

MASTER

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, MAY 4, 1942

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

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

MUSIC: (THEME)

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WILCOX: From ten thousand feet, it looks like a country road, a vegetable patch, and a farm-house. From the ground, you can see it's an interceptor base, with fighter planes carefully hidden, and blended with the ground to escape aerial observation. Yes, that's one kind of blending, used every day on the world's battlefronts. Camel uses another kind of blending -- for enjoyment -- the skillful, expert blending of costlier tobaccos, in the years-old Camel tradition of fine tobacco blending. That's the reason your Camel always tastes good -- the reason behind Camel's rich, extra flavor and the smooth, extra mildness that lets you enjoy that flavor. Yes, and matchless blending is the reason, too, behind Camel's cooler, slow way of burning that gives you extra smoking per cigarette per pack. Get a pack of Camels tonight. You'll prove to yourself that expert blending of costlier tobaccos makes a better cigarette!

WILCOX: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads. Well, after the excitement of last week's election, Blondie and Dagwood have relaxed a little. But the Bumsteads have a problem on their hands. Dagwood and Alexander don't realize what it is, as they walk into the living room where Blondie is reading the evening paper with more than usual interest...

DAGWOOD: Oh, Blondie...(PAUSE) Blondie...

ALEXANDER: Gee, Pop, she doesn't seem to hear you.

~~DAGWOOD: Do you suppose she's asleep, Alexander?~~

~~ALEXANDER: Nope. She's reading. I can see her head moving.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Oh, Blondie..~~

ALEXANDER: (AFTER PAUSE) Maybe we'd better rattle the paper she's reading a little.

DAGWOOD: Yeah...

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

BLONDIE: (STARTLED) Oh!...Oh, Dagwood, you scared me! Where did you and Alexander come from?

DAGWOOD: We just walked in, and you didn't pay any attention to us.

~~BLONDIE: Why didn't you speak to me? No wonder I didn't hear you.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Yeah, I guess that's why you didn't -- Blondie, we did speak to you.~~

ALEXANDER: You didn't even look up, Mom.

DAGWOOD: What's so interesting in the paper?

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, ~~you know~~ Spring is here.

DAGWOOD: Oh, you were reading a love story.

BLONDIE: No, dear. You know, usually at this time of the year, we clean house.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah. Change the curtains, paint the screens, wash the porch furniture.

BLONDIE: Get all the junk out of the closets --

DAGWOOD: <sup>LOOK AT</sup> ~~Clear~~ it, and put it back in the closets again. Yeah, I know about that, Blondie.

ALEXANDER: Are we going to start Spring Cleaning, Mom?

BLONDIE: Well, this house certainly needs cleaning, but Dagwood, I think we ought to move.

DAGWOOD: Move?

ALEXANDER: Gee, you mean move out of our house?

DAGWOOD: Away from Shady Lane Avenue?

BLONDIE: Dagwood, we need more room. Cookie's growing up and she has to have her own room now. And Alexander you need a room of your own. And we want a guest bedroom.

DAGWOOD: I guess we do need more space, but gosh, I don't like the idea of moving.

BLONDIE: Neither do I, Dagwood, but what else can we do? I've been looking in the classified section of the paper and there seem to be a lot of nice places we could get for no more than we're paying here.

DAGWOOD: Gee, Blondie -- we'll be moving away from the Fuddies and the Woodley's and all our friends.

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood, we're not moving into another state, just into another house.

ALEXANDER: Gosh, Mom -- what's going to happen to my romance with Annabell Cooper?

~~BLONDIE: There's always the telephone.~~

~~ALEXANDER: You don't have any privacy on the phone.~~

BLONDIE: Well, Alexander, I'm sorry, <sup>to inconvenience you</sup> but we really will have to move. A house where you and your father can have a little workroom, and maybe a good sized garage so you can fix up sort of a clubroom for you and your friends. Now, how does that sound?

ALEXANDER: Gee, I've always wanted to have a clubroom. That would be terrific!

DAGWOOD: Blondie, you haven't got a place all picked out yet, have you?

BLONDIE: Oh, no, Dagwood -- I've just been looking at the ads. But I'm going to call one of these real-estate men tonight, make arrangements to rent this house, and then tomorrow we're going to start looking for a new home for the Bumsteads!

MUSIC:

(SOUND OF CAR)

SHAW: Now, as I understand it, Mrs. Bumstead, you want a bigger place -- a little more room to spread out -- something lovely and beautiful with a lot of charm -- probably some big shade trees, and a couple of apple trees, a nice view, a workshop for Mr. Bumstead --

DAGWOOD: Yeah, don't forget that, Mr. Shaw.

