

Master

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, JUNE 22, 1942

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

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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 heavy gun look like a bottleneck? Well, most of them did, before American war plants found a new method that cut production time in fractions, enabled one manufacturer to increase his output seven thousand percent! Once again, it's American genius for putting things together. We like to talk about a little putting-together job of our own. It's blending, most important part of cigarette manufacture. Of course, you have to have costlier tobaccos to start with -- choice, extra rich tobaccos, like the ones that have always been used in Camels. When these costlier tobaccos are blended, expertly, and matchlessly, with the famous Camel know-how -- well, then you've got a cigarette with extra flavor, and plenty of smooth, extra mildness to let you enjoy that flavor! Yes, you've got Camels -- wonderfully cool smoking, because they're slow-burning. Try 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, every year somewhere around this time, the same problem comes up in the Bumstead family. It usually starts like this. Blondie is fixing supper out in the kitchen, and Alexander is watching. Then the front door opens and closes.....

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES OFF...)

WILCOX: That's Dagwood getting home from the office. And then...

DAGWOOD: (CALLS FROM OFF) Blooooooondie! Oh, Blooooooondie!

BLONDIE: (CALLS BACK) Out in the kitchen, Dagwood.

ALEXANDER: Pop sounds excited about something.

BLONDIE: Well, that's normal.

(DOOR BURSTS OPEN)

DAGWOOD: Hello, honey.

BLONDIE: Hello, dear. (KISS)

ALEXANDER: Hello, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Hello, Alexander...Well, what's for dinner, Blondie?

I'll just take a peek into the pots on the stove. And see  
WHAT'S COOKING.

(RATTLE OF POT)

DAGWOOD: Hmmmm -- it's empty!

(ANOTHER LID LIFTED OFF POT)

DAGWOOD: Nothing in this, either!

(ANOTHER POT)

DAGWOOD: This is empty, too! Blondie, aren't we eating tonight?

BLONDIE: Yes, dear, but we're having potato salad and a lot of cold cuts. It's so warm out I thought a hot dinner might be too much.

DAGWOOD: Oh, swell, honey...But what did you put the pots on the stove for then?

BLONDIE: So you wouldn't ask me why they weren't there before you kissed me.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?....Oh, yeah.

ALEXANDER: Gee, Pop, you sounded excited when you came in the door. Did anything happen today?

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah -- I almost forgot. Let's go into the living room a moment. I have some news for you.

BLONDIE: What, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) You'll find out.

(DOOR OPENS)

ALEXANDER: Come on, Pop -- tell us.

DAGWOOD: Just sit down and make yourselves comfortable.

BLONDIE: Now, Dagwood, stop being so mysterious and tell us what it's all about.

DAGWOOD: Okay. I've just been talking with Mr. Dithers and he said that this year we could have a three week vacation -- with pay!

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- that's wonderful!

ALEXANDER: Oh, boy, Pop!

BLONDIE: Of course, you've deserved three weeks with pay for four years now, but it's wonderful you're really going to get it at last. I'm so proud of you, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: I thought you would be.

ALEXANDER: Where are we going for our vacation?

DAGWOOD: Well, I don't know, Alexander. I sort of thought we might go to the seashore.

BLONDIE: Of course, we went to the seashore last summer.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, but I noticed an ad in the paper for a place that seemed pretty nice. It's called Lullaby Beach. It's right here, Blondie.

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

BLONDIE: Let's see.

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

DAGWOOD: Now here's the hotel here, and here's the beach house and the cabanas, and here's the ocean -- look at those waves coming in -- and over here --

BLONDIE: Dagwood, what's this right here?

DAGWOOD: Hanh? Oh, yeah -- it seems to be a girl in a bathing suit.

BLONDIE: Yes -- a brunette in a bathing suit ~~taken from a very obvious angle.~~ All those other things -- the hotel and the beach house and the ocean are way in the background -- you can hardly see them!

DAGWOOD: It's a nice hotel, isn't it?

