

MUSTON

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, AUGUST 21, 1939

6:30 - 7:00 P.M.

GOODWIN: DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL....THIS IS THE STATION....RELAX.....
LISTEN TO BLONDIE.

ORCHESTRA: (IN WITH THEME....EIGHT BARS....THEN UNDER:)

GOODWIN: YOU KNOW, IN A CIGARETTE THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY NICE ABOUT GETTING EXTRA SMOKING FOR YOUR MONEY.... 'SPECIALLY WHEN IT'S SMOKING PLEASURE AT ITS BEST. AND THAT'S JUST WHAT YOU GET IN CAMELS. THE DELICATE FLAVOR AND FRAGRANCE THAT ONLY CAMEL'S MATCHLESS BLEND OF LONG-BURNING COSTLIER TOBACCOS CAN GIVE. THE WELCOME MILDNESS AND COOLNESS OF A SMOKE THAT IS FREE FROM THE IRRITATING QUALITIES OF TOO-FAST BURNING. AND ALL THIS SUPREME SMOKING ENJOYMENT CAMELS GIVE YOU -- TOGETHER WITH EXTRA SMOKING. RECENT IMPARTIAL LABORATORY TESTS SHOW THAT BY BURNING TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE FIFTEEN OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED -- SLOWER THAN ANY OF THEM -- CAMELS GIVE A SMOKING PLUS EQUAL TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKE PER PACK.

SO START TODAY TO ENJOY THE ^{DE SURE} LUXURY OF SMOKING FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS -- AND TO ENJOY THE REMARKABLE ECONOMY OF CAMEL'S LONG-BURNING ^{FROM} PENNY FOR PENNY CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

ORCHESTRA: (UP FOR CURTAIN....OUT)

GOODWIN: AND NOW FOR OUR WEEKLY VISIT WITH THE BUMSTEADS. IN HER SHINING KITCHEN, BLONDIE IS HUMMING HAPPILY TO HERSELF AS SHE EXPERTLY BLENDS A LITTLE OF THIS AND A LITTLE OF THAT INTO A HASH FOR SUPPER. (BLONDIE HUMS SOFTLY) BABY DUMPLING HAS HAD A SNACK EARLIER AND IS VISITING AT THE FUDDLES NEXT DOOR. DAGWOOD SEEMS TO BE A LITTLE LATE...PERHAPS THAT'S HIS STEP ON THE PORCH NOW.

DAG: (AWAY) BLOONNDDIIEE. HI...LET ME IN, WILL YOU? MY ARMS ARE FULL.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD...WHAT ON EARTH...

DAG: TAKE THIS PAPER BAG THAT'S UNDER MY LEFT ARM...QUICK.

BLONDIE: I'VE GOT IT...WHAT'S THIS HUGE THING YOU HAVE HERE...

DAG: WAIT...WAIT TILL I SET IT DOWN ON THE FLOOR. (THUMP)
WHEW!

BLONDIE: MY GOODNESS, DAGWOOD. CARRYING A HEAVY THING LIKE THAT.

DAG: WELL, THEY COULDN'T DELIVER IT IN TIME FOR DINNER.

BLONDIE: WE DON'T NEED ANYTHING FOR DINNER, DAGWOOD. WE'RE HAVING HASH.

DAG: WELL, I THOUGHT WE OUGHT TO HAVE SOMETHING BETTER THAN HASH FOR COMPANY --

BLONDIE: COMPANY? OH, DAGWOOD! YOU HAVEN'T INVITED ANYONE TONIGHT, HAVE YOU?

DAG: WELL, IN A WAY. I SAID "YOU MUST COME OUT SOMETIME" AND HE SAID HE'D COME TONIGHT.

BLONDIE: WHO SAID?

DAG: DITHERS...

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD! DO YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU'VE INVITED YOUR BOSS TO DINNER AND NEVER TOLD ME A WORD ABOUT IT UNTIL TEN MINUTES PAST SIX?

DAG: WELL -- SEE -- HE DIDN'T TELL ME TILL FIVE...

BLONDIE: YOU MIGHT HAVE PHONED ME, DAGWOOD...I COULD HAVE HAD A NICE DINNER -- AND FLOWERS ON THE TABLE...

DAG: OH, I THOUGHT OF FLOWERS...STOPPING AT THE FLORIST IS WHAT MADE ME KINDA LATE.

BLONDIE: WELL...WHAT DID YOU BUY AT THE FLORIST SHOP?

DAG: THAT...ON THE FLOOR. SEE MR. DITHERS GETS HAYFEVER FROM SOME FLOWERS BUT I COULDN'T REMEMBER WHICH ONES, SO I PLAYED SAFE AND GOT THIS.

BLONDIE: THAT HEAVY THING? WHY IT MUST BE A SMALL TREE.

DAG: NO, NO...LOOK IT! (TEARS PAPER) SEE? IT'S A RUBBER PLANT.

BLONDIE: THAT'S JUST DANDY! OF COURSE IT'S TOO HEAVY TO GO ON THE TABLE BUT MR. DITHERS CAN SIT UNDER IT AND EAT HASH.

DAG: WE WON'T HAVE TO EAT HASH, BLONDIE. I BOUGHT EVERYTHING WE NEED...HERE'S A LEMON PIE.

BLONDIE: IT'S A FUNNY SHAPE.

DAG: YEA; IT DID GET A LITTLE BENT...BUT LOOK AT THESE!...
SQUAB!

BLONDIE: WELL, THAT'S BETTER, IF I HAVE TIME TO COOK THEM! WHAT TIME IS MR. DITHERS COMING?

DAG: (VAGUELY) OH, HE'LL BE ALONG...I...ER...THINK HE SAID SIX...OR SIX THIRTY...SOMEWHERE ALONG THERE.

BLONDIE: MY GOODNESS! AND IT'S PAST SIX THIS MINUTE! HERE...PUT ON THIS APRON.

DAG: SURE...SURE. WHAT FOR?

BLONDIE: NOW PEEL THOSE POTATOES AND DON'T LEAVE THE EYES IN THEM LIKE YOU DID LAST TIME! NOW LET'S SEE...FOUR SQUAB! MY, BUT ONE OF THESE IS SMALL!

DAG: THEY WERE ALL THE MAN HAD, WE COULD PUT THE LITTLE ONE UP ON A COUPLE OF POTATOES...JUST FOR A FLASH.

BLONDIE: THAT CAN BE THE EXTRA ONE THEN! ONE A PIECE -- AND THAT ONE OVER.