SHAW: I've got just the place for you. We'll be there in just a moment.

BLONDIE: But, Mr. Shaw, you're driving us way out in the country.

DAGWOOD: We passed the city limits fifteen minutes ago.

SHAW: Yes, isn't it wonderful to be out here? Smell that country air! (SMELLS) Ah-h-h-h, there's nothing like it! You're away from the hurly-burly of the city, far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife, out where the grass is high and the taxes are low.

BLONDIE: Well, we hadn't been thinking about a place out in the country.

ALEXANDER: It looks pretty nice out here, Mom.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, it sure does, Blondie.

SHAW: What could be more beautiful than the country at this time of the year. Look at that lovely rail fence along the road -- it's covered with ivy.

BLONDIE: Poison ivy.

SHAW: Er -- yes, it's wonderful stuff to keep trespassers off your property.

BLONDIE: It keeps you off your property, too.

SHAW: Well, folks -- there's the house I was telling you about up there on the top of the hill. Beautiful, isn't it! And now we'll turn in here and drive up to your dream palace!

MUSIC...

(WALKING AROUND OVER WOODEN FLOOR)

SHAW: Well, Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead, could you ask for a better place than this?

BLONDIE: I could.

DAGWOOD: You don't like it?

BLONDIE: Yes, of course I do, Dagwood. But there are a lot of things to think about. How would you get to the office?

DAGWOOD: But it seems awfully well built.

SHAW: Well built? I'll show you how well this house is constructed. You stay here -- I'll go into the next room for a moment.

(FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

BLONDIE: I wonder what that's for?

DAGWOOD: I don't know.

SHAW: (INSIDE) Now, then, Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead -- you can hear me, can't you.

BLONDIE: Yes.

SHAW: But you can't see me, can you?

BLONDIE: No.

(DOOR OPENS)

SHAW: Ah -- them's walls for you!...And look at these floors. Real hardwood floors!

(STAMPS ON FLOOR AND THIRD TIME THERE'S A  
SPLINTERING SOUND)

SHAW: Er -- that is, in most rooms.

DAGWOOD: Well, it's nothing that I couldn't fix up. You know, I'm quite a mechanic and carpenter.

SHAW: That's fine, Mr. Bumstead. You'll have a great time here.

ALEXANDER: (COMING IN) Oh, Mom...

BLONDIE: Yes, Alexander...

ALEXANDER: There isn't a bathroom in this house.

BLONDIE: <sup>How do you --</sup>  
^ No bathroom?

DAGWOOD: Gee, what would I do for a bath?

SHAW: Well, that's a slight disadvantage, but it's a problem that's easily solved.



SHAW: Yes, sir, and what a place it is for the children out here in the country -- fresh air, sunshine, plenty of room to play around.

BLONDIE: But no running water.

SHAW: Well, no.

BLONDIE: Or electricity.

SHAW: ~~Well~~, no.

BLONDIE: Or gas.

SHAW: ~~Well~~, no.

BLONDIE: Would you like to live here?

SHAW: ~~Well~~, no. I mean yes.

BLONDIE: I thought so. Dagwood, Alexander, I think we better look somewhere else.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I guess so, Blondie.

(DOOR OPENS...FOOTSTEPS GOING OUT)

SHAW: But think how wonderful this would be for the children. How safe it is out in the country. None of the dangers of town -- no automobiles, no trucks -- be careful where you're walking, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

(CRACKING OF WOOD)

DAGWOOD: Hey! Look out! He1-1-1-1p!

(SPLASH)

BLONDIE: Good heavens! What happened to Dagwood?  
He disappeared!

ALEXANDER: He went down a manhole. Look -- here's the hole.

BLONDIE: Don't get so close to it.

DAGWOOD: (ECHO) Blooooondie! Oh, Blooooondie!

SHAW: It's the old cistern for the house. I guess the cover over it was rotten.

BLONDIE: A fine place to raise children. No dangers!...Dagwood, are you all right?

DAGWOOD: (ECHO) Yeah, but I'm all wet.

ALEXANDER: Gee, Mom -- it's exciting out here in the country, isn't it?

BLONDIE: Too exciting.

SHAW: While you're down there, Mr. Bumstead -- just take a look at how solidly the side of this cistern is built. They don't build them this way any more. They don't put the stuff in them.

DAGWOOD: Never mind the salestalk -- get me out of here!

MUSIC....

(WALKING UP PORCH STEPS)

BLONDIE: Well, I'm glad we're back home again. That Mr. Shaw didn't show us anything we liked at all.