BLONDIE: It's a nice brunette, too. Lullaby Beach is out.

DAGWOOD: It is, hanh?

ALEXANDER: Let me see, Pop.

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

ALEXANDER: Woo-woo! Not bad!

DAGWOOD: Yeah...Blondie, you're sure you wouldn't like it at Lullaby Beach? It would be swell for Cookie.

ALEXANDER: I'd like it there, Mom. Maybe this girl has a little sister. Oh, boy!

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood, ~~the seashore~~ would be all right, but I'll tell you what would happen there. We'd be sitting on the beach, and the waves would be coming in...(FADING)

(COME UP ON SURF OFF)

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood -- how do you like it at Lullaby Beach?  
DAGWOOD: Oh, it's wonderful here, Blondie. The sun and the sand,  
and the swell view.  
BLONDIE: Hmmm -- is that what you're looking around for now?  
DAGWOOD: Hanh? Oh, no -- I'm just looking around.  
ALEXANDER: She swam way out there, Pop.  
DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah -- I see her now.  
BLONDIE: Who?  
ALEXANDER: You know, Mom -- that brunette. Her name's  
Dona Holloway. She hasn't got a sister, either,  
doggone it. I asked her.  
DAGWOOD: She's quite a ways out there, too.  
BLONDIE: Never mind, Dagwood -- just lie back and get your  
suntan.  
DAGWOOD: Hoy! Hey, Blondie! Something's happening out there!  
BLONDIE: She's just splashing around.  
DAGWOOD: It doesn't look like it to me! She's struggling! Maybe  
she's drowning! Holy smoke!  
ALEXANDER: Gee whiz, Pop!  
BLONDIE: I don't think anything's wrong at all.  
DAGWOOD: It may be a case of life or death, Blondie! She might  
have a cramp! I've got to go out and rescue her!  
BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood, must you be a hero? And it's so far out...  
DAGWOOD: There's no time to waste! Goodbye, Blondie! I'll be  
right back!

(WHIZZ!...SPLASH)

HURRY MUSIC.....

(COME UP ON SPLASHING)

DAGWOOD: (PUFFING) I'm coming! Don't worry! I'll -- I'll get you in! I'll rescue you!

GIRL: Rescue me? What for?

DAGWOOD: Aren't you -- (PUFFS AND COUGHS) -- aren't you drowning?

GIRL: Heavens no! I'm the lifeguard here.

DAGWOOD: (COUGHS) The -- the lifeguard?

GIRL: Oh, yes -- the men lifeguards have all been drafted.

DAGWOOD: Toooooooooooh!

(BUBBLES)  
GIRL: <sup>Where ARE YOU?</sup> What's the matter?

DAGWOOD: (COUGHING) Holy smoke!

GIRL: What's the matter with you?

DAGWOOD: I'm getting weak. (COUGHS)

GIRL: You don't look as though you could get yourself back to shore, and you came out here to rescue me.

DAGWOOD: I guess I can get back to -- gee, it's a long way, isn't it? I didn't --

(BUBBLES)

DAGWOOD: (COUGHING) I didn't realize it was so far. Gosh! I swallowed a lot of water.

(SPLASHING)

GIRL: Why you're even having a hard time keeping your head above the water.

DAGWOOD: Oh, no I'm --

(BUBBLES)

DAGWOOD: Toooooooooooooh!

GIRL: All right -- I guess I'll have to rescue you!

MUSIC.....

(COME UP ON AD LIB LAUGHTER)

GIRL: <sup>IS THIS YOURS,</sup> ~~Here he is,~~ Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: <sup>yes</sup> Thank you... ~~You can lean on my shoulder now, Dagwood.~~ <sup>JUST PUT HIM DOWN THERE ON THE SAND.</sup>

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- thanks.

GIRL: I think he'll be all right. He just swallowed a little water.

DAGWOOD: I swallowed gallons of it. (COUGHS)

BLONDIE: Well, thank you very, very much.

