

Miss K... Colih...
William... Co
100...
New York
"BLONDIE"

~~MASTER~~

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1939

AIR MAIL

3:30 - 4:00 P.M.
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: AND NOW BEFORE WE TRANSFER CONTROLS TO THE BUMSTEADS --
A WORD FROM THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES.
ALL OVER AMERICA SMOKERS ARE TALKING ABOUT THE FINDINGS
OF A RECENT SERIES OF IMPARTIAL LABORATORY TESTS OF
SIXTEEN OF THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE BRANDS. THESE
FINDINGS RELATE TO THE ACTUAL AMOUNT OF TOBACCO IN THE
VARIOUS BRANDS TESTED -- ALSO THE COMPARATIVE BURNING
TIME OF THESE BRANDS.

ONE BRAND WAS FOUND TO CONTAIN MORE TOBACCO BY WEIGHT
THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE FIFTEEN OTHER OF THE LARGEST-
SELLING BRANDS TESTED. THE SAME BRAND WAS FOUND TO BURN
SLOWER THAN ANY OF THESE OTHER BRANDS. THE WINNING BRAND
WAS CAMEL. WHAT DOES THAT SLOW-BURNING PROVE? WELL,
HERE'S HOW MILLIONS OF CAMEL SMOKERS HAVE LEARNED TO
FIGURE IT: BY BURNING TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT SLOWER -- THAT
WAS THE FIGURE -- 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.

(CONTINUED)

"BLONDIE"
9/4/39

1-A

GOODWIN:
(Cont'd)

~~SLOWER-BURNING...COOLER, Milder, SMOKING, OF COURSE...AND~~
~~MORE OF IT FOR YOUR MONEY.~~ *and the* TRUTH IS, THE EXTRA SMOKING
IN CAMELS MAKES CAMELS AN INEXPENSIVE LUXURY...~~ENABLES~~
~~EVERY SMOKER TO ENJOY THE DELICATE TASTE AND LUXURIOUS~~
~~AROMA OF CAMEL'S FINER, MORE COSTLY TOBACCOES.~~ SMOKING
PLEASURE AT ITS BEST...~~ECONOMY, TOO...YES,~~ PENNY FOR PENNY,
CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY.

ORCHESTRA: (UP FOR CURTAIN...OUT)

GOODWIN: AND NOW FOR OUR WEEKLY GLIMPSE OF THE BUMSTEADS: TODAY WE FIND OURSELVES IN THE OFFICES OF THE J.C. DITHERS CONSTRUCTION CO. WHERE DAG IS STANDING...JUST OUTSIDE THE PRIVATE OFFICE OF DITHERS HIMSELF. (KNOCK ON DOOR) (FADES) THAT'S DAGWOOD RAPPING ON THE DOOR...

DITHERS: (GROUCHY AS ALWAYS) (OFF) COME IN -- COME IN -- COME IN.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

DAG: THANKS MR. DITHERS. ARE YOU BUSY.

DITHERS: CERTAINLY I'M BUSY. I'M ALWAYS BUSY. WHAT DO YOU WANT BUMSTEAD?

DAG: I WANT TO GO HOME.

DITHERS: WHAT? NOW!

DAG: ~~OH NO..NO SIR I JUST MEAN I'D LIKE TO LEAVE A LITTLE EARLY TODAY -- ABOUT FIVE MINUTES EARLY.~~

DITHERS: FIVE MINUTES?

DAG: YES SIR...YOU SEE BLONDIE CAME DOWN WITH THE CAR TO DRIVE ME HOME -- SHE'S IN MY OFFICE NOW AND...

DITHERS: OH SHE IS? (SARCASTIC) THAT GIVE ME AN IDEA BUMSTEAD. WE'LL HAVE ALL THE WIVES COME DOWN...EVERY AFTERNOON. WE COULD ~~SERVE~~ ^{DRINK} TEA. FORGET BUSINESS. THEN VERY SOON WE WON'T HAVE ANY BUSINESS TO FORGET AND THEN YOU AND THE REST OF THOSE CLOCK WATCHERS OUT THERE WOULDN'T HAVE TO COME TO WORK AT ALL.

DAG: GOSH. I'M SORRY I BROUGHT IT UP MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: SO AM I. NOW GET OUT AND LET ME WORRY IN PEACE.

DAG: YOU SHOULDN'T WORRY SO MUCH MR. DITHERS. YOU WANT TO REMEMBER, HALF THE THINGS YOU WORRY ABOUT NEVER HAPPEN.

- DITHERS: (WITH RESTRAINED WRATH) GO AWAY BUMSTEAD...OR SOMETHING YOU'RE NOT WORRYING ABOUT WILL HAPPEN TO YOU.
- DAG: WELL -- OKAY, I JUST WANTED TO HELP.
- DITHERS: ~~HELP ME. NO BUMSTEAD~~ -- I'M IN TROUBLE ENOUGH WITHOUT ANY MEDDLING FROM YOU. WHAT I NEED IS A MAN WHO CAN SPEAK SPANISH,
- DAG: SPANISH? WELL -- ER -- DO YOU WANT MEXICAN SPANISH OR THE OLD CASTILIAN SPANISH?
- DITHERS: WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE. YOU DON'T KNOW EITHER OF THEM. ER DO YOU?
- DAG: WELL, I USED TO KNOW HIGH SCHOOL SPANISH PRETTY WELL. I PASSED THE FIRST YEAR...
- DITHERS: REMEMBER ANY OF IT?
- DAG: OH SURE -- SURE. LETS SEE...WHEN YOU MEET SOMEONE IN SPANISH YOU SAY...ER...BUENOS DIAS. THAT MEAN HELLO...ER SORT OF.
- DITHERS: HELLO EH? WELL, THAT'S A GOOD START...GO ON. GO ON BUMSTEAD.
- DAG: WELL -- AND THEN WHEN YOU LEAVE YOU SAY -- ER ADIOS. THAT'S THE SAME AS GOODBYE.
- DITHERS: HELLO AND GOODBYE. THERE'S KIND OF A NASTY GAP IN THE CONVERSATION IN BETWEEN ISN'T THERE?
- DAG: WELL, IT MIGHT COME BACK TO ME. WHO DID YOU WANT TO TALK SPANISH TO? MAYBE HE WOULDN'T KNOW MUCH OF IT EITHER.
- DITHERS: OH NO! NOT MUCH. THE MAN WAS BORN AND RAISED IN SOUTH AMERICA. HE'S A BIG MANUFACTURER FROM PARAVIA. SENOR JOSE JOSE. (HO-ZAY)
- DAG: GOSH HE SOUNDS IMPORTANT. *She would like him twice.*

DITHERS: HE'S IMPORTANT TO ME. LISTEN! HE MANUFACTURES CHEWING GUM, WITH A GARLIC FLAVOR.

