

Master

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, MAY 25, 1942

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

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

MUSIC: (THEME)

WILCOX: When does a coast defense gun look like a sycamore tree? Why, when it's camouflaged -- painted like bark and covered with branches -- to make it blend with its surroundings, keep hidden from enemy planes. That's one mighty important kind of blending these days. Camel uses a different kind -- the matchless blending of costlier tobaccos -- for your enjoyment. Expert blending, perfected over a long period of years, is a big reason behind Camel's popularity, with men and women in the service and out. Skillful blending gives Camel that rich, extra flavor -- and the smooth, extra mildness that lets you enjoy it...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 of Shady Lane Avenue. Well, Blondie and Dagwood are still putting a few finishing touches on their new home. At the moment we find Dagwood perched precariously on top of a stepladder, trying to put a new bulb in the hall light. Alexander is holding the ladder.

DAGWOOD: Now don't let go of the stepladder, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Don't worry, Pop. I've got my feet on these legs, and the other two legs are against the ^{FRONT} door.

DAGWOOD: Well, just don't wander around while I'm up here.

ALEXANDER: I won't, but don't take so long, Pop. Gosh, I could have had it all done by now.

DAGWOOD: Hey! Don't wave your hands around when you're talking to me. Keep them on the ladder!

ALEXANDER: Okay. Haven't you got that old bulb out yet?

DAGWOOD: In just a second I'll -- look out!

(BULB FALLS TO FLOOR AND POPS...)

DAGWOOD: I guess it slipped out of my hands.

ALEXANDER: I'll get the dust pan and whisk broom for you, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Stay right there!

BLONDIE: (OFF) What happened, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: (CALLS BACK) I just dropped an old light bulb, Blondie.

BLONDIE: (OFF) Oh, dear...Be careful, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Okay, honey...Alexander! Keep both hands on the stepladder while I'm up here.

ALEXANDER: Gee, I could have had this done an hour ago.

DAGWOOD: No comments now...

ALEXANDER: Oh, Pop...

DAGWOOD: Don't interrupt me now. I'm having a little trouble getting the new bulb in.

ALEXANDER: I know. You're turning it the wrong way.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?...Oh, yeah...There it goes.

(DOOR BELL RINGS...)

ALEXANDER: There's someone at the door.

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) Come in!

ALEXANDER: Get down, quick, Pop! ~~the door'll hit the ladder!~~

(DOOR OPENS...BANGS AGAINST LADDER...)

DAGWOOD: Hey! Holy smoke! The ladder's going over!
Helpp-p-p-p-p-p!

(CRASH AS LADDER AND DAGWOOD FALL TO FLOOR)

OMMERLE: Doggone it, what's going on here?

ALEXANDER: Oh, hello, Mr. Ommerle.

(DOGS BARKING...)

ALEXANDER: Gee, were Daisy and her puppies over at our old house again?

OMMERLE: Doggone it, young man, they're always over at my place, doggone it! Here they are!

DAGWOOD: Why doesn't someone pay a little attention to me?

(DOGS BARKING...)

DAGWOOD: Hey, wait a minute! Get off me! Stop licking my face!
Daisy! Elmer! Come on -- all six of you get out of here

(DOGS FADING)

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) Dagwood -- Alexander -- what happened this time?

ALEXANDER: Mr. Ommerle rang the door bell and when Pop told him to come in he opened the door and knocked Pop off the ladder

DAGWOOD: I guess I just didn't think. I'm so impulsive.

51454 1177

BLONDIE: ^{Are you hurt dear?}
Thank you for bringing the dogs back, Mr. Ommerle.
^
I'm sorry they seem to think the still live over at
our old house.

OMMERLE: So am I, doggone it. ~~And I think they stole one of my
shoes, too.~~

~~ALEXANDER: Daisy brought home a shoe a couple of days ago. It's
in the closet.~~

~~(CLOSET DOOR OPENS...)~~

~~ALEXANDER: Yeah, here it is... Is this it, Mr. Ommerle?~~

~~OMMERLE: Yes, doggone it, that's it!~~

~~BLONDIE: Well, I'm glad you got it back, anyway.~~

~~OMMERLE: It won't do me any good now -- I threw away the mate to
it this morning. Doggone those doggone dogs anyway!~~

~~BLONDIE: We're awfully sorry.~~

OMMERLE: Oh, that's all right. Oh, by the way, Mr. Bumstead --
I wonder if you'd do me a favor?