DAG: WHY, NO, HONEY. SEE...YOU AND ME -- THAT'S TWO -- AND MR. AND MRS. DITHERS -- THAT MAKES FOUR.

BLONDIE: MRS. DITHERS? OH, DAGWOOD! NO! SHE ISN'T COMING, TOO, IS SHE?

DAG: DIDN'T I TELL YOU?

BLONDIE: YOU CERTAINLY DID NOT! OH, DAGWOOD -- DO YOU REALIZE WHAT IT MEANS TO ENTERTAIN A STRANGE WOMAN THAT YOU'VE NEVER MET...WITHOUT NOTICE?

DAG: NOW DON'T WORRY, HONEY! DITHERS IS THE ONE WE HAVE TO PLEASE. I BET SHE IS AFRAID TO OPEN HER MOUTH WHEN HE'S AROUND.

BLONDIE: I BET SHE KEEPS HER EYES OPEN, THOUGH. ALL WOMEN DO! AND WHEN SHE SEES THIS DINNER...

DAG: IT'S GOING TO BE A FINE DINNER...AND NOW THAT I'M HELPING, WE'LL HAVE IT WAITING WHEN THEY GET HERE.

BLONDIE: I HOPE THEY'RE LATE. DAGWOOD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO THOSE POTATOES?

DAG: PEELING THEM! LOOK! I'VE GOT A SYSTEM! ONE SLICE ON EACH SIDE AND ONE ACROSS EACH END AND THE POTATO IS ALL PEELED!

BLONDIE: YOU MEAN IT'S ALL GONE! PEEL THEM THINNER, DAGWOOD!
OH, DEAR! I DON'T SEE WHY YOU HAD TO ASK THOSE PEOPLE
TO DINNER TONIGHT.

DAG: OH...I DIDN'T TELL YOU?

BLONDIE: NO, DAGWOOD! IT...IT...ISN'T MORE BAD NEWS, IS IT?

DAG: WELL...THAT DEPENDS.

BLONDIE: DEPENDS? DEPENDS ON WHAT?

DAG: WELL, ON WHAT HAPPENS TONIGHT. IT'S LIKE THIS, BLONDIE.
I JUST FOUND OUT TODAY THAT DITHERS IS GOING TO MAKE
SOME CHANGES AROUND THE OFFICE...HE'S GOING TO LET TWO
OF US GO.

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD.

DAG: YEAH...BUT THEN HE'S GOING TO COMBINE THE THREE
DEPARTMENTS UNDER ONE MAN. WELL...I'D RATHER BE THE ONE
MAN THAT STAYED AND GOT THE BETTER JOB THAN BE THE TWO
MEN WHO GET FIRED!

BLONDIE: YOU COULDN'T BE THE TWO MEN WHO GOT FIRED, DAGWOOD...
I MEAN...HE WOULDN'T LET YOU GO, WOULD HE?

DAG: I DON'T KNOW. THE OTHER FELLOWS FOUND OUT SOONER THAN
I DID, AND THEY'VE BEEN ENTERTAINING DITHERS AND ALL
SO...I...I THOUGHT IT WOULDN'T DO ANY HARM TO HAVE HIM
OUT TO DINNER OR SOMETHING.

BLONDIE: YOU POOR BOY! I'M SORRY I WAS SO CROSS, DAGWOOD...WELL,
I'LL DO MY SHARE, DAGWOOD.

DAG: I KNOW, HONEY! GOSH...YOU ALWAYS COME THROUGH!

BLONDIE: IF ONLY HE WON'T COME TOO SOON!

SOUND: DOOR BELL

BLONDIE: OH, DEAR...THERE HE IS.

DAG: MAYBE NOT. MAYBE IT'S FUDDLE -- OR SOMEONE!

BLONDIE: NO, DAGWOOD...YOU KNOW FUDDLES' RING! HE ALWAYS RINGS
DUM TIDDY DUM DUM. TUM TUM. HE THINKS IT'S FUNNY.

DAG: YEA. (BELL AGAIN, LONGER) I GUESS IT'S DITHERS.

BLONDIE: WELL, HE'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT FOR DINNER. LET HIM IN,
DAGWOOD! DON'T LET HIM OUT IN THE KITCHEN! TAKE OFF
THAT APRON...AND...AND TRY TO SMILE AT HIM!

DAG: (FADES) OKAY...(BELL FURIOUSLY, LOUDER)
(COMING IN AGAIN) I'M COMING -- I'M COMING.

BLONDIE: (WELL OFF) SMILE, DAGWOOD!

DAG: (IN) HUH? OH, YEAH. (DOOR OPENS) HIYAH, MR. DITHERS?

DITHERS: (BARKING) HELLO! DON'T THAT BELL RING?

DAG: OH, SURE, SURE...COME IN, COME IN! GLAD TO SEE YOU.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

DITHERS: WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING AT?

DAG: I'M NOT...I'M JUST...SMILING, I GUESS.

DITHERS: YOU LOOK SILLY! THE WORLD IS FULL OF GRINNING IDIOTS,
CAME OUT ON THE BUS WITH ONE! LAUGHED AT HIS OWN JOKES...
VERY ANNOYING.

DAG: I KNOW. HE MAKES ME NERVOUS, TOO!

DITHERS: WHAT? FRIEND OF YOURS?

DAG: OH, NO...BUT I JUST KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN! ER -- I DIDN'T
KNOW YOU RODE ON BUSES --

DITHERS: WIFE HAS THE CAR. SOME MEETING SHE WENT TO. SHE'LL BE
LATE! WHY THE APRON, BUMSTEAD?

DAG: APRON? OH, YEA...I CAN'T GET IT UNTIED...IT'S KNOTTED.

DITHERS: IS DINNER READY?

DAG: WELL, ER...NOT QUITE. I WASN'T SURE IF YOU SAID SIX OR SIX THIRTY.

DITHERS: YOU DON'T LISTEN, BUMSTEAD! I SAID SIX AND THAT MEANT SIX. YOU KNOW ME, "ON-THE-DOT-DITHERS." WORK! SLEEP! EAT! ON SCHEDULE. THAT'S MY RULE FOR SUCCESS...AND GOOD HEALTH. GOT ANY BICARBONATE OF SODA?

DAG: OH, GOSH. ANOTHER ATTACK OF DYSPEPSIA?

DITHERS: NO...SAME ONE! WHERE'S THAT BICARB?

DAG: WELL, ER -- OUT IN THE KITCHEN -- I GUESS...SIT DOWN AND I'LL BRING IT.

