

No. 2
"BLONDIE"

1939
7:30 - 8:00 P.M.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1939

BLONDIE: AHH -- AHH -- AHH!...DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL! THIS IS
BLONDIE...YOU'VE GOT A DATE WITH ME!

ORCHESTRA: (THEME...UNDER:)

GOODWIN: REMEMBER THIS ABOUT CAMEL CIGARETTES: CAMELS ARE A
MATCHLESS BLEND OF FINER, MORE COSTLY TOBACCOS. THESE
COSTLIER TOBACCOS IN CAMELS ARE LONG-BURNING, TOO. THAT
UNIQUE LONG-BURNING QUALITY CAN MAKE A BIG DIFFERENCE
NOT ONLY IN THE PLEASURE YOU GET FROM YOUR CIGARETTE --
BUT IN THE ACTUAL AMOUNT OF 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 SMOKES
PER PACK. NOW, THAT MUCH EXTRA SMOKING PER PACK MEANS
AN ECONOMY THAT'S WORTH ANY SMOKER'S WHILE -- WORTH
DOING SOMETHING ABOUT. NOT TO MENTION HOW MUCH MORE
REAL ENJOYMENT THERE IS WAITING FOR YOU IN CAMELS.
NATURALLY, A LONG-BURNING CIGARETTE LIKE CAMEL IS GOING
TO SMOKE COOLER, Milder -- WITH A MILDNESS THAT'S EASY
ON YOUR TONGUE AND EASY ON YOUR THROAT. ~~AND THESE~~
~~CERTAINLY ARE MILD. CAMEL SMOKERS EVERYWHERE WILL TELL~~
~~YOU THAT. AND ALTHOUGH CAMELS ARE SO MILD, PLINY OF THE~~
~~SUPERB CAMEL FLAVOR AND DELICATE AROMA COMES THROUGH,~~
~~TOO.~~ FOR CAMELS ARE MADE FROM COSTLIER TOBACCOS. YES --
(CONTINUED)

"BLONDIE" 1-A
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GOODWIN:
(Cont'd)

ON THE BASIS OF SMOKING PLEASURE ALONE -- CAMELS ARE
PENNY FOR PENNY YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY. ADD TO THAT
THE ECONOMY OF EXTRA SMOKING, AND IT ISN'T HARD TO SEE
WHY CAMELS ARE AMERICA'S NUMBER ONE CIGARETTE.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME UP AND OUT)

GOODWIN: HERE WE GO AGAIN! OVER TO THE BUMSTEADS TO VISIT BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD. TONIGHT WE FIND THEM OUT IN THAT NICE LITTLE KITCHEN WHERE BLONDIE AND BABY DUMPLING ARE COLLABORATING ON THE DISHES...DAGWOOD ENTERS...SPEAKS...

DAGWOOD: (COMING IN) HEY, BLONDIE...WHERE'S BABY DUMPLING?

BLONDIE: HE'S HELPING MOMMIE, ISN'T THAT NICE?

BABY: I'VE WIPED MOST OF THE DISHES, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S FINE, BABY. I NOTICE HE ATE ALL HIS SPINACH FOR DINNER, TOO.

BABY: (SMUGLY) SPINACH IS VERY GOOD FOR ME...

DAGWOOD: I'VE BEEN TELLING YOU THAT FOR A LONG TIME...WHEN DID YOU DECIDE IT WAS SO?

BLONDIE: NOW, ~~DAGWOOD...DON'T DISCOURAGE~~ HIM. BABY IS GROWING UP AND GETTING SMARTER EVERY DAY.

DAGWOOD: I KNOW, BUT -- DID YOU KNOW HE PUT AWAY ALL HIS TOYS TONIGHT WITHOUT BEING TOLD?

BLONDIE: HE...HE DID?

DAGWOOD: UHUH. I WENT THROUGH HIS ROOM AND STARTED TO FALL OVER THAT FIRE ENGINE IN THE SAME PLACE I ALWAYS DO -- AND THEN I SAW IT WASN'T THERE.

BLONDIE: MY GOODNESS -- DID YOU PUT THAT AWAY YOURSELF, BABY?

BABY: YES, MOMMIE -- SO YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO STOOP OVER AND GET ALL TIRED.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! HE -- HE WASHED HIS HANDS FOR DINNER, TOO!

DAGWOOD: I NOTICED HE DID. WASHED BACK OF HIS EARS, TOO. I'VE KNOWN HIM TO WIPE HIS EARS AND NECK ON A CLEAN TOWEL... BUT HE'S NEVER WASHED BEHIND THEM BEFORE!....I MEAN...

BLONDIE: I KNOW. I'M WORRIED, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: ~~DON'T DISCOURAGE HIM, BLONDIE.~~

BLONDIE: STICK OUT YOUR TONGUE, BABY.

BABY: IS THAT POLITE, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: I DON'T MEAN STICK IT OUT AT ANYONE, JUST LET ME SEE IT!

BABY: (THICKLY...PAST PROTRUDING TONGUE) THERE IT IS, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: NO...IT'S NOT COATED A BIT...AND HIS HEAD DOESN'T FEEL HOT. HE DOESN'T LOOK SICK EITHER, BUT -- WHAT'S COME OVER HIM?

BABY: SHALL I GET YOUR SLIPPERS, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: (DAZED) NO -- NO THANKS, BABY...ENOUGH IS ENOUGH.

BLONDIE: (ON THE TRAIL) I WONDER IF -- LISTEN, BABY, IS THERE ANYTHING SPECIAL THAT YOU'D LIKE US TO DO FOR YOU?

BABY: ~~WELL, -- I DON'T GUESS THERE IS RIGHT NOW, MOMMIE -- ONLY --~~

WELL, IF SOMEBODY TELLS YOU I LOST ALVIN PUDDLE'S BASEBALL -- WHY DON'T BELIEVE ALL YOU HEAR.

DAGWOOD: IS THAT ALL? A BASEBALL? WELL -- EVEN IF YOU DID LOSE IT, BABY, I GUESS YOUR DADDY COULD BUY A NEW ONE FOR A GOOD BOY LIKE YOU.

BLONDIE: DID YOU LOSE IT, BABY?

BABY: WELL -- IS ANYTHING LOST IF YOU KNOW WHERE IT IS?

DAGWOOD: WHY, NO.

BABY: WELL, THEN, I DIDN'T -- BECAUSE I KNOW WHERE IT IS.

DAGWOOD: I DON'T GET THAT EXACTLY. WHERE IS IT, BABY?

BABY: WELL -- ER -- MRS. MIGILICUDY'S GOT IT.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S THE WIDOW WHO LIVES BACK OF US. DID THE BALL GO OVER HER FENCE, BABY?

BABY: I THINK IT DID, DADDY...IT WAS KINDA HEADED THAT WAY.

BLONDIE: WHY DIDN'T YOU ASK MRS. MIGILICUDY IF YOU COULD LOOK FOR IT?

BABY: I JUST DIDN'T THINK I'D BETTER, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: WELL, I'LL ASK HER. GOSH, IT'S NO CRIME TO LOSE A
BASEBALL. *could*

BABY: I GUESS YOU'D BETTER NOT ASK HER, DADDY... I GUESS I WON'T
BE PLAYING BASEBALL FOR A WHILE ANYWAY.