DAGWOOD: ~~I think I threw something out of place --~~
What is it?

OMMERLE: Well, you see, I'm one of the airplane spotters at the
post on Morton Hill.

DAGWOOD: Oh, is that right?

BLONDIE: I always wondered what they did over there. I knew it
had something to do with planes.

OMMERLE: Yes -- we just keep our eyes open for planes coming over,
and we report those we see to the army flying field.
They have a record of all planes that are supposed to be
in the air, and if they can't identify a plane we see,
they send a couple of interceptors up to look it over.

ALEXANDER: ~~(MAKES A NOISE LIKE AN AIRPLANE)~~ Oh, boy -- Interceptors

OMMERLE: That's right...Well, one of our spotters is sick today, and I wondered if you'd be willing to fill in for him, Mr. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- gee, I'd like to do that. Imagine that, Blondie -- I'll be an airplane spotter.

BLONDIE: Can you tell one plane from another, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Oh, sure.

BLONDIE: I'm not so sure.

ALEXANDER: Neither am I.

OMMERLE: Well, it's not very hard, Mr. Bumstead. I brought along an airplane spotter book. You can look it over.

DAGWOOD: Oh, thanks.

OMMERLE: I'll meet you at noon at the spotters' post on Morton Hill.

DAGWOOD: Okay...I'll start studying this right away.

ALEXANDER: I better take charge of it, Pop. I know the planes and you don't.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?...Well, okay.

ALEXANDER: I'll do my best to teach him, Mr. Ommerle.

MUSIC:

ALEXANDER: Okay, Mom -- what kind of a plane is this?

BLONDIE: Now let me see...Well, I seem to remember that it's a B-25.

"BLONDIE"
5/25/42

6-A

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) A B-25, hunh?

BLONDIE: Oh -- am I wrong?

ALEXANDER: I'll tell you later, Mom...What do you think this plane is, Pop?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Anyone can see what it is. It's a B-24. You see, Blondie, where you made your mistake was in forgetting --

ALEXANDER: Just a minute, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

ALEXANDER: Mom's right and you're wrong.

DAGWOOD: ~~How is that possible?~~ ^{I am?}

BLONDIE: (LITTLE LAUGH) Well, Dagwood....

DAGWOOD: Blondie, it's a very easy mistake -- anyone could make it.

ALEXANDER: Pop, you've got to learn the difference. Gee, I keep telling you that a B-24 has four motors and a B-25 has only two, and a B-24 is a high wing monoplane and a B-25 is a mid-wing monoplane.

DAGWOOD: Well, I really know, but I just forgot for a moment.

~~ALEXANDER: Okay -- what's this plane?~~

~~DAGWOOD: That's a P-39.~~

~~ALEXANDER: Mom?~~

~~BLONDIE: Well, I'm not sure, but I think it's a P-38.~~

~~ALEXANDER: Mom's right again.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Toooooon!~~

ALEXANDER: Gee, Pop, do you have to go over to that airplane spotter post today?

DAGWOOD: Well, sure -- I told Mr. Ommerie I'd go over.

ALEXANDER: Couldn't Mom go over instead?

BLONDIE: Oh, now Alexander -- I've just had a lot of luck ~~guessing~~ ^{guessing} ~~these~~ ^{THAT} planes. I really don't know one from the other.

ALEXANDER: You could go in Pop's place, couldn't you?

BLONDIE: I'm afraid not.

DAGWOOD: Why shouldn't I go over there?

ALEXANDER: Gosh, Pop -- you'll disgrace me. ~~Wait -- the other kids find out you don't know the difference between a P-40 and a P-39. Gee, they'll think you don't know anything!~~ ^{The Kids'll}

51454 1181

DAGWOOD: I'm not supposed to know anything!...No, I don't mean that. I mean, I'm just taking this fellow's place just for today.

ALEXANDER: Maybe I'd better go instead of you, Pop.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, do you suppose you could take Alexander?

DAGWOOD: ~~I don't know, Blondie.~~
I could take Cookie, Daisy and the pups, too, but -

BLONDIE: Well, Alexander does know the different planes, Dagwood. If Alexander was with you, you wouldn't be likely to make any mistakes.

