

Alister 7/2/40

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, MAY 18, 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)

WILCOX:

From the street you can see it's a great war plant, turning out munitions day and night. But from a plane, it looks like a block of small houses in a harmless residential district. It's done by camouflaging the roof, blending the factory with its surroundings. Camel uses a different kind of blending --- the matchless blending of costlier tobaccos -- for your enjoyment. That's why Camels taste so good -- any time. Yes, it's tobacco know-how that gives Camel that rich, extra flavor -- and the smooth, extra mildness that lets you enjoy it. It's skillful blending of choice tobaccos that makes Camels 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, they're all moved into their new home on Shady Lane Avenue -- just up the street a couple of blocks from where they used to live. Blondie's got everything pretty well straightened out in the new house, and Dagwood's gotten over rushing out the house in the wrong direction on his way to the office. That's where Dagwood is right now -- in Mr. Dithers' office, talking over something that seems to be of a highly confidential nature...

DAGWOOD: (HUSHED) You see, J.C., the way I've got this worked out, ~~the wall of a building~~ ^{ANYTHING YOU WANT} could be constructed in less than an hour with ordinary concrete.

DITHERS: Dagwood, you've really got something here. ~~Everybody is looking for a new way of constructing buildings and constructing them fast~~ ^{FAST DRYING CONCRETE WOULD BE WONDERFUL.} I think you've hit on it!

DAGWOOD: Sh-h-h-h-h--not so loud, J.C.

DITHERS: That's right. We don't want the Goliath Company to find out about this. We've had leaks around here before and they're plenty tough people. They would stop at nothing to put one over on us. Dagwood -- you're sure this wall of yours would stand up. I mean, a little kid couldn't come along and knock it down?

DAGWOOD: Of course not, J.C.

DITHERS: Well, I've seen some of your other inventions. If we could only get Hitler to adopt them, he'd lose the war in a hurry.

DAGWOOD: This really works, J.C. As a matter of fact, I built one of my walls out where we're finishing up the Whittaker propellor factory.

DITHERS: How did it work?

DAGWOOD: Just a minute. Sh-h-h-h.

(DOOR OPENS FAST...CLOSES SLOWLY)

DAGWOOD: Nobody there. J.C., my wall was so strong I had to smash it up with ^A ~~out~~ pile-driver.

DITHERS: Bumstead, why didn't you let me see it first?

DAGWOOD: Well, I thought You'd just laugh at me.

DITHERS: Oh, yes...Now, Dagwood, this is an important idea. You can't let ^{THIS FORMULA} ~~these blueprints~~ get into anyone else's hands.

DAGWOOD: I know it, J.C.

~~DITHERS: The Goliath people would be glad to get hold of these blueprints. They wouldn't stop at anything.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Tccccccccck.~~

DITHERS: Did anyone see you building that wall?

DAGWOOD: Well, there were a few people standing around. I told them it was a new kind of a bird bath.

DITHERS: Uh -- was there anyone wearing a dark slouch hat and a long black cape.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, there was.

DITHERS: He sounds like ^{A SPY.} ~~one of those Goliath spies~~. Was he carrying a brief case?

DAGWOOD: No, a bassoon.

DITHERS: Oh, Dagwood, you've got to guard ^{YOUR FORMULA} ~~these blueprints~~ very carefully when you take ~~them~~ home tonight.

DAGWOOD: Take ~~them~~ home? I thought I'd leave ~~them~~ here in the safe.

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DITHERS: This is the first place they'd look. Besides they'd ruin the safe and I couldn't get another one. No, Dagwood -- you've got to take ~~them~~^{it} home, but -- just a minute.

(DOOR OPENS QUICKLY...AND CLOSSES SLOWLY)

DITHERS: No one thereBut guard ~~them~~^{that formula} with your life!

MUSIC:

(PHONE RINGS)

ALEXANDER: Shall I get it, Mom?

BLONDIE: No, I'll answer it, Alexander.

(PICK UP PHONE)

BLONDIE: Hello?

OMMERLE: (FILTER) Mrs. Bumstead?

BLONDIE: Yes, this is Mrs. Bumstead.

OMMERLE: (IRRATED) This is Mr. Ommerle, doggone it!

BLONDIE: Oh, yes -- you moved into our old house.

OMMERLE: Yes, doggone it! ~~now~~^{Now} when are you going to teach those doggone dogs of yours to stay home where they doggone well belong?