DAGWOOD: ~~WHY NOT? THAT'S A FINE, HEALTHY SPORT, BABY.~~ I'M NOT
GOING TO HAVE MY BOY KEPT FROM PLAYING BALL IN HIS OWN
YARD JUST BECAUSE OF A CRANKY NEIGHBOR. IF SHE THINKS...

BLONDIE: NO, DAGWOOD...SOMETHING TELLS ME WE OUGHT TO LOOK INTO
THIS BEFORE WE JUDGE MRS. MIGILLICUDY...(SOUND: DOOR BELL)
I WONDER WHO THAT IS?

DAGWOOD: (GOING) I'LL GO SEE...

BABY: I GUESS THAT'S HER. GOODNIGHT, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: YOU GUESS IT'S WHO? WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

BABY: MAYBE IT'S MRS. MIGILLICUDY. I DON'T WANT TO BE KEPT UP
LATE BY ANY COMPANY...(SOUND: BELL AGAIN)

BLONDIE: WHY, BABY...YOU SEEM TO BE REALLY AFRAID OF MRS.
MIGILLICUDY. SHE CAN'T HURT YOU.

DAGWOOD: (AWAY) BLOOOOONDIE!

BLONDIE: HMMMMM!' TROUBLE!...COME, BABY.

BABY: I'D RATHER GO TO BED.

BLONDIE: NO, SIR...YOU COME IN HERE WITH ME UNTIL I FIND OUT WHAT
THIS IS ALL ABOUT.

DAGWOOD: (FADING IN) LISTEN, BLONDIE. THIS IS MRS. MIGILLICUDY...
AND SHE CLAIMS...

MRS. M.: I'LL SPEAK FOR MYSELF, THANK YOU, MR. BUMSTEAD. NOT THAT
I WANT NO TROUBLE OF NO KIND WITH NOBODY, BUT RIGHT IS
RIGHT AS I ALWAYS SAY...

BLONDIE: SO DO WE, MRS. MIGILICUDY. WON'T YOU SIT DOWN?

MRS. M.: I DUNNO AS I WILL -- AND I DON'T KNOW BUT WHAT I WILL. IT DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU'RE GOIN' TO DO ABOUT IT.

DAGWOOD: DO ABOUT WHAT?

MRS. M.: AIN'T THAT BOY OF YOURS TOLD YOU? HE BROKE MY WINDOW WITH A BASEBALL.

DAGWOOD: OH.

BLONDIE: OH -- SO THAT WAS IT?

MRS. M.: IT CERTAINLY WAS. AN' IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME...HERE'S THE BALL TO PROVE IT.

BLONDIE: NOW, THERE'S NO CAUSE TO BE UPSET, MRS. MIGILICUDY. IF BABY DUMPLING BROKE THE WINDOW WE'LL BE GLAD TO PAY FOR IT. WON'T WE, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: I DON'T KNOW HOW GLAD WE'LL BE...

MRS. M.: THERE'S NO USE YOUR STANDIN' THERE SAYIN' IF HE BROKE IT. I SEEN HIM BREAK IT.

BABY: SHE DID NOT!

BLONDIE: SHHHHH, BABY.

DAGWOOD: DID YOU BREAK IT, BABY? TELL DADDY THE TRUTH.

BABY: ~~WELL -- I'M NOT SURE, DADDY.~~

MRS. M.: HE'S LYIN' THROUGH HIS TEETH.

BABY: I AM NOT!

BLONDIE: ~~NOW -- I THINK WE'LL ALL GET ALONG BETTER IF WE GO AT THIS RIGHT. TELL DADDY AND MOMMIE JUST WHAT HAPPENED, BABY.~~
EVERYTHING, MIND.

BABY: EVERYTHING? WELL, OKAY. ALVIN FUDDLE CAME OVER WITH A BASEBALL AND HE SAID TO ME "WHERE'S YOUR BATT?" ~~AND I SAID "IT'S RIGHT HERE -- WHAT ABOUT IT?" AND HE SAID "I'VE GOT MY BASEBALLS HERE AND I'M A PITCHER AND I CAN STRIKE YOU OUT IN THREE STRIKES."~~ THAT MADE ME MAD.

DAGWOOD: I DON'T BLAME YOU.

BLONDIE: QUIET, DAGWOOD.

MRS. M.: LIKE FATHER LIKE SON! NO RESPECT FOR OTHERS' RIGHTS...

BLONDIE: NOW, PLEASE, MRS. MIGILLICUDY. AND YOU, BABY...COME TO
THE POINT.

BABY: ^{What?} YOU SAID TO TELL EVERYTHING, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: WELL -- GO ON AND TELL IT.

BABY: WHERE WAS I?

DAGWOOD: YOU WERE MAD.

BABY: YES, I WAS MAD AT ~~WHAT~~ ALVIN SAID ~~THAT HE COULD STRIKE~~
~~ME OUT IN THREE STRIKES.~~ SO...WHEN HE THREW THE BALL --
WHY I CLOSED MY EYES AND SWANG!

BLONDIE: NO, DEAR...YOU MEAN SWINGED...ER...

DAGWOOD: SWUNG! YEAH, THEN WHAT?

MRS. M.: HE BROKE MY NEW WINDOW...THAT'S WHAT!

BLONDIE: IS THAT HOW IT WAS, BABY?

BABY: WELL...I'M NOT SURE, BUT ALL I KNOW IS ALVIN MUST HAVE
THROWN THAT BALL RIGHT UP AGAINST MY BAT...BECAUSE ANYWAY
THE BALL KINDA BOUNCED ~~OVER OUR FENCE~~ AND OVER HER FENCE
AND WE HEARD KINDA LIKE SOME GLASS FALLING, AND THEN
ALVIN AND I WENT HOME, RIGHT AWAY.

MRS. M.: I GUESS THAT'S PLAIN ENOUGH, AIN'T IT? NOW ALL I ASK IS
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE IT IF I WAS TO STAND OVER IN MY YARD
AND DELIBERATELY BAT BALLS THROUGH YOUR WINDOWS?

BLONDIE: OH, I DON'T THINK IT WAS DELIBERATE, MRS.....

DAGWOOD: AND I DON'T THINK YOU COULD BAT A BALL THAT FAR...THAT'S
A LONG WAY OVER THERE.

BLONDIE: NOW, ~~DAGWOOD -- I DON'T THINK THERE'S ANY USE~~
~~ARGUING THAT WAY.~~

LAGWOOD: ~~WAIT A MINUTE. IF BABY BROKE THAT WINDOW, WE'LL PAY FOR IT ALL RIGHT, BUT IF HE DID IT THE WAY HE SAID HEY...~~ ^{HEY!}
COME ON, BABY, (FADES) I WANT YOU TO SHOW DADDY JUST WHERE YOU WERE STANDING WHEN YOU HIT THAT BALL...

BABY: OKAY, DADDY. (GOING) HEY, MOMMIE. WHEN YOU PAY FOR THAT WINDOW -- GET ALVIN'S BALL BACK FOR HIM.

MRS. M.: WELLLLLLL! YOU'RE ALL MIGHTY COOL ABOUT THIS, I MUST SAY!

BLONDIE: I'M AWFUL SORRY IT HAPPENED -- BUT AFTER ALL WE CAN HAVE THE WINDOW FIXED AND...

MRS. M.: AND WHAT ABOUT MY FATHER, I'D LIKE TO KNOW.