DAGWOOD: A fine thing. No one has any faith in me except me.

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, you wouldn't want to start an air raid when there really wasn't one, would you?

DAGWOOD: Well, no, Blondie.

ALEXANDER: I'll identify the planes, Pop, and you can take the credit.

DAGWOOD: ~~It's not that!~~ *That's very nice of - never mind!* It's just embarrassing, that's all.

BLONDIE: Why don't you take Alexander along Dagwood? You'll both enjoy it.

DAGWOOD: Well -- okay. *OKAY.*

BLONDIE: Well, all right, you can go, Alexander, *Alexander: OKAY.* but remember if there's an air corps general there, don't start contradicting him.

Alexander: I won't, mummy. I'll just tell him if he's wrong.

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON LIGHT WIND EFFECT)

DAGWOOD: Gee, it's pretty nice up here, isn't it?

OMMERLE: Yeah -- this summer I expect to get just as good a suntan as a doggone lifeguard.

DAGWOOD: Where's Alexander?

OMMERLE: Oh, he's coming up in the tower in just a minute. He said he wanted to look at our spotting charts.

DAGWOOD: Spotting charts...Oh, yeah. Say, look -- there's a plane. Look! Up there!

OMMERLE: I see.

DAGWOOD: Is that a Curtis Tomahawk?

OMMERLE: No, I'd say that was an ^{ordinary} ~~regular~~ chicken hawk.

DAGWOOD: Oh, it's a bird.

OMMERLE: Yes. And those are turkey buzzards over there. Don't bother to report those.

DAGWOOD: I won't.

OMMERLE: Just remember it's not an airplane if it flaps its wings.

~~DAGWOOD: But what if you saw something come over that flapped its wings but had two motors and a power turret? What would you do then?~~

~~OMMERLE: Go home and sleep it off. Don't worry about things like that, Bumstead.~~

DAGWOOD: I'll try ~~not~~ to.

(FOOTSTEPS COMING UP STAIRS)

OMMERLE: Here comes your son.

ALEXANDER: Gee, Pop -- this is really pretty interesting, isn't it?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, it sure is.

ALEXANDER: Gee, here comes a plane...It's flying very low. Over there.

(PLANE OFF)

~~OMMERLE:~~
DAGWOOD:

↑ Oh, yeah -- ~~I didn't see it at first.~~ ^{I SAW IT, TOO, BUT I JUST WANTED THE LITTLE FELLOW TO SPOT IT FIRST.}

OMMERLE: You've got sharp eyes. I'll have to report this plane.

ALEXANDER: It's an O-52 -- that's an observation plane.
OMMERLE: Hmm! It's probably hunting for that young Johnny Hyde.
DAGWOOD: Gee, haven't they found him yet? Lots of people are
out searching.
OMMERLE: Yeah. Poor kid, he's been lost for two days now.
Probably wandering around in the hills somewhere.
ALEXANDER: Gosh, they'd better find him soon.
OMMERLE: Well, I'll report that O-52.

(PICK UP PHONE)

OMMERLE: Hello? Army Flash!

MUSIC:

(~~COME UP ON PLANES IDLING OFF...~~)

(PHONE RINGS....PICK UP PHONE)

COLONEL: ~~Hello~~...-- army field -- Colonel Dale...Yes -- Post 34,
an O-52 flying northeast at five hundred feet. Yes,
we expected you to report it...What?.....No, we
haven't had any news about the Hyde boy yet, but we're
still looking. Yes -- I hope so, too....Thank you.

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON WIND AGAIN...)

BLONDIE: (OFF) Dagwoooooood!
DAGWOOD: Up here, honey!
ALEXANDER: Come on up, Mom. There's a swell view.

(FOOTSTEPS UP STAIRS)

BLONDIE: (COMING UP) I brought some lunch for you...There's a sandwich for Mr. Ommerie, too.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) He just went out for a sandwich. I'll eat his.

ALEXANDER: Oh, Boy, Mom -- I'm hungry.

BLONDIE: I should think you'd get quite an appetite up here.

ALEXANDER: We've reported three P-39's, one B-24, and six B-25's so far. ^{Blondie! THAT'S WONDERFUL, DAGWOOD.} Pop still can't tell them apart.

(PLANE MOTOR WAY OFF...)

BLONDIE: I think I hear a plane now.