BLONDIE: Oh....Are they over at your house again?

OMMERLE: You're doggone right they are. They came over here, all six of them, sit on the back, steps, and bark until I feed them.

Blondie: Oh, isn't that cute?
BLONDIE: Well, I'm awfully sorry. *ommerle: No, it isn't.*

OMMERLE: Don't you ever feed them? Or do you let them go wandering all over town, begging for handouts?

BLONDIE: No, we always feed them. I guess they're just not used to living in our new house.

OMMERLE: Well, doggone it, I'm not used to having them live with us, either, doggone it.

BLONDIE: Well, just tell them to go home, Mr. Ommerie.

OMMERLE: I've told them to go home and they just sit there and laugh at me

BLONDIE: All right, Mr. Ommerie, I'll have my son come over and bring them back.

OMMERLE: Thank you very much, doggone it!

BLONDIE: Goodbye.

(HANGS UP)

BLONDIE: (TO HERSELF) Doggone it...

ALEXANDER: Are Daisy and the pups over at our old house again?

BLONDIE: Yes, Alexander, and you'll have to go over and get them. And don't stay and talk to Mr. Ommerie.

ALEXANDER: I've had to get them three times today already. Doggone it.

BLONDIE: Alexander! Now hurry back I want you to help me put up a new clothesline, fix those hinges on the garage door, hang the curtains, and put the bed together in the spare room, and -- oh, dear, it sounds as though we won't really be settled here for another month!

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: (HUMMING TO HIMSELF) Well, I got home without having anyone hold me up and take away the ^{FERMULA} blueprints.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) BLOOOOOONDIE! Oh, BLOOOOOONDIE!

OMMERLE: Stop that yelling! doggone it.

DAGWOOD: ~~Henri?~~ (IN UNISON) What are you doing in my house!

OMMERLE: What are you doing in my house! (ADDS) Doggone it, can't I have any doggone privacy around this doggone house, doggone it!

DAGWOOD: What do you mean, your house? ^{ommerle: I mean my house.}
^ We've been living here for -- oh, that's right -- we moved.

OMMERLE: Are you Bumstead?

DAGWOOD: Yeah.

OMMERLE: My name's Ommerte.

DAGWOOD: I'm glad to know you.

OMMERLE: I wish I could say the same for you, doggone it. What did you have to be so friendly with your neighbors for?

DAGWOOD: Oh, the Fuddies and the Woodleys?

OMMERLE: Yes, the Fuddies and the Woodleys! I'd rather have them for enemies. That doggone fool Fuddle has borrowed ten dollars from me already, doggone it. By the way, who scrambled the electric wiring in this house?

DAGWOOD: Well, I fixed it up a couple of times, but I can explain how the light switches work. You see, when you turn on the hall, light, it lights the upstairs landing instead. And when you turn on the light on the upstairs landing, it turns out the light in the living room... You'll get used to it.

OMMERLE: Doggone it, how do I turn on the hall lights?

DAGWOOD: You turn off the living room light.

OMMERLE: This place is driving me crazy!

DAGWOOD: Don't worry -- after a while, you'll never think of trying to switch on the living room lights in the living room.

OMMERLE: And what about the wall lights in the living room?
DAGWOOD: We never did discover how they worked. You might try
the light switch in the closet of the spare bed room.
OMMERLE: I'll be doggoned if I'll do it! Why, I never heard
of -- say!
DAGWOOD: Hanh?
OMMERLE: Is that a friend of yours who just ducked behind a tree
across the street?
DAGWOOD: I didn't see anyone.
OMMERLE: Looked like he was watching you.
DAGWOOD: Toooooooh -- I was afraid of this.

(A LOT OF BARKING OFF)

DAGWOOD: Well, ~~look at this!~~ It's Daisy and the puppies.
What are they doing over here? *AT YOUR house.*
OMMERLE: They're never anyplace else! Doggone it, Bumstead, you
take those doggone dogs back with you and keep 'em
home, doggone it! Goodbye!

(DOOR SLAMS)

MUSIC:

(DOOR OPENS...AND SLAMS)

DAGWOOD: (TO HIMSELF) Holy smoke -- I made it. He followed me
all the way, but he didn't get me. (PANTING)
BLONDIE: (OFF) Is that you, Dagwood?
DAGWOOD: (OUT OF BREATH) Yeah -- it's me, Blondie.
BLONDIE: (COMING UP) What's the matter, Dagwood -- you're all
out of breath.