BLONDIE: YOUR FATHER -- I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

MRS. M.: THAT WAS HIS SPECIAL WINDOW -- WHERE HE SAT IN THE SUN. HE'S AN OLD MAN...MY FATHER IS, AND HOW WOULD YOU FEEL I'D LIKE TO KNOW IF YOU'D HEARD HIS WINDOW SMASH AND YOU RUSHED IN AND SEEN HIM WITH HIS BEARD ALL FULL OF GLASS -- AND ALL BLOOD?

BLONDIE: OH, MY! WAS YOUR FATHER HURT?

MRS. M.: NO...HE WASN'T...AND THE ONLY REASON HE WASN'T -- HE WASN'T SITTING THERE THAT DAY.

BLONDIE: THANK GOODNESS FOR THAT.

MRS. M.: BUT HE WOULDA BEEN SITTING THERE IF IT WASN'T HE WAS OFF TO THE HOT SPRINGS FOR HIS REGULAR TREATMENT. EVERY MONTH HE GOES TO THAT SPRINGS AND NEVER MIND THE EXPENSE.

BLONDIE: SPEAKING OF EXPENSE...HOW MUCH WILL THE WINDOW BE, MRS. MIGILLICUDY?

MRS. M.: WELL, IT WAS BIGGER THAN MOST WINDOWS, AND MADE ENTIRELY OF ALPHA INFRA.

BLONDIE: WHAT WAS THAT?

MRS. M.: ARE YOU DEEF? I SAID IT WAS ULTRA ALPHA INFRA GLASS --
IT'S SOMETHING SPECIAL THE WAY IT ACTS WHEN THE SUN COMES
THROUGH...ALL I KNOW IS IT COSTS LIKE ANTHING.

BLONDIE: I SEE. WELL, WHAT DID IT COST, MRS. MIGILLICUDY?

MRS. M.: WELL, LET'S SEE -- THE MAN WHO PUT IT IN MADE TWO TRIPS
AND THAT WAS EXTRY (VOICE FADES) NOW WHAT WITH THAT
PUTTY AND THE LABOR AND THE EXTRA SIZE OF THAT SPECIAL
GLASS...

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC IN AND UP FOR INTERLUDE)

DAGWOOD: THERE'S THE FIGURES, FUDDLE. YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF.

FUDDLE: HMM. ALLOWING FOR WINDAGE THAT WOULD MAKE IT ONE HUNDRED
AND EIGHTY-FIVE FEET...WELL ...AS THE HEN SAID AS SHE
LOOKED AT THE FOOTBALL, NOT BAD! (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: NOT BAD! WHY JUST IMAGINE A LITTLE FELLER LIKE BABY
DUMPLING BATTING A BALL THAT FAR. LOOK...~~I GOT IT~~
~~FIGURED OUT HERE.~~ HERE'S THE DISTANCE MARKED AGAINST HIS
AGE, WEIGHT, AND HEIGHT AS HE IS TODAY. NOW THAT SHOWS
THAT WHEN HE IS EIGHTEEN AND ~~FIVE~~ FEET TALL HE'LL BE ABLE
TO KNOCK A BALL THREE TIMES THAT FAR. BY THE TIME HE'S
TWENTY, HE'LL BE IN THE BIG LEAGUE AND HE'LL BE KNOCKING
THE OLD PELLET AN AVERAGE DISTANCE OF SIXTEEN HUNDRED
FEET, WHICH WOULD GIVE HIM FOUR HOME RUNS EVERY TIME AT
BAT...NOW...

FUDDLE: I SUPPOSE WHEN HE'S EIGHTY, HE'LL BE TWENTY FEET TALL AND
THEY'LL HAVE TO HAVE TWO PARKS FOR HIM TO PLAY IN! SAY!
WHEN HIS TEAM GOES ON TOUR THEY'LL LEAVE HIM AT HOME AND
HE'LL SCORE IN THE OTHER TEAM'S HOME TOWN. (LAUGH)

DAGWOOD: YOU CAN KID IF YOU WANT TO, BUT WAIT TILL THE SPORTING EDITORS HEAR ABOUT THIS.

FUDDLE: WELL, WHEN YOU WRITE THE PAPERS BE SURE YOU SPELL MY LITTLE ALVIN'S NAME RIGHT.

DAGWOOD: WELL, SURE, -- BUT I DON'T KNOW AS ALVIN WILL BE MENTIONED. IT WAS BABY DUMPLING HIT THE BALL, YOU KNOW.

FUDDLE: HIT WHOSE BALL? ALVIN'S! AND WHO THREW THE BALL? ALVIN DID! ALL BABY DUMPLING DID WAS TO BUNT.

DAGWOOD: BUNT? ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-FIVE FEET?

FUDDLE: IT WAS ALVIN'S PITCHING THAT DID THE TRICK. YOUR BOY ADMITS HE THREW IT RIGHT UP AGAINST HIS BAT -- WITH SUCH FORCE THAT ~~IT BOUNCED HIGH INTO THE AIR...~~

DAGWOOD: BABY DUMPLING WAS JUST KIND OF ALIBIING...ON ACCOUNT OF THE WINDOW.

FUDDLE: EH? WHAT WINDOW?

DAGWOOD: THE WINDOW THAT WAS BROKEN BY THE BALL.

FUDDLE: TSK, TSK, TSK. SO BABY DUMPLING BROKE A WINDOW?

DAGWOOD: WELL... THE BASEBALL DID. BUT SINCE YOU SAY IT WAS ALVIN'S BALL, AND ALVIN WAS PITCHING...

FUDDLE: JUST A MOMENT, BUMSTEAD. WHO HAD THE BAT?

DAGWOOD: MY BOY HAD THE BAT...BUT YOUR BOY...

FUDDLE: I'M SORRY TO SEE THIS, BUMSTEAD. THAT'S NOT THE SPIRIT THAT WINS. ARE YCU ACTUALLY TRYING TO DRAG MY LITTLE ALVIN INTO THIS SCRAPE?

DAGWOOD: NO, NO, FUDDLE. I DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE WITH ANYBODY. WHY ALL I CAN THINK OF IS -- MY BOY IS GOING TO BE ANOTHER DI MAGGIO...ONLY EVEN MORE SO. GOSH...I'VE GOT TO TELL BLONDIE THIS...(HAPPY YELL)
OH, BLOOOOONDIE!!!

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC IN AND UP FOR INTERLUDE)

DAGWOOD: SO FROM NOW ON, BLONDIE, I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO STOP CALLING HIM BABY DUMPLING. DI MAGGIO DUMPLING WILL DO TILL THE FANS PICK THEIR OWN NICKNAME.

BLONDIE: WELL -- ASK DI MAGGIO DUMPLING IF HIS PIG BANK IS FULL OF PENNIES.

DAGWOOD: ~~WHY, BLONDIE?~~

BLONDIE: (BECAUSE WE'RE LIKELY TO NEED THE MONEY. ~~DO YOU KNOW~~ *For What*
~~HOW MUCH THAT WINDOW IS GOING TO COST, DAGWOOD?~~

DAGWOOD: THAT'S NOT ~~IMPORTANT NOW, BLONDIE.~~

BLONDIE: OH, ~~YES, IT IS. I CAN'T FIND ANYTHING IN MY BUDGET~~
TO COVER ULTRA ALPHA INFRA WINDOW.

DAGWOOD: WELL, I'LL TELL YOU -- (TAKE) WHAT? WHAT KIND OF WINDOW?

BLONDIE: IT'S SOMETHING PRETTY SPECIAL, DAGWOOD. IT COSTS ONE ~~HUNDRED AND~~ THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS BECAUSE IT DOES THINGS TO SUNSHINE.