DAGWOOD: I thought I did, too.

ALEXANDER: Me, too, but I don't see one anywhere.

DAGWOOD: Hey! Hey, there it is! Right up over our heads -- why way up there!

ALEXANDER: I see it, too. Gee, it's flying high.

BLONDIE: I knew I heard a plane.

DAGWOOD: Give me those binoculars...Oh, boy -- I'm going to get a chance to report a plane by myself this time.

BLONDIE: ^{IT CERTAINLY IS WAY UP THERE - IT'S A LITTLE BITTY SPEAK.} You're looking through the wrong end, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Oh, Yeah. (LAUGHS) Ommerie's going to be sorry he was out to lunch when -- hey!

BLONDIE: What's the matter, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: Look at that Plane! Where's that phone!

BLONDIE: Dagwood, let me see, first!

ALEXANDER: ~~Let me see, too.~~

DAGWOOD: All right -- look, but be quick!

ALEXANDER: ~~I want to see, too.~~

BLONDIE: I can't seem to find a plane at all. It's sort of -- there it is! Alexander -- you look!

ALEXANDER: Oh, hoy! Let me see.

(PICK UP PHONE...)

DAGWOOD: Hello, operator, I want the police -- no, I mean the fire dep -- I mean, army flash! Quick!

ALEXANDER: I see the plane, too, Pop!, but I can't identify it.

BLONDIE: Hurry up, Dagwood! Tell them about it!

DAGWOOD: I'm trying to, but -- hello? Hello? Is this the army flying field?...listen, an unidentified plane just flew over! It was flying very high and...

(BOARD FADE)

(PLANES WARMING UP)

COLONEL: (FADING IN) An unidentified plane? What direction was it flying?...All right -- hold on a minute!

(CLICKING OF SWITCHES...PICK UP PHONE)

COLONEL: Attention, third Pursuit Squadron! Lieutenants Joyce, Morce, and Lewis! Hop into your ships, boys, and investigate an unidentified plane. Flying southwest a fifteen to twenty thousand feet, last sighted over Post thirty-four! Go to it!

(HANDS UP)

COLONEL: Hello, Post thirty-four -- can you still see the plane....Yes...the same course...Keep your eye on it, and hold the phone!

(PICK UP ANOTHER PHONE)

COLONEL: Hello -- this is Colonel Dale...Order Alert Number two -- fire and police departments stand by.

(HANDS UP)

COLONEL: Hello, Post thirty-four...Can you still see the plane?
Good! We're sending up three interceptors!

(ROAR OF PLANES TAKING OFF, NICE AND LOUD)

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: Dagwood, Dagwood, I saw the plane crash into the woods
on that hill way over there!

DAGWOOD: They'll be able to spot the wreckage then.

ALEXANDER: ^{Here Come}
~~There go~~ the interceptors again!

(ROAR OF PLANES OFF)

DAGWOOD: Gee, look at them tear!

BLONDIE: My, they're fast!

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- P-38's.

ALEXANDER: P-39's, Pop.

DAGWOOD: I don't care what number they are -- they're some planes!

(PLANES FADE AWAY...)

BLONDIE: Here comes Mr. Ommerie.

(FOOTSTEPS COMING UP)

OMMERIE: Doggone it, I would miss those planes! Did you report
them, Bumstead?...Oh, hello, Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Hello, Mr. Ommerie.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I had them send those interceptors up to
investigate that plane that went over.

OMMERIE: Oh, that's fine, Bumstead. They'll be able to --
doggone it, what plane?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) We spotted one while you were away, Ommerie.
I hope you won't feel too bad about it.

OMMERLE: Doggone it, Bumstead, how would a strange plane get this far without being reported by doggone near every person in the state, doggone it!

BLONDIE: Well, we certainly saw a plane -- we couldn't identify. ~~Doggone it.~~

ALEXANDER: We sure did!

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- all of us.

BLONDIE: And than a minute later I saw it crash into the woods on that hill way over there.

OMMERLE: Hmnnnnn....

(PHONE RINGS)

(PICK UP PHONE)

OMMERLE: ~~Hello~~ -- Post thirty-four -- Ommerle speaking...What?No, that plane was reported by Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- I reported it."

OMMERLE: Yes, Colonel...I see....Yes...Yes, it sounded fantastic to me, too.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

OMMERLE: Of course he's new at this post, but that's no excuse. Yes, Colonel... Yes, sir. Goodbye.

