

ALEXANDER: She's my girl -- you stay away from her.

ALVIN: Aw, I haven't even spoken to her yet.

(KIDS AD LIB... "HI, ALVIN" ... "HELLO, ALVIN" ...

"WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU")

ALVIN: Hi, fellas... Hello, Annabelle.

ALEXANDER: Take it easy now, Alvin.

DAGWOOD: Well, we're all going to play some games now. What would you like to start off with?

JACKIE: Let's play jampile.

DAGWOOD: Hanh? What's that?

JACKIE: We'll show you, Mr. Bumstead...Come on, fellas -- jam pile on Mr. Bumstead!

TIGER: Jump on his back! I've got him around the knees.

ALVIN: Down he goes!

DAGWOOD: Hey! Hey, get off me! Get off my neck! Hey -- look out! I'm falling!

JACKIE: You sure are, Mr. Bumstead! Yippee!

DAGWOOD: Look out! I can't stand up any longer! I'm going to fall! Hey! Hey!

(THUMP AS HE GOES DOWN)

(THE KIDS CHEER)

ALVIN: Pile on him, fellas!

DAGWOOD: Get off me! Hey! Whooooo! Bloooooooondie! Help!  
Bloooooondie!

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) For Heaven's sakes -- what's going on in here?

ALEXANDER: We've been playing jampile, Mom.

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- get up off the floor. You're getting yourself all mussed up...The idea -- a full grown man like you wrestling with children.

DAGWOOD: But Blondie, I wasn't wréstling with them.

BLONDIE: Well, whatever it was, I don't think it was a very good game to suggest, *dene*

DAGWOOD: I didn't suggest it at all. They ganged up on me. They jumped on me when I wasn't looking.

BLONDIE: Where's your shirt pocket, Dagwood?

ANNABELLE: I think Alvin has it, Mrs. Bumstead.

ALVIN: Here's the pocket, Mrs. Bumstead. I had hold of it and it sort of came loose.

BLONDIE: Hmmm -- thank you, Alvin.

ALVIN: That's all right, Mrs. Bumstead -- you're welcome.

DAGWOOD: Gee, I feel like a wreck.

JACKIE: You look awful, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: I suppose so.

TIGER: Have you any other games to suggest, Mr. Bumstead? We'll be glad to cooperate.

ALEXANDER: Sure, Pop -- you said you had a lot of games for us to play.

DAGWOOD: How about "pin the tail on the donkey"?

BLONDIE: I should think that would be fun. (LONG PAUSE) I guess not.

DAGWOOD: Annabelle, <sup>Anna belle: Yes, Mr. Bumstead.</sup> maybe you'd like to suggest a game, hunh?

ANNABELLE: I'd love to.

DAGWOOD: That's good. Something nice and harmless, hunh?

ANNABELLE: Yes. Let's play G-men, and I'll be J. Edgar Hoover.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

JACKIE: Aw, I want to be J. Edgar Hoover.

TIGER: So do I.

ALEXANDER: It's my party! I ought to be J. Edgar Hoover.

ALVIN: How about me? I've got a gun! Look!

BLONDIE: Oh, goodness! Alvin Fuddle! Where did you get that?

ALEXANDER: Oh, boy -- it's a big one, too!

DAGWOOD: Hey! Hey -- give me that, Alvin! Come on -- hand it over!

ALVIN: Okay, Mr. Bumstead. DON'T BREAK IT.

BLONDIE: That looks dangerous to me, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: No, Blondie -- it's probably just a cap pistol. Nowadays they make them so they look like real guns.

BLONDIE: It still looks dangerous to me. Don't point it at anything, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) I'm just pointing it at that vase on the mantelpiece. It won't hurt anything. Watch!

(BAM!...THE GUN GOES OFF)

(CRASH OF VASE)

(YELLS FROM THE CHILDREN)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, that's a real gun!

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke -- you're right, Blondie!

ALEXANDER: Oh, boy, Pop -- can I shoot it next?

TIGER: I'm after Alexander!

JACKIE: I'm after Tiger!

ALVIN: Hey, it's my gun! Gimme back my gun!

BLONDIE: (VERY FIRM) Just one moment, please!...Now -- I'll take that gun. Hand it over, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Here you are, honey...Maybe you better frisk the rest of them.

BLONDIE: I'm going to. Do any of you boys have sling shots?

JACKIE: I've got one.