DAGWOOD: GOSH. IT DOES THINGS TO POCKETBOOKS, TOO!
MRS. MIGILLICUDY WILL HAVE TO WAIT A WHILE ON THAT,
I GUESS. I'LL NEED THAT MONEY FOR THE WORLD'S SERIES.

BLONDIE: NOW, DAGWOOD. YOU CAN'T GO TO THE WORLD'S SERIES ~~THIS~~
YEAR.

DAGWOOD: I'VE GOT TO GO ~~THIS YEAR~~, BLONDIE. BABY -- I MEAN
DI MAGGIO DUMPLING CAN'T GO ALONE. (SUDDEN IDEA)
SAY...WAIT A MINUTE...

BLONDIE: WHAT, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: I'VE GOT IT.

BLONDIE: GOT THE MONEY YOU MEAN?

DAGWOOD: SAME THING. I KNOW HOW TO GET IT. I MEAN I KNOW A WAY
I CAN TAKE DI MAGGIO DUMPLING TO THE WORLD'S SERIES AND
HAVE ENOUGH LEFT FOR THAT WINDOW.

BLONDIE: WELL -- I'M LISTENING.

DAGWOOD: SUDSY FOAM.

BLONDIE: WHAT?

DAGWOOD: ~~SUDSY FOAM SCREEN-A-RIBBON.~~

BLONDIE: WHAT IN THE WORLD IS THAT?

DAGWOOD: TOOTHPASTE!

BLONDIE: (SIGHS) LET'S TAKE THIS SLOWLY NOW, DAGWOOD. JUST
HOW IS TOOTHPASTE GOING TO GET YOU TO THE WORLD'S SERIES

DAGWOOD: YOU HAVEN'T BEEN LISTENING TO SILVER SADDLE SAM LATELY,
HAVE YOU?

BLONDIE: NO -- I GAVE UP LISTENING TO THAT THE NIGHT SILVER
SADDLE SAM FOUND THAT BLACK EDGAR HAD POISONED HIS
CANNED TUNA FISH...THAT BROKE MY SPIRIT.

DAGWOOD: WELL, IF YOU'D BEEN LISTENING YOU'D KNOW THAT SILVER SADDLE SAM IS ADVERTISING SUDSY FOAM TOOTHPASTE NOW AND THEY HAVE A CONTEST ON.

BLONDIE: OH! CASH PRIZES?

DAGWOOD: BETTER THAN CASH. FIRST PRIZE IS A PAIR OF TICKETS TO THE WORLD SERIES -- AND ALL EXPENSES PAID. SEE? I CAN TAKE ENOUGH OUT OF THE EXPENSE MONEY TO PAY FOR THE WINDOW...AND STILL SEE THE SERIES!

BLONDIE: IF YOU WIN. WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO DO, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: IT'S SIMPLE. THE MAN SAYS SO. ALL YOU DO IS WRITE A SLOGAN OF TWENTY-FIVE WORDS OR LESS TELLING WHY YOU USE SUDSY FOAM.

BLONDIE: BUT WE DON'T USE IT, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: WE WILL FROM NOW ON!

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC IN AND UP FOR INTERLUDE)

DAGWOOD: LISTEN, BLONDIE -- HOW'S THIS? "SUDSY FOAM FOR FARM OR HOME -- SQUEEZE ^{it} ~~A RIBBON~~ ON YOUR TOOTHBRUSH AND SQUINT AT THE DIFFERENCE."

BLONDIE: THAT DOESN'T RHYME, DEAR.

DAGWOOD: IT ISN'T SUPPOSED TO. THAT'S WHAT'S CATCHY ABOUT IT. BUT HERE'S ONE THAT DOES -- ER -- "IF TEETH A SIGHT -- BLACK AS NIGHT -- USE ~~SQUEEZE A RIBBON~~ ^{squeeze it in} TOOTHPASTE -- AND SEE HOW WHITE!"

BLONDIE: WHY THAT'S FINE, DEAR. ER -- ~~HOW MANY DOES THAT MAKE,~~ YOU'VE WRITTEN?

DAGWOOD: LET'S SEE...THAT'S THE THIRTEENTH. (TAKE) THIRTEENTH! GOSH, I'D BETTER DO ANOTHER. *Let's see --*

BLONDIE: YOU'RE NOT THAT SUPERSTITIOUS, ARE YOU, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: NO -- OF COURSE NOT -- BUT IN A THING LIKE THIS YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL. NOW LET'S SEE....

BLONDIE: WILL YOU HAVE TO BUY MORE OF THAT SUDSY FOAM TO SEND IN YOUR NEW SLOGANS, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: FOAM-ROAM-HOME -- DOME-POME -- ER -- POME -- POEM!
"I'M NOT MUCH AT WRITING A POME...BUT I SURE LOVE MY SUDSY FOAM"....

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: EH? WHAT? I'M BUSY, DEAR!

BLONDIE: WHY DO YOU HAVE TO BUY A WHOLE CARTON OF TOOTHPASTE JUST TO SEND THE TOP WITH EVERY SLOGAN, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: THAT'S TO SHOW YOU'RE SINCERE.

BLONDIE: OH.

DAGWOOD: NOW LET'S SEE....

BABY: (COMING IN) MOMMIE!

BLONDIE: YES, BABY -- ER -- DI MAGGIO I MEAN. WHAT IS IT, DEAR?

BABY: I'M GETTIN' READY FOR BED.

BLONDIE: SO EARLY?

DAGWOOD: HE'S IN TRAINING, BLONDIE.

BABY: YEAH...AND I WANT TO BRUSH MY TEETH.

BLONDIE: WELL, WHY DON'T YOU?

BABY: I CAN'T FIND MY OLD TOOTHPASTE.

DAGWOOD: USE SUDSY FOAM.

BABY: I DON'T LIKE IT MUCH.

DAGWOOD: THAT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH IT. WE'VE GOT TO USE IT UP

BABY: ALL OF IT?

BLONDIE: YES, DEAR. FROM NOW ON I GUESS WE WON'T EVER USE ANYTHING ELSE...THE BATHROOM CUPBOARD IS FULL OF IT.

BABY: IF I USE IT CAN I WRITE IN A SLOGAN, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: SURE...SURE...HERE TAKE THIS BLANK.

BABY: THANKS...GOOD NIGHT, DADDY. GOOD NIGHT, MOMMIE.

DAGWOOD: GOOD NIGHT, DI MAGGIO.

BLONDIE:

DAGWOOD: NOW LET'S SEE...(DOOR BELL) (FUDDLE'S RING) OH, GOSH.. THERE'S FUDDLE AGAIN. JUST WHEN I WAS GETTING A GOOD ONE. (DOOR OPENS AWAY)

FUDDLE: (COMING IN) HELLO, BUMSTEAD. I SAW YOU BURNING THE MIDNIGHT OIL, SO I FIGURED IT WAS OIL RIGHT TO SLIP IN. (LAUGHS) OH, I JUST CAN'T HELP IT! THAT'S THE WAY MY MIND WORKS.

BLONDIE: MAYBE MR. FUDDLE COULD HELP YOU, DAGWOOD.

FUDDLE: SURE I COULD...WHAT WITH?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I WOULDN'T TELL EVERYONE THIS, FUDDLE...BUT I'M KIND OF OUT TO WIN A SLOGAN CONTEST.