(HANGS UP)

BLONDIE: What did he say?

OMMERLE: Well, it looks as though you reported a plane that just wasn't there.

DAGWOOD: Is that so! I'd like to talk to that Colonel who said there wasn't any plane! I'd tell him!

OMMERLE: Well, you'll get a chance to. He's on his way over here now, ~~and I don't think he's in a very good frame of mind!~~

MUSIC:

WILCOX: I'm afraid there's trouble ahead for Blondie, Dagwood, and Alexander. We'll see what develops in just a moment. Right now, Dagwood I'd like to ask you a question.

DAGWOOD: Huh? Oh, sure, Mr. Wilcox.

WILCOX: If you threw a jeep in the water, would it swim?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) That's silly. Anybody knows a jeep is one of those little army scout cars. It'd sink right to the bottom.

WILCOX: Nope, you're wrong, Dagwood. The army's even taught the jeeps how to swim. They wrap 'em in canvas, and float 'em right across a river!

DAGWOOD: Gosh, all they need to do now is teach 'em to fly!

WILCOX: Well, some of the boys who've been on trial runs with Don Kenower, the test driver, say they're not always sure those baby battle-buggies don't take off now and then! However you look at it, playing buckin' bronco with brand-new jeeps, right off the production line, is a job that calls for mighty steady nerves. And when Don Kenower finishes putting a scout car through its paces, he likes to light up a Camel. He's said --

KENOWER VOICE: Why, I've been smokin' Camels for twenty years! I like 'em because they're milder. And you know, Camel's full, round flavor is really special!

WILCOX: Yes, and if you ask the army men who drive those jeeps you'll hear pretty much the same thing. You see, actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens

(CONTINUED)

WILCOX:
(Cont'd)

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 war-time strain, and probably smoking more, here's a good thing to remember --

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! You'll find they're richer-tasting, and milder -- the result of expert, matchless blending of costlier tobaccos. And remember to send a carton of Camels to that fellow in the service. He'll like 'em, too!

MUSIC:

WILCOX: It's a few minutes later, and Blondie and Dagwood and Alexander are being questioned by the Colonel at the airplane spotters' post.....

COLONEL: Now then -- who saw the plane first?

BLONDIE: Well, I heard it first, and Mr. Bumstead saw it first.

DAGWOOD: That's right.

ALEXANDER: I saw it, too.

COLONEL: Hmmmmm...You said you heard the plane, Mrs. Bumstead?

BLONDIE: Yes, I heard the sound of its motors.

COLONEL: You're sure that sound couldn't have been a motorcycle passing -- or a car or a truck?

BLONDIE: Well, I suppose it could have been, but since we heard the sound, and then spotted the plane, we were pretty sure it had to be the plane.

COLONEL: You all saw that?

BLONDIE: Yes, indeed. Then I kept on watching it and it finally crashed in the woods over on that hill.

COLONEL: No explosion.

BLONDIE: No -- it just seemed to go into the woods.

COLONEL: It didn't knock any trees down or throw up debris?

BLONDIE: No -- it just -- seemed to go into the woods.

COLONEL: Just seemed to go into the woods.

BLONDIE: Don't you believe us, Colonel?

COLONEL: Er -- Mrs. Bumstead, if a strange plane flew over this post, its motor would undoubtedly have been picked up on our sound detectors. There are a number of spotting posts such as this all around here. They would have reported the plane, too -- if there was a plane.

DAGWOOD: But we saw it!

BLONDIE: We most certainly did! I don't care if the sound detectors didn't hear it, or if the other posts didn't report it -- we heard it, and saw it, and reported it! ~~You can't tell us that we saw some sort of a Flying Dutchman, or a ghost plane, or that we reported a seagull. Our eyes are all pretty good. One of us might have been wrong, and two of us could possibly have made a mistake, but not the three of us! No, sir!~~

~~ALEXANDER: That goes for me, too.~~

COLONEL: Well, I'm sorry about this. Mr. Bumstead, you will be relieved of your post here. Thank you very much for filling in.

DAGWOOD: Tooooh! You're welcome.

MUSIC...

(COME UP ON CAR)

BLONDIE: I just feel sick about it, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: So do I.

ALEXANDER: Gee, Mom -- we all contradicted the Colonel.