DAG: GARLIC?

DITHERS: THAT'S WHAT HE SAYS. CLAIMS THE PEOPLE DOWN THERE CHEW IT ALL THE TIME. IT'S VERY POPULAR WITH THEM.

DAG: I'LL BET THEY AREN'T VERY POPULAR WITH ANYONE ELSE.

DITHERS: NEVER MIND THAT. THE POINT IS HE WANTS TO INTRODUCE IT HERE -- BUILD A BIG FACTORY...TO MAKE IT IN.

DAG: WELL -- LISTEN. I GOT AN IDEA. WHY NOT TELL HIM WE CAN BUILD THE FACTORY FOR HIM?

DITHERS: (SARCASTICALLY) GET READY FOR A SHOCK BUMSTEAD! I'VE ALREADY THOUGHT OF THAT. BEING IN THE CONSTRUCTION GAME, I OFFERED TO BUILD HIS FACTORY. BUT THERE'S A CATCH IN IT.

DAG: I'LL BET SOMEONE ELSE WANTS TO BUILD IT TOO,

DITHERS: YOU MUST HAVE SECOND SIGHT. BUT THAT'S NOT ALL. THE SENOR HAS HEARD ABOUT AMERICAN RADIO PROGRAMS. HE WANTS TO ADVERTISE HIS GUM ON THE RADIO.

DAG: THAT'S NOT A BAD IDEA.

DITHERS: IT'S A VERY GOOD IDEA...ONLY HE SAYS THAT THE SIZE OF HIS FACTORY DEPENDS ON THE KIND OF PROGRAM HE GETS. IN OTHER WORDS ~~--- IF HIS PROGRAM SELLS GUM --- HE'LL NEED A BIGGER~~ PLACE --- AND HE WANTS TO HEAR THE PROGRAM BEFORE HE'LL EVEN BREAK GROUND TO BUILD.

DAG: HMMM. DOES HE WANT YOU TO TELL HIM WHAT PROGRAM TO USE ON RADIO?

DITHERS: THAT'S THE IDEA. AND I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT RADIO PROGRAMS.

DAG: WELL, MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU THIS TIME. I LISTEN TO RADIO A LOT.

DITHERS: THAT'S A LOT OF HELP. YOU PROBABLY EAT EGGS TOO...BUT YOU CAN'T LAY 'EM.

DAG: DON'T BE TOO SURE ABOUT THAT MR. DITHERS -- UNTIL AFTER YOU HEAR MY IDEA.

DITHERS: OH...I SUPPOSE YOU HAVE AN IDEA RIGHT AT YOUR FINGERTIPS.

DAG: WELL -- NOW ER FIRST I'D HAVE TO KNOW -- ER -- JUST WHAT KIND OF A RADIO SHOW SENOR JOSE JOSE WANTS...MUSIC? DRAMATICS? OR WHAT...

DITHERS: ALL HE WANTS IS JUST A PROGRAM THAT WILL PLEASE EVERYONE YOUNG AND OLD. HE WANTS ONE THAT WILL REACH THE LARGEST NUMBER OF LISTENERS AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE COST -- AND IT MUST BE DIFFERENT.

DAG: OH IT WILL BE! WELL -- IF THAT'S ALL HE WANTS WE OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO FIX HIM UP IN NO TIME.

DITHERS: WELL...WHAT'S YOUR IDEA?

DAG: ER -- YOU WANT THE WHOLE IDEA -- RIGHT NOW?

DITHERS: CERTAINLY...YOU SEEM TO THINK IT'S A SIMPLE MATTER. LET'S HAVE IT.

DAG: WELL NOW -- OF COURSE, FOR SOMETHING REALLY DIFFERENT AND GOOD -- I MIGHT NEED FIFTEEN OR TWENTY MINUTES TO THINK.

DITHERS: JUST WHAT I THOUGHT, BUMSTEAD. YOU'RE NOT THE MAN FOR THE EMERGENCY. ~~YOU'VE GOT TO LEARN TO THINK ON YOUR FEET~~
~~BUMSTEAD!~~ HERE'S THIS MAN DUE IN MY OFFICE -- RIGHT NOW... AND NOTHING TO OFFER HIM! ~~YOU'VE MISSED THE BOAT AGAIN,~~
~~BUMSTEAD.~~

DAG: WELL -- HE ISN'T HERE YET AND I'LL KEEP THINKING UNTIL HE DOES GET HERE. JUST -- JUST LEAVE IT TO ME, MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: NO, BUMSTEAD! I WON'T LEAVE IT TO YOU. IN THE FIRST PLACE YOU AREN'T LIKELY TO HAVE AN IDEA BEFORE SENOR JOSE GETS HERE -- OR AFTERWARD FOR THAT MATTER. IN THE SECOND PLACE -- IF YOU DID HAVE AN IDEA, IT WOULDN'T BE ANY GOOD. IN THE THIRD PLACE IF YOUR IDEA SOUNDED GOOD I WOULD STILL BE AFRAID OF IT BECAUSE YOU MANAGE TO BUNGLE EVERYTHING YOU TOUCH.

DAG: BUT -- MR. DITHERS -- I MIGHT --

DITHERS: NO, BUMSTEAD. GO BACK TO YOUR OFFICE AND LET BLONDIE DRIVE YOU HOME...AND LISTEN! IF YOU MEET SENOR JOSE ON THE WAY... DON'T TRY ANY SPANISH ON HIM --- DON'T SAY ANYTHING TO HIM. TRY NOT TO LET HIM KNOW YOU WORK HERE.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC IN AND UP FOR INTERLUDE)

SOUND: OFFICE BUZZER

BLONDIE: HELLO. MR. BUMSTEAD'S OFFICE.

FUDDLE: (ON FILTER) HELLO GIRLIE! BUMSTEAD THERE?

BLONDIE: NO...MR. BUMSTEAD IS IN CONFERENCE.

FUDDLE: NOW LISTEN, GIRLIE, I'M AN OLD FRIEND OF DAGWOOD'S SO TELL ME ON THE SQUARE...IS HE AROUND. (LAUGHS) GET IT?

BLONDIE: OH! IS THAT YOU MR. FUDDLE?

FUDDLE: HOW DID YOU GUESS?

BLONDIE: OH, I MUST HAVE RECOGNIZED YOUR VOICE! THIS IS BLONDIE.

