

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1939

3:30 - 4:00 P.M.
6:30 - 7:00 P.M.

GOODWIN: NEVER MIND THE DISHES, MOM. RELAX -- LISTEN TO
"BLONDIE."

ORCHESTRA: (THEME...FOUR TO EIGHT BARS, THEN UNDER)

GOODWIN: BEFORE WE INVESTIGATE THE DOINGS OF THE FAMOUS
BUMSTEADS -- A WORD FROM THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES
WHO BRING YOU THE ~~RECOMMENDED PRICE~~ INCH-MONDAY.
AMERICA'S NUMBER ONE CIGARETTE IS THE CIGARETTE OF
LONG-BURNING COSTLIER TOBACCOS. YES, THAT'S CAMEL.
AND ANY WAY YOU FIGURE IT -- FROM THE EXTRA SMOKING
PER PACK OF CAMEL'S LONG-BURNING QUALITIES -- TO THE
COOLER, MILDER, MORE ENJOYABLE SMOKING OF FINER, MORE
COSTLY TOBACCOS -- CAMELS ARE PENNY FOR PENNY YOUR
BEST CIGARETTE BUY.
RECENT IMPARTIAL LABORATORY TESTS SHOW THAT BY BURNING
TWENTY-FIVE PERCENT SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE
FIFTEEN OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED
SLOWER THAN ANY OF THEM -- CAMELS GIVE A SMOKING
EQUAL TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKE PER PACK.
MORE ACTUAL SMOKING PER PACK, MORE PLEASURE
PUFF! FOR SLOW-BURNING CAMELS GIVE YOU FREE
THE IRRITATING QUALITIES OF TOO-FAST BURNING
(CONTINUED)

51455 5519



Re: *Wm. B. ...*
100 E 112 ST N.Y.
"BLONDIE"

AM OK
MAIL
7:30 - 8:00 P

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1959

GOODWIN: ~~WELL, HERE IT IS MONDAY AGAIN, AND IT'S TIME FOR~~
at, at, at - you know it's forgotten
~~"BLONDIE."~~
ORCHESTRA: (THEME... UNDER:)

GOODWIN: BEFORE WE DROP OVER TO THE BUMSTEAD HOUSE TO VISIT CHIC YOUNG'S FAMOUS CHARACTERS, "BLONDIE" AND "DAGWOOD," A WORD FROM THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES.

MILDER...MELLOWER...SLOWER-BURNING...

THOSE WORDS GO A LONG WAY TOWARD EXPLAINING WHY CAMELS ARE AMERICA'S NUMBER ONE CIGARETTE.

CAMELS DO BURN SLOWER. THAT'S WELL-KNOWN AMONG CAMEL SMOKERS. NATURALLY, SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS SMOKE COOLER, MILDER, AND THEY TASTE BETTER, TOO. THERE'S NO FAST BURNING TO MAR THE DELICATE TASTE AND MARVELOUS AROMA OF CAMEL'S FINER, MORE COSTLY TOBACCOS.

YES, CAMELS GIVE YOU SMOKING PLEASURE AT ITS BEST -- YET CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS COST LESS TO SMOKE BECAUSE THEY ARE SLOW-BURNING.

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.

WHATEVER PRICE PER PACK YOU PAY FOR YOUR CIGARETTES, REMEMBER -- SMOKING PLEASURE AT ITS BEST -- AND EXTRA SMOKING PER PACK -- MAKE CAMELS PENNY FOR PENNY YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

51455 5520

GOODWIN: AND NOW WE PAY OUR WEEKLY VISIT TO THE BUMSTEADS. ALL OLD FRIENDS OF BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD WILL RECOGNIZE THEIR KITCHEN -- AND ITS AIR OF ~~IMPORTANCE~~ -- (AS WE APPROACH THIS MORNING. DAGWOOD IS ABOUT TO BEGIN HIS FAMOUS DAILY DASH FOR THE OFFICE. (MUSIC IN WITH HURRY THEME ...UNDER) ~~THERE HE IS, GULPING HIS LAST MOUTHFUL OF COFFEE! AND THERE'S BLONDIE ... IN THE HALL ... STANDING CLOSE TO THE WALL ... HOLDING HIS HAT, COAT AND LUNCH. BABY DUMPLING TOO, IS ON THE ALERT TO SWING WIDE THE FRONT DOOR FOR DAGWOODS WHIZZING EXIT! (MUSIC UP) NOW -- A WARNING BARK FROM DAISY! (DOG BARKS)...AND HERE HE COMES! OUT OF THE KITCHEN THROUGH THE HALL... OUT OF THE DOOR AND...OOOPS, (WHIZZING MUSIC) (ENDS ON TERRIFIC CHORL) (DULL THUD FROM SOUND EFFECTS)~~

YES...YOU'VE GUESSED IT, FOLKS! DAGWOOD AND THE MAIL MAN HAVE MET HEAD ON AGAIN! (MUSIC DOES FLUTTERING SOUND AS LETTERS FALL TO GROUND)

DAGWOOD: GOSH! I--I'M SORRY, MR. CRUM! ARE YOU HURT?

CRUM: (GROGGY) SNOWING! AND YET -- THE STARS ARE OUT!

DAGWOOD: IT ISN'T SNOWING, MR. CRUM. THOSE ARE YOUR LETTERS COMING DOWN AGAIN!

CRUM: IS -- IS THAT YOU, MR. BUMSTEAD?

DAGWOOD: YEA -- DON'T TRY TO GET UP YET, MR. CRUM! JUST SIT RIGHT THERE AND I'LL PICK UP THE MAIL.

CRUM: THANKS. IF YOU'LL HAND IT TO ME, I'LL SORT IT AGAIN.

DAGWOOD: WELL, HERE'S A POST CARD. OH, LOOK...THAT'S A PRETTY ONE ISN'T IT? LAKE ARROWHEAD, CALIFORNIA. WHY THIS IS FROM JIM DINGLE! I'M GLAD HE WRITES HIS MOTHER.

CRUM: WRITES HER ALL THE TIME. ALL ~~POST-CARDS~~. I BEEN KEEPIN UP WITH HIS HONEYMOON THAT WAY.

DAGWOOD: YEA? HE IS ON HIS HONEYMOON -- THAT'S RIGHT. LOOK, IT SAYS HERE X MARKS OUR ROOMS! WHY THERE'S SIX MARKS ON THE HOTEL.

CRUM: YEP. Y'SEE HIS WIFE'S FOLKS ALL WENT WITH THEM.

DAGWOOD: ON THEIR HONEYMOON? WHY I THOUGHT THEY ELOPED TO GET AWAY FROM HER FOLKS.

CRUM: THEY DID ELOPE -- BUT THE WOMAN NEXT DOOR SAYS HER MOTHER HELD THE LADDER FOR THEM.

DAGWOOD: ~~THEY MUST BE MOST AS CROWDED AS JOE PRESTON WAS ON HIS HONEYMOON. THEY STARTED OUT IN A TRAILER, BUT HIS BRIDE BROUGHT HER TAME RABBITS WITH HER -- AND PRETTY SOON JOE HAD TO SLEEP OUTSIDE ON THE GROUND! SAY! HERE'S A FUNNY LOOKING LETTER! FOR FUDDLE! SEE? IT'S GOT A RED STRIPE ON IT.~~

CRUM: THAT'S FROM THE NEVERFAIL COLLECTION AGENCY. RED STRIPE MEANS SECOND NOTICE. WAIT TILL HE GETS THE ALL RED ENVELOPE.

DAGWOOD: IS THAT THE BAD ONE?