DAGWOOD: Oh -- uh -- it's nothing, Blondie. I --er -- just ran the last two blocks. Just for the exercise.
(WEAK LAUGH)

BLONDIE: If you want exercise, dear, I wish you'd fix the hinges on the garage door.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie -- any day now.

ALEXANDER: (COMING UP) Mom, did you tell Pop about the man who was sneaking around the house today?

BLONDIE: No, I didn't.

DAGWOOD: There was a man sneaking about the house?

BLONDIE: Oh, I don't think it was anything, Dagwood. He just seemed to be watching while Alexander and I put up the curtains and so on.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke. I guess I'd better tell you, Blondie -- my life is in danger.

BLONDIE: What? What!

DAGWOOD: ^{THIS FORMULA.} ~~These blueprints.~~ ^{IT'S} ~~They're~~ a secret. I was followed all the way home by a spy from the Goliath Company

ALEXANDER: Oh, boy, Pop! That must have been fun!

DAGWOOD: I wasn't much amused.

BLONDIE: How do you know it was somebody from the Goliath Company who followed you, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Who else would? You see, I've invented a new way to build a concrete wall. It can be constructed very fast, it's very cheap, and very strong. And I'm the only one who knows about it -- outside of Mr. Dithers ~~and the Goliath Company,~~ so I better tell you about it.

ALEXANDER: I'll go get my BB gun and my slingshot. (FADING)

BLONDIE: Why should you tell me about it?

DAGWOOD: In case -- in case something -- (DEEP BREATH) -- happens to me.

BLONDIE: Now Dagwood -- what's going to happen to you?

DAGWOOD: Blondie, these people stop at nothing. Anyone who stands in their way is likely to become an ambulance case.

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood...

DAGWOOD: I wish I had more life insurance.

BLONDIE: Please don't talk that way.

DAGWOOD: I'd feel a lot better if I knew you and Alexander and Cookie wouldn't have anything to worry about if something awful happened to me.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood, you're just making a ^{Mole hill} ~~mountain~~ out of a ~~mountain~~ ^{MOUNTAIN.} ~~mere hill~~. How can you be sure the man who followed you was a ~~Goliath~~ spy?

DAGWOOD: ^{ONCE YOU'RE SURE IT'S TOO LATE.} Gee, Blondie, you can't be ~~sure~~ until you get a set of ~~brass knuckles~~ in your teeth. Then you know!

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood, sit down and relax. Here -- here's the evening paper.

DAGWOOD: Okay, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Maybe it'll take your mind off your worries.

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I hope so. I wonder if the Dodgers won their game with -- toooooh! Blondie listen to this. It's right on the front page.

BLONDIE: What?

DAGWOOD: Listen. Testimony suggesting that Maurice Morton whose body was found in an abandoned quarry Sunday, might have met his death at the hands of a hired thug in a construction company war was introduced into the inquest this afternoon." Oh, Blondie -- what am I going to do?

BLONDIE: Try reading the comic section.

(PHONE RINGS)

BLONDIE: I'll answer it, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: If a gangster answers, hang up.

(PICK UP PHONE)

BLONDIE: Hello?

DITHERS: (FILTER) Is that you, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Oh, hello, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Blondie, has Dagwood got home yet? I mean -- safely?

BLONDIE: Why yes -- he's here. Do you want to talk to him?

DITHERS: No, no -- I was just worried.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, tell him someone followed me home.

BLONDIE: He says someone followed him home tonight, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Someone followed him home!? I was afraid of that....

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, what do you mean?

DITHERS: Oh -- uh -- nothing. Nothing at all, Blondie. I was just worried about gangsters.

BLONDIE: Gangsters. You mean like Humphrey Bogart?

DITHERS: Yes. Of course, nothing may happen at all.....

BLONDIE: And then, again...?

DITHERS: Never mind. Just tell him not to let any strangers in the house, that's all.

BLONDIE: Well -- uh -- all right, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Goodbye, Blondie --

BLONDIE: Goodbye,

(HANGS UP)

DAGWOOD: What did he want, Blondie?

BLONDIE: He was worried about you.

DAGWOOD: I'm worried about me, too.

BLONDIE: So am I...What do you think we'd better do?

DAGWOOD: Let's have dinner. If anything's going to happen to me, I'd rather it happened on a full stomach.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwooooooood!!!