DITHERS: NONSENSE! GET IT MYSELF -- (GOING) WHEN I WANT A THING I WANT IT NOW.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

BLONDIE: FOR GOODNESS SAKE, DAGWOOD, DON'T -- (SEES DITHERS) OH, IT'S YOU, MR. DITHERS! WELL -- WHAT A NICE SURPRISE!

DITHERS: HELLO; WHAT MAKES IT SO HOT OUT HERE?

DAG: (COMING IN) MAYBE IT'S THE STOVE.

DITHERS: OF COURSE IT'S THE STOVE! STOVE'S TOO HIGH, BLONDIE! MY CHEF AT THE CLUB COOKS EVERYTHING WITH A LOW FLAME.

BLONDIE: WELL -- OF COURSE -- WHEN THERE'S LOTS OF TIME...

DITHERS: THAT CHEF KNOWS HIS BUSINESS. WE PAY HIM PLENTY...BEATS HOME COOKING ALL HOLLOW. NO WOMAN CAN COOK LIKE A REAL CHEF.

BLONDIE: NOT EVEN MRS. DITHERS?

DITHERS: CORINTHIA HASN'T SEEN THE INSIDE OF A KITCHEN FOR YEARS. TOO MANY FADS!

DAG: HERE'S YOUR BICARBONATE OF SODA -- (GLASS AND SPOON)
 DRINK IT RIGHT DOWN.

DITHERS: I KNOW WHAT TO DO! WELL, HERE'S TO SUCCESS! (DRINKS)
 AHH...BRRR. THAT STUFF HASN'T THE KICK IT USED TO HAVE.

BLONDIE: WHY DON'T YOU TAKE MR. DITHERS BACK TO THE LIVING ROOM
 WHERE IT'S COOLER, DAGWOOD?

DITHERS: DON'T LIKE THE LIVING ROOM! TOO QUIET! MAKES ME
 NERVOUS. WHAT'S IN THAT OVEN?

BLONDIE: SQUAB. DO YOU LIKE SQUAB, MR. DITHERS?

DITHERS: WHEN IT'S DONE PROPERLY. I ALWAYS TELL THE CHEF AT THE
 CLUB HOW I WANT MINE. LET'S LOOK IN THE OVEN. (OVEN
 DOOR OPENS) HMMPH. ONION IN THE DRESSING?

BLONDIE: JUST A TINY BIT.

DITHERS: CORINTHIA WON'T EAT ONIONS! (OVEN CLOSES)

BLONDIE: OH, DEAR, I'M SORRY!

DITHERS: JUST ANOTHER FAD! RHYTHMIC DANCING...ASTROLOGY...ALL
 FADS.

DAG: ASTROLOGY, HUH?

DITHERS: THAT'S HER LATEST. I HUMOR HER A LITTLE! THE WEAKER
 SEX, YOU KNOW. HAVE TO HUMOR THEM A LITTLE, BUMSTEAD!

DAG: HUH? OH, YEA...I -- I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT.

DITHERS: CERTAINLY I'M RIGHT! I KEEP HER HAPPY -- BUT I LET HER
 KNOW WHO'S BOSS!

SOUND: BELL RINGS...LOUD FIRM BELL RING

DITHERS: ER -- MAYBE THAT'S CORINTHIA NOW! (BELL AGAIN) (FIRM
 POUNING ON DOOR) YES, THAT'S WHO IT IS...ER -- HURRY,
 BUMSTEAD, AND OPEN THE DOOR.

DAG: SURE...I...(BELL AGAIN FURIOUSLY)

DITHERS: I -- I'LL OPEN IT. (GOING) CORINTHIA DOESN'T LIKE TO BE KEPT WAITING.

DAG: GOSH, BLONDIE...IT IS HOT OUT HERE...I WISH I COULD HELP.

BLONDIE: RUN ALONG, DEAR. THIS IS A JOB FOR THE WEAKER SEX.

DAG: AW, ~~I DON'T THINK YOU'RE THE WEAKER SEX~~. I THINK YOU'RE SWELL.

BLONDIE: I KNOW, DEAR. I'LL KISS YOU WHEN I GET TIME. GO ON NOW, AND WELCOME MRS. DITHERS.

DAG: OKAY. (DOOR OPENS) (DOOR CLOSES)

DITHERS: (FADING IN) BUT LOOK HERE, CORINTHIA. LISTEN NOW, PETTY.

MRS. D: YOU MIGHT AT LEAST HAVE MET ME AT THE CORNER.

DITHERS: WELL -- BUT, PETTY -- HOW COULD I KNOW YOU HAD TO WALK?

MRS. D: I TOLD YOU THIS MORNING IT WOULD BE A BAD DAY FOR ME. THE ASPECTS WERE ALL WRONG. MY MOON WAS IN THE WRONG HOUSE FOR TRAVEL.

DITHERS: CERTAINLY, MY DEAR. THAT'S RIGHT...YOU SHOULD HAVE STAYED HOME.

MRS. D: WHAT? YOU MEAN YOU DON'T WANT ME HERE?

DITHERS: NOW, NOW, PETTY.

MRS. D: NOW DON'T PETTY ME! I CAME OUT HERE AT THE RISK OF LIFE AND LIMB TO HELP YOU AND THIS IS MY THANKS! WHERE WOULD YOUR BUSINESS BE TODAY, JULIUS CAESAR DITHERS...IF IT WEREN'T FOR MY ADVICE?

DITHERS: THAT'S RIGHT, MY DEAR. QUITE RIGHT.

MRS. D: RHYTHMIC BREATHING GAVE ME THE POWER TO PUT YOU IN THE CONSTRUCTION BUSINESS -- NUMEROLOGY BOUGHT OUT THAT GOOD-FOR-NOTHING PARTNER -- AND NOW ASTROLOGY WILL CARRY YOU TO THE ZENITH.

DITHERS: WELL, MY DEAR, BUT -- CORRECT ME IF I'M WRONG -- BUT
ISN'T YOUR ASTROLOGY CUTTING DOWN BUSINESS NOW? YOU WANT
ME TO FIRE TWO GOOD MEN AND...

MRS. D: AND PUT A THIRD IN A PLACE WHERE HE CAN DO YOU SOME REAL
GOOD. DO YOU THINK YOU ARE WISER THAN THE STARS, JULIUS?

DITHERS: WELL, THE CONSTRUCTION BUSINESS IS A PECULIAR GAME AND...

