

Master

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, MAY 11, 1942

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

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

MUSIC: (THEME)

"BLONDIE" -2-
5/11/42

(FOLLOWING MUSIC)

WILCOX: Did you ever see a pink battleship? No, and I don't suppose you ever will. War-ships of all sizes are generally painted a dull, sort of dirty-looking gray to blend with the sea and the sky. It's part of the big war-time blending job of camouflage. Camel's blending is a different kind -- blending for enjoyment -- the expert, matchless blending of costlier tobaccos, slowly and carefully perfected over a long period of years. Light up a Camel and you'll see just how much difference it makes. You'll notice the rich, extra flavor, combined with a smooth, extra mildness that lets you enjoy that flavor. You'll see that Camels are cool and slow-burning, too. Get a pack of Camels tonight. You'll want to buy a carton tomorrow!

WILCOX: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads. Well, Blondie and Dagwood have finally found a house that's exactly what they wanted -- it's on Shady Lane Avenue, too, just a couple of blocks up the street. They're rented their old house and they've got to be in the new one today. So today is moving day for the Bumsteads... They've just finished breakfast and are still sitting at the table...

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, just think -- we'll be in our new home tonight.

DAGWOOD: That's right, Blondie.

BLONDIE: We've got a lot of work to do first.

DAGWOOD: Oh, well, who minds a little work. The movers will take the things over to the new house, and then all we'll have to do is put down the rugs, and move the furniture around, and hang the curtains, and put the books in the bookshelves, and put the beds together, and -- (WEAKENED) -- holy smoke...

BLONDIE: And put away the tools in the basement, and hang the pictures, and put shelf paper in all the closets, and put our clothes on hangars, and all our winter things will have to go in trunks and be taken up to the attic, and the gas has to be connected up, and --

DAGWOOD: That's enough, Blondie. I'm tired already.

ALEXANDER: Pop, you promised to build a clubhouse for me in the attic of our new garage. Don't forget that.

DAGWOOD: I won't, Alexander. But you've got to help with the moving.

ALEXANDER: I'll carry the handkerchiefs.

DAGWOOD: That's a fine attitude to take.

BLONDIE: Well, we'd better get started now. There's lots to be done.

(DOORBELL RINGS)

ALEXANDER: Shall I see who's at the door, Mom?

BLONDIE: Yes, please.

ALEXANDER: Okay.

DAGWOOD: Well, Blondie -- where are we going to start?

BLONDIE: We've got to call the moving men, Dagwood. Who are you going to call -- the Jiffy Moving Company, or the Whirbang Moving Van and Storage Company?

(DOOR OPENS OFF...AD LIB UNINTELLIGIBLE CONVERSATION)

DAGWOOD: I don't know. I promised them both.

BLONDIE: I know you did.

DAGWOOD: Maybe you'd better call them, hanh?

BLONDIE: No, Dagwood, that's your problem....

ALEXANDER: (COMING UP) Here's a man to see you, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

MAN: Good morning, Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead.

(THEY AD LIB "GOOD MORNING'S")

MAN: I understand you're moving into a new house today.

BLONDIE: Yes, we are, and we're going to be pretty busy, so if you don't mind --

MAN: You want to start your new home out right, don't you? I'm sure you do. Do you mind if I sit down for a moment? Thank you. I wonder if I could have a cup of coffee. May I?

BLONDIE: Of course.

(RATTLE OF CUP AND SAUCER...)

BLONDIE: But remember, we're moving today and we don't want to buy anything.

^{Dagwood:}
ALEXANDER: What's in your suitcase?

MAN: I'm glad you asked, young man... Now let me show you what I have here in this suitcase. You're under no obligation to buy whatsoever -- but you'll regret it if you don't.

BLONDIE: I'm afraid we --

(SNAP, SNAP OF SUIT CASE LOCKS)

^{Blondie:}
MAN: ^{rec late.} Here we are...

(PILE OF MISCELLANEOUS JUNK TUMBLES OUT...)

DAGWOOD: Say, you've got a lot of stuff there.

MAN: Everything for a family moving into a new house. Now here's something -- the Pied Piper Rat Remover. It'll get rid of any rodents that happen to be left over from the old tenants.

DAGWOOD: Do the rats go outside to die?