BLONDIE: I don't care what anyone says -- we all saw that plane. And we saw it crash, too -- at least, I did.

DAGWOOD: Yeah.

BLONDIE: Wait a minute, Dagwood. We can prove to them there was a plane.

ALEXANDER: You mean, go out and hunt for it, Mom?

BLONDIE: Yes -- the Colonel didn't seem much interested in hunting for it.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, I'm all for turning around right now and looking for the wrechage of that plane.

ALEXANDER: So am I.

BLONDIE: All right, Dagwood -- let's go!

MUSIC...

(COME UP ON GOING THROUGH UNDERBRUSH)

DAGWOOD: Around here somewhere, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Yes, Dagwood -- and it shouldn't be hard to find.

ALEXANDER: Boy, it's nice in the woods today...Are you coming, Pop?

DAGWOOD: I'm right behind you.

(SWOOSH OF BRANCH IN DAGWOOD'S FACE)

DAGWOOD: Hey! Alexander, stop letting those branches snap back into my face!

ALEXANDER: I'm sorry, Pop.

(SWOOSH OF BRANCH IN BLONDIE'S FACE)

BLONDIE: Ouch! Dagwood, you're doing the same thing to me! That branch knocked my hat off.

DAGWOOD: I'm sorry, Blondie -- I forgot.

ALEXANDER: There's a barbed wire fence up ahead, Mom. Should we keep on going?

BLONDIE: Yes, Alexander. The plane ought to be on the other side of the fence somewhere.

DAGWOOD: Now, I'll spread these wires apart and you two go through

(RATTLE OF WIRES)

DAGWOOD: Okay, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Okay, Pop...there I'm through.

DAGWOOD: You're next, Blondie. Now be careful you don't catch your skirt on the barbs.

BLONDIE: I'll watch it, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Careful now.

BLONDIE: All right, I made it. Now, I'll hold it for you, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) You don't have to hold it for me, Blondie. I can go through barbed wire fences like a Commando. Watch this -- you spread the wire apart with your hands, crawl through like this, and there! See how easy it was.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, I'm surprised. I was sure you'd tear something. Congratulations.

DAGWOOD: Oh, it wasn't really anything.

ALEXANDER: Come on, let's go, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Okay.

. (TEARING SOUND)

DAGWOOD: Oh-oh!

BLONDIE: I guess I congratulated you too soon.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- well, I'm glad that patches are patriotic. Let's keep on looking.

MUSIC...

(COME UP ON UNDERBRUSH)

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- we've looked all over, and there just doesn't seem to be any plane, does there?

BLONDIE: I guess not...Gee, I'm tired.

ALEXANDER: Of course, it might have made a landing.

BLONDIE: But where would it make a landing?

ALEXANDER: I don't know.

BLONDIE: Neither do I...Well, we've been tramping all over these woods for the last two hours. Let's sit down for a moment and rest.

DAGWOOD: I'm for that.

BLONDIE: You know, I'm sure that this big tree above us was the one I saw the plane heading for, and then crash into.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, if the plane hit this tree, there'd be parts of wings and the engine and stuff all around here.

ALEXANDER: It'd make an awful mess, Mom. We'd be sure to see it.

DAGWOOD: Er -- Blondie, you're sure you saw it crash?

BLONDIE: Why, yes -- I told you that before.

ALEXANDER: You're sure, hunh?

BLONDIE: Just a minute -- are you beginning to question me now?

DAGWOOD: Well, no, Blondie, but we've looked all over, and you can't hide a crashed plane around here very well.

BLONDIE: But all these woods...

ALEXANDER: Sure, but a plane's pretty big, Mom.

BLONDIE: I'm just as sure as I'm sitting here that I saw that plane head toward this tree and crash into it about half way up. Right about where I'm pointing. And I was positive that -- Dagwood! Look!

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

ALEXANDER: Where, Mom?

BLONDIE: Look -- there's the plane! Up there in the branches!

ALEXANDER: I see it, too.

DAGWOOD: Hey, it's just a model airplane!

BLONDIE: That must be the plane we saw.

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke, Blondie -- we reported a model plane to the army flying field. Gee, will they laugh at us when we bring it in.

BLONDIE: Just the same, it looked like a real plane...

ALEXANDER: Come on. Pop -- let's climb up in the tree and get it down.