DAGWOOD: What's the matter? What is it? What happened?

Blondie, you're white as a sheet!

BLONDIE: Dagwood, I'm almost sure I saw a face at the window!

MUSIC:

WILCOX: Well, well -- apparently there's really something to this spy business. At least someone seems to be extraordinarily interested in the doings of the Bumsteads. We'll find out more about this in just a moment. Right now I've got a question for Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Yes, Mr. Wilcox?

WILCOX: Let's say you're sitting in the driver's seat and roaring right smack into a brick wall! What do you do.

DAGWOOD: Turn away!

WILCOX: But you haven't any steering wheel!

DAGWOOD: No steering wheel? I'll put on the brakes!

WILCOX: Which one? There's a brake lever on each side of you!

DAGWOOD: What kind of a car is this, anyway?

WILCOX: It's no kind and you don't have to worry about that brick wall, either. It'll be a pile of rubbish after you roll through in a medium tank. Charles Dewey, the tank tester, who spends most of his working hours at the control levers of Uncle Sam's new battle buggies thinks nothing of plowing into brick walls or crashing headlong into shellholes. 'Course, a job like that takes mighty steady nerves. Reason I'm talking about Charlie is that he's one of our old customers -- been a Camel smoker for years. He's said --

DEWEY VOICE: You bet I smoke Camels! They're extra mild -- and, boy, what a swell flavor!

WILCOX: And that goes double for plenty of the men who'll take those tanks into action -- and for men in all the services. Yes, actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteen show that with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard, Camel is the favorite! We can all remember that these days when we're under war-time strain and probably smoking more than we used to. Why not take this tip from the 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. The first one you light up will show you that expert blending of costlier tobaccos does make a better-tasting, milder

WILCOX:
(Cont'd)

cigarette. And send a carton to that fellow in
the service, too! He'll like 'em as much as you
will!

MUSIC:

WILCOX:

Well, it's after dinner. Dagwood has hidden the
~~blueprints~~^{Formula} for his new ~~wall~~^{Concrete} -- (LOW) -- confidentially,
he hid ~~them~~^{it} behind the fuse box in the basement -- (UP)
-- and the Bumsteads have gone out into the backyard
to look over what two months from now will be a Victory
garden .. with luck.

(CRICKETS)

BLONDIE:

Now here's where I planted the lettuce bed...
still see, Dagwood? It's getting dark.

*Dagwood: Where?
Blondie:
Under your
feet.*

DAGWOOD:

Yeah. Plenty of lettuce, huh?

BLONDIE:

Well, dear, you use so much lettuce in your sandwiches,
I thought I'd plant plenty of it for you.

ALEXANDER:

It'll be three feet high if it grows up like the
pictures on the seed packages...I planted radishes over
here, Pop.

DAGWOOD:

Good for you, Alexander.

BLONDIE: And then the rows go onions, carrots, peas, string beans, and wax beans, and we've already got a rhubarb patch along the fence by the garage.

ALEXANDER: Yum -- yum -- rhubarb pies.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, have you got a feeling that someone's watching us?

BLONDIE: No, Dagwood -- have you?

DAGWOOD: Yeah. I can sort of feel someone's eyes running up and down my back.

ALEXANDER: Does it tickle, Pop?

DAGWOOD: No, it just makes me feel nervous, and don't ask me those foolish questions. It's getting dark -- maybe we'd better go in.

BLANCHE: (OUT OF NOWHERE) Hello!

DAGWOOD: Toooooooooooooh! Help! They're after me! Somebody -- oh, hello.

BLONDIE: Well, hello, Mrs. Lewis.

ALEXANDER: Hello, Mrs. Lewis.

BLANCHE: Does he always act that way?

DAGWOOD: You startled me. I didn't see you come up.

BLANCHE: Who did you say was after you?

DAGWOOD: Oh -- uh -- nobody, really.

BLANCHE: Nobody, hunh? Gee, Mrs. Bumstead, don't you think you ought to take him to a doctor and have his head examined?

BLONDIE: Oh, no -- there's nothing wrong with Dagwood. It's just that he noticed someone following him all the way home from the office.

BLANCHE: Uh-huh -- that's the first stage.

ALEXANDER: He's being shadowed by a gangster.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, that's right, Mrs. Lewis.

BLANCHE: Just one gangster, or do you see thousands of them?

DAGWOOD: Just one.