BLONDIE: I'll just take that too. You'll get it back, Jackie... What's that sticking out of your hip pocket, Tiger?

TIGER: Er -- it's just a rubber band gun, Mrs. Bumstead. It's quite harmless.

BLONDIE: Thank you -- I'll take that, too.

TIGER: Yes, ma'am.

DAGWOOD: Anybody got any blackjacks or brass knuckles?

(PHONE RINGS)

BLONDIE: I'll get it, Dagwood.

(PHONE OFF HOOK)

BLONDIE: Hello?...Yes, this is the Bumstead residence. Who is this?...Oh, Sergeant Dobson of the Third Precinct station ...Well, yes, Sergeant -- there was a shot fired, but it was just an accident...No -- no one's been hurt -- yet... What?...Someone reported there was a brawl going on in our house? No, Sergeant -- (SIGHS) it's just a quiet children's party.

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, so far the party has been anything but quiet, and it's just starting. Blondie really looks a little exhausted, and Dagwood looks like he's been through a football game. I wonder if the magician Dagwood hired will be able to keep the party from turning into a riot? Well, Dagwood and Blondie have just stepped outside -- Nope, no magician yet, only a bunch of kids' bicycles piled around the door.

DAGWOOD: You know, Blondie, that's a very practical form of transportation.

BLONDIE: Hmm? Oh, bicycles.

DAGWOOD: Yep, no gas and oil to buy -- great exercise --

BLONDIE: Dagwood, how long do you think it would take you to get to the office on a bicycle?

DAGWOOD: Well, let's see -- five miles -- at the rate of a hundred and eight miles an hour would be --

BLONDIE: A hundred and eight miles an hour?

DAGWOOD: Well, we'll be conservative. Make it a hundred miles an hour!

BLONDIE: Oh, how silly! I thought you said a bicycle!

DAGWOOD: I did! I read about a fellow in the paper. He went a hundred and eight miles an hour on a bicycle!

GOODWIN: You certainly did, Dagwood, though I wouldn't advise getting to the office the way Al Letourner set his world record for motor-paced cycling. He streaked along behind a wind-screen at more than a hundred and eight miles an hour, breaking the previous record by more than thirty miles an hour. And when Al Letourner hopped off his bike, he was mighty glad to light up a Camel. Al has said --

LETOURNER VOICE: You bet I like Camels! I've smoked 'em for nine years! They've got plenty of flavor and mildness -- and that's what counts with me!

GOODWIN: Yes, and Camels are cooler, and slower-burning, too! Reason for that is costlier tobaccos, blended with the know-how that Camel has perfected in years of fine tobacco blending. And, of course, there's less nicotine in the smoke!

"BLONDIE" 12-B  
3/30/42

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: And the smoke's the thing! Get a pack of mild, flavorful Camels tonight! You'll want to buy a carton tomorrow!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, the party seems to be going along a little smoother now. Dagwood has finally talked them into playing "Pin the tail on the donkey." Alvin Fuddle has been blindfolded and has the tail with the pin on it in his hand...

(COME UP ON KIDS LAUGHING...)

ALEXANDER: You're going in the wrong direction, Alvin.

ALVIN: I'm all turned around.

ANNABELLE: You'll never find the donkey, Alvin...Get away from me, now!

ALVIN: I'll do better than you did, Annabelle.

ANNABELLE: Nya to you.

JACKIE: (OFF) You were headed for the wall with the donkey on it just a second ago.

TIGER: (OFF) But if you keep going the way you are, you'll pin that tail on the sofa pillow.

DAGWOOD: Uh -- Alexander, do you think they're enjoying this?

ALEXANDER: Yeah, I guess so, Pop. They'd rather play G-man.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, but this is safer, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: I suppose so, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Nobody can get hurt.

ALVIN: I know where the donkey is now...Right here!

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) Ouch! Hey! Who stuck me! Oooooooh!

(THE CHILDREN LAUGH LIKE MAD...)

ALEXANDER: Gosh, Pop -- are you hurt?

DAGWOOD: I'm killed!...Who did that? Oh, it was you, Alvin.

ALVIN: Hello, Mr. Bumstead. <sup>Dagwood: Hello, Alvin.</sup> I couldn't see with the blindfold on.