~~BLONDIE: Yes -- you two get that plane. We're going to take it into the Colonel's office and prove to him that we did see a plane, after all!~~

MUSIC...

(DOOR CLOSES)

COLONEL: Yes? What is it, Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead?

BLONDIE: We found the plane.

COLONEL: That plane you reported? The one you said had crashed into the woods?

DAGWOOD: That's the one. ~~And that's where we found it, too.~~

COLONEL: (LAUGHS) Now, please don't try to fool me. I'll admit I didn't believe your story, but we don't take chances in the army, so I sent up an observation plane to search for a crashed plane. We didn't find anything.

ALEXANDER: Well, we found it just the same, and we brought it here.

COLONEL: I suppose you carried, eh, young man?

ALEXANDER: Yep -- I carried it.

COLONEL: ~~I see. Where is it?~~

BLONDIE: It's right outside the door. ~~We'll show it to you.~~
Colonel: I suppose you CARRIED it here. Alexander! Yes, I did.
(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: There it is -- right there.

COLONEL: A model plane!

BLONDIE: Now did we, or didn't we spot a plane?

COLONEL: It looks as though you did. Has a little gasoline engine, too. No wonder the sound detectors didn't pick up anything.

DAGWOOD: That's not all. Look what's written on the wing.

BLONDIE: Right here. It says, "Help. Look out Hill. Sprained ankle. Johnny Hyde." Johnny Hyde is the little boy who's been lost for two days, and he sent this plane out for help.

COLONEL: He must have. I'll call the sheriff and have him send out a rescue party to Lookout Hill right away. Then we'd all better get into one of the planes here and fly over the hill ourselves. Maybe we can spot the boy.

BLONDIE: He's probably hungry after two days. Couldn't you drop some food by parachute?

COLONEL: That's a good suggestion. Let's get started!

MUSIC...

(COME UP ON PLANE...FADE TO BACKGROUND)

BLONDIE: Isn't that Lookout Hill just ahead of us?

COLONEL: Yes, that's it, Mrs. Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Gee, Blondie, the country looks pretty from up here...
How do you like it, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: Oh, boy!

DAGWOOD: This is fun, hanh?

ALEXANDER: Oh, boy!

BLONDIE: Dagwood and Alexander -- start looking for Johnny Hyde.
We've over Lookout Hill now.

DAGWOOD: Okay.

COLONEL: I'll circle around a while.

ALEXANDER: I see someone! I see someone!

COLONEL: Where?

ALEXANDER: By the big rock that sticks out of the side of the hill.

BLONDIE: I see him, too! He's waving at us!

DAGWOOD: That's him, all right. (YELLS) It's all right now --
we see you! Don't worry! You're going to be rescued!

ALEXANDER: He can't hear you, Pop.

DAGWOOD: You're going to be rescu -- oh, that's right. He
can't hear me.

COLONEL: That seems to be the lost boy, so we'll go down and
drop the food to him. Hold on!

Alexander: *Whee!*
(PLANE UP)

MUSIC...

DAGWOOD: Read that story in the paper over again, Blondie.
About how we were practically heroes and saved
that boy's life.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Now, Dagwood -- I've read this over three
times already.

DAGWOOD: It's like music to my ears.

ALEXANDER: I didn't like it. They called me Andrew Bunstead instead of Alexander.

~~BLONDIE: There've been some funny spelling of Bunstead in the paper, too.~~

DAGWOOD: Well, it was nice that they gave us a little credit. After all, nobody believed us when we told them about that plane.

BLONDIE: I know, Dagwood, and if we hadn't found the little plane, they might never have found Johnny Hyde.

(DOOR BELL RINGS..)

ALEXANDER: I'll see who's at the door.

DAGWOOD: Probably some people coming to get our autographs.

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood... **PUT YOUR PEN AWAY.**

(DOOR OPENS OFF...)

ALEXANDER: Oh, hello...Come on in, Colonel Dale. Hello, Mr. Ommerle. Gee, you brought the dogs with you.

(BARKING OFF...)

OMMERLE: Doggone it, these doggone dogs have been over at my house again, daggone it. I'm not going to bring them back again!

(DOOR CLOSES.)

ALEXANDER: Out in the kitchen, Daisy -- and ~~that~~ goes for you pups, too.