MAN: Better than that. They go down to the city dump to die. Do you want the small can, or the large economy size, Mr. Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: Which one do you think, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Neither. ^{Dagwood; But Blondie -} I don't think we'll need it in our new home at all.

MAN: This is delicious coffee. ^{Do you mind if I have another cup?}

ALEXANDER: What's this here? It looks like some sort of trap.

MAN: I was just going to point it out. You know how squirrels get into a house and drive you crazy by running around between the walls, don't you? Well, you set this trap, and when the squirrel comes along it paddles the daylight out of him. He never comes back.

DAGWOOD: Gee, that's a swell invention. I wonder why I never thought of it.

MAN: I can see you're interested, Mr. Bumstead. How many would you like?

DAGWOOD: How much are they?

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood -- we don't know that we've got squirrels running around loose between our walls. ^{Dagwood: we might have.} Let's wait until we find out.

^{Dagwood:}
MAN: No squirrel-paddler, eh?

ALEXANDER: Aw, gee.

^{MAN:}
BLONDIE: ^{now, don't get hasty about this.} I'm sorry, but I really don't think we want to buy

anything at all. We've gone over our new house pretty carefully, and I'm sure there's nothing wrong with it.

DAGWOOD: But, Blondie, some of those things are very practical --

BLONDIE: No, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Oh.

MAN: Well, I'll drop around and see you in your new home after a month or so. By then the defects in the house will begin to show up. You'll know what window panes have fallen out, where the roof leaks, how fast the termites are eating the foundation away, and how often the cellar gets flooded...Thanks very much for the breakfast.

BLONDIE: Oh -- uh -- that's quite all right.

MAN: Well, good morning. I'll be seeing you.

DAGWOOD: Come around in a year or two.

(DOOR OPENS OFF... AND CLOSSES OFF.)

ALEXANDER: Gee, are all those things going to happen to our new house?

DAGWOOD: I hope not.

(DOOR OPENS OFF...)

MAN: (CALLS FROM OFF) Oh, Mr. Bumstead...

ALEXANDER: I guess he came back for the other doughnut.

DAGWOOD: Yeah?

MAN: Here's a moving man to see you.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke -- the moving man.

BLONDIE: Have him come right in, please.

MAN: (OFF) Go right in.

JOE: (OFF) Thanks... (DOOR CLOSING, OFF) (COMING UP)

Well, chum, I understand you're finally moving.

DAGWOOD: Er -- uh -- yeah, that's right.

JOE: You haven't forgot that you promised me the ~~Jiffy-moving~~
Jiffy-Moving Company would get the job, have you?

DAGWOOD: How could I forget?

JOE: What time shall I bring the van around to get your stuff?

DAGWOOD: What time would you say, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Three o'clock this afternoon.

DAGWOOD: How about three o'clock this afternoon?

JOE: Your wife just said that. Okay, chum -- I'll be here.

DAGWOOD: That's fine. Don't forget to bring your moving van with you.

JOE: You know, chum -- last week I kind of got the idea you might try to get out of hiring us after you'd promised, and give the job to the Whizbang Moving Van and Storage people.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) You thought I'd do that? I wouldn't think of it.

JOE: You're smarter than I thought you were, chum.

DAGWOOD: Hahh?

JOE: Well, don't worry about nothing. You gave me the job, so it's okay. I'll be around at three.

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DAGWOOD: Okay. Goodbye.

JOE: So long.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

DAGWOOD: Well, Blondie -- at least that's taken care of. We don't have to worry about the movers.

(PHONE RINGS)

ALEXANDER: I'll answer it, Mom.

(PHONE OFF HOOK...)

ALEXANDER: Hello?

MAN: (TOUGH WHISPER) This Mr. Bumstead?

ALEXANDER: Yes. What do you want?

MAN: This is Slugger Wolfson of the Whizbang Moving Van and Storage Company.

ALEXANDER: What do you want?

MAN: You promised we'd get the job moving your furniture.

ALEXANDER: No, I didn't.

MAN: Oh, no?

ALEXANDER: No.

MAN: Listen, friend, if you don't give us that job, something's going to happen to you.

ALEXANDER: Phooey.

DAGWOOD: Alexander, who are you talking to like that?