DAGWOOD: Hmmm. Is that an explanation or an alibi?  
ALVIN: I'm sorry, Mr. Bumstead... (LAUGHS)  
DAGWOOD: You don't sound sorry to me... Okay -- you kids can play any kind of a game you want to. Take charge, Alexander. I'm resigning until that magician gets here!

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES...)

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) What happened in the other room, Dagwood?  
DAGWOOD: We were playing pin the tail on the donkey, and I turned out to be the donkey.  
BLONDIE: (LAUGHS A LITTLE)  
DAGWOOD: It wasn't funny. <sup>Blondie: Here, dear. Sit down and relax.</sup> Ouch! That tail's still on me. There.  
BLONDIE: What are they doing now, dear?  
DAGWOOD: I haven't any idea, and I'm afraid to go in again and look. Gee, I wish Martin the Mysterious would get here.  
~~BLONDIE: Oh, yes -- the magician. I'm sure he'll be able to keep the children out of trouble.~~  
~~DAGWOOD: It'll take a magician, all right... Well, I guess we're safe in the dining room.~~  
BLONDIE: The cake and the ice cream are out in the kitchen. I thought we ought to wait until after Martin the Mysterious comes and does his tricks for the children.  
DAGWOOD: Yeah... Well, they seem to be quiet in there now.  
BLONDIE: How long will it last, I wonder.

(DOOR BANGS OPEN...)

JACKIE: (YELLS) There they go!...Look out, Mr. Bumstead!

(COLLISION OF BODIES...)

DAGWOOD: Ouch! Hey!

ALVIN: (YELLS) They went out in the kitchen!...Out of the way--

DAGWOOD: Oooof!

TIGER: Look out, Mr. Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Hey -- be careful! Look where you're going!...Oooof!

JACKIE: Gang way!

(FALLS ON FLOOR...)

BLONDIE: What's happening now? What's going on here, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: My white mice escaped!

BLONDIE: Heavens -- I hope they don't come back here.

DAGWOOD: Toooooh! I feel like I've just been tramped on by an armored brigade! You might as well step on me, too, Alexander. Everyone else has.

ALEXANDER: No, I've got to stay in the living room with Annabelle.

ANNABELLE: Alexander's going to protect me from <sup>The mice</sup> ~~them~~. Isn't that sweet?

ALEXANDER: Don't you worry, Annabelle. I'll keep them away from you.

DAGWOOD: I wish someone would protect me from your little friends

BLONDIE: Now come on, Dagwood -- get up.

DAGWOOD: Gee, this is the most strenuous party that I was ever at.

(DOOR BELL RINGS...)

BLONDIE: There's the front door bell.  
DAGWOOD: That ought to be Martin the Mysterious.  
BLONDIE: I hope so, Dagwood. I didn't realize it would be quite so difficult entertaining the children...I'll let him in.  
DAGWOOD: I'll know better the next time. I'll think of some more destructive games.

(FOOTSTEPS)

(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: How do you do?  
MARTIN: I am Martin the Mysterious. Pick a card -- any card.  
BLONDIE: All right.  
MARTIN: Have you looked at it?  
BLONDIE: Yes.  
MARTIN: Put it back in the deck -- right here...Thaaaaank you. Now I shuffle them up like this.

(SHUFFLING)

MARTIN: And then -- presto, here's your card hiding right behind your ear!

(SNAP OF CARD...)

BLONDIE: Why -- why that's wonderful!  
MARTIN: I like it, too. It's a lovely trick.  
BLONDIE: Well, come right in, please.  
MARTIN: Thank you...Where are the little darlings? Blondie: *Darlings?*  
Mr. Bumstead said something about children?

(DOOR CLOSES...)

BLONDIE: Oh, they're around.

MARTIN: Good. I'll be ready to mystify them in just a few minutes.

MUSIC:

ALEXANDER: Okay, Pop -- I've got all the kids sitting down in the living room.

DAGWOOD: That's good. You think it'll be safe for me to go in there now?

ALEXANDER: Sure, but don't start any trouble.

BLONDIE: We're going to sit very quietly and watch Martin the Mysterious.

ALEXANDER: Okay...You know, Tiger's very interested in this. He has a magic set at home. He can do tricks, too.

(CLOSE DOOR...)

BLONDIE: We'll sit right here.

ANNABELLE: Alexander, when's the magician coming out?

ALEXANDER: In just a second.

JACKIE: What's taking him so long?

ALEXANDER: He'll come in in a second. He's just in the next room.

(CHINESE GONG OFF...)