DAGWOOD: I didn't think so, either.

~~ALEXANDER: I thought it was swell out in the country. That cistern would make a swell dungeon to play in. Gee, it sure was funny the way Pop fell into it.~~

~~DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Yeah, it sure was funny the way -- what was funny about it?~~

BLONDIE: <sup>Well</sup> ~~Never mind that,~~ Dagwood -- ~~just~~ open the door and let's go in.

(DOOR OPENS)

JOE: Not so fast, chum.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

JOE: Before you step into this house, do you work for one of the moving companies?

DAGWOOD: No, but what are you doing here?

JOE: I'm waiting for the Bumsteads. They're very dear friends of mine.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

ALEXANDER: Maybe he's a relative, Pop.

BLONDIE: ~~Just a moment here~~ -- we're the Bumsteads, and we don't know you.

JOE: You're the Bumsteads?

BLONDIE: We certainly are.

JOE: Well, come right in and make yourself to home.

BLONDIE: This is our home.

JOE: Sorry to keep you standing there.

(DOOR CLOSES)

ALEXANDER: What are you doing in our house?

JOE: Well, Shorty, I'm Joe from the <sup>J. F. F. Y.</sup> ~~Home~~ Moving Company. Your maid let me in and told me to wait.

BLONDIE: Edna let you in?

JOE: Yeah, she's upstairs taking care of the little girl. She's cute -- the little girl, I mean. Quite a kid. Very bright.

BLONDIE: Thank you, we think she is, too.

JOE: Now how about moving your stuff for you, Mrs. Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: How did you know we were thinking about moving?

JOE: It gets around. Since I've been waiting here, there's been two guys from other moving companies, a couple of characters from carpet cleaning companies, three  
(CONTINUED)

JOE:  
(Cont'd) real estate agents, and a bunch of kids who wanted Shorty for a third baseman. I gave them all the brush-off.

DAGWOOD: What's the big idea?

JOE: Well, I want the ~~Acme~~<sup>JIFFY</sup> Moving Company to get your business.

(DOOR BELL RINGS)

DAGWOOD: There's someone at the front door now.

BLONDIE: I'll get it.

ALEXANDER: I'll get it, Mom.

JOE: Let me handle this.

(DOOR OPENS)

MAN: Your name Bumstead?

JOE: Yeah, I'm Bumstead. What do you want?

MAN: I'm from the ~~Security~~<sup>Whiz Bang</sup> Moving Van and Storage Company. We're going to do your moving for you.

JOE: That's what you think. I'm going to be moved by the ~~Acme~~<sup>JIFFY</sup> Moving Company.

MAN: What? Those clumsy jerks?

JOE: What do you mean, clumsy?

MAN: So you admit they're jerks.

JOE: This is the way you talk to your customers, eh? Well, the ~~Security~~<sup>Whiz Bang</sup> people aren't getting any of my business. They're a bunch of stupid gorillas.

MAN: Now just a moment, Mr. Bumstead.

JOE: Don't call me Mister. It's Bumstead to you! And I don't want to have anything to do with those ~~Security~~<sup>Whiz Bang</sup> Moving Van Stumblebums.

MAN: You can't call my men stumble-bums.

JOE: Who can't? They're stumble-bums! Now scram, before I knock you into a permanent 4-F classification.

MAN: Come outside and say that, Bumstead!

JOE: Okay, chum! It'll be a pleasure!

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke, Blondie! They're going to fight on our front porch.

BLONDIE! Now we've got to move.

ALEXANDER: Hey, Mon-Pop! You can see them swell from the window!

(SOUND OF TRAMPING AROUND ON PORCH OUTSIDE...  
SOCK OF FISTS)

BLONDIE: The man who was here first is winning. Oh, boy, look at them!

DAGWOOD: Come on, Bumstead! Feed it to him!

ALEXANDER: Wow!

BLONDIE: Dagwood, we can't have that going on on our porch! You've got to go out there and stop them!

~~DAGWOOD: Stop them? Blondie, that would be suicide. Think what would happen to me if I stepped in between them.~~

~~BLONDIE: But they're ruining the porch floor!~~

~~DAGWOOD: We're going to move anyway.~~

~~BLONDIE: But the whole neighborhood is probably looking!~~

DAGWOOD: Please, honey, don't ask me to go out there unless you've grown tired of me.

ALEXANDER: Oh, boy -- what a fight!

DAGWOOD: Who's winning now?

ALEXANDER: You are, Pop.

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DAGWOOD: Good for me.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, if you don't go out there and tell them to stop, I'm going to.