FUDDLE: MY POOR BOY...DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME. THAT'S AMATEUR STUFF! YOU NEVER SEE PROFESSIONAL SLOGAN MEN LIKE ME, FOOLING WITH THAT. ~~NO ONE EVER WINS THOSE THINGS.~~

DAGWOOD: GOSH...A PROFESSIONAL, HUH? WELL, ~~THEY ALWAYS ANNOUNCE THE NAMES OF THE WINNERS, FUDDLE.~~

FUDDLE: ALL PHONIES! I KNOW. ~~WHAT'S THE GAG ON THIS ONE?~~

DAGWOOD: WHY, ~~IT'S THE SLOGAN CONTEST FOR SUDSY FOAM.~~

BLONDIE: WHY, MR. FUDDLE. ~~YOU'VE HEARD IT ON OUR RADIO EVERY NIGHT THIS WEEK.~~

FUDDLE: OH -- YES. WELL, ~~I WOULDNT BOTHER WITH THAT, BUMSTEAD,~~
~~BUT IF YOU WANT A WINNER...TRY THIS "FOR A SMILE~~
~~WORTH WHILE -- AROUND YOUR HOME...JUST BUY AND TRY SOME~~
SUDSY FOAM."

BLONDIE: OH, ~~THAT'S QUITE, DAGWOOD!~~

DAGWOOD: YEA...YEAH...~~DID YOU JUST THINK THAT UP, FUDDLE?~~

FUDDLE: OH, SURE...SURE, COMES EASY TO ME! I SUPPOSE IF I
WENT INTO THAT CONTEST I'D WIN IT, BUT THE ONLY PRIZE
WE COULD USE WOULD BE THE PEARLY-WHIRLY WASHER.

BLONDIE: OH, YOU HAVE BEEN LISTENING TO THE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FUDDLE: OH...IN ONE EAR AND OUT THE OTHER...AS THE NEARSIGHTED
MAN SAID WHEN HE ATE THE WATERMELON. (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: I'M AFTER FIRST PRIZE...A PAIR OF SEATS FOR THE WORLD'S
SERIES AND ALL EXPENSES.

FUDDLE: PROBABLY BLEACHER SEATS...AND SPEAKING OF BLEACHERS...
WHO WAS THAT BLONDE I SEEN YOU WITH LAST NIGHT... (LAUGHS)
GET IT?

DAGWOOD: YEA...YEA. YOU ~~YOU AREN'T GOING INTO THIS CONTEST,~~
ARE YOU, FUDDLE?

FUDDLE: WHO ME? WELL, I TELL YOU...IF I WAS GOING IN -- I'D
A BREN IN LONG AGO. ER -- GOING TO LISTEN TO SILVER
SADDLE SAM TONIGHT? MY RADIO IS ON THE FRITZ, YOU
KNOW, AND...

BLONDIE: NO...OURS ISN'T WORKING EITHER.

FUDDLE: OH, WELL -- GUESS I'LL TODDLE ALONG HOME THEN...(GOING)
NO PLACE LIKE HOME -- WHEN ALL THE OTHER JOINTS ARE
CLOSED. (LAUGHS) (AWAY) WELL, BUMSTEAD...KEEP AT IT
-- "IF TO THE WORLD'S SERIES YOU WANT TO ROAM...JUST
THINK OF A SLOGAN FOR SUDSY FOAM."

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

"BLONDIE -16-
10/2/39 (REVISED)

BLONDIE: DON'T TELL ME HE ISN'T INTERESTED IN THAT CONTEST, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: OH GOSH, BLONDIE...WHY HE'S OUR NEIGHBOR -- HE WOULDN'T
GO IN AGAINST ME -- ER -- WOULD HE? MAYBE -- MAYBE I'D
BETTER WRITE MORE SLOGANS -- BUY MORE TOOTHPASTE. THEY
MIGHT FIGURE I DESERVED FIRST PRIZE IF I BOUGHT THE MOST
TOOTHPASTE.

BLONDIE: WELL -- YOU'VE BOUGHT ENOUGH...GOODNESS KNOWS.

DAGWOOD: YEA, BUT I WISH I HADN'T WASTED THAT ONE BLANK ON BABY
DI-MAGGIO DUMPLING. I TELL YOU, I'LL BUY JUST ONE MORE
CARTON TO MAKE UP FOR THAT. I'LL PHONE THE CORNER DRUG
STORE NOW.

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD, WE'VE GOT THIRTEEN CARTONS NOW --
(PHONE UP)

DAGWOOD: OLYMPIA 3204!

"BLONDIE" -17-
10/2/39

BLONDIE: THAT MAKES ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SIX TUBES, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: YEA, BUT THIS ONE MIGHT JUST BE THE WINNER...ER, HELLO?
DILLY'S DRUG STORE? HEY, MR. DILLY...THIS IS BUMSTEAD
AGAIN! YEA. SAY, I'M GOING TO NEED ANOTHER CARTON OF
THAT SUDSY FOAM -- ~~COULD YOU SEND...WHAT? ALL OUT OF~~
~~IT? BUT LISTEN...~~...THIS IS THE LAST NIGHT OF THE
CONTEST! AND I WANT TO SEND IN ANOTHER SLOGAN! WHAT?
JUST SOLD THE LAST SIX CARTONS? GOSH...WHO TO?
WHAT? FARQUAR FUDDLE? OOOOOOOH!!! (HANG UP PHONE)
GOSH, BLONDIE, HE IS IN IT! AND HE'S A PROFESSIONAL!
THAT WOLF IN WOOL CLOTHING!

BLONDIE: NOW, DAGWOOD, DON'T YOU CARE.

DAGWOOD: TAKING THE BREAD RIGHT OUT OF OUR HOUSE IS WHAT HE'S
DOING! HE LISTENED TO THE RULES ON OUR RADIO -- AND
THEN GOES BEHIND MY BACK AND TRIES TO WIN...WITH OUR
BOY'S FUTURE AT STAKE! IT'S -- IT'S SABOTAGE, THAT'S
WHAT IT IS! SABOTAGE!

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC IN AND UP, THEN SEGUE TO THEME AND UNDER FOR:)
(COMMERCIAL)

"BLONDIE" 17-A
10/2/39

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

GOODWIN: 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. BECAUSE CAMELS ARE SLOW-BURNING. RECENT IMPARTIAL LABORATORY TESTS SHOW THAT BY BURNING TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE FIFTEEN OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE BRANDS TESTED -- SLOWER THAN ANY OF THEM -- CAMELS GIVE A SMOKING PLUS EQUAL TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKE PER PACK. IF YOU LIVE IN A COMMUNITY WHERE THERE ARE NO ADDED TAXES ON CIGARETTES, THE SAVINGS ARE ALL YOURS. COOLER, MILDER SMOKING -- THE DELICATE FLAVOR AND FRAGRANT AROMA THAT ADDS UP TO SMOKING PLEASURE AT ITS BEST -- AND THEN -- EXTRA SMOKING PER PACK. GET MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF AND MORE PUFFS PER PACK IN CAMELS. PENNY FOR PENNY CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

ORCHESTRA: (TAG AND OUT)

GOODWIN: AND NOW --- WE RETURN YOU TO THE BUMSTEADS --- AND FIND THEM IN FRONT OF THE RADIO ANXIOUSLY WAITING TO HEAR THE FINAL RESULTS OF THAT CONTEST...

DAGWOOD: "SUDSY FOAM TOOTHPASTE IS A HONEY --- YOU ARE SURE TO GET LOTS OF IT FOR YOUR MONEY." I THINK THAT WAS IT.