CRUM: WELL...ALL I KNOW IS THAT AFTER THEY GET THAT ONE THEY PULL DOWN ALL THE BLINDS -- OR MOVE AWAY.

DAGWOOD: I KNOW ONE FELLOW AT THE OFFICE GOT THE WHOLE SERIES. THE FIRST ONE STARTS OUT PRETTY POLITE. IT JUST SAYS "IF YOU THINK WE THINK YOU ACCIDENTALLY OVERLOOKED THIS LITTLE BILL -- START WORRYING!" I NEVER SAW THE RED ONE. HE KEEPS IT IN AN ASBESTOS BOX.

CRUM: MY BROTHER-IN-LAW WAS A COLLECTOR. FOR THE BIG DRUM AGENCY. THEY SENT HIM OUT WITH A BIG BASS DRUM TO PLAY IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE WHERE THE PEOPLE OWED MONEY. A SIGN ON THE DRUM SAID "YOU CAN'T BEAT US!" HE ONLY FAILED TO GET THE MONEY ONCE.

DAGWOOD: HOW DID THAT HAPPEN?

CRUM: HE LOST HIS DRUM.

DAGWOOD: AW. NOW HOW COULD A MAN LOSE A BASS DRUM?

CRUM: WELL, YOU SEE HE GOT BEHIND IN HIS PAYMENTS FOR THE DRUM AND THE MUSIC STORE PEOPLE TOOK IT AWAY FROM HIM BEFORE HE COULD COLLECT FROM HIMSELF.

DAGWOOD: OH! THAT'S HOW HE LOST IT. MUST HAVE BEEN A BLOW.

CRUM: HE AIN'T BEEN HIMSELF EVER SINCE.

DAGWOOD: IS THAT SO? ER -- WHO HAS HE BEEN?

CRUM: NOW, MR. BUMSTEAD, THIS AIN'T NO TIME FOR RIDDLES. JUST GIVE ME THAT LAST POST CARD.

DAGWOOD: WAIT A MINUTE...THIS CARD'S A HONEY. LOOK-IT, POETRY, THE FELLOW THAT SENT THIS MUST BE COO-COO.

CRUM: YEH...I COULDN'T MAKE MUCH OF THAT ONE.

DAGWOOD: WHY, IT SAYS HERE:

"OH COUSIN OF MINE -- TOO LONG HAVE WE SPENT
APART FROM EACH OTHER -- BUT NOW THE CEMENT
SMOKES NEATH THE WHEELS O' MY IRON STEED
AS OVER THE HIGHWAYS TO YOU I SPEED.

OER SAND, CLAY AND GRAVEL AND EKE OER MACADAM
I'M COMING TO VISIT WITH YOU AND YOUR MADAM,"

WHY THAT'S PLAIN ENOUGH...HE'S COMING TO VISIT SOMEONE.

CRUM: YEA...BUT READ THAT LAST THERE! WHAT'S THAT ABOUT?

DAGWOOD: WELL, IT SAYS:

"FROM YOUR WEARY HEARTS I'LL LIFT A LOAD
WITH A MINSTRELS SONG O' THE OPEN ROAD
AND MANY A TALE O' MY WANDERINGS TELL
WHILE YOU IN RETURN SHALL NOURISH ME WELL.

AND SO IT WILL GO FOR MANY A DAY
AND MAYHAP FOREVER -- AND MAYHAP FOR AYE."

CRUM: CAN YOU MAKE THAT OUT?

DAGWOOD: WHY SURE! ~~THIS MEANS THAT SOMEONE IS IN FOR A LONG~~
~~VISIT FROM THIS FELLER.~~ HE SAYS HE'LL SIT AROUND AND
TALK WHILE THEY FEED HIM THE REST OF HIS LIFE. (LAUGHS)
OH, BOY, THEY'RE IN FOR IT!

CRUM: WELL, MR. BUMSTEAD, I WAS AFRAID THAT WAS IT. WHERE
YOU GOIN' TO PUT HIM?

DAGWOOD: WELL, I'LL TELL YOU. (TAKE) WHAT? WHERE WILL I PUT
WHO?

CRUM: THAT FELLER THAT CALLS YOU COUSIN. THE CARD'S ADDRESSED
TO YOU!

DAGWOOD: T-OOOOOH! IT IS! AND IT'S SIGNED HOMER BUMSTEAD! OH,
BLONDIE!

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC IN AND UP FOR BRIEF INTERLUDE)

BLONDIE: BUT, DAGWOOD. I NEVER EVEN HEARD YOU MENTION THIS
COUSIN HOMER BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: WE NEVER DO MENTION HIM MUCH IN OUR FAMILY. SEE, HE
ALWAYS DID LEAN TOWARD POETRY.

BLONDIE: WELL?

DAGWOOD: WELL --- ONE TIME HE LEANED TOO FAR! HE WROTE A POEM TO AN INDIAN GIRL IN A WILD WEST SHOW. HER FATHER'S NAME WAS CHIEF SLEEPING BEAR.

BLONDIE: HOW ROMANTIC.

DAGWOOD: YEA, BUT IT WAS HARD ON THE FAMILY. SEE -- WHEN HE READ HOMER'S POEM TO HIS DAUGHTER. CHIEF SLEEPING BEAR WOKE UP! HE CHASED HOMER CLEAR OUT OF TOWN! THIS IS THE FIRST WE HEARD OF HOMER SINCE THEN.

BLONDIE: HE SAYS HERE HE'LL SING US SONGS OF THE OPEN ROAD. OH, MY. I GUESS HE'S THE CAREFREE OUTDOORS TYPE.

DAGWOOD: I HOPE HE DON'T GET TOO CAREFREE WITH OUR REFRIGERATOR. I NOTICE HE SAYS WE'RE GOING TO NOURISH HIM WELL,

BLONDIE: WELL, DAGWOOD, HE'S YOUR OWN COUSIN. NOW IF HE'S USED TO A VAGABOND LIFE, I GUESS HE'LL WANT A BED ON THE SLEEPING PORCH. THEN HE CAN RISE TO GREET THE SUN.

DAGWOOD: UNLESS HE'S CHANGED A LOT HE NEVER RISES TO GREET ANYTHING TILL NOON.

BLONDIE: WELL -- YOU CAN'T EXPECT A POET TO KEEP OFFICE HOURS.

DAGWOOD: GOSH! THAT REMINDS ME, I'M AWFULLY LATE FOR THE OFFICE, BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: WELL, GO ON, DEAR. I'LL WELCOME HOMER!

DAGWOOD: DON'T ENCOURAGE HIM NOW, BLONDIE. HE'S ALREADY PLANNING ON STAYING HERE QUIT A WHILE. "MAYHAP FOR AYE," GOSH.

BLONDIE: WHEN IS HE COMING?

DAGWOOD: HE DOESN'T SAY. BUT WHENEVER IT IS...IT'S TOO SOON!

BLONDIE: WELL...HOW IS HE COMING? DOES HE SAY THAT?

DAGWOOD: "OER SAND -- CLAY AND GRAVEL, AND EKE OER MACADAM." ON AN IRON STEED...WHATEVER THAT IS. (SOUND OF MOTORCYCLE FAINTLY) (IT SHOULD BE AN OLD AND NOISY ONE -- MISSING A CYLINDER AND BACKFIRING WHEN REALLY HEARD)

BLONDIE: LISTEN! (NOISE INCREASES)

DAGWOOD: GOSH. SOMEBODY OUGHT TO GET THEIR MOTORCYCLE FIXED. (NOISE NOW TERRIFIC) THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW AGAINST FELLERS LIKE THAT.

BLONDIE: (THROUGH THE RACKET) HE'S STOPPING OUTSIDE!

DAGWOOD: (SHOUTING) HEY?