ALEXANDER: Wait a minute, Mom. It's almost over. Just one more punch.

(SOUND OF TERRIFIC SOCK...OFF)

ALEXANDER: That did it!

(PAUSE...THEN BODY FALLS ON PORCH OUTSIDE)

DAGWOOD: It's all over, Blondie, and I won. Er -- the man who was using my name, I mean.

BLONDIE: It's a good thing they stopped before I got out there.

(DOOR OPENS)

JOE: Well, that's that. Mr. Bumstead, I suppose you want the <sup>J.F.F.</sup> ~~Acme~~ Moving Company to take care of your furniture and stuff, don't you?

DAGWOOD: Hanh? Oh, yeah -- sure. That'll be fine.

JOE: Ask for Joe -- that's me -- but don't forget -- I wouldn't want you to disappoint us. You wouldn't want to, either.

DAGWOOD: Er -- I wouldn't be likely to.

JOE: Thanks, chum. Well, I'll be seeing you. I've got to get myself bandaged up here and there.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye.

BLONDIE: Take that man lying on the porch along with you.

JOE: Yes, Ma'am..

(DOOR CLOSES)

ALEXANDER: He's going to move our furniture, hunh, Mom?

BLONDIE: ~~I guess so, Alexander. And I will say he seems to be~~  
~~-- well, muscular enough to do the job.~~

DAGWOOD: Yeah, but now we've got a moving man and no place to move to. And we've got to find a new home. Blondie. I ~~wouldn't want~~ <sup>don't think it would be very nice</sup> to disappoint that man from the ~~Home~~ <sup>SIFFY</sup> Moving Company. It wouldn't be healthy!

MUSIC:

WILCOX: Well, so far the Bumsteads haven't had much success finding a new home, but they haven't given up yet. We'll return to Blondie and Dagwood to see how they're getting along in just a moment.

WILCOX: (WITH A SLIGHT "NOW, LITTLE BOY", ATTITUDE)  
Oh, Alexander! I have a nice record here I'd like  
you to listen to.

ALEXANDER: Okay.

WILCOX: Hear that?

(DIVE BOMBER)

WILCOX: Know what that is?

ALEXANDER: (THINKING) Hmnmnmnm. Let me see.

WILCOX: I'll give you a hint! It's got wings and it flies!

ALEXANDER: You're trying to tell me it's an airplane, I suppose.

WILCOX: Yes!

ALEXANDER: I was afraid of that. I'm just trying to make up  
my mind whether it's an SB2C-1 or a P-47.

WILCOX: (WEAKLY) Oh.

ALEXANDER: You see they both have large radial engines. That  
makes them sound alike.

WILCOX: (WEAKER) Oh, I see. (BACK TO NORMAL) Well,  
Alexander's half right. It's an SB2C-1, better known  
as the Navy's new dive-bomber, and said by experts to  
be the most powerful of its type in the world. And,  
believe me, it was no cinch to give that sky-rocketing  
stick of dynamite its test runs. The job went to  
Bill Ward, ace Curtiss test pilot, who's tried the  
wings of many a new-fangled warbird. Goes without  
saying that a job like that takes mighty steady nerves.  
I just brought up the subject because Bill Ward happens  
to be an old customer of ours. He's said --



WARD VOICE: Well, I'll say I go for Camels! Have for more than fifteen years! They're extra mild -- and they've got plenty of good, rich flavor, too!

WILCOX: And the same thing goes for men that fly our new warplanes over the fighting fronts -- all of them men under great nervous strain. 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. And nowadays, when we're all under wartime tension, and many of us smoking more, we can take this tip from the service men --

VOICE: (ECHO) For steady smoking -- Camels! Slow burning means less nicotine in the smoke.

WILCOX: The smoke of slower-burning Camels contains less nicotine than that of the four other largest-selling brands tested -- less than any of them -- according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself! Get a pack of Camels tonight. You'll see right away that matchless blending of costlier tobaccos makes a better cigarette, richer in flavor, smoother in mildness. And remember, too, to send a carton of Camels to that fellow in the service. He'll like 'em as much as you will!

MUSIC:

WILCOX: Well, it's the next afternoon. Blondie and Dagwood and Alexander have been looking all over for just the right little house. And as yet -- well, here they are, just driving up to another house with a For Rent sign on it.

(CAR COMING TO A STOP)

BLONDIE: (SIGHS) Well, this one looks nice on the outside, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: But I've discovered you can't tell anything from the outside, Blondie.

ALEXANDER: We're not going to move into any of the houses we've seen so far, are we, Mom?