ALEXANDER: Gee -- poor Pop...Oh -- uh -- you're sure you don't have a sister?

GIRL: No, I don't...Goodbye.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye...Gee, Blondie -- it was awful. Getting rescued by a girl. I was never more embarrassed in all my life. (COUGHS)

BLONDIE: Now don't you think about that, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: I can't help it, Everybody laughed at me and made fun of me, and I could hardly even move. It was terrible. (WAITS) Blondie -- let's get as far away from Lullaby Beach as possible!

(COME UP ON SURF...FADE)

BLONDIE: (FADING IN) You see, Dagwood -- you really wouldn't like it at Lullaby Beach.

DAGWOOD: Doesn't sound so good, does it?

ALEXANDER: ~~If that girl hasn't got a sister, I'd rather go somewhere else.~~

DAGWOOD: Er -- did you have any particular place in mind, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Oh -- uh -- I don't know, Dagwood.. In a way, I guess...

ALEXANDER: Where were you thinking of, Mom?

BLONDIE: Well -- I sort of thought it might be nice to go to a dude ranch.

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DAGWOOD: A dude ranch, hanh?

BLONDIE: Yes. Oh, it would be glorious, Dagwood. Horses, and Indians, and riding the trail, and rodeos...

DAGWOOD: And cowboys...

BLONDIE: Yes -- oh, Dagwood -- that would be the life!

ALEXANDER: Gee, it would be swell to go out West. Yippppppeeeee!

We'll take the short cut through the canyon and head them off at Eagle Pass! Yahoooooooo! Giddyap, old paint

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- you don't look very enthusiastic about a dude ranch.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, I don't think you'd like it.

BLONDIE: But why not, dear? Those beautiful Western sunsets, the smell of the sagebrush --

DAGWOOD: Those lonesome cowboys --

BLONDIE: Why wouldn't I like it?

DAGWOOD: Well, Blondie, I'll tell you why. Something like this might happen. We'd be having our vacation out on a ranch -- the Bar-B-Q Ranch. You'd be outside, walking around near the corral in the evening when a cowboy comes <sup>Riding</sup> ~~walking~~ up to you. He looks sort of like Gary Cooper and he says.....(FADING)

(WESTERN BACKGROUND NOISES...MAYBE A GUITAR  
PLAYING IN THE DISTANCE...)

TEX: Evenin', Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: Oh -- good evening, Tex.

TEX: Mighty purty evenin', ain't it?

BLONDIE: Yes -- mighty.

TEX: Yep -- shore is mighty purty.

BLONDIE: I've never seen such a gorgeous sunset.

TEX: Seems a lot purtier to me since you been here,  
Mrs. Bumstead.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Oh, now, Tex -- you're flattering me.

TEX: Well, Ma'am, I reckon I am a-flatterin' you a mite.  
I ain't much good on words, but you shore are the  
purtiest little filly I've laid eyes on. <sup>(whinny)</sup> I reckon I'm here <sup>shut up. I meant</sup> <sup>not</sup> <sup>you.</sup>  
kind of crazy about you.

BLONDIE: Now Tex -- just a minute...I'm married to Mr. Bumstead.

TEX: Yes, Ma'am, but I reckon as how I can take care of that.  
Out West here when a man wants a woman he's willin' to  
fight for her. I want to marry you, gal, and I'm aimin'  
to fight for you.

BLONDIE: Now Tex -- please --

TEX: Don't you try to stop me, gal. I'm goin' in to find  
Mr. Bumstead. Him and me's goin' to have a little talk!

MUSIC.....

(COYOTE HOWLS IN THE DISTANCE)

DAGWOOD: Er -- did you want to talk to me out here, Tex? I'm a  
little sore from riding, so <sup>let's not sit down.</sup> ~~if you don't take too long...~~  
<sup>Don't they ever feed those dogs? Tex: That ain't a dog - THAT'S A COYOTE.</sup>  
TEX: Mr. Bumstead, I ain't much good on words...