BLANCHE: Hmmm -- in that case maybe you've got a chance to fight your way back to normal. Gee, Mrs. Bumstead, I'd be worried about him. Has he had any accidents or fallen on his head recently?

BLONDIE: ^{Well -} ~~No, of course not.~~

ALEXANDER: No more than usual.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, I think maybe we'd better tell Mrs. Lewis.

BLONDIE: ^{Now,} ~~Maybe so,~~ Dagwood. She wouldn't be interested.

BLANCHE: ^{Oh, I would.} Yeah, Mrs. Bumstead. If there's anything interesting happening, I'd like to get the facts straight before my Tuesday bridge club meets.

BLONDIE: Well, Mrs. Lewis, ^{Blanche: oh, Gee!} Mr. Bumstead has invented something that will be very useful to his competitors. It's sort of a secret, and naturally they would do almost anything to get hold of it...

BLANCHE: Ohhhhhhhhhh. Why didn't you tell me?

DAGWOOD: You see?

BLANCHE: Gee, for a while I was hoping we had an eccentric neighbor. I guess you're all right after all.

DAGWOOD: Yeah. I'm all right, but I'm nervous.

BLANCHE: You know, I noticed a man skulking around your house today.

ALEXANDER: We saw him, too.

BLONDIE: Of course, we may just be imagining things.

BLANCHE: It isn't likely if Mr. Bumstead has something that valuable. Gee, I feel sorry for you, Mr. Bumstead. Some people are ruthless.

DAGWOOD: So I've been told.

BLANCHE: You haven't met any women gangsters yet, have you?

BLONDIE: If he has, he hasn't told me about it.

BLANCHE: He wouldn't be likely to.

ALEXANDER: Hey, Pop -- I just saw the bushes move at the corner of the house.

BLONDIE: Now we're all seeing spies.

BLANCHE: I didn't see anything.

DAGWOOD: Where was it, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: Wait -- I'll show you, Pop. I'll throw this rock right where the bushes moved.

BLONDIE: Be careful of the windows.

ALEXANDER: Right -- (GRUNTS) -- there!

DIBBLE: (OFF) OWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW --
(~~RUSTLE OF BUSHES OFF...~~)

ALEXANDER: Look at him go!

BLONDIE: Oh, my goodness -- there was someone there!

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke, Blondie -- I'm a marked man!

MUSIC:

(PHONE RINGS)

ALEXANDER: I'll get it, Mom.

BLONDIE: All right, dear.

DAGWOOD: Don't tell anybody I have ^{The Formula} ~~those blueprints~~.

(PICK UP PHONE)

ALEXANDER: Hello, Bumstead residence -- Mr. Bumstead speaking.

BLANCHE: Which Mr. Bumstead is this?

ALEXANDER: The young Mr. Bumstead.

BLANCHE: Oh...This is Mrs. Lewis. I just saw a man sneaking around to your back door. I think he's going to try to break in.

ALEXANDER: Oh, boy! Thanks, Mrs. Lewis.

BLANCHE: Let me know if there's any bloodshed.

ALEXANDER: Goodbye!

(HANGS UP...)

ALEXANDER: That was Mrs. Lewis and she said a man is trying to break into our back door!

BLONDIE: Oh, goodness!

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! Well, I'm getting tired of this waiting around for something awful to happen to me. Let's go out and try to capture him.

BLONDIE: I'll turn out the lights in here.

(CLICK OF SWITCH...)

DAGWOOD: We'll sneak into the kitchen and arm ourselves. Come on.

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

ALEXANDER: (LOW) Can I use the potato masher, Pop?

BLONDIE: I'm going to get my big frying pan.

DAGWOOD: I'll tackle him when he comes in.

(RATTLE OF POTS AND PANS...NOT TOO LOUD...)

BLONDIE: Well, I'm ready for Mr. Gangster the moment he steps into my kitchen.

ALEXANDER: So am I.

DAGWOOD: Sh-h-h-h-h! I hear someone on the back porch.
Get ready, and don't make a sound.

(FEET ON PORCH OUTSIDE...RATTLE OF DOOR KNOBS...)

(THEN DOOR OPENS SLOWLY AND WITH A SLIGHT SQUEAK
...THEN CLOSES)

DITHERS: (LOW LAUGH)

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) Get him!

(COLLISION OF BODIES...)

DITHERS: Help! Help!

DAGWOOD: I've got him, Blondie! Hit him!