BLONDIE: No, Alexander. They've all been too small or too large or too expensive, or just too too.

DAGWOOD: Gosh, and we've seen everything, too. Modern, and very modern, and Normandy, and Old English, and California ranch houses, and Cape Cod and Colonial and --

ALEXANDER: We haven't looked at any Eskimo igloos yet.

BLONDIE: Just be patient, Alexander. Someone will try to rent us one yet. Well, let's go in.

~~DAGWOOD: Well, shall we go in here?~~

~~BLONDIE: We might just as well, but it looks so nice from the outside that I'm sure it won't be nice on the inside. That's the way it's been today.~~

(CAR DOORS OPEN)

ALEXANDER: I think I'll look around in back of the house and see what the back yard is like.

BLONDIE: Now don't start climbing into any trees this time.

Alexander: Your father has already rescued you twice today.  
DAGWOOD: I Rescued Pop once.  
Yeah, and I'm bruised all over.

(CAR DOOR CLOSES...)

~~BLONDIE: No more tree climbing today, Alexander.~~

~~ALEXANDER: Okay. I'll just look around. (FADING)~~

~~BLONDIE: We'll honk for you when we're ready to leave.~~

(GOING UP STEPS)

BLONDIE: Oh, I do hope we can find something nice, Dagwood.

~~A new home would be lots of fun -- new neighbors,  
and different surroundings, and -- well, I think  
it would be a good change for us.~~

DAGWOOD: We'll see what this is like.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

BLONDIE: Well, the door seems solid, anyway.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- the last house we looked at, the door fell off when we knocked.

(DOOR OPENS)

SHAW: Good afternoon, folks -- come right in and -- well, it's Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Oh, hello, Mr. Shaw.

SHAW: Step right in.

BLONDIE: Before we come in, is this house anything like the other two you showed us yesterday?

SHAW: No this house is really something, and you'd better snap it up right away. Everyone's liked it so far.

(DOOR CLOSES)

SHAW: ~~Real hardwood floors, and this time I'm not kidding.~~

BLONDIE: Oh, look at the size of the living room, Dagwood!  
It would be wonderful.

DAGWOOD: And a swell fireplace.

BLONDIE: We could put your favorite couch over here, and the two big chairs on either side of the fireplace, and we wouldn't have to buy wall to wall carpeting -- we could use scatter rugs, and -- wait a minute. How many bedrooms, Mr. Shaw?

SHAW: Five -- four big ones and one that's rather small.

BLONDIE: And how much is the rent?

SHAW: Just what you're paying now..Go ahead and look around and sell yourself on this house. It's really a steal at the pprice. The office must have had a sudden attack of generosity.

BLONDIE: Let's see the kitchen first.

SHAW: ~~Right through the dining room. By the way, notice how light and airy the dining room is.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Hey, this is all right, Blondie.~~

BLONDIE: ~~We haven't seen the rest of the house yet, Dagwood.~~

(DOOR OPENS)

SHAW: <sup>This is</sup>  
~~There's~~ the kitchen, Mrs. Bumstead. I challenge you to find something wrong with it.

BLONDIE: My! This is nice.

DAGWOOD: Look at the size of that ice box. Say, is there anything in it?

SHAW: Not any more.

DAGWOOD: Oh.....

BLONDIE: Well, Mr. Shaw, I like this!

SHAW: Then let me show you the upstairs, and I know when you come down, you'll want to take the house!

MUSIC.....

SHAW: Well, Mrs. Bumstead, and Mr. Bumstead -- what do you think?

DAGWOOD: Gee, I think it's swell.

BLONDIE: So do I, Dagwood. This is just what we've been looking for.

ALEXANDER: (DOWNSTAIRS -- CRYING) Pop! Oh, Pop! Mom! Where are you?

DAGWOOD: That's Alexander!

BLONDIE: He's crying...I hope he hasn't hurt himself. Come on, Dagwood.

(RUNNING DOWNSTAIRS)

DAGWOOD: We'll be right back, Mr. Shaw...~~Gee, maybe he fell out of a tree this time.~~

~~BLONDIE: We're coming, Alexander!~~

~~DAGWOOD: Where are you?~~

~~ALEXANDER: (CRYING) Over here, Pop!~~

BLONDIE: Alexander, what happened to you? Take your hand away from your eye. Don't rub it like that -- you'll just make it worse.

DAGWOOD: ~~How far did you fall?~~  
What happened?

ALEXANDER: A boy hit me.

BLONDIE: A boy hit you? When did this happen?

ALEXANDER: Just a little bit ago. He hit me right in the eye!