FUDDLE: SURE! I KNEW IT ALL THE TIME. MY MISSUS SAID YOU WERE DRIVING DAG HOME.

BLONDIE: THAT'S RIGHT. WANT US TO DRIVE YOU HOME TOO?

FUDDLE: NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT -- LISTEN -- YOU DRIVE BY MY OFFICE AND HONK YOUR HORN AND I'LL ACT LIKE A DOLLAR WATCH! I'LL RUN DOWN FAST!

(LAUGHS)

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR.

BLONDIE: ALRIGHT, WE'LL BE THERE. I'LL HAVE TO HANG UP NOW. SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.

FUDDLE: WELL -- AU RESERVOIR. (LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: GOODBY (HANGS UP)

SOUND: KNOCK REPEATED

BLONDIE: COME IN

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

SENOR (OFF) FOR FAVOR SENORITA! IT EES HERE WHERE EES THE OFFEECE OF SENOR DITHERS -- NO?

BLONDIE: WELL, -- NO --! THAT IS, MR. DITHERS' PRIVATE OFFICE IS IN THE OTHER CORNER OF THE BUILDING. BUT HE'S IN CONFERENCE RIGHT NOW.

SENOR: GOOD. THEN I WAIT WITH HEES SO CHARMING SECERR-TAR-EE. I SAY THAT GOOD...SECERRR-TAR-EE -- NO?

BLONDIE: YOU SAID IT ALRIGHT, BUT I'M NOT MR. DITHERS' SECRETARY. I'M MRS. BUMSTEAD. THIS IS MY HUSBAND'S OFFICE.

SENOR: OOSBAND? YOU ARE MARRY?

BLONDIE: OH YES. ER -- IF YOU HAVE AN APPOINTMENT WITH MR. DITHERS
JUST GIVE ME YOUR NAME AND....

SENOR: I AM SENOR JOSE JOSE -- OF PARAVIA. I KEES YOUR HAND
SENORA BOOMSTEED. (HE DOES IT LOUDLY)

BLONDIE: OH MY! WELL -- I'LL PHONE MR. DITHERS...

SENOR: NO NO -- DO NOT DEESTURB HEEM FROM HEES CON--FER--ENCE.

BLONDIE: WELL, HE'S JUST TALKING TO MY HUSBAND AND...

SENOR: AH -- HE ASKS THE ADVICE FROM YOUR OOSBAND -- NO?

BLONDIE: WELL -- MAYBE.

SENOR: PERHAPS THEY SPEAK OF PLANS FOR MY NEW FACTOREE.

BLONDIE: OH -- YOU'RE GOING TO BUILD A FACTORY?

SENOR: SI -- EEF FIRST I HEAR THE RADIO.

BLONDIE: RADIO?

SENOR: SI. FIRST I MUST HEAR THE BEST OF RADIO PROGRAMS.

BLONDIE: WELL, THAT'S NOT MUCH FOR A CUSTOMER TO ASK.

SENOR: NO? MEESTER DITHERS SAY EES NOT SO EASY TO GET GOOD
PROGRAM.

BLONDIE: WELL -- MR. DITHERS DOESN'T TUNE-IN VERY OFTEN. BUT MY
HUSBAND GETS THEM ALL THE TIME. HE'S A REAL FAN.

SENOR: SO? A FAN? THEES EES IMPORTANT -- A FAN?

BLONDIE: WHY YES. WITHOUT THE FANS THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY RADIO!

SENOR: AH! HOW FORTUNATE I AM -- TO MEET YOU THE CHARMING
WIFE OF THE GREAT FAN SENOR BOOMSTEED. PLEASE -- YOU
ASK YOUR OOSBAND TO HELP ME GET SOME VEREE GOOD PROGRAM --
NO?

BLONDIE: WHY OF COURSE. HE'LL HELP YOU TUNE-IN ANYTHING YOU
WANT!

SENOR: HE WHEEL ALSO TUNE-IN FOR ME?

BLONDIE: HE'D BE DELIGHTED, AND HE ONLY TUNES--IN THE BEST.

SENOR: AH, THEN MY WORREES THEY ARE OVER. THE GREAT
IMPRESARIO OF TUNE-IN WILL BE MY FAN! SENOR DITHERS
WILL BUILD MY FACTORY! AH SENORA I MUST KEEPS YOUR
HAND ONCE MORE (HE DOES SO LOUDLY)

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

DAG: (FADES IN) SAY BLONDIE I ER...HEY WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

BLONDIE: OH DAGWOOD! HERE YOU ARE!

DAG: NOT A MINUTE TOO SOON EITHER. WHO IS THIS FELLOW
BLONDIE?

BLONDIE: THIS IS SENOR JOSE JOSE OF PARAVIA. THIS IS MY
HUSBAND SENOR.

SENOR: I HAVE GREAT PLEASURE.

DAG: I HAVEN'T -- WHAT'S THE IDEA -- KISSING MY WIFE'S HAND?

BLONDIE: NOW DAGWOOD, IT'S JUST BECAUSE...

SENOR: BECAUSE I AM FULL OF JOY TO HEAR OF YOU SENOR BOOMSTEED.
A GREAT FAN! A GENIUS OF RADIO! PLEASE HELP ME GET
MY PROGRAM...YES -- NO?

DAG: WELL, I WAS GOING TO HELP, BUT MR. DITHERS SEEMED TO
THINK HE'D BETTER HANDLE IT HIMSELF.

SENOR: NO -- NO. HE DOES NOT TUNE-IN. IT EES YOU SENOR
BOOMSTEED THAT I MUST HAVE.

DITHERS: (COMING IN) WHAT'S ALL THIS? WHY SENOR JOSE! WHAT
ARE YOU DOING IN HERE.

SENOR: SENOR DEETHERS. EET IS SETTLE. EEF SENOR BOOMSTEED
ANDLE MY RADIO PROGRAM -- THEN YOU BUILD MY FACTORY.

DITHERS: HOW'S THAT? YOU -- ER -- WANT BUMSTEAD TO HANDLE...