ALEXANDER: Just a minute, Slugger...I guess it's for you, Pop.

DAGWOOD: A fine thing -- saying Phooey to my friends.

BLONDIE: Who was it, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: One of those tough moving men.

BLONDIE: The other one?

ALEXANDER: Yep.

DAGWOOD: (OFF A BIT) Hello, this is Dagwood Bumstead, and I want to apolo -- I want to apolo -- who? Toooooooooooh!
Yes, sir!.....Oh, no, sir...Yes, sir.

ALEXANDER: Pop's not doing so well, Mom.

BLONDIE: It doesn't sound like it.

DAGWOOD: Oh, of course, I want you to move our furniture...Oh, yes! By all means...No, I wouldn't want anything to happen to me....You come over at three o'clock...Yes, sir...No, I won't...Yes, sir....Goodbye, sir.

(HANGS UP)

ALEXANDER: Gee, Pop -- I was doing swell until you took the phone.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, why on earth did you tell that man --

DAGWOOD: Gosh, Blondie, I had to -- I -- I couldn't go back on a promise.

BLONDIE: Well, now you've got two moving companies coming at three o'clock.

DAGWOOD: Toooooooooh. What am I going to do?

BLONDIE: Well, the first thing you're going to do is get rid of a lot of junk that's been lying around this house for years.

DAGWOOD: But what about both the movers?

BLONDIE: You can cross that bridge when you come to it.

DAGWOOD: I'm in the middle of it now, and it's sagging!

BLONDIE: Dagwood, I'm determined we're going to move today if we have to have six movers to do it. Now, let's get after that junk, and throw it away.

DAGWOOD: What junk?

ALEXANDER: We haven't got any junk, Mom.

BLONDIE: Oh, yes we have...Alexander -- You've got three big boxes in the cellar that are filled with things -- old coffee pots, broken egg beaters, that toaster of ours that your Father fixed that never ~~didn't~~ works, and I don't know how many old alarm clocks that you've picked up out of trash piles.

ALEXANDER: Gee, Mom -- that's all good stuff. I couldn't throw that away. It took me a long time to get it.

BLONDIE: Well, we are going to turn all of it over to the people who are collecting metal for the government. They need it a lot more than you do.

ALEXANDER: Oh...Well, that's different.

BLONDIE: Now go down and start sorting those boxes out right now, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Okay, Mom.

BLONDIE: And now, Dagwood...

DAGWOOD: Yeah, Blondie?

BLONDIE: You have two trunks up in the attic that are full of old papers and letters and heaven's knows what else. It'll all have to go.

DAGWOOD: Oh, but Blondie -- those things are all valuable. I can't throw them away.

BLONDIE: We'll go right up in the attic and see about that, dear.

MUSIC ...

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

DAGWOOD: You see, honey, these letters and papers are all very important. Some old I.O.U's and blueprints of my inventions and my rejection slips from the patent office, and here's a letter from Mr. Dithers when he was on a trip to Florida.

BLONDIE: Hmmm -- let's see. "Dear Mr. Bumstead -- "

DAGWOOD: We weren't so friendly then.

BLONDIE: "Dear Mr. Bumstead: I hear you've been late to the office three mornings in a row. See that it doesn't happen again. Yours very truly, J. C. Dithers."

DAGWOOD: Yeah.

BLONDIE: Why can't you throw that away?

DAGWOOD: Well -- uh -- you know, Blondie -- it's a business letter.

BLONDIE: It's nearly ten years old. Away it goes!...And what's this bunch of letters -- with the blue ribbon around them.

DAGWOOD: I haven't any idea, Blondie. Maybe Mr. Dithers --

(SNAP OF STRING...)

BLONDIE: I don't think Mr. Dithers would send you letters in blue envelopes with pink edges.

DAGWOOD: No, I guess not.

(RATTLE OF PAPER...)

BLONDIE: Well,, "Dear Love ^{Pappy.} ~~Puppy~~ -- " HMMMMMMMMMMMM. ^{-Dagwood: Pappy. Blondie: Who's reading it?} ^{Dagwood: You ARE, I'm} ^{AFRAID.}

DAGWOOD: Hahh?