DAGWOOD: You ain't?

TEX: But I'm mighty strong on action. <sup>Dogwood! That's nice.</sup> Mr. Bumstead, I'm  
a-aimin' to marry Mrs. Bumstead. I loves the gal.

DAGWOOD: <sup>CONGRATULATIONS --</sup>  
You mean -- Blondie?

TEX: (DREAMILY) Blondie -- that's a mighty purty name.

DAGWOOD: <sup>FORGIVE ME FOR MENTIONING IT</sup>  
But she's already married to me.

TEX: I'm a-aiming to get rid of you.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

TEX: Out West here when a man wants a woman, he's willin' to fight for her.

DAGWOOD: You don't say.

TEX: What I say is, "Draw, tenderfoot!"

DAGWOOD: Hanh? <sup>DRAW, TENDER FOOT?</sup> ~~Tenderfoot? That's not where I'm tender.~~

TEX: I said "Draw"! Ain't you got a gun?

DAGWOOD: No. I AINT.

TEX: Here -- take one of mine then.

DAGWOOD: What for?

TEX: We-all are goin' to fight it out Western style for Mrs. Bumstead's hand.

DAGWOOD: Hey, wait a minute!

TEX: When I count to three, you better use that shootin' iron as fast as you can, cause I'm going to be a-slingin' lead at you.

DAGWOOD: But Tex -- don't be hasty!

TEX: One!

DAGWOOD: ~~Wait!~~ This is murder!

TEX: It ain't murder out West.....Two!

DAGWOOD: Hey! Don't! Help! Bloooooooondie!

TEX: Three!

(FUSILADE OF SHOTS)

DAGWOOD: Tooooooooh! I'm shot!

(ANOTHER SHOT)

MUSIC...ON THE MOURNFUL SIDE...

DAGWOOD: (GROANS) Hello -- Blondie.

BLONDIE: Oh, poor Dagwood...

ALEXANDER: He's hurt pretty bad, isn't he, Mom?

BLONDIE: Yes, Alexander.

DAGWOOD: (WEAKLY) Blondie -- what happened -- To Tex.

BLONDIE: He just died in the bunkhouse. Your gun went off when you dropped it, and shot him.

ALEXANDER: The men are talking about lynching you if you live, Pop.

DAGWOOD: That's nice --

BLONDIE: Oh, darling -- I'm so sorry. I wish we'd never come out here.

DAGWOOD: It's too late now.

ALEXANDER: Would you be more comfortable if I took your boots off, Pop?

DAGWOOD: No. You can't get them off anyway -- I tried for two hours before dinner. <sup>last night.</sup>

ALEXANDER: Let me try, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Don't bother. I might as well die with them on. It sounds better that way. (GROANS)

BLONDIE: Does it hurt a lot, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: No, but I think it's just as fatal as if it did.

ALEXANDER: We're going to miss you, Pop.

BLONDIE: Oh, yes, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Take good care of Alexander and Cookie, won't you Blondie?

BLONDIE: Of course, dear.

DAGWOOD: And Daisy and the puppies. And that goat, Barney.

BLONDIE: Yes, Dagwood.

ALEXANDER: I'll wash Barney every day, Pop. <sup>AS A MEMORIAL.</sup>

DAGWOOD: And tell Mr. Dithers that I've appreciated all he's done for me, and see if you can collect that fifteen bucks that Fuddle's been owing me for the last three years...  
(WEAK) Goodbye, Blondie.

(COYOTE HOWLS...FADING)

DAGWOOD: (FADING IN) Now you wouldn't want anything like that to happen, would you, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Oh, of course not, Dagwood.

ALEXANDER: No, Pop -- we wouldn't want that to happen.

DAGWOOD: Well, you can't tell -- that might happen if we spent our vacation on a dude ranch.

BLONDIE: (SIGHS) Well, it was a nice idea. ~~But~~ Dagwood, ~~if~~ did this cowboy really look like GARY COOPER? ~~we're not going there on our vacation -- where are we going?~~

MUSIC.....