(CLANG OF FRYING PAN ON DITHERS HEAD...)

DITHERS: Taaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

DAGWOOD: I've got him, Blondie! I'm sitting on him! Turn on
the lights!

ALEXANDER: I'll get 'em, Pop!

(CLICK OF SWITCH...)

BLONDIE: Oh! It's Mr. Dithers!

DITHERS: Bumstead! Got off me! Get off me, you idiot!

DAGWOOD: My gosh -- Mr. Dithers!

ALEXANDER: Oh -- oh.

DITHERS: What was the idea of attacking me like that?
Explain yourself, Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Well, gee whiz, Mr. Dithers, you see --

BLONDIE: Just a minute, Dagwood --

DAGWOOD: Hahh?

BLONDIE: If anyone's going to do any apologizing, I think it
ought to be Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: What? I should apologize for getting lambasted over
the head with a skillet?

BLONDIE: After all, Mr. Dithers, you're the one who broke into our house, and I don't see why we should apologize for protecting ourselves.

DITHERS: Er -- well, that's another way of looking at it.

BLONDIE: Now then -- what were you doing?

DITHERS: I've been worried about Dagwood and ^{THAT FORMULA.} ~~those~~ blueprints.

~~They might get into the hands of Goliath people.~~

So I thought I'd come over and see what steps he'd taken to guard ~~them~~

ALEXANDER: What did you come in the back door for?

DITHERS: Oh, I just thought I'd see how easy it would be for a gangster to break into the house...Ohhhhhh -- my head's splitting.

BLONDIE: I guess you found out.

ALEXANDER: It's a good thing I didn't hit Mr. Dithers with this potato masher.

DITHERS: Well, I guess I'll go along -- Oh me --

BLONDIE: Oh, wait a minute, Mr. Dithers -- wouldn't you like to stay all night? It's very late --

DAGWOOD: Sure J. C. -- I could lend you a pair of Pajamas.

BLONDIE: You see, there have been people prowling around.

DITHERS: I know it!

DAGWOOD: And you know the old saying -- "Misery loves company" -- I mean, "Two heads are better than --" that's not it -- I mean "There's safety in numbers".

BLONDIE: I think you'd better stay, Mr. Dithers. We'll feel a lot safer.

ALEXANDER: Something might happen tonight.

DITHERS: Oh all right if you're nervous -- But I'll have to call Cora and explain.

MUSIC:

(CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE)

BLONDIE: Dagwood!...Dagwood -- wake up.

DAGWOOD: Hahh? What's the matter, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Dagwood, I heard someone prowling around downstairs. I'm sure of it. Come on -- get into your bathrobe, and we'll go down.

DAGWOOD: You think we ought to go down?

BLONDIE: Yes.

DAGWOOD: I don't suppose we could just stamp on the floor and scare him away.

BLONDIE: I don't suppose so.

DAGWOOD: I didn't really think so.

BLONDIE: Besides it would wake Cookie up.

DAGWOOD: Okay -- I'm all ready.

(DOOR OPENS...)

ALEXANDER: (WHISPERS) Hey, Pop! The spy's down stairs.

DAGWOOD: Toooooooooooooh! Yeah, I know.

BLONDIE: Here's Mr. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: Gosh he looks funny in my pajamas.

DITHERS: (COMING IN) Did you hear someone downstairs, too?

DAGWOOD: Blondie did, J. C. I guess we've got to go downstairs and capture him, hunh?

DITHERS: Yes. Go ahead, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Age before beauty. (LAUGHS)

DITHERS: Go ahead -- it's your house.

DAGWOOD: But you're our guest. It's your honor, J. C.

DITHERS: But you're a younger man, Dagwood.

BLONDIE: Well, somebody's got to go down there, and it looks as though it's going to be me. *dog gone* it.

ALEXANDER: I'll go with you, Mom!

DAGWOOD: Now wait a minute, Blondie -- you're not going to go down there and risk your life.

DITHERS: No, Blondie -- we'll go down -- won't you, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Hahh?

BLONDIE: I'm going down now. Tell me how the argument came out when I come back.

DAGWOOD: Wait -- I'll go, Blondie.

DITHERS: So'll I.

ALEXANDER: Let's go then, Pop. Do you want me to lead the way?

DAGWOOD: No -- I will, I guess. Now let's all go down stairs backwards.

BLONDIE: What for, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: If he comes after us, we're all headed in the right direction!