BLONDIE: "It seems like years since I've seen you, ^{oh, what writing!} but I know it was only last night. Oh, darling -- I can hardly wait until -- "

DAGWOOD: Er -- Blondie, let's look at some of the other letters, huh? Here's a very interesting -----

BLONDIE: I'm very interested to know who wrote letters like this one to you, Dagwood Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: It must have been before I met you, Blondie. What's the date on the letter?

BLONDIE: Friday. So these are valuable letters.

DAGWOOD: Well, Blondie -- I must have kept them for some reason.

BLONDIE: Well, we'll just see who wrote them -- Hm -- it's signed "Snookie".

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: I don't think it's funny.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Those were the good old days.

BLONDIE: Dagwood Bumstead, what do you mean, "good old days." What was so good about them -- Snookie?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Yeah. She wasn't bad.

BLONDIE: Oh! Dagwood!

DAGWOOD: Don't you remember, Blondie -- I used to call you Snookie before I called you, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Wh-wh-what?

DAGWOOD: Sure.

BLONDIE: Oh dear -- I'd forgotten. Dagwood, I'm -- just a minute! This isn't my handwriting.

DAGWOOD: You wrote differently then. Remember -- you used to put a blotter down on the paper and write along the edge of it.

BLONDIE: Oh, yes....Oh, Dagwood.

ALEXANDER: (OFF) Are you still up in the attic?

BLONDIE: What? Oh, yes -- we're still up here, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: I've got all my work done. What's keeping you so long?

DAGWOOD: Snookie.

BLONDIE: Dagwood....We're getting right to work, Alexander.
Here's another one. "DEAR LIGHT OF THE STARS IN YOUR EYES."
How did I ever think of things like that?

MUSIC:

(SOUND OF BOXES)

DAGWOOD: Well, here are the boxes for the books, Alexander. You start handing me those books there, and we'll get started packing them.

ALEXANDER: Okay, Pop -- here's the Arabian Nights.

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah -- let's see.

(FLIPPING PAGES)

DAGWOOD: Hmmmm -- "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves". Hey, this looks good. (READING) "Although the robbers remained some time in the rock, Ali Baba did not dare move until after they had filed out again, and were out of sight. Then he descended from the tree, went up to the door in the rock and said "Open Sesame!" and instantly the door flew open." Pretty good, hunh, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: I think it's a little corny, myself.

DAGWOOD: (CONTINUING READING) And there Ali Baba saw all sorts of provisions, rich bales of silk, valuable carpets, gold and silver bars in great heaps, and hundreds of bags, bulging with money."

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- put that book in the box and finish packing the rest of them.

DAGWOOD: But Blondie --

BLONDIE: After we get moved in, I'll finish reading the story to both you children.

MUSIC:

(RATTLE OF DISHES)

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Oh, Dagwood -- I found that old slipper of yours that was lost, and those good scissors of mine that I've been looking for for the last year and a half.

DAGWOOD: Where were they?

BLONDIE: Behind the cushions in the davenport. I found seventy-three cents in change, too... ^{Finders Keepers.} Dagwood, where are you taking those dishes? ^

DAGWOOD: You know how movers are with dishes, Blondie. A set of china is an awful temptation to them.

BLONDIE: They'll be perfectly safe in these barrels if the men pack them right.

DAGWOOD: I've got a better idea. I'm going to put all our dishes in Cookie's carriage and wheel them over to our new house. How's that?

BLONDIE: I'll know better after they're safe in my new china closet.

DAGWOOD: What could happen to them? This is a swell idea. Yes, sir, Blondie -- the old brain is certainly right in there clicking.

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: (CALLS) Dagwoooooood! Where are you, dear?

DAGWOOD: (OFF) I'm upstairs, honey. I'm bringing down the beds.

BLONDIE: I'm ready to go to the new house now. I've got some things to do there, and I want you to help me.

DAGWOOD: (OFF A BIT) I'm coming right down, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Well, hurry.

DAGWOOD: I just thought I'd put these boards ----- whoo! Look out! Help!

(DAGWOOD AND THE BED SLATS RATTLE DOWN THE STEPS)

BLONDIE: I wasn't in that much of a hurry, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: (AT THE TOP OF HIS VOICE) Alexander! Alexander!

What did I tell you about your roller-skates?!