WILCOX: Well, ~~I don't know~~, Blondie -- there are still a lot of possibilities left even after the seashore and the dude ranch have been eliminated. We'll see what the Bumsteads decide on in a moment.....Oh, Blondie!

BLONDIE: Yes, Mr. Wilcox!

WILCOX: Suppose somebody you know is a grasshopper girl. Would you expect to find her jumping on a pogo stick, flying an airplane, or driving a hay-rake?

BLONDIE: Well, these days an airplane is always a safe guess.

WILCOX: You're right, too. A "grasshopper" is the army's name for sort of a flying jeep -- a light liaison plane used for carrying messages, speeding up contact between ground forces. They're built largely by girl aircraft workers at the Piper plant, and ferried to army fields by girl pilots. One of these famous "grasshopper girls" is Betty Weaver. Once Betty helped build the planes -- now she works as a regular ferry pilot. Goes without saying that day-in and day-out flying takes mighty steady nerves. And when Betty hops out of a "flying grasshopper" -- what does she want, Blondie!

BLONDIE: I'll bet she wants a slow-burning Camel!

WILCOX: Right! Betty Weaver has said -- QUOTE --

WEAVER VOICE: Yes, of course, I smoke Camels! They have such a grand flavor -- and they're so wonderfully mild, too!

WILCOX: UNQUOTE. And you'll hear the same thing from plenty of army pilots. In fact, 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. These days, with a war of nerves going on around all of us, it's a good idea to take a tip from men under real pressure!

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 see that matchless blending of costlier tobaccos makes a richer-tasting, milder cigarette! And remember to send a carton to that fellow in the service! He'll like 'em as much as you will!

MUSIC.....

WILCOX: Well, here they are -- Blondie, Dagwood, and Alexander -- still trying to think of a good place to go on their vacation...

ALEXANDER: Say, Pop -- how about a trailer trip. That would be fun.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, that might be all right.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, you haven't forgotten what trailers are like, have you?

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

BLONDIE: You know how tiny they are inside. Everything folds into everything else. ~~You step into a little closet~~ and you don't know it's the shower until the water comes sprinkling down on you.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- and that time we drove a trailer it got loose from us and went sailing back down the hill.

ALEXANDER: Oh, boy -- imagine being in a runaway trailer.

BLONDIE: Yes, Alexander, but it wouldn't be so exciting or so much fun if you and Cookie were in it and it was speeding towards a cliff.

ALEXANDER: I guess not. But I've seen it happen in the movies and no one got hurt.



BLONDIE: ~~This wouldn't be like the movies. This would be awful.~~ Besides we'd have to think about tires and gasoline and all that. ~~we might be miles from home and find out we wouldn't be able to get any more gas.~~

DAGWOOD: The trailer trip is out.

ALEXANDER: Well, it was only a suggestion.

DAGWOOD: I've got it, Blondie! Why don't we go on a fishing trip to Lake Soosawoosapooke? ~~have George?~~

BLONDIE: That's fine! I'd like to go somewhere and really catch some fish!

DAGWOOD: I understand they have some real muskies there! Big ones! The kind that can bite a canoe in half with one snap of their jaws.

BLONDIE: Now that sounds exciting to me! How does it sound to you, Alexander?

ALEXANDER: Er -- well, I'd just as soon not go.

DAGWOOD: You mean you don't want to catch any of those muskies and pike and pickereel? Oh, boy -- there's nothing like it!

ALEXANDER: I've been fishing with you before, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?

ALEXANDER: I know just how it would be. We'd go to Lake <sup>George</sup> ~~Soosawoosapooke~~ and go out in a boat with our fishing tackle. Mom, you'd be at one end, and Pop, you'd be at the other, and I'd be in the middle -- rowing. I would be too busy to... (FADING)

(COME UP ON ROWING SOUNDS)

DAGWOOD: Gee, they don't seem to be biting this morning,  
do they?