BLONDIE: (SHOUTING) IT'S IN OUR YARD!

DAGWOOD: I'LL SOON STOP THAT...(OPENS DOOR) HEY! CUT THAT OUT!

HOMER: (AWAY) (BUT LOUD) GREETINGS FAIR COZ!

DAGWOOD: HOW'S THAT? (SHOUTS IT...HE HAS TO)

HOMER: FLING WIDE THE PORTAL, COZ! ~~LET THE PORTAL BE TABLE~~
TIS I -- HOMER!

BLONDIE: IT'S HOMER! OH, DAGWOOD -- LOOK! HE HAS A BEARD!

DAGWOOD: A RED BEARD! GOSH -- WE GOT TO GET HIM INSIDE BEFORE FUDDLE SEES HIM!

HOMER: BESTIR KNAVE'. WHAT CHURLS WELCOME IS THIS? HAST NO GREETING FOR THINE OWN BLOOD WHAT TIME WE MEET? (BIG LAUGH)

DAGWOOD: LISTEN...SHUT OFF THAT MOTORCYCLE -- AND COME IN. (SOUND DOWN AND OUT)

HOMER: TIS WELL -- FOR PEGASUS IS WEARY OF THE ROAD! RIGHT WELL HAS THE IRON MONSTER BORN ME! FROM FAR EXOTIC LANDS OER DANK MORASS AND SNOW-CAPPED PEAKS! FULL MANY A MOON HAS WAXED AND WANED THE WHILE I CHERISHED VISIONS OF THIS MEETING.

DAGWOOD: WELL, OKAY, COME ON IN THEN.

BLONDIE: AND -- ER -- WELCOME, COUSIN HOMER. YOU ARE COUSIN HOMER I GUESS!

HOMER: YEA -- SO AM I CALLED. HOMER OF THE HIGHWAYS. BARD OF THE BY-WAYS. AND THEE -- FAIR LASS!...TELL ME NOT, COZ, THAT THIS VIKING QUEEN IS SHE WHO SHARES YOUR NAME.

DAGWOOD: HUH? OH, YEA...SURE. THIS IS BLONDIE.

HOMER: THINE HAIR LADY! A HALO OF IMPRISONED SUNSHINE! AH, HAPPY PRISONER! I BOW...NAY...I KNEEL TO THEE, RAINBOW OF BEAUTY!

BLONDIE: OH, MY.

DAGWOOD: GOSH, HOMER, DON'T DO THAT. GET UP WILL YOU? IT MAKES BLONDIE NERVOUS.

HOMER: AND I AM SHAKEN TO THE CORE!

DAGWOOD: YEA...~~THOSE MOTORCYCLES DO TOSS YOU AROUND,~~ I GUESS.

HOMER: NO...~~I'M SHAKEN~~ BY THIS ENCOUNTER WITH SUCH LOVELINESS! TELL ME NOT THAT THESE WHITE HANDS ARE THOSE WHICH FRIED YON HAM?

DAGWOOD: EH? OH, YEA -- WE JUST HAD BREAKFAST.

HOMER: YET HAVE I NOT BROKEN FAST MY, COZ. COME LET US SEEK AGAIN THE GROANING BOARD.

DAGWOOD: ARE YOU HUNGRY ALREADY?

HOMER: MY VITALS KNOWS THE GNAWING GRIP OF FAMINE!

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I -- SUPPOSE YOU WOULD BE AFTER COMING ALL ~~THAT~~ WAY.

HOMER: OER DANK MORASS AND SNOW-CAPPED PEAK...

DAGWOOD: YEA...THAT'S THE SAME ROUTE YOU MENTIONED BEFORE! YOU COME OVER NINETY-NINE?

BLONDIE: NOW, DAGWOOD, FOR GOODNESS SAKE, DON'T ASK SO MANY QUESTIONS. THE POOR MAN'S STARVING!

HOMER: YEA! -- I PERISH! YET MUST I FIRST SEE MY FAITHFUL STEED WELL BESTOWED.

DAGWOOD: ~~YOU MEAN THAT MOTORCYCLE?~~

HOMER: ~~AYE. EVEN SO. MY PEGASUS MUST REST UNDER THE~~
~~FRIENDLY SHEET OF MY ROOF, HERE I CAN FEEL MY STAY~~
WELL BEGUN.

DAGWOOD: SPEAKING OF YOUR STAY -- ER -- HOW LONG WERE YOU GOIN'
TO...

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD!!!

HOMER: FEAR NOT THAT I WILL QUIT THEE ALL TOO SOON COZ. NAY,
HERE FIND I SURCEASE FROM MY WANDERINGS. HERE SHALL I
TARRY FOR THE NONCE...(GOING) NOW LEAD I PEGASUS UNTO
THE TAVERN YARD...(DOOR SLAMS)

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) THE GARAGE IS OUT BACK..(NORMAL) GOSH HE'S
"TARRYING FOR THE NONCE". IS A NONCE MORE THAN A WEEK,
BLONDIE?

BLONDIE: MY GOODNESS, DAGWOOD. YOUR OWN COUSIN AND YOU WANT HIM TO
GO BEFORE HE'S EVEN BROUGHT IN HIS BAGS. (MOTORCYCLE
WHEEZES...SHUTTERS)

DAGWOOD: HE DIDN'T HAVE ANY BAGS! I'LL BET HE'LL BE WEARING MY
STUFF! HE ALWAYS DID. (MOTORCYCLE ROARS) GOSH...THAT'S
AN AWFUL MACHINE! (PHONE BELL) LISTEN -- THE PHONE!
I'LL BET THE NEIGHBORS DID SEE HIM! (PHONE OFF HOOK)

MRS. FUDDLE: BLONDIE!

BLONDIE: OH, HELLO, MRS. FUDDLE.

MRS. FUDDLE: LISTEN, BLONDIE. THERE'S A STRANGE MAN WITH LONG HAIR
AND A RED BEARD THAT DOESN'T QUITE MATCH...

BLONDIE: YES, I KNOW.

MRS. FUDDLE: WELL, IF YOU KNOW HIM -- TELL HIM MY FARQUAR IS TRYING TO
SLEEP AND THAT THE SMOKE FROM THAT MACHINE IS DRIFTING
ALL ~~OVER MY WASHING ON THE LINE...~~ MY GOODNESS!..WHO IS HE?

BLONDIE: HE'S DAGWOOD'S COZ...COUSIN, I MEAN.

MRS. ~~FUDDLE~~ WHAT?

BLONDIE: (SHOUTING OVER NOISE) I SAY (SOUND OUT) ~~HE'S DAGWOOD'S~~
COUSIN...OH, NOW IT'S STOPPED!

MRS. FUDDLE: A RELATIVE? OH, MY DEAR! HE'S NOT STAYING WITH YOU?

BLONDIE: WHY -- YES -- YES HE IS -- GOING TO.

MRS. FUDDLE: I SHANT SLEEP A WINK WITH THAT MAN IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

BLONDIE: OH -- HE'S PERFECTLY ALL RIGHT. REALLY -- HE -- HE'S
JUST A POET!

MRS. FUDDLE: REALLY? HOW TERRIBLE!

HOMER: (COMING IN) HOW NOW FAIR DAMSEL?

BLONDIE: I'M JUST TALKING TO MRS. FUDDLE....~~A NEIGHBOR.~~

HOMER: AH...~~SWEET WORDS~~...~~NEIGHBOR!~~ LET ME HEAR HER DULCET
TONES...

BLONDIE: NO -- HOMER. SHE -- SHE'S NOT SO DULCET RIGHT NOW.

HOMER: NAY -- DENY ME NOT, I HAVE A WAY WITH THE LASSIES....
HELLO?