BLONDIE: WAS WHAT, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: THE ONE I THREW OUT TO LET BABY DUMPLING SEND HIS IN. GOSH...THE MORE I THINK OF IT THE MORE I THINK THAT IS THE ONE WOULD HAVE WON.

BLONDIE: NOW, DAGWOOD....DON'T BE SO NERVOUS! ISN'T IT TIME FOR THE PROGRAM?

DAGWOOD: YEA...SURE....I'VE GOT IT TURNED ON NOW.

BLONDIE: THEN WHY DON'T WE HEAR SOMETHING?

DAGWOOD: EH? OH, WE WILL IN A MINUTE. GOT TO WARM UP, YOU KNOW....LET'S SEE NOW, "FOR TEETH AS BRIGHT AS ANY PEARLS, USE SUDSY FOAM AND WIN THE GIRLS." I DON'T SEE HOW THE JUDGES COULD PASS THAT ONE UP. DO YOU?
(DOOR BELL) OH, GOSH! I ~~DON'T WANT ANY COMPANY RIGHT NOW.~~

BLONDIE: I'LL PEEK OUT AND SEE WHO ^{that} IS.

DAGWOOD: NO MATTER WHO IT IS -- DON'T LET THEM IN. I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO LISTEN TO A LOT OF TALK -- WHEN THEY'RE ANNOUNCING THE WINNERS.

BLONDIE: OH...IT'S HAZEL FUDDLE.

DAGWOOD: UHUH. FUDDLE DON'T DARE COME OVER HIMSELF...SO HE SENDS HER TO SPY ON US. TELL HER WE'RE NOT IN.

BLONDIE: NOW, DAGWOOD, HOW CAN I GO TO THE DOOR MYSELF AND SAY WE'RE NOT IN? SHE KNOWS WE ARE... (DOOR OPENS) HELLO, HAZEL.

DAGWOOD: WOMEN! THEY BEAT ME. THEY CAN SMILE AND PRETEND NOTHING IS WRONG --

HAZEL: (COMING IN) GOOD EVENING, NEIGHBORS. I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND MY DROPPING IN LIKE THIS. THE FACT IS, OUR RADIO ISN'T WORKING AND...

DAGWOOD: HUH!

HAZEL: WHAT'S THAT, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: I SUPPOSE YOU WANT TO LISTEN TO OUR RADIO AND HEAR WHO WON THE PEARLY-WHIRLY WASHER.

HAZEL: WELL -- YES. POOR FARQUAR IS SO EXCITED.

BLONDIE: WHY DIDN'T HE COME OVER, TOO?

HAZEL: WELL, ~~HE'S SHODD OFF AND -- SO HE JUST ASKED ME TO BLIP OVER.~~

DAGWOOD: THAT'S NOT THE REASON HE WON'T FACE ME.

HAZEL: WELL, NO. ~~THE TRUTH IS,~~ HE FEELS RATHER HURT BECAUSE YOU'VE TRIED TO TAKE HIS PRIZE AWAY FROM HIM, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: ME? AWAY FROM HIM? WHY....

HAZEL: BUT WHAT I SAY IS THAT NO ONE ONE KNOWS EVER WINS THESE THINGS. IT'S ALWAYS MRS. JONES OF SIOUX CITY OR SOMETHING.

DAGWOOD: ~~IS THAT SO.~~ WELL, WAIT TELL YOU HEAR THIS ANNOUNCEMENT.

BLONDIE: GOODNESS, DAGWOOD... HASN'T THAT RADIO WARMED UP YET? THE PROGRAM MUST BE ALMOST OVER....

DAGWOOD: GOSH, THAT'S RIGHT. HEY -- THIS THING ISN'T WORKING AT ALL. THAT'S MIGHTY FUNNY.

HAZEL: DON'T TELL ME WE'RE NOT GOING TO HEAR THE NEWS! OH DEAR -- I TOLD FARQUAR WE SHOULDN'T DEPEND ON A CRACKERBOX LIKE THAT.

DAGWOOD: LISTEN, MRS. FUDDLE, THIS IS A GOOD RADIO...OR WAS UNTIL THE LAST TIME YOUR HUSBAND MONKEYED WITH IT.

HAZEL: MY HUSBAND? YOU SURELY DON'T MEAN TO INSINUATE THAT FARQUAR DID ANYTHING TO -- ER -- DAMAGE THAT MACHINE. WHY, HE'S AN EXPERT ON RADIO REPAIR. SHALL I CALL HIM TO HELP YOU? / / /

DAGWOOD: NO, THANKS. IF HE CAN FIX IT...I CAN....BLONDIE!

BLONDIE: YES, DEAR.

DAGWOOD: GET MY TOOL KIT, WILL YOU?

BLONDIE: MAYBE MR. FUDDLE COULD HELP, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: IF HE'S SO GOOD...WHY DOESN'T HE FIX HIS OWN MACHINE AND NOT HAVE TO SEND HIS WIFE AROUND LISTENING TO OURS?

HAZEL: WELL...I'M NOT SURE I CAN STAY HERE AND LISTEN TO SUCH REMARKS.

BLONDIE: PLEASE, HAZEL. WHATEVER YOUR HUSBAND HAS DONE...WE DON'T HOLD IT AGAINST YOU.

DAGWOOD: BLONDIE...IT'S GETTING LATER AND LATER, AND WE'LL MISS THE WINNERS' NAMES. GET MY TOOLS.

HAZEL: SUCH EXCITEMENT, MY DEAR. MARK MY WORDS -- NO ONE WE KNOW WILL WIN. THESE CONTESTS ARE ALL FIXED.

"BLONDIE"
10/2/39

-21-

DAGWOOD: IF SOMEONE I KNOW DOES WIN -- WITH ONE OF HIS BUM JOKES
-- THEN I'LL KNOW IT'S FIXED.

HAZEL: I TAKE THAT REMARK FROM WHENCE IT COMES, MR. BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: LOOK, BLONDIE, PLEASE GET MY TOOLS. THE PROGRAM MUST
BE ALMOST OVER.

HAZEL: WHY DON'T YOU GO AND GET YOUR TOOLS?

DAGWOOD: I'M BUSY HERE...I MIGHT GET IT FIXED WITHOUT TOOLS IF
I ~~KEEP~~ TRYING.

BLONDIE: WHERE ARE YOUR TOOLS, DEAR?

DAGWOOD: DOWN CELLAR...I THINK...OR OUT IN THE GARAGE...HURRY
UP, BLONDIE! DON'T STAND THERE LOOKING AT THE FLOOR.

BLONDIE: I'M LOOKING AT THE BASEBOARD, DEAR. ER -- SHOULDN'T
THAT LITTLE THINGA MAJIG BE IN THE WHATSIS?

DAGWOOD: EH?

BLONDIE: THE --- YOU KNOW --- PLUG! SHOULDN'T THAT BE IN THE
SOCKET TO MAKE IT WORK?

DAGWOOD: THE FLOOR PLUG? SURE, BUT...(TAKE) HEY, WHO TOOK
THAT OUT? HOW DO YOU EXPECT IT TO WORK WITHOUT ANY
ELECTRICITY?

BLONDIE: I DON'T. THERE -- I'VE PUSHED IT INTO ITS PLACE...
NOW...LET'S SEE.

DAGWOOD: IT'S WARMING UP...I CAN HEAR IT.

HAZEL: IT TAKES A WOMAN, AFTER ALL, TO SOLVE OUR TROUBLES.