BLONDIE: No, I've still got the same minnow on my hook I  
started out with. And he's pretty tired, too.

DAGWOOD: Alexander, maybe you'd better row over toward the  
shore a little bit. ~~in the shade.~~

ALEXANDER: (TIRED) Gosh... Okay, Pop.

DAGWOOD: The big ones are probably loafing around under those  
lily pads.

ALEXANDER: I'll bet they aren't. Gee, Pop -- why do we have  
to chase the fish all over the lake. Why can't we  
wait for the fish to come to us?

DAGWOOD: It just isn't done that way, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Gee, that's a fine answer.

BLONDIE: It certainly is lovely out on the lake, isn't it?

ALEXANDER: I guess so -- if you like rowing. Gee, my arms are  
getting awful sore.

BLONDIE: Well, you can stop and rest now, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Thanks, Mom. Whew -- I feel like a galley slave.

DAGWOOD: That's all right, Alexander -- It'll develop your  
muscles and make you into a real he-man.

ALEXANDER: I'd rather have less muscles and more fun.

DAGWOOD: AS LONG AS YOU'RE NOT DOING ANYTHING, ALEXANDER, would you hold this  
BLONDIE: Aren't you having a good time, Alexander? umbrella up for a  
little shade.

ALEXANDER: Nope.

BLONDIE: Well, what did you want to do?

ALEXANDER: I wanted to fish.

BLONDIE: All right, dear -- here -- take my fishpole. You can just fish as much as you want to. (YAWN) move over, Dagwood.

ALEXANDER: This is an outrage!

DAGWOOD: What's the matter?

ALEXANDER: You only let me fish when the fish aren't biting! If you can't catch any fish today, neither can I! It's an injustice! It's not fair. I never get a bre k! (FADING OUT)

BLONDIE: (FADING IN) Why, Alexander, do we ever treat you like that?

ALEXANDER: It happens every time we go fishing. ~~I never get a chance. Pop, you always grab my fishpole when I get a bite!~~

~~Blondie: Well, where would you like to go?  
DAGWOOD: Well, I don't want you to lose the fish, Alexander.~~

ALEXANDER: I'd rather lose him than have you lose him.

DAGWOOD: Hanh?...Oh, well, I wouldn't do it if we took a fishing trip, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: That's what you always say, but the next time we go fishing you're at it again, grabbing my fishpole away from me the same as always.

BLONDIE: Well, we want all of us to have a good time on our vacation, and if you don't want to go on a fishing trip, Alexander, I guess that's out, too.

ALEXANDER: Thanks, Mom.

DAGWOOD: What does that leave us, if anything?

BLONDIE: I'm trying to think.

ALEXANDER: How about going to the mountains?

ALEXANDER: ~~Gee, I'm disappointed. I thought the top of the~~  
mountain would be sharp and pointed like an ice cream  
cone upside down.

DAGWOOD: Hey, watch, Alexander. I'm going to see how far I  
can throw this rock down! Here goes!

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- don't!

DAGWOOD: (GRUNTS) There it goes!!!... Why didn't you want me  
to throw it, Blondie?

BLONDIE: I was afraid of something, but I've got my fingers  
crossed.

(FROM OFF COMES RUMBLING OF AN AVALANCHE BELOW)

BLONDIE: That was it! You started an avalanche!

DAGWOOD: Hey, I did, didn't I? But it can't come down on us --  
we're on the top!

BLONDIE: But look, Dagwood -- the trail down is gone! It's  
been wiped out! We're stuck up here! There's no way  
for us to get down! Oh, Dagwood...!

(AVALANCHE UP...FADES)

BLONDIE: (FADING IN) Now that's all very possible, isn't it,  
Dagwood? You would like to throw a rock from the  
peak of Mount Tiptop, wouldn't you?

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I had been thinking about it.

ALEXANDER: ~~Well, if we're not going to Mount Tiptop,~~ why don't  
we go and visit Stupendous Caverns.