MRS. FUDDLE: (ICILY) I BEG YOUR PARDON?

HOMER: I DID BUT GREET THEE IN THE FASHION OF THE DAY -- BUT
NOW I HEAR THE TONES OF SILVER -- THAT PUT THE COOING
DOVE TO SHAME...AND LO...I KNOW THAT HENCEFORTH AND
FOR ALL TIME I MUST CALL THEE HARMONIA...GODDESS OF
SONG!

MRS. FUDDLE: LISTEN...DON'T GET FRESH WITH ME...OR I'LL TELL MY
HUSBAND.

SOUND: PHONE HANGS UP

DAGWOOD: HEY, LISTEN, HOMER! THAT'S MRS. FUDDLE YOU'RE TALKING
TO. SHE'S A MARRIED WOMAN! YOU -- YOU'D BETTER WATCH
OUT AROUND HERE, HOMER, REMEMBER THAT INDIAN GIRL'S
FATHER!

ORCHESTRA: (IN FOR INTERLUDE)

VOICES: (MAN AND WOMAN ALTERNATE...MUSIC CHORDS BETWEEN EACH)

MONDAY! (CHORD) TUESDAY! (CHORD) BOTH: TUESDAY!

DAGWOOD: I DON'T MIND HIM EATING ALL HE DOES AT MEAL-TIMES --
BUT HE'S ALWAYS AT THE REFRIGERATOR, TOO... (CHORD)

VOICES: (AS BEFORE) TUESDAY... (CHORD) WEDNESDAY (CHORD)

BOTH: WEDNESDAY.

BLONDIE: BUT HE HAD TO HAVE SOMETHING TO WEAR TO THE WOMAN'S
CLUB, DAGWOOD...AND SINCE YOUR SHIRTS FIT HIM...WHAT
COULD I DO? (CHORD)

VOICES: WEDNESDAY (CHORD) THURSDAY (CHORD) FRIDAY!

DAGWOOD: THIS IS THE LIMIT! A PRINTER'S BILL...PROGRAMS FOR HIS
LECTURE! CHARGED TO ME!

VOICES: MONDAY...TUESDAY...WEDNESDAY.. (CHORD) THURSDAY, FRIDAY,
SATURDAY. (MUSIC UP...SUSTAINED CHORD...OUT)

DAGWOOD: WELL, GOSH, BLONDIE, CAN'T YOU KEEP YOUR EYE ON HIM?

BLONDIE: NOW, DAGWOOD, WHAT DO YOU EXPECT ME TO DO? RIDE THE
BACK SEAT OF THAT MOTORCYCLE EVERYWHERE HE GOES?

DAGWOOD: I MEAN AROUND THE HOUSE. YOU'RE HERE ALL DAY, WHILE I'M
AT THE OFFICE. (LOUDLY) I TELL YOU, I'M NOT GOING TO
STAND ANY MORE ON THIS!

BLONDIE: WHY, DAGWOOD! YOU -- YOU'RE YELLING AT ME!

DAGWOOD: WELL, I'M SORRY -- BUT THAT GUY GETS ON MY NERVES, I
GUESS.

BLONDIE: WELL, HE'S YOUR COUSIN, DAGWOOD...NOT MINE! AND I GUESS
IF I CAN SIT AROUND WAITING FOR HIM TO GET UP AND EAT
BREAKFAST...AND TRY TO KEEP BABY DUMPLING QUIET...AND
ANSWER THE PHONE FOR ALL THOSE WOMEN WHO CALL HIM UP...

DAGWOOD: THAT'S ANOTHER THING! I COULD STAND HIS USING MY CLOTHES AND RAIDING THE ICEBOX AND BORROWING MONEY ALL THE TIME! I CAN PAY HIS BILLS FOR TIRES ON HIS MOTORCYCLE IF I HAVE TO...BUT THOSE WOMEN WORRY ME. THEIR HUSBANDS DON'T LIKE IT!

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD, WHAT HAVE YOU HEARD?

DAGWOOD: ~~PLENPHY! ALL THE MEN HAVE BEEN LOOKING AT ME KINDA FUNNY LATELY -- AND THIS MORNING BILL STRING CAME OUT WITH IT ON THE BUS.~~

BLONDIE: DOES MRS. STRING KNOW HOMER?

DAGWOOD: ACCORDING TO BILL SHE'S A CHANGED WOMAN. BILL SAYS SHE GOES AROUND CALLING HERSELF "MOONLIT HONEYSUCKLE" AND SAYS SHE HAS PENETRATED THE SECRET OF LOVELINESS.

BLONDIE: WELL!

DAGWOOD: YEA...AND BILL SAYS SHE BELONGS TO A CLUB THAT HOMER STARTED. ALL WOMEN.

BLONDIE: IT'S JUST A POETRY CIRCLE, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: BILL DOESN'T THINK SO! HE'S PRETTY SURE. WHAT MAKES ALL THOSE WOMEN LIKE HOMER SO MUCH, BLONDIE? DO YOU THINK HE'S GOOD LOOKING?

BLONDIE: NOOOO...BUT -- HE HAS A WAY WITH HIM. THE ONLY WOMAN WHO HAS HELD OUT SO FAR IS MRS. FUDDLE. SHE'S NEVER LIKED HIM FROM THAT FIRST DAY. (RING ON DOOR BELL) MAYBE THIS IS HOMER, NOW.

DAGWOOD: I DIDN'T HEAR HIS MOTORCYCLE DRIVE UP...(DOOR OPENS) WHY, IT'S MRS. FUDDLE.

BLONDIE: HELLO, MRS. FUDDLE.

MRS. FUDDLE: GREETINGS, GOOD NEIGHBORS! GIVE 'E GODEEN!

DAGWOOD: DO WHAT?

MRS. FUDDLE: I WOULD HAVE SPEECH WITH THREE GENTLES -- AND -- TOO
-- WITH BRAVE HOMER -- IF HE BE HERE!

BLONDIE: WHY -- WHY, HAZEL FUDDLE!

MRS. FUDDLE: NAY -- CALL ME "MOUNTAIN LAUREL." FOR NOW DWELL
I ON THE HEIGHTS.

DAGWOOD: I THOUGHT YOU STILL LIVED NEXT DOOR.

MRS. FUDDLE: 'TIS TRUE MY ALL TOO SOLID FLESH DOTH BIDE WITHIN
YOU DWELLING HARD BY -- BUT, AH! MY UNSHACKLED
SPIRIT SOARS...SOARS ON THE WING OF SONG -- ER --
WHERE IS HOMER?

DAGWOOD: ~~WHERE IS YOUR HUSBAND? DOES HE KNOW YOU'RE OVER~~
HERE?

MRS. FUDDLE: ~~POOR FARQUAR RECKS NOT OF MY SOUL ADVENTURES.~~

DAGWOOD: I WAS AFRAID OF THAT. SEE, BLONDIE?

BLONDIE: HAVE YOU JOINED HOMER'S POETRY CIRCLE,
MRS. FUDDLE?

MRS. FUDDLE: YEA -- EVEN I HAVE FELT THE JOYOUS CALL AT LAST!
NOW MAKE I ONE WITH FAIR DELPHINIUM -- AND
GANDYMEDE.

BLONDIE: DO I KNOW THEM?

MRS. FUDDLE: VERILY! DELPHINIUM IS MRS. CLANCY...

DAGWOOD: THE PLUMBER'S WIFE?

MRS. FUDDLE: AYE! THE SAME! AND MRS. JOE SWARTZ IS GANDYMEDE.
TODAY WE WOVE A GARLAND OF WELCOME VERSE FOR
MRS. G. K. SNIPE!