SENOR: SI -- SI! I WEEEL HAVE NO OTHER. EES HE NOT THE EXPERT?
DITHERS: WELL I -- ER -- OH YES. OF COURSE. CERTAINLY. I --
 ER -- DON'T KNOW HOW YOU FOUND IT OUT SO SOON BUT...
SENOR: OH, I KNOW ALL ABOUT HEEM.
DITHERS: YOU DO EH? WELL -- I SUPPOSE BUMSTEAD THAT YOU'VE
 GIVEN THE SENOR AN IDEA FOR HIS PROGRAM ALREADY?
DAG: WELL -- NO...NOT YET.
BLONDIE: HIS PROGRAM? OH! YOU MEAN THAT HE WANTS HIS OWN
 PROGRAM?
SENOR: BUT OF COURSE SENORA -- OF MY VERY OWN.
BLONDIE: OH DAGWOOD, I'M AFRAID I....
DAG: IT'S OKAY HONEY...IT'S SIMPLE.
SENOR: YOU SEE? A GENIUS! EH SENOR DEETHERS?
DITHERS: WELL, I'LL WAIT TO HEAR THE IDEA.
DAG: WELL -- THE WAY IT LOOKS TO ME -- ALL THAT SENOR JOSE
 NEEDS IS JUST SIMPLY A PROGRAM THAT WILL PLEASE
 EVERYBODY, YOUNG AND OLD. HE WANTS ONE THAT WILL
 REACH THE LARGEST NUMBER OF LISTENERS AT THE LOWEST
 POSSIBLE COST. OH YES! AND IT MUST BE DIFFERENT.
SENOR: YOU SEE! EET EES ALL TRUE. HE IS MAGNIFICENT! WHAT
 A BRAIN! I CONGRATULATE YOU SENOR DEETHERS ON HAVING
 SUCH A MAN TO RELY ON. I RELY ON HEEM ALSO.
DAG: WELL, ER THANKS.
DITHERS: YOU'LL GO AHEAD WITH THAT FACTORY?
SENOR: SI. THE MOMENT I HEAR SENOR BOOMSTEED'S GREAT EFFORT
 WITH MY OWN EARS. -- I SIGN THE CONTRACT! NOW I GO --
 A HAPPY MAN!
DAG: WELL, ER -- ADIOS SENOR.

SENOR: AH...ALSO HE SPEAKS MY LANGUAGE. LIKE A BREATH FROM MY OWN GARLIC FIELDS. HASTA LA VISTA MI AMIGO. COME, SENORS BOOMSTEED, I TAKE YOU TO YOUR CAR.

DAG: NOW LISTEN SENOR...

DITHERS: YOU STAY HERE, BUMSTEAD.

BLONDIE: I'LL WAIT IN THE CAR (FADES) COME, SENOR...

SENOR: AFTER YOU SENORA (SOUND OF KISSING HAND) AH! (GOING) ADIOS...ADIOS SENORS.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

DAG: GOSH DOES HE HAVE TO KISS HER HAND ALL THE TIME?

DITHERS: NEVER MIND THAT. JUST A CUSTOM. NOW JUST HOW DID YOU GET TO BE THE GREAT BRAIN OF RADIO SO SOON, BUMSTEAD?

DAG: GOSH -- I DON'T KNOW. I JUST WALKED IN HERE AND HE SAID I WAS IT.

DITHERS: HE WAS RIGHT TOO. YOU ARE IT! THAT CONTRACT DEPENDS ON A RADIO IDEA AND THE RADIO IDEA IS STRICTLY UP TO YOU, BUMSTEAD. YOU ASKED FOR THIS AND YOU GOT IT! NOW YOU COME THROUGH WITH THE IDEA OF THE CENTURY BY TOMORROW MORNING -- OR ELSE!

DAG: YEA -- YEA, I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN. (DOOR OPENS) HEY BLONDIE. WAIT FOR ME OH BLONDIEEEEEEEEE!

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC IN AND UP FOR INTERLUDE)

FUDDLE: WELL, I CERTAINLY APPRECIATE THE RIDE, FOLKS. GUESS I'D BETTER HURRY HOME NOW, WIFE'S HAVING A LARGE PARTY FOR DINNER.

BLONDIE: IS THAT SO? HOW MANY IS SHE HAVING?

FUDDLE: JUST ME...I'M THE LARGE PARTY (LAUGHS) GET IT?

DAG: YEA...GOOD NIGHT, FUDDLE.

FUDDLE: OH, I WAS JUST JOKING ABOUT HAVING TO HURRY HOME.

BLONDIE: WELL -- WE DON'T WANT TO KEEP YOU FROM DINNER.

FUDDLE: OH, THAT'S OKAY. WE'RE PROBABLY JUST HAVING SOUP, AND THAT'S NOT ALWAYS WHAT IT'S CRACKERED UP TO BE. (LAUGHS) SEE? SOUP? CRACKERS?

BLONDIE: WELL, I'LL GO START OUR DINNER OR WE WON'T EVEN HAVE SOUP. (GOING) EXCUSE ME.

FUDDLE: NOW, BUMSTEAD..WHAT'S WRONG? YOU HARDLY SAID A WORD COMING HOME? COME ON, AS THE DENTISTS SAY "LET'S HAVE THIS OUT." (LAUGHS)

DAG: (WEAKLY) YEA...VERY FUNNY. ONLY I AM WORRIED, FUDDLE. SEE -- DITHERS SAYS I'M NOT THE MAN IN AN EMERGENCY -- ONLY IT TURNED OUT I WAS --- BUT EVEN IF HE IS THE GARLIC GUM KING, I DON'T LIKE HIM KISSING BLONDIE'S HAND.

FUDDLE: WHO? DITHERS?

DAG: NO. THE MAN WHO WANTS THE RADIO PROGRAM, SENOR JOSE.

FUDDLE: HO-SAY THAT AGAIN (LAUGHS THEN SOBERS) WHAT RADIO PROGRAM?

DAG: THE ONE I WAS SUPPOSED TO THINK UP TONIGHT.

FUDDLE: ARE YOU KIDDING?

DAG. KIDDING? NO! THIS IS SERIOUS. DITHERS HAS TO HAVE A RADIO IDEA FOR JOSE TOMORROW OR LOSE A BIG CONTRACT -- AND DITHERS IS DEPENDING ON ME. I'VE GOT TO GET THAT IDEA -- OR ELSE.

FUDDLE: YOUR WORRIES ARE OVER, MY BOY! I'VE GOT IT!

DAG. YOU -- YOU HAVE?

FUDDLE: CERTAINLY, I'VE MADE A STUDY OF RADIO. THERE'S NOTHING TO IT! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS GET A BIG BAND WITH A REPUTATION -- HIRE A COUPLE OF COMEDIANS, AND WRITE A FEW JOKES FOR THEM TO GET OFF' --- THEN YOU HAVE A SINGER OF TWO AND A LITTLE SCRIPT STUFF TO HOLD IT TOGETHER -- AND BOOM --- YOU GOT IT!