MRS. D: WILL YOU DO AS I SAY OR NOT?

DITHERS: YES, MY DEAR -- CERTAINLY.

DAG: GOSH!

MRS. D: WHAT? WHO IS THIS, JULIUS?

DITHERS: THIS IS ER -- BUMSTEAD, DEAR. OUR -- ER -- HOST.

MRS. D: LOOKS JUST LIKE I THOUGHT HE WOULD FROM HIS HOROSCOPE.

DAG: I DO? OH, MY!

DITHERS: HAVE YOU BEEN -- ER -- LISTENING TO OUR -- ER --
CONVERSATION, BUMSTEAD?

DAG: WELL -- I -- YESSIR. I DID HEAR A FEW THINGS.

MRS. D: AN EAVESDROPPER, TOO!

DAG: WELL, GOSH. THIS IS MY HOUSE -- AND I JUST CAME IN TO
SAY HELLO...BUT NOBODY NOTICED ME.

MRS. D: YOU ARE NOT THE TYPE TO ATTRACT NOTICE, MR. BUMSTEAD.
YOUR HOROSCOPE SHOWS THAT.

DAG: IT DOES?

MRS. D: OH, YES. YOUR SATURN IS SQUARE TO THE SUN, WITH NEPTUNE
TRINE TO YOUR MOON IN THE FIFTH HOUSE. QUITE HOPELESS,
OF COURSE!

DAG: OH, MY. ARE YOU SURE?

MRS. D: DEFINITELY. IF I HAVE YOUR BIRTHDAY CORRECT! IS THIS
IT?

DAG: YEA -- APRIL FIRST!

MRS. D: AND THE YEAR IS CORRECT?

DAG: WAIT -- I HAVE TO COUNT BACK. (MUTTERS FAST) YEA,
THAT'S RIGHT.

MRS. D: THEN, MR. BUMSTEAD, YOU ARE A DREAMER WITH NO EXECUTIVE
ABILITY. YOU HAVE BEEN WASTING YOUR TIME -- AND OURS --
IN THE CONSTRUCTION BUSINESS.

DAG: MR. DITHERS. DO YOU BELIEVE THAT I -- I'VE BEEN WASTING
MY TIME?

DITHERS: I -- ER ---

MRS. D: PLEASE DON'T APPEAL TO MR. DITHERS! HE'S SO EMOTIONAL!
PISCES, YOU KNOW.

DAG: OH -- PISCES, HUH? WELL, THEN I GUESS I'M SUNK.

MRS. D: THE STARS DO NOT COMPEL, YOUNG MAN. YOU CAN RISE TO
MODERATE SUCCESS -- IN SOME OTHER FIELD.

DAG: I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO.

MRS. D: YOU MIGHT MAKE A PASSABLE TREE SURGEON.

DAG: BUT I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT TREE SURGEONING.

MRS. D: WELL -- I CAN'T BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT. COME, JULIUS,
WE MUST GO...

DAG: (WEAKLY) OH -- ER -- DON'T -- ER -- RUN AWAY SO SOON.

DITHERS: I'M SORRY, BUMSTEAD. I'LL MISS YOU AROUND THE OFFICE.

DAG: THEN I'M REALLY FIRED? OH, BLOONDIE!

DITHERS: NOW DON'T DISTURB YOUR WIFE.

BLONDIE: (AWAY) JUST A MINUTE, DAGWOOD.

DAG: LISTEN -- JUST WAIT TILL YOU SEE BLONDIE, MRS. DITHERS.
SHE'LL TELL YOU I'M NOT SUCH A BAD GUY...AND...

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) OH HELLO. I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU,
MRS. DITHERS. MY -- LOOK AT YOUR SHOES! ALL COVERED
WITH -- PLASTER OR SOMETHING.

MRS. D: MORTAR! NONE OF THESE MEN NOTICED THAT OF COURSE. ALL
BUSY WITH THEIR OWN AFFAIRS.

BLONDIE: I'LL GET YOU SOME SLIPPERS RIGHT AWAY...

MRS. D: I'M AFRAID I CAN'T STAY...

BLONDIE: OH, YOU MUST (GOING) I WON'T BE BUT A MINUTE.

DITHERS: HOW DID YOU GET MORTAR ON YOUR SHOES, CORINTHIA?

MRS. D: I WALKED IN IT ^{AND I CAN SCRAPE IT OFF} THERE'S A DISGRACEFUL CONDITION IN
FRONT OF A NEW BUILDING JUST DOWN THE STREET. MORTAR
ALL OVER THE SIDEWALK! AND TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE --
WHEN I FOUND I'D RUINED MY SHOES IN MORTAR -- SOME
IDIOTIC MAN CALLED OUT TO ME "DON'T BE MORTARFIED, LADY."
AND THEN LAUGHED MOST ANNOYINGLY.

DAG: FUDDLE!

MRS. D: WHAT? SOMEONE YOU KNOW? A FRIEND OF YOURS?

DAG: NO NO...OH NO!

DITHERS: BUT YOU DISTINCTLY SAID...

DAG: (QUICKLY) PUDDLE! I SAID PUDDLE...PUDDLE OF MORTAR
YOU KNOW!

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) HERE WE ARE...JUST SLIP THESE ON, MRS.
DITHERS. I'LL HAVE YOUR SHOES DRY IN NO TIME. THEN WE
CAN SCRAPE THEM OFF.

MRS. D: I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN GET THESE SLIPPERS ON.

BLONDIE: WHAT? WITH YOUR TINY FEET? OH MY!...OF COURSE YOU CAN.

MRS. D: WHY --- THEY DO GO ON!

BLONDIE: I KNEW THEY WOULD. NOW YOU JUST REST, MRS. DITHERS ---
AND IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'LL HAVE DINNER READY IN NO
TIME.

MRS. D: WELL - I DON'T THINK WE SHOULD DINE HERE, JULIUS ---
UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES.

BLONDIE: (AWAY) YOU CAN'T GO TILL YOUR SHOES ARE DRY. DINNER
SOON.

MRS. D: HMM. QUITE A NICE GIRL. I'M SURPRISED.

DAG: GOSH, I HATE TO TELL HER -- YOU-KNOW-WHAT.

DITHERS: CAN'T YOU FIND ANY HOPE FOR BUMSTEAD, CORINTHIA?

MRS. D: WELL --- HE WAS BORN ON THE CUSP -- WEREN'T YOU, MR.
BUMSTEAD?

DAG: NO, MAM. ON EUCLID AVENUE.