BLONDIE: What did you do?

ALEXANDER: I ran. He was bigger than me.

DAGWOOD: Where does he live? I want to know where he lives!  
I'll see that his father gives him a good padding  
for this! We'll teach him to pick on a Bumstead!  
Where does he live?

ALEXANDER: Right next door, Pop!

DAGWOOD: Lead me to him!

BLONDIE: Now Dagwood -- try to control yourself! These  
people are going to be our next door neighbors.  
Don't start yelling at them until they get to know  
you a little better! You don't want to get into an  
argument the first thing.

DAGWOOD: I don't care, Blondie! This has got to be settled  
right now! Once and forever! Come on, Alexander!

(DOOR OPENS)

(GOING DOWN THE STEPS)

ALEXANDER: The house on this side, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Don't you worry, Alexander. You must leave this  
to me. I'll tell the father of that bully who hit  
you a few things.

ALEXANDER: Okay, Pop. But don't forget Mommy said to be a  
gentleman.

DAGWOOD: Never mind what your Mother said. This is a man's  
world.

(STAMPING UP STEPS)

DAGWOOD: I'll show them they can't trifle with a Bumstead!

(POUNING ON DOOR)

(DOOR OPENS)

JOE: Well, chum?

DAGWOOD: What's the big idea of your kid hitting my son in the  
-- oh it's you. Joe from the Jiffy Moving Company.

JOE: Yeah, chum. What were you going to say?

DAGWOOD: Er -- nothing. Just -- hello.

JOE: Just -- hello?

DAGWOOD: Yeah. Never too busy to say just -- hello.

JOE: Hello!

DAGWOOD: Hello.

ALEXANDER: This is the house where that boy lived, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Er -- never mind, Alexander. There must be a mistake -- I hope. I'll be moving along -- Ha Ha -- Get it.

JOE: Just a minute, chum...Look, Shorty...

ALEXANDER: (BELLIGERENT) What do you want?

DAGWOOD: Your Momma wanted us --

JOE: Are you the kid who hit my kid in the back of the head with a hunk of coal a couple of minutes ago?

ALEXANDER: He hit me in the eye.

DAGWOOD: Alexander, you should always remember that sticks and stones may break --

JOE: Listen, chum -- your kid put a lump on my kid's head the size of a pool ball. A fine way to raise up a kid! If I wasn't interested in getting a little business from you for the <sup>JIFFY</sup> ~~Some~~ Moving Company, I'd take you in my hands like this and --

DAGWOOD: Don't demonstrate -- (CHOKING) I'm liable to lose my temper.

Let that be a lesson to you. (COUGHS)

JOE: Oh, excuse me, <sup>I'm so impetuous.</sup> You are going to let us move your furniture, now aren't you?

DAGWOOD: Oh, sure -- yes -- of course, certainly -- why not?

JOE: Well, boys will be boys.

DAGWOOD: That reminds me of an old saying -- Boys will be Boys.

Joe: I just said it.  
Dagwood: I guess that's where I heard it. "BLONDIE" -24-  
Joe: You sound like AN echo. 5/4/42 (REVISED)

JOE: Well, Okay, Mr. Bumstead. You'll be seeing me.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

DAGWOOD: Goodbye.

(GOING DOWN THE STEPS)

ALEXANDER: Gee, Pop, you certainly told him a thing or two!

DAGWOOD: You heard your mother tell us -- if you'd obey your mother more you'd get in less trouble.

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Well, Dagwood -- what happened?

DAGWOOD: It was that moving man from the ~~Aemo~~<sup>SIFFY</sup>-Moving Company who said he was me. You know, the man who won the fight on our front porch. It was his son.

BLONDIE: That's enough. I can fill in the details myself, Dagwood,

DAGWOOD: We decided that boys will be boys.

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood -- what do you think about the house?

DAGWOOD: I like it, Blondie. But, don't you think the neighborhood is too full of people?

BLONDIE: Well, I'm not going to look at any more houses -- We've looked at so many and this is the nicest. I'm going to tell Mr. Shaw we'll take it.

ALEXANDER: Here he comes, Mom.

BLONDIE: Oh, Mr. Shaw --

DAGWOOD: Don't you think we should --

BLONDIE: We're going to take the house!

SHAW: (COMING UP) I'm sorry, Mrs. Bumstead, but I just got a phone call from the office. The house has just been rented.

DAGWOOD: ~~Whew!~~  
Oh boy.

BLONDIE: Oh dear -- We've got to start looking all over again!