BLONDIE: THE MAYOR'S WIFE?

MRS. FUDDLE: IN HER WORLDLY EXISTENCE, YES...SHE BEARS THE TITLE
MRS. MAYOR SNIPE. BUT WITH US IS SHE CALLED WISTFUL
WISTERIA!

DAGWOOD: GOSH! MAYOR SNIPE IS GOING TO HAVE SOMETHING TO
SAY ABOUT THAT!

BLONDIE: HE'S ALREADY SAID IT! HE WAS ON THE PHONE
PERSONALLY TODAY. MAD AS HOPS.

DAGWOOD: OOOOH! WHAT DID HE SAY?

BLONDIE: HE SAID HE WON'T HAVE WISTFUL WISTERIA RIDING AROUND
WITH HOMER ON THE MOTOR-BIKE. HE DOESN'T THINK
IT'S DIGNIFIED!

MRS. FUDDLE: AH, DIGNITY...THE GOAL OF BRIEF AUTHORITY! THE
PRISON OF THE SOUL! (DOOR BELL) HARK YE! THE TOCSIN
SOUNDS! SOME STRANGER STANDS WITHOUT!

DAGWOOD: YEA-YEAH. LOOK MRS-ER-MOUNTAIN LAUREL. YOU'D BETTER
SCRAM. I MEAN --

BLONDIE: COME WITH ME, HAZEL...WE'LL GO INTO THE KITCHEN AND
CHAT! UNTIL HOMER COMES HOMES!

MRS. FUDDLE: AYE! FOR I MUST HAVE SPEECH WITH HIM. LO -- I HAVE
WRIT FOR HIS EAR AN ODE...WOULDS'T THOU HEAR IT
SPOKEN?

SOUND: DOOR BELL...ANGRILY

DAGWOOD: SOME OTHER TIME.

MRS. FUDDLE: FOR THEE...THEN -- GENTLE, BLONDIE. LIST!

LIKE A TINY BIRD IN A GILDED CAGE
WAS I WASTING MY SONG -- AND FEELING MY AGE
WHEN INTO MY LIFE CAME A SPIRIT BRAVE
OPED WIDE THE DOOR -- AND FREEDOM GAVE.

(VOICE FADES)

NOW I'LL FOLLOW THE KNIGHT -- WHO GAVE ME A
SIGHT OF THE OPEN ROAD -- FROM DAWN TO NIGHT
MY PLODDING HEART NO LONGER WILL HIKE -- I'LL
SPEED AWAY NOW ON A MOTOR CYCLE!

SOUND: DOOR SHUTS

DAGWOOD: GOSH...IS SHE GOING TO RUN AWAY WITH HOMER? (DOOR BELL)
I'M COMING! (DOOR OPENS) (YELLS) WELL -- WHAT DO
YOU WANT?

SNIPE: DON'T YELL AT ME YOUNG MAN!

DAGWOOD: GOSH! IT'S MAYOR SNIPE!

SNIPE: IN PERSON! CLOSE THAT DOOR MR. BUMSTEAD. ~~MY BUSINESS~~
~~IS PRIVATE!~~

DAGWOOD: (SHUTS DOOR) YEA...SURE MAYOR. / ~~COME RIGHT IN AND SIT~~
DOWN.

SNIPE: I'LL STAND ~~MY BUSINESS HERE NOW I TAKE LONG.~~ NOW
WHERE IS HE?

DAGWOOD: ER -- WHO?

SNIPE: YOU KNOW WHO! THAT RHYMING RACKATEER WHO CALLS
HIMSELF TROUBADOR OF THE TARVIA...THAT'S WHO!

DAGWOOD: OH...COUNSIN HOMER?

SNIPE: I'D BE ASHAMED TO ADMIT ANY RELATIONSHIP. YOU'VE BEEN
HARBORING A VICIOUS VAGRANT ON THESE PREMISES BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: NOW YOU WAIT A MINUTE! I DON'T CARE IF YOU'RE THE
MAYOR OR WHO YOU ARE! DON'T GO CALLING MY COUSIN
NAMES IN MY HOUSE! I DON'T LIKE HIM ANY BETTER THAN
YOU DO...BUT HE'S HARMLESS! AND ANYWAY I'VE GOT A
RIGHT TO HAVE COMPANY IF I WANT TO.

SNIPE: NOW LISTEN TO ME BUMSTEAD! THAT MAN MAY SEEM HARMLESS
TO YOU -- BUT I WANT TO TELL YOU THAT THE MEN OF THIS
TOWN DON'T THINK SO. ~~I HAD A COUNCIL MEETING TODAY~~
~~TO DISCUSS~~ THIS MENACE TO OUR HAPPY HOMES. ~~EVERY MAN~~
~~ON THE COUNCIL WAS WORRIED. I WAS WORRIED!~~ HE'S GOT
ALL THE WOMEN FOLKS MAKING UP POETRY INSTEAD OF DOING
THE DISHES.

DAGWOOD: I KNOW...BUT YOU CAN'T ARREST HIM FOR THAT.

SNIPE: NOBODY WANTS TO ARREST HIM. WE DON'T WANT A SCANDAL!
WE WANT HIM OUT OF TOWN.

DAGWOOD: SO DO I...BUT I'M NOT GOING TO HAVE HIS FEELINGS HURT.

SNIPE: NONSENSE. IF YOU DON'T ASK HIM TO LEAVE, I WILL. I'VE BEEN BIDDING MY TIME. HAVING HIM WATCHED...AND NOW I'VE REALLY GOT SOMETHING ON HIM. SOMETHING LEGAL!

DAGWOOD: OH, MY! WHAT'S HE DONE NOW?

SNIPE: HE'S A DOG STEALER.

DAGWOOD: OH, NO! WHOSE DOG DID HE STEAL?

SNIPE: HE STOLE TWENTY DOGS!

DAGWOOD: TWENTY DOGS? HOW...WHERE?

SNIPE: THE TOWN DOG CATCHER HAD TWENTY MUTS HE'D CAUGHT. HE WAS TAKING THEM TO THE POUND. YOUR COUSIN HOMER SNEAKED UP AND LET THEM ALL GO. HE WAS SEEN! THAT'S ILLEGAL BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: WELL, I GUESS IT IS -- BUT --

SNIPE: BUT NOTHING! NOW YOU GET HIM OUT OF TOWN BY MIDNIGHT... OR FACE THE CONSEQUENCES! I'M A MILD MAN, BUT A DEMON WHEN AROUSED. IF THAT MOTORCYCLE MENACE IS IN TOWN TOMORROW MORNING I WILL ARREST HIM...AND I'LL PROSECUTE YOU FOR WILFULLY HARBORING HIM AFTER DUE WARNING. NOW GET BUSY BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: GOSH! NOW HE'S GOT ME IN A JAM. OH! BLOOOONDIE!!!

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC IN BRIEFLY THEN SEGUE TO THEME AND UNDER FOR... CENTRAL COMMERCIAL)

GOODWIN: ~~IT'S SUNDAY MORNING NOW...JUST UNDER A WEEK SINCE HOMER RODE INTO THE BUMSTEAD'S LIVES...DAG AND BLONDIE ARE SITTING IN THEIR LIVING ROOM...WAITING FOR THE BARD TO RETURN....~~

BLONDIE: ~~NINE THIRTY, DAGWOOD.~~

DAGWOOD: I KNOW....I WISH HOMER WOULD COME BACK! WHERE IS HE?

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

GOODWIN: HERE'S WHAT CAMEL'S LONG-BURNING QUALITIES CAN MEAN
IN THE ACTUAL COST OF YOUR SMOKING:

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 THE BEST -- GET ALL THE PLEASURE THERE IS IN
SMOKING THE RARE FRAGRANCE AND TASTE -- THE KEEN
ENJOYMENT OF CAMEL'S MILD, COSTLIER TOBACCOS.