ALEXANDER: (COMING UP) Gee, Pop -- I'm awful sorry... ^{you didn't break} ~~Are my~~

^{my} roller skates ^{did you?} ~~did right?~~

DAGWOOD: That's a fine thing! I fall down the stairs and you ask about your roller skates! What about me? Why don't you ask how I am first?!

ALEXANDER: How are you, Pop?

DAGWOOD: (PLEASANTLY) I'm all right.

BLONDIE: Now Alexander, we want you to stay here. We're going up to the new house. If you want anything, you can call us.

ALEXANDER: Okay, Mom.

BLONDIE: Don't let the Puppies go outside until we come back. They might get lost... Where's Daisy?

ALEXANDER: She's out in the back yard. I told her we were moving, and she's digging up her old bones.

(KNOCK ON DOOR...DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: ^{Get up, Dagwood. Are you going to sit there all day?}
Oh, hello.

JOE: I just wanted to find out what you wanted us to take from this house over to the new one.

BLONDIE: It isn't three yet, is it?

JOE: No, but I just wanted to get everything straight.

DAGWOOD: Take everything.

JOE: Everything, eh?

BLONDIE: Now just a minute. Don't take the plumbing fixtures or the light sockets. Just all the furniture and things.

JOE: Okay, lady.

DAGWOOD: Blondie....Blondie, look who's coming up to the door.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear -- it's the man from the other moving company, isn't it?

DAGWOOD: I think I'd better go somewhere else.

MAN: (COMING UP) Hello, Who's Bumstead here, today?

DAGWOOD: (GULPS) I am.

MAN: When do you want us to move your stuff? I'm from the Whizbang Van and Storage Company.

JOE: Just a second, Junior -- this is a .Jiffy job. On your way.

MAN: Oh, yeah -- ask Bumstead. Who gets this job, Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: Well, fellas, the way I figure it out -- I mean, I had been planning to --

JOE: Who gets the job, chum?

MAN: Can I have a word with you in private, Mr. Bumstead -- we can go back in the alley.

Dagwood!
JOE: *oh, yes.* Now wait a minute, *Stumble bum.* ~~Junior.~~ Don't you go trying to strong-arm Mr. Bumstead. If anyone's going to get rough with him, I'm going to!

DAGWOOD: Toooooooooooh!

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MAN: Well, Bumstead -- what's your decision?
DAGWOOD: Must I make one? How much do you weigh?
MAN: A humnert and eighty-five.
DAGWOOD: How about you?
JOE: I'm two hundred and ten.
DAGWOOD: You get the job.
MAN: Why you --!
JOE: Get away, Junior...!
MAN: Don't get rough, buddy, or I'll cut you down to size?
JOE: Oh, looking for trouble, eh?
BLONDIE: Now see here -- there's not going to be a fight in this house today! I won't stand for it! And if either of you start any trouble, I'm going to be the one who finishes it up! I've had just enough of this! You're the one who's going to do our moving.
JOE: Thanks, lady.
BLONDIE: And you're the one who's not.
MAN: Now hold it -- Mr. Bumstead promised me that --
BLONDIE: I don't want to hear any more. You and your humnert and eighty-five pounds can just turn around and march right out of here -- now! This moment! Shoo! Go on!
MAN: Okay, lady -- we got another job here anyway.
BLONDIE: Come on, Dagwood, get the baby carriage and the dishes, and let's go over to the new house...(SIGHS) Oh, I wonder if we ever will be moved!

MUSIC:

WILCOX: Well, Blondie, frankly, I wonder, too, if you'll ever be moved into your new home on Shady Lane Avenue. We'll see what success you have, if any, in just a moment. Ah -- I wonder if Alexander's around. I brought him a present and -- oh, Alexander!

ALEXANDER: Yes, Mr. Wilcox.

WILCOX: I'll bet you can't guess what I brought you. It's got a horsehide cover and it's about this big around and you use it to play a certain game.

ALEXANDER: Go on. I'm interested.

WILCOX: I'll give you another hint. A pitcher named Kirby Higbe is 'specially good with it. Ever hear of him?

ALEXANDER: I'm glad you brought that up. I was going to ask you whether you thought he'd be the first National League pitcher to win twenty games again this year.

WILCOX: All right, Alexander. Take your baseball and go out and play.

ALEXANDER: Thanks. (FADING) So long, Mr. Wilcox.