DAGWOOD: I guess he's ready now.

(GONG DROPS OFF...)

MARTIN: (IN NEXT ROOM) Oh, darn it!

(DOOR OPENS...)

MARTIN: Good afternoon, children. I am Martin the Mysterious.

(THE CHILDREN LAUGH...)

MARTIN: Hmmm...Well, one of you pick a card -- any card at all.

ALVIN: Okay -- I've got one.

MARTIN: Thank you, young man. Now look at it and show it to the others.

(MURMUR FROM THE KIDS...)

DAGWOOD: (WHISPERS) What card is it, Blondie?

BLONDIE: (WHISPERS) The eight of spades.

MARTIN: Now put the card back. That's it. Thank you very much. Thank you.

(SHUFFLING CARDS...)

ALVIN: You see how I'm shuffling the cards. The card you picked is all mixed up with the rest. But now I say Rallamagoo, hokapaloo, here is the card that was picked by you! The eight of spades. Is that it?

ALVIN: (PAUSE) No.

MARTIN: It's not the eight of spades?

ALVIN: No.

(THE KIDS LAUGH...)

~~Blondie:~~  
MARTIN: <sup>IT WAS THE EIGHT OF SPADES.</sup> Young man, it must be the eight of spades!

ALVIN: It was the three of clubs.

~~Blondie:~~  
MARTIN: <sup>THAT ALVIN FIDDLE!</sup> Oh, dear...! We'll go on to the next trick. I have here some very unusual metal rings.

JACKIE: What's unusual about them?

MARTIN: Well they're all joined together. See?

(SOUND OF LARGE METAL RINGS...)

MARTIN: I'll let you examine them and see that they cannot be taken apart. Just look them over.

(RATTLING OF RINGS...)

ALEXANDER: Gee, they're together all right.

ANNABELLE: I can't get them apart.

JACKIE: Neither can I.

DAGWOOD: Let me see, hunh?

BLONDIE: Well, this is going to be interesting. I can't seem to get them apart, either.

ALEXANDER: Can you take them apart, Mr. Martin the Mysterious?

MARTIN: (CONDESCENDING LAUGH) Oh, dear -- of course, I can.

TIGER: May I examine the rings first?

MARTIN: Go ahead, <sup>little man</sup> go ahead -- it won't do you any good.

TIGER: Let's see...Oh, this is very simple.

(RATTLE OF RINGS...)

TIGER: There they are! They're all apart! ~~Kid~~ STUFF!

(RINGS FALLING TO FLOOR...)

(AD LIB OF SURPRISE...)

MARTIN: ~~Oh dear~~ -- ! You shouldn't have done that I ought to report you to the <sup>Society of</sup> magicians' ~~union!~~

(THEY LAUGH AT HIM...)

MARTIN: Oh, stop laughing!

BLONDIE: Martin the Mysterious doesn't seem to be very --

DAGWOOD: Very what?

BLONDIE: Mysterious.

MARTIN: Now please pay attention to me. I'm going to make an animal appear out of nowhere. How would you like to see me make a rabbit appear.

JACKIE: How about an elephant?

MARTIN: No, a rabbit.

TIGER: Couldn't you do it with a wolf?

MARTIN: I'm not speaking to you! That was a nasty trick -- taking my rings apart!...Oh -- er -- little girl.

ANNABELLE: You mean me?

MARTIN: Yes.

ANNABELLE: Don't call me little girl.

MARTIN: Oh, I'm sorry, <sup>(little girl)</sup>...You'd like me to make a rabbit appear, wouldn't you?

ANNABELLE: I'd like an alligator.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear -- maybe we'd better do something, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- the act is going to pieces.

BLONDIE: (UP) I'd like to see you make a rabbit appear.

MARTIN: Well, thank you. I'm glad somebody wants me to do the trick with the rabbit...Now look at this hat. It's perfectly empty!

ALEXANDER: No it isn't! It's got a rabbit in it!

MARTIN: You can't see it, can you?

ALEXANDER: Nope, but I know there's one **in it**.

MARTIN: Don't interrupt the trick...The hat is perfectly empty. But I reach inside it, and pull out a rabbit!

(YAPPING OF DOG)

JACKIE: It's a puppy!

MARTIN: Oh, how dreadful!

ALEXANDER: That's one of Daisy's puppies! That's Elmer.

BLONDIE: Oh, goodness -- how did he get in there?