GET MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF AND MORE PUFFS PER PACK
IN CAMELS. PENNY FOR PENNY, CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST
CIGARETTE BUY!

(Dag)

IT'S SUNDAY MORNING NOW...JUST UNDER A WEEK SINCE HOMER
RODE INTO THE BUMSTEADS' LIVES...DAG AND BLONDIE ARE
SITTING IN THEIR LIVING ROOM...WAITING FOR THE BARD TO
RETURN...

BLONDIE: NINE THIRTY, DAGWOOD...

DAGWOOD: I KNOW...I WISH HOMER WOULD COME BACK! WHERE IS HE?

BLONDIE: OUT ON HIS MOTORCYCLE. HE SAID HE WANTED TO WADE IN DEW THIS MORNING...HE LEFT AT FOUR THIRTY.

DAGWOOD: I HEARD HIM. THE WHOLE TOWN HEARD HIM. WEEK DAYS WHEN PEOPLE GET UP AND GO TO WORK, HE SLEEPS 'TIL NOON... AND THEN ON SUNDAY WHEN DECENT PEOPLE WANT TO REST HE WAKES THEM UP AT FOUR THIRTY. HE'S GOT TO GO BLONDIE!

BLONDIE: YOU'VE BEEN SAYING THAT EVERY HOUR ON THE HOUR,

DAGWOOD: WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL HIM SO LAST NIGHT?

DAGWOOD: HE CAME IN SO LATE -- AND HE WAS PRETTY TIRED...I.... DON'T LIKE TO PICK ON A TIRED MAN...

BLONDIE: WELL, YOU COULD HAVE MET HIM WHEN HE GOT UP THIS MORNING.

DAGWOOD: THIS MORNING I WAS TIRED.

BLONDIE: THERE'S GOING TO BE TROUBLE WHEN THE MAYOR FINDS HE'S STILL IN TOWN.

DAGWOOD: I KNOW...BUT MAYBE WE CAN SMUGGLE HIM AWAY.

BLONDIE: NOT ON THAT MOTORCYCLE. YOU CAN'T KEEP THAT QUIET! HOW ARE YOU GOING TO BREAK IT TO HIM DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: WHY I'LL JUST GO RIGHT UP TO HIM AND SAY "HOMER" -- "HOMER" I'LL SAY -- ER "HOMER"...

BLONDIE: GO ON DEAR...TRY TO....YOU SOUND AS IF YOU MEANT IT.

DAGWOOD: WELL, I'LL MAKE IT UP AS I GO ALONG. IF I HAVE A SET SPEECH MAYBE HE'LL JUST SMILE THE WAY HE DOES AND THROW ME ALL OFF.

BLONDIE: I DON'T THINK I'D MENTION ABOUT HIS GETTING INTO THE REFRIGERATOR SO MUCH...THAT SOUNDS TOO PERSONAL.

DAGWOOD: YEA. BUT I COULD SAY YOU CAN'T STAND HIS SLEEPING ALL DAY...

BLONDIE: YES, AND ABOUT THOSE BILLS HE RAN UP THAT YOU HAD TO PAY.

DAGWOOD: AND ABOUT THE MOTORCYCLE. WE CAN SAY THE NEIGHBORS OBJECT.

BLONDIE: WE MUSTN'T HURT HIS FEELINGS DAGWOOD. HE MEANS WELL.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S RIGHT....BUT, GOSH!...WHEN THE MAYOR SAYS HE'S GOT TO GO.... WHAT CAN I DO? I'LL TELL HIM THAT!

BLONDIE: I'M KINDA GLAD HE LET THOSE DOGS GO THOUGH....

DAGWOOD: YEA....THE POOR LITTLE MUTTS...ER -- I MEAN I'M GLAD BECAUSE IT GIVES ME A GOOD EXCUSE TO GET RID OF HOMER.

BLONDIE: SPEAKING OF DOGS...DO YOU KNOW MISS TWINEBINDER, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: SURE. ELSIE TWINEBINDER? WELL, I DON'T KNOW HER EXACTLY. NOBODY DOES. SHE'S KINDA LOONEY I GUESS.

~~BLONDIE: IS THAT THE OLD LADY THAT LIVES IN THE FUNNY HOUSE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF TOWN?~~

DAGWOOD: ~~SURE. QUITE A STORMY BUSINESS.~~ WHAT ABOUT HER?

BLONDIE: SHE CALLED UP THIS MORNING TO ASK FOR HOMER. SHE CALLED HIM "THE BARD."

DAGWOOD: CALLED UP HERE? WHY I DIDN'T THINK SHE EVER USED A PHONE. SHE WON'T HAVE ONE IN THE HOUSE. SHE'S GOT ALL THE MONEY IN THE WORLD AND SHE JUST LIVES IN THAT HOUSE WITH AN OLD PUG DOG FOR COMPANY.

BLONDIE: LEAVE IT TO HOMER TO MEET HER.

DAGWOOD: DID HE?

BLONDIE: SO SHE SAYS. HE BROUGHT HER DOG BACK TO HER YESTERDAY AND THEY HAD QUITE A CHAT.

DAGWOOD: LEAVE IT TO HOMER TO DO THE WRONG THING. NOW IF HE'D TAKEN BACK A DOG TO ONE OF THE MAYORS FRIENDS HE MIGHT GET IN GOOD AGAIN.

BLONDIE: ISN'T MISS TWINEBINDER A FRIEND OF THE MAYOR'S?

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DAGWOOD: A FRIEND? WHY THEY'RE THE WORST ENEMIES IN TOWN! ON ACCOUNT OF HER SPITE FENCE.

BLONDIE: OH, YES! I REMEMBER. THE TOWN WANTED HER HOUSE AND GROUNDS FOR A COMMUNITY CENTER AND SHE WOULDN'T SELL.

DAGWOOD: NO. WANTED THE WHOLE PLACE FOR HER DOG TO RUN IN. THEY TRIED TO GET THE PLACE CONDEMNED -- AND SHE FOUGHT WITH ALL HER MONEY -- AND WON...AND THEN SHE MADE THE PLACE AS UGLY AS SHE COULD. JUST AN EYESORE TO ANNOY THE MAYOR.

BLONDIE: SHE'S NOT MUCH TO LOOK AT HERSELF. IN THAT SHINY BLACK AND FUNNY OLD HAT. I'VE SEE HER RIDING IN HER CARRIAGE... SHE STILL KEEPS HORSES.

DAGWOOD: RIGHT IN THE RESIDENTIAL SECTION!...THAT'S KIND OF AGAINST HER TOO...(DOOR BELL) GOSH!...I BET THIS IS THE MAYOR...AND...

BLONDIE: PEEK OUT AND SEE...

DAGWOOD: SAY...THERE'S A GUY IN UNIFORM ON THE STEPS.

BLONDIE: LET'S SEE! WHY THAT'S LIVERY DAGWOOD. HE'S A COACHMAN! LOOK SEE THE CARRIAGE OUT THERE. THAT'S MISS TWINEBINDER'S ~~CARRIAGE~~...AND HERE ~~HE~~ COMES! WHY MY SAKES ~~HEAVE!~~ SHE'S DRESSED UP IN STYLE...AND A NEW HAT!

DAGWOOD: I BET ~~THAT'S~~ HOMER'S DOING TOO...(BELL AGAIN)

BLONDIE: WE'D BETTER OPEN THE DOOR. (DOOR OPENS)

MAN: ~~THE BUMSTICK RESIDENCE?~~

DAGWOOD: YES...ER, YES.