BLONDIE: If we went to Stupendous Caverns one of us would be  
bound to get lost and wander around miles underground  
in the dark with bats and -- brrrr! I don't like to  
think about it.

DAGWOOD: I've got it, Blondie. It's really very simple. We'll go on a camping trip.

BLONDIE: Yes -- why not? We could go camping somewhere around the Devil's Backbone. ~~That's very pretty and it's not awfully far from here.~~

ALEXANDER: Oh-oh.

BLONDIE: What are you saying "oh-oh" about?

ALEXANDER: You want me to tell you what would happen if we went camping near the Devil's Backbone?

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- what would happen?

ALEXANDER: Well, Pop -- we'd probably drive the car into the woods somewhere and pitch our tent. I'd catch some fish -- as long as you didn't help me -- and we'd have them for dinner. Then later that night we'd be sitting around by a little campfire...(FADING)

(COME UP ON CRACKING OF SMALL FIRE)

(CRICKETS)

DAGWOOD: Boy, it certainly is wonderful around here. Peace and quiet. Ah -- what luxury.

BLONDIE: Yes, it is nice. And those fish you caught were very good, Alexander.

ALEXANDER: Thanks, Mom. ~~I'd have caught a lot more if I hadn't wasted time trying that bait that you gave me, Pop.~~

DAGWOOD: All right, all right -- I'll admit you're the fisherman in the family.

ALEXANDER: Thanks, Pop -- I'll admit I am, too.

DAGWOOD: Hmmmm... Well, anyway, it certainly is nice here.

(SLAP)

DAGWOOD: A few mosquitoes, but that's all. They're big ones, though.

(PLANE IN DISTANCE)

BLONDIE: Is that a mosquito I hear now?

DAGWOOD: Yep. I can recognize that one. I just batted him away.

(PLANE COMES OVER VERY LOW AND VERY LOUD)

ALEXANDER: ~~That's the first mosquito I ever heard with a motor in it.~~  
Holy smoke! Listen to that!

BLONDIE: ~~That's the biggest mosquito I ever heard!~~

(ROCKET GOES UP OFF)

ALEXANDER: Look! A rocket!

DAGWOOD: My gosh! You don't suppose that could be a big firefly, do you?

BLONDIE: I don't suppose so!

DAGWOOD: I didn't really think so.

(MACHINE GUNS OFF)

BLONDIE: I don't suppose those are woodpeckers, either.

(EXPLOSIONS START GOING OFF...GUNS OF ALL SORTS)

(TANK STARTS UP OFF)

DAGWOOD: Holy Pete! What's going on around here!

BLONDIE: Dagwood, I'm afraid we drove right into an army maneuver ground! They're having night maneuvers!

(MORE PLANES DRONE OVER)

DAGWOOD: That's right -- I remember one of the armored divisions was training here!

ALEXANDER: Hey, Pop! Look out! Here comes a tank!

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- it is a tank!

(CRASHING OF TREES ALONG WITH SOUND OF TANK)

DAGWOOD: It's heading right for our car!

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood! It'll be ruined!

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) Look out for the tires! Hey! Don't run over the tires!

(CRASH, SMASH, BANG)

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh! It's ruined! What kind of a vacation is this!!!???

(TANK SOUNDS FADE)

DAGWOOD: (FADING IN) I guess camping out around the Devil's Backbone wouldn't be so good.

ALEXANDER: Gee, where are we going to go on our vacation?

DAGWOOD: It doesn't seem as though it would be safe to go any further away from home than a couple of blocks.

BLONDIE: I've got an idea. It's something we've all talked about lots of times, but we've never done it.

DAGWOOD: What's that, Blondie?

BLONDIE: Stay right at home for our vacation. Take things easy in our own backyard. Just relax.

DAGWOOD: Gee, I'd have time to work on some of my inventions. I've always wanted to perfect a couple of things I've started on down in the cellar.