(LAUGHTER)

MARTIN: Who did this? What happened to my rabbit! What happened happened to Eloise?...Eloise! Oh, Eloise!

(BARKING OFF...IT'S DAISY THIS TIME)

DAGWOOD: Hey, it sounds like something's going on in the next room. Open the door!

JACKIE: I'll get it, Mr. Bumstead!

(DOOR OPENS)

(BARKING UP)

ANNABELLE: There's the rabbit!

TIGER: Daisy's chasing her!

BLONDIE: No -- the rabbit's chasing Daisy!

(BARKING)

MARTIN: Eloise! Leave that dog alone! Please, Eloise! Listen to me! Stop chasing that dog!

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Just a minute, children! Quiet down for just a moment!

DAGWOOD: Quiet! Quiet, please!

BLONDIE: I'm something of a magician myself. I'm going to make something appear, but this time it's going to be the ice cream and cake!

(CHEERS)

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: (SIGHS) Oh, I'm exhausted!

DAGWOOD: So am I, Blondie.

BLONDIE: I never in the world thought that five children could run me so ragged.

DAGWOOD: I was glad to see them go. I guess I'm getting old -- I can't take it any more.

~~BLONDIE: It was a pretty hectic party while it lasted.~~

~~DAGWOOD: What's Alexander doing now?~~

BLONDIE: Looking for his white mice. They got loose -- remember?



DAGWOOD: How could I forget -- I've <sup>been covered with</sup> ~~got~~ bruises.

(PHONE RINGS)

BLONDIE: Oh, the phone.

DAGWOOD: I'll get it.

BLONDIE: No, I'll get it.

DAGWOOD: No, let me.

BLONDIE: No, Dagwood -- I'll answer it...Hmm -- neither of us have made a move yet.

DAGWOOD: I don't suppose you'd like to flip a coin for it.

BLONDIE: I don't suppose so.

DAGWOOD: I didn't really think so.

BLONDIE: All right -- I'll get it.

DAGWOOD: Thank you, honey. I'll <sup>sit here</sup> ~~stay~~ and think where Alexander's white mice might have gone. <sup>Where would I go if I was a white mouse?</sup>

(PICK UP PHONE)

BLONDIE: Hello?...Yes, this is she?...What? She's sick?  
Oh, but Mrs. Cooper, I didn't give her very much ice cream...But Mrs. Cooper...Yes, but -- But...  
Yes, but -- Yes, but you see --- Yes...

DAGWOOD: That's a very interesting conversation.

BLONDIE: (OFF) Annabelle Cooper's mother. Annabelle ate too much ice cream, and she's sick. (ON) Of course I'm listening, Mrs. Cooper...Yes -- I'm awfully sorry...  
Never come over here again? But...Hello? Hello?

(HANG UP)

BLONDIE: Oh, dear -- she hung up on me, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: You handled it very nicely.

BLONDIE: If you give the children too little ice cream, they complain, and if you give them too much, their parents complain.

DAGWOOD: You can't win.

(DOOR OPENS)

ALEXANDER: Say, Pop -- Mom.

BLONDIE: Yes, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: Did my two white mice come in here?

BLONDIE: I hope not..

DAGWOOD: We haven't seen them.

ALEXANDER: If you do, let me know.

BLONDIE: We will.

ALEXANDER: Okay...I'll keep looking out here.

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Goodness -- there's no telling where those white mice will show up.

DAGWOOD: Oh, I suppose we'll find them sooner or later.

(KNOCKING ON FRONT DOOR -- VERY LOUD)

BLONDIE: Oh! Someone's banging on our front door.

DAGWOOD: ~~There is, isn't there?~~  
~~Holy white mice.~~

BLONDIE: I answered the phone, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie. I guess that's only fair.

(DOOR OPENS)

MALONE: (BELLIGERENT) Are you Mr. Bumstead!?

DAGWOOD: Yeah.

~~malone:~~ I'm malone. Dagwood! oh, Tigee's Father. Come in.  
MALONE: I'm taking you down to the police station right now.

DAGWOOD: Wait'll I get my hat and coat and -- hey, wait a minute! What for?

MALONE: You know what for! For shooting off a revolver to amuse the children at your party!

DAGWOOD: But I didn't do it to amuse them!