DAG: GOSH, FUDDLE. THAT'S GREAT. SAY...THANKS!

FUDDLE: THINK NOTHING OF IT, MY BOY. AS THE SURGEON SAYS TO THE PATIENT..."EVERYTHING'S COMING OUT OKAY." (LAUGHS) SEE? COMING OUT...

DAG: (LAUGHS LOUDLY) SAY YOU'RE A PANIC, FUDDLE. THAT'S GREAT!

BLONDIE: (FADING IN) MY GOODNESS...WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU, DAGWOOD?

DAG: LISTEN, BLONDIE...EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT. I HAVE THAT RADIO IDEA ALREADY FOR SENOR JOSE! LISTEN! ALL YOU DO IS GET A BAND WITH A FEW JOKES AND A COUPLE OF SINGERS WITH A SCRIPT TO HOLD THEM TOGETHER THEN YOU TAKE SOME COMEDIANS... AND BOOM -- YOU GOT IT!

FUDDLE: NO...NO...YOU MEAN...

BLONDIE: I KNOW WHAT HE MEANS! BUT LOOK, DAGWOOD -- WHAT ABOUT THE BUDGET?

DAG: THE WHAT?

BLONDIE: THE MONEY TO PAY FOR ALL THAT. I READ IN A RADIO MAGAZINE THAT GOOD COMEDIANS GET ~~HUNDREDS~~ ^{HUNDREDS} OF DOLLARS APIECE, AND THE BAND COSTS A LOT, TOO...AND THE SINGERS WOULD WANT BIG PAY --- EVEN THE MAN WHO WROTE THE JOKES MIGHT WANT SOME MONEY...SO...

DAG: GOSH, THAT'S RIGHT! IT'S GOT TO BE AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE COST...SO --

BLONDIE: SO -- BOOM. YOU HAVEN'T GOT IT!

DAG: THAT WAS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

FUDDLE: NO...WAIT. I'VE GOT ANOTHER IDEA.

DAG: NOT NOW, FUDDLE.

FUDDLE: BUT THIS IS A GOOD ONE. COSTS PRACTICALLY NOTHING, AND IT'S NEW -- FRESH -- DIFFERENT!

DAG: DIFFERENT? THAT'S ANOTHER THING WE WANT.

FUDDLE: CERTAINLY IT IS. LISTEN! IF THESE REGULAR COMICS WANT SO MUCH -- I'LL BE FUNNY FOR HALF THAT AMOUNT! WHY, THERE'S TALENT ALL AROUND US...FREE FOR THE ASKING. WHY NOT USE THEM?

BLONDIE: ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT AN AMATEUR HOUR?

FUDDLE: THAT WOULD BE A GOOD NAME FOR IT! WE COULD MAKE RADIO HISTORY WITH THAT.

BLONDIE: SOMEBODY DID!

DAG: YEA...I THINK I'VE HEARD OF THAT BEFORE, FUDDLE.

FUDDLE: BUT THIS WOULD BE LIKE AN OLD-FASHIONED AMATEUR NIGHT AT THE THEATRE. ONLY INSTEAD OF A HOOK, WE USE A GONG! NOW I SUPPOSE YOU'VE HEARD OF THAT?

DAG: WHY, SURE. MAJOR WHATSHISNAME USED A GONG!

FUDDLE: THEN WE'LL MAKE IT A WHISTLE! ORIGINALITY COUNTS!

DAG: LISTEN, FUDDLE...

FUDDLE: WE COULD BE ON IT OURSELVES. THAT WOULD PUT IT OVER.

BLONDIE: OH, DAG...DO YOU THINK YOU COULD -- HAVE YOUR OWN SHOW?

FUDDLE: WHY. NOT?...I COULD LIMBER UP MY OLD TROMBONE...

BLONDIE: AND DAGWOOD USED TO PLAY A BANJO LIKE EVERYTHING. I'LL GO UP IN THE ATTIC NOW, DAGWOOD, AND LOOK FOR THAT BANJO.

DAG. LOOK FOR SOME OLD SHEET MUSIC, TOO, HONEY...

BLONDIE: (AWAY) ALL RIGHT...THIS WILL BE FUN!

FUDDLE: I'LL SLIP OVER TO MY HOUSE AND GET MY SLIPHORN. (LAUGHS)
SAY! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO CALL THIS PROGRAM?

DAG. ~~OH, SOME CATCHY NAME LIKE "BUMSTEAD'S BANDWAGON"...OR...~~

FUDDLE: ~~OR FUDDLE FUNNY FROLIC!. THAT WOULD GET 'EM! (GOING)~~
~~I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.~~

DAG: (LOUDER) MAYBE THE SENOR WOULD WANT HIS GUM MENTIONED IN THE NAME...

FUDDLE: (AWAY) WELL -- WE COULD CALL IT THE GARLIC GUM HOUR...
THERE'S A LOT OF SCENTS IN THAT. (LAUGHS) GET IT?
SCENTS...GARLIC? (LAUGH FADES)

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

BLONDIE: (FAR AWAY) DAGWOOD! COME UP HERE AND HELP ME FIND THAT BANJO!

DAG: I'M COMING, HONEY!

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC INTERLUDE VERY BRIEF...JUST AN ASCENDING RUN)

DAG: NOT MUCH LIGHT IN THIS ATTIC...WHAT'S ALL THIS STUFF,
BLONDIE?

BLONDIE: WHY I FOUND MY SHEET MUSIC...AND THEN SOME OLD DANCE PROGRAMS...AND LOOK...HERE'S THE HAT I WORE ON OUR HONEYMOON.

DAG: GOSH, HONEY...I THOUGHT YOU CAME UP TO LOOK FOR MY BANJO.
OH, LOOK! MY OLD FIRST BASEMAN'S MITT! AND -- SAY -- THAT STRAW HAT ISN'T IN SUCH BAD SHAPE!

BLONDIE: NOW...WHO'S WASTING TIME? FIND THE BANJO...

DAG: HERE IT IS! ALL DUSTY. (BLOWS) GOSH...I WONDER IF THE
 STRINGS ARE ALL RIGHT. (PLUCKS A FEW) YEP! PRETTY GOOD!
 (BELL...DISTANT...FUDDLE'S RING) HEY! THERE'S FUDDLE
 BACK ALREADY -- COME ON, BLONDIE!

BLONDIE: .. I'LL BE DOWN IN A MINUTE!

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC DESCENDING RUN)

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

FUDDLE: HERE WE ARE, BUMSTEAD, ME AND MY TROMBONE. NOW LET'S GET
 GOING.