BLONDIE: And I don't want to see our Victory Garden go to weeds, and it would if we went on a vacation for three weeks. ~~Besides, Cookie would be a problem whenever we went.~~

ALEXANDER: Gosh, I could go fishing and swimming and everything with some of my friends around here. We'd have a swell time, and we could keep on eating Mom's cooking, too, Pop.

*Blondie:* Fine VACATION I'll have.  
DAGWOOD: That's right. We can spend our vacation right at the Bumstead residence on Shady Lane Avenue. Gee, it'll be wonderful!

BLONDIE: Well, you know the old saying -- "There's no place like home" -- and I guess ~~that goes for vacations as well as anything else.~~

MUSIC:



WILCOX: And now Blondie has a mighty important announcement from the government!

BLONDIE: Yes, I have, Mr. Wilcox. I want to ask you all to do what Dagwood and I have done -- to join the Ten Per Cent Club. I guess it's the biggest club that anybody ever got together. Why, just on Shady Lane Avenue alone you can see those bull's-eye stickers in nearly every window -- and what's true on Shady Lane Avenue is going to be true on every Main Street and Boulevard in America. Why, even men in the Army and Navy are joining -- on top of all they're doing already! Join tomorrow -- won't you?

WILCOX: Here's how. Sign up -- where you work -- to have ten per cent deducted from your pay for War Bonds. If you can't do that, put ten per cent of your income -- regularly, every week -- into War Bonds. Get them at your bank, post-office, savings and loan association, or mail your order and check directly to the Treasury Department, Washington, D.C. Wear your ten per cent club button -- put up your sticker in the window! Get your friends to join!

Blondie is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood is Arthur Lake. Musical interludes are composed and conducted by William Artzt.

You know, the Bumsteads -- Blondie, Dagwood, Alexander and Cookie, too -- are going to take a vacation, so you won't be hearing them during the summer months. They'll be back with you again in the fall and -- but just a minute, I think they have something they want to say to you themselves.

BLONDIE: Thank you, Mr. Wilcox... Well, we just wanted to thank you -- all of you -- for being so nice to us. We're looking forward to our vacation at home, but we're going to miss you this summer.

DAGWOOD: But we'll be back again in the fall.. Some time in September.

ALEXANDER: September twenty-eighth, Pop.

DAGWOOD: Hah. Oh, yeah -- September twenty-eighth.

ALEXANDER: But we'll let you know in advance.

DAGWOOD: And we want to thank you for all the swell letters you've sent us.

BLONDIE: That's right. We've certainly appreciated hearing from you and we want to wish you all a very wonderful summer. Well, goodbye.

ALEXANDER: We'll be seeing you.

DAGWOOD: Goodbye.

BLONDIE: Say "bye-bye", Cookie. Come on, dear -- you can say "bye-bye", can't you.

COOKIE: Bye-bye.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) Oh, that's wonderful. Come on now, Dagwood -- Come on, Alexander. We've got some weeding to do in our Victory Garden.

WILCOX: Starting next Monday at this same time Camel Cigarettes brings you Vaughn Monroe and his band with a new show. Don't forget to tune in next Monday night to hear Vaughn Monroe and the most popular new band in America today -- with a half hour of catchy, swingy danceable tunes.

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

WILCOX: The Camel Caravans have given over seven hundred performances to date. More than two hundred seventy-five of these shows were given for the boys in the camp hospitals. During the coming week, fifteen camps will be visited by the Camel Caravans, including Fort Perry, Ohio, Fort Lewis, Washington, Camp Wheeler, Georgia and ~~Fort~~ Fort Bragg, North Carolina. 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:

Say, pipe-smokers, you'll hear plenty of dimes ringing on the counters these days! They're buying George Washington -- America's biggest value in smoking pleasure. Yes, sir -- I said big! It's a blue two and a quarter ounce package -- costs just ten cents. George Washington is mild, mellow and tasty, too, right down to the last puff at the bottom of the bowl. Get a big package of George Washington tomorrow. You'll like it!