DAGWOOD: ~~Whee.~~

BLONDIE: ~~Oh dear -- We've got to start looking all  
over again!~~

MUSIC:

(CAR GOING ALONG)

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- I've found something else in the paper  
that sounds wonderful!

DAGWOOD: Yeah. Charming one room cottage with hole in  
the roof?

BLONDIE: Now don't sound so pessimistic. This really might be fine for us!

ALEXANDER: What's it say, Mom?

BLONDIE: Listen to this. "Beautiful little seven and a half room home in pleasant section of town. Three light airy bedrooms, comfortable living room, cherry sun-lit dining room, efficiently-- arranged kitchen, cellar is fitted as work shop, delightful shady back-yard and garden, garage. Near school only two blocks from bus."

ALEXANDER: Gee, Mom -- let's go look at it.

DAGWOOD: Hey, that does sound good! How many rooms do we have now?

BLONDIE: Only six and this is seven and a half. Let's see it right away before someone else rents it. Here's the address of the real estate office. Let's hurry, Dagwood.

MUSIC:...

(COME UP ON CAR)

BLONDIE: Well, is it really as nice as it sounds, Mrs. Mrs. Pettifog?

PETTIFOG: Oh, dear yes, Mrs. Bumstead -- I know you're going to adore it. We haven't had the listing long and I'm sure it'll be snapped right up -- it's that attractive. ~~If you don't want it, I know several other people who would fall right in love with it...~~  
Turn left at this next corner, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Left?

PETTIFOG: Yes -- that way.

ALEXANDER: ~~It's not polite to point is it, Mom?~~

PETTIFOG: ~~(LAUGHS) My, what a bright child.~~

ALEXANDER: ~~I'm not a child. I'm a young man.~~

PETTIFOG: ~~Indeed,~~

BLONDIE: ~~Es-uh~~ -- you know, we live in this section of town, too, Mrs. Pettifog.

PETTIFOG: Then you know what a lovely community it is. When we got the listing for this home, Mr. Pettifog said, "Dolores, it's simply charming!" <sup>Dagwood! Dolores? Who's she?</sup> Just like that. And Mr. Pettifog and I have been in this business a long, long while. We don't get enthusiastic over nothing. No, indeed. ~~We're very critical, if I do say so, and I do.~~

BLONDIE: Well, I hope it's what we want. We only have six rather small rooms.

PETTIFOG: This has seven and a half -- isn't that just perfect? Turn right here, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Turn right here, or turn right here?

PETTIFOG: That way.

DAGWOOD: Thank you.

~~PETTIFOG: You know, another nice thing, Mrs. Bumstead, Mr. Pettifog and I won't rent houses for just anybody. We're very particular about who's lived in a house we're offering for rent, and very particular about who we rent it to.~~

BLONDIE: ~~That's nice, Mrs. Pettifog. What were the people like who lived in this house we're going to see?~~

PETTIFOG: Oh, very charming. We know them personally. They've kept the house beautifully, but they're moving out because they need more room, too. They're still living there, so when we stop, I'll have to go in ~~first and see if they mind if we show it.~~ <sup>I'm being very FRANK with you, Mrs. Bumstead.</sup> I suppose it's an old fashioned way to run a renting agency, but Mr. Pettifog and I believe ~~in being considerate to other people, and~~ telling the truth. So many renting agents tell you such fibs about the homes they're trying to rent. <sup>Dagwood! You're telling us.</sup> We'd rather not make the sale.

~~BLONDIE: That sounds good to us, Mrs. Pettifog. We've heard a few fibs ourselves.~~

PETTIFOG: Mr. Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

PETTIFOG Turn that way.

DAGWOOD: Thank you.

PETTIFOG: And slow down a little now.

ALEXANDER: Hey, Pop -- we're turning right onto Shady Lane Avenue.

BLONDIE: Why, that's right -- I hadn't been noticing. This is our street.

PETTIFOG: Won't that be convenient when you move in?...Stop right here, Mr. Bumstead. It's the white house with the green shutters, and isn't it lovely?

(CAR COMING TO A STOP)

BLONDIE: Wh-wh-why, that's our house!

PETTIFOG: I beg your pardon.

DAGWOOD: We live there! Were you going to show us our own house?

PETTIFOG: Why -- er -- uh -- my goodness, that's right -- I have your name here as being the present occupants.

DAGWOOD: I thought you knew the people living here personally. A fine thing!

ALEXANDER: Yeah, a fine thing!

BLONDIE: But we only have six rooms, and your advertisement says seven and a half.

PETTIFOG: We count the basement as a room.

DAGWOOD: That's a swindle!

BLONDIE: But what's the half room?