MAN: MISS ELSIE TWINEBINDER IS CALLING. THEY ARE AT HOME MISS TWINEBINDER.

ELSIE: I SHAN'T BE LONG GROGGINS. WAIT.

MAN: YES, MISS.

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"BLONDIE" -22-
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ELSIE: THIS IS MRS. BUMSTEAD? (SHE HAS A SMALL OLD LADY VOICE)

BLONDIE: YES...WON'T YOU COME IN?

DAGWOOD: SURE, COME RIGHT IN, MISS TWINEBINDER.

ELSIE: CALL ME, FRAGILE SWEET-FERN. THAT'S MY NEW NAME.

BLONDIE: OH, THAT'S QUITE A PRETTY NAME ISN'T IT?

ELSIE: AND SO APPROPRIATE I THINK. I'VE LIVED SO LONG IN THE SHADOW YOU SEE. THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE GONE OUT CALLING IN FIFTEEN YEARS.

BLONDIE: IT'S SO NICE OF YOU TO COME TO SEE US....

DAGWOOD: I GUESS SHE'S HERE TO SEE HOMER, BLONDIE...

ELSIE: SPARE MY BLUSHES, SIR. I -- FEEL VERY BOLD CALLING ON A GENTLEMAN. BUT -- YOU TWO WILL BE OUR CHAPERONES WON'T YOU?

BLONDIE: WHY OF COURSE! BUT, I'M AFRAID THAT HOMER ISN'T HERE JUST NOW.

ELSIE: OH, DEAR. ~~I ... I WONDER IF YOU COULD LET ME HAVE ANOTHER OF HIS LEAFLETS?~~

DAGWOOD: ~~I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE KEEPS THEM...BUT, I'VE GOT THE PRINTER'S BILL!~~

ELSIE: ~~HOW FORTUNATE YOU ARE TO HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY TO HELP THE GREAT WORK.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~EH? OH, YEA...HEH...HEH!~~

ELSIE: ~~YOU RESEMBLE YOUR COUSIN TOO. THE SAME EAGLE EYE -- AND FLASHING SMILE!~~ ER -- WHEN WILL THE BARD RETURN?

DAGWOOD: WELL, WE AREN'T SURE.

ELSIE: PERHAPS IT WOULD BE UNMAIDENLY OF ME TO WAIT TOO LONG. COULD YOU -- WOULD YOU ASK HIM TO COME TO TEA?... I'D LIKE ALL OF YOU TO COME.

BLONDIE: BUT I -- I DIDN'T THINK YOU -- ER --- ENTERTAINED MISS TWINEBINDER.

ELSIE: I NEVER DID! FOR YEARS I'VE SHUT MYSELF UP IN THAT OLD HOUSE... ~~A FOOLISH PROUD OLD WOMAN.~~

BLONDIE: ~~NOW YOU MUSTN'T CALL YOURSELF OLD... WHY IN THAT NEW HAT...~~

ELSIE: ~~OH...DO YOU LIKE IT? (GIGGLES) IT'S MY FIRST ONE IN YEARS...~~

BLONDIE: ~~IT'S PERFECT. SO CHIC.~~ *Hmm*

ELSIE: OH, THANK YOU. THAT'S HOMER'S DOING TOO. HE SHOWED ME THAT I --- I HAD A RIGHT TO STAY YOUNG AND ASK FOR HAPPINESS. I -- I'M GOING TO TRAVEL TOO.

DAGWOOD: YOU ARE? ON HOMER'S MOTORCYCLE?

ELSIE: OH MY, NO! I - I'M AFRAID I'M NOT THAT YOUNG. AND BESIDES...HE HASN'T ASKED ME TO.

BLONDIE: I BELIEVE YOU WOULD THOUGH. I THINK YOU'RE A - A VAGABOND AT HEART!

ELSIE: (TICKLED PINK) OH MY! WELL, PERHAPS I AM! IN ANY CASE, I'M GOING TO SEE FAR PLACES...TAHITI... ZOMBOANGO...~~THE LOST CITY OF ZOMBOANGO~~...ALL THE WONDERFUL ROMANTIC PLACES THAT HOMER TELLS ME OF! I'M GOING TO LIVE -- BEFORE I DIE!

DAGWOOD: ATTA GIRL! ...ER -- I BEG YOUR PARDON BUT...

ELSIE: PRAY DON'T APOLOGIZE, SIR. ER - WILL YOU BRING HOMER TO TEA?

DAGWOOD: LISTEN, BLONDIE. MISS TWINEBINDER HERE IS A PRETTY REGULAR SORT OF FELLER -- NO MATTER WHAT PEOPLE SAY AND...

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: WELL, I MEAN...

ELSIE: IT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT...GO ON.

BLONDIE: WELL --- I THINK DAGWOOD THINKS WE OUGHT TO TELL YOU ABOUT HOMER. THE FACT IS...IT'S A KIND OF SCANDAL. THE MAYOR HAS ORDERED HOMER OUT OF TOWN.

ELSIE: OH THAT? YES -- BUT THAT'S ALL OVER NOW.

DAGWOOD: IS IT? HOW DO YOU MEAN?

ELSIE: OH WELL -- YOU SEE I -- WAS ABLE TO CHANGE THE MAYOR'S MIND ABOUT HOMER. IT ~~WAS SO SIMPLE~~...

BLONDIE: I THOUGHT YOU AND THE MAYOR WEREN'T -- VERY GOOD FRIENDS.

ELSIE: WE WERE BITTER ENEMIES -- UNTIL I SAW THE LIGHT! I KEPT MY HOUSE AND GROUNDS RIGHT WHERE HIS HONOR WANTED A NEW RECREATION CENTER FOR THE TOWN. I KEPT THE UGLIEST SPITE FENCE I COULD IMAGINE, JUST TO ANNOY HIM...BUT WHEN HOMER SHOWED ME HOW SILLY I WAS...I... I WENT TO THE MAYOR AND MADE HIM A GIFT OF MY PROPERTY.

DAGWOOD: GOSH...ALL THAT LAND RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF TOWN?

A GIFT?

ELSIE: I WON'T NEED IT NOW...I'LL BE TRAVELING. I'M PUTTING UP A TRIFLING SUM TO HELP BUILD THE CIVIC CENTER THERE, TOO...AND A HALL OF POETRY TO BE NAMED BUMSTEAD HALL!

BLONDIE: SO THE MAYOR CHANGED HIS MIND ABOUT HOMER LEAVING TOWN.

ELSIE: OH YES. I WAS FIRM ABOUT THAT. NOW HIS HONOR WANTS HOMER TO REMAIN...AS A PERMANENT CITIZEN!

DAGWOOD: PERMANENT? --- GOSH -- AND HE JUST CAME FOR THE NONCE!

ORCHESTRA: (IN FOR A BRIEF INTERLUDE)

DAGWOOD: A PERMANENT CITIZEN! THAT MEANS WE'LL NEVER GET RID OF HIM.

BLONDIE: MAYBE THEY'LL LET HIM LIVE IN THE COMMUNITY CENTER! BUMSTEAD HALL.

DAGWOOD: YEA. BUMSTEAD HALL! PRETTY GOOD, EH? ONE WAY I'M KIND OF PROUD OF HOMER...BUT I STILL WOULD LIKE TO WEAR MY OWN SHIRTS...AND NOT HAVE TO RACE HIM TO THE ICEBOX NIGHTS. (SOUND OF MOTORCYCLE FAINTLY)

BLONDIE: WELL, HE'S YOUR COUSIN, DAGWOOD! WHATEVER YOU'RE GOING TO TELL HIM...GET READY TO DO IT!...HERE HE COMES!