WILCOX: Good-bye...Hmmm. Fine thing. Here I was getting all wound up to tell about Kirby Higbe, one of the Dodger's star hurlers, who also happens to be one of our customers. Take it from me, you have to have mighty steady nerves to pile up more than twenty pitching victories a season. And when Kirby finishes up a day's work with the horsehide, he likes to light up a Camel. He's said --

HIGBE VOICE: Sure, Camel's my cigarette -- has been for years. They've got extra mildness and plenty of swell, rich flavor, too!

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WILCOX: Yes, and men under war-time tension say the same thing. 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. Good point to remember these days, when we're all under war-time tension, and probably smoking more. Take this tip from men under real pressure --

VOICE: (ECHO) Important to steady smokers! The smoke of slow-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.

WILCOX: Get a pack of Camels tonight. Won't take you long to find out that expert blending of costlier tobaccos gives you a cigarette that's milder and better-tasting... cooler and slow-burning. And remember to send a carton to that fellow in the service! He'll like 'em as much as you will!

MUSIC:

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WILCOX: It's about a minute later, and Blondie and Dagwood are walking down the street - Dagwood pushing the baby carriage full of dishes...

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Blondie, did you see the way that lady looked at us?

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Yes, Dagwood. She looked in the carriage to see our baby and saw nothing but dishes.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. (LAUGHS) That was funny -- I --

BLONDIE: Dagwood! The curb! Stop!

DAGWOOD: Hahh?

(BUMP...CRASH OF DISHES)

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwooooood!

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! It went right off the curb and spilled them all into the street! Teeheh! Blondie -- why didn't

Blondie: you tell me about the curb!
Dagwood: so the old brain is in there clicking, huh?
Blondie: oh, look - the sugar bowl isn't broken.
MUSIC: oh, Dagwood, is there any SUGAR in it?

(DOORBELL RINGS)

ALEXANDER: (CALLS) Come on in.

(DOOR OPENS)

MAN: Hello, sonny.

ALEXANDER: Hello, the other man is moving our stuff.

MAN: Yeah, ^{that} I know, ^{that} I know. But we're moving in the furniture of the new people who're going to live here. It's outside in the van.

ALEXANDER: Okay, I guess you might as well bring it in.

MAN: Thanks, sonny. (CALLS) Okay, boys! Throw it in!

MUSIC:

(COMING UP ON HAMMERING ON PIPE)

DAGWOOD: I'll fix this. It just takes a little common sense.

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Dagwood -- what's happening down here?

(HAMMERING STOPS)

DAGWOOD: Oh, hello, Blondie.... Why, I'm just connecting up the gas pipe so the stove will work.

BLONDIE: The gas man's going to do that the first thing in the morning.

DAGWOOD: Why wait for the gas man, Blondie? This is a very simple thing. A child could do it.

BLONDIE: Then maybe we'd better let Alexander do the job.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, I've looked the whole thing over and it's elementary. This is the gas pipe here, and this is the pipe it's got to be connected to. All I do is just connect the pipes. What could be simpler than that.

BLONDIE: Almost anything.

DAGWOOD: ~~Anyway, I'm almost through.~~ Have the movers got all our furniture in?

BLONDIE: They've brought the first load over and they'll be here with the second any minute.... Dagwood, do you remember our having a bed with two cupids carved on the headboard?

DAGWOOD: No, Blondie.

BLONDIE: I don't either. But I saw the movers take one in. I guess we must have had it around and forgotten about it.

DAGWOOD: I wouldn't be surprised if it's been down in the cellar all these years.

(THUMPING ON FLOOR ABOVE THEM AS MOVERS BRING FURNITURE IN)

BLONDIE: Well, there are the movers with the last load, Dagwood. I think I'll go outside and see how they're coming along.

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DAGWOOD: ~~I'll have this finished in just a couple of minutes,~~
Blondie. Wait for me and I'll go out with you.

BLONDIE: All right... Just think, Dagwood --- we're almost
moved into the new house, and there isn't anything to
~~left to go wrong!~~

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: It looks as though they're almost through with the
last load, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear -- what a relief.

JOE: (OFF) Okay, boys -- now grab them two overstuffed chairs and shove 'em into the house...Pete, take the two lamps in.