DAGWOOD: QUIET...I HEAR A VOICE COMING IN...GOSH, I HOPE WE'RE
IN TIME.

ANNOUNCER: (ON FILTER) (FADING IN) SUDSY FOAM SQUEEZE A RIBBON
TOOTHPASTE CONTEST...OF COURSE, NOT EVERYONE COULD WIN
A PRIZE -- BUT ONE CAN ALWAYS TRY AGAIN, CAN'T ONE?

BLONDIE: NO! ONCE IS ENOUGH FOR US.

DAGWOOD: SHHHHHH.

ANNOUNCER: NOW HERE IS THE WINNER OF THE THIRD PRIZE!

DAGWOOD: (TO RADIO) THIRD PRIZE, YOU DOPE...HAVE WE MISSED THE
FIRST TWO?

BLONDIE: SHHHHHHH.

HAZEL: PLEASE BE QUIET, MR. BUMSTEAD. WE WANT TO HEAR THIS...

DAGWOOD: (SPUTTERING) YYY-YOU WANT TO....

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD!!!

ANNOUNCER: THIRD PRIZE -- A PERFECTLY GRAND ELECTRIC TOASTER!
MR. ALFRED GUM -- OF BURLAP, MAINE. A TOAST TO YOU,
MR. GUM. HA HA.

DAGWOOD: (BITTER) HA HA...YOU REMIND ME OF FUDDIE.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD!

ANNOUNCER: NOW FOR THE WINNER OF THE SECOND PRIZE! ER...

HAZEL: THEY'RE WORKING BACKWARDS!

DAGWOOD: SHHHH...PLEASE!

ANNOUNCER: MISS IRMA PLOTZ OF 3054 QUAGMIRE ROAD...I'LL REPEAT
THAT...3054 QUAGMIRE ROAD... *Irma Plotz*

DAGWOOD: GOSH...GET ON WITH IT!

ANNOUNCER: SWAMPLAND, FLORIDA. TO MISS PLOTZ GOES THE
~~NICKLEPLATED ROLLER SHATTS...SKIP THE CUTTING~~ MISS *Irma Plotz*
PLOTZ! AND NOW... FOR THE GRAND PRIZE! THE FREE TRIP
TO THE WORLDS SERIES IN CINCINNATI AND NEW YORK.
HOLD YOUR HATS, FOLKS. HERE'S THE NAME OF THE WINNER!
(VOICE FADES) ALL READY, FOLKS...DON'T MISS THIS NOW...

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! IT'S FADING AGAIN!

DAGWOOD: GOSH. (A CLICK) WAIT -- TILL I FIX IT.

HAZEL: YOU TURNED IT OFF!

BLONDIE: YES!

DAGWOOD: I KNOW...I KNOW (A CLICK)

ANNOUNCER: I'LL REPEAT THAT...MR. DIMAGGIO DUMPLING! MR. DIMAGGIO
DUMPLING WINS THE FIRST PRIZE...

DAGWOOD: HEY! (STAMMERS WITH EXCITEMENT) DDDD-DI...
MMAG-G-IO! THA -- THAT'S BABY DUMPLING! THA-THAT'S
BBBBBABY... THAT'S HIM. HE WON!

BLONDIE: WHAT?

HAZEL: IT'S A FAKE!

DAGWOOD: THAT'S THE NAME HE SIGNED TO HIS SLOGAN...I - I HELPED
HIM.

ANNOUNCER: MR. DUMPLING'S SLOGAN THAT WON THE WORLDS SERIES TRIP WAS AS FOLLOWS. "MY MOMMIE SAYS -- FROM NOW ON WE WILL NEVER USE ANYTHING ELSE BUT SUDSY FOAM ~~SQUEEZE~~ ~~A~~ ~~TUBE~~ TOOTHPASTE IN OUR HOUSE".

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD. I DID SAY THAT -- ONLY I MEANT...

DAGWOOD: SHHH. THEY MIGHT HEAR YOU...

BLONDIE: TURN IT OFF QUICK (A CLICK) THERE!

HAZEL: WELL -- I'LL GO HOME AND TELL FARQUAR WHAT'S HAPPENED. HE WON'T LIKE IT MUCH...HE'S SO SENSITIVE!

BLONDIE: OH...WON'T YOU STAY AND CONGRATULATE BABY? I MEAN... DIMAGGIO DUMPLING?

DAGWOOD: HE MUSTN'T BE WAKENED, BLONDIE, HE'S IN TRAINING.

HAZEL: OH, DON'T DISTURB THE GREAT MIND ON MY ACCOUNT. (GOING) THANK HEAVEN LITTLE ALVIN IS A PERFECTLY NORMAL CHILD. (DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS)

DAGWOOD: HEY! I WONDER IF THEY DELIVER THE TICKETS TONIGHT! WHEN DO WE GET THE MONEY? SAY, PHONE AND TELL MRS. MIGILLICUDY TO GO AHEAD AND GET THAT WINDOW FIXED! (DOOR BELL) MAYBE THAT'S THE MAN WITH THE PRIZE NOW!

BLONDIE: OH, NOT THIS SOON, DAGWOOD! JUST THINK OF BABY WINNING! AREN'T YOU PROUD?

DAGWOOD: SURE! SURE, BUT...SEE WHO IT IS.

BLONDIE: MAYBE IT'S HAZEL FUDDLE AGAIN... (OPENS DOOR) OH...WHY... ER...GOOD EVENING.

POP: GOOD EVENING...IS MR. DIMAGGIO DUMPLING IN?

BLONDIE: WHY YES...BUT...

DAGWOOD: BUT HE'S ASLEEP NOW...IN TRAINING, YOU KNOW. I -- ER --
I'M HIS MANAGER.

POP: WELL, I'M JUST A NEIGHBOR. IT WAS...ER...MY WINDOW HE
BUSTED WITH ~~THAT LONG PLY WOOD~~ HIT THE OTHER DAY.

DAGWOOD: WELL, WE'RE PREPARED TO PAY FOR THAT MR...ER...
~~MIGHTY COUNTRY~~ IS IT?

POP: NO...~~THAT'S MY DAUGHTER'S NAME~~...YOU CAN JUST CALL
ME POP! I DIDN'T COME TO COLLECT FOR THAT WINDOW.
WANT TO WISH THE YOUNG FELLER LUCK!

DAGWOOD: HE'S JUST HAD SOME. WON A TRIP TO THE WORLDS SERIES.

POP: SO I HEARD ON THE RADIO. WELL -- THAT'S FINE.

DAGWOOD: COME IN...ER...MR...ER...

BLONDIE: "POP". COME ON IN, POP, AND SIT DOWN AND REST.

POP: THANKS...I DON'T CARE IF I DO...AIN'T AS SPRY AS I WAS.

BLONDIE: WE'RE SORRY ABOUT YOUR WINDOW.

POP: SHUCKS. I NEVER DID LIKE THAT DRATTED WINDOW. GIVE
~~ME PLAIN GLASS OR ELSE THE REAL SUN OUTDOORS~~. I JUST
SIT UNDER THAT THING TO PLEASE MAMIE...THAT'S MY
DAUGHTER. SHE MEANS WELL -- BUT SHE DON'T KNOW WHAT
IT IS FOR AN ACTIVE FELLER LIKE ME TO STAY COOPED UP
LIKE THAT. SHE TELL YOU I WAS AT HOT SPRINGS FER A
SPELL?