DAG: ER -- WE'LL JUST PLAY EASY AT FIRST, HUH? NOT LET ANYONE
 HEAR US 'TIL WE GET THE HANG OF IT AGAIN.

FUDDLE: WELL...A TROMBONE ISN'T EASY TO PLAY IN SECRET, BUMSTEAD.
 BUT I'LL TRY! MAY TAKE ME A FEW BARS TO WARM UP.

DAG: HERE'S AN OLD SONG I FOUND. "SUNSHINE OF YOUR SMILE."

FUDDLE: THAT'S AN EASY ONE. YOU START, DAGWOOD, AND I'LL SNEAK IN
 WITH YOU.

DAG: NOW...NOT TOO SWINGY JUST AT FIRST! ER -- START WITH THE
 CHORUS, HUH?

FUDDLE: NO, NO...FIRST ENDING FOR AN INTRODUCTION. READY?

DAG: YEA. (HE STAMPS TIME...COUNTS) ONE -- TWO! (PLAYS SLOWLY)
 (THE TROMBONE COMES IN...THEY STRUGGLE THROUGH FEW BARS AND
 END ON VERY SOUR NOTE)

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

DAG: THE PHONE, I GUESS IT'S A COMPLAINT.

BLONDIE: (WAY OFF) DAGWOOD! THE PHONE!

DAG: YES, HONEY...I'LL GET IT. (PHONE UP) HELLO? OH, HELLO,
 MR. DITHERS, SAY LISTEN...

DITHERS: (FILTER) YOU LISTEN! HAS THAT GREAT BRAIN OF YOURS GOT A REAL RADIO IDEA YET?

DAG: SURE. I'M WORKING ON IT NOW!

DITHERS: THAT'S FINE -- BECAUSE SENOR JOSE IS CALLED BACK HOME -- AND HE'S SAILING TONIGHT --- AND UNLESS HE HEARS YOUR SHOW BEFORE HE GOES...WE LOSE THE CONTRACT!

DAG: WELL -- DON'T WORRY BECAUSE...(TAKE) WHAT? TONIGHT?

DITHERS: THAT'S WHAT I SAID! HE'S GOT A STUDIO AND AN AUDIENCE. HE TOLD THEM THE GREAT TUNER-INNER WOULD DO THE REST. SO BE THERE AT NINE O'CLOCK, BUMSTEAD, AND LISTEN! IT BETTER BE GOOD!

DAG: YEA, BUP... (JIGGLES HOOK) HELLO! GOSH HE HUNG UP.

FUDDLE: WHO?

DAG: DITHERS. HE SAYS WE'VE GOT TO HAVE THE SHOW READY TONIGHT --- AND ITS GOT TO BE GOOD. (YELLS) OH, BLONDIEEEE!

BLONDIE: (FADING IN) YES. I HEARD, DAGWOOD. I'M LOOKING UP NUMBERS.

DAG: N-NUMBERS?

BLONDIE: PHONE NUMBERS. PEOPLE WE KNOW WHO WANT TO ACT. ~~I'LL CALL~~ THE AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB -- AND CHARLIE PIPP...AND -- OH I KNOW LOTS OF PEOPLE WHOSE FRIENDS TELL THEM THEY OUGHT TO BE ON ~~THE~~ STAGE. WELL --- HERE'S WHERE THEY GET THEIR CHANCE!

DAG: GOSH, BLONDIE...CAN I HELP?

BLONDIE: YOU AND MR. FUDDLE HAD BETTER PRACTICE!

DAG: MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT...THIS IS OUR SHOW, FUDDLE. WE'VE GOT TO BE PERFECT TONIGHT. LET'S GO! (STAMPS ONE...TWO)
(WE HEAR TROMBONE AND BANJO STRUGGLING AGAIN)

ORCHESTRA: (COME IN OVER TO TAKE THIS OUT...THEN SEGUES INTO THEME AND UNDER FOR)
(CENTRAL COMMERCIAL)

"BLONDIE"
9/4/39

17-A

GOODWIN: WHEREVER YOU LIVE, WHEREVER YOU BUY YOUR CIGARETTES, IT'S IMPORTANT TO YOUR SMOKING ENJOYMENT AND YOUR POCKETBOOK AS WELL, TO REMEMBER THIS FACT: 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 --- CAMEL CIGARETTES GIVE A SMOKING PLUS EQUAL TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK.

NOW, SOME OF YOU SMOKERS, I KNOW, LIVE IN COMMUNITIES WHERE CERTAIN STATE CIGARETTE TAXES HAVE ADDED TO THE COST OF YOUR CIGARETTES. IN SUCH CASES, YOU 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. AND WHILE YOU'RE GETTING MORE SMOKING FOR YOUR MONEY, YOU'LL ALSO BE GETTING COOLER SMOKING... AN UNEQUALED MILDNESS...WITH EVERY EXTRA PUFF MADE EVEN MORE ENJOYABLE BY THE DELICATE FLAVOR AND SUPERB AROMA OF CAMEL'S FINER, MORE COSTLY TOBACCOS. AND RIGHT NOW IS THE TIME TO TURN TO CAMELS. PENNY FOR PENNY, CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY.

GOODWIN: AND NOW WE TAKE YOU TO THE STUDIO WHERE A HAND PICKED AUDIENCE IS WATCHING DAGWOOD'S DEBUT AS A RADIO PROGRAM BUILDER. ~~FRANKLY, FOLKS -- THE BUMSTEAD'S NEIGHBORS~~ ~~HAVEN'T BEEN DOING SO WELL. THE ZERO HOUR IS APPROACHING~~ ~~FOR THE TEAM OF BUMSTEAD AND FUDDLE NOW --~~ AND IN A SIDE ROOM WE FIND THE BOYS AFTER THREE HOURS OF HARD WORK -- PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON THEIR BIG MUSICAL NUMBER..
(FADE IN TROMBONE AND BANJO...SAME PLACE IN THE SONG...
AND JUST AS LOUSY AS WHEN WE FIRST HEARD IT...THE PHRASE
ENDS ON SAME SOUR NOTE)

BLONDIE: NO, MR. FUDDLE. YOU ALWAYS GO WRONG IN JUST THAT ONE PLACE! LOOK, IT GOES...(HUMS CORRECT NOTES) SEE?

DAG: SAY, BLONDIE. IF -- IF YOU COULD ONLY BE OUT THERE ON THE STAGE WITH US -- AND KIND OF HUM THE TUNE LIKE THAT. I -- I THINK WE MIGHT GET THROUGH IT.