MRS. D: THE CUSP IS A POSITION BETWEEN TWO SIGNS.

DITHERS: DOES THAT HELP ANY?

MRS. D: WELL -- IT MIGHT. WHEN WAS YOUR WIFE BORN?

DAG: SEPTEMBER NINTH.

MRS. D: A VIRGO. HMM --- THAT'S GOOD! THAT HELPS!

DAG: YEA -- I KNEW BLONDIE WOULD HELP SOMEHOW.

MRS. D: BUT ON THE OTHER HAND...

DAG: OH GOSH!...IS THERE ANOTHER HAND?

MRS. D: DECIDEDLY. I FOUND ANOTHER INFLUENCE IN YOUR LIFE!
VERY BAD! A CAPRICORN. THAT'S THE GOAT, YOU KNOW.

DAG: I DON'T KNOW ANY GOATS -- HONEST!

MRS. D: THIS PERSON -- MALE OF COURSE -- IS THE PRACTICAL JOKER TYPE. HE WOULD CAUSE YOU TO NEGLECT YOUR WORK. WASTE TIME WITH SILLY IDEAS.

DAG: OH, I HAVEN'T ANY FRIEND LIKE THAT.

MRS. D: IT'S VERY STRANGE. I SAW HIM IN YOUR HOROSCOPE. A RELATIVE OR NEIGHBOR.

DAG: NEIGHBOR? OH GOSH!

DITHERS: KNOW WHO IT IS NOW, BUMSTEAD?

DAG: NO. NO...

MRS. D: THINK, BUMSTEAD! *No large bearded person in your life.*
~~PROBABLY A LARGE MAN WITH A BLONDE~~
MUSTACHE -- LIKE THE MAN WHO LAUGHED AT ME DOWN THE STREET.

DAG: I -- I CAN'T THINK OF ANYONE.

MRS. D: WELL, I MIGHT BE WRONG. AND IN THAT CASE, THE GOOD INFLUENCE OF YOUR WIFE...

DITHERS: THERE'S HOPE, BUMSTEAD.

DAG: YEAH...YEAH...

MRS. D: YES -- ON THE WHOLE -- WITH YOUR WIFE'S HELP, AND
WITHOUT THE CAPRICORN PRACTICAL JOKER (BELL RINGS)
(DUM TIDDY UM TUM DUM DUM)

(SILENCE) COUNT THREE

DITHERS: WHAT WAS THAT?

DAG: OH -- NOTHING. I DIDN'T HEAR ANYTHING.

DITHERS: I THOUGHT I HEARD THE DOOR BELL.

DAG: OH, NO. NO. NEXT DOOR MAYBE. (RAP ON DOOR) (SAME
RYTHM)

MRS. D: THAT'S A RAP ON THE DOOR!..YOUR DOOR, MR. BUMSTEAD.
DITHERS: SOUNDS LIKE SOME SILLY FOOL WHO THINKS IT'S FUNNY TO
RAP THAT WAY.
DAG: YEA...YEA...JUST SOME -- SOME KID, I GUESS.
MRS. D: WELL, GO AND SEE!
DAG: NO, NO...BETTER TO JUST -- ER -- OVERLOOK IT. (BELL AGAIN)
(SAME BREAK)
MRS. D: ~~THAT'S THE WAY THE GOAT MAN WOULD RING.~~ ARE YOU SURE
YOU DON'T KNOW ¹⁸⁶⁰ ~~ANYONE~~ THAT...
DAG: NO...OF COURSE NOT...WHY THE IDEA...
BLONDIE: (AWAY) DAGWOOD! THAT'S MR. FUDDLE AT THE DOOR. YOU
KNOW HIS RING.
MRS. D: SO!
DITHERS: FUDDLE, EH? (DOOR OPENS)
FUDDLE: (CALLING...AWAY) WHAT'S THE MATTER? EVERYONE DEEF?
DAG: ER -- JUST THE MAN NEXT DOOR...WE DON'T LIKE HIM. (FADES)
HE WON'T STAY LONG.
FUDDLE: HI, DAG, OLD PAL.
DAG: ER -- SEE ME TOMORROW, FUDDLE. I --- ER -- WE'VE GOT
COMPANY AND...
FUDDLE: GREAT NEWS, OLD BOY. LET THE COMPANY HEAR IT, TOO.
DAG: NO, NO..ER..TOMORROW MAYBE.
FUDDLE: WHAT'S THE MATTER, DAG? YOU'RE GETTING AS CRABBY AS
THAT OLD GOAT YOU'RE WORKING FOR.
DAG: SHHH. HE'S HERE. I MEAN -- MR. DITHERS IS MY COMPANY.

FUDDLE: LEMME GET A LOOK AT HIM, I WANT TO SEE IF HE'S AS BAD
AS YOU CLAIM.

DITHERS: I THINK, CORINTHIA, WE'VE HEARD ENOUGH.

MRS. D: MORE THAN ENOUGH...

FUDDLE: (COMING IN) DON'T GO, FOLKS. ALL IN FUN. SO YOU'RE
SIMON LEGREE, HUH? WHERE'D YOU LEAVE YOUR WHIP? (LAUGHS)

DITHERS: BAH.

FUDDLE: HOW'S THAT?

DITHERS: BAH SIR. BAH!

FUDDLE: BAH? I MUST HAVE MADE YOU FEEL SHEEPISH (LAUGHS
UPROAROUSLY) GET IT? BAH! SHEEP! (LAUGHS)

MRS. D: THAT LAUGH! IT'S THE MAN WHO LAUGHED AT ME DOWN THE
STREET.

DITHERS: IT'S THE IDIOT WHO ANNOYED ME ON THE BUS.

MRS. D: IT'S THE GOAT-MAN. THE BAD INFLUENCE IN BUMSTEAD'S LIFE!
YOU SEE, JULIUS?

DITHERS: YOU'RE RIGHT, MY DEAR! THIS SETTLES IT, BUMSTEAD!
YOU'RE FIRED.

DAG: BLOOOOONDIE...OH, BLOOOOONDIE....

ORCHESTRA: (IN AND SEGUE TO THEME...UNDER FOR:)

"BLONDIE"
8/21/39

16-A

GOODWIN: REMEMBER THIS ABOUT CAMEL CIGARETTES:
BY BURNING TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT SLOWER THAN THE
AVERAGE OF THE FIFTEEN OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING
BRANDS TESTED --- SLOWER THAN ANY OF THEM --- CAMELS
GIVE A SMOKING PLUS EQUAL TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER
PACK.