MALONE: Oh, you did it to frighten them, eh? Guys like you ought to be locked up, and guys like me are going to see that you are! Why I ought to grab you by the neck in one hand and bust you in the --

DAGWOOD: ~~Hey -- not so fast! I didn't shoot that gun off purposefully! It was an accident!~~

MALONE: ~~An accident!? You didn't know it was loaded?~~

DAGWOOD: ~~No, I didn't know it was loaded.~~

MALONE: ~~That's worse! A crazy idiot like you fooling around with a loaded gun among a bunch of kids! It's a wonder they weren't all killed!~~

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Now see here, you stop talking that way! In the first place, that gun was brought here by one of the children. And it was just an accident that Mr. Bumstead shot that vase with it!

MALONE: I don't care! It sets a bad example! I'm going to take Mr. Bumstead down to the police station and have them arrest him for -- for -- (STARTS TO LAUGH)

BLONDIE: What's the matter?

MALONE: (LAUGHING) I don't know -- something's tickling me!  
(LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: I'm not.

MALONE: It feels like something was running around inside my shirt. (LAUGHS) It's killing me!

DAGWOOD: This is the silliest thing I ever saw. He's laughing at absolutely nothing.

BLONDIE: Well, it's nice he's laughing.

DAGWOOD: I don't see what's so funny. A minute ago you were going to take me down to the police station and now -- (LAUGHS)

MALONE: It's happening to you too?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Yeah. It's tickling me! Something's racing around under my clothes! (LAUGHS)

MALONE: Whoooo! It's driving me crazy!

DAGWOOD: Help! It's tickling me to death! (LAUGHS) Do you still want to go down to the police station?

~~MALONE: (LAUGHING) Don't be silly!~~

~~DAGWOOD: I can't help it!~~

BLONDIE: Alexander! Oh, Alexander!

ALEXANDER: (OFF) Did you call me, Mom?

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Yes, dear. Bring a box and a piece of cheese and I'll tell you where to find both of your white mice! Hurry, Alexander!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, spring is here now and the inevitable has happened. Yes, Cousin Edgar has fallen in love -- and with an heiress, too. Well, as you might guess, Cousin Edgar's heart throbs turn into headaches for Blondie and Dagwood. So don't forget to listen in next Monday night and find out how Cupid complicates life for the Bumsteads when "Blondie's Cousin Falls in Love."

And now, before we say good night, here's Blondie with a word for the ladies...

BLONDIE: When other women come to visit you, they notice all kinds of things -- silver, glassware, food -- yes, and the cigarettes you serve, too. Do as many of America's most distinguished hostesses do -- serve Camels. Your guests will like Camel's rich flavor and gentle mildness -- and so will you!

INSECT  
SAVINGS BAND ANNT.

GOODWIN: Blondie is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood is Arthur Lake. <sup>musical interludes are composed and conducted</sup> ~~our "Blondie" orchestra is directed by William Artzt, who also creates the special musical effects.~~ Be sure to follow "Blondie", America's leading comic strip, in your local newspaper. Tomorrow Alexander proves, as if there was any doubt about it at all, that he is a real American boy. You'll find the comic strip entertaining every day of the week.

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 station.

MUSIC: (UP AND OUT)

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

GOODWIN:

Here's the latest news on the three Camel Caravans which are now entertaining the boys in camps. The Grand Ole Opry Unit is still in Panama giving performances to the boys of our armed forces stationed in the Canal Zone.

The Eastern Unit is playing to camps in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania this week and will entertain the boys at the Philadelphia Navy Yard on Thursday.

The Mid-West Unit is rolling through Georgia, visiting the camps in the South. There will be two days of performances at Camp Croft in North Carolina beginning on Friday.

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)

"BLONDIE"  
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GOODWIN: And remember, folks -- it's regular buying of United States Savings Bonds that really counts. Isn't that right Blondie?

BLONDIE: It certainly is, Mr. Goodwin. Dagwood and I can't afford a whole bond every pay day -- but we get a regular amount of stamps every week. It does mount up, too.

GOODWIN: You bet it does. Get bonds or stamps -- every pay day. You're investing in Victory.

ANNCR: Say, pipe-smokers, when we say George Washington Smoking Tobacco is America's biggest value in smoking tobacco -- we mean it. It's a big blue two and a quarter ounce package and it costs just one dime. George Washington's mild, mellow, and tasty, too, right down to the last puff at the bottom of the bowl. Get a big blue package of George Washington tonight! Your pipe will say -- thanks!