DAGWOOD: It's probably our big closet.

PETTIFOG: No, it's the front porch.

~~(CAR DOORS OPEN)~~

DAGWOOD: The idea! Trying to rent us our own home and adding one and a half more rooms to it! So that's the old fashioned way to run a renting agency!

PETTIFOG: (DRAWING HERSELF UP) I'm very sorry if I've misled you, Mr. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: I think you'd better take our house off your list.

PETTIFOG: I shall be glad to.

~~DAGWOOD: Mrs. Pettifog, you may go that way!~~

~~PETTIFOG: Good day!~~

~~ALEXANDER: Don't point, Pop -- it isn't polite.~~

BLONDIE: (SIGHS) Well, I guess that's that.

MUSIC...

(KITCHEN SOUNDS...POTS AND PANS)  
(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

ALEXANDER: Gee, Mom -- more things have been happening today!

BLONDIE: Why? Who was that at the door?

ALEXANDER: A tough guy with a turtle neck sweater. He's a friend of that moving man who lost the fight on our porch yesterday.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear! What's happening now?

ALEXANDER: When I left, he had hold of both of Pop's lapels and was talking to him out of the corner of his mouth.

DAGWOOD: (OFF) Bloooooooooooooondie! Oh, Bloooooooooooooondie!

(DOOR SLAMS OPEN)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, are you all right. You didn't get in a fight, did you?

DAGWOOD: No, Blondie, but he thought I beat up his friend, and he was going to beat me up, but we compromised.

BLONDIE: How did you compromise?

DAGWOOD: Well, I promised to let the Whizz Bang...

BLONDIE: But what about that other man. You promised him, too.

ALEXANDER: He's going to be sore if he doesn't get the job, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, are you sure we have to move?

BLONDIE: Yes, Dagwood -- my mind is made up.

DAGWOOD: I don't suppose we could have one moving company move us over, and then the other one move us back?

BLONDIE: I don't suppose so.

DAGWOOD: I didn't really think so. Blondie, I have a feeling something terrible is going to happen.

MUSIC:

WILCOX:

Well, by next week Blondie and Dagwood will have found a new home and they will find themselves face to face with the hectic problem of moving. Will Dagwood still be on the spot with the two moving companies...will Blondie get her dishes safely over to the new house... will Dagwood have trouble hooking up the gas and water pipes...will the Brooklyn Dodgers win the pennant. Well, all these questions, except the last one, will be answered if you drop in on the Bunsteads next week at this same time and lend a helping hand when "Blondie Moves In".

You know, Blondie, we keep talking about all kinds of distinguished women who smoke Camels -- designers, flyers, and all -- now why do you suppose that is?

BLONDIE:

Well, I guess for the same reason I smoke Camels, Mr. Wilcox -- because they taste good any time -- they're so mild -- they have such grand flavor.

My advice to any woman is to try Camels -- and see for herself!

WILCOX:

Blondie is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood is Arthur Lake. Musical interludes are composed and conducted by William Artzt. Be sure to follow "Blondie" America's leading comic strip, in your local newspaper. Tomorrow Dagwood has a special reason for working late at the office. 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

(CONTINUED)

WILCOX:  
(Cont'd)

the Al Pearce show, and Friday night it's the 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")

WILCOX: Here's the latest news on the Camel Caravans which are now entertaining the boys in camps.

"The Southern Camel Caravan is deep in the heart of Texas this week and beginning tomorrow night there will be five days of performances given for the boys at Camp Barkley, in Abilene."

"The Pacific Camel Caravan is rolling along throughout camps in Southern California. On Thursday, this unit begins a three day stay at Camp Cook, at Santa Maria, California."

"The Eastern Camel Caravan is on its way down South, and on Wednesday night, opens a four day engagement at Fort Bragg, North Carolina."

(CONTINUED)



WILCOX:  
(Cont'd)

"The Mid-West Camel Caravan, which has played to well over one-hundred thousand men since it started in February, will be at Camp Shelby, Mississippi next Thursday, Friday and Saturday".

Best wishes, Camel Caravan. May your audiences have have a grand time.

This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the makers of Camel Cigarettes.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

ANNOUNCER: More than five pipefuls for a penny -- just think of that! Here's how to get 'em. Just plunk down a dime on the tobacco counter and ask for George Washington Smoking Tobacco. The big blue two and a quarter ounce package costs only one dime -- holds more than fifty mild, mellow, tasty pipefuls of real smoking pleasure. Get a big blue package of George Washington tonight -- you'll understand why men call it America's biggest value in smoking tobacco.