(BARKING, WHICH FADES...)

BLONDIE: Hello, Colonel.

DAGWOOD: Hello, Mr. Ommerle.

COLONEL: Uh -- Mr. and Mrs. Bumstead --

ALEXANDER: Me, too?

COLONEL: Yes, you, too...I want to -- well, to apologize for questioning your story about that plane.

BLONDIE: Oh, you don't need to apologize. I guess it did sound a little startling and unbelievable.

COLONEL: It most certainly did.

OMMERLE: I'm doggoned if I would have believed it, and I'm doggoned if I'd have let you report it if I'd have been there.

COLONEL: Well, I didn't want you to think the army wasn't cooperating with its civilian spotters. We appreciate what you're doing more than we can tell you. And we particularly appreciate having spotters as determined as you Bumsteads. You were willing to back up your report of that plane with action, and what's more -- you got results. The army's proud to have you working with us.

BLONDIE: Well, thank you, Colonel.

DAGWOOD: We're glad to do everything we can to help.

ALEXANDER: That's right, Colonel.

COLONEL: Now, I think Mr. Ommerle has something he wants to tell you.

OMMERLE: Yes, I have. I just wanted to say that Post Thirty-four is proud that one of its men spotted that plane. We've talked things over and decided we ought to honor you in some way.

DAGWOOD: You're going to give me a medal?

OMMERLE: No, Mr. Bumstead, we're going to give you: the most trusted shift at the spotting post -- from four to six A.M. ^{DAGWOOD: Gee, THANKS.}

DAGWOOD: Toooooooooh!

MUSIC...

WILCOX: Here's a little tip on next week's show. Dagwood, like the rest of us, is finding himself face to face with the tire problem and he puts his inventive genius to work trying to solve it. He does have a certain amount of success and if you're worried about the tire and transportation situation, be sure to listen in next week at the same time when "Blondie gets taken for a ride."

Tonight the government has asked us to make a serious appeal to all the women in our audience. Now, more than ever before, there is a critical shortage of nurses, both trained and semi-trained. Every woman can do something. First, if you have thought of making nursing a career --

BLONDIE: Enroll now as a student nurse. The current nursing "school year" starts in a few weeks -- and fifty-thousand student nurses are needed. For information, write the Nursing Information Bureau, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

WILCOX: Second -- if you are an inactive or retired nurse --

BLONDIE: Please remember that your training is vitally needed today. Ask yourself this question -- can some other woman, with less training, do what I am doing now? Apply to your local hospital.

WILCOX: Third -- and this applies to any woman --

BLONDIE: Enroll tomorrow as a nurse's aid -- or if, you can't afford to volunteer your services, enroll as a paid auxiliary worker. You will help your country, and receive training that will be valuable all your life. Phone or write the Red Cross.

WILCOX: Help to win the war by safeguarding the health of the nation!

WILCOX: Here's grand news for you who have written asking for a photograph of Blondie. You'll find a beautiful color portrait of her on the cover of the new Radio Mirror Magazine. Ask for it at your newsstand. 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 finds a kindred soul in Elmer, the wayward pup. 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 "Blondie", Tuesday it's Xavier Cugat, Thursday night it's 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 CAMPBELL'S ARE COMING")

WILCOX: The four Camel Caravans are still rolling along -- bringing fun and entertainment to the boys in the training camps throughout the country. Listen to the following schedule, and see if one of these shows is coming to your camp during the next week.

(CONTINUED)

WILCOX:
(Cont'd)

The Southern Camel Caravan will play at Camp Tyson, Tennessee, the Pacific Caravan at Fort Ord, California, the Eastern Caravan will include Orlando Air Base, Florida, on its schedule this week, while the Mid-West Camel Caravan will stop at Fort Benning, Georgia, for several days. And with each of these shows Camel sends greetings and good wishes to the men in the service of Uncle Sam. This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the makers of Camel Cigarettes.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

ANNOUNCER: A two and a quarter ounce package for ten cents. Think that over, pipe-smokers, and compare it with the price and quantity of the tobacco you're smoking now. It's George Washington Smoking Tobacco, in the big blue two and a quarter ounce package. Plunk down a dime yourself, you'll find George Washington is mild, mellow and tasty -- right down to the last puff at the bottom of the bowl. You'll agree that George Washington is America's biggest value in smoking pleasure.