FUDDLE: GET THROUGH IT? SAY, DO YOU REALIZE THAT WE NEVER HAVE PLAYED IT ALL THE WAY THROUGH?

DAG: OH, MY GOSH -- THAT'S RIGHT.

BLONDIE: NEVER MIND, DAGWOOD. I'LL GO OUT THERE WITH YOU. TRY NOT TO WORRY, DEAR...MAYBE THE OTHERS HAVE KINDA MADE THE AUDIENCE FRIENDLY BY NOW.

DITHERS: (DOOR BURSTS OPEN) BUMSTEAD!

DAG: Y-YESSIR! HOW'S IT GOING? ER -- PRETTY SMOOTH SO FAR?

DITHERS: SMOOTH? WHERE DID YOU FIND THAT BOY WITH THE ROLLER-SKATING ROOSTER?

FUDDLE: HOW WAS THE ACT?

DITHERS: THAT ROOSTER CAN'T SKATE ANY MORE THAN I CAN...AND I NEVER HAD SKATES ON!

DAG: ER -- MAYBE IT'S STAGE FRIGHT!

DITHERS: BAH! BUT THAT MAN WHO'S ON NOW...THE COMEDIAN!

FUDDLE: I GAVE HIM MOST OF THOSE JOKES...FUNNY, EH?

DITHERS: FUNNY? YOU CAN'T HEAR HIS JOKES. THE GONG IS TOO LOUD! BUT HE WON'T QUIT. HE SAYS YOU, BUMSTEAD, TOLD HIM TO STAY OUT THERE UNTIL YOU CAME ON WITH YOUR ACT.

DAG: OH, GOSH, ARE WE ON NEXT?

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD HAS WORKED AWFULLY HARD ON THIS, MR, DITHERS... AND THERE WAS SUCH SHORT NOTICE...

DITHERS: HE'S MADE ME RIDICULOUS BEFORE SENOR JOSE AND HIS FRIENDS..

BLONDIE: DOESN'T THE SENOR LIKE THE SHOW, EITHER?

DITHERS: HE HASN'T SAID A WORD. JUST SAT THERE LOOKING PUZZLED.

DAG: COME ON, FUDDLE. WE'RE NEEDED OUT THERE. NOW REMEMBER, WAIT FOR THE DOWN BEAT...AND WATCH THAT PLACE WHERE YOU GO SOUR...

BLONDIE: I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU, DAGWOOD.

DAG: (GOING) THANKS, BLONDIE...DON'T FORGET TO HUM...(GONG) OOOOH, LISTEN TO THAT!

ANNCR: (FADING IN) THAT WILL BE ALL OF THAT, FOLKS. AND NOW... THE REAL TREAT OF THE EVENING. I'M TOLD THIS IS REALLY GOOD. THE MUSICAL TEAM OF BUMSTEAD AND FUDDLE...ER -- A NOVELTY ACT FEATURING A TROMBONE AND A BANJO. LET'S GIVE THEM A LITTLE ENCOURAGEMENT, FOLKS! COME ON. A BIG HAND! (SCATTERED HAND CLAPS)

DAG: GOSH, THIS IS IT, FUDDLE, READY?

FUDDLE: GO AHEAD!

DAG: (STAMPS ONE...TWO) (THE SAME PHRASE OF MUSIC...NO BETTER
...NO WORSE...BUT BLONDIE HUMMING UNDER IT...FUDDLE HITS
SOUR NOTE AGAIN...STOPS)

FUDDLE: I GOT MY TONGUE AROUND MY EYE TEETH AND I COULDN'T SEE
WHAT I WAS PLAYING. (LAUGHS FEEBLY) (SARCASTIC ANSWERING
LAUGH FROM AUDIENCE) (DAGWOOD HAS CONTINUED TO PLAY)

DAG: COME ON, FUDDLE, STICK WITH IT!

FUDDLE: I -- I DON'T KNOW ANY MORE!

BLONDIE: GO ON, DAG...I'M WITH YOU! (BEGINS TO HUM WITH HIS BANJO)
(DAG GETS BETTER...JUST TAKING CHORDS) (BLONDIE'S HUMMING
GETS STRONGER...SHE TAKES THE WORDS...IF NECESSARY SHE
REPEATS CHORUS SINGING OUT STRONG NOW...ENDS WITH SWELL
BIG FINISH) (A MOMENT'S SILENCE) (TERRIFIC APPLAUSE....
DOWN AN INSTANT)

DAG: LISTEN...THEY -- THEY'RE APPLAUDING! (ANOTHER WAVE OF
APPLAUSE) (BAND IN WITH REPRISE OF NUMBER FOR FEW BARS
THEN DOWN UNDER) (BABBLE OF VOICES IN BACKGROUND)

SENOR: MAGNIFICENT! SE AMERICAN! FIRST THE FUNNY BUSINESS --
THEN A BEAUTIFUL SONG. WHAT CHARMING!

DITHERS: (AMAZED) YOU LIKED IT?

SENOR: SI SI, SENOR. RIGHT AWAY I SIGN THE CONTRACT FOR THEES
FACTORY...COME NOW...EVERYONE MUST BE MY GUEST ON THE
~~SHEEP~~ BEFORE I SAIL AWAY...(FADING) COME, SENORA!
COME...WE MUST HURRY...

ORCHESTRA: (UP TO FINISH REPRISE AND INTERLUDE...OUT)

FUDDLE: BUMSTEAD...ARE YOU HERE?

DAG: (SADLY) SURE I'M HERE.

FUDDLE: WHAT DID YOU COME HOME FOR? WHERE'S BLONDIE?

DAG: DIDN'T SHE COME HOME WITH YOU?

FUDDLE: NO. I THOUGHT YOU TWO HAD GONE TO THE SENOR'S SAILING PARTY...UNTIL I JUST SAW YOUR LIGHT.

DAG: MAYBE SHE WENT TO THE PARTY...GOSH, EVERYONE CROWDED AROUND HER -- AND CONGRATULATED HER. I FELT KINDA SILLY SO I WENT IN TO PUT AWAY MY BANJO. THEN WHEN I CAME OUT... THEY WERE ALL GONE.

FUDDLE: WELL -- JUST MISSED EACH OTHER IN THE CROWD, I GUESS.

DAG: YEA. GOSH, I HOPE SHE WON'T BE LATE.

FUDDLE: WELL -- YOU'LL HAVE TO GET USED TO THIS SORT OF THING, BUMSTEAD. SHE'S A SUCCESS NOW YOU KNOW.