(MOTORCYCLE UP...OUT)

HOMER: (AWAY) WHAT HO...FAIR COZ...A WORD IN THINE EAR PRITHEE!
DAGWOOD: HE'S OUT AT THE CURB.
BLONDIE: HE WANTS US TO COME OUT THERE...
DAGWOOD: NOW HE GETS CURB SERVICE! ~~WELL...THIS IS THE LAST TIME...~~
BLONDIE: (GOING) WHY LOOK, DAGWOOD -- HE HAS BUNDLES TIED ON THAT MOTORBIKE.
DAGWOOD: (GOING) GOSH -- ~~DO YOU SUSPECT HE...~~...MAYBE HE HEARD US TALKING AND...TOOK A HINT.
BLONDIE: (FADING IN) WHY, COUSIN HOMER! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? WE'VE BEEN WORRIED ABOUT YOU.
DAGWOOD: (FADING IN) YEA...AND MISS TWINEBINDER WAS HERE TO SEE YOU.
HOMER: (IN) AH, THE GENTLE LADY! SHE WAS SO GRATEFUL TO HAVE HER LITTLE DOG BACK...A MOST UNLOVELY ANIMAL TO MOST EYES...BUT DEAR TO HER.
DAGWOOD: YEA...THAT DOG GOT THE TOWN A NEW COMMUNITY CENTER.
BLONDIE: WITH HOMER'S HELP.
HOMER: 'TIS WELL TO FEEL THAT ONE HAS NOT PASSED THIS WAY IN VAIN! BUT NOW...MY WANDERING FEET CALL ME OUT ON THE OPEN ROAD AGAIN! SEE! MY STEED IS POISED FOR FLIGHT INTO UNKNOWN ADVENTURE!
DAGWOOD: ARE YOU REALLY SHOVING OFF, HOMER?
HOMER: PLEAD WITH ME NOT TO STAY! I KNOW THY LOVING HEARTS WOULD FAIN KEEP ME HERE, BUT NO.
DAGWOOD: NO?

HOMER: NO. I MUST AWAY. I PAUSE ONLY TO URGE MY INARTICULATE TONGUE TO TRY ITS SORRY SKILL AT WORDS OF GRATITUDE... LO...I HAVE WORN THY RAIMENT, FRIEND DAGWOOD...AND THOU HAST NE'ER COMPLAINED BUT GIVEN GLADLY ALL THOU HADST! AND THEE, OH LADY BOUNTIFUL! HOW MANY A TIME HAST THOU COMFORTED ME WITH VIANDS! STAID ME WITH FLAGONS! SUFFERED ME TO REST MY WEARY HEAD FROM DAWN TO DUSK WITH NEVER A REPROACH...

BLONDIE: OH, HOMER...

HOMER: LO! WHERE'ERE I GO HENCEFORTH -- THERE SHALL YOUR PRAISES BE SUNG! THE PERFECT HOSTS! I WAS A STRANGER AND THEY TOOK ME IN...HUNGRY AND THEY FED ME --

DAGWOOD: LOOK, HOMER. YOU'RE ALL WRONG. WE - WE AREN'T AS GOOD NATURED AS YOU THINK. WHY, LOTS OF TIMES I -- I - WAS PRETTY MAD...

HOMER: I KNOW. (DROPS FUNNY SPEECH) LISTEN, DAG. A GUY DOESN'T TRAMP UP AND DOWN THE WORLD AS I DO WITHOUT KNOWING HUMAN NATURE...

BLONDIE: WHY, HOMER! YOU...YOUR TALK...

HOMER: I KNOW! THE OTHER LINGO IS TO STIR THE LADIES UP! IT WORKS, TOO! I NEVER DO ANY HARM...AND LOTS OF TIMES I - I MANAGE TO MAKE PEOPLE HAPPY. KEEP MY SECRET, WILL YOU? I (LAUGHS) I'M NOT AS MUCH OF A NUT AS YOU MIGHT THINK...

DAGWOOD: WELL...I'LL BE DOGGONED! LOOK -- LET'S START ALL OVER, HOMER.

HOMER: NO! I'M REALLY ON MY WAY. JUST A TRAMP AT HEART.
OH...HERE! THIS IS WHAT I OWE YOU FOR THOSE BILLS.
WELL...

DAGWOOD: ER - THANKS...HOMER.

HOMER: THANK YOU, DAGWOOD...AND YOU, BLONDIE! YOU FOLKS ARE
REAL... (MOTORCYCLE TUNES UP) WELL....

DAGWOOD: WELL, SO LONG, HOMER. COME - ER - SEE US AGAIN
SOMETIME.

BLONDIE: WHEN YOU CAN STAY LONGER.

HOMER: IT'S A BET! WELL...(BACK INTO LINGO) FAREWELL, OH
PRINCE OF GOOD FELLOWS, AND PRINCESS BOUNTIFUL!
LO - FROM YONDER HEIGHT WILL I LOOK BACK -- WITH A
TEAR IN MY EYE AND A WISH IN MY HEART. A WISH THAT
SOME DAY OUR PATHS MAY CROSS AGAIN! WELL - ER - SO
LONG...AND THANKS A MILLION. (MOTORCYCLE ROARS AWAY)

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD! CALL HIM BACK! (MOTORCYCLE FADES)

DAGWOOD: NO. NO. HE REALLY WANTS TO GO, BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: I KNOW...BUT HE NEVER HEARD MY POEM. MY FAREWELL VERSE.

DAGWOOD: BLONDIE! YOU TOO? (MOTORCYCLE VERY FAINT)

BLONDIE: IT'S PRETTY GOOD IF I DO SAY IT. LISTEN.

SEE WHERE HE GOES...LIKE A VIKING OF OLD

INTO THE SUNSET OF RED AND GOLD

WITH THE SPEED OF THE WIND, OER HILL AND OER DALE

WATCH THOSE STOP SIGNS OH BARD...

OR YOU'LL LAND IN JAIL. (GIGGLES)

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS TOO) (THEIR LAUGHTER MOUNTS)

(MUSIC IN TO COVER...SEGUE TO THEME THEN DOWN UNDER FOR:)

(CLOSING)

GOODWIN: A TOUCH OF REAL DRAMA HEIGHTENED THE MAKE-BELIEVE TODAY FOR ARTHUR LAKE, WHO PLAYS DAGWOOD, DID HIS PORTION OF THE PROGRAM FROM HIS BED IN THE GOOD SAMARITAN HOSPITAL. HIS DOCTOR ASSURES US, HOWEVER, THAT HE IS ON THE MEND AND THAT HE WILL BE UP IN A DAY OR TWO. "BLONDIE" WAS PLAYED BY PENNY SINGLETON. *As played by Arthur Lake* BETWEEN NOW AND NEXT MONDAY *Columbia* WHEN WE AGAIN PAY THE BUMSTEDS A VISIT, LISTEN TO THE *Central Station* OTHER PROGRAMS SPONSORED BY THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES ...TOMORROW NIGHT OVER THIS SAME STATION BOB CROSBY AND HIS SENSATIONAL DIXIELAND BAND WITH JOHNNY MERCER AND HELEN WARD...SATURDAY NIGHT, OVER ANOTHER NETWORK, THERE'S THE MUSIC OF BENNY GOODMAN AND HIS ORGANIZATION OF AMERICA'S OUTSTANDING SWING MUSICIANS. TUNE IN THESE PROGRAMS...YOU'LL FIND PLEASURE IN LISTENING TO THEM.... AND REMEMBER FOR SMOKING PLEASURE AT ITS BEST TRY CAMELS -- THE LONGER BURNING 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 -- GOOD NIGHT. THIS IS THE COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.