(LITTLE THUMPING AND BUMPING FROM OFF...)

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- do you recognize those two chairs they're carrying in?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Say, they look like stuff the government's refused to salvage.

BLONDIE: I know -- but do you recognize them?

DAGWOOD: No, but I guess you never can recognize your furniture after the movers get through with it.

~~BLONDIE: But I'm sure we never had chairs like --~~

JOE: (OFF) Okay, Boys -- get that davenport in and we're through.

ALEXANDER: (OFF) Hey Pop -- look at me. I'm riding in on the davenport. Just like Frank Buck.

DAGWOOD: Hello, Alexander!...

BLONDIE: Dagwood, that isn't our davenport.

DAGWOOD: ^{Yeah, but that's our Alexander.}
~~Blondie -- you're right.~~

BLONDIE: ^{Yes, but it's not our DAVENPORT.}
~~Why! -- I've never seen that before, either.~~ Oh Dagwood
-- something's gone wrong --

DAGWOOD: Hey Joe --

JOE: (COMING UP) Yeah, chum?

DAGWOOD: That davenport isn't ours. Where'd you get it?

JOE: It was in your house.

BLONDIE: It couldn't have been.

JOE: That's where we got it. We took three davenports and six overstuffed chairs out of your living room.

BLONDIE: Oh I knew it!

(CAR STOPS WITH A SCREECH OF BRAKES OFF...)

DAGWOOD: Hey, Blondie -- here comes the man from that other moving company.

MAN: (COMING UP) Hey, what's the idea of kidnapping all the furniture from that house.

JOE: What do you mean?

MAN: We just got through moving the furniture in for the people who rented the Bumstead's old house, and you moved it all out again.

JOE: They told me to move everything in the house. Those were my orders.

^{WHOO!}
DAGWOOD: ^{THIS JERK IS THE END.} Hey, you mean we've got our furniture in this house and the other people's furniture, too?

MAN: Yeah!

JOE: All I know is that the living room is a little crowded now.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear! Well, you'll just have to take it all out.

JOE: We were paid to move the stuff in, ^{NOT OUT} but ~~not to move it out again.~~

BLONDIE: Then I guess you'll have to take it back.

MAN:Q Not me. We delivered it to your old house. That was our job. We're through!

BLONDIE: Oh dear --

DAGWOOD: But what are we going to do?

JOE: Well, we're in the moving business. You can hire the Jiffy Moving Company to take the stuff back.

MAN: And the Whizbang Moving Van and Storage Company is at your service, too, lady.

BLONDIE: Well, I guess we'll have to pay for having the other people's furniture moved back again...How much would you charge?

MAN: Well, say about twenty-five dollars.

DAGWOOD: Twenty-five dollars? Holy smoke! That's an outrage!
It isn't our fault! It's an injustice!

BLONDIE: I'm sure the Jiffy Movers will make us a better offer
than that.

JOE: Well, since you gave us your business, the Jiffy Movers
will do the job for Twenty.

MAN: Mrs. Bumstead, the Whizbang Movers like to make new
friends. Suppose we say fifteen bucks. Sort of a
get-acquainted offer.

JOE: Fifteen bucks? Chiseling the prices down, eh? Well,
the Jiffy Movers will do better than the ~~Security~~^{Whiz bang}
people any day. Ten!

MAN: Seven and a half! Laugh that off!

JOE: Ha-ha!- Five bucks!

MAN: Two and a half!

JOE: The Jiffy Movers will do the job for nothing. Beat
that Junior!!

MAN: Hm. What can I do.

DAGWOOD: You could pay us something.

BLONDIE: The job goes to the Jiffy Moving Company, and could
you please hurry? We'd like to get settled in our
new home and have everything peaceful again.

MUSIC:...

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Have they gone, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: I'll look, Mom.

(DOOR OPENS...SLIGHT RATTLE OF COAT HANGERS...)

ALEXANDER: Oh, that's the closet door.

BLONDIE: I did that, too...This one's the front door.

(DOOR CLOSES...ANOTHER DOOR OPENS...)

ALEXANDER: Yep, they're gone, Mom.

BLONDIE: All right -- I just wanted to be sure.

(DOOR CLOSES...)

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) Shall we see how the stove works, Blondie.
It's all hooked up now.