DAG: I KNOW. SOMEBODY OFFERED HER A CONTRACT TONIGHT. GOSH. I SUPPOSE SHE'LL BE HEADED FOR A CAREER OR SOMETHING NOW. (SIGHS) WELL -- I DON'T WANT TO BE SELFISH -- ONLY -- THIS HOUSE WOULD SEEM MIGHTY EMPTY IF SHE WAS TRAVELING AROUND ALL THE TIME.

FUDDLE: DON'T WORRY, BUMSTEAD, I'LL STAND BY YOU...

DAG: YEA..THANKS.

FUDDLE: (YAWNS) I'M A LITTLE SLEEPY NOW, THOUGH. GETTING LATE. GUESS I'LL TODDLE ALONG HOME. MRS. FUDDLE WILL BE ER -- WAITING.

DAG: YEA...GOOD NIGHT, FUDDLE.

FUDDLE: ER -- LIKE TO HEAR A GOOD WHEEZE BEFORE I GO?

DAG: NEVER MIND, FUDDLE. NOT TONIGHT.

FUDDLE: (AWAY) WELL -- GOOD NIGHT, THEN. (DOOR CLOSES)

DAG: (LATE) ER, SURE. GOOD NIGHT. (PAUSE) GOSH, THIS HOUSE
IS QUIET. ENOUGH TO DRIVE A FELLOW CRAZY. (PAUSE)

BLONDIE: (PAR OFF) (REPRISE OF BAR OF SONG)

DAG: MAYBE I AM CRAZY. THAT SOUNDED LIKE BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: (STILL OFF BUT LOUDER) (ANOTHER BAR OF SONG)

DAG: (QUIET) BLONDIE. (LOUDER) BLONDIE...IS THAT YOU?

BLONDIE: (STILL OFF) DAGWOOD? WHERE ARE YOU?

DAG: DOWN HERE. WHERE ARE YOU?

BLONDIE: (OFF) UP HERE. IN THE ATTIC. COME ON UP,

DAG: GOSH, WILL I! (MUSIC ASCENDING RUN-OUT) (DAG FADES IN)
HEY, BLONDIE, I THOUGHT -- I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE HOME.

BLONDIE: WHY I CAME HOME RIGHT AWAY. I THOUGHT YOU HAD -- SO I DID.

DAG: WEREN'T YOU WORRIED WHEN YOU FOUND I WASN'T?

BLONDIE: OH, I KNEW YOU'D BE ALONG. LOOK, DAGWOOD, WHAT I FOUND
IN THIS TRUNK.

DAG: GOSH, MY OLD TUXEDO. I WORE THAT WHEN WE WERE MARRIED.
(SIGHS) YOU -- IT'S BEEN NICE MARRIED TO YOU, BLONDIE...

BLONDIE: WELL, WE'RE STILL MARRIED...

DAG: BUT -- NOW YOU'RE FAMOUS,

BLONDIE: NONSENSE, JUST BECAUSE I SANG ONE LITTLE SONG? ANYWAY,
IT'S MORE FUN BEING MRS. DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD THAN...THAN
ANYTHING ELSE. LOOK...SEE THESE OLD DANCE PROGRAMS?

DAG: (LAUGHS) YEA. LOOK. I CROSSED OFF THE OTHER FELLOWS
NAMES -- AND WROTE MINE IN.

BLONDIE: YOU'RE STILL DOING IT, DAGWOOD. YOU'RE MY BEST BEAU.

DAG: GOSH; THANKS. HEY...THAT PINK DRESS...I REMEMBER THAT.

BLONDIE: REMEMBER THE DANCE I WORE IT TO? YOU KISSED ME THAT NIGHT! THE FIRST TIME.

DAG: YEA...ON THE STEPS OF THE GYM. I FELT LIKE I WAS IN CHURCH.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) AND PRETTY SOON YOU WERE. AND I WAS COMING UP THE AISLE...AND THE MUSIC WAS GOING TUM TUM TE TUM...
(HUMS IT)

DAG: GO AHEAD, BLONDIE...SING. SING "SUNSHINE OF YOUR SMILE," CAN YOU READ THE WORDS?

BLONDIE: I KNOW THEM BY HEART AND I'LL NEVER FORGET THEM...THEY BELONG TO ME NOW WITH THE REST OF THESE MEMORIES.

DAG: GEE, YOU SANG THAT SWELL TONIGHT.

BLONDIE: I COULD HAVE NEVER GOT THROUGH IF IT WASN'T FOR YOU HELPING ME ON THE BANJO.

DAG: HEY, LOOK! I'VE STILL GOT MY BANJO!

BLONDIE: PLAY, DAGWOOD. SOFTLY SO WE WON'T WAKE BABY DUMPLING.

DAG: I'M PRETTY PUNK ON IT.

BLONDIE: I LIKE IT...PLAY!

DAG: WELL -- OKAY. (BEGINS TO PLAY...SHE HUMS...HE GETS BY BAD NOTE) GOSH, I DID IT. (PLAYS WITH CONFIDENCE NOW...HER HUMMING GROWS SWEETLY)

ORCHESTRA: (STEALS SOFTLY IN UNDER...THEN SWELLS OVER THEIR MUSIC BUILDING UP TO CURTAIN...GOES INTO "BLONDIE" THEME...AND DOWN UNDER FOR:)
(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

"BLONDIE"
9/4/39

-24-

GOODWIN: AND SO WE LEAVE BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD. NEXT MONDAY WE INVITE YOU TO LISTEN AGAIN TO NEW ADVENTURES OF THIS FAMILY MADE FAMOUS BY CHIC YOUNG'S POPULAR KING FEATURES COMIC STRIP. BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD ARE PLAYED BY PENNY SINGLETON AND ARTHUR LAKE ---

THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES WHO BRING YOU "BLONDIE" OVER THE AIR EACH MONDAY HAVE TWO OTHER RADIO TREATS FOR YOU ~~THIS EVENING~~. TOMORROW NIGHT OVER THESE SAME STATIONS -- BOB CROSBY AND HIS SENSATIONAL DIXIELAND BAND WITH JOHNNY MERCER AND HELEN WARD. ON SATURDAYS -- OVER ANOTHER NETWORK -- BENNY GOODMAN AND THE WORLD'S GREATEST COLLECTION OF MASTER SWING MUSICIANS BRING 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)

GOODWIN: OUR "BLONDIE" ORCHESTRA IS DIRECTED BY BILLY ARTZT, WHO ALSO CREATES THE SPECIAL MUSICAL EFFECTS. THIS IS BILL GOODWIN SPEAKING FOR THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES -- GOODNIGHT.

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.