SMOKERS WHO LIVE IN COMMUNITIES WHERE CERTAIN STATE
CIGARETTE TAXES ARE IN EFFECT CAN SAVE THE COST OF
THE TAX --- AND IN SOME INSTANCES, MORE --- THROUGH
SMOKING CAMELS. IF YOU LIVE IN A COMMUNITY WHERE
THERE ARE NO ADDED TAXES ON CIGARETTES, THE SAVINGS
ARE ALL YOURS. SO....GET COOLER, MILDER SMOKING...
SMOKING PLEASURE AT ITS BEST AND MORE OF IT FOR YOUR
MONEY IN THE CIGARETTE OF LONG-BURNING COSTLIER TOBACCOS
--- CAMELS. PENNY FOR PENNY CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST
CIGARETTE BUY!

ORCHESTRA: (UP FOR "CURTAIN" THEN BRIEF "LAUGH" MOTIF)

FUDDLE: (LAUGHING OUT OF THE MUSIC) HAHHH HAHH, I THOUGHT I'D
DIE.

MRS. D: I'M SURE I SHALL. JULIUS, GET MY SHOES AND LET'S GO.

FUDDLE: WAIT! I'M JUST COMING TO THE BEST PART. DAGWOOD,
YOU'LL LOVE THIS.

DAG: TELL ME TOMORROW, FUDDLE...I'VE GOT A HEADACHE AND...

FUDDLE: BUT YOU'RE IN THIS STORY, DAG. SO AS I SAY...THIS MAN
SAID HE'D PUT UP THE CAPITAL, AND SET ME UP IN THE
PILLOW BUSINESS, SEE? SO QUICK AS A FLASH I SAYS,
"PILLOWS -- THAT'S A SOFT JOB FOR ME (LAUGHS) GET IT?

DAG: LOOK, FUDDLE -- I DON'T THINK MR. DITHERS WANTS TO HEAR
ABOUT PILLOWS.

DITHERS: NO...I'M IN THE CONSTRUCTION BUSINESS...AND THAT'S
HARD (LAUGHS...NASTY) GET IT? HARD.

FUDDLE: HMMMMM --- NOT BAD -- NOT BAD! BUT HERE'S A TOPPER FOR
IT. I SAYS TO THIS MAN, WELL, ONE THING ABOUT THIS
PILLOW MAKING GAME. BUSINESS CAN BE EIDERDOWN OR UP...
BUT PEOPLE HAVE TO SLEEP." (LAUGHS) GET IT?
EIDERDOWN...PILLOWS...EIDERDOWN -- ER --

DAG: LOOK FUDDLE: TOMORROW I'LL TALK ABOUT THE NEW FACTORY...
AND...

DITHERS: NEW FACTORY?

FUDDLE: BET YOUR LIFE. AND DAG HERE MADE IT POSSIBLE. INVENTED
A CHICKEN-PICKER TO GATHER FEATHERS...TRIED IT ON OUR
PARROT AND IT WORKS LIKE A CHARM.

DAG: IT WAS JUST IN MY SPARE TIME, MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: YES, YES...BUT WHAT ABOUT A NEW FACTORY? I'M IN CONSTRUCTION AND...

FUDDLE: I'M COMING TO THAT, DITHERS. MINUTE MY MONEY-MAN SAW THAT GADGET HE SIGNED ON THE DOTTED LINE! YESSIR.

DITHERS: HE DID, EH?

FUDDLE: SO DAG, MY BOY, YOU'RE IN. THOSE ~~PLANS~~ ^{plans} OF YOURS FOR THE FACTORY...

DAG: I JUST ADVISED HIM A LITTLE, MR. DITHERS...

FUDDLE: I'LL SAY YOU DID, AND YOU'LL SEE THOSE PLANS GROW INTO A REAL PILLOW PLANT NOW.

DITHERS: GOING TO REMODEL SOME SMALL PLACE I SUPPOSE, FUDDLE?

FUDDLE: SMALL NOTHING. FOR THE FUDDLEDOWN PILLOW WORKS? I SHOULD SAY NOT. OUR PLACE IS GOING TO BE TWO BLOCKS ACROSS THE FRONT ALONE -- AND THREE STORIES HIGH. WITH A NEON SIGN ON TOP SIXTY FEET HIGH AND RUNNING THE WHOLE LENGTH!...AND GET THIS...I MADE THIS UP MYSELF. ON THE SIGN I'LL SAY "CUDDLEDOWN WITH A FUDDLEDOWN -- FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE" (LAUGHS) GET IT? THE REST OF YOUR LIFE.

DITHERS: (LAUGHS) VERY GOOD.

MRS. D: JULIUS! THAT ISN'T FUNNY.

DITHERS: WHAT? ON A NEW THREE STORY BUILDING TWO BLOCKS LONG? IT'S GOT TO BE FUNNY, CORINTHIA.

DAG: HAVE YOU REALLY GOT THE MONEY, FUDDLE?

FUDDLE: THE CHECK'S IN THE MAIL, DAG, OLD PAL.

DITHERS: ER -- WHO'S GOING TO BUILD THIS PLACE, FUDDLE?

FUDDLE: THAT'S UP TO DAG HERE. HE MAY SUBLET CONTRACTS TO SMALL FIRMS LIKE YOURS, JUST FOR THE ROUGH WORK.

DAG: OH, DITHERS IS NO SMALL PLACE, FUDDLE.

DITHERS: THANK YOU, DAGWOOD. NOW -- ER -- WHEN COULD I SEE THE PLANS?

FUDDLE: COME OVER TO MY PLACE NOW.

DAG: NO, NO, FUDDLE. WE HAVEN'T HAD DINNER YET, AND I DON'T FEEL WELL.

DITHERS: NONSENSE, BUMSTEAD. NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT. IF ANYTHING'S WORRYING YOU, DAGWOOD, FORGET IT. EH, CORINTHIA?

MRS. D.: YOU KNOW WHAT I SAID, JULIUS. I HAVEN'T CHANGED MY MIND.

DITHERS: ER -- YOU AND MR. FUDDLE RUN ALONG, DAGWOOD. I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE.

DAG: OH, ALL RIGHT. BUT IF YOU'RE GOING TO ASK MRS. DITHERS TO CHANGE HER MIND ABOUT ME -- I -- I --- THINK YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME. (GOING) HEY, FUDDLE, ANYTHING TO EAT AT YOUR HOUSE?