BLONDIE: All right, Dagwood. Maybe we can have a little dinner
in a while.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- I'm hungry...Let's see -- the kitchen's in
through here, isn't it?

ALEXANDER: Gee, it's funny getting used to a different house.

DAGWOOD: You'll catch on, Alexander.

BLONDIE: Well, at least we're in our new house. It didn't look
as though we'd make it for a while.

DAGWOOD: Well, Blondie -- there's the stove. Turn it on and
see how it works.

BLONDIE: Have you turned it on yet?

DAGWOOD: No, but I'm sure it won't explode.

BLONDIE: All right, we'll see.

(SQUIRTING OF WATER...THROUGH JETS...)

BLONDIE: Oh! It's water!

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! Water squirting out of the stove! Turn it
off, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Oh, I'm drenched!

(WATER OFF...)

BLONDIE: Dagwood, you connected the water pipe up with the stove!

ALEXANDER: Shall I turn the water faucet and see what happens?

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BLONDIE: Don't touch it or we will have an explosion...Dagwood,
you've got to run right over and get the plumber.

DAGWOOD: okay, Blondie --

BLONDIE: Get him to come right over here. The stove will be
ruined if you don't. Oh, Dagwood -- Hurry --

DAGWOOD: Open the front door, Alexander --

ALEXANDER: Door's open, Pop, Oh -- I --

DAGWOOD: G'bye, Blondie --

(DOOR OPENS...)

(WHIZZ!...AND CRASH AS HE RUNS INTO CLOSET...)

(SOUND OF COAT HANGERS FALLING...)

BLONDIE: Oh, dear -- he ran into the closet instead of out the
door!

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) Somebody help me off with these coat hangers!
Blondie!

MUSIC...

WILCOX: Next week the Bumsteads are in for plenty of excitement. You see, when Dagwood brings home a military secret he's invented, he notices that he is being shadowed. Afraid for their lives, Blondie and Dagwood barricade their house against an attack by foreign spies and -- but I'm getting ahead of myself. To find out what happens, why don't you drop in on the Bumsteads next week at this same time and share the thrills and chills as "Blondie Protects A Military Secret."

WILCOX: Blondie, can you give me a good reason for a woman to switch to Camels?

BLONDIE: Well, the best reason I can think of is that Camels taste better. A good test is to serve Camels when you entertain and listen to the comments of your guests -- because so many women like Camel's grand flavor and mildness. My advice to any woman is to try Camels -- I think she'll like them as much as I do!

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 solves his afternoon nap problem. 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 -- "Blondie." Tuesday -- Xavier Cugat. Thursday -- Al Pearce and Friday night the great quiz show, "How'm I Doin'," with Bob Hawk and Vaughn Monroe. Remember, starting this week, Friday,
(CONTINUED)

WILCOX: May fifteenth, the Bob Hawk show goes on the air at a
(Cont'd) new time -- ten o'clock Eastern War Time. Consult your
local papers for local time and station.

MUSIC: (UP AND OUT)

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

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

And now, here's a word about the four Camel Caravans --
those entertainment units, specially produced for the
men in service and sent to army camps, naval stations and
marine bases throughout the country -- by Camel.

The Eastern Camel Caravan has given performances to over
one hundred and fifty thousand of Uncle Sam's armed forces
in camps all the way from Portland, Maine to the coast
of North Carolina. This week this unit will give shows
for the boys at Camp Davis in Wilmington, North Carolina.

The other three Camel Caravans are busily engaged in
filling their six-day-a-week schedules, too. Just to
mention a few stops they will make this week -- the
Southern Camel Caravan -- Fort Bliss, Texas, the mid-west
Caravan -- Fort Barrancas, Florida, and the Pacific Coast
Camel Caravan -- Camp Roberts, California.

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

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

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

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ANNCR:

Say, pipe-smokers, how many ounces are there in the pocket-size package of your brand of smoking tobacco? The way to find out is to look at the blue government stamp on the top. On top of the big blue package of George Washington Smoking Tobacco, the stamp says, -- "Two and a quarter ounces." Costs just one dime, too. Try a big blue package of George Washington tomorrow. You'll discover it's mild, mellow, and tasty, right down to the last puff at the bottom of the bowl!