MUSIC: (QUICK BRIDGE...PRACTICALLY A HARP SWEEP...)

BLONDIE: Well, he's not down here anywhere. We've looked in the livingroom and he's certainly not here in the kitchen.

DAGWOOD: I guess we might just as well go back upstairs and go to bed, hanh?

DITHERS: Yes -- I'll bet it wasn't anyone at all.

BLONDIE: I heard someone.

DAGWOOD: Probably just the wind blowing the tree branches against the house.

BLONDIE: There isn't even a breeze tonight. We haven't looked in the basement yet.

ALEXANDER: That's right, Mom. Let's all look down there.

DITHERS: He wouldn't be in the basement.

DAGWOOD: No, what would he be doing down there?

BLONDIE: Getting Dagwood's ^{Formula} ~~blueprints~~ from behind the fuse-box.

(SMALL CRASH OF SOMETHING HEAVY IN THE BASEMENT...)

BLONDIE: Did you hear that?

DAGWOOD: I didn't hear anything.

DITHERS: Er -- neither did I.

ALEXANDER: I did.

DITHERS: Alexander, hasn't your father told you not to speak unless you're spoken to?

ALEXANDER: Yep, but I still heard someone down in the basement.

BLONDIE: Well, Alexander, I guess it's up to us again.

ALEXANDER: Shall I open the cellar door?

DAGWOOD: Wait. We'll go down, Blondie. *Want you, J.C.?*

DITHERS: But it's against our better judgment.

BLONDIE: What do you think we ought to do?

DITHERS: I think we ought to think it over.

BLONDIE: I see. Open the door, Alexander.

DAGWOOD: We'll go.

(DOOR OPENS...LIGHT SWITCH...)

DAGWOOD: If he's down there I'll ask him to leave quietly.

DITHERS: Yes, be polite to him. No need to offend him. He probably has a gun.

DAGWOOD: He might be a big guy, too.

(DOWN THE CELLAR STEPS NOT TOO FAST...RELUCTANTLY.)

DITHERS: Yes -- be diplomatic.

BLONDIE: (CALLS) Is anybody down here?

DAGWOOD: Sh-h-h-h, Blondie. You might get him nervous.

BLONDIE: I'm getting nervous myself, and I want to know. (CALLS)
Is anybody down here?

DIBBLE: Er -- just me.

DITHERS: There he is! Over by that closet!

DAGWOOD: Oh, a little guy! All right, you -- what's the idea?
What are you doing down here?

DITHERS: Come on! Speak up! Who are you?

DAGWOOD: Take your hat off -- there's a lady present!

DIBBLE: Oh, excuse me, please. I'm sorry.

DITHERS: That's better.

ALEXANDER: He hasn't got a gun, Pop -- I frisked him.

DAGWOOD: Good! We'd better tie him up.

ALEXANDER: I'll get some rope.

BLONDIE: Now, just a minute. I don't think he looks like a
spy ~~from the Goliath Company~~ or a ^{ever} burglar.

DIBBLE: I'm not!

DITHERS: Then what are you?

DIBBLE: Just a taxpayer.

DITHERS: Who isn't?

DIBBLE: My name's Homer Dibble.

BLONDIE: Oh, the man who used to live in this house.

DIBBLE: Yeah, that's right.

DAGWOOD: But what are you doing here? Has it got anything to
do with that closet you're trying to get into?

DIBBLE: Yeah. My guilty secret's in here. Four of them.

BLONDIE: You don't mean -- b-b-b-odies?

DIBBLE: No...tires.

DITHERS: Tires?! What size are they?

DIBBLE: I bought four new tires, and when they stopped selling them I put them in this closet and put a lock on it, and then I lost the key, and couldn't get them out before we moved. Now I've found the key again.

BLONDIE: But why didn't you just come to us and ask us to let you get them?

DIBBLE: My wife said you probably wouldn't give them back to me. She made me come here tonight and get them. She's the aggressive type.

BLONDIE: Well, we'll be glad to let you have your tires.

DIBBLE: Gee, thanks.

DITHERS: New tires. Would you mind if we just sort of looked at them and ~~scatter~~^{STRUCK} them?

(HAMMERING ON DOOR OFF...)

ALEXANDER: Gosh, who's that.

(DOOR OPENS OFF...)

OMMERLE: (YELLS FROM OFF) Doggone it, Bumstead, are you home?