DITHERS: NOW, CORINTHIA. BUMSTEAD ISN'T A BRILLIANT MAN, BUT -- DON'T YOU THINK, CONSIDERING HIS INFLUENCE IN THE PILLOW FACTORY MATTER....

MRS. D.: WHEN I SAY A THING, JULIUS -- I MEAN IT. AND THE STARS HAVE SPOKEN.

DITHERS: WELL -- MAYBE I CAN LAND THE FACTORY JOB WITHOUT HIM.. (GOING) HEY, FUDDLE, OLD MAN -- WAIT FOR ME..(DOOR SLAMS)

ORCHESTRA: (IN...BRIEF INTERLUDE)

SOUND: POTS AND PANS

BLONDIE: (TO HERSELF) OH DEAR...WHAT'S BECOME OF THE PAN HOLDER
(DOOR OPENS) DAGWOOD...IS THAT YOU?

MRS. D.: NO.

BLONDIE: OH -- MRS. DITHERS. I -- I HOPE YOU'LL EXCUSE THE LOOKS OF THE KITCHEN.

MRS. D.: I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU WANT ME OUT HERE..(IRRITATED) BUT
I'M SICK AND TIRED OF SITTING IN THERE ALONE.

BLONDIE: ALONE? WHY -- WHERE HAVE THE MEN GONE?

MRS. D.: OVER TO THAT FUDDLES' HOUSE. (GRUFFLY) MY, THIS IS A
SMALL KITCHEN AND HOT...

BLONDIE: IT'S AWFULLY HOT HERE NOW.

MRS. D.: YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN COOKING IN MY DAY. WE USED A
COAL STOVE. THAT WAS HOT.

BLONDIE: I'LL BET YOU WERE A GOOD COOK, TOO.

MRS. D.: WELL -- MR. DITHERS NEVER COMPLAINED IN THOSE DAYS...
(SNIFFS) HMMM, I THINK SOMETHING'S BURNING.

BLONDIE: OH, DEAR...THE SQUAB! (OVEN DOOR OPENS) NO...THEY'RE
ALL RIGHT. BUT I LOOKED JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME.

MRS. D.: YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE GOT SQUAB...JUST FOR US.

BLONDIE: I DIDN'T -- DAGWOOD DID.

MRS. D.: HMMM...THOSE SQUABS NEED BASTING.

BLONDIE: DO THEY? I'VE BEEN SO BUSY...

MRS. D.: OF COURSE YOU HAVE...LOOK OUT -- I'LL HELP YOU.

BLONDIE: OH, GOODNESS NO...YOU'RE COMPANY.

MRS. D.: I'M SICK OF BEING COMPANY...THIS TAKES ME BACK!...ER,
LET ME HELP!

BLONDIE: BUT IT IS SO HOT OUT HERE.

MRS. D.: IT'S JUST AS HOT FOR YOU. IF YOU DON'T BASTE THOSE
SQUABS SOON THEY'LL BE SPOILED. HERE...(SPOON ON PAN)

BLONDIE: OH, BE CAREFUL...YOUR DRESS.

MRS. D.: IT'S NOT A NEW ONE....WHERE'S A SPARE APRON?

BLONDIE: HERE'S ONE IF YOU'RE SURE YOU REALLY WANT TO.

MRS. D.: Hmm. THAT LITTLE APRON WON'T GO AROUND ME, WILL IT?

BLONDIE: OF COURSE IT WILL. HERE, I'LL PIN IT IN THE BACK. OH, THIS IS AWFULLY NICE OF YOU.

MRS. D.: MY...AN APRON! I NEVER THOUGHT I'D HAVE ONE OF THESE ON AGAIN. IT SEEMS KINDA GOOD. I -- I'VE HAD SO MANY HOBBIES LATELY, I'VE FORGOTTEN WHAT IT'S LIKE TO COOK A MEAL.

BLONDIE: WELL...IT GETS PRETTY TIRESOME SOMETIMES! BUT...IT'S KINDA NICE, TOO. WHEN DAGWOOD PRAISES THE COOKING IT'S NICE.

MRS. D.: Hmm. YES -- WHY, JULIUS USED TO SAY...(BREAKS OFF)

BLONDIE: YES, MRS. DITHERS.

MRS. D.: (EMBARRASSED) THIS MAY SOUND A LITTLE SILLY, BUT JULIUS USED TO SAY I MADE THE BEST BISCUITS IN NINETEEN STATES. BUT I STOPPED BEING ANY MAN'S SLAVE YEARS AGO. THANK HEAVEN!

BLONDIE: I GUESS YOU HELP MR. DITHERS IN OTHER WAYS NOW, THOUGH.

MRS. D.: WELL, I TRY TO DO WHAT I CAN FOR HIM. I GIVE HIM GOOD ADVICE, TOO. (PAUSE) BUT SOMETIMES I THINK HE LIKED THE BISCUITS BETTER,

BLONDIE: OH, I GUESS HE APPRECIATES ALL YOU DO FOR HIM. MEN DON'T ALWAYS SAY MUCH -- BUT WHEN A HUSBAND AND WIFE ARE REALLY PULLING TOGETHER IT MAKES THEM SO CLOSE TO EACH OTHER --- AND HAPPY.

MRS. D.: ARE YOU AND YOUR HUSBAND HAPPY? REALLY HAPPY?

BLONDIE: MY GOODNESS YES.

MRS. D.: HMMMMM. I WONDER IF I COULD REMEMBER MY RECIPE FOR
BISCUITS.

BLONDIE: WHY, OF COURSE YOU CAN!...WANT THE FLOUR SIFTER?

MRS. D.: WHY -- ER -- YES!..LET ME HAVE IT...

BLONDIE: MY, MR. DITHERS WILL BE SURPRISED.

MRS. D.: I GUESS HE WILL. I -- I -- HOPE THEY COME OUT ALL RIGHT.

BLONDIE: WE'LL MAKE THE BOYS EAT THEM, ANYHOW...(LAUGHS)

MRS. D.: FLOUR IN HERE? YES. MY YOU KEEP EVERYTHING NEAT AS A
PIN, MRS. BUMSTEAD.

BLONDIE: WHY DON'T YOU JUST CALL ME BLONDIE?

MRS. D.: BLONDIE? THAT'S KIND A CUTE -- ER -- MY NAME'S --
CORINTHIA. YOU COULD CALL ME CORY FOR SHORT.

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT, CORY. GOT EVERYTHING YOU WANT?

MRS. D.: EVERYTHING I WANT? WELL, THAT'S A LARGE ORDER. BUT IF
I HAVEN'T I GUESS YOU COULD SHOW ME HOW TO GET IT.