BLONDIE: YES, SHE MENTIONED THAT.

POP: WELL, I WASN'T. I WAS DOWN TO MIKE'S PLACE TALKING
BASEBALL WITH THE BOYS. THAT'S WHERE I ALWAYS GO WHEN
SHE THINKS I'M AT HOT SPRINGS. DON'T LET ON THOUGH. ~~MIKE SERVES BEER AT HIS PLACE AND SHE THINKS BEER IS
LIKE TO TYPPT ME TO BE A DRINKIN' MAN.~~

DAGWOOD: I GUESS IF YOU'VE LIVED RIGHT ALL THESE YEARS...

BLONDIE: WHY, HE ISN'T SO OLD, DAGWOOD.

POP: YES I AM, TOO! BUT I'M A TOUGH OLD NUT TO CRACK YET!
SAY...HERE'S A LITTLE PRESENT I BRUNG DI MAGGIO DUMPLING
DON'T UNWRAP IT TILL I'M GONE. I -- I KIND OF SET
STORE BY THIS AND I MIGHT WEAKEN ON GIVIN' IT TO HIM.

DAGWOOD: IT LOOKS LIKE A CLUB.

POP: IT'S A BASEBALL BAT...STRAIGHT GRAIN ASH, TOO.

DAGWOOD: ASH, EH? I FAVOR HICKORY MYSELF.

POP: SOME DO. BUT YOU'LL FIND THAT WAS A PRETTY GOOD BAT
IN IT'S DAY. TELL HIM TO HOLD IT UP A MITE FROM THE
HANDLE. (SIGHS) HERE...YOU BETTER TAKE IT.

DAGWOOD: WELL, THANKS. I GUESS HE'LL GET AN IDEA ON HOLDING
A BAT WHEN HE SEES THIS WORLDS SERIES. EVER SEE ONE,
POP?

POP: YEP. SEEN A GOOD MANY. FOUR OF 'EM REAL CLOSE UP!

DAGWOOD: WE'RE GOING TO SIT RIGHT BEHIND HOME PLATE SO HE CAN
SEE...

POP: BEHIND THE PLATE, EH? ER...THERE AIN'T A PLACE ON
THE FIELD I'D RATHER BE THAN BY THIRD BASE...WELL...
GOOD NIGHT, FOLKS.

DAGWOOD: GOOD NIGHT...AND THANKS.

BLONDIE: THANKS SO MUCH. IT WAS AWFULLY NICE OF YOU.

POP: (OPENS DOOR) TELL THE YOUNG FELLER I'LL BE WATCHIN'
TO SEE HOW HE DOES...LONG'S I HOLD OUT! WELL --
GOOD NIGHT (DOOR SHUTS)

DAGWOOD: KIND OF A NICE OLD FELLER. I DIDN'T WANT TO ARGUE WITH HIM ABOUT WHERE TO SIT AT A BALL GAME -- OR WHAT KIND OF A BAT IS BEST, BUT...

BLONDIE: LET'S TAKE A PEEK AT THE BAT HE GAVE BABY ~~DE MAGGIO~~ DUMPLING BUMSTEAD (TEARING PAPER) I'LL UNWRAP IT... OH, LOOK! IT'S ALL COVERED WITH NAMES!

DAGWOOD: YEA! SOMEBODY'S AUTOGRAPHS...AND HERE'S A NOTE... IT'S HARD TO READ. HIS WRITING'S KIND OF SHAKY.

BLONDIE: LET ME SEE. "TO A YOUNG BALL PLAYER FROM AN OLD ONE -- DEAR FRIEND DUMPLING: I HOPE YOU LIKE THIS BAT. I ALWAYS DID. IT HELPED WIN FOUR PENNANTS FOR OUR CLUB. THE BOYS GIVE IT TO ME FOR BEIN' A GOOD HITTER IN MY DAY AND SIGNED THEIR NAMES TO IT. YOU'LL FIND FRIENDS ARE WORTH MORE THAN ANY BATTIN' AVERAGE, SO PLAY THE GAME HARD BUT CLEAN."

DAGWOOD: GOSH! LOOK AT THE NAMES ON THIS BAT...HONUS WAGNER... CHRISTY MATHEWSON...RABBIT MARANVILLE...

BLONDIE: AND THERE'S A NAME AT THE TOP THAT'S THE SAME AS ON THIS NOTE...LOOK!

DAGWOOD: SAY! DO YOU KNOW WHO POP WAS? JUST THE HARDEST HITTER OF ALL TIME. THIS -- WAS HIS BAT.

BLONDIE: SO THAT WAS WHY HE SAW FOUR WORLD SERIES UP CLOSE!

DAGWOOD: WE'LL SEE MORE THAN THAT, BLONDIE. WE'LL SEE EVERY ONE
BABY DUMPLING PLAYS IN! WE'LL SIT RIGHT NEAR THIRD
BASE LIKE POP SAID...AND BABY'LL COME UP TO THE PLATE --
KINDA SMILING -- AND TIPPING HIS CAP TO THE CROWD WHEN
IT CHEERS HIM. GOSH, I CAN SEE HIM NOW! STANDING
THERE! THERE'S TWO MEN OUT AND THE BASES ARE FULL!
HE STANDS THERE COOL AS PIE! HERE'S THE WIND UP...
BABY JUST SWINGS THE OLD BAT BACK OVER HIS SHOULDER
LIKE THIS...AND WAITS...HERE COMES THE PITCH! AND
BABY SWINGS AT IT LIKE THIS... (CRASH OF CROCKERY)
HEY WHAT... (ANOTHER CRASH)

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! BOTH THOSE VASES SMASHED!

DAGWOOD: GOSH. BABY MADE A TWO VASE HIT! (LAUGHS) (BLONDIE JOINS)

ORCHESTRA: (UP TO COVER)

"BLONDIE" -29-
10/2/39 (REVISED)

GOODWIN: "BLONDIE" IS PLAYED BY PENNY SINGLETON AND "DAGWOOD" BY ARTHUR LAKE, THE COLUMBIA PICTURE STARS. "DON'T FORGET -- YOU'LL BE EXPECTED AT THE BUMSTEADS NEXT MONDAY AT THIS SAME TIME." BUT BEFORE THEN BE SURE TO HEAR THE OTHER TWO GREAT CAMEL PROGRAMS -- TOMORROW NIGHT OVER THESE SAME STATIONS, BOB CROSBY AND HIS DIXIELAND MUSIC WITH JOHNNY MERCER AND HELEN WARD. SATURDAY BRINGS BENNY GOODMAN AND THE WORLD'S GREATEST SWING BAND ON ANOTHER NETWORK...ALL THESE ARE FOR YOUR RADIO PLEASURE -- AND SMOKING PLEASURE AT IT'S BEST -- THAT MEANS CAMELS, TOO -- WITH LONGER BURNING, FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS.

ORCHESTRA: (THEME)

(CREDITS)

ORCHESTRA: (UP FULL WITH THEME)

GOODWIN: OUR "BLONDIE" ORCHESTRA IS DIRECTED BY BILLY ARTZT, WHO ALSO CREATES THE SPECIAL MUSICAL EFFECTS. THE RADIO VERSION OF "BLONDIE" IS BASED ON THE CHARACTERS OF THE KING FEATURES COMIC STRIP CREATED BY CHIC YOUNG. THIS IS BILL GOODWIN SPEAKING FOR THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES -- GOOD NIGHT.
THIS IS THE COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.