DAGWOOD: That sounds like Mr. Ommerle. (CALLS) We're down in the cellar.

(FOOTSTEPS DOWN THE STAIRS...)

(BARKING OF DOGS...)

DITHERS: Look -- he's coming downstairs with an armful of dogs.

OMMERLE: Doggone it, Bumstead, these doggone dogs of yours have been over at my house howling their doggone heads off and scratching at the door all the doggone night!
It's got to stop, doggone it!...^{Dagwood!} What's going on down here?
^{They obeyed him!}

DAGWOOD: We were just catching a crook -- I mean, a burglar --
I mean -- I don't know what I mean.

BLANCHE: (OFF) Yoo-hoo, Mrs. Bumstead. Yoo-hooooooooo!

DITHERS: Someone else. Doesn't anyone sleep around here?

DIBBLE: That's Mrs. Lewis -- have you met her yet, Mrs.
Bumstead?

BLONDIE: Yes, we have, Mr. Dibble...(CALLS BACK) In the cellar,
Mrs. Lewis.

OMMERLE: Doggone it, ^{is this -} ~~what is going on here~~ -- an air raid
warden meeting?

BLANCHE: (COMING UP) Are you all right, Mrs. Bumstead?
I saw a man sneaking into the house and I -- why,
Mr. Dibble!

DIBBLE: Hello, Mrs. Lewis.

BLANCHE: Gee, I thought there'd be bodies all over the floor.

DAGWOOD: You sound disappointed.

(FROM OUTSIDE...CARS DRIVING UP AND STOPPING WITH
SCREECH OF BRAKES...SIRENS, IF PERMISSABLE...FIRE BELL,
ETC...)

(POUNDING ON DOORS...)

BLONDIE: Good heavens! What's all that?

BLANCHE: Well, you see, Mrs. Bumstead, I thought that crook had
got into your house so I called for the police, the
fire department, the F. B. I., and an ambulance for Mr.
Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear...Well, I'll go up and start some coffee.
By the time we get through explaining this to everybody,
it's going to be time for breakfast! ~~doggone it!~~

MUSIC:

WILCOX: Well next week, there's quite a bit of commotion in the Bumstead's town. ~~An enemy plane is spotted over the city. Interceptors rear up to shoot it down. An air raid alert is sounded.~~ What happens ~~then~~ -- well you'll just have to listen in next week at this same time and see what the Bumsteads have to do with all this excitement. You'll be as surprised as they are when "Blondie Spots A Plane." Say, just look at the camel on your pack. Got his head in the air and looking pleased, isn't he? That's because the government pinned a red-white-and-blue ribbon on him. It's on account of a big out-door poster showing a soldier in battle dress, saying, "I'd walk a mile for a Camel!" Uncle Sam said --

VOICE: The Office of Facts and Figures has selected this poster as one of the six best examples of patriotic copy run to date.

WILCOX: The best way we know to say -- "thanks", Uncle Sam -- is just to go right on making Camels mild and flavorful, the way those scrappin' nephews of yours like 'em. And we know they like Camels because actual sales records in service men's stores show that Camel's the favorite! 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 unexpected company on his trip to the office. You'll find the comic strip entertaining every day in the week. And remember, Camel brings you four great radio shows each week. Monday night, of course, it's our own
(CONTINUED)

WILCOX: "Blondie", Tuesday it's Xavier Cugat, Thursday night it's
(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: Yes sir -- and when you boys in the training camps hear
that tune you know that one of the four great Camel
Caravans is rolling into your camp to give one of the
most entertaining shows you ever saw. These performances
are sent to you with the good wishes of Camel Cigarettes --
so be sure to see them.

During the coming week performances of the Pacific Coast
Camel Caravan will include the Naval Air Station,
Treasure Island, California; The Southern Caravan,
Harlingen Gunnery School, Texas; The Eastern Caravan,
Parris Island Marine Base, South Carolina; and the
Mid-West Camel Caravan begins a four day stay at
Camp Blanding, Florida.

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)

ANNCR:

You know, pipe-smokers, economy is a big item with men ~~in the service.~~ ^{most anywhere.} That's why you'll hear "George Washington, please!" around plenty of Post Exchanges. George Washington comes in a big blue two and a quarter ounce package -- costs only ten cents. It's mild, mellow, and tasty, too, right down to the last puff at the bottom of the bowl. Get a package of George Washington tomorrow -- it's America's biggest value in smoking tobacco.