BLONDIE: I'LL BET DAGWOOD WILL BE PLEASED TO SEE HOT BISCUITS,
TOO.

MRS. D.: I HOPE THE POOR BOY WILL HAVE SOME APPETITE FOR THEM.

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD ALWAYS HAS AN APPETITE.

MRS. D.: WELL -- I -- I BROUGHT HIM SOME BAD NEWS TONIGHT. HIS
HOROSCOPE, YOU KNOW.

BLONDIE: OH -- DID YOU READ DAGWOOD'S HOROSCOPE?

MRS. D.: YES, AND AS MUCH AS I LIKE YOU, BLONDIE -- IT -- IT
WASN'T VERY FAVORABLE.

BLONDIE: OH, IT NEVER IS AT FIRST.

MRS. D.: AT FIRST?

BLONDIE: YES. YOU SEE HE FORGETS TO TELL PEOPLE THAT HE WAS BORN DURING LEAP YEAR.

MRS. D.: LEAP YEAR?

BLONDIE: OH, YES...THE TWENTY-NINTH...THE EXTRA DAY.

MRS. D.: WHY, HE TOLD ME IT WAS APRIL FIRST...

BLONDIE: OH, HE ALWAYS SAYS THAT. YOU SEE WHEN HE WAS A LITTLE BOY, THEY DIDN'T WANT HIM TO HAVE A BIRTHDAY ONLY EVERY FOURTH YEAR, SO THEY APRIL FOOLED HIM. THEY TOLD HIM IT WAS APRIL FIRST.

MRS. D.: I SEE! OF COURSE.

BLONDIE: I SUPPOSE YOU MADE A LOT OF MISTAKES IN HIS HOROSCOPE ON ACCOUNT OF THAT.

MRS. D.: I ALMOST MADE A TERRIBLE MISTAKE, MY DEAR. BUT IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW.

BLONDIE: LISTEN -- I HEARD THE FRONT DOOR. THE MEN HAVE COME HOME.

DITHERS: (COMING IN) CHECK IN THE MAIL, BAH! WHY, THAT MAN HE'S COUNTING ON HASN'T A DIME.

DAG: (COMING IN) GOSH, I'M SORRY, MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: (NEARER) CORINTHIA -- WHERE ARE YOU?

MRS. D.: OUT HERE IN THE KITCHEN.

DITHERS: (COMING IN) WHAT? THE KITCHEN?...WHY.....CORINTHIA... YOU -- YOU'VE GOT AN APRON ON!

MRS. D.: WELL, WHAT OF IT?

DITHERS: BUT THERE'S...ER, THERE'S FLOUR ON YOU...

MRS. D.: YES, I KNOW...I'M MAKING BISCUITS.

DITHERS: BISCUITS? WHY -- CORY....

MRS. D.: OH, JULIUS. YOU HAVEN'T CALLED ME THAT IN YEARS...ER,
WATCH MY BISCUITS, BLONDIE -- I WANT TO HAVE A WORD WITH
JULIUS ALONE.

BLONDIE: TELL HIM THE HOROSCOPE WAS WRONG.

MRS. D.: DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT HOROSCOPE, MY DEAR. MR. DITHERS
NEEDS DAGWOOD IN HIS BUSINESS...(GOING) JULIUS I'VE
MADE THE MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

BLONDIE: SHUT THE DOOR, DAGWOOD.

DAG: SAY...WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

BLONDIE: WHY, NOTHING IN THE WORLD, DAGWOOD...I'VE JUST BEEN
GETTING DINNER.

DAG: BUT MRS. DITHERS SAID...THAT...THAT DITHERS NEEDS ME,
AND THAT SHE'D MADE A DISCOVERY.

BLONDIE: SHE HAS, TOO. BUT IT'S A SECRET BETWEEN US WOMEN.

DAG: *10:25 AM 1/1/40*
~~BUT~~ DO YOU THINK I'LL GET THAT BETTER JOB...INSTEAD
OF BEING FIRED?

BLONDIE: OF COURSE, DEAR...THAT'S NO SECRET!

DAG: (SIGHS) GOSH...YOU ALWAYS GET ME OUT OF TROUBLE,
BLONDIE. WHY, THERE I WAS WITH MY MOON IN CAPRICORN AND
MY SUN IN THE AQUARIUM OR SOMETHING AND STILL YOU GOT ME
OUT OF IT. DO YOU KNOW THAT?

BLONDIE: NO -- BUT I THINK I'D BETTER GET THOSE SQUAB OUT OF THE
OVEN OR THEY'LL BE IN PISCES...(LAUGHS) GET IT?
PISCES.

DAG: (LAUGHS) BLONDIE! (LAUGHS UPROARIOUSLY)

ORCHESTRA: (IN TO COVER LAUGHTER...SEGUE TO THEME, UNDER)

(COMMERCIAL)

(CLOSING)

"BLONDIE" -25-
8/21/39

GOODWIN: AND SO WE LEAVE BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD --- UNTIL NEXT
MONDAY WHEN WE INVITE YOU TO LISTEN AGAIN TO NEW
ADVENTURES OF THIS FAMILY MADE FAMOUS BY CHIC YOUNG'S
POPULAR KING FEATURE COMIC STRIP, BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD
ARE PLAYED BY PENNY SINGLETON AND ARTHUR LAKE --- WATCH
~~FOR THEIR NEW COLUMBIA PICTURE, "BLONDIE TAKES A VACATION,"~~
~~YOU'LL ENJOY THEM ON THE SCREEN, TOO.~~

THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES WHO BRING YOU "BLONDIE"
OVER THE AIR EACH MONDAY HAVE TWO OTHER RADIO TREATS
ON THE AIR THIS SUMMER. TOMORROW NIGHT OVER THESE
SAME STATIONS --- BOB CROSBY AND HIS SENSATIONAL
DIXIELAND BAND WITH JOHNNY MERCER.

ON SATURDAYS --- OVER ANOTHER NETWORK --- BENNY GOODMAN
AND THE WORLD'S GREATEST COLLECTION OF MASTER SWING
MUSICIANS BRINGS YOU TOPS IN SWING. THAT'S FOR YOUR
RADIO PLEASURE --- AND FOR SMOKING PLEASURE AT ITS
BEST TRY CAMELS --- THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS,
PENNY FOR PENNY CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY,

ORCHESTRA: (UP FULL WITH THEME